

A Selkie Story (Complete Story parts 1, 2 & 3)

Selkie (Strangers to Friends, Reverse comfort, Selkie Speaker, Human Listener)

[Human listeners responses are in parentheses ()] (mainly for guidance of what the Selkie is responding to)

Summary

A human listener is out for an early evening walk, the sun is low in the sky. They are walking along their favourite cove when they hear miserable crying coming from one of the caves. The cove is almost completely deserted and it's not long till sundown so they go to investigate...

This is a complete 3 part script of the listener finding and helping a lost Selkie, taking them home to give them somewhere safe to sleep for the night before going back to the beach to look for their missing seal skin that allows them to return to the sea.

This is mostly a reverse comfort, care taking story designed to be a long hug of a tale!

The Selkie has no written gender so can be played by anyone, the only distinct features are long dark hair and dark eyes.

There is a second speaker in part 3, the voice of an old man or woman is ideal but you can adapt as you need, they just need to be an older person.

Note for performers;

Happy for these scripts to be monetised but I'd like to be able to see the videos without having to go behind a paywall!

Part 1

Listener is out for a stroll along the seafront, they live in the coastal village, they're the local artist who's always loved the sea.

Sound of crying

It gets louder as they come closer to a small cave set away from the path at the base of the cliffs.

Listener gets closely, calling out gently.

"W-who's t-there?"

(Are you alright? Are you hurt?)

"Go-go away! S-stay away!"

(You sound upset, are you okay? Are you hurt?)

sounding even more scared "J-just, just go away! Please!"

Listener moves closer to the mouth of the cave

(It's getting dark, you sound like you're in trouble, I'm not going to hurt you but I think you need help)

"Keep away! Please! Just, just leave me be!"

(I promise I'm not going to hurt you, please, you're scaring me, I just want to check you're alright)

terrified "NO! Keep back! Don't, don't come any closer!"

They step carefully into the cave, stooping low to avoid hitting their head

(Hey, it's okay I can help)

It's dark in the cave, the listener peers in closely, lighting a match to see better. What they see is two huge, terrified eyes peeking out between a wild tangle of black hair.

The person scrambles backward screaming in terror.

"No! No! Keep back! Please! Stay away! I won't go with you! I want to go home! Please!"

(Hey, hey, shh, shh, it's okay, it's okay, I'm not going to hurt you, it's okay.)

"No! You're a human, you will hurt me! It's what you do! You take us and keep us and show us off and, and—"

(I promise I'm not going to do any of that)

"No! You will! You all do!"

Human is panicking a bit too, gets closer. The match goes out, cursing under their breath the human tries to relight it. The selkie takes their chance to try and run but slams into the human knocking them both to the ground.

(Oof!)

The selkie screamed, scrabbling off them but the human catches their hand

"No! NO! Get off me! Please! Don't! Let me go! I just want to go home! I just want to go home!"

The human lets go reflexively.

(I'm sorry! I'm really sorry! I didn't mean to touch you!)

The selkie has plastered themselves against the wall of the cave, making themselves as small as possible.

"Please don't hurt me."

The human sits down making themselves as small as possible too.

(I promise, I'm not going to hurt you. I'm not here to capture you or take you away)

"W-why are you here then if you're not here to hurt me or capture me?"

(Because I heard you crying.)

"You heard me crying?"

(Yeah, you sounded really scared and miserable and I wanted to help)

"I sounded scared so you wanted to help? But you're a human! Humans are cruel and violent!"

(A lot are, and I'm sorry but I promise you, I'm not)

"But you did let go."

(Of course, you asked me to, and I didn't mean to in the first place, I'm sorry for scaring you)

confused "You're, you're sorry for scaring me?"

(Yes, I swear, I don't wish you any harm)

"You really won't h-hurt me?"

(I won't, I swear)

scared but full of fragile hope "P-promise? Promise you won't hurt me if I come closer?"

(I promise, I swear, I'll even back up)

The selkie moves a little closer, breathing hard, obviously terrified but trying to be brave.

The human decides not to move, they don't want to scare them.

(Are you hurt at all?)

"Am I hurt? No, not, not really."

(Not really? That doesn't sound like a no.)

puts up hands defensively to protect themselves "Please, don't, it's not bad, don't touch me."

(I won't, I promise but I can help, I'd like to help)

"You want to help me still? But why?"

(Because you need it)

"Because I sound like I need it? I, I," *bursts into tears*

(Oh, oh no! Please! Please can I hug you? I promise I won't hurt you)

Through tears They consider this human who isn't behaving like any human they've heard about and right now they are cold and lonely and very, very frightened, "O-o-k-kay you can, can, h-hug me."

(Okay, okay, I'm going to bring my arms around you, you can back out if you want to, whenever)

As the human opened their arms everything came roaring to the fore, all their terror and worry and misery. Sensing the warmth of their body the selkie threw themselves into that embrace and sobbed.

(There, there, it's okay, whatever's happened, we can fix it, I'm sure, it's okay, it's going to be alright)

Wails "I lost it, it's gone and I don't know where and I can't go home!"

(What's gone?)

"My coat, my seal coat! It's gone and I can't go home without it!"

(You're , you're a selkie!)

Sniffs hard "Y-yes I'm a selkie, y-you d-d-didn't know?"

(No, should I have?)

Backing up a bit Are you going to keep me now? Now you know?"

(What?!)

starting to panic You promised you wouldn't hurt me!

(And I won't! I don't understand! Why would I hurt you now you're a selkie?)

"You-you still don't want to capture me?"

(No of course not!)

"Why are you being so kind?!"

(Because it's the right thing to do, you're clearly lost and hurt and upset and I want to help, truly, I don't really understand everything but I know you need help and that's what I want to do)

"You really mean it don't you? You just want to help because I need it. You are a kind human! Thank you!"

They huddle closer to the human.

"You, you feel safe. Please don't let me be wrong."

(I've got you, I promise, but we can't stay in this cave, you'll get ill being cold here)

"What do you mean we have to move? I need to find my coat!"

(I know but the sun has already set, its getting dark)

"You don't understand! Without my coat I can't take my seal form!"

(I know, I know but we can't find it in the dark.)

"But I have nowhere to go without it, I can't go back into the sea!"

(I know but you could come home with me for the night)

"To - to y-your home?!"

(Yes.)

They began to pull back, the human lets them.

"This is a trick! A trap! You just want to keep me! I won't go!"

(I promise I don't, its just, it's getting cold, I'm cold you're soaking wet, in your human form you're going to get ill)

pauses, taken aback "I, you're worried I'll get ill in my human form if I get cold?"

(Yeah, I don't live far away, I have a spare bed, you can be safe and warm tonight and tomorrow we go hunting for your coat.)

The selkie shivered. The human was right, it was cold and getting dark and they had nowhere to go.

"You'll really take me to your home? What do you want in exchange?"

(Exchange? Nothing. Accept maybe to not worry that you're going to get pneumonia.)

"You want to stop worrying that I'll get pneu-pneumonia? Is that a bad thing?"

(Yeah it'll make you feel very ill)

"Oh. Okay, I don't want to get that. * They look at the listener's face and make a decision. With a lot of trepidation* "I, I'm going to trust you human."

(Thank you)

"And we'll come back tomorrow to look for it?"

(I promise)

"Then, then okay. I trust you, I'd like to go with you to your home. I'm cold."

(Sure thing, thanks for trusting me, what's your name?)

"My name? I'm, I'm Eimear."

(Emma?)

"Ee-mur, I'm Ee-mur, it means swift."

(Oh, that's quite beautiful.)

Oh, thank you. And what's yours?

(Oh Im.....)

I like that, it suits you, kind eyes.

Kind eyes?

You have kind eyes. It's why I'm trusting you.

(Okay, well, I promise not to break it)

They make it to the mouth of the cave. It becomes suddenly apparent to the listener that the selkie is completely naked, the gloom and netting had covered them well enough and they were too shocked to realise earlier.

They shut their eyes whilst shucking their long coat.

clueless "Why are you giving me this?"

(Because it's cold and you're not wearing anything)

"Oh, *completely unphased* is that bad I'm not wearing anything?"

(Well, in human society we tend to walk around clothed like what I'm wearing, it's considered polite and it will help keep you warm)

"Oh, it's expected that I'm covered? And it will keep me warm? Alright. Thank you."

puts on coat

(Can you do up buttons?)

"Buttons? What are buttons?"

(Oh er, can, can I do them up for you? It'll keep the coat closed and you warmer)

"Oh I see." *attempts to put them together and fails* "these human fingers aren't easy to control. Could you help?"

(Yes of course) *does up the buttons with closed eyes trying to give them as much privacy as possible*

"Thank you, so, so where do you live?"

"It's not far from here." *The human offers the selkie their hand automatically*

"What are you doing with your hand?"

(Oh, um, offering it as a show of friendship)

"A sign of friendship? Do I hold it with my own?"

(Yes!)

shy "Oh, well" *carefully takes the human's hand* "then I accept your friendship, kind eyes."

(Right well, let's go home)

"Home for tonight, t-thank you, really, thank you."

scene fades with the human and Eimear walking hand in hand towards the human's home

Part 2

Recap- A human artist has discovered a lost selkie in a beach cave and brought them home. The selkie has lost their seal coat and until they find it cannot return to the sea and are stuck in human form.

[Human listeners responses are in parentheses ()] (mainly for guidance of what the Selkie is responding to)

As promised, the walk home was short. The human has been gently panicking the entire time, trying not to show it. They are still trying to wrap their head around the idea that selkies are real and not just a thing from legend, they're worried that they won't have food in the selkie can eat and that they won't be comfortable on land in their home.

This human is a genuinely good and caring soul but finds peopling with others hard.

Sound of keys in lock and door opening

"Is this your home Kind Eyes?"

(Yes, sorry it's not much or big or—)

"Why are you sorry? This is beautiful." * They are too full of wonder to even think about being scared*

Sounds of people in the house

"These images on the walls, the colours, the shapes, these are enchanting."

(awkward artist noises)

"You created these? Truly?"

(more awkward artist noises)

"You have a keen eye, and a soft heart, the detail, the hint of *other* infusing them."

(Other?)

"Other, uh, let's see, magic? You call it magic? The land and sea are full of it, they sing if you know how to listen, how to watch and how to be. But you already know that, you must, your images are full of it."

(incredibly awkward artist noises-they've been taken out at the knees by this explanation)

more confident because they understand magic "I see from your face this is a surprise."

(We don't talk much about magic, it's only in stories for children)

"But magic is everywhere, it's a part of this world, why banish it to children's tales?"

(Maybe because we aren't encouraged to dream when we become adults)

"But you dream, you know there is *other*, it surrounds us, it imbues all your work"

(Well you're the first person to point that out)

"I am the first to notice? Well, I shall consider myself honoured. Are there more of your works I can see?"

The Selkie is obviously relaxing, no one who makes art like this could be dangerous

(Uh, yes, I've, got a few pieces but right now I'd like to see what I can do for those scrapes)

A little guarded "You do but want to tend to my injuries first? But why? They're not limiting me."

(Because they're still hurting you, they look sore)

"They look like they're hurting me?" *stunned at the attention* I, I, you are truly a kind human. Yes, please I would not refuse the offer of healing."

[sounds of starting to struggle out of clothing]

(WAIT!)

[sounds struggling with clothes stops abruptly]

"What? What is it?"

(*panicking* Er, would, would you like a bath first?)

"Would I like a bath?" *they look down at themselves [still mostly covered by coat!]* "oh, I-I see, well, I am rather grimy, the cave wasn't the most hospitable place and I don't want to cause offence in your home. Yes, I would gladly accept your offer of a bath."

[sounds of significant artistic relief]

(Awesome, I'll run the bath and get you some clean clothes then I can make sure I tend you wounds)

"You are very kind, the bath sounds wonderful but is it custom to be covered within your dwellings as well?"

(Very much so)

"Then I shall gratefully accept clean clothes after the bath, they would be most welcome,"

[drops the formalities of accepting hospitality a little]

"I, I appreciate everything you're doing for me, I hope one day I may return the favour."

[sounds of bath running and hand plunging in]

"Oh! It's hot?!"

(Uh, yes, is, is that a problem?)

"No, it's not a problem, I just didn't realise humans had control over water like this."

(Uh, yeah we're pretty good at it now, kind of)

"I assume this water is clean and not like what you send into the seas?"

(No! I promise, this, this is clean)

"So humans CAN clean water, they just choose not to." [Pauses to take in the human looking incredibly uncomfortable] "I'm sorry, I'm not blaming you, you're a good and kind human, it is not your fault personally, it, it just saddens me that humans can but choose not to."

(I know, it's awful, there's a lot of us who are against it, who protest and demand better. One day we'll win.)

"This protesting you do against such poisoning? You are a warrior?"

[noises of artistic indignation] (No, I just go on marches)

"Marches? To battle? To fight for the water? You are a warrior!"

(I'm really not, I just peacefully demand change)

"To demand change, even peacefully is brave. I commend you."

(Awkwardly coughs)

"But I see you are humble, and kind still. The bath, may I?"

(Wait, can you use soap?)

"Soap? What's soap?"

(Right we better do a skin test before use it)

"Skin test?" [looks nervous] "What does that mean? Why should I test this soap on my skin?"

(because you're not used to it, you might have a reaction to the soap like an allergy and it could hurt your skin which I don't want happen to you)

"Oh, soap can be dangerous if you are not used to it? Then you can do the skin test, what do you need?"

(Just hold out your hand, I'll put a bit on your arm, if it's no good it'll itch and we'll wash it straight off.)

"You truly are concerned for me aren't you? Wanting to make sure I am safe, even from your soap, that is, truly noble of you. You may have my hand."

[Human daubs their arm carefully and waits a few minutes]

(How does it feel?)

"My arm feels fine, there's no pain. No itching."

(Good, I'm glad, you can use these in your hair if you want to wash that too)

"I use sh-am-pooh in my hair? *chuckles* What strange names you humans come up with!"

(Yes, I have no idea why we call it that, then conditioner afterwards, it'll make it feel nicer and easier to comb)

"Conditioner comes after to make it easier to comb? Alright, I shall try these things, thank you again kind eyes, you continue to live up to your name!"

(Awkward mumbling)

"Are you bathing with me? The cave was not pleasant for humans either. "

(Makes a horrified strangled noise before recovering thinking they might actually die of embarrassment, "No, I'm going to make dinner instead! Er, what do you eat?)

"Oh you are making dinner instead? Food? Oh, er fish is good, I don't mind which ones."

(Um, is cooked okay?)

"Cooked?"

(Er, treated with heat?)

"Hot fish? I've, I've never tried that before, I, I would like to try your human food please, in, in this form I should be able to enjoy it."

(Oh, right, cool, right, I've, I've got an idea, look, you just enjoy your bath, I'll make dinner and you can eat it when you're clean okay)

"Thank you kind eyes, I shall join you after the bath?"

(I've left you towels and some clean clothes to change into too)

"You are truly generous, I shall happily garb myself in your attire for this evening."

Sound of coat being taken off as door is hurriedly shut.

Scene change- gentle sound of cooking in the background.

"Kind eyes? Are you there?"

(Hey, yeah, dinner's in the oven we've got about 30 minutes)

"30 minutes for dinner? Is that long?"

(Not that long)

"I, I have a favour to ask, is there time for you to help me with my hair? I, I usually have a comb but, but I lost it along with my coat, it was my, my great aunts and, and—"

(Of course I'll help you, I've got a comb, we can look for yours tomorrow, I promise)

"That's, that's very kind. I'm, I'm a bit lost without, without." *their voice starts to wobble*

(It's okay, it's okay, just sit here and I'll get a comb)

Human comes back and wraps another towel around the selkie

"Oh, another towel? Thank you, this, this is very warm. I can attend to it myself if you are needed for food preparations."

(No, it's fine, everything's done)

"You must be a fine preparer of food then, I, I, thank you for the help, it, it makes me feel not quite so alone."

[sounds of a towel being moved]

"What are you, oh, you're drying it a little first? To stop the dripping? That's, that's very considerate."

[sounds of towel being used]

"You're ready to comb now? Yes, please, it, it reminds me of home."

[sounds of gentle hair combing]

"Oh, your hands are so gentle, I thought humans were rough and sharp, I'm, I'm glad to learn I was wrong about this too."

[sounds continue]

[Selkie sighs with contentment.]

Human finishes combing their long black hair.

(Would you like me to plait it?)

"Plait it? Do you mean weave it into a rope?"

(Er, yeah? Like a flat rope)

"If you would be so kind, yes, I would love that."

[sounds of hair plaiting]

[The selkie sighs happily]

(Right, now can I look at your scrapes?)

"Oh, you want to tend my wounds, *still obviously nervous* I assure you they are only slight. You don't need to trouble your kind self."

(It's no trouble, and, it won't hurt, it just might sting a little bit)

a little ashamed "Oh, you must think me so cowardly, weeping and wincing away from pain. In my seal form I'm brave, I swear, I don't mean to be so weak, truly, I, I just, just *their voice wobbles dangerously*

[The human is stricken for a moment then kneels next to them, carefully wrapping them in a hug)

"An-Another hug? Does your kindness know no bounds?!"

They cling for a bit, getting themselves under control again

"I'm, I'm ready for you to look at my injuries, they're not much, honestly, but they are numerous, mainly scrapes from the rocks as I searched and in the cave, they're just scratches, they've stopped bleeding at least.

[Eimear is actually quite scratched up, it's worse on their hands, knees and feet. Some of the deeper ones were still weeping blood]

"You have ointment? 'Sav-Ion' and this is to aid healing?" (**NB**-this is a common antiseptic salve in the UK - replace with which one you'd prefer using!)

[Affirmative noise]

"You humans have so many ways I want to learn." *hisses a little in pain*

(I'm sorry!)

"It is only a little discomfort."

[Sounds of salving and plasters being put on]

"Are these little wound guards? How efficient!"

[Artistic muttering]

"And they are waterproof? How clever!"

[sound of the oven beeping]

Scared "What's that?!"

(It's just the oven, it's telling me that our dinner is ready)

"Our dinner? The food? Wonderful, this human body feels very hungry, I've haven't had anything since early this morning, I caught some mackerel before coming up to the cove, I didn't think there were any humans who visited it."

(Well it's pretty secluded, it's usually only me who goes there to draw or paint, maybe a few beachcombers and there's a few older fisherman who like to sit out in their boats with lines on the side on good days)

"So the cove is usually quiet with only a few humans? Some old fishermen sometimes, beach combers and, and, you?"

(Artistic nodding)

"Well, that's that's good, it's not like they sound like thieves. Maybe my coat is just mislaid or, or blown by the wind." *sniffs*

(I'm sure it was, we'll find it tomorrow)

[Selkie pulls themselves together]

"So, you said there was food?"

(Yes, it's fisherman's pie, sorry if you don't like it, I'll do something else if you don't)

Fisherman's pie? That's that smell? It's wonderful!

[sounds of dinner being served]

"Are these tools for eating?"

(Artistic nodding)

"So you don't burn your hands? Very sensible."

"Oh, I have to blow on it first? Is it a ritual?"

"Because it's still hot and could burn my mouth? Oh! Alright"

[blows on food]

[Tastes first bite]

[Considers]

Very excitable, completely taken with the food "Oh, OH! This is amazing! What's this on top? And in it? This is what you humans eat?! This is incredible! It's so good! And the little green things?"

(Artist explains)

"Garden peas? And mashed potato on top? Cream in the sauce with salmon, cod and prawns. I've, those, they're my favourite to catch but like this? They're still so succulent, and the flavour! It's all mixed in! This is, surely food of the goods, the fairy court must serve this. And you say you are not of the magic? I call falsehood on you! This is too good!"

[happily nomming]

"The fairy court?"

(Artistic encouragement)

"Oh, well, there are two courts in general, Seelie and Unseelie, one is kinder to humans than the other, but the rules are the same, all of us whomst the magic flows through can attend but we must observe the rights of hospitality and manners.

(But how can I understand you? You're a seal in your other form, you're not comfortable in your human form, how can you speak English?)

"We all have the gift of tongues, this language of yours is English but if I'd visited a different shore I could speak as easily in their tongue."

(That's impressive, is that why you speak like that, more, old fashioned?)

"My speech is 'old fashioned' to you? * giggles* I see, well, you humans like to run through history, the fae have a more gentle pace. My speech may be antiquated but we follow the proper formalities and ritual, you choose your words carefully in the court if you want to survive without encumbering or cursing falling upon you. Here, I know you won't curse me but it still pays to show the proper respect and gratitude.

(How do you know I won't curse you? I mean I won't **obviously**, but how are you so sure?)

"I know you won't curse me because you're kind but I know for certain now because I have eaten under your roof, food prepared of your hands, you are now bound to me to honour the rules of hospitality.

(Huh, that's, that's pretty cool)

"You are honourable Kind Eyes, you have spoken truthfully throughout our friendship, you are an artist not a fisherman, you have been nothing but gentle and kind in your actions, I trust you now by the old laws and the instinct in my soul."

[Artist is pretty floored by this]

"Have I spoken out of turn? If so I am sorry."

(No, no, it's just, quite an honour, you were so scared earlier, I'm I'm just pleased I've been able to make you feel safe)

"I was scared, more frightened than I've ever been, the stories I've been told about humans, I thought, I thought the worst of you. But you've proved your intention. Thank you."

(You're very welcome)

"Could, could I see more of your works? After dinner I mean?"

(You really want to?)

"Of course I want to see more, you have an eye for beauty, it sings out of your images, I want to see the land as you see it. This, this is my first time being ashore, I've been out on the rocks by the cove before like this but never on the land. It's strange and new but seeing the world as you do makes things feel more familiar."

(Oh wow, I uh, thanks, really, I)

"Why is your face turning red, have I offended you? I'm sorry!"

(No! I, er, it's called blushing, humans do it when they are complimented, it's a good thing, it shows we appreciate the words being said.)

"Oh! Good, then I am glad to have offered you words that have pleased you. I look forward to seeing more of your works"

"Your works are beautiful, Kind Eyes, the colours and the scenes, they feel like they are from another time, a world half forgotten."

(Thank you, that's very kind)

"Your home is beautiful too Kind Eyes, is it filled with colour and the love you have for your surroundings. The sculptures and assemblies of sea-kissed glass and shells. You have a

love of the sea, it's clear in your home. I'm honoured you have welcomed me into such a lovely dwelling. I wanted to ask—"

[Eimear is caught out by a massive yawn]

"Oh! Your pardon! I didn't mean to imply I am bored!"

(No worries, but you are tired.)

"I will admit I am somewhat exhausted, today has been a challenge."

(Would you like to sleep?)

"I would please, sleep sounds wonderful, I find my strength is waning."

(Sure thing, let me show you the spare room.)

"Spare room? A separate space for sleeping?"

(Yes, it's got a bed which should hopefully be comfortable.)

"A bed to sleep in? That sounds luxurious. I sleep amongst the kelp with my family or on the rocks, in, in, back home."

(Well, I can't promise you kelp, but the sheets are clean and cosy.)

"Cosy? That sounds like a very satisfying word. I like it."

(Come on, I'll show you)

The human takes the selkie into their spare room

"Oh, so that's a bed! That does look cosy. How, how do I sleep in it? Do I lay a top of it?"

(No, you climb inside, let me show you)

"I climb inside? How—?"

sounds of duvet/sheets being pulled back

"Oh I see!"

sounds of the selkie settling into bed, and covers being drawn up

Luxuriating in the feel of a soft, clean bed "This, this is wonderful, it smells so welcoming, thank you for this."

(You're very welcome, I can turn the light off, to make it easier for you to get to sleep.)

"Oh you're going?"

(Y-Yes...?)

"Oh, that's alright, I'm sorry I—"

(Would you like me to stay?)

"If, you would not mind, I, it's so quiet here, would, would you mind holding my hand? Just, just till I fall asleep? I'm not used to being alone, normally we sleep in the sun as a family, I have so many relatives, my, my mother will be worrying and—"

(Shh, it's alright, just breathe, we'll get you back home, we will, it will be alright. Just breathe for me)

"Just breathe, I can do that, in 2,3,4 out 2,3,4 *repeats this a few more times until they sound calm*

(Of course, that's fine, I can't imagine how new and unfamiliar this all is, I'll gladly stay.)

"Thank you, Kind Eyes, you, your name is as ever true."

(Good night Eimear)

"Good night Kind Eyes, thank you for everything."

Scene fades out to gentle breathing. (could continue as a sleep aid if wanted)

A Selkie Story: Part 3

This final part of the story has 2 speaking parts;

Eimear: the young Selkie

and

Eoin Thomas: a much older man in his 80s – he is gruffly gentle.

If you want to gender switch you absolutely can, Eoin becomes Edith, everything can stay the same. If you want to flip Feylora's gender she becomes Oisín.

Recap- A human artist has discovered a lost selkie in a beach cave and brought them home. The selkie has lost their seal coat and until they find it cannot return to the sea and are stuck in human form. The Selkie has gone home with Artist who has fed them, looked after them and given them a bed for the night. The Selkie has been enchanted by the artist's work, they have lost all residual fear of them and trust them implicitly now.

Early morning sunlight streamed into the room. For a moment the light plays across the Selkie's hair turning it sapphire black. They snuffle in their sleep a moment before waking with a start.

[There is the gentle sound of cooking in the background]

"Huh?! Where? What is? Where am I?!"

Begins to panic

[Sounds of Artistic running]

Selkie screams at the door is thrown open.

"OH! Kind Eyes! I'm so sorry, I forgot where I was! I, how, shame-making, I'm sorry."

Artistic forgiveness

"Oh, break-fast? What is—?"

"The morning meal? Oh, that, *pauses* is that what I smell?! *Excited* it smells WONDERFUL! You are so talented!"

[Sounds of sitting down to breakfast]

"What, what are all these dishes?"

Artistic explanation

"Scrambled eggs, smoked salmon, soda bread toast, laverbread and potato cakes? This truly a feast, Kind Eyes, your hospitality knows no bounds!"

[Sounds of 2 people happily digging in]

"This is absolutely delicious! You must be careful you are not snatched by Seelie court to serve them with your delicacies!"

[More happy nomming]

"When can we return to the beach? I fear I would be lost without you, I could find the sea again but it would take up a lot more time."

(Just let me clean up after breakfast and get you some fresh clothes)

"After breakfast and after I have changed clothes? Cleaning up? A task after breakfast? Then I shall help."

"Nonsense, you have been nought but generous to me, I am not ungrateful enough leave you to a heavy task when I am the cause of it."

Artistic spluttering

You are not someone who indulges themselves easily, this was for my benefit, it is clear by your home so please let me assist, it would be an honour to thank you for introducing me to human food."

[Slight time skip]

[Sounds of washing up and laughter]

"And you fell in?! All whilst trying to get the angle right for a drawing?! Oh Kind eyes, your dedication to your craft is commendable but I fear you need an assistant when trying to explore the cove-lines!"

meaningful pause

"I would offer that when I find my coat."

(I-I-I would like that)

"You'd like that? Truly? Well then it is a promise!"

"Is that the last of dishes? Excellent! Can we—? Oh, I need to re-garb myself first, humans are so fussy with attire it seems."

(Well it's the quickest way to be able to go looking without drawing attention)

"I see, if it is the best route to avoid other humans becoming involved, I accept your offer."

[Sound of clothes rustling as Eimear gets changed out of pyjamas into a day outfit]

"Ready Kind Eyes? Let's go!"

[Scene change-sounds of the sea] *[Time skip]*

Sounding despairing "We've looked and looked, the sun is much higher in the sky now, it's not here!"

"You keep saying we'll find it but my hope is waning."

(We could ask the others on the beach)

"Ask the people on the beach? Is that safe kind eyes?"

(People around here are pretty decent, they're kind and notice things)

"The people here are kind and they notice things? Alright then, if you think that is wise, then who should we ask?"

(The beachcombers are always a good bet, they're out here most days)

"The beachcombers? What is a beachcomber? I meant to ask you last night *genuinely confused* "The beach doesn't have hair!"

"OH! The ones who collect treasures to turn into trinkets like the ones in your home? Look! There's one now! What, what should I say?"

(Ask them if she's seen a grey raincoat and a comb on the beach, you lost them yesterday)

"O-Okay."

[Sound of walking across the beach]

nervously "Er, good day! I hope your hunt is going well, I wanted to ask you, I have misplaced my, my grey, r-raincoat and a comb when I was here yesterday, I've looked and looked but I remain coatless. Have you seen it at all?"

[The beachcomber, a younger woman, clearly enjoying her Saturday morning ritual of looking for beach shinies looks up and considers before nodding]

"You, you have! Where? Please! I need to find it before I- *they catch themselves* before my mother scolds me!"

[The beachcomber smiles and explains]

"You saw Mr Thomas heading off the beach yesterday with something like that tucked under his arm? You thought it was a tarp? *they look to the artist for confirmation-they nod* a tarp from his fishing boat. Oh! Oh! Thank you so much! That's so kind of you, may your eyes be ever as sharp!"

[Eimear turns to the artist]

"Kind Eyes! We have a chance! Do you know where he lives? Can we go? Now! Please?"

[The artist glances apologetically at the beachcomber who chuckles- They get the impression the beachcomber might know more about this whole situation than they're letting on, or at least, clearly knows Eimear is more than they are telling.]

(Yes, I know where he lives, he's one of the retired fishermen, his cottage is round the other side of the main shoreline)

Beyond excited “ You know! And it’s the other side of the main shore? Then let us go! Please! Kind Eyes we might find it within the hour!”

(Alright, alright, but just, breathe, and we need to think, why would he take it?)

[That stops Eimear in their tracks]

“Oh. *worried* Oh that is a good point, why would he take it? There’s no value to my coat. The comb maybe to human eyes? It’s wrought in mother of pearl and fixed with tiny shells. But what benefit could it bring?”

(Would he know who you are?)

“Would he know who I am? No! I’m no one.”

(You’re not no one!)

“You’re sweet Kind Eyes but I am no one of import, I am not a leader or a person of name as yet, I’m too young, I’m not even mated yet. But, but, *dawning fear* do you think he knows what I am?”

(It’s possible, he is a fisherman after all, he’s probably seen some sights at sea)

“Oh, you speak wisely, he could know, he is a fisherman he would have heard the stories but, but I was so careful! I swear!”

(Maybe he was waiting for an opportunity)

“Maybe he was just waiting for an opportunity? I do not like this though, what would he want with my coat, selkie coats are not valuable but, but there is, *nervously* there is a story, it’s silly but, supposedly if, if a human takes our coats we are bound to fall in love with them, and doomed to marry.”

panicking

“Kind eyes, you don’t think that is the case do you?! I don’t want, I can’t, I want choice! I want, I want—”

[They are about to say ‘you’ to the artist before they cut off Eimear]

(hey, hey, hey, it’s okay, I’ll come with you, you won’t be alone, I won’t let that magic take you)

[They have no idea how they’ll actually keep that promise but they have to save something]

“You’ll come with me? If, if you keep a hold of my hand it might be enough of a claim to thwart the magic.”

[Sound of hand holding]

“Well, we are as prepared as we can be, let’s us go.”

Scene change-

[Sound of walking]

“We’re approaching, the house with the blue door Kind Eyes? With the shells around the window?” *sounding nervous* Good, good.”

(What’s the matter?)

"Nothing is the matter, I, I—"

(Artistic raised eyebrow)

"Well, I worry about the bond magic, *in a rush* could you, well, I, could I say you are my intended if this comes up? I don't wish to be married but if it must be to a human I'd rather it were you."

[The Artist looks like they are about to have an aneurysm]

Calmer seeing that the artist isn't horrified "You're blushing again, Kind Eyes. I am glad you see this as a compliment and not an offence."

"Shall, shall we?"

[Walks down the garden path]

[Knock on door]

"Hello! Hello are you home Mr Thomas?"

[Muffled gruff voice] "Yes, yes I'm coming!"

[Door opens revealing an old man- for reference, he looked like a grumpy Bernard Cribbins (Wilfred Mott, Donna Noble's Grandad from Doctor Who)]

Mr Thomas: "What is it? I was in the middle of fixing a net!"

Eimear: "Your pardon sir, I am, I am looking for a raincoat I've lost."

[The eyes of man widened]

Absolute disbelief

[His eyes narrow as the disappointment becomes apparent]

Mr Thomas: *dismayed* "You're not Feylora!"

Eimear: "What?!"

Mr Thomas: "Why did you have her comb then?! Did you steal it?!"

Eimear: *indignant* "NO! I—"

Mr Thomas: "You better come in, bring that artist in with you, figures they would have found you, always staring out at the blessed sea that one."

[Sounds of entering the home. They sit down in a comfortable living room. Mr Thomas is a robust, healthy-looking man in his early 80s, he has a thatch of thick white hair that tops weather-beaten swarthy skin. He looks practical and capable, underneath the gruffness there is an air of genuine kindness about him.]

Mr Thomas: "So, it was your coat I took then? Stupid really."

Eimear: "You took my coat?! And the comb! Why?"

Mr Thomas: "Because I hoped it belonged to someone else. The comb I knew belonged to someone else. You're not the first Selkie to come ashore here and fall for the local population."

[If possible, Eimear audibly blushes, as does the artist!] "I'm not—"

Mr Thomas: "Of course you are! Do I look daft? You're a selkie, you've got the same look, those dark eyes, that ink-black hair. You're a selkie alright. Just not *my* selkie. Silly to hope really"

Eimear: "Your selkie?"

(Mr Thomas gives a great sad sigh)

Mr Thomas: "Feylora, she, I took her skin when I were a young man, loved her something fierce, gave her the choice, she could take it back and into the sea or stay with me. She chose me and we were happy, for years, then one day she was gone."

Eimear: "Great Aunt Feylora?!"

It was Mr Thomas' turn to look shocked.

Mr Thomas: "Great Aunt? Oh child, she had more family? Does she fair well? Is she still as beautiful?"

Eimear: "She's, she's as lovely as the- wait what?! I-I-I don't, I don't understand, you, you can't be her, her—"

Mr Thomas: *Gently* "Husband?"

Eimear: "But, but she said you'd been killed! That humans didn't agree with your union and killed you so that's why she came back, you told her where her coat was with your dying breath!"

Mr Thomas: *Sad chuckling* "She always did have the flair for the dramatic. But I promise you, I am he."

Eimear: *Speaks the name like a prayer* "Eoin?"

Eoin: "The very same."

Eimear: *wells up* "That's why you took the comb! You made it for her, she said, she loves it! It's why I was desolate to lose it, she leant to me specially. She, she always said how kind you were. How much she loved you, how much she missed you. I don't understand why she left. I thought you were only good human until I met them [gestures to listener] I thought, we all thought, humans were vicious and cruel and judgemental, to lie to us for so long? Why?"

Eoin: *gently* "Let me show you my dear."

[Sound of drawer opening and letter being unfolded]

Eoin: "This is what she wrote to me, I taught her to read and write not long after we were married. I found it on her pillow when I returned from work."

[Letter to be read out in Eimear's voice or Feylora's if you want a challenge!]

'My dearest Eoin,

I am writing this with a breaking heart, I want you to know I love you, I love you more than my own life but I am a child of the sea and long have these years called me back and I am sorry I was too weak to tell you in person but I have finally yielded, I cannot hold back the desire any longer and I must return to the sea. I feel I am punishing you for being a good and kind man, for never hiding my coat and keeping our union in trust and openness.

I have taken my skin and returned to the sea, it pulls like the tide on my soul and I can no longer fight it. I have tried so hard, I love Erabella, Finn and Fiona and I know you will continue to be as wonderful a father to them as you have been a husband to me.

I am so sorry my love that I will miss their next great adventures, but you are the perfect guide for them. They will remain the greatest pride of my life, I would not leave you and our live if it was not life or death but I fear it is, the pain it causes me to stay away has become too much, I believe I will not survive to the next moon if I remain.

I will not return.

Leaving once is hard enough, I have remained by your side for twenty years, and they have been the most precious of my life but now I must return to what once was and there I shall stay.

Please forgive my cowardly behaviour, if I were to tell you in person I fear I would crumble and never leave and fade away on land.

This way, I know you and the children will thrive and you have the knowledge that I still love you more than anyone, it was nothing you did to drive me away, the fault is mine, and mine alone.

I am so sorry my love, sorrier than you can ever know, but I promise you on stormy days at sea your boat will never be in danger, I will always make sure you return to our cubs.

I will keep you in comfort from afar.

With a breaking heart, I say farewell my love,

Yours Always,

Feylora.'

[Eimear is fighting desperately to keep from crying]

Eimear: "That's so sad, I'm so sorry.

Eoin: "So am I, foolish to think a man's love, even honest and unforced would be enough in the end for a creature such as she. I have had my time to lament, to rage and to question. Now I am simply grateful for the life we shared, a life as few ever do for as long as we did, and I have quite the legacy of love thanks to her."

Eimear: "She, she loved you, she loved you so much! She told us stories of you. Of your kindness, your generosity, the laughter you shared."

Eoin: "But she told you I died?"

Eimear: "She, she did, she said you had been killed because of her and that humans were terrible in their mobs and none of us were to go near the shore in fear of what they might do. But I don't understand why! You love her so much, you still love her, it's all over your face."

Eoin: "I do that, never been a one like her, but I think I understand.

Eimear: "You do?! Tell me! Please!"

Eoin: "I think she did it to protect you all and give herself no opportunity to return. If I was dead then she had no reason come back. And she was sparing you all from the same pain, falling in love with a human broke her heart. She did not want that for the rest of her dears.

Eimear: “How did you know what she called—?!”

Eoin: *smiling, steeped in happy memories* She always called her young ones her dears.

Eimear: “And you had children? I didn’t know Selkies and humans could make life.”

Eoin: “We, we could never have children ourselves, so we adopted and loved them as our own blood and we were happy enough then one day she was gone. They were near grown when she left.”

Eimear: “Are? Do they still—?”

Eoin: *Parental pride* Oh they live, I have grandchildren now, great-grandchildren too.”

Eimear: “G-Great grandchildren?! Truly?! I, I have cousins?! I, she’ll be so—”

Eoin: “Proud?”

Eimear: “YES! She’ll be delighted to know how they fair! Please tell me everything!”

Eoin: *Chuckling* “It’s good to see you so keen to learn about your human family.”

Eimear: “I, I’m sorry, I’m we never knew you or them. I, I want to learn, it thought humans were cruel and violent but its been proved again and again that you’re not, or at least, not all of you. I’ve been taken in, looked after, given hearth and berth and food with no exchange sought. You are good people both, I am sure my cousins, raised by you will be the same. I, I want, I’d like, I’d like to bring us together.”

Eoin: “That is very sweet of you child, I can see you’re absolutely one of my Feylora’s. I would love that, but not all at once. There are many humans who won’t understand, who will be scared like your Great Aunt warned but I believe we can organise some opportunities to meet.”

Eoin: “You, artist, you can help we with that can’t you?”

(Artist agreement)

Eoin: “Good, glad to hear it. You wait my dear, we’ll have you seeing your shoreside family soon enough.”

“I’m so, I never thought, my family, they’ll be thrilled, my brothers and sisters! I’ll speak to Great Aunt Feylora first, then my parents then my siblings. I can come back to let you know of their decision.”

Eoin: “That sounds wonderful. I cannot wait to meet them, all of them.”

Eoin: “Now, you tell me about you family and I shall you about mine.”

[Scene fades with happy chatter]

[New scene- in a sea cave, the waves are just at the entrance, it’s a place of shelter that gives Eimear a bit of privacy to put their seal coat back on]

“Kind eyes, I, I, I would have never of thought such misery could ever lead to such happiness. And that is down to you, had you not been so kind, so patient and generous I would never have found my coat and my land family. Thank you. It could have been unkind humans found me instead.”

"I can never repay you for everything you've done for me. But I have one more favour to ask."

(Of course, what do you need)

"What do I need? You are still so generous after all this. You never cease to amaze me."

"I, *suddenly nervous* I would ask, could, could I come back to visit you? I have grown so fond of you, I fear I do not want this to be our final parting."

(I would *LOVE* that)

"You are just as keen to see me again! Oh! Oh! You are truly wonderful!"

"Here, I have a small gift for you, if you want it. I will find others now I have a human to bring treasures of the ocean to but for now, I would like to give you a kiss. The kiss of the Selkie is a mark that means I can find you on the shoreline, I will hear your soul and I can visit you. Would, would that be acceptable?"

(Enthusiastic artistic consent)

"I am so thrilled you agree. Here."

[chaste sound of a kiss on the cheek]

"A hug? Yes, Yes, I would love one from you, they are so warm."

[Sound of big hug]

"This could have been such a dark time Kind Eyes, you've filled it with light. I shall meet you again here soon, visit this cave when you have a wish to see me, it may take me a few of your hours but I shall come to see you."

(That, that works for me, it's really quiet, I'll hide a box at the back, it'll have dry clothes for you)

"You would keep a clothes chest for me here to use when I visit? Thank you! You truly think of everything!"

(Awkward artistic mumblings)

"You are blushing again. It's obvious I must build up your resistance by continuing to say nice things about you."

(Blushes harder)

Eimear giggles

"Kind eyes, I will not get tired of that expression. I will think on it when I am beneath the waves."

Reluctantly

"I, I fear it is time for me to leave, I will miss you but I will see you again soon."

"I will tell my family of your kindness, I look forward to our meeting again."

"I, I, would ask you turn from me, I would return your clothes so I may take my other form, farewell for now Kind Eyes, saviour of my story. Goodbye for now."

[Sounds of clothes rustling and subtle SFX of magic to show they have transformed]

[Soft seal call]

[Sound of seal entering the water and swimming away]

Coda

(Some weeks later)

[Sound of waves lapping against the beach]

Eoin Thomas is stood at sunset, the water squiring around his bare feet. It is a perfect summer night.

[Eoin gives a great peaceful sigh]

A figure emerges from the water, a woman slowly rises from the break water and makes her way ashore like she is one with the water.

[Eoin sucks in air in shock]

The woman moves closer.

voice trembling with emotion

"Feylora? Have you retuned to me my love? After all these years? You're as radiant as our wedding day!"

He whoops with joy as they embrace after 40 years apart.

[Sound of a hug]

Fade to black