

The Clockwork Prologue

written by

Dean Marsh

PART I: THE THAW

PLAY SONG: IN THE BELLY OF THE EARTH

FADE TO:

EXT. ICE BURROWS

The sound of ice creaking and cracking can be heard. Wind howls and whips through the tunnel and water drips from icicles to the stone ground. The sound of a PICK-AXE hammering into the ice-wall fades in.

TINKER
Blasted thing!

The CLANG of the axe being discarded reverberates around the tunnel

TINKER (CONT'D)
Boy! Pass me that biscuit-iron - I
need to melt thorough the ice to this
last gauge!

BOY
Of course father!

The sound of the iron SIZZLING and HISSING against the cold ice can be heard. Suddenly, a loud FIZZ and BANG rings out as the iron breaks.

TINKER
ARGH! Infernal contraption! It's
definitely busted up this time! I
told you not to use it for making
toasties! Come on then...

BOY
Of course father

Robotic Mechanisms WHIZZ and WHIRR the Sound of a LOUD DRILL is heard as the boy furiously tries to penetrate the ice

BOY (CONT'D)
By Criminy!

The Boy doubles his efforts, the Drill now spinning louder and more intensely. After a couple of seconds it winds to a halt

TINKER
It's no use. The ice is just too
blasted thick up here in these
burrows... We're too close to the
ice-reservoir for the city.
(MORE)

TINKER (CONT'D)
 We'll have to head higher up the
 dials way up the cavern wall -
 hopefully we will have better luck
 there my boy. Right, hop to it, we
 have a busy day ahead of us if we
 want to get these readings before
 the...

He is cut off by a BEASTLY GROAN

BOY
 Father?

TINKER
 Ice Badgers!! Quick boy! Danger is
 close and my fighting days are long
 behind me.

PLAY SONG: WARDENS

EXT. CAVERN WALLS

TINKER
 (exhausted)
 Ah much better. The ice is much
 thinner on these dials. Let us hope
 the readings justify the climb!

The sound of ice being scraped and wiped from the dial is heard

TINKER (CONT'D)
 Now let's see... 75 bishops...
 divided by altitude of 9 point
 seven...

The tinker's train of thought is interrupted by the sound of an
 INCREDIBLY LOUD BASSOON LICK

BOY
 (playing the bassoon)
BADALABOB-DE-BOP!

TINKER
 (startled)
 By jove! Thank you very much! I have
 ruddy-well lost count now! So, 75...
 9.7, yes, yes... factor in a margin
 of error of twelve percent...

BOY
BADALABOB-DE-BOP-BADALA-BOMMMM!!

TINKER
 (extremely annoyed)
 MY DEAR BOY!!! Why on earth I agreed
 to replace your thermal regulator
 with that infernal instrument is
 beyond me!!

BOY

Father it was a present from Eve...

TINKER

Ah Eve! For a girl who wastes far too much time in Cartoe, you would have thought she **somehow** would get better at acquiring her the parts I **require** from that confounded market!! How in the world could one mistake a bassoon for a thermal conduit??

BOY

Yes Father

TINKER

Stephen... my sweet boy. It is not your fault. But we cannot complete our work with these silly distractions. When we return home I will have to bung you up with a more viscous fluid, but in the meantime, can you please try and silence your exhausts?

BOY

Of course father

TINKER

A good boy... a clever boy. You know, sometimes I wish...

The tinker is interrupted with a distant CLANG

BOY

...father?

TINKER

No my boy, not those pesky badgers this time... something far more dangerous... with a much worse stench!

BOY

Traffic warden?

TINKER

The Primarch my boy... stay down! He has not spotted us.

The sound of the tinker and boy scuffling to the ground can be heard, in the distance, the Primarch can be heard Talking to himself and pacing up and down the vast network of ladders

PRIMARCH

(in the distance, to self)

Oh yes, they must be here somewhere.
Step by step, up and down we go.
Never too late to save the day...

TINKER
 (whispering)
 Now then Albert... what ARE you doing
 all the way up here? What the jiminy
 do you think you are looking for?

A DEAFENING GROAN, much louder and more intense than
 before suddenly breaks through the whispers

TINKER (CONT'D)
 Argh!

The sound of a monstrous paw SWIPING through the air is heard
 followed by a DULL THUD as the tinker is knocked to the floor.
 We hear his body being SCRAPED and DRAGGED away

PLAY SONG: SOLAR HUNTRESS

EXT. CARTOE MARKET

The sounds of the environment, A cacophony of MARKET TRADERS all
 shouting, bartering and trading their wares on top of each
 other. Amidst the deafening racket a few dealers can be heard
 expulsing loudly from their stalls. After a moment the intensity
 of the market fades into the background as we hear the heated
 conversation between EVE and DIRTY DOYLE, STALL TRADER fade in.

EVE
 Twelve Bits? But I payed half that
 for one of these last week!!

DOYLE
 Oh Come on! That was just a sandal
 girl... This is a *FULL SHOE*!

EVE
 Hmmmm, I'm not convinced. Are you **sure**
 this is from the surface?

DOYLE
 course. Would I ever swindle you? Ey?
 My best customer? Here, how about I
 throw in this *ancient* surface
 artifact...

The sound of the trader rummaging in a sack full of odds and
 ends is heard. EVE gives out an EXCITED GASP

DOYLE (CONT'D)
 (seemingly pleased with Eve's
 reaction)
 Ahh yes. It it certainly is a pretty
 treasure innit? Very Rare. You want
 it? Yes? Perfect for your collection
 girl. Here - hold it, go on.
 (MORE)

DOYLE (CONT'D)
 Carefully...carefully, that's it
 gently now, it's VERY old...

EVE
 What is it?

DOYLE
 It's cous-cous... a genuine **nugget** of
 fossilised couscous.

EVE
 (in wonder)
 Couscous! What was it used for?

DOYLE
 (majestically)
 NOBODY KNOWS...

CITY ANNOUNCER
 (over tannoy)
 Attention: There are three point one
 four oscillations remaining before
 the end of trade. Please ensure all
 stalls are retracted to make way for
 Shadows celebrations. Repeat: There
 are three point one four oscillations
 remaining.

EVE
 I've got to go! Here!

She throws the payment at Doyle. Her footsteps ring out as she
 sprints away from the market. Doyle jostles his payment with
 pleasure

DOYLE
 Pleasure doin' business with you.

PLAY SONG: SUPPLIES FOR THE FESTIVITIES

EXT. CARTOE MARKET

Doyle has now turned his attention back to the market. Shouting
 and using his patter to attract customers.

DOYLE
 Come on then! Here they are! Fresh
 from this mornin'. Who want's one
 then? Two bits a pop. I'll do you a
 treat...that's it, two bits for the
 lot... lovely darlin' - there you go.
 Lovely. Now then: Take a look at
 these - come on, line up - you're not
 gonna get them any better - sorry
 sir- they're not for sale got em on
 lay-by for an old fella.

NIGHTKEEPER SPY

Your Clay Ducks do not interest me
Doyle

DOYLE

What can I do you for then? Set of
Kettle Clamps? Half price today.
Brass nose prostetic? Fix yourself up
a treat? Otter Musk? Somethng for the
ladies...

NIGHTKEEPER SPY

Calm yourself down and lower your
fucking voice. I'm here for...
information.

DOYLE

Oh. Fuck. Off! You think this is? The
bleedin' tourist information board?
Talk is cheap. I, however, am not!

NIGHTKEEPER SPY

Yeah? Yeah? Big Man eh? Well let's
see how big you are once I've given
you a fuckig DRY SLAP and thrown you
in he BRIG! Look at My face you
fucking asshole!

DOYLE

(suddenly sheepish)
It's you... Look.. I didn't know, I
DIDN'T KNOW alright? Tell the
primarch he'll get his payment, I'm
just a bit behind is all... you know
how it is, this close to shadowmas...

NIGHTKEEPER SPY

(whispering, aggressive)
Listen, I don't know about any of
that shite. What I do want to know is
if you have seen: this. fucking.
face.

He unscrolls some paper and spreads it on the market stall

NIGHTKEEPER SPY (CONT'D)

A traitor.

PLAY SONG: BLACKENING

FADE TO:

INT. THE HALL OF THE BADGER KING

The tinker awakes dizzy and his head spinning. The boy is
nowhere to be seen.

TINKER
 (dazed and confused)
 ...urgh...my head. Where in
 thunderation are we Boy? ...BOY??

The sound of a spear loudly being planted into the ground is heard.

IRONTOOTH FORKBEARD
 Silence Flesh-ape! Do not speak in
 his majesty's presence!

TINKER
 (in agony)
 Arrg!! Stop! Please Stop!!

A loud booming voice rings out and reverberates around the tunnel.

KING DAHKS
 Puny Worm! Why does thou squirmeth
 so? My clansmen have not yet
 commenced their torture.

TINKER
 My toe!! He's standing on my poor
 gammy toe!!

KING DAHKS
 Irontooth!

IRONTOOTH FORKBEARD
 Yes King Dahks?

KING DAHKS
 Bring the intruder closer to me

The sound of the tinker being dragged across the icy burrows is heard. He lands with a THUD at the feet of the King.

KING DAHKS (CONT'D)
 So, *Fleshling*. You are far from the
 caverns of men...yet even a crippled
 FOOL should know you and your kind
 are not the only creatures to take
 refuge in this place...

TINKER
 Wait. **THIS** isn't where I parked my
 zeppelin! Oh, my mistake... *how*
embarrassing. Well if you'll excuse
 me, I'll be on my way... terribly
 sorry for the misunderstanding...

KING DAHKS
 HOLD THY TONGUE FLESHLING! In these
 tunnels of beasts **I** have dominion!
 (MORE)

KING DAHKS (CONT'D)

NOW, speak thyne reason for this trespass.

TINKER

Oh exalted One. Please forgive my insolence... I did not mean any offence. To be simply in your presence, I am truly humbled. I assure you, great King, my intrusion was not intentional... I merely lot my way.

KING DAHKS

If you continue to speak in HALF-TRUTHS then perhaps you will explain this SABOTAGE before I crush them and you.

Some metal items are heard JANGLING and CLANKING to the floor

TINKER

My Probes! But... But how did you remove them through all of this ice?

KING DAHKS

My kinsmen may be mutated by size, but we retain the strength of claw of our forefathers. Now, WRETCH, do not dare deny this villainy; my guards tracked you attempting to reach these WEAPONS this very morn. Tell me how to undo the hellish magics caused by these contraptions before you bear witness to our strength of *fang* as well.

TINKER

(confused, flabbergasted)

Magics??? WEAPONS? My King, please, I do not understand...

KING DAHKS

Do not play simple with me fleshling! Do not try to tell me the flooding of our food lines and the melting of the great ice-road is not to do with these... devices. Guards! CRUSH them to SHARDS before they are our undoing!!

IRONTTOOTH FORKBEARD

Yes, Majesty

TINKER

Wait!!

The sound of the tinker's notebook opening and mad, frantic scribbling is clearly heard

TINKER (CONT'D)
 These...readings... there is
 something strange... please, wait...
 I need to record them for...

IRONTTOOTH FORKBEARD
 SILENCE!

A HUGE CRUSHING sound is heard as the dials are crushed by the guard's mighty hammer.

KING DAHKS
 Now, invader... prepare to be
 relieved of your treacherous head...

A Low, haunting sound rings out. It's immense bass shakes the walls of the burrow. It continues to grow louder and louder.

KING DAHKS (CONT'D)
 What madness?

IRONTTOOTH FORKBEARD
 I cannot see my King. But the sound
 is monstrous... That is no mere cry
 of a stoat raiding party

KING DAHKS
 (whispering)
 Frost-bear...

IRONTTOOTH FORKBEARD
 PROTECT THE KING!

KING DAHKS
 Wretch! Have you led our enemy here?
 Sly...Sly, yet foolhardy. We will
 leave **you** to slow our escape... Men!!
 Retreat! Make Haste!

They stampede off into the distance

TINKER
 (desperate)
 Wait...

The sound of the beast grows and grows.

END PART I

PART II: THE PIECES OF OUR TIME**PLAY SONG: PRIMARCH OVERTURE**

FADE TO:

INT. THE HALL OF THE BADGER KING

The monstrous sound grows louder and louder, we hear the Tinker beginning to whimper as the beast closes in, its heavy paws STOMPING louder and louder, almost touching him. SUDDENLY a distant sound of a BASSOON rings out! The Beast's groans STOP and it lets out a confused grunt.

BOY

Father!!!

A loud BLAST emerges from Boy's Bassoon. The Beast, lets out a startled YELP and heavily stampedes into the distance. The Boy's mechanical tracks fade in.

BOY (CONT'D)

Hello Father.

TINKER

Ah my boy! Let us make haste - these beasts are far from their lair. Something... odd is afoot. If the blasted Primarch is still lurking, he will have surely noticed their tracks...*sigh* The last thing we need is **another** excuse for him to increase the curfew. Quick boy, or he may discover us too...

INT. THE CLOKKEMAKER'S EMPORIUM

The sound of a solitary clock ticking is heard, slowly followed by several other clocks fading in across the stereo field. The ambient ticking fades to the background as the focus draws to the sound of a large mechanism being wound.

CLOKKEMAKER

Slowly... slowly, does it... Perfect. Perfection.

The sound of winding stops, replaced by the WILD SPINNING of clock hands and wheels. A loud KNOCK on the door reverberates around the room.

CLOKKEMAKER (CONT'D)

(sternly)

Enter!

The door creaks open. The Clokkemaker continues to screw and twist and wind watches whilst she speaks

CLOKKEMAKER (CONT'D)

Oh. It is you. What do you want - I'm very busy.

PRIMARCH

I will not keep you long Mother.

CLOKKEMAKER

No. I pray not. The Lamplighters are soon to work, and then, as always, mine shall end.

PRIMARCH

Your condition has worsened?

CLOKKEMAKER

I fear so. Even by your dimly lit flame, I feel the sickness.

PRIMARCH

Mother, it is pitch black...

The sound of the Primarch extinguishing his lamp is heard

CLOKKEMAKER

For you perhaps. My eyes have now hardened to even the darkest shadow. Yet, by even the most smothered lamp I find myself blinded. In agony. It is now, and now alone, when the city is at it's darkest, I can find time for my work.

PRIMARCH

Indeed I have some... work that requires your attention

CLOKKEMAKER

(infuriated)

Did you hear me not child? I am *Busy*. I care not for your politics and games.

PRIMARCH

These...

the sound of the Primarch tipping a bag of broken metal and glass onto the table is heard.

PRIMARCH (CONT'D)

...These *GAMES* are far more important than your watches and trinkets old girl.

(MORE)

PRIMARCH (CONT'D)

But then, perhaps their condition is far beyond even your mastery...

CLOKKEMAKER

Atmospheric gauges. You should take better care of such antiques.

PRIMARCH

I found them... obliterated. The beasts above Porfan have made light work of them.

CLOKKEMAKER

Beasts? In the Ice burrows were they? And pray, what were you doing so high up the ladder to find them?

PRIMARCH

Searching. I cannot shake these suspicions Mother. As unlikely as they are, I need proof.

SUDDENLY, a commotion is heard and footsteps are heard stumbling and tripping through the door.

PRIMARCH (CONT'D)

Now what..?

WASHER ETHEL

Your linen is cleaned and ready m'lady...

CLOKKEMAKER

(distracted)

Hmm? Your coin is on the dresser as usual.

WASHER ETHEL

For all it's worth! You know it wouldn't kill you to light a candle or two my dear...no... poor old Ethel nearly broke her neck in there... twice, actually... and I stubbed a toe..

PRIMARCH

SILENCE CRONE!!!

There is a moment of stillness and COMPLETE SILENCE in the emporium. A long pause hangs from the Primarch's furious outburst

WASHER ETHEL

(offended)

Well!!!

The sound of the washerwoman scraping her coins of a wooden surface is heard.

Heavy footsteps pace quickly and then the door SLAMS. The sound of clocks ticking and the Clokkemaker winding gears returns to the emporium.

The Clokkemaker lets out a long, exhausted breath. She continues work, seemingly forgetting her son's presence.

PRIMARCH

Mother, I...

CLOKKEMAKER

(sharply picking the
conversation up where it
left off)

Even after all these years... I had thought you had left these childish fears in the past. Death. Disease. Radiation...*the surface*. It is little wonder how even your *little spies* are deserting your cause. You are an old man now. Yes, not as close to death as I, but old nonetheless. Yet your years belie your wisdom. Here you are, clambering up the ladder searching for legends, just as when you were a boy. You could not be comforted at my bosom and I fear my rod and belt has failed to teach you anything. You, **my boy**, you may rule a city of darkness, but you are still afraid of what you cannot see.
Sigh...Here - They are fixed.

PRIMARCH

But...

CLOKKEMAKER

(chuckling)

And you dared question my skill boy

PRIMARCH

Spare me your mockery. What do they say?

CLOKKEMAKER

The primary gauge reads 250. Give or take. It is late - the lighter's flame grows; my eyesight fades.

The Primarch is silent as he tries to comprehend what he has just heard.

CLOKKEMAKER (CONT'D)

You forget my boy. Even in blindness I can still read your face. I take it you have found the proof you need?

PRIMARCH

(filled with rage)

It is as I feared. And for all your wisdom you should fear it too. Do you think, stricken with this sickness, this... **sun-sickness**, you would survive more than a cycle should the aperture be opened?

CLOKKEMAKER

Clandestine rule. People will choose to leave whether it is the correct decision or not.

PRIMARCH

(furious)

I will not allow it. Our city...*MY CITY* will endure...

He takes a moment to gather and calm himself. His breathing remains heavy as he composes himself

PRIMARCH (CONT'D)

...mother. I will not let you die.
GUARD!

The door to the emporium swings open. The Primarch's guard jostles in.

PRIMARCH (CONT'D)

We are leaving; ready my zeppelin

GUARD

Yes sire.

The door slams as the guard leaves

CLOKKEMAKER

Do not worry my boy. Your secret is safe with me, after all, I am surely the only mender of devices in this place.

PRIMARCH

No Mother, you are not...

PLAY SONG: THE CLOKKEMAKER

EXT. CARTOE CAVERN BORDER

Steam puffs and spurts, moisture gathers and drips. We hear the sound of Eve, out of breath running into scene.

EVE

(to self)

Oh Shadows... I'm going to be late... again!

(MORE)

EVE (CONT'D)
 Oh, there's no chance he's going to
 let me see the festival this time!
 Unless... a shortcut...

Eve punches a series of buttons on a nearby panel

EVE (CONT'D)
 (nervously)
 Oooh...

She engages a loud crank of a lever, which THUDS with an echo. A message plays and crackles through a nearby tannoy system

TANNOY
 Pedestrian conveyor engaged.
 Attention: Memorial Access Line is
 Offline. Attention: Memorial Access
 Line is Offline. Attention: Memorial
 Access Line is...

EVE
 Urgh!

The sound of wires fizzing and sparking are heard as she destroys the console. It explodes with the sound of an electrical charge. The conveyor springs to life loudly.

TANNOY
 Pedestrian conveyor engaged. Memorial
 Access Line. Please Mind the Gap.

EVE
 This is a bad idea...

She steps on the conveyor. It creaks and grumbles as it trundles her through clouds of steam and spinning gears

TANNOY
 Now entering Waxwork Downs. This
 conveyor does not stop here...

PLAY SONG: THE WAXWORK DOWNS

INT. PRIMARCH'S ZEPPELIN HANGAR

Ropes can be heard tightening, steam clouds billow. Every sound reverberates around the huge echoing Hangar.

NIGHTKEEPER SPY
 Ugh. Why am I here?

CITY OFFICIAL
 You have your summons. The Primarch
 does not have to explain himself.

NIGHTKEEPER SPY

And where IS our Primarch? I have many necks that require my attention.

Suddenly, a SOUNDING BELL rings out and a huge WHIRRING and PEDALING of gears begin to fade in.

CITY OFFICIAL

(shouting, echoing down the hangar)

Make way for the sovereign airship!

The annoucement is greeted by a FANFARE OF HORNS

NIGHTKEEPER SPY

(under breath, to self)

Oh. Fucks sake. Has anyone told him how crackers he looks in that thing?

CITY OFFICIAL

(addressing crowd)

Secure the airship! Steady the Zeppelin! The Primarch returns!

Ropes are Lashed and tightened. Boards creak and the air lulls and bellows inside the airship. A loud THUD is heard as a wooden plank is lowered and the primarchs heavy footsteps begin pacing down, the action again greeted by a FANFARE. The footsteps come to an abrupt stop.

PRIMARCH

Ah yes. The man of the moment

NIGHTKEEPER SPY

Sire.

PRIMARCH

Well, I trust you have been busy? Oh, hear you have you have caused quite the disturbance amidst my markets these past days, Spy. Hmmm yes, Spy... I have busy little ears of my own. Yes, they lack your powers of **persuasion**, but a squalid man on the street can hide very easily in plain sight. Yes, they let me know me all the comings and goings in this place. Whether they mean to or not. Shameless creatures, they will hide in their own filth and in piles of refuge if I so command. Even now, beyond our sight, their ears are twitching at the flick of our tounge... But no. Your recent excursions have caused enough commotion for me to hear all by myself.

NIGHTKEEPER SPY

Sire. I simply was trying to...

PRIMARCH

Oh no need to apologise. Down on those festering streets they are quite the scoundrels. And they need a coarse injection of fear every now and again.

CITY OFFICIAL

(interjecting)

Turnip wine my lord?

PRIMARCH

What? Oh. Yes thank you. Now go, leave us.

He grabs the class from the official and takes a huge swig

PRIMARCH (CONT'D)

Now, to business. I have taken the liberty of tidying up your mess and re-capturing that traitor of yours... Oh, do not look so surprised, your brethren may be strong in numbers but they lack direction and concentration.

NIGHTKEEPER SPY

With each escape there is just one more reason for me to break him one little bit more. This time, I will ensure he will not escape again.

PRIMARCH

He is but one man, but, I admire your obsession.

NIGHTKEEPER SPY

Obsession? This man - he is dangerous. An oath-breaker. He puts us all in danger by deserting his command at the Aperture.

PRIMARCH

Ah yes, the Aperture. And you wish him dead yes? But then your priest would be denied his... what do you call it? Ah yes... blackening. And should he escape again? The Nightkeepers are far too distracted this close to shadowmas Perhaps... perhaps, I could take care of this problem for you.

NIGHTKEEPER SPY

My Grace that is... generous. However I will deal with him myself.

PRIMARCH

Ho, Ho! Do not worry, he will not be sent on one of Old Simon's one-way holidays to Porfan! No... This one shall be chained to the darkest cell in my catacumbs- where he shall rot. ROT! He shall rot away even more than he has already. And then, when I have the information I need. Then, I shall execute him. Personally.

NIGHTKEEPER SPY

Information?

PRIMARCH

Inconsequential. And none of your concern. Do you wish this man dead, or do you wish me to return him to the priest for his superstitious rituals? ...As I suspected. Now, as I have tidied up your mess, I trust I can call on your services should the need arise?

NIGHTKEEPER SPY

Of course, as always, your grace, I am at your service.

PRIMARCH

Very good. Now go. I shall send a messenger once I have the information I need.

PLAY SONG: LEADER OF MEN

INT. TINKER'S WORKSHOP

Experiments wizz, whirr and burble. A low hum can be heard in the background. The door slowly creaks open.

EVE

Hello... Tinker? Boy? Hello??? Did you know there's someone out there hiding in your bins? HELLO??? I think they're...

TINKER

(muffled in the distance)

Ah Eve! Come in girl - My giddy Aunt, you are early... I shan't be long - I appear to have mislaid the gerbil-saw again..

The sound of the tinker MUTTERING and rummaging through odds and ends can be heard

TINKER (CONT'D)

A-Ha!

EVE

Sigh Hello Boy.

THE BOY does not respond.

EVE (CONT'D)

Boy?

TINKER

Sorry Eve, I've turned him off.

EVE

Off?? Why?

TINKER

Upgrades of course. The little rascal needs to be able to defend himself... and me...

EVE

Defend himself? ...Defend YOU?
Whatever from?

TINKER

Badger attack.

EVE

Badger...what? The poor thing has a funnel up his nose - and what's in these tubes?

The sound of a viscous fluid bubbling and gurgling through a tube is heard

TINKER

Trifle.

EVE

Trifle???

TINKER

Yes. Come now, take a look at this - we have much work to do if we are to reset the coils tonight. Did you get everything on the list?

EVE

Erm...

TINKER

Well what did you get?

EVE

This! Look!! Its... COUSCOUS!

TINKER

Couscous??? Give me that!

EVE

Don't eat it! That's for my collection!

The tinker violently spits it out.

TINKER

Erggh! That tastes FAR too good to be couscous! My girl you have, once again, been had! This is just sand!

EVE

SAND? ...are you sure it's not couscous?

TINKER

It's no good Eve, you will simply have to return to Cartoe and get what we need, time is getting on... Besides I've added one or two necessities

The rustling of paper is heard as Eve grabs the list from the Tinker.

EVE

Fine! At least I'll be able to see at least *some* of the festival

TINKER

Festival?

EVE

Tinker! It's Shadowmas Eve!

TINKER

I know what day it is my Girl! But I'd hardly call it a festival. Superstition more like... superstition and poppycock.

EVE

But...

TINKER

I'm sorry Eve, but we have far more important things to do. You think those TOAD KETTLES are going to clean themselves?

EVE

I wish they would...

TINKER

Listen!

The sound of a lamplighter whistling far in the distance is heard.

TINKER (CONT'D)

(Now urgent)

The lamplighters are starting out already - good heavens is that the time? Go now girl - before that blasted market closes! I shall meet you at the cavern. Come now, hurry hurry!

EVE

Okay! Okay!

The sound of the door Swinging open is heard as Eve rushes off.

TINKER

And Eve...

EVE

Yes?

TINKER

Please try not to be late

The door SLAMS Shut. The sound of the bubbling viscous fluid fades n once more.

TINKER (CONT'D)

Well my lad, there is much to do.
Let's wake you up

The slow POWERING UP sound of machinery is heard followed by the some musical notes in a PARODY of the Windows 95 boot chimes

BOY

Good Coiling Father

TINKER

I trust you slept well my boy? I do believe we will have to update your firmware... ah look, the lamps...

The sound of the lamplighter's whistle is now louder and less distant. The sound of a lamp being in close proximity is heard

TINKER (CONT'D)

Finally! Some illumination! Come, let's see if we can't shed some light on this *mystery* of ours...

PLAY SONG: THE LAMPLIGHTER'S OVERTURE

EXT. STREETS OF ARDEL

Heavy paced footsteps echo along the huge cavern of Ardel. The metallic Clank of the Boy follows in their wake.

TINKER
Hurry along boy!

BOY
Yes father.

Footsteps continue to pace as they talk. Steam gushes past the stereo field.

TINKER
We must reach the cavern before the final cycle, I don't very much fancy being locked in there until the next winding! Not with your insufferable snoring! Why I let Eve download that nose-emulator I have no idea... wait...

The HUGE CREAKING GROAN of the GREAT COG is heard.

BOY
That is not me father.

TINKER
Hush my boy... listen...

The sound of the cog grows LOUDER and audibly SLOWER and SLOWER. It SHUDDERS almost to a halt and then returns to it's normal tempo. The sound of the cog fades slowly into the background.

TINKER (CONT'D)
That did not sound good...

The steam continues to hiss down the street. In the distance, barely audible whistle of a lamplighter is heard.

FADE OUT.

END OF PART II