

INT. THE LADY'S SEED-SHIP - DAY

JOHN THE YOUNGER wrestles with vine-levers on the ship's console as he tries to steer its bulk around the battlefield. Outside, bursts of WITCH-FIRE flare in lurid red and purple.

A HATCH opens in the seed-pod wall and SIR GOODMAN falls through, his armor bloodstained. He pulls off his helmet and shakes sweat out of his hair, still dark despite his age.

SIR GOODMAN  
Goddammit! The Lady is dead.

JOHN THE YOUNGER  
Shit. Thought she was immortal.

SIR GOODMAN  
She tried but... we gotta go.

JOHN THE YOUNGER  
Go where? The Lady brought us wherever this is. Oh man. I was gonna play a king. I've got a daughter! I barely even met her...

SIR GOODMAN  
I don't know where. Why the hell did I agree to come with her?

JOHN THE YOUNGER  
Man, we always go with The Lady. We just keep forgetting, that's all.

SIR GOODMAN  
What was she thinking? She stood there and opened up her arms and it was like a supernova inside! But it didn't work, dammit! She burnt up!

He throws up his hands and paces, thinking.

JOHN THE YOUNGER  
Whatever we do, let's do it fast. Those big owl-things want a snack.

SIR GOODMAN  
No. The Lady was weird but everything had a purpose. Fairy logic. We need to find Bell-flower.

JOHN THE YOUNGER  
Better than dying in fairyland.

He grabs a lever and pulls until the ship lurches left.