



DUINE

By Jeff Dunne

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## CHARACTERS

MAYLA (MAY-luh)	Mayla is the faerie governess of Gwythonain. She should not look significantly older, however, than her charge.
GWYTHONAIN (GWITH-oh-nayn)	Gwythonain is the daughter of the faerie queen. She is young, but not a child.
EÓGAN (ee-OH-en)	Eógan is a young mortal (duine) who has lost his sister. He should be a little older than Gwythonain.
WYNNE (WIN)	Wynne is the mortal sister who died and is then returned to life through the Grace of Gwythonain. She is slightly younger than Eógan.

Note: As fae, Gwythonain and Mayla can be acted by fairly young actors.

## SETTING

This play takes place in the forest of ancient Ireland.

### Pronunciation

In the script, Celtic terminology is followed by a pronunciation guide in parentheses. These guides are an attempt to provide the most accurate pronunciations, although they are still only guidelines. For the words *daoine* and *duine*, for example, the strictly correct pronunciations are DEE-nuh and DIN-uh, however the author prefers pronouncing them DAY-oh-EEN and doo-INE, at least in cases where the audience would not get hung up on improper Celtic pronunciation.

SCENE 1

*(A young man, Eógan, is sitting at the grave of his little sister. He is speaking, but we cannot hear him. As the scene begins, we see two faeries, Gwythonain and Mayla, walking towards him through the woods.)*

MAYLA

We should return. Already I can barely remember our path.

GWYTHONAIN

I remember it well enough. And I tire of seeing the same trees all...

*(They stop, having noticed Eógan. He cannot see or hear them, however.)*

What is that?

MAYLA

I think... No.

GWYTHONAIN

What?

MAYLA

I think perhaps it is... one of daoine (*DEE-nuh or DAY-oh-EEN*)).

GWYTHONAIN

Is it? I would see him more closely.

MAYLA

The queen left very strict—

GWYTHONAIN

My mother isn't here. And you wouldn't... Besides, there's no harm to look.

*(The faeries approach him, Gwythonain closer, Mayla hanging back. As they approach, we hear Eógan speaking.)*

EÓGAN

...and mother still worries. She talks less and less each day. And each day I plead with her to come, but she will not. Always for some new reason.

GWYTHONAIN

To think, a mortal. The lore paints them hideous and deformed, but this one is not.

MAYLA

Gwythonain! Come away.

EÓGAN

Today it is her legs, and how they pain her.

*(Over the next lines, Gwythonain studies Eógan, even waving a hand before his face.)*

GWYTHONAIN

*(Slightly overlapping Eógan's last and next lines)*

You worry too much.

EÓGAN

Just as yesterday it was her feet.

GWYTHONAIN

He cannot see us.

EÓGAN

But I know the truth of it, even if she cannot face her own heart. She is alone. I think she barely hears me anymore.

MAYLA

Come away, child. You—

*(Gwythonain has reached out and touched Eógan ever so lightly on his head. He thinks it is a fly that he attempts to brush away.)*

Gwyth! You mustn't!

*(Gwythonain brushes his hair again, and giggles. Again, Eógan bats at the annoyance, this time turning his head to look, and then back. This amuses her even more.)*

GWYTHONAIN

Oh, hush. It is harmless play.

EÓGAN

I think that tomorrow I—

*(Gwythonain taps him on the shoulder and jumps back. Eógan is startled. He jumps up and looks around for the source, but he cannot see her.)*

GWYTHONAIN

You see? His eyes cannot pierce the Grace.

*(Mayla stares at her until...)*

Very well. We will return.

*(The faeries begin to head off as the lights fade.)*