

Side 4 for Falkor and Ygramul p1

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THE NEVERENDING STORY

Act I

MORLA. Goodness gracious, if you weren't wearing the Aurnyn we would eat you up just to get some sleep.

ATREYU (*pleading*). Tell me where I can find the Childlike Empress a new name and I will go.

BASTIAN. Me: I could give her one. I'm good at names!

ATREYU. Please.

MORLA. Well, you could try Uyulala in the Southern Oracle. She might know.

ATREYU. Is it far?

MORLA. Far?! Ha! It's so far you'd be dead before you got there.

ATREYU. Then what am I going to do?

MORLA. Give it up, boy. Give it up. But most of all leave us in peace!

*(There is a windstorm. MORLA exits. ATREYU struggles through the tempest until he sinks exhausted. The wind subsides.)*

SCENE THIRTEEN: End of School

*(The school bell rings loudly.)*

BASTIAN. End of day. I need to go home. (*Putting on his coat.*) Good-bye, Book. We can finish the Great Quest tomorrow, OK? Why am I talking to a book? It's just a story. Even though it seems real. I'm not really leaving Atreyu in his hour of need; even though it feels like I am. I'm just leaving a book in the attic of my school and going home. And that's

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what I'm going to do. After I read two more pages. But just two! That's all Two. Times two. Times two. (*BASTIAN sits and opens the book.*)

ATREYU (*shivering*). Artax. Can you hear me? Hunger is putting dark clouds around my heart. What should I do? I can never reach Uyulala. Maybe I should prepare for my death. But if I do, I will betray the Childlike Empress, and the Great Quest and you. (*We hear ARTAX's hooves.*) What should I do? (*ATREYU suddenly stands alert.*) A hunter should know when he's being hunted.

*(ATREYU climbs the stage-left structure. GMORK appears stage right, following ATREYU's scent. He crosses the stage and exits left, under ATREYU's careful eye.)*

SCENE FOURTEEN: Falkor and Ygramul the Many

*(Suddenly there is a loud cry offstage left.)*

*FALKOR rushes onstage. His arms are bound tightly to his body with spider web which stretches back offstage. He pulls against the web and falls.)*

FALKOR. Oh brother.

YGRAMUL (*OFF*). Come here.

FALKOR. No. I am going to break free. One flex of my powerful muscles... (*he struggles*) one flex and I will be free... (*he struggles*) free...

YGRAMUL. Having trouble, luck dragon?

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THE NEVERENDING STORY

Act I

*(YGRAMUL enters slowly. She is a multi-person, multi-limbed creature of uncompromising malevolence but initially we see her as one large spider.)*

*[Note: YGRAMUL has one main voice. However, when she repeats a word, the repetitions are spoken by her children individually. When a word is underlined, all her voices speak in unison.]*

FALKOR. I'm fine.

YGRAMUL. Are you ready to give up?

FALKOR. Never.

YGRAMUL. You will never escape.

FALKOR. Look. I admit I flew into your spider web. That was a mistake. Sometimes I sleep and fly. But that doesn't mean you've caught me.

YGRAMUL. I have caught you and now I will sting you and then I will eat you.

FALKOR. Oh! Oh! That's just— Oh! That's just— Oh!  
*(YGRAMUL begins reeling FALKOR in.)* Hey! May I remind you that I am a noble luck dragon. I swim through the air of heaven.

YGRAMUL. Full of hot air.

FALKOR. I do not float. I fly!

YGRAMUL. How? You don't have wings.

FALKOR. I don't need my wings. I've got my legs.

*(FALKOR runs up to YGRAMUL. She stings. He dodges. He runs around YGRAMUL. She spins clumsily.)* See.

Even on the ground I'm faster than you.

YGRAMUL. You think this is a game?

FALKOR. Let me see. It's fun. I'm winning. Yes, it's a game.

Act I

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YGRAMUL. It's not a game to me. I'm starving and you are going to feed me for a long, long, long time.

FALKOR. You'll have to catch me first.

YGRAMUL. All right. *(YGRAMUL's children break from her body and surround FALKOR.)*

FALKOR. You did that very quickly.

YGRAMUL. These are my children.

FALKOR. They're very ugly.

YGRAMUL. They're very hungry. *(They reveal their stingers.)* Still feeling lucky, dragon?

FALKOR. I don't *feel* lucky. I *am* lucky.

*(YGRAMUL begins to move in on FALKOR.)*

FALKOR. Oh sure. Gang up on me. *(YGRAMUL strikes. FALKOR dodges.)* Whoah. Those things are sharp.

YGRAMUL. Sharp and poisoned.

FALKOR. You know, I'm very allergic to poison. *(YGRAMUL strikes. FALKOR dodges.)* And I have very sensitive scales. *(YGRAMUL strikes. FALKOR dodges.)*

OK, OK, you win! Let's make a deal.

YGRAMUL. Here's the deal. I sting and you die! *(YGRAMUL stings.)*

FALKOR. Ow! Can I at least make a— *(YGRAMUL stings.)* Ah!

YGRAMUL. Still feeling lucky?

FALKOR *(weakly)*. Just watch. I'm going to be rescued.

YGRAMUL. Then maybe we should finish, finish, finish you off! *(YGRAMUL holds up her stingers.)*

ATREYU. Stop! In the name of the Childlike Empress, stop.

FALKOR *(weakly)*. Told you I was lucky. *(He collapses.)*