

DEMONS & DAUGHTERS SCREENING TRANSCRIPT

00:00:09:17

DM Lyndon: Let's introduce ourselves!

Maijai/Thalia: You start, sir.

DM Lyndon: Me? Oh, okay.

Sounds of laughter from players.

DM Lyndon: Um, my name is Lyndon Rufus Winters, I am their dungeon master.

Morne/Agatha: My name is Morne Putman Trimmer. I play Agatha Pentecost.

DM Lyndon: This is intense.

Maijai/Thalia: I'm Maijai Hibberd, ooh, that was weird to say, I'm playing Thalia Bronton, who is ginger.

Sounds of laughter from players.

DM Lyndon: Fun fact, you're wearing a wig. No one knew.

Sound of a loud, dramatic gasp from the other players.

Taya/Rosalind: I'm Taya Campbell Over and I play Rosalind Penhallow. And my interesting fact about Rosalind is that she is the reason that dance cards are used in the tiny village of Bledlow. Shall we play Dungeons and Dragons?

DM Lyndon: Intro!

00:00:56:15

DM Lyndon/Gilbert Bronton: *His luggage is brought back down for him, and you notice this out the corner of your eye. You can hear a carriage pull up outside. Um this was wonderful, so good to see you again. He reaches up and he sort of pinches your cheek a little, like he used to when you were like, eight years old. Well, I mean, goodbyes are never – I mean, yes*

–

Maijai/Thalia: I'll see you soon.

DM Lyndon/Gilbert Bronton: Soon. I promise.

Maijai/Thalia: I love you.

The sound of carriage wheels, horses feet.

DM Lyndon/Gilbert Bronton: *Yes I love - yes, Thalia. I love you too. And he gets up into the carriage, knocks on it. And it pulls away across, through the market, no, not through the market square, you're to the south. South, out of the village. Around a bend. And the dust and the sound of horses and the wheels clacking on stones fades into the distance as you say goodbye to your father for the last time in six weeks.*

00:02:07:19

Morne/Agatha: Mother replies. Father's replies are very scarce and it upsets me a little, because it reminds me of when a friend's letters once stopped.

00:02:21:15

The sound of the piano being played.

Taya/Rosalind: *While the music is sort of covering, I'm going to try and subtly get these two in a space where I can speak to them in a lower register, away from the others.*

Maijai/Thalia: *I have a glass of wine.*

Taya/Rosalind: I do hate to turn the topic back to... sad things but – and of course, I would never – (she breaks off as Thalia gently brushes back a stray strand of her hair) I would never doubt Mama at all but I saw the man arriving who came to tell Archibald of the missed bills.

And he said that he had not seen our fathers for three weeks, and Mama says she received a letter two weeks ago and I'm sure it was just delayed but I – it seems as if nobody is quite sure what is going on and I'm sorry to put this on both of you on such a happy night, but I just felt you both had a right to know. And... It's...

Maijai/Thalia: Three weeks?

Taya/Rosalind: (whispering) It was three hundred pounds, Archibald had to pay.

Morne/Agatha: Three hundred?

Taya/Rosalind: The man said that they checked their rooms and all their belongs are still there, undisturbed as they were, they've not rifled through them or anything like that, but nobody knows –

Maijai/Thalia: They've been gone for three weeks and all of their stuff was still there?

Taya/Rosalind: That is how it seemed. Now, I am sure Archibald will be back in the morning with more solid news but I just couldn't keep that from you. I'm sorry. *And I finish my glass of wine.*

Maijai/Thalia: *I finish my glass of wine.*

00:04:10:08

DM Lyndon: Tea comes and goes. Dinner comes and goes. The evening comes, and goes. No one returns from London. The next day no one returns from London. Or the day after. And you start to sense a tension in the house.

00:04:44:24

Jovial music, the background sounds of the village May Day festival.

Taya/Rosalind: I would like it if there were anything else I could do to help Archibald or Papa in any way because I – sorry, I just, if there's anything I could do –

DM Lyndon/Georgiana Penhallow: Well I'm sure if Papa needs a new dress he'll come straight to you.

Taya/Rosalind: Oh.

DM Lyndon/Georgiana Penhallow: Rosalind. I'm awfully busy and I don't have time for you.

Taya/Rosalind: I understand, Mother, I'm very sorry for troubling you.

00:05:17:00

Taya/Rosalind: Did you get into my father's study?

Maijai/Thalia: No. It was locked.

Taya/Rosalind: Would you like to try again?

00:05:27:10

Suspenseful music playing.

Maijai/Thalia: (Holding a letter) It's to Archie.

Morne/Agatha: What does it say?

Maijai/Thalia: 'If you are reading this letter, then I am...'

Morne/Agatha: Thalia.

Taya/Rosalind: Thalia, please.

Maijai/Thalia: 'If you are reading this letter, then I am no longer with you in this world. I write this to you now so that you may know what you must do in the event of my unexpected demise.'

Taya/Rosalind: This is ridiculous!

Maijai/Thalia: Pick up the ring. Just don't lose it, it was in there for a reason. 'There are forces in this world that are dark and malevolent, seeking to do harm to humanity. They are not what they seem, and it has been my honour and duty to ensure that they do not succeed. This work is dangerous but it is important. It now passes to you.'

Taya/Rosalind: What...

Maijai/Thalia: 'I have kept much from you for it was too dangerous to write down more than what was absolutely necessary. However, I trust that you are ready to take on this burden. There is much for you to learn and you must find your own path with the information you can find in my office.'

00:06:46:17

DM Lyndon: This book is a catalogue of supposed demons. But you've never heard any of them have specific names before. This all looks like nonsense really. But there is actual nonsense scribbled down in some of the entries. So there's an entry on some sort of demon, and there's scribbled notes you don't understand beside it.

Morne/Agatha: Rosalind, what does all this mean?

Taya/Rosalind: I've no idea. But... I'll be taking this with me.

Morne/Agatha: No! No...

Maijai/Thalia: *I check under the rug to see if there's anything hidden under there, like any hidden compartments.*

Taya/Rosalind: Agatha, I –

Morne/Agatha: No, this is all so... This isn't right. It's...

Taya/Rosalind: Agatha, I know –

Morne/Agatha: This is evil!

Taya/Rosalind: I know that this is –

Morne/Agatha: Your father is evil!

Taya/Rosalind: Agatha, we don't know what – I don't know what –

Morne/Agatha: Why does he have this stuff?

Taya/Rosalind: I don't...

Morne/Agatha: Take this. (handing over coded notes). You can take the code that I have as well, I'm not doing this anymore. I cannot be in this house any longer.

Taya/Rosalind: Agatha...

Morne/Agatha: I need to go home. I cannot be here. It's not right.

Maijai/Thalia: Seth.

Rio/Seth: *Yeah, Seth has been standing at the door just kind of like, what the actual hell is this.*

Maijai/Thalia: Accompany Agatha to her room.

Rio/Seth: Of course, Miss.

Maijai/Thalia: Now.

Morne/Agatha: No! Don't touch me, I'll go by myself.

Rio/Seth: I'm not going to touch you, Miss, I wouldn't dream of it.

Morne/Agatha: No, I am going by myself.

Taya/Rosalind: Agath, please don't mention what we have found.

Morne/Agatha: *I leave.*

Rio/Seth: *I follow suit.*

Morne/Agatha: What on earth are you doing?

Rio/Seth: Miss Pentecost, I think...

Morne/Agatha: No, get out!

Rio/Seth: I'm not in your room, Miss.

Sounds of laughter from the players and DM.

Rio/Seth: And I truly am sorry for this. But I think you just need to breathe for a moment.

Morne/Agatha: Don't tell me to breathe!

Rio/Seth: Okay. I think that you need to take a quick moment. Because I saw everything that you saw in there, and I do believe in God, not to the extent you do, and I understand you have a very strong belief there, but you said that Sir Penhallow is evil.

Morne/Agatha: Yes, he has books like those...

Rio/Seth: And he works closely with your father, correct?

Morne/Agatha: Yes.

Rio/Seth: Do you think your father is evil?

Morne/Agatha: Yes.

DM Lyndon: The man that leaves a small gift under your pillow every birthday, every Christmas, despite your mother. Usually a toy. Sometimes jewellery.

Morne/Agatha: He... He is different. And he is not like my mother. And...

Rio/Seth: My father wasn't like my mother. My father always put himself and what he studies before me. My mother put me before anything else, including my father. I do not know your parents. But I have worked with the Penhallows, and despite Lord Penhallow being quite a formidable man, he does not strike me as evil. I just... think that you might be wrong here. And I am sorry. *And I bow.* And I just... I understand that there's a lot that was quite scary for me too –

Morne/Agatha: Seth?

Rio/Seth: Yes, Miss?

Morne/Agatha: I don't think I am like my mother. I... I think I have been pretending. But I do not know what to think anymore. I... ever since coming to Bledlow, everything is different. I am different. And I haven't read this (picking up her Bible) I just open the pages and I look at the words. And... I am not like my mother. And I fear that I may be evil.

Rio/Seth: I... I have to, and I hope you don't take offense to my saying this, Miss, I have to strongly disagree with you there. I don't think you're evil at all. Because despite us not

talking much, you're not mean to me. You accept my presence, which is more than a lot of people do. And when I bow to you, you don't tell me off for it. You allow me to.

I don't think you're a bad person and I don't think you're evil. I think that both of us have a lot to learn, in different ways with different things, but that's our own journeys to go on. Because I too am quite different as well.

So I apologise, and close this door, and I shall leave, but I just want you to know I don't think the Penhallows are evil. I don't think the Brontons are evil. I don't think you are evil.

00:13:26:24

DM Lyndon: Okay, there's about four hundred pounds there.

Taya/Rosalind: I'm very, very –

Maijai/Thalia: Rosy, what happened?

Taya/Rosalind: Nothing, I just –

Maijai/Thalia: No. Something happened. You would not be like this if nothing happened.

Taya/Rosalind: What's happened is I've just found out my father might be dead. And my brother is God knows where, with –

Maijai/Thalia: Rosalind, why are we looking in the study?

Taya/Rosalind: I have something to do.

Maijai/Thalia: Care to share?

Taya/Rosalind: I have a dress to pick.

I'm going to London. I can't be here and be useless anymore. So I'm going to do something. And... I wanted to be sure that there was nothing anybody had missed in Father's office and it seems there is more we have missed than I could ever have imagined. And...

Maijai/Thalia: Okay.

Taya/Rosalind: I don't want to – I feel awful, I shouldn't have...

Maijai/Thalia: You're not going alone.

Taya/Rosalind: Thalia.

Maijai/Thalia: You're not going alone.

00:14:51:01

DM Lyndon: Sound of birds, sounds of horses feet on gravel road and the view of a dark London on the horizon.

00:15:03:00

Taya/Rosalind: *I'm going to put this ring on, because I'm really scared right now and I just want to feel close to my dad.*

DM Lyndon: Okay, cool. From your perspective, your eyes roll into the back of your head. Your muscles spasm all down your spine, and this sort of white flash erupts from your eyeballs along with this sort of terrible headache. And you black out.

Taya/Rosalind: *Oh my god.*

DM Lyndon: From your two's perspective, Rosalind slips on this ring. Her eyes roll into the back of her head. Her back arches. She screams. And a flash of bright light erupts from her body in an explosion. And you all take eleven points of damage.

00:16:19:05

Ethereal sounds of thundery white noise, gradually dwindle to sounds of emptiness and a single, pulsing heartbeat.

DM Lyndon: And then the darkness explodes around you into light again and a huge burning yellow eye fills your entire vision. And this massive pupil, this big black spot, stares right through you. Into you. And you can feel that it sees every atom in your body.

DM Lyndon/Echo of a God: Penhallow... I see. This one's different. Not like the others. Have you come for my power?

00:17:11:02

Maijai/Thalia: I can't lose you as well. You should read that.

Taya/Rosalind: I don't... I don't know if I can. It feels... I don't know. What if you change your mind one day and then it's too late to go back?

Maijai/Thalia: I thought you were going to die. Having never known any... any of it. I don't think I ever will change my mind.

00:17:58:06

Morne/Agatha: Um... Do you have anything to drink?

DM Lyndon/Server: Yeah, we've got some gin, we've got some ale. What are you after? We've got a nice dark ale, and we've got an amber ale.

Morne/Agatha: Yes. Dark ale.

DM Lyndon/Server: Right you are.

Morne/Agatha: I – I – I have never tried ale before, and you know, we're in London, and we're doing new things, then I'll try something new. *I eye up the pint glass, I wasn't expecting it to be this big.*

DM Lyndon: Yeah, and it's a big pint glass. It's black and foamy. You can kind of get a sort of liquoricey smell.

Morne/Agatha: You drink that?

DM Lyndon: You immediately have a sort of warm sensation running down your oesophagus and also behind your eyes at the same time.

Morne/Agatha: *I pick up the pint glass. I just... I take slow sips. Just slow, but steady, and I don't look in the eyes of anyone. I'm just...*

DM Lyndon: It tastes better the second time, especially since it tastes better than the gin.

Morne/Agatha: *I pick up the spoon and I put it to my lips.*

DM Lyndon: I would say with two pints of liquid in your stomach at the moment, another liquidy meal... It's gonna be a struggle.

Morne/Agatha: *It is a struggle.*

Taya/Rosalind: *I give you the rest of my bread.*

Morne/Agatha: *The minute it goes to my lips I go (heaving noise) and I vomit. At the table.*

00:19:46:12

DM Lyndon/Barmaid: There's here.

Morne/Agatha: I don't think I'll go to a church, thank you.

DM Lyndon/Barmaid: And there's... There ain't much to do around here for fun, Miss. This is Ratcliffe. This is where the... all the down-and-outs come. This is it. This is the end of the road. You know, if you want something stronger, could try some laudanum. We have plenty of that.

Morne/Agatha: Laudanum? I'll give it a go.

DM Lyndon/Barmaid: *Sure. She pulls this small brown vial with a cork in it out of her pocket.* You gotta go easy with this, though. Just a couple of drops is all you need. On the tongue.

00:20:31:14

Jovial brothel common room music.

Maijai/Thalia: I think... Some people - and not everyone here, because it is not the same for most people - some people... some people might know that they would never be happy... with the person that they married.

Taya/Rosalind: I see.

Maijai/Thalia: Some people can't marry the people who would make them happy.

00:21:11:21

Taya/Rosalind: And you see, that's the thing. I – I thought I understood things quite clearly. I thought... Men have always liked me. And -

DM Lyndon/Madame Beatrice: Yes, I can see why.

Taya/Rosalind: And I am not so foolish as people think, I know that part of that is because men like pretty girls and I know that, but... I – I've worked so hard, you see, my whole life, to be everything that I thought I should be and everything that I thought they wanted me to be and I now feel as though the rules were entirely different and I was playing along with a game I did not know I was a part of. And – forgive me, Madame.

DM Lyndon/Madame Beatrice: No, no, it's okay. Take your time.

Taya/Rosalind: I... It's all just a bit much. And, and now I think about how men have always treated me and I... I think...

DM Lyndon/Madame Beatrice: You have been playing their game, with their rules?

Taya/Rosalind: Yes, and I thought that was the correct thing. And now...

DM Lyndon/Madame Beatrice: That is always what they want you to think. We also play their game. But we make up our own rules.

Taya/Rosalind: But it's different. You know.

DM Lyndon/Madame Beatrice: Oui.

Taya/Rosalind: And you're – you're doing it in a way that serves you too, and I think... it's suddenly become clear that it's never served me.

00:23:03:04

Taya/Rosalind: Thalia. You thought... I didn't care. You thought I could have hated you.

Maijai/Thalia: I had to.

Taya/Rosalind: I'm sorry.

Soft, slow music begins to play in the background.

Taya/Rosalind: And I don't expect anything from you, and I don't deserve anything from you but I – I just – I couldn't let you carry your whole life and whatever is to come thinking that I never cared or that, or that – or that I couldn't see you anymore because I – because I hated you when it was quite the opposite.

And I can't believe that you thought I'd made myself quite clear to you when... I have never been clear. With myself, or with anyone but I just –

I – I'm sorry, I don't know why I came in here. Um.

Maijai/Thalia: I'm sorry.

Taya/Rosalind: You said. You wrote that –that you wished you'd apologised for everything and I'm sorry but I – I don't understand when there is nothing you have ever had to apologise for. I don't understand when... I will never be able to tell you how sorry I am. I will never be able to tell you how awful it has been.

And I – I know it is no excuse and it does not make it better but I just need you to know that it has not been easy for me. And, actually, I think I've realised that none of it, none of it was

enjoyable, and none of it was real. And the only thing that's ever been real in my life was you.

And I ruined it because I have always been too much of a coward to do anything. And I was too scared to love you, and I am too weak to be without you so I guess – I guess I don't know. But I'm just sorry, and I just hope...

Maijai/Thalia: I've stood up by this point.

Taya/Rosalind: I'm just so sorry.

Sounds of Rosalind sniffing and crying.

Maijai/Thalia: And I walk over to her. And I hold her face in my hands.

Taya/Rosalind: And I'm not looking at you.

Maijai/Thalia: And then I just hold her.

Taya/Rosalind: I'm very, very stiff in your arms and I... I just don't know what to do, and I just stand there.

Maijai/Thalia: You don't have to apologise.

Taya/Rosalind: I do. Thalia it's been... I know how hard it's been for both of us, and I did that, and that was my choice.

Maijai/Thalia: I don't blame you.

Taya/Rosalind: I'm sorry. I'm sorry. And I start to soften and hold you back. I'm just so sorry. I wish – I wish I was someone different, I wish I was stronger, I wish I was more like you but I... I just couldn't. I was so scared. I'm just so sorry.

Sounds of Rosalind crying and sniffing.

Maijai/Thalia: I forgive you. You have always been forgiven.

Taya/Rosalind: Why?

Maijai/Thalia: That's what you do when you love someone. And I do. And I always have. And I will never want anything from you that you cannot give me. And I forgive you. Always. And you can feel that I am shaking.

Taya/Rosalind: I try to speak and I can't. So I just sort of like, hide my head in your neck and your hair and I just stay there.

Maijai/Thalia: I will do the same.

Loud slurping noise, followed by laughter from the players.

DM Lyndon/Diamond: Um, I'm gonna leave you guys to it... Feel like you didn't realise I was in the room, and that's okay. Uh, this is Diamond, has been sitting in the corner with a cup of tea just sort of half frozen.

00:29:18:00

Intense background battle music.

Maijai/Thalia: In a story?

DM Lyndon: You can't think of anything, because all you have is adrenaline running through your body. And your ears are pounding. And there's ringing. And there's blood, there's so much blood now, running down your body. And you sort of instinctively like, put your hands on these wounds and you're just, your fingers go into your wounds. And blood is just running everywhere. And you're trying to like, hold it all together, but at the same time, you can't stop pulling yourself apart.

As your fingers grip deep into your skin and you just start pulling your skin off of your own body, revealing underneath this sort of wet, slimy, skeletal, chitinous body. And you have sort of... You kind of black out at this point. It's someone's turn.

00:30:31:01

DM Lyndon: And now it's your turn.

Taya/Rosalind: *What's left of Thalia? What can I see? What can I see that's just happened to Thalia? The combat is gone from Rosalind's brain now. What have I just – What can I see?*

DM Lyndon: Some of Thalia is on the floor. Some of Thalia's face is still hanging on this creature. Almost like a Phantom of the Opera half, lifeless, just hanging there. But as you're looking, that kind of slops off anyway and hits the ground. The clothes are all torn and a bloody mess. And there's just this hulking over creature, hunched over, sure. It's snarling and making unworldly noises at this suit of armour.

Taya/Rosalind: *She's so fucking dumb, and I have so no hit points left but I... I have to go and get the – I can't, I can't do anything else, I can't fight that man, so I'm gonna fucking move and get hit again.*

Sound of dice rolling.

DM Lyndon: Twelve. So it swings right over your head as you take a step away. Where are you moving?

Maijai/Thalia: *It hits.*

Taya/Rosalind: *My AC's eleven.*

Sound of dice rolling.

DM Lyndon: Four.

Taya/Rosalind: *Okay. I'm not dead yet.*

Maijai/Thalia: *Where are you moving to?*

Taya/Rosalind: *Right. Where's the skin?*

Maijai/Thalia: *Underneath me.*

DM Lyndon: At Thalia's feet.

Taya/Rosalind: *Right, I'm gonna come around and try and like – this is disgusting – I'm gonna try and –*

DM Lyndon: Scoop her up.

Taya/Rosalind: *Grab what I can and like, drag it away. From the fighting.*

DM Lyndon: So basically you've lost your mind.

Taya/Rosalind: *Yeah. I can't do anything else.*

DM Lyndon: Okay. Um. Thing that used to be Thalia, your turn.

00:32:54:13

Intense battle music continues.

Taya/Rosalind: *This is unhinged. Um, but I'm dragging –*

DM Lyndon: Maybe she'll fit back together?

Taya/Rosalind: *I'm dragging her to the font. This – I can't, I can't do anything else. Um, what I'm doing – so I'm on the floor with it, and I'm just trying to keep as much of it together as I can whilst also not looking at it, and I'm gonna just yeah, drag like that, up, like scoop the blood with my hands like this and splash it on.*

DM Lyndon: Sure. As you put your hands in, you find, yeah, the warmth, the screaming, you probably don't even notice any of this.

Taya/Rosalind: *Yeah, I don't.*

DM Lyndon: But you find yourself back at full hit points. You let the, yeah, this blood falls out of the bowl of your hand over what was half of Thalia's face. Nothing.

Taya/Rosalind: *I'm going to keep doing it.*

DM Lyndon: Over and over?

Taya/Rosalind: *Yeah.*

DM Lyndon: Cool. Sure.

00:34:04:03

Ominous, empty, dull music playing.

Maijai/Thalia: Cursed... S–s–said I was cursed... I don't know how t–to go back... Onwards.

Taya/Rosalind: How can I know? How can I be sure? When there's – the things that exist... I don't know how to trust you. I...

Muffled sounds of Rosalind crying.

Morne/Agatha: I don't say anything. I just look into her eyes, give her a nod.

Taya/Rosalind: Agatha, I'm sorry, but I can't... If it's not – if it's not true. If – if it's some trick or some magic – I can't – I can't do that again, I can't, I can't, I can't feel this again, I can't, I can't do it, I'm sorry. I...

Sounds of Rosalind crying and breathing hard, sniffing.

Maijai/Thalia: In the garden. The beginning and the end of it all, in the garden.

Sounds of Rosalind crying.

Maijai/Thalia: Please don't be scared of me. I don't know what I am and I don't know what is going on and I don't know how to be back. But there's no way else but onwards, so I guess we just keep going. Like we've always done.

Taya/Rosalind: Thalia?

Sounds of Thalia crying and sniffing.

Taya/Rosalind: *And I very slowly stand up. And I'm gonna just go over to Thalia. Um, how big is the creature form, like how much bigger than me is it?*

DM Lyndon: An extra foot, did we say? Or, did you say?

Maijai/Thalia: *I think we put me up so I'm just not a full – it's almost a foot taller than you. Foot taller than you.*

Taya/Rosalind: *I'm gonna just stand for a moment, um, and then I'm gonna just reach up and put my hand on your face. And look at you. Onwards.*

Maijai/Thalia: Onwards.

Taya/Rosalind: *And then I just throw myself at this monster, and I hug it. Really, really hard.*

Maijai/Thalia: *It hugs you back. Trying not to claw you.*

Taya/Rosalind: *And I think I stay in that embrace for like, a long time.*

00:38:31:23

Taya/Rosalind: *How do I feel?*

DM Lyndon: Very achy. Tired. Cold. But alive.

Taya/Rosalind: *Where are you?*

Maijai/Thalia: *Right next to you. I'm like, holding your shoulders. I've been shaking you. Ooh, flashbacks.*

Taya/Rosalind: *So I open my eyes, and I guess you're the first thing that I see. And I just throw my arms around you and I hold you, and I just hold onto you. Are we alive? Is this, is this real?*

Maijai/Thalia: *And I pull back a bit. And I look at you. And I kiss you.*

Taya/Rosalind: *And I kiss you back. And I am crying. And then I pull away. Thalia, I love you. I love you. I love you the way I'm supposed to love my husband. I have loved you since I was three years old.*

And I – and I – and I'm sorry I couldn't say it, I – I tried, but the water was – it was so cold and I couldn't speak, and I – and I – I thought I was going to lose you again. And I – I've

been so stupid but I just – I just – I just need you to know that my earliest memories are of loving you.

And I'm so glad you're alive and I don't care what you are, or what's happening to you, I don't care, I just love you.

Maijai/Thalia: I have always loved you.

00:40:41:01

DM Lyndon/Jonathan Whitmore: What are you looking for?

Maijai/Thalia: The same thing we've been looking for the whole time. They don't seem to have anything in these ones either.

DM Lyndon/Jonathan Whitmore: You can't just go around, kicking in doors wherever you please!

Maijai/Thalia: Who's going to stop me? You?

DM Lyndon/Jonathan Whitmore: It's just the right thing to – it's just – it's not done.

Maijai/Thalia: Well supposedly it's also not done for the first born of my line to be a woman, or for a sorcerer to be a woman, or for women to be allowed to do anything but we seem to have been able to do quite a lot, actually, that's 'not done', so... I think we're going to continue being the only people looking for our fathers.

00:41:28:01

Maijai/Thalia: It is a ridiculous notion, actually.

Taya/Rosalind: Boiled water, or the concept of sorcery?

Maijai/Thalia: Neither, actually. I was going with the fact that it has to be sons. I would say that we're far more capable.

Morne/Agatha: I mean, I don't know about magical powers but I know how to shoot a gun.

Maijai/Thalia: Well, exactly.

Taya/Rosalind: And you are here. Albert stayed at home, for whatever reason. You did not.

00:42:07:4

DM Lyndon/Jonathan Whitmore: Your father, of course, has always seen something special in you. He even saw it in you two as well. Though I will admit, I did not see it myself and yet... Here you are. It's unheard of. A gunslinger, a sorceress... You wouldn't like the names we use for Gilbert.