

Twins of Edzell – Final Caption Script

Long ago when this area was covered in thick forest, herds of sheep, a village and a castle, a woman with long flowing hair, and a dress not unlike mine, came travelling.

She had travelled from afar, walking through the forest for many days before she saw the village in the distance.

When she arrived at the village her plan was to pass through after having a look around.

The villagers thought her an odd sight and turned to stop and stare. Undaunted she continued with her walk.

As she approached the castle a man noticed her and laid down his tools so that he could look at her properly.

Feeling a little shy, she looked back softly. His heart fluttered as she met his gaze, and she felt drawn to him.

He took courage, waved hello, and told her how his heart yearned for her. Although she was shy, she felt the same.

A romance began and they became inseparable. It was love. Their eyes only for each other. A true pair.

They could often be found together, and although the sight of them caused people to stare, they were unfazed.

One day a villager approached, curious to know if she could predict the future, and asked her plainly if she could.

W: "Yes I can".

V: "What is in store for me?"

When she told them they'd marry soon, they were delighted and thanked her before returning home.

Word soon got around and a farmer who heard the rumours came to ask if she could indeed predict the future.

W: "Yes, I can". F: "...what will my harvest be like?"

W: "...August will be the best month and you will be very successful"

The farmer was very pleased with this, he thanked her, and returned home.

In a short time the villager came to marry. They were astounded it had happened just as she said and came to thank her.

By August to the amazement of the farmer, the crops had flourished just as she predicted.

Impressed, he too came to see the woman to thank her before returning home.

By now rumours and whispers began circulating and everyone had an opinion on the woman. The tone shifted and people started calling her a 'foreigner', a 'gypsy', and suggesting she meddled with 'dark magic'.

The woman was unaffected by the rumours. If they wanted to gossip, let them! She was far too busy being happy and in love.

When she found out she was pregnant she told her love, who was delighted. They both watched as her belly began to swell.

But then one day her husband became gravely ill and she worried about what might happen.

When he passed away her grief was overwhelming. She was heavily pregnant and didn't want to do this alone.

When the time came she gave birth. Holding the baby in her arms she noticed he had a birthmark on his forehead.

To her surprise she laboured again and a second baby arrived, this one with a birthmark on his cheek. As she cradled them in her arms she felt a new love wash over her, like none she'd ever felt before.

She swaddled them securely in bundles while she made pegs and baskets to sell at the village.

Taking each bundle in hand, she would walk with them to the village where they would sell her wares.

She loved watching them as they grew. But as they got older she noticed they didn't respond when she spoke to them.

She tried several different ways but it was almost as if they didn't hear her.

She soon discovered that what she had perceived as merely gestures were in fact communication, and realised they were both in fact deaf!

As the realisation dawned she loved them all the more and enjoyed learning to understand their signs.

The boys thrived and as they grew it became evident they were incredibly skilled. They were the fastest runners and exceptionally skilled at jumping. They were extraordinary! She couldn't have loved them more.

As they got older she was amazed at how quickly they learned to catch fish in the river.

As they grew older still they became strong muscular young men who could catch wild pigs and deer from the forest.

They and their mother were often clothed in furs. She was so proud of her two sons.

The men of the village were jealous and started rumours questioning how they could be so skilled so young.

The laird of the castle, on hearing these rumours, decided to approach the woman and her sons.

Commenting on the boys' exceptional skills, he gave her money to 'keep the peace', before anxiously leaving them to themselves.

One day in the forest two groups of sheep were found dead, the whole flock having been wiped out.

Initially no one was sure why they'd died, but once they saw the blood they realised it had been wolves and appealed for help!

They approached the king for advice on what he thought they should do. He declared a hunt to kill the wolves.

He instructed them to beseech all the lairds to gather their best hunters, by order of the king, to kill the wolves and stop the sheep being slaughtered.

The village laird gathered his men to discuss what they had to offer. Some had fine horses, others spears and javelins. All would be useful.

As they prepared to leave, two figures casually walked down the track. Each was carrying a large sack over their shoulder. The laird welcomed them over.

As they approached the other men started to point and laugh.

They stared at the birthmarks they bore on their forehead and cheek, openly mocking them.

"Look at them! They don't talk! They use their hands! They can't hear! All they have are signs!", they laughed.

The boys shrugged it off, and the laird told the group to behave before calling the twins over.

He gathered them together and gave them a rousing speech about killing wolves.

A horseman set the pace and the others followed. They rode through the forest, searching for the wolves.

Up ahead they spotted a clearing, and as they slowed one of the men saw a wolf and signalled to the others.

The horseman beckoned another man forward to kill the wolf. He rode forward slowly, readying his spear. The wolves snarled, which unnerved the man and when a wolf lunged towards him he swiftly retreated.

The twins, who had been watching all of this, gestured to the others to stay back and watch them.

Taking the sacks from their shoulders, they opened them releasing large hawks which flew into the sky.

The birds dived at the wolves, talons digging into their necks. The wolves cried out as they pecked at their eyes, relentless.

Blood flowed as the wolves tried to snap back in vain. "Ready?". With hands on their daggers the twins ran and slit the wolves' throats.

The astounded laird ordered the other men to collect the carcasses and return to the village, which they did reluctantly.

On the journey home the laird couldn't stop thinking about what he had witnessed. It was incredible.

Back at the village the laird couldn't hide his awe at their keen skill.

He was so pleased that as a reward he offered them both a job as his chief hunters.

Seeing this the other men became jealous and bitter, glowering at them menacingly.

There was a celebration and the castle was alive with streams of people - smartly dressed men, and women with beautiful dresses – ready to dance.

The celebrations continued into the village where they held their own dancing and festivities.

But one group of men who were drinking noticed everyone was here except the twins and their mother.

One of them suggested, and others soon agreed, that it might be fun to go and spy on them.

The group crept through the forest trying to catch a glimpse of them. It wasn't long before one of them saw something.

"What is it?" "I saw them! Just over there - I saw them kill a stag... They broke the law!"

The men were delighted they'd caught them red handed. Using the trees for cover, they crept up slowly and readied themselves.

They ran and pounced at the twins catching them unawares. "We caught you breaking the law!" they cried.

They tied the twins' hands behind their backs before they could respond and took them to the castle, pounding on the door.

The laird, wondering what the ruckus was about, opened the door to the group who proudly displayed their evidence.

The laird was surprised to see the twins tied up to his right, and the stag that they'd killed to his left.

The group demanded to know what he was going to do. He felt uneasy as he weighed his options.

Egged on by the men he announced the punishment:

"Death, by hanging" - much to the satisfaction of the crowd.

The men dragged the twins to a big tree and hung them both from rope, kicking the stools away.

Delighted the twins were dead, the men returned to their celebrations with relish. Drinking long into the night.

As twilight dawned the twins' mother started to question where her sons were, as it wasn't like them to stay out so late.

She had an uneasy feeling she needed to look for them and began to walk. She walked through the forest, searching.

The longer she searched the more she panicked about what might have happened and where her sons could be.

As she moved through the forest the light shifted as the sun rose higher in the sky and she began to make out the shape of a tree...

...with two bodies swinging from it.

Grief enveloped her as she realised – her two sons were dead!

Her grief was so heavy she could hardly breathe. Her anguished screams, raw and primal.

“They're dead!” she cried, not wanting to believe it.

“Who killed my two sons?” she screamed. Unable to meet her eye the men sat drinking pointed towards the laird.

Seething with rage she marched to the castle and pointed directly at the laird as she spat out a curse.

“You, your wife and your bairn will die! Your wife will die and you, laird - your death will be the most cruel, most terrible mutilation!”

The laird was fearful at this. The men who were sat drinking tried to catch her but she slipped away, disappearing into the forest.

Soon afterwards the laird's bairn and wife became very ill. His wife fretted at how sick their bairn was. It had a fever.

The illness proved too fierce and the bairn passed away. The laird's wife, beside herself with grief, cried great heaving sobs.

She grew weaker and soon passed away. When the laird saw they were both dead he buried them in a single grave.

The laird mourned them fiercely, but after a year he resolved that as he had no wife it was time to find a new one.

He started his search and to his relief soon found a lovely lady who was quite perfect, and he felt his heart start to heal.

Having found the perfect wife, it was time to gather the men to celebrate his new bride by organising a deer hunt.

The men prepared and gathered themselves at dawn. He mounted his horse and the hunting group set out.

They rode steadily through the forest for much of the day.

As they continued to ride through the forest they started upon and startled a stag who galloped off.

On seeing this, the laird told the men to stay back so that he could chase after it alone.

He drew back his bow and shot his arrow piercing the deer in the heart. It fell to the ground dead.

Quite pleased he looked up to notice he was in a clearing. An uneasy feeling started to rise as he felt himself being watched.

He looked around him, and that's when he spotted them - circling towards him from either side!

Clutching the reins tightly he tried to back away as the wolves snarled, ready for the attack.

They lunged, biting hard. He screamed as he was dragged from his horse. Once on the ground they tore relentlessly at his flesh.

Back in the hunting party one of the men exclaimed that they'd heard the laird scream and urged the party to respond.

They rode as fast as they could until they came to the clearing where they saw the two wolves ferociously baring their teeth.

Terrified, they turned and rode away as fast as they could.

They rode so fast and so long that by the time they arrived at the village they were quite out of breath.

Everyone wanted to know what had happened.

M: "I saw wolves kill the laird, the forest floor was awash with blood"

It was a shocking tale. As more people came forward wanting to know what had happened and how the laird had been killed, the story of two wolves, one with a spot on its brow, and the other with a spot on its cheek, began to be told.

A creeping feeling of realisation fell over the crowd and they turned to look toward the tree where the twins' bodies had hung.

And as the sun set, shadows emerged blowing in the branches of the tree...

..like hands signing...

...the shadow of the two boys signing in the breeze.

And under the light of the moon a wolf howled.