

EAST O' THE SUN AND WEST O' THE MOON

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EAST O' THE SUN AND WEST O' THE MOON
A play by Michael Devine

From the folktale by Asbjørnsen & Moe

Setting

The woods, where there is an enchanted glen

The forest castle of the Bear

The castle East O' the Sun and West O' the Moon

Characters

Old Hag *she tells the story*
Trindel *a young woman*
Ragnar *her brother*
Bear/Prince *a young noble under a curse*

East Wind *a curious wind*
West Wind *an adventurous wind*
South Wind *a sensuous wind*
North Wind *the oldest, coldest wind*

Tarka *a troll Princess*
Barka *her mother*
Troll courtiers

The play can be cast with five performers.

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For Boop, because there's only one.

East O' The Sun and West O' The Moon was first produced by Vojtina Puppet Theatre Debrecen, Hungary in March 1997, directed by the author in Hungarian. Its translated title was The White Bear. The play was subsequently produced under its original title at Theatre Newfoundland Labrador, Connor Brook, N.F., in April 1998, directed by Steven Drover.

The Set

A scrim can be used for the enchanted glen, which is a kind of changing window, presenting illusory images to different characters as devised by the trolls. The scrim can be uniform or hanging in strips upon which slides can be projected. The strips were parted to produce the scenes taking place in the bear's castle. In the Hungarian production, the castle east of the sun and west of the moos also employed a scrim, and the scenes took place in silhouette. Slides were also projected on this scrim at other points in the play. Both scrims concealed the puppeteers manipulating puppets above them: the four winds, the smaller bear, Trindel and Old Hag, and the objects used in the wind tennis match. The woods setting was further suggested with hangings-trees, foliage, etc.

In the Hungarian production, Trindel, the Prince, the Old Hag, Ragnar and Barka were played by actors. The Prince donned a larger than life costume to play the bear, and Barka wore a larger than life costume which involved the larger form of Tarka being carried constantly on her back. All other characters were played as puppets. The troll courtiers are large balloon puppets manipulated from behind their table. The Winds are large face-only puppets manipulated above the scrim by puppeteers placed behind the scrim.

Tarka jumps up and down in glee.

Tarka: Marry me! Marry me!

Prince: Never!

*The two trolls push the **Prince** into the glen. Music. The **bear** plunges out of the glen, holding his head in despair.*

Old Hag: *(to audience)* Time to make amends. Hey there, Prince!

Bear: There is no prince here, only a beast.

Old Hag: Come closer, quickly, and I'll tell you something important. *(He does.)* To be yourself again, both day and night, you mustn't marry the princess of the trolls.

Barka: *(from within glen, to **Tarka**)* Well put that drumstick down and go get him, you idiot!

Prince: Hurry and tell me.

Old Hag: If one will stay with you, night and day, for one year, without question; one who can love a bear as well as a Prince; at the end of that year you will be free.

Tarka and Barka scuttle out from the glen.

Prince: One who will trust me- thank you.

Barka: You there, Old Hag, what are you up to?

*Tarka and Barka close in on the **Old Hag**.*

Barka: So you didn't get enough the first time? We'll soon fix you for being a snitch!

*Barka and Tarka struggle with the **Old Hag** and throw her into the glen. The **Old Hag** reappears far off in the sky pin wheeling away with a shriek.*

Barka: And now Prince of Beasts, you must come with us. Your home is in the glen now.

Tarka: Here, little teddy bear. Come to your betrothed!

*Barka and Tarka take the **Bear** by the arms and begin to lead him back to the glen. Sounds of people approaching. The two trolls scuttle into the glen. The **Bear** hides in the trees. **Trindel** and her brother **Ragnar** enter, carrying their worldly goods in sacks tied to sticks.*

Trindel: Ragnar, you said you knew your direction!

Ragnar: The forest has changed, somehow. We're lost, Trindel.

Trindel: It's been days since we've eaten. And it's getting colder.

Ragnar: Are you blaming me for our troubles? It isn't my fault our house blew away in the wind!

Trindel: All I mean is that we'll die if we can't find shelter soon.

The glen suddenly transforms into an orange grove, with a stream.

Ragnar: Trindel, look! Water and food! We're saved!

***Ragnar** is about to jump into the enchanted glen when the **Bear** leaps out of hiding with a ferocious roar and blocks his way. **Ragnar** hits the **Bear** with his stick. In a rage, the **Bear** flings the stick away.*

Ragnar: Run, Trindel! Let us pass, beast!

Bear: You must not pass.

*The **Bear** picks him up and flings him head over heels.*

Ragnar: *(amazed)* He talks!

Trindel: Don't hurt him, Bear. He's the last person I have in the universe.

Bear: Hear me. If you pass into this glen you will be cursed. Let me help you.

Ragnar: *(ready to fight)* By eating us, you mean!

Bear: You may fight me, and die. Or you can run deeper into the forest where you will perish from cold and hunger. Or you may grant me one thing only; let me help you.

Ragnar: Striking bargains with a brutish beast. Hardly more than beasts ourselves, now.

Bear: You could learn much from beasts, if your eyes and ears were open.

Trindel: What is your bargain, Bear?

Bear: Live in my castle for one year and a day. Trust me completely and ask no questions. In return I will lead your brother out of the woods. If you keep your promise, you will both be free and safe.

Ragnar: Cursed bear, do you think I would abandon my sister?

*Ragnar attacks the **Bear**, who crushes the boy in his grip. **Ragnar** falls at his feet.*

Trindel: Bad bear!

She doesn't know what to do; so she slaps him on the paws.

You promise that I will see Ragnar again, and that he will be free and happy?

Bear: Ragnar must find his happiness. But he will be free.

Ragnar: He wants to eat you, Trindel!

Trindel: He might do that now, brother. No, I'll go. (*to **Bear***) I'll trust you.

Bear: Then come both of you onto my back. First I will fly your brother to open fields.

Ragnar: Fly yourself. I can take care of myself without the help of beasts. Sister, come with me!

Trindel: Ragnar, we're lost and helpless. It's our only chance.

Ragnar: I'm betrayed. (*He turns his back to **Trindel***) Go, then. Fly away.

*She steals up behind **Ragnar** and kisses him.*

Trindel: Brother, take care. When next we meet we will be free!

*She follows the **Bear** into the glen.*

Scene 2

*Mountains and clouds appear above. The **Bear** and **Trindel** appear in the sky, flying.*

Bear: (*singing*) *The wind is singing in my ears
Stars are humming in the sky
Far are we going
Far have we come
Do you fear, child?*

Trindel: *(singing) I carry my home in my heart
It always follows me
I do not fear to go there*

Bear: *High we are, soaring higher
On tiptoes you can touch the moon
Far are we going
Far have we come
Do you fear, child?*

Trindel: *As I reach starward
My toes on earth remain
I do not fear to leave it*

Bear: *Leaving answers, seeking questions
Strange am I who bear you
Far are we going
Far have we come
Do you fear, child?*

Trindel: *Memory binds the child and woman
One who trusts, one who questions
I will not fear to go there*

Scene 3

*The **Old Hag** pin wheels through the sky with a shriek. A loud crash. She crawls out of the glen, covered in dust and straw.*

Old Hag: I really don't care for those trolls.

*Tarka and Barka skulk by. The **Old Hag** tries to make herself look like a rock. Tarka and Barka sit on her. The **Old Hag** grunts.*

Barka: Uh? What was that?

Tarka: Mommy, I smell Christians!

Old Hag: I'm just a rock!

*Tarka and Barka are satisfied with this explanation. After a moment, they move on, vigilant for Christians. The **Old Hag** rises.*

Old Hag: Oh, well. Trindel's at the Bear castle. He's very kind to her. In the day he never leaves her; I'd say he's in love! And each day Trindel loves him a little more.

*The glen parts; the **Bear**'s castle appears. **Trindel** takes the hand of the **Bear**.*

Trindel: Bear, I will teach you to dance!

*The **Bear** protests, but she grabs hold of his paws and begins to lead him in a waltz. Music. Slowly, they begin to dance as one, in graceful circles. The **Bear** laughs in joy.*

Old Hag: Each night when she sleeps a creature comes and sleeps by her.

***Trindel** lies down. The **Bear** transforms into the **Prince** and lies down beside her.*

Old Hag: In the night he comes, in human shape he owned before he was curst. His presence warms her; and in her dreams she loves him more. But at dawn she wakes. He's gone.

***Trindel** wakes. She reaches for the **Prince** but he is not there.*

Trindel: Oh! What a dream I had. *(pause)* Or not a dream.

She finds a rose on the bed, picks it up, and regards it wonderingly. She closes the curtains of the castle window.

Old Hag: I'll just tell her the truth of the matter.

*The **Old Hag** moves towards the castle window (the glen). **Tarka** and **Barka**'s heads appear, growling at her. She retreats.*

I'm in complete control of the situation.

***Ragnar** appears at the edge of the glen. Ragged, exhausted, he falls and sleeps.*

Ah, here's someone I can help. Old stone head, before his heart turns to rock. He looks like a fossil already.

She approaches him. Turns him over with her foot. He doesn't stir. She takes his hunting horn from his belt and blows it. No sound; it's pointed towards her stomach.

Embarrassed, she rights it and blows again.

***Trindel** opens the window, sensing **Ragnar**.*

Trindel: It's Ragnar! Bear! Bear!

*The **Bear** appears.*

Old Hag: It worked!

Bear: *(voice)* Go to him. But take care not to heed his counsel. There lies disaster for us all.

*The **Old Hag** hides. **Trindel** enters. She sees **Ragnar** and goes to him.*

Trindel: Ragnar! It's Trindel!

Ragnar: *(waking)* This is what hunger brings-delirium. Ah, Trindel, if only you were real.

Trindel: I am real.

Ragnar: The bear did not eat you!?

Trindel: He is good to me, Ragnar. He loves me, and I trust him.

Ragnar: My sister loves a beast of the forest. More than her brother, perhaps.

Trindel: Ragnar, open your heart. He is more than a beast; if you had heeded him, you would be free of this wood, I know.

Ragnar: At least I made no deals with the devil. For he is the devil, my young sister; he comes in many guises and he cherishes innocents most of all.
(laughs)

Trindel: He would still help you, if you asked.

Ragnar: Ragnar is not slave to a beast. I will free myself; I saw the edge of this accursed wood just now. Precious sister, go. Go to the devil, if you wish to dance with him. But take this lamp and see who waits at your bed. Just you see. Save yourself.

*He thrusts his lamp at her. Reluctantly, she picks it up. The shadow of the **Bear** appears. **Trindel** rises and leaves. The glen turns into an orange grove, with a stream of water.*

Ragnar: There! I knew it!

*He staggers into the glen. The **Old Hag** moves to stop him, but once again is too late. A shout of fear; the trolls laugh.*

Tarka: Mamma! A Christian for our wedding dinner!

Scene 4

***Trindel** flying with the **Bear**.*

Bear: *(singing)* I wondered if you would come

*Once apart, ever parted
Far were you from me
As far as dreams
Were you true, Trindel?*

Trindel: *(singing) I carry my home in my heart
Is it here was it there
I live in the air*

Bear: *A night sky darken with lies
Told by friends, yet disguised
Far from truth yet close
As close as love
Were you true, Trindel?*

Trindel: *I carry my home in my heart
Is it here was it there
I live in the air*

Scene 5

*The **Old Hag** appears.*

Old Hag: Ooh, I'd like to strangle that boy! He's got us all in trouble, now. With his talk of the devil and dancing and waiting at her bedside, Ragnar's planted a seed of doubt in Trindel's heart.

***Tarka** and **Barka** scuttle on with a huge butterfly net, looking for fresh victims. The **Old Hag** hides.*

Tarka: *(offstage) But Mommy I hate broccoli!!!*

Barka: *(wagging a finger at **Tarka**) Whenever the main dish is fresh Christian, broccoli is the vegetable. It's settled, my dear!! Now, if we could just find a little old hag for dessert!*

*They exit. The castle of the **Bear**. **Trindel** sits at the edge of her bed. She lights the lamp, conceals it and lies down.*

*The **Prince** comes. He sits by the bed. He sleeps. **Trindel** quickly rises and brings the lamp to his face; The **Prince** awakes.*

Prince: Trindel, what have you done!?

Trindel: Ragnar said you were the devil- but you're-

Prince: You broke your promise.

Trindel: I meant no harm!

Prince: Soon, with your trust, I would have been free. Now I must go to the farthest castle in the world. Instead of my Trindel, a stone Princess will be my bride.

Trindel: Tell me where it is-I'll follow you!

Prince: The castle is East of the Sun, and West of the Moon, and it lies past sunshine, dreams, and hopes. I can't dare to hope you will find it. *(Exits)*

Trindel: I will find you...I promise.

Trindel draws the curtains of the castle. Music. In the forest she begins to search. Time passes. Forests, mountains, trees pass.

Scene 6

The Old Hag comes out from the trees.

Old Hag: Well, there's work to do now, that's for certain. That girl's been walking for days. Each night she sleeps outside, under a tree or in a cave, as the creatures of the night wail and howl nearby. When it rains she is wet; when it's cold, she shivers.

Trindel approaches the Old Hag.

Trindel: Do you have any food?

Old Hag: I have this golden apple, but it's much too special to eat.

Trindel: It's a silly apple if no one can eat it. Can you tell me then, where is the castle East O' the Sun and West O' the Moon?

Old Hag: Where it's always been I guess. Too far for people like you and me to walk there.

Trindel begins to walk away, sadly.

Old Hag: Wait! Life isn't meant to be so easy, you know. Take the apple. You never know what use it might be put to.

The Old Hag tosses the apple to Trindel, who catches it.

Trindel walks. Rain, thunder. The glen changes shape and colours. Music.

The Old Hag pulls out her golden comb and quickly scuttles to the other side of the forest.

Trindel: Oh! We met before! I've been walking in circles.

Old Hag: You must mean my sister. She doesn't own such a beautiful comb. (*She produces a beautiful golden comb*)

Trindel: I'm searching for the castle which lies East O' the Sun and West O' the Moon.

Old Hag: Oh, dear. I hear there's a pack of awful creatures there, made from stone. They eat Christians for dinner. You wouldn't want to go there.

Trindel: I have a promise to keep.

Old Hag: Well, that's a different matter. Take this comb; it turns wool to gold. Head up that way over yonder. I have a sister who knows a thing or two. She'll set you right.

Trindel: Thank you-you're very kind.

Mountains, hills, days and nights, wind. Snow falls. Trindel continues as the images wash over her. Music.

The Old Hag drags out a golden spinning wheel. Puffing and wheezing, she pulls it over to the other side of the forest.

Old Hag: (*to audience*) Old ladies shouldn't have to work so hard.

Trindel approaches the Old Hag.

Trindel: Oh, no! I've been walking in circles!

Old Hag: Don't you notice the spinning wheel?

Trindel: Oh. Sorry.

Old Hag: I guess you're looking for the castle East O' the Sun and West 'O the Moon.

Trindel: You know it, then! Can you help me?

Old Hag: Gracious no. Lugging around this beautiful golden spinning wheel is as much as I can do.

Trindel: I'll never get there.

Old Hag: Stop that. I can't help you if you're satisfied with crying and quitting. I happen to know the East wind. He's more than a breeze; he might help.

Trindel: Oh, could you take me to him?

Old Hag: Winds do the finding, my girl; just start walking east. Take this spinning wheel. You never know what use it may have. Good luck!

Trindel takes the spinning wheel on her back. Mountains, trees pass. Music.

Old Hag: I'm going for a snooze.

She exits. The glen changes. Trindel stares. The Prince's shadow appears, indistinct.

Prince's voice: Trindel, my love! This way!

Trindel hesitates. She doesn't move. The silhouette turns into that of the trolls. The sound of a cool, whistling wind begins to build. The glen transforms to an orange grove with a bright, clear stream. The silhouette of Ragnar appears, indistinct.

Ragnar's voice: Trindel! Help me! This way!

Trindel hesitates. The sound of the wind gets stronger. Sounds of distress from the trolls. Their forms are revealed, replacing that of Ragnar. A clap of thunder. The Old Hag wanders on, rubbing her eyes. She looks around, shrugs, and exits. The face of the East Wind appears.

Trindel: I didn't know the east wind had a face.

East Wind: One has to look to see it. Most folk gaze more at their shoes than at the world around them, don't you find? We haven't been introduced.

Trindel: I'm Trindel, East Wind.

East Wind: My real name is Wishki Furza Kinim Ga. The Cool Wind That Knows. Only those who flee or quest seek me. Do you flee?

Trindel: I seek the castle which lies East O' the Sun and West O' The Moon. Do you know it?

East Wind: Oh, yes. The farthest place in the world, I should say.

Trindel: I must get there.

East Wind: It's a dreary place. Why work so hard? Love, I'll wager. I'm intrigued.

Trindel: Can you help me?

East Wind: I've never blown so far. But I'm younger than my brother, the one you'd call West; he's a bit more...full-blown, you might say. He might help.

Trindel: I'll walk to him if you show me the way.

East Wind: No, you can't. Winds aren't like cheese shops, you know, sitting around, waiting for humans to drop by. Gracious, the very idea. You'll have to hop aboard- come on!

*A beautiful musical sound of tinkling chimes, repeating, layering over itself. **Trindel** begins to whirl around- she reappears, flying with the **East Wind**.*

Scene 7

East Wind: *(singing) Traveler, traveler always
Welcome to the world of the wind
A breath of breeze on your face
The touch of a great wide world*

*Once departed, no returning
On a quest for the rest of your life
Adventure is your companion
When the wind is your guide*

Trindel: *Blow me, wind, to the one I love
Guide me to my heart
Fear falls far behind me
Belief makes me brave*

Scene 8

***Trindel** comes to rest in a barren space.*

East Wind: Well, we've arrived. How dreary, east of the Sun.

Sound of a distant storm, building.

Trindel: But there's no one here!

East Wind: There will be. My brother will help you.

The storm is nearing.

Trindel: Won't you introduce me?

East Wind: I don't mean to be impolite, but my brother is a bit...unrefined. Good-bye!

*Thunder, lightning. The **East Wind** departs. The **West Wind**, a cowboy, appears.*

West Wind: *(as if riding a buckin' bronco)* Yeee-haw!

*The spinning wheel jumps from **Trindel**'s hand and dances about in front of her. The **Old Hag** blows from one side to another, spinning in circles.*

Trindel: Hey! Stop it!

West Wind: Ride 'em, cowboy! Yeee-haw!

Trindel: You oughtn't to toss people around like that without their choosing.

West Wind: No need to get your eyebrows in a knot. It's just good, clean fun!

Trindel: Stop it! Stop it!

Reluctantly, he does.

West Wind: You're no fun at all.

Trindel: You'd benefit from some growing up.

West Wind: I am grown up; blowing things is my job. Humans or leaves, it's all the same.

Trindel: But we *are* different. We think, and feel, and have cares.

West Wind: *I have no cares.*

The wind starts to blow again.

Trindel: Stop it, I said.

He does.

West Wind: Party pooper.

Trindel: I need your help, West Wind.

West Wind: I am Wishki Alla Nella Schiffaz. The Wind That Knows No Bounds.

Trindel: Wind That Knows No Bounds, there's a castle. It stands East O' the Sun and West O' the Moon. Can you help me find it?

West Wind: Hah. I blew a wisp of cotton, once, as far as I could blow it; it came to rest on a scare-crow a million leagues shy of that castle. I had a stitch in my side for three days.

Trindel sits down and bursts into tears.

Trindel: But I've worked so hard, and it seems so far away. The world is so very big.

West Wind: There, there; so are my shoulders: hop on, and hold on tight. My bigger brother, the South Wind, beats me at any game; I expect he can get you to your castle. Hop on!

Scene 9

Trindel runs off, reappearing upon the back of the West Wind, flying through the sky.

West Wind: *(singing) Where there's life there's hope
Where there's a will there's a way
That's what my daddy said
He was a blowhard
But I believed it anyway*

*Where there's rain there's flowers
After the clouds comes a sunny day
If you step in a hole
Make friends with a mole
I believe it anyway*

Trindel: *(singing) Here am I
Sailing on the air
Leaving all my cares
On the ground below*

*Here I go
No time for worry
I'm in a happy hurry
Where the winds may blow*

West Wind: *Where there's a road there's a chance
That your vinegar mood will turn gay
I'm full of hot air
But what do I care
I believe it anyway*

Both: *I believe it anyway*

Scene 10

Trindel comes to earth with a bump. Total silence. Then, barely audible drumming.

Trindel: Hello? West Wind? Where have you gone? *(The sound of drums grows closer.)* Hello? South Wind? I'm looking for the castle-

The drums make a loud, rhythmic beat. A gust of wind knocks Trindel over. In the sky, the Old Hag flies by, hanging on to a tree.

West Wind and South Wind are playing wind tennis, blowing objects back and forth. Finally, the drumming abates: stillness.

South Wind: Ha! Victory is mine, brother West!

West Wind: One more tumbleweed and I'd have come out on top, South. See you later!

South Wind: Aloha, brother! And who is this young twig?

Trindel has been curled up in a ball until now, protecting herself. She stands.

Trindel: I'm *not* a twig. I'm Trindel, and I'm looking for my Prince.

South Wind: Aren't we all. I'm Wishki Homma Zaza, The Warmest Wind. But you can call me South.

Trindel: Have you heard of the castle East O' the Sun and West O' the Moon?

South Wind: Ah. A tragic story, terribly romantic. A Prince fated to marry a troll hag with a big red nose. All because a silly girl broke her promise.

Trindel: Boy, news really travels fast.

South Wind: You're the girl who ought to have had him, I guess. *(pause)* You don't *look* romantic.

Trindel: I've been searching ever so long. Will you help me? You'll be in my story.

South Wind: Ooooh, I've always wanted to star in a romance. Oh, dear. Anything for love! But I've never blown so far.

Trindel: Then there's no hope-it's so far away!

South Wind: Well, the *is* Old Cold Sides. Far from here resides my oldest brother. He likes us little and other less; but he's the strongest of us all. He's been west of the moon, I'm certain.

Trindel: You've all been so kind- I wish I could do it by myself.

South Wind: No one ever does; we're all together in the same story. All aboard for the North Wind Express!

Scene 11

*Trindel exits and reappears, riding the **South Wind**.*

South Wind: *(singing)* Got to move got to move got to move
Run before the sun
Move trees move the seas
Moving means you're free
Gotta move gotta move gotta move

*Gotta move gotta move gotta move
You want to go here
You want to go there
To go anywhere
Gotta move gotta move gotta move*

*Gotta move gotta move gotta move
Why by a statue
Jump out of yourself
To get what you want
Gotta move gotta move gotta move*

Scene 12

*The world is ice blue. **Trindel** lands with her spinning wheel, comb and apple. Echoes of grinding glaciers. Hollow cavern noises.
The **Old Hag** blows by, white and frozen. Ice trees appear, icicles tinkling from boughs.*

Trindel: It's s-s-s-so c-c-c-c-cold!!!

South Wind: You feel the North Wind before he's present. *(shivering)* Brrrr. Good luck! *(exits)*

*Silence. An icy blast of wind freezes **Trindel**. The **North Wind** appears.*

North Wind: Blast you! What do you want!

Trindel: S-s-s-south W-w-w-wind-

North Wind: That lazy sluggard brought you, did he? And not so much as a howdy-do!

Trindel: He was sc-sc-scared.

North Wind: Humph. Scared! Are *you* scared?

Trindel: N-n-n-no.

North Wind: Good! Nothing scary about me. I'm bracing. An honest blast of fresh air.

Trindel: You're c-cold.

North Wind: Nothing wrong with that! Wakes you up. Keeps you alert. Like a bath in ice water!

Trindel: I n-n-need your h-he-help.

North Wind: Did you help yourself first?

Trindel: Y-yes.

North Wind: Regular chatterbox, aren't you? Castle East O' the Sun and West O' the Moon, is it? Make a mistake did you?

Trindel: Y-yes.

North Wind: Good!

Trindel: G-g-good?

North Wind: At last, someone admits they made a mistake! Wonderful! There's hope for humans yet.

Trindel: Will you t-t-take me there?

North Wind: I blew a snowflake there, once; it stuck to my tongue, I was so tired. But if you've got the backbone for it, so do I.

Another blast of wind.

Trindel: Th-th-th-

North Wind: Don't mention it, or we'll be here all day. Ready?

Trindel nods, Music, clear, calm, almost ethereal; no chords, just single notes resonating, echoing, like raindrops freezing.

Scene 13

Trindel flies on the back of the North Wind.

North Wind: *(singing) When it's time for cool reasoning
Or a breath of fresh air
Or a crisis wants some icy calm
Step outside and greet me-
I am there*

*When it's time to wake up
And face your fears
Put aside those excuses
You've been making for years
I am there*

*I am there when you need me
I will never lie
I blow away delusions
To leave a clear blue sky
It isn't always easy
I hope you won't be shy
Call the cold north wind to help you
When the others pass you by*

Scene 14

*Music fades. Puffing sounds. Trindel before the castle East O' the Sun and West O' the Moon. The North Wind wheezes.
A window opens. Tarka appears.*

Tarka: What's all that racket!? Why, if it isn't Old Windbag himself. Clear out!

The North Wind would like to blow her over. Winded, however, he subsides, remaining just visible.

Tarka: Who are you?!

Trindel: I'm...Bonda, a poor woman with goods for sale. Will you buy my golden apple? *(She displays the apple)*

Tarka: Apple, eh? I can throw it at that beast of a wind! Gold, is it? It'd make a handsome wedding present for my Prince.

Trindel: I've heard there's a Prince here. All my life I've wanted to see one. I'll give you the apple if I can spend one night in his room.

Tarka: Come inside!

Scene 15

*Inside the castle. Music. **Ragnar** is revealed, lying on a bed of straw. **Trindel** enters.*

Trindel: Ragnar! It's you!

***Ragnar** stirs painfully. He sees **Trindel**.*

Ragnar: Don't hurt me!

Trindel: Ragnar, it's Trindel, your sister.

She approaches and comforts him.

Ragnar: The trolls beat me. Now they've got you, too.

Trindel: The four winds brought me, Ragnar. Soon you'll be free, I promise.

Ragnar: Get out while you can. There's no hoping, now.

*He turns away from her. Outside the castle. **Tarka** at the window. **Trindel** reappears.*

Tarka: Did you enjoy your visit with the Prince, peasant?

Trindel: You played me false. He wasn't a Prince.

Tarka: You don't say. What's that you've got?

Trindel: A golden carding comb. If you comb wool with it, the wool will turn to gold.

Tarka: Hmm. That would come in handy at my wedding. I'll give you eternal youth for it.

Trindel: You can't give that.

Tarka: You're right, I can't. A house made of chocolate cake, then. With a vanilla icing rooftop!

Trindel: I only wish to see the Prince. The real Prince.

Tarka: Come inside!

Scene 16

*Music. Inside the castle. The **Prince** sits on his bed. **Tarka** brings him a flask of sleeping potion, cooing in a grotesque manner. She leaves. He sighs, drinks. He sleeps.*

***Trindel** enters. She tries to rouse the **Prince**, but he doesn't stir.*

*Outside the castle. The **North Wind** snoozes. **Tarka** appears at the window.*

Tarka: Still here, old and cold?

***North Wind** blows a stronger puff, blowing **Tarka** back inside the window with a crash.*

***Trindel** walks into the courtyard with her spinning wheel. **Tarka** reappears at the window, brushing herself off.*

Tarka: Smiling, my little urchin? Did you give my Prince sweet dreams?

Trindel: He seemed so terribly unhappy, I let him sleep.

Tarka: Unhappy? *You're* supposed to be unhappy, not him! What's that you've got?

Trindel: Just a golden spinning wheel.

Tarka: That might cheer up my Prince. I'll trade you a glass that fills itself endlessly.

Trindel: No, thanks.

Tarka: A plate that overflows with gorgeous food.

Trindel: I only wish to be alone with the Prince.

Tarka: Come inside!

Scene 17

*Music. Inside the castle. The **Prince** sits on his bed.*

Prince: I had the strangest dream. *(sighs)* But she'll never come. She's forgotten me.

Ragnar: *(offstage)* She hasn't forgotten you. *(He appears.)* Are you he who was once a bear?

Prince: And would be again, if I could see my Trindel.

Ragnar: She is here. Drink nothing. She will come to you.

Ragnar goes. Evening light. Tarka arrives, billing and cooing, with her potion. The Prince pretends to drink and lies down. Tarka goes. Trindel enters. She tries to wake him, thinks he is sleeping, and cries. The Prince rises. He touches her; she turns and sees he is awake. They embrace.

Prince: The marriage is tomorrow, Trindel. What shall we do?

Trindel: I have a plan.

Prince: Tell me. And then we'll sleep happily, as we did so long ago.

Scene 18

Outside the castle. Troll music. A long table at which the Troll courtiers sit, carousing. Tarka, in an awful wedding dress, and her mother Barka, equally tastelessly dressed, preside over the wedding party.

Barka: Everybody? HEY, SHUT UP!!!

The music stops. The Prince appears.

To Tarka who will at last be off my hands and her Prince. To troll-hood!

Shouts of "Keep drinking!"

Prince: Stepmother, I wish to test the domestic skills of my bride.

Tarka: I can eat and drink. What else is there?

Barka: Hush, dearest, stupidest daughter. It's a fair request. What do you ask?

Prince: Here is my wedding shirt; there are three spots of tallow upon it. She who washes them out, she will I have to marry.

Tarka: Ha! I can do that.

She takes out a basic and sets it on the table, to the consternation of the courtiers. She sets to work on the shirt, rubbing it vigorously. She holds it up; it's grey. Shouts and mutterings from the trolls.

Barka: What's this? What's this? Give me that, you little fool!

Barka sets to work furiously on the shirt. She holds it up; it's even blacker. Consternation from the trolls; drinking.

Tarka: This isn't fair! No one could clean this shirt!

Prince: Is there one who can clean my shirt?

Trindel appears at the edge of the crowd.

Trindel: There is.

She picks up the shirt and begins to rub it, slowly, evenly.

Trindel picks up the shirt and gazes at it. It's clean. She hands it to the Prince.

Howling and gnashing of teeth from Tarka and Barka, who runs off. The Troll Courtiers burst on the spot.

Scene 19

The castle falls to pieces, revealing Ragnar. He smiles in wonder. Trindel embraces him. The Old Hag appears, shyly. Her hat is gone, her face is young and pretty.

Old Hag: Hey, everyone! Look at me!

A waltz. Ragnar dances with Trindel; the Prince with the Old Hag. They exchange partners, singing. The North Wind watches.

All: *(singing)* The wind rushing by our faces
Stars in a new night sky
We are all travelers
Leaving traces for each other
Don't be afraid

*We're not afraid
Don't be afraid
We're not afraid*

*The world is moving
Even when you think you're
Standing still as stone
Go where you like but
Don't forget your heart*

*We're not afraid
Don't be afraid
We're not afraid*

END OF PLAY

