

Hey! Get away from me! Stop!

(The other BANDITS rush back and surround Gideon. They pull Aspiration away.)

TROUBADOUR

Gideon struggled, but it was too late. Soon he was surrounded by bandits. His horse was pulled away.

TRENT

(examining Aspiration)

Where'd you steal this horse from, boy?

GIDEON

I didn't steal her! I just ... borrowed her without permission.

SNEAKER

Hey, that's what we do!

TRENT

(he looks at Gideon's work-calloused hands)

A runaway farm hand or stable boy from the look of him.

(to Gideon)

I think we'll sell you to the galleys of Nestemmia. They'll chain you to an oar, and you'll row and row for the rest of your days.

SNEAKER

And only have ten minute breaks on the hour!

TRENT

No, there won't be breaks. Would you please let me do the talking?

SNEAKER

Sorry sir.

TRENT

(his gaze covering Gideon, Aspiration)

A horse and a boy. This is quite a haul. Take them to camp!

SOME PREFER A JOB

WE RESPECT THEIR CHOICE

AND WE ASK THAT THEY RESPECT OURS TOO

FROM THEM WITH FULLEST PURSE

TO THEM WITH PRESSING NEED

SO PLEASE DON'T SHOUT, YOU'LL MAKE THINGS WORSE,