

Chesterton Station

Episode 6: "The Imagination of Fairy Land" George MacDonald

Version 8, v1, 21 pages

FADE IN:

INT. TRAIN STATION - EVENING

The station is in dim light, shadows everywhere.

A young girl, the **FAIRY**, of indeterminate age suddenly is in the room, arriving unseen.

She is a tiny woman-form, as perfect in shape as if she had been a small Greek statuette roused to life and motion. Her dress is a robe plaited in a band around the neck, and confined by a belt about the waist, descended to her feet.

After placing a **book** on the bench, she looks around with a mischievous smile and vanishes. The lights brighten to the typical station lighting.

CHESTERTON enters. He is dressed almost completely as a **medieval Knight**. Over his torso dangling down to the ground is a Knights tunic, as depicted in the Arthurian legends of Sir Percival. He wears a belt that holds a large broad sword and on his head is some sort of medieval helmet, visor down, which proves to make walking a bit difficult for him. He walks into the station bench. As he rights himself, he sees a book sitting on the bench. "**Phanstastes**". He begins to read a portion while trying to act it out.

CHESTERTON

"Sir Percivale, after his escape journeyed from the demon lady, he came to a great wood."

He is having a hard time reading through the helmet and stops to remove it.

CHESTERTON

"Sir Percivale, after his escape journeyed from the demon lady, he came to a great wood... the damsel of the alder tree encountered him, right fair to see; and with her fair words and false countenance she comforted him and beguiled him, until he followed her...continuing his journey. Suddenly a low hurried

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CHESTERTON (cont'd)
cry from my hostess caused me to
look up from the book, and I read
no more..."

He considers this for a moment and as a train whistle blows and we here the brakes of a train hiss and stopping outside on the platform.

Chesterton excitedly, places his helmet on and poses himself in the most heroic stance he can muster.

George MacDonald enters the station. He wears a dark charcoal colored three piece suit and tie of the historical period he lived in. He seems bewildered as he enters, then appears even more bewildered upon seeing Chesterton.

Chesterton steps forward

CHESTERTON

"I am ashamed, to appear a knight, and in such a guise; but it behooves me to tell you to take warning from me, lest the same evil, in his kind, overtake the singer that has befallen the knight. Hast thou ever read the story of Sir Percival and the"-(here he shudders for dramatic affect.)- "Maiden of the Alder-tree?"

MACDONALD

"In part, I have, for yesterday, at the entrance of this forest, I found in a cottage the volume wherein it is recorded"?

CHESTERTON

Capital George! Capital! I have been rehearsing this entrance as soon as I knew you were coming.

MACDONALD

But who are you, how do you know me? I was,..seemed to be asleep, ...suddenly I am traveling on a train when a moment before,..how, did I arrive here, and where is here, this must be some sort of dream?

CHESTERTON

No dream my friend, we are here together George MacDonald and myself, in this odd little station,..similar to your Forest Cottage eh?(Gesturing to the book) As for your arrival, I was surprised to understand you would be passing through so I wanted to give you proper greeting! I surmised it was you arriving by this costume I found awaiting me as well as this,your book "Phantastes".

MACDONALD

You knew, I would be passing through? Passing through to where? You say you found my book? Who left it here? Where is here?

MacDonald begins to seem overwhelmed by it all and starts to walk into the center of the room mumbling as he looks he looks around in wonder.

MACDONALD

"If they leave that grey town behind it will not have been Hell.(Pause, taking in the weight of the next line.) To any that leaves it, it is Purgatory."

CHESTERTON

Steady on my lad, here, let me help you to a seat, and perhaps a drink, to steady your nerves.

Chesterton seats MacDonald on the bench and then proceeds to the ticket window, and there he picks up two half pint glasses of a dark liquid, he comes back to MacDonald offering one.

CHESTERTON

Here a little bracing with small taste of port. You'll find the quality of beverages in this station are very good! I tell you I never cease to be amazed at the congeniality of this station. What ever food or drink I seem to desire, by the time I stroll up to that ticket window, I always find it waiting for me. There now, that helped did it not?

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Stands more sure on his feet and examines his hands and clothes as if he has never seen them before.

MACDONALD

"You would have me then understand, Mr Raven, that you go through my house into another world, heedless of disparting space?"

CHESTERTON

Ah I recognize your writing, Lilith Eh, well then, let me see, hmm, Lilith, let me see, ..(clears throat affects a very old accent) "There is in your house a door, one step through which carries me into a world very much another than this..."

MACDONALD

A better?

CHESTERTON

It is as the secret stairway of Irene in your "Princess and Curdie". Irene has her own secret stair by which she comes to her great-great-grandmother in the attic.

MACDONALD

Looty, her earth-bound nurse, cannot find it, and even Curdie, though he can be made to ascend it, finds nothing for him at the top, only a heap of straw, an old tub and a withered apple. He has eventually to find his own way to the grandmother, and even the Princess cannot help him here. So are you the grandmother in the attic?

CHESTERTON

Yes my friend, or as in Phantastes, The forest cottage or As Anodos, finds in his desk on a night of troubling thoughts, a tiny maiden who can guide him to the entrance of fairy land.

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As Chesterton goes to fetch his copy of the book, MacDonald wanders a bit, taking in the station and looks outside the window at the platform, near the table and chairs.

MACDONALD

Then you say, this is fairy land?
What is it we are to do here? Why
are we here?

CHESTERTON

I do not think you can call this
fairy land, but it is certainly
another world. Another world who's
purpose has escaped my knowledge
thus far. However, there is
something pleasing to a mystic in
such a land of mirrors. For a
mystic is one who holds that two
worlds are better than one.

MACDONALD

Mystic you say? I often felt a tug
on my very soul to embrace a mystic
perspective. The German romantic
Novelist and the words of Blake and
Coleridge or the surreal mix of
fact and fantasy on a canvas by
Turner, all these and more awoke a
mystic's sight in me.

CHESTERTON

That perspective of yours my lad
has made a difference to my whole
existence, helped me to see things
in a certain way from the start; To
see with imagination. To nurture
the imagination. Imagination like a
pair of spectacles with the right
set of lenses to see beyond our
world. To see with faith, to
believe without seeing, as Irene in
"The Princess and the Goblin."

MACDONALD

"The Princess and The Goblin" you
say? How strange, how very strange.
As I was sitting on that train I
found that very book in the seat
next to me. Wait, (he searches in
his coat) here it is! It is this
your are referring is it not?
Perhaps I was to bring this to you?

Offers Chesterton the book.

CHESTERTON

Oh my, oh my. The memories this stirs, here my friend take your old friend back (hands Phantastes to MacDonald and takes The Princess and the Goblin in his hand.) I can testify this is the book of all the books I read as a child that has made a difference to my whole existence, which helped me to see things in a certain way from the start; a vision of things which even so real a revolution as a change of religious allegiance has substantially only crowned and confirmed. Of all the stories I ever read ... it remains the most real, the most realistic, in the exact sense of the phrase the most like life. It is your The Princess and the Goblin.

MacDonald looks over Phantastes as he is looking at an old friend.

MACDONALD

(Almost to himself looking at the pages on Phantastes) I lost my way and did not know where I was wandering to. Through the gulfs, with inward gazes, I may look till I am lost; Wandering deep in spirit-mazes,

CHESTERTON

(Almost to himself looking through the pages of The Princess and The Goblin.) Hm, what's that you say, lost, no no my dear fellow, we must follow the thread, Grandmother's thread. Whether across the yard to a door in a mountain or a cottage in the wood. Curdie is quite right, everyone has the end of an elfin thread that might at last, lead them into Paradise. Your thread has led you here.

MACDONALD

You would have me understand that you go through my house into another world, and there is in your house a door one step through which

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MACDONALD (cont'd)

carries me into another world very much different than this. Have I found you friend, at the back of the North wind?

CHESTERTON

I am not Percival, my dead lad. No we have never met until this time but as you have whisked me off so many times on a glorious journey from my everyday to the fantastical subterranean realm of goblins, or the outer reaches of fairy land itself, I thought I might be here for you this time. Serving as an usher of sorts, or a guide, or a little maiden in the desk to lead you from your world to the next?

MACDONALD

As Anodos! Your face is unfamiliar to me friend, though your voice seems like a melody I have heard before. You say you are are my guide? Your are my Interpreter, on the way to Celestial City?

CHESTERTON

(Laughs) No my friend, no guide am I on a Pilgrims Progress! I tell you truthfully that since my arrival here, I have yet to truly understand why I am here or how I arrived. I only know why I remain. That is a mercy. Indeed I have glimpsed Celestial City, Paradise, the wedding feast, dazzling in brilliant light, but I returned here to this station. That was my one request. My reason, to be a guide to one in particular. But happy I am that my inhabitants in this realm allows me to visit with the likes of you. To conduct others on their way, where ever their way my lead, until I conduct myself, again. Conduct! Ha! I have always day-dreamed of being a train conductor! Ha! Now I am. All Aboard!

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MACDONALD

You have climbed the secret stair,
you have seen the grandmother, the
bigger vision?

CHESTERTON

Yes, indeed. "Oh frabjuous day,
calloo callay he chortled in his
joy."

MACDONALD

"Twas brillig, and the slithy toves
Did gyre and gimble in the wabe:
All mimsy were the borogoves, and
the mome raths outgrabe You have
tasted death now, is it good?

CHESTERTON

It is good! It is better than life!

MACDONALD

Or is it only more than life? Death
is different through the eyes of a
child my friend is it not? Through
Mossy, or Curdie or Diamond,
(Stopping mid thought, he looks far
off into the distance) I have an
elfish maiden child She is not two
years old; Through windy locks her
eyes gleam wild, With glances shy
and bold...

CHESTERTON

Mary.

MacDonald sits and Chesterton sits next to him, each leaving
their individual books aside them.

MACDONALD

Yes, my Mary, my angel, my
princess, my daughter. Lewis
Carroll loved her much as well. He
often took her to the theatre in
London. She was a vigorous and
healthy child. At 10, Wilfred
Dodgson, who had taught her to box
and used to call her the
'Kensington Chicken,'! When I look
forward and think how I shall look
back on my folly, I want to have
some of the wisdom now.

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CHESTERTON

And do you?

MACDONALD

(Looks at GKC for a long glance then looks away) I am consumed with the idea of death. It began before Mary passed away, my elfin child, but it became rose from the ink in all my work and prowled about my thoughts like a tiger in a cage from then on. How real death makes things look! And how we learn to cleave to the one shining fact in the midst of the darkness of this world's trouble, that Jesus did rise radiant! Our God is in the shadow as in the shine.

CHESTERTON

(Rises to take a moment, then almost to himself) And I say that if a man had climbed to the stars, and found the secrets of the angels, the best thing and the most useful thing he could do, would be to come back and romp with children.

After Chesterton recites this piece, he stops, staring off for a moment lost in memories. He catches himself, turns around see's MacDonald looking at him concern, knowing something somber, like an old wound is on Chesterton's mind. Chesterton sees this and smiles and suddenly bursts into this poem.

CHESTERTON

I cut a staff in a churchyard
 copse, I clad myself in ragged
 things, I set a feather in my cap
 That fell out of an angel's wings. I
 filled my wallet with white
 stones, I took three foxgloves in my
 hand, I slung my shoes across my
 back, And so I went to fairyland. I
 rejoice my friend that I have
 become old and wise enough to truly
 read fairy tales. I say without
 reservation that some of my
 absolute favorites have been penned
 by your hand. Think how many lives
 your tales have made better simply
 by following your path to fairy

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CHESTERTON (cont'd)

land. How many you have given the vision to see clearly, to see with imagination that which they may not see with their own eyes. To believe without seeing.

MACDONALD

Yes it is with imagination that faith lives a childlike faith. For my part I do not write only for children, but for the childlike, whether of five, or fifty, or seventy-five!

CHESTERTON

It is indeed the childlike robust joy and exhilarated wonder at the world which all of us weary adults soonest lose and later attempt to regain. Your tales are a gift to a weary world.

MACDONALD

My tales? The inspiration was not mine alone. Alexander John Scott blew the wind into my sails and set me off. My country man and a minister as well. He understood we were storied people, and the hunger the need to know our stories, our legends flamed inside each of us. It was he who propelled me towards writing these tales. Do you know, when I came to London thinking of joining the seminary I met this man who opened a window in a dark room for me. Scott had realized that we, the Britains had forgotten our stories. It was true, the tales and legends of our own people were forgotten in this rush to colonize the world and worship industry. Even in Cambridge and Oxford literature was not taught. Educated and uneducated had forgotten the tales of Chaucer, the legends of King Arthur, Beowulf, Shakespeare all had been put on a high shelf in a closet at the end of a forgotten hallway in an abandoned manor house, and that closet door was shut long ago. But Scott, he knew

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MACDONALD (cont'd)

we could not be a country who had forgotten our identity through our stories. So he began to give lectures, everywhere to everyone: in the streets of London, at the docks to the workers, he spoke to everyone. To the uneducated and in the pristine lecture halls of academia to the well educated. Imagine a Scott, man, from my own world and my own background restoring legend and myth to Londonites. I knew after my time with him, even as I was following the path to serving the church, that what felt God was calling me to, was to write. To create worlds.

CHESTERTON

We are made in his image, He is the divine creator, it is no doubt that we feel the spark to create too. You felt the freeing weight of God's grace, our hope for salvation.

MACDONALD

Aye. It is God's grace, that is available to even the greatest sinner that could save him. God's love for us. Alas, in trying to convey this my sermons were misinterpreted.

CHESTERTON

But they were magnificent my friend. I have read the unspoken sermons, ..they echoed of God's love.

MACDONALD

Magnificent? I am not at sure I can accept that grandeur. I was to be a minister, support my family, feed my children and instead, I was disgraced, sent our from my ministry, let go. Accused of sounding too much like a Papist. I felt a failure, as a preacher and as a provider for my family. A failure as a man.

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CHESTERTON

Perhaps that was part of God's plan. We don't see the entire novel, nor even a page of that plan, only a glimpse of events in the present, how we to know carrying our crosses will have glory waiting. an embrace from the God who loves us.

MACDONALD

Yes, God is love and he is always teaching us to love him. God is so beautiful, and so patient, and so loving, and so generous that he is the heart & soul & rock of every love and every kindness every gladness in the world. All the beauty in the world & in the hearts of men, all the painting all the poetry all the music, all the architecture comes out of his heart first. He is so lovable that no heart can know how lovable he is. In order that we should know God, & so see how lovable he is, we must first of all know and understand Jesus Christ. When we understand what he meant when he spoke, & why he did the things he did, when we see into his heart, then we shall understand God, for Jesus is just what God is. But it all depends on us, and we might lose. We might fail and struggle but we do, we must surrender to His plan, only retuning love and praise.

CHESTERTON

You had no fear, you spoke of Heaven and Hell as if one could not be understood without the other. The passion and courage of Anodos who awakes in the other world, and journeys to the marble palace to the great library. There in your tale Phantastes he reads many tales, he understands his journey to become a knight, and what it may ask of him.

MACDONALD

He enters the tale!

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CHESTERTON

Yes, YES he enters the tale and begins his metamorphosis, denying his pride and self sacrifice, shining a beatific light on the dark tunnels of his soul. It is in fact our journey to God's love, our becoming worthy of God's love. So we take inherit the lessons Anodos learns in fairyland and put them to practical use as he did when he returned to this world and as we will when we finish our time fairyland, as we close the cover of the book and reawaken here, in our home country, in England. We all must surrender to the plan of the greatest writer of all, He who is and will ever Be, He who is writing our story, which we in faith must inhabit.

MACDONALD

But we are not in England now are we. And are we in a fairy land? Are you dressed as Sir Percival to help lead me on my journey, to save me as Percival in Fairy Land did save Anodos from the allure of the Alder tree, who only wants to deliver him to the evil Ash? Ash, a waking shadow of a large hand, with knotty joints and protuberances here and there. I saw the fingers close, and grind themselves close, like the claws of a wild animal, as if in uncontrollable longing for some anticipated prey. And will I listen or as with Anodos require a mighty swing of you weapon in order to rescue me? Rescue my soul?

CHESTERTON

I do not know my role in this theodrama. Does one ever? I know I found this regalia waiting for me. When I put it on, I next found that book, your "Phantastes", as you found this "The Princess and The Goblin". And after that I found you. You entered, into this station between the worlds, and here we are.

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MACDONALD

(To the window.) The sun in your land is beginning to set. It is the twilight. The twilight when things are so hard to see clearly. Where day meets night. When a tree branch may be a reaching arm, a fluttering insect may be a fairy when a hedgerow may be a doorway, a border to the hinterland the land of the faerie folk.

CHESTERTON

The fruitful imagination. That changes shape and shadow to creature or castle. The imagination that gives vision to the incomprehensible.

MACDONALD

Aye, the incomprehensible, it can't be seen without the imagination. I know imagination has it's darker side indeed, and that may be why it is so feared. But it is the land of the incomprehensible where we must travel for the greatest adventure. The greatest forces lie in the region of the incomprehensible, a fairy tale, a sonata, a storm, a limitless night seizes you and sweeps you away.

CHESTERTON

That my friend is what your stories do! They embrace our rational thinking and combine it with imagination, the combination of senses that is the golden key, hiding at the end of the rainbow that will unlock our very ability to take part in a deep exploring thought.

MACDONALD

Yes my friend you see it. SEE it. Who can comprehend God, His love, His mercy? Who can comprehend the perfectly divine and perfectly human nature of His son, Jesus? You cannot have such proof of the existence of God or the truth of the Gospel story as you can have of

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MACDONALD (cont'd)

a proposition in Euclid or a chemical experiment. But a man who will order his way by the word of the Master shall partake of his peace, and shall have a growing conviction that in him are hid all the treasures of wisdom and knowledge. In order that we should know God, & so see how lovable he is, we must first of all know and understand Jesus Christ. When we understand what he meant when he spoke, why he did the things he did, when we SEE into his heart, then we shall understand God, for Jesus is just what God is. To do this we must read and think. We must see with the mind's eye. The imaginative eye. That is the vision I wish to gift to all mankind through these stories. The gift of a developed vision, a vision made capable by the lens of imagination.

CHESTERTON

There you are, my boy, all three darts in the double twenty! All things are from God; and above all, reason and imagination are the great gifts of the mind. The function of imagination is not to make wonders facts as to make facts wonders. Through the gift imagination God has given all of us miraculous eyes to see.

MACDONALD

In very truth, a wise imagination, which is the presence of the spirit of God, is the best guide that man or woman can have; for it is not the things we see the most clearly that influence us the most powerfully; undefined, yet vivid visions of something beyond, something which eye has not seen nor ear heard, have far more influence than any logical sequences whereby the same things may be demonstrated to the intellect. It is the nature of the thing, not the clearness of its

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MACDONALD (cont'd)
outline, that determines its
operation. We live by faith, and
not by sight.

CHESTERTON
Correct and these tales you spin in
the realm for the faerie folk,
these fairy tales, anyone can
readily observe that one idea runs
from one end of them to the
other--the idea that peace and
happiness can only exist on some
condition. This idea, which is the
core of ethics, is the core of the
fairy tales.

MACDONALD
It seems the way to find some
things is to lose yourself. If both
Church and fairy-tale belong to
humanity, they may occasionally
cross circles, without injury to
either. Princess Irene was about
eight years old when my story
begins. One rainy afternoon the
princess opened a door in her
nursery, and found herself at the
foot of a curious old worm-eaten
oak stair case that shouldn't have
been behind that door and appeared
to have remained untouched for
year. Up and up she ran--such a long
way it seemed to her!--until she
came to the top of the third
flight. There she found the landing
was the end of a long passage. Into
this she ran. It was full of doors
on each side. There were so many
that she did not care to open any,
but ran on to the end, where she
turned into another passage, also
full of doors. When she had turned
twice more, and still saw doors and
only doors about her, she began to
get frightened. It was so silent!
It doesn't follow that she was
lost, because she had lost herself.
(He pauses) It is the journey of
the soul, a journey from a dream
like state of our lives to the
brighter world, a world of more
life... There is in your house a

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MACDONALD (cont'd)
door, one step through which
carries me into a world very much
another than this.

The Fairy appears again arriving unseen but standing in front of MacDonald, or just in the doorway.

FAIRY
Anodos, you never saw such a little
creature before, did you?

MACDONALD
No and indeed I hardly believe I do
now.

FAIRY
Ah! that is always the way with you
men; you believe nothing the first
time; and it is foolish enough to
let mere repetition convince you of
what you consider in itself
unbelievable. I am not going to
argue with you, however, but to
grant you a wish.

MACDONALD
How can such a very little creature
as you grant or refuse anything?

FAIRY
Is that all the philosophy you have
gained in one-and-twenty years?"
said she. "Form is much, but size
is nothing. It is a mere matter of
relation. I suppose your six-foot
lordship does not feel altogether
insignificant, though to others you
do look small beside your old Uncle
Ralph, who rises above you a great
half-foot at least. But size is of
so little consequence with old me,
that I may as well accommodate
myself to your foolish prejudices.

Now the Fairy crosses to him she seems to be taller now looking down to him, he stands facing her, the light in the station takes on a brilliant dazzling hue.

FAIRY
Now, you will believe me

MacDonald now crosses towards her to touch her, to see if she is real.

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FAIRY

Foolish boy, if you could touch me, I should hurt you. Besides, I was two hundred and thirty-seven years old, last Midsummer eve; and a man must not fall in love with his grandmother, you know.

MACDONALD

But you are not my grandmother.

FAIRY

How do you know that? Your little sister was reading a fairy-tale to you last night. When she had finished, she said, as she closed the book, 'Is there a fairy-country, brother?' You replied with a sigh, 'I suppose there is, if one could find the way into it.' You shall find the way into Fairy Land. Now look in my eyes. Do you see, you are assailed on the seas of my land, they journey past the darkened curtains that drape your world with the sorrow of memory, look to the horizon..

MacDonald stares into her eyes, she is now equal height to him and the room begins to glow and dazzle even more.

FAIRY

You are gazing on a whole heaven of stars, small and sparkling in the moonlight. Below lay a sea, still as death and hoary in the moon, sweeping into bays and around capes and islands, away, away, a low bog burnished by the moon.

MACDONALD

Surely there is such a sea somewhere!

FAIRY

There is, in Fairy Land, Anodos.

CHESTERTON

you have discovered the road into Fairy Land.

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FAIRY

Because my sweet boy, you saw with
the eyes of imagination, you
believed in what you could not see,
and so your faith, has shown you
the road to the most fantastical of
all destinations.

MacDonald wanders away in amazement looking out into the
dazzling light on his face. Eventually it is too much and he
must close his eyes and rub them with the palm of his hands
as a train whistle blows and the room returns to it's former
color.

When he opens his eyes the Fairy is gone, only Chesterton
sits looking at him. MacDonald looks in utter confusion at
him

CHESTERTON

You are on the same journey now, as
Anodos, as Princess Irene as all of
characters who took their own
journey of the soul out from behind
the veil of tears, out from this
valley of shadows, out into the
light.

MACDONALD

And you, like Percival are here to
help me. As Tangle showed Mossy the
door for his golden key which leads
up that spiral staircase up above
beyond, the shadows, beyond the
rainbow, even beyond fairy land to
a bright and beatific realm, much
more real than even this fanciful
place. Are you kin to the fairy
folk.

CHESTERTON

Oh that I were. But I have
journeyed with my own golden key,
which indeed led me here. My name
honored traveler is Gilbert Keith
Chesterton, this is my station and
it is a privilege to shake your
hand.

MACDONALD

Chesterton. The name seems
familiar. As does this station, and
everything in this strange land.

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CHESTERTON

As sometime soon so will the names of Lewis and Tolkien and so many others your stories have inflamed the imagination of and led to fairyland, leaving the door in a wardrobe cracked open behind you for us to follow. The whole object of travel is not to set foot on foreign land; it is at last to set foot on one's own country as a foreign land.

MACDONALD

Then perhaps this is your conductor's uniform.

We hear a train pull up...

CHESTERTON

No, I was just playing dress up, I hoped the sight of Percival from one of your books would comfort you. As Percival did for Anodos in Phantastes I was here to help you along to the, ...the next landing in the stair case, wherever that may be. They don't tell me much you know.

We hear the brakes of the train hiss...

MACDONALD

That is my train then, to take me on in my journey. Thank you my friend, Gilbert, we will meet again I hope. If you don't mind, if you think it would be alright, I'd like to take this with me? (He holds up the copy of Phantastes.)

CHESTERTON

I can't see how it wouldn't be alright. As to our meeting again, I believe it may be so, and when we do we shall sit with Chaucer, Mallory, Shakespeare, Coleridge and all the rest, arm to arm with the best food and finest wines on the board in front of us at the most glorious wedding feast only the eyes of imagination have yet seen.

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MacDonald smiles, he turns and exits the station, taking his copy of Phantastes onto the train which we hear depart.

Chesterton watches it pull out of the station from the window, he crosses to the bench and removes his Knights cloak and his sword and lays them both on the bench along with the book, The Princess and the Goblin. He looks to the window where he last saw MacDonald go. He muses and then calls to mind these lines of verse.

CHESTERTON

My friends, we will not go again or
ape an ancient rage,

Or stretch the folly of our youth
to be the shame of age,

But walk with clearer eyes and ears
this path that wandereth,

And see undrugged in evening light
the decent inn of death;

For there is good news yet to hear
and fine things to be seen,

Before we go to Paradise,...

by way of Kensal Green.

He chuckles to himself and begins to leave, CLOSE on the cross on the cloak or the cross of the broadsword handle, laying next to it the book The Princess and the Goblin.

Chesterton's hand reaches into frame and grabs the book out of the frame, to take with him.

Credits on the cloak and sword handle.

FADE OUT