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# Brave

By Brenda Chapman

Where are you?  
Come out! Come out!  
Come on out!  
I'm coming to get you!  
Where are you, you little rascal, I'm coming to get you! Hm.  
Where is my little birthday girl, hm?  
I'm going to gobble her up, when I find her!  
I'm going to eat you, om nom nom  
Oh, Fergus! No weapons on the table!  
Can I shoot an arrow, can I, can I, can I? Please, can I?  
Not with that!  
Why not use your very own!  
Happy birthday my wee darling!  
Now, there's a good girl. Draw all the way back now to your cheek, that's right!  
Keep both eyes open...and...loose!  
I missed.  
Go and fetch it then!  
A bow, Fergus? She's a lady! Oh!  
A will-o'-the-wisp!  
They are real!  
Merida! Come on, sweetheart!  
We're leaving now!  
I saw a wisp!  
I saw a wisp.  
A wisp?  
You know, some say, that will-o'-the wisps lead you to your fate.  
Oh, aye, or an arrow!  
Come on, let's be off before we see a dancing tattybogle or a giant having a jigger in the bluebells...  
Your father doesn't believe in magic.  
Well, he should, 'cause it's true!  
Mor'du!  
Elinor, run!  
Come on, you!

**BRAVE:**

Some say, our destiny is tied to the land.  
As much a part of us as we are of it.  
Others say, fate is woven together like a cloth.  
So that one's destiny intertwines with many others.  
It's the one thing we search for, or fight to change.  
Some never find it.  
But there are some, who are led.

The story of how my father lost his leg to the demon bear Mor'du became legend.

I became a sister, to three new brothers! The princes: Hamish, Hubert and Harris.

Wee devils, more like.

They'd get away with murder!

I can never get away with anything!

I'm the princess!

I'm the example!

I've got duties, responsibilities, expectations...

My whole life is planned out!

Preparing for the day I'd become, well, my mother.

She is in charge of every single day of my life.

Hey Robin, jolly Robin, and thou shalt know of mine...

Project!

And thou shalt know of mine!

Enunciate, you must be understood from anywhere in the room! Or it's all for naught.

This is all for naught.

I heard that!

From the top!

A princess must be knowledgeable about her kingdom.

She does nae doodle!

That's a C, dear.

A princess does not chortle!

Does nae stuff her gob!

Rises early!

Is compassionate.

Patient.

Cautious!

Clean.

And, above all, a princess strives for, well, perfection!

But every once in a while there's a day when I don't have to be a princess.

No lessons, no expectations, a day when anything can happen!

Day, I can change my fate!

I'm starving!

You're hungry too, I guess?

Oats it is then.

And then, out of nowhere, the biggest bear you've ever seen!

His hide littered with the weapons of fallen warriors, his face scarred, with one dead eye.

I drew my sword and...

Woosh! With one swipe his sword shattered

and then chomp! Dad's leg was clean off! Down the monster's throat it went.

Oh, that's my favourite part!  
Mor'du has never been seen since!  
And is roaming the wilds waiting his chance of revenge! Arrrrgh!  
Let him return. I'll finish what I'd guddled in the first place.  
Merida, a princess does not place her weapons on the table  
Mom!  
It's just my bow!  
A princess should not have weapons in my opinion.  
Leave her be! Princess or not, learning to fight is essential.  
Mom, you'll never guess what I did today.  
Mhm?  
I climbed the Queen's Tooth and drank from the Fire Falls!  
Fire Falls? They say only the ancient kings were brave enough to drink the  
fire.  
What did you do, dear?  
Nothing, mom.  
Hungry, aren't we?  
Mom!  
You'll get dreadful gollywobbles!  
Oh Fergus! Will you look at your daughter's plate?  
So what?  
Don't let them lick...  
Boys, you're naughty! Don't just play with your haggis.  
Oh, now, how'd you know you don't like it if you won't try it?  
It's just a wee sheep stomach! It's delicious! Mmm.  
Mylady.  
Thank you Maudie.  
Aha. From the lords Macintosh, MacGuffin and Dingwall.  
Their responses, no doubt.  
Stay out of my food, you greedy mongrels! Chew on that, you manky dogs!  
Fergus?  
They've all accepted!  
Who's accepted what, mother?  
Boys, you are excused.  
What did I do now?  
Your father has something to discuss with you.  
Fergus?  
Merida.  
The lords are presenting their sons as suitors for your betrothal!  
What?  
The clans have accepted!  
Dad!  
What? I...you....she....Elinor?  
Honestly, Merida. I don't know why are you reacting this way.

This year, each clan will present a suitor to compete in the games for your hand.

I suppose a princess just does what she's told!

A princess does not raise her voice!

Merida, this is what you've been preparing for your whole life!

No, it's what you've been preparing me for my whole life!

I won't go through with it!

You can't make me!

Merida!

Merida!

Boys!

Mother!

Suitors!

Marriage!

Once, there was an ancient kingdom.

Oh, mom!

Ancient kingdom.

Its name long forgotten.

Ruled by a wise and fair king who was much beloved.

And when he grew old, he divided the kingdom among his four sons, that they should be the pillars on which the peace of the land rested.

But, the oldest prince wanted to rule the land for himself.

He followed his own path and the kingdom fell to war and chaos and ruin.

That's a nice story!

It's not just a story, Merida.

Legends are lessons, they ring with truths.

Ah, mom!

I would advise you to make your peace with this.

The clans are coming to present their suitors.

It's not fair!

Oh, Merida, it's marriage. It's not the end of the world.

You're muttering.

I don't mutter.

Aye, you do, you mutter, lass. When something's troubling you.

I blame you. The stubbornness. It's entirely from your side of the family.

I take it it all didn't go too well?

I don't know what to do.

Speak to her, dear!

I do speak to her! She just doesn't listen!

Come on, now.

Pretend I'm Merida. Speak to me. What would you say?

Oh, I can't do this!

Sure you can!

There, there! That's my Queen.

Right, here we go.

I don't want to get married! I want to stay single and let my hair flow in the wind

as I ride through the glen firing arrows into the sunset.

Merida. All this work, all the time spent preparing you, schooling you, giving you everything we never had...I ask you, what do you expect us to do?

Call off the gathering! Would that kill them?

You're the Queen, you can just tell the lords, the princess is not ready for this.

In fact, she might not ever be ready for this so that's that.

Good day to you. We'll expect your declarations of war in the morning.

I understand this must all seem unfair, even I had reservations when I faced betrothal.

We can't just run away from who we are!

I don't want my life to be over.

I want my freedom!

But are you willing to pay the price your freedom will cost?

I'm not doing any of this to hurt you.

If you could just try to see what I do, I do out of love.

But it's my life, it's...

I'm just not ready.

I think you'd see, if you could just...

I think I could make you understand if you would just...

...listen!

...listen!

I swear, Angus, this isn't going to happen!

Not if I have any say in it.

MacGuffin!

Dingwall!

Macintosh!

You look absolutely beautiful!

I can't breathe!

Oh, shush. Give us a turn.

I can't move. It's too tight!

It's perfect!

Merida...

Mom?

Just...

...remember to smile.

Oy, they're coming!

Places everyone! Places!

I look fine, woman. Leave me be!

???

Oy!  
So, here we are. The four clans.  
Gathering.  
For...  
...the presentations of the suitors.  
Clan Macintosh.  
Your Majesty, I present my heir and sire who defended our land  
from the Northern invaders and with his own sword stabbed bloody,  
vanquished a thousand foes!  
Clan MacGuffin.  
Good Majesty. I present my eldest son.  
Who scuttled Viking longships and with his bare hands vanquished two  
thousand foes.  
Clan Dingwall.  
I present my only son who was besieged by ten thousand Romans,  
and he took out a whole armada singlehandedly.  
With one arm, he was...  
With one arm, he was steering the ship  
and with the other, he held his mighty sword and struck down a whole  
attacking fleet.  
Lies!  
What?  
I heard that! Come on, say it to my face!  
Or are you scared simpering jackanapes, 'fraid to muss your pretty hair?  
At least we have hair!  
And all our teeth!  
(thick accent) If he was a wee bit closer, I could lob a caber at him, ye  
ken.  
And we don't hide under bridges, you grumpy old troll!  
You want a laugh, eh? Wee Dingwall!  
At him, at him! That's the way to...  
All right.  
Shut it!  
Now, that's all done.  
You've had your go at each other, show a little decorum!  
And no more fighting!  
I didn't start it was he...  
Mylady Queen, I feel terrible, my humblest apologies.  
Sorry...We meant no disrespect.  
Sorry, love, I didn't, but...Yes, dear.  
Now, where were we.  
Ah, yes. In accordance with our laws, by the rights of our heritage  
only the firstborn of each of the great leaders may be presented as  
champion.

Firstborn?

And thus compete for the hand of the princess of DunBroch.

To win the fair maiden, they must prove their worth by feats of strength or arms in the games.

It is customary that the challenge be determined by the princess herself.

Archery, archery!

I choose...archery.

Let the games begin!

Pull!

I have told you, you're not allowed...

It's time!

Archers, to your marks!

Aye, archers to your marks!

And may the lucky arrow find its target.

Oy, get on with it!

I bet he wishes he was tossing cabers.

Or holding up bridges.

Noooo!

At least you hit the target, son!

Oh, that's attractive.

I've got it!

Good arm.

And such lovely flowing locks!

Fergus!

What?

Oh, wee lamb!

Oh, come on, shoot, boy!

Well done!

Feast your eyes!

That's my boy!

Well, that's just grand now, isn't it?

Guess who's coming to dinner.

Fergus!

By the way, hope you don't mind being called lade Ding...

I am Merida, firstborn descendant of clan DunBroch.

And I'll be shooting for my own hand!

What are you doing?

Merida!

Curse this dress!

Merida! Stop this!

Don't you dare loose another arrow!

Merida! I forbid it!

I've just about had enough of you, lass!

You're the one that wants me to...



You've embarrassed them. You've embarrassed me.  
I followed the rules!  
You don't know what you've done!  
I don't care...  
There'll be fire and swords if it's not set right.  
Just listen!  
I am the Queen! You listen to me!  
Oh, this is so unfair!  
Unfair?  
You're never there for me.  
This whole marriage is what you want!  
Do you ever bother to ask what I want?  
No! You walk around telling me what to do, what not to do,  
trying to make me feel like you.  
Well, I'm not going to be like you!  
Oh, you're acting like a child.  
And you're a beast! That's what you are!  
Merida!  
I'll never be like you!  
No, stop that!  
I'd rather die than be like you!  
Merida, you are a princess, I expect you to act like one!  
Merida!  
Merida!  
Oh, dear!  
Oh, no. What've I done.  
Angus!  
Come on, Angus!  
Angus!  
Why would the wisps lead me here?  
Oh, look around. You holler if you see anything you like.  
Everything is half off.  
Who are you?  
Just a humble woodcarver.  
I don't understand.  
See anything you like?  
Perhaps a touch of whimsy to brighten any dank chamber.  
But, the will-o'-the-wisps! They lead...  
Oh, this is one of a kind! I'll make you a deal for this rare prize.  
Your broom!  
It was sweeping by itself!  
That's ridiculous.  
Wood cannae be imbued with magical properties.  
I should know, I'm a wi...whittler!

Of wood.

How about this conversation starter?

It's made of yew wood.

Half a stone.

Oh, ah ah, that's daft.

Staring is rude!

The crow... crow's talking!

That's not all I can do. La la la la.

You're a witch!

Woodcarver!

That's why the wisps led me here!

Woodcarver!

You'll change my fate!

WOODCARVER!

You see, it's my mother...

I'm not a witch! Too many unsatisfied customers.

If you're not going to buy anything, get out!

No, the wisps led me here!

I don't care!

Get out! Shoo! Get! Begone with you!

I'll buy it all!

What, what was that?

Every carving.

And how are you going to pay for that, sweetie?

With this.

Oh my, that's lovely, that is.

That will set us up for months!

Every carving and one spell.

Are you sure you know what you're doing?

I want a spell to change my mom.

That'll change my fate.

Done!

Where are you going?

There.

What're you doing?

You never conjure where you carve, very important.

Last time I did this was for a prince.

Easy on the eyes.

He demanded I give him the strength of ten men.

And he gave me this for a spell.

A spell that would change his fate.

And did he get what he was after?

Ohoho, yes. I made off with an especially attractive mahogany cheeseboard.

Now, what do I need?

That'll do.  
And, now, let's see.  
What have we here?  
A cake?  
You don't want it?  
Yes, I want it!  
You're sure, if I give this to my mom, it will change my fate?  
Ohh, trust me.  
It'll do the trick, dearie.  
Expect delivery of your purchase within a fortnight.  
What was that thing about the spell?  
Did you say something...about...the...spell?  
Merida!  
Mom!  
Oh...eh...I...eh...  
Oh, I've been worried sick!  
You, you were?  
I didn't know where you've gone or when you'd come back!  
I didn't know what to think! Oh, look at your dress!  
Angus threw me.  
But I'm not hurt!  
Well, you're home now.  
So that's the end of it.  
Honestly?  
I've pacified the lords for now.  
Your father's out there "entertaining" them.  
Come taste my blade you manky bear for gobbling up my leg!  
I'll hunt you, then I'll skin you, hang your noggin on a peg!  
Of course, we both know a decision still has to be made.  
What's this?  
It's a peace offering. I made it. For you. Special.  
You made this for me?  
Interesting flavour.  
How do you feel?  
What is that?  
Different?  
Tart and gamey...  
Have you changed your mind at all about the marriage and all that?  
Oh, better.  
Now, why don't we go upstairs to the lords and put this whole kerfuffle to rest, hm?  
Mother?  
I'm woozy suddenly. Oh, my head's spinning like a top!  
Mom!

Oh, suddenly I'm not so well.  
How do you feel about the marriage now?  
Merida!  
Just take me to my room.  
To the left, that's good, that's good.  
A wee bit to the left, that's good.  
It's good enough. Now clean out of there boys, I don't want you to spoil my shot.  
Mylady Queen!  
We've been waiting patiently.  
My lords, I am out of sorts at the moment  
but you shall have your answer.  
Presently.  
Now, if you'll excuse us.  
Elinor, look! It's Mor'du!  
Elinor! Are you all right, dear?  
Fine, I'm fine. Go back to avenging your leg!  
Aye, you heard her lads.  
I dream about the perfect way to make this devil die.  
Just take all the time you need getting yourself right, mom.  
And maybe in a bit you might have something new to say on the marriage?  
What was in that cake?  
Cake?  
Mom?  
So I'll just tell them the wedding's off then.  
Mom?  
Bear!  
Mom?  
You're...you're a bear!  
Why a bear?  
That's scaffy witch gave me a gammy spell!  
It's not my fault!  
I didn't ask her to change you into a bear.  
I just wanted her to change...you.  
Shh, did you hear that?  
Something's not right.  
There's no point in having a go at me.  
The witch is to blame.  
Goggly old hag!  
Eyes all over the place.  
God. It's unbelievable!  
How I'm going to fix this.  
Everybody, follow me!  
And you keep a sharp eye!

Here we go. Another hunt through the castle.  
We haven't even had a dessert yet.  
(unintelligible Doric accent)  
I have no idea.  
Mom, you can't go out there!  
Mom!  
Wait!  
What're you doing?  
Dad!  
The Bear King?  
If he so much as sees you, you're dead!  
Another one of your entertainments. Where is the end.  
Oh, and just what exactly are we after, my liege?  
Best to humour him. He is, after all, the king.  
He is like a hound with that nose of his.  
Mom! Wait! We have to...  
Follow me!  
Stop!  
Stop!  
You're covered with fur!  
You're not naked!  
It's not like anyone's gonna see you!  
Now you've done it!  
Maudie!  
Just calm down, lass. What is it?  
Spit it out, Maudie!  
A BEAR!  
I knew it!  
Would you just listen to me!  
We can't go this way. You'll be seen!  
Quick! This way!  
Mom?  
Mom?  
A witch turned mom into a bear. It's not my fault.  
We've got to get out of the castle. I need your help.  
All right. You can have my desserts for two...three weeks!  
OK, fine. A year.  
Did you hear that?  
There he goes!  
There he goes!  
Come on, mom!  
Do you think we should lay a trap?  
Try shutting yours!  
There he is!

I'm sure it went this way.  
It must've sprouted wings!  
It was carried away by a giant birdie.  
A dragon, perhaps.  
Bear in that castle. Doesn't make sense.  
It cannae open doors. It's got big giant paws.  
Let's just get inside.  
It's locked.  
Dingwall was the last up.  
I propped it open with a stick.  
What'd you see Maudie? Spit it out, Maudie!  
Oh, for goodness' sakes, Maudie, would you get a grip?  
Come on, mom. Quick.  
Shhh!  
They'll be fine, won't you boys?  
Mom, we've got to hurry!  
Now, I'll be back soon.  
Go on and help yourself to anything you want, as a reward.  
Right.  
Oh, where are these wisps?  
Come out, wisps!  
Come on out!  
Lead me to the witch's cottage!  
I'm here!  
Fine! Don't come out now that my mom's watching.  
I was standing right here!  
And the wisp appeared right there!  
Then a whole trail of them led me off into the forest.  
???  
Oh, mom! I know this place.  
The witch's cottage...is this way!  
Come on! Hurry!  
I can't believe it! I found it!  
No! She was here.  
No, really. She was just here.  
Oh, wait.  
No..no...no, no, no!  
Welcome to the Crafty Carver, home of bear-themed carvings and novelties.  
I am completely out of stock at this time.  
But if you'd like to inquire about portraits or wedding cake toppers  
pour vial one into the cauldron.  
If you'd like a menu in Gaelic, vial two.  
If you're that red-haired lass, vial three.  
To speak with a live homunculus...

Princess! I'm off to the Wickerman festival in Stoneham and I won't be back till spring.

There's one bit I forgot to tell you about the spell.

By the second sunrise, your spell will be permanent.

Unless you remember these words:

"Fate be changed. Look inside, mend the bond torn by pride."

Fate be changed, mend the bond. What does that mean?

One more time!

"Fate be changed. Look inside, mend the bond torn by pride."

That's it. Ta ta! Oh, and thank you for shopping at the Crafty Carver!

No! Where'd you go?

Welcome to the Crafty Carver!

What?

Maybe there's a bit about spells, or...

...vials...

...I'm off to the Wickerman...clock..I said...Have a lovely day!

We'll sort it out tomorrow.

My brave wee lassie, I'm here.

I'll always be right here.

Ehm, good morning?

So....what's all this supposed to be?

What?

Sorry, I don't speak bear.

Find those by the creek, didn't you?

They're Nightshade berries.

They're poisonous.

Where did you get this water? It has worms!

Come on!

Breakfast!

Oh, wait. A princess should not have weapons, in your opinion.

There you go.

Go on!

How do you know you don't like it if you won't try it?

Where're you going?

Mom!

Come back!

Mom, is that you?

Mom?

You changed.

Like you were a...

I mean, like you were a bear on the inside.

A wisp!

Mom!

Stop it!

Mom, no!

Mom!

Oh, jings crivvens help ma boab!

Mom, I know you're scared. You're tired, you don't understand.

But we've got to keep our heads.

Just calm down.

Listen.

They'll show us the way.

Mom! Look!

Why did the wisps bring us here?

Whoever they were, they've been gone for a long, long time.

Fine, mom. Just fine.

It's a...a throne room.

You suppose this could've been the kingdom in that story you were telling me?

The one with the princes?

One...

...two...

...three...

...four!

The oldest.

Split, like the tapestry!

The spell! It's happened before.

Strength of ten men.

Fate be changed.

Changed his fate.

Oh, no.

The prince became...

Mor'du!

Mom, we need to get back to the castle!

If we don't hurry, you'll become like Mor'du!

A bear, a real bear. Forever!

Mend the bond torn by pride.

The witch gave us the answer.

The tapestry!

Mom! Do you have a better idea?

That'll do.

No more talk, no more traditions, we settle this now!

You're the king!

You decide which one of our sons your daughter will marry.

None of your sons are fit to marry my daughter!

Then our alliance is over!

This means war!

Gonna murder each other!



You've got to stop them before it's too late!  
I know, I know!  
But how do we get you through there and up to the tapestry  
with the lot of them boiling over like that?  
What're you doing, lass?  
It's all right, dad.  
I..ehm..I have...  
Well, you see...I...  
I have been in conference with the Queen.  
Is that so?  
Aye, it is.  
Well, where is she, then?  
She...  
How do we know that this isn't some trick?  
I'd never...  
This is highly irregular!  
What're you playing at? Where is the Queen?  
We'll not stand for any more of this chiggery pie!  
That's right. Let's see her.  
SHUT IT!  
Well, I....  
Once, there was an ancient kingdom.  
What is this?  
That kingdom fell into war.  
And chaos, and ruin.  
Oh, we've all heard that tale. Lost kingdom.  
Aye, but it's true!  
I know now how one selfish act can turn the fate of a kingdom.  
Nah, it's just a legend.  
Legends are lessons. They ring with truths.  
Our kingdom is young. Our stories are not yet legends.  
But in them are bonds we struck.  
Our clans were once enemies.  
But when invaders threatened us from the sea,  
you joined together to defend our lands.  
You fought for each other. You risked everything for each other.  
Lord MacGuffin. My dad saved your life  
stopping an arrow as you ran to Dingwall's aid.  
Aye, and I'll never forget it.  
And lord Macintosh. You saved my dad  
when you charged in on heavy horse and held off the advance.  
And we all know how lord Dingwall broke the enemy line...  
With a mighty throw of a spear!  
I was aiming at you, you big topsy!

The story of this kingdom is a powerful one.  
My dad rallied your forces and you made him your king.  
It was an alliance forged in bravery and friendship.  
And it lives to this day.  
But I've been selfish.  
I tore a great rift in our kingdom.  
There's no one to blame but me.  
And I know now that I need to mend my mistake and mend our bond.  
And so, there is the matter of my betrothal.  
I've decided to do what's right.  
And....and....and...  
Break...tradition.  
My mother...the Queen,  
feels...in her heart,  
that I....that we  
be free to...write our own story.  
Follow...our...hearts.  
And find love in our own time.  
That's beautiful.  
The Queen and I put the decision to you, my lords.  
Might our young people decide for themselves who they will love?  
Well, since you've obviously made up your minds about this  
I have one thing to say. This is...  
...a grand idea!  
Give us our own say in choosing our fate!  
What?  
Aye, why shouldn't we choose?  
But she's the princess!  
I didnae pick her out, it was your idea.  
And you? You feel the same way?  
(unintelligible Doric accent)  
Well, that settles it. Let these lads try and win her heart  
before they win her hand.  
If they can.  
I say that we, Dingwall, has a fighting chance.  
Fine then, seems that once we're agreed. It was my idea in the first place.  
Just like your mom.  
You devil.  
Everyone, to the cellar!  
Let's crack open the king's private reserve to celebrate!  
Psst. Bring the tiny glasses.  
The tapestry!  
Mend the bond.  
Mend the bond!

Stitch it up!

This'll change you back. We just need needle and thread.

Mom?

Mom? Not now! No, please, not now!

Mom?

We'll boil your head with dumpling bread, to make an ursine stew.

Elinor, dear, you'll never guess who just solved our little suitor problem.

Elinor!

It can't be true!

Elinor! Answer me, lass!

Elinor!

Merida!

What the...

Dad! No! It's not what you think!

Merida, get back!

No!

No!

Dad, don't hurt her!

Merida, no!

No!

Mom!

It's all right. I'm all right. It's nothing.

It's just a little scratch.

Mom!

My liege! Fergus!

Bear!

Dad!

Oh, count your stars, lass.

It almost had you. Are you hurt?

It's your wife, Elinor!

You're talking nonsense!

It's the truth! There was a witch and she gave me a spell.

It's not Mor'du!

Mor'du or not, I'll avenge your mother.

But I'll not risk loosing you too.

No, dad! Just listen to me!

Listen. You can't. It's your wife Elinor!

Maudie. Keep this. And don't let her out!

What about the bear?

Just stay put!

Come on, you sorry bunch of galoots.

Mom!

No. No. Mom.

Maudie.

Maudie!  
I need you!  
Now!  
Oh, no.  
Maudie.  
Get the key!  
Maudie!  
Needle and thread. Needle and thread. Needle and thread.  
There he goes!  
Needle and thread. Needle and thread. Ah, you beauty!  
One...  
...two...  
Steady, Hamish!  
There he goes!  
Back! Back! Get him! Get him!  
Angus!  
No!  
Hubert, Harris, help Hamish!  
Give me a hand over here!  
Get back, that's my mother!  
Are you out of your mind, lass?  
Mom, are you hurt?  
Merida!  
I'll not let you kill my mother!  
Boys!  
Boys?  
Mor'du!  
Kill it!  
Scoundrel!  
Come on! I'll take you with my bare hands!  
Mom!  
The second sunrise!  
Oh, no.  
I don't understand, I...  
Oh, mom!  
I'm sorry.  
This is all my fault!  
I did this to you!  
To us!  
You've always been there for me.  
You've never given up on me.  
I just want you back!  
I want you back, mommy!  
I love you.

Mom, you're back!  
You changed!  
Oh, darling.  
We both have.  
Elinor!  
Elinor.  
Oh, dear!  
You're back, you're back here!  
Oh, mom!  
Ehm, dear?  
I'm naked. Naked as a wee babby.  
Don't just stare at me, do something!  
What the...avert your eyes, lads!  
Show some respect!  
Now that's what I call a wee naked babby!  
Merida, Elinor, hurry up, we're leaving!  
Mom! Hurry up! ???  
Goodbye! All the best! Fair wind to your sales!  
How did this...oh!  
There are those who say fate is something beyond our command.  
That destiny is not our own.  
But I know better.  
Our fate lives within us.  
You only have to be brave enough to see it.