

Lucky Knight

an original script
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FADE IN:

EXT. MEADOW -- DAY

Green, rolling hills. A CASTLE stands far in the distance.

A large HORSE and a small PONY graze, tethered to a tree, fitted out as the mounts of our hero and his squire.

The knight, LUMBERT, 21, relieves himself upon a tree. He's young and strong and handsome, but he's peeing on his boots.

FELCH, 45, a greasy bug of a man, Lambert's squire and scheming confidant, scratches his back against a tree.

The horses WHINNY. Felch wanders into the clearing.

In the distance stands a large, SCARY MOUNTAIN. A DRAGON, still just a dot in the sky, flies toward them.

The dragon ROARS.

The horses, unhappy now, pull against their restraints. Felch moves away from the clearing.

FELCH

Zounds. Gwarm. Out of the meadow!
The dragon! I'll free the horses.

Felch runs into the meadow for another look, but stops short.

The dragon, much closer now, flies in fast. ROAR.

FELCH (CONT'D)

Fuck me.

Felch dives into some small bushes. Poor cover. The horses tremble. Lambert stumbles, focused on urinating.

Felch, having taken cover, draws his BOW and targets the HORSE'S TIES. His aim sucks and the arrow wildly flies off.

FELCH (CONT'D)

Put your dingus away and hide.

LUMBERT

I can't stop once I start. It burns.

Lambert trips and falls behind a bush, urine streaming behind.

GWARM, the dragon, lands with a THUD. Sixty feet long, some CGI artist's lifelong vision of pure lizardly evil.

The dragon eats the pony in one crunching bite. CRUNCH.

FELCH

Becky!

Gwarm ROARS.

Felch crawls toward the trees.

LUMBERT'S BUSH

Lumbert sits, his back to a small tree. Urine arcing offscreen. At least he isn't getting it all over himself.

IN THE CLEARING

Gwarm licks his pointed teeth as the horse strains against his tether. Gwarm smiles, extends a long claw--

And cut's the horse's tie. The horse runs like a bullet straight across the field. Gwarm waits.

Just before the horse reaches the trees, the dragon springs like a whip, catching the horse in its' massive jaws.

Gwarm CRUNCHES down on Lumbert's mount. As he attempts to swallow, however, the horse gets stuck in his throat.

Gwarm spends the next minute choking to death. He starts with some basic COUGHING.

The horse is in, but not too deep.

After a few minor attempts to dislodge the horse, Gwarm violently clears his throat. GLLGGL.

Now he's in trouble.

Gwarm chokes and stumbles about.

Felch comes out from behind his copse of trees, holding his bow with an arrow.

FELCH
Die, you stinking lizard!

Felch's shot, again, flies off at a preposterous angle.

Gwarm hears Felch but has greater issues. He's choking to death and he knows it.

Gwarm STOMPS and THRASHES, angrily.

Felch loads another arrow as Gwarm turns round to see him.

Felch stands frozen in the dragon's stare.

FELCH (CONT'D)
Lumbert?

EXT. LUMBERT'S BUSH -- DAY

Lumbert ducks. The arc of urine continues past.

LUMBERT

Well, whaddaya want me to do?

EXT. MEADOW -- DAY

Gwarm looks toward Lumbert's hideout but stays on Felch.

Felch fails to calmly string another arrow, dropping it.

Gwarm stumbles toward Felch.

FELCH

Kill him. Distract him? Anything.

EXT. LUMBERT'S BUSH -- DAY

The arc of urine aiming offscreen stops. Loud STUMBLING.

LUMBERT

Aaah.

Lumbert shakes, clears his throat, and gets back on task.

LUMBERT (CONT'D)

Diversion? Like a fire? Or a flood?

Lumbert scans but sees only trees and bushes, lush and green.

LUMBERT (CONT'D)

I could hit him with a rock, or a stick, or a tree-- no, no tree-- a big pointy stick.

Lumbert picks up a small twig.

Something moves beside him.

A friendly little WHITE MOUSE, flashing a dazzling, toothy smile winks his little whiskers and hops onto Lumbert's leg.

The little mouse smiles and jumps up onto Lumbert's ankle.

Lumbert puts his hand to his side and waits as the little mouse skips up his thigh, grinning.

The mouse bows low.

MOUSE

Greetings and saluta-

Lumbert's hand CLAPS down hard on the mouse.

EXT. MEADOW -- DAY

Felch examines the body of Gwerm, who lies dead. The mouse flies in fast and hits Felch in the groin. He falls, wounded.

LUMBERT (O.S.)
Take that, hellworm!

FELCH
(fetal, pissed)
He's dead, idiot. What did you throw?

Lumbert rises from his bush and walks into the clearing.

LUMBERT
Mouse. Thought it might scare him.

Lumbert helps Felch to his feet.

FELCH
Dragons aren't scared of mice, you trollcunny. Why didn't you attack him with your sword?

LUMBERT
(checks sword)
Yeah, right. That's a dragon. I threw that mouse real hard.

FELCH
(scans for witnesses)
We carve him up a little, we say you defeated him in battle. Use your sword, cut him up a little. I'll plant an arrow or two into him.

LUMBERT
You think?

FELCH
Absolutely.

Lumbert swings down hard. CLANG. Not a scratch.

Felch shoots an arrow fifteen feet over the dragon. Lumbert attacks again, without affect.

FELCH (CONT'D)
Poke him in the eye.

Lumbert successfully jabs his sword into the open eye of the dragon. It leaks ooze. They move back.

FELCH (CONT'D)
That'll work. Now cut off his ears.

Lumbert pulls a DAGGER out of his boot, and starts to cut.

EXT. FOREST -- DAY

WIGAND, 60, sniveling captain, leads mounted TROOPS of the king's army through the forest. A CORPORAL approaches.

CORPORAL
Through those trees.

EXT. MEADOW -- DAY

The troop fans into the meadow, amazed. Lambert stops cutting at the ears and looks away, guilty. Wigand glares at Gwerm.

WIGAND
Who did this?

FELCH
(steps up)
Sir Lambert defeated the monster,
saving me, and lo, each and every
one of us.
(hugs Lambert)
Thanks, buddy.

WIGAND
(skeptical)
Really? Lambert killed Gwerm? How?

FELCH
Well, when the dragon attacked--

WIGAND
No. Not you. You. Lambert. How
did you kill this dragon?

LUMBERT
Sword?

FELCH
Pierced right through to the brain.

Wigand strokes Gwerm like a dead pet.

WIGAND
(hides rage)
Congratulations, Sir Lambert. I
didn't know you had it in you. Horses
for these men. To the castle!

Lambert and Felch mount horses and the troop heads out. As they do, PEASANTS enter and attack the carcass.

PEASANT 1
The great dragon is dead. Huzzah!

PEASANT 2
Nothing but meat tonight.

INT. PALACE HALLWAY -- DAY

KING SVABOYGAN walks with his creepy counselor, WESCOTT. The aged king wears a LARGE RED GEM around his neck.

WESCOTT

If you will not make a treaty, we must raise taxes to pay for an army.

SVABOYGAN

We're not going to raise taxes. And I'll die before I agree to a treaty with Morlock. He'd make us slaves.

WESCOTT

Better slaves than dinner. Perhaps the wizard will be merciful. Someone will have to manage the slaves.

The corporal runs in and kneels before the king.

SVABOYGAN

Yeah, what is it?

CORPORAL

Your highness, Gwarm is dead. He was killed by a knight named Lumbert. Captain Wigand leads him back now.

Svaboygan and Wescott, surprised.

SVABOYGAN

(thrilled)

Really? That's great. Have the cooks prepare a feast. Spread word through the city.

CORPORAL

Yes, my king.

Corporal leaves.

SVABOYGAN

Finally, good news. I hated that fucking dragon. Must be some knight.

WESCOTT

I'm sure.

(they walk)

Now, about the wizard.

SVABOYGAN

Not now. We've got to get ready for the party.

EXT. INSIDE CASTLE WALLS -- DAY

The troop leads a triumphant march through the walled city. PEASANTS, MERCHANTS and MAIDENS cheer.

Felch milks the crowd for all he's worth, pointing to the sky and flirting with the maidens. Lambert looks scared.

INT. PALACE -- DAY

A huge throne room.

Svaboygan sits in his crown and big red gem, Wescott behind. Svaboygan scratches himself and yawns.

COURT MAIDENS and KNIGHTS line the way as Felch and Lambert approach the throne.

A prissy, dimple-cheeked pageboy, PIP, 14, stands forward.

PIP
General Wigand.

WIGAND
Your highness. The knight Sir Lambert and his squire, Master Felch. They killed Gwarm, the last dragon.

Felch beams. Lambert holds out the ears of the dragon.

SVABOYGAN
Those his ears?

Lambert nods and lays them at Svaboygan's feet.

SVABOYGAN (CONT'D)
You did that after you killed him, right?
(Lambert nods)
Hey, that was a joke.

Court LAUGHTER sounds like an applause track. Svaboygan picks up an ear and addresses Felch.

SVABOYGAN (CONT'D)
(smells the ear)
You help?

FELCH
Only as a distraction, my king. It was Sir Lambert, really.

SVABOYGAN
These would make nice boots. You're brave men. Gwarm killed a lot of our people, and his death is a mitzvah. Sir Lambert, I name you Knight Regent.

Svaboygan makes an elaborate hand-gesture, knighting.

SVABOYGAN (CONT'D)
And for defeating the dragon, I offer
you the hand of my daughter, the
lovely Princess Jacme.

The crowd APPLAUDS. Lambert stands, shocked.

SVABOYGAN (CONT'D)
Felch, is it?

FELCH
Yes, my king?

SVABOYGAN
You wannabe a knight?

FELCH
Of course, my king.

SVABOYGAN
You're a knight.

WIGAND
But, your highness. He cannot be a
knight. He is not of noble birth.
He owns no property. His mother was
a mu-lat-to.

The crowd MURMURS.

SVABOYGAN
Well, then, I grant you the land of
the miller. He and his family died
in a fire just a few days ago.

WESCOTT
But your highness, we only recently
reacquired that land.

SVABOYGAN
Perfect. We won't even miss it.

The crowd CHEERS.

WESCOTT
But your highness--

SVABOYGAN
The man helped kill a dragon. Did
you ever kill a dragon, Wescott?

WESCOTT
Of course not.

SVABOYGAN

Well, there you go. I don't have any more daughters, so you may take your pick from among the palace maidens. Ladies?

TWO DOZEN BEAUTIFUL MAIDENS step forward, as different as possible, yet each uniquely beautiful.

SVABOYGAN (CONT'D)

Pretty good day for you, huh?

Felch walks along the edge of the crowd, leering.

The palace maidens beam and flirt with him. They're gorgeous.

FELCH

OK, I'm ready. Her.

MONA steps forward. She's athletic, poised and radiant.

MONA

I am pleased to be your servant.

SVABOYGAN

If it were ten years ago, I'd be going Prima Noche on you, honeypants.

FELCH

And her.

NINA, a gorgeous milkmaid, stands forward.

SVABOYGAN

Nice.

FELCH

And her and her. No, not you, her.

One returns, and another steps out.

LOLA and CLARISSA join the line. Lola, a courtly maiden, and Clarissa, a fortune teller.

Felch's four new wives stand together, posing.

SVABOYGAN

I would have stopped at three, but good for you. Let the feasts begin!

The crowd CHEERS.

Above them, in the rafters, a RAVEN stares down at the proceedings, focused on Svaboygan's big red gem.

INT. MORLOCK'S CAVE -- DAY

A dark and misty grotto, eerily torchlit. MORLOCK, 70, an evil wizard, stares into a pool display of the raven's view.

Enter BING, troll servant to MORLOCK. Three feet tall and malformed of mud and feces, his voice is a breathy Igor.

BING

The great dragon indeed is dead. He choked on a fat horse, my master.

MORLOCK

Choked? Interesting.

BING

(bows)

Master. Oh wonderful Master, could you please destroy me again?

MORLOCK

Bing, my time--

BING

(shuffles, contrite)

Yes, my master, please forgive me.

Bing, sullen, waits for orders as Morlock checks the pool.

MORLOCK

Oh, all right.

(gestures, bored)

Run fireball.

A FIREBALL shoots from Morlock's hand, hitting Bing and blowing him to pieces. BOOM!

Flaming chunks of Bing cling to the walls.

MORLOCK (CONT'D)

(gestures)

Make Bing.

The chunks of crap fall to the floor, leaving no mark. The pieces roll/slide/terminator together, forming a body.

BING

Oh, yeah, baby--

(restored)

Oh, thank you, master.

Morlock nods a welcome, and Bing runs from the room, ecstatic. Morlock checks the pool, where Lumbert scratches himself.

MORLOCK

Just an idiot, with a fat horse and jockitch.

INT. BANQUET HALL -- NIGHT

A grand feast. Knights and court maidens drink mead, eat mutton, etc.

Felch and Lambert sit alongside the happily drunken king. Felch's four hot wives all eat meat with their hands.

Opposite the King, Wescott and Wigand sit together.

The raven watches from the rafters.

SVABOYGAN

Wigand, about Gwerm's death. Where, exactly, did it happen?

Wigand shifts uneasily. He looks up at the raven.

WIGAND

Near the hidden forest, some eight miles from the city walls. We had heard of travelers being accosted by gnomes in the area, so I had a special troop with me to rout them out.

SVABOYGAN

Gnomes? Did you find any gnomes?

WIGAND

No, we had just reached the area when we heard the dragon's roar.

SVABOYGAN

(butters his bread)

So you heard Gwerm, and ran toward him? That's awfully brave. Where were you when he attacked the castle last year and killed forty soldiers without getting a scratch?

(to Lambert)

Lambert, how, exactly, did you kill the dragon?

FELCH

A sword right through the eye, straight to the brain, right Lambert?

Lambert nods dumbly and chews something undercooked.

SVABOYGAN

Yeah, but how? That's a big dragon. He blew fire. He ate hundreds of villagers. What did you do differently? No offense, kid, but I don't get it.

Lambert looks at Felch for guidance.

Wigand and Wescott weasel, smugly.

FELCH

My king, Gwarm's death was a miracle
of luck and simple bravery. He struck
just as the old worm went to eat
him. Had Gwarm not died instantly,
we would both be dead.

(tearing up)

He saved my life.

Felch buries his head in Nina's bosom. She rubs his back.

SVABOYGAN

Lumbert? Do you ever say anything?
You know, after you marry my daughter,
you'll be in line for the throne.
You're going to have to talk, then.

LUMBERT

My king. I feel that I am unworthy
for the princess.

SVABOYGAN

Oh, you're fine. She's done worse.

LUMBERT

Will she be coming tonight?

SVABOYGAN

Don't worry about that. Princess
Jacme is always late. She'll be here.
Hey, what happened to your hand?

The back of Lumbert's left hand bears a DEEP BRAND in the shape of a triangle. The burn is stretched and faded.

The raven steps toward them, along the rafters.

LUMBERT

Oh, it's a birthmark.

SVABOYGAN

That's no birthmark. It's a burn.

LUMBERT

I'm pretty sure it's a birthmark.

Interested in the mark, the raven flies down onto the table.

FELCH

Oh, he's always had that.

The raven lands next to some meat, a few feet from Lumbert. It locks eyes with Wescott, who nods.

Clarissa, the fortune teller, rises. She shifts into a semi-trance state and speaks in a spooky voice.

CLARISSA

I know this mark. It's a hortu brand, and a mystic one at that. From childhood. This brand means "Killer of Wizards." Hold it up.

Lambert puts his branded hand on the table, and reaches for another leg of mutton with the other.

The raven stands next to the tray of meat. Lambert accidentally grabs the raven's wing. The raven, pissed and SQUAWKING, tries to fly.

Lambert holds on, and confused, beats the raven to death on the table. THWACK. THWACK.

THWACHTHWACK. THWACK.

Wigand recoils.

INT. MORLOCK'S CAVE -- NIGHT

Morlock's face in closeup, his eye bleeds. He SHRIEKS in pain and falls to the floor.

The pool/display goes blank.

MORLOCK

It can't be.

Morlock climbs up, shaken, and paces the room, holding his bleeding eye.

He stops pacing and begins an incantation, flashing his hands.

MORLOCK (CONT'D)

Run soothsayer.

Smoke rises in the room. Music swells.

A terrible look appears on Morlock's bloody face as a shape begins to form.

A wisened old woman, a foot tall, emerges from the smoke. She appears to be made of stone and covered with warts. This is the SOOTHSAYER.

Her eyes blink with mischief.

SOOTHSAYER

At your command.

INT. BANQUET HALL -- NIGHT

Lumbert holds the dead bird as the others stare at him. Wigand holds back angry tears. Lumbert tosses the bird away.

LUMBERT

Sorry. It wasn't cooked.

SVABOYGAN

(to Clarissa)

You were saying.

CLARISSA

This is a symbol given to a child
protected by magic.

Lumbert looks at the burn on his hand.

A COMMOTION as JACME, 18, enters. She is gorgeous, dim, and spoiled, with a piercing, grating, and evil squeaky voice.

JACME

Get out of the fucking way already!

(approaches Lumbert)

You must be the new guy. You're
cuter than the last five.

LUMBERT

I'm Lumbert.

JACME

Yeah, I know. You killed a dragon.
You win my hand. Congratu-fucking-
lations. Great system, FOR THE MEN.

SVABOYGAN

Sit down and be nice.

Jacme sits down next to Lumbert, torn between her major hottieness and the inescapable torture of her voice.

JACME

I'm sorry, Lumbert. I'm sure we'll
have a good time. A very good time.

Jacme puts her hand on Lumbert's thigh. Svaboygan glares.

SVABOYGAN

Jacme.

JACME

(to Lumbert)

I can touch my tongue to my forehead.

SVABOYGAN

Every fucking time.

INT. MORLOCK'S CAVE -- NIGHT

Eye bandaged, Morlock stands with the soothsayer by the pool.

Waving his hands, Morlock fast-forwards through the last images seen by the raven, freeze-framing on Lumbert's hand.

MORLOCK

Well?

Soothsayer smiles. She talks with a Simka-from-Taxi accent.

SOOTHSAYER

As you know, for many years, every magician with a dead peasant child was casting a hero over darkness spell, so there are many, but this one is quite unusual. It's a wood brand, which means it's Grendolian, and they only had two hero myths: the man who shall touch the sky and the bringer of light. The man who will touch the sky is very tall, so this one's the bringer of light.

MORLOCK

What's that?

SOOTHSAYER

It's from a song. I play for you.

The Soothsayer nods her head and all of a sudden she's holding a little red electric BC Rich Warlock-style guitar.

SOOTHSAYER (CONT'D)

(sings)

In the time of the last dragon, when darkness sweeps the land, and everything around it turns to evil. A wizard steals Halma's Eye and darkness sweeps the land, and everything around it turns to evil.

THREE TROLLS materialize from the wall and join in chorus.

TROLLS

(sing)

Someday we will make a soup of you, someday you will die die die. Someday we'll regurgitate your goo, once we have Halma's Eye!

The trolls laugh and squaredance, circling Morlock's feet.

Morlock capitulates and blows them to bits with a wordless flick of the hand. BOOM. Chunks of trolls scatter the room.

MORLOCK

Run, Trolls.
(to Soothsayer)
Go on.

The troll pieces merge into one large troll, Morlock's size.

SOOTHSAYER

(sings)

An ancient curse is born again within
a human child, he bears the mark of
Glendironderaggin. A heart so pure
and kind and good, his bodice
undefiled, he'll find a way to kill
that fucking dragon.

The troll and Morlock do a choreographed dance routine.

The troll pulls off his own head like a basketball. He shoots
over Morlock and the head splatters against the cave wall.

Still dancing, a new head emerges from the torso of the troll.

TROLL

(sing)

And then he'll catch the wizard and
stab him in the head, he'll stab him
and he'll stab him til he's dead
dead dead. Yeah, he'll stab him in
the head head head. He'll stab that
stupid wizard.

The troll breaks back into three trolls, still dancing.

MORLOCK

(shouts)

How can he be stopped?

MUSIC stops. The soothsayer clicks a tiny distortion pedal.

SOOTHSAYER

Just a second.

She plays a shredding guitar solo, climaxing into an open
fifth chord. Oodelaydelay whanwhhaa. The guitar disappears.

SOOTHSAYER (CONT'D)

I don't get to play much anymore.
The bringer of light can only be
killed by an undead lycanthrope.
Like a zombie werewolf.

MORLOCK

Where the hell am I supposed to get
one of those?

INT. BANQUET HALL -- NIGHT

PARTYGOERS slouch drunk at their tables.

Lumbert winces with Jacme's every squeaking syllable.

JACME (O.S.)

It was like, the guy kept saying
they were pure alligator but I know
they were kobald. And so I only bought
six pair. A blue pair. And red, and
yellow, and white, and red, purple,
grey and yellow. Wait, that's seven--
Red, green, blue, purple-- wait, did
I see green? Red, yellow, white,
blue-- red, yellow, blue-- purple
grey and red and yellow--

Svaboygan snores quietly at the head of the main table.

Clarissa, Mona, Lola and Nina, carry an unconscious Felch
out of the room, past Lumbert and Jacme.

MONA

We'll bring him back tomorrow.

CLARISSA

Beware your mark. As I told you,
you are surrounded by magic.

She smiles and they exit.

JACME

It's cool you're protected by magic.

LUMBERT

Yeah.

INT. BANQUET HALL -- DAY

Wescott and Wigand conspire near ROASTED CHICKENS and CATS.

WIGAND

Let me kill him now. Morlock would
approve.

WESCOTT

We have very specific instructions.
I suggest we follow them. Morlock is
going to rule this kingdom. We can
be rich and his servants or dead and
his servants. Take Jacme tonight.
Tomorrow, the king quiesces to
Morlock's demands or she dies.

Wigand glares daggers at Lumbert.

WESCOTT (CONT'D)

And I'm sorry about your bird. That was awful, just thwacking it over and over against the table.

WIGAND

Can't I at least kill him?

WESCOTT

You have more important things to attend to. And he may be tougher than he looks. He killed your dragon.

INT. BANQUET HALL -- DAY

Lumbert and Jacme play grabass under the table.

WIGAND

Princess, I'm afraid we must get you back to the palace. Lumbert, you'll be quartered here in the knight's barracks until the wedding.

LUMBERT

When will that be?

WIGAND

Why, after you defeat the evil wizard, Morlock, I would guess. It would be silly for you to marry right before you die, don't you think?

(to Jacme)

Although I do think it's great you kids are getting along so well. Your father will be so pleased. Come, Princess.

Wigand offers his arm, but Jacme ignores it, rising.

JACME

See ya, Lumbert.

Wigand and Jacme exit with two guards.

JACME (CONT'D)

What's the big deal? I was just going to give him a handjob.

Lumbert sits alone, smiling across the room to Wescott.

WESCOTT

(through his smile)

Dumbass.

Lumbert gets up and stumbles out the door.

EXT. BANQUET HALL -- NIGHT

Lumbert stumbles down the corridor, drunk. He leans against the side of the building. An anachronistic ZIP.

INT. PALACE -- NIGHT

Wigand and Princess Jacme walk, TWO GUARDS trailing behind.

JACME

Do you think he likes me?

WIGAND

I'm sure that he holds you in the same high regard as the rest of us.

JACME

Yeah, whatever. But do you think he likes me?

WIGAND

(takes her hand)

You know, I had hoped that you and I--

JACME

Oh, general, not again.

WIGAND

I could make you very happy.

JACME

It wasn't that good.

WIGAND

When Morlock is finished with you, you'll wish you'd accepted my offer.

Wigand punches Jacme in the face. She falls hard.

WIGAND (CONT'D)

Bring her.

EXT. BANQUET HALL -- DAY

Wigand leads the guards on horseback, Jacme tied over a pony.

Lumbert, silhouetted, pees against the building. PSSSS.

Wigand aims his bow. THCK. SPLT. The shadow falls.

WIGAND

Let's go.

Wigand and the guards ride off.

TIME CUT TO:

EXT. BANQUET HALL -- DAY

A beautiful day. Lambert wakes in a mostly dried puddle. A small PIG lies next to him, an ARROW through its' chest.

Lambert dusts himself off and stumbles away. Bad hair day.

EXT. BARRACKS -- DAY

Lambert approaches a large building with a sign: "Barracks".

INT. BARRACKS -- DAY

The room is filled with BUNKS, but only a few soldiers are present, and they don't look much like soldiers.

Three black dwarves, POKEY, JOJO and FLEETWOOD, sit against a wagon, passing a large, smoking PIPE.

PREGO, 20, skeezy, sits small and ratlike on his bunk, cutting his scary toenails.

CHUCK, 25, wears a big cross, and sits on a bunk near the entrance, working hard to bite through a piece of JERKY.

Lambert enters and approaches Chuck at his bunk.

LUMBERT

Hey, what's going on?

CHUCK

No idea. Normally, they call revelie really early. But when I woke up, everyone was gone. Goat?

LUMBERT

No, thanks.

Lambert looks at the dwarves clouded by smoke, and Prego with his knife and toes, and walks back out of the barracks.

EXT. STABLES -- DAY

Lambert walks past empty stables, doors wide.

EXT. CASTLE -- DAY

Lambert enters through the main hall. There are no guards.

INT. PALACE -- DAY

Lambert enters the empty throne room.

Lambert peeks around and behind a large curtain.

INT. PALACE ANTECHAMBER -- DAY

The room is in disarray. Svaboygan mumbles on a small throne, no longer wearing the red gem.

Lumbert's head pokes in. Svaboygan keeps mumbling to himself.

LUMBERT
Excuse me, your highness?

SVABOYGAN
(snaps alert)
No need to bother with that sort of
formality. Morlock is your new king.
Come on in.

LUMBERT
(approaching)
What's going on?

SVABOYGAN
Well, the army ran away to join
Morlock. The people ran away because
anyone not turned into an ogre for
the army will soon be slave to
Morlock. Wigand kidnapped my daughter
and he and Wescott took off with the
kingdom's money. I just handed the
eye of darkness to one of Morlock's
messengers in exchange for my and my
daughter's lives, which probably
aren't worth much, even if he doesn't
kill us anyway, which I expect. I'm
a bad king. I shoulda been a tailor.

LUMBERT
There are still soldiers.

SVABOYGAN
Anybody still here isn't worth having.
Morlock got the soldiers. Most of
those down there are work release.
I can't tell you what to do, but
you're probably better off joining
Morlock. He could make you into a
pretty terrifying ogre, I'd guess.

Svaboygan rises and addresses a large MIRROR above him.
Svaboygan strips off his shirt.

LUMBERT
Shouldn't someone try and stop him?

SVABOYGAN
That's a nice plan, kid. But he's
way too powerful.
(MORE)

SVABOYGAN (CONT'D)
He's watching me now. If I even
suggest that maybe you ought to go
kill Morlock, well, that'd be it.

LUMBERT
Really?

SVABOYGAN
As I understand it, yes.

Svaboygan disrobes, stumbles and falls.

Lambert kneels to comfort him. Svaboygan shudders in pain.

SVABOYGAN (CONT'D)
You know what? I like your optimism,
kid. Oh no. He has it.

Svaboygan, sweating and losing color, reaches for Lambert.

SVABOYGAN (CONT'D)
The liar.
(clutches his chest)
Lambert, I pronounce you commander
of the King's Army. Save my daughter.
Restore peace.
(gasps)
Save our people.

LUMBERT
Yes, my king.

Seemingly surprised, Svaboygan stops breathing and dies.

Lambert gets up and looks around, unsure what to do.

He kicks at Svaboygan. No response. Lambert looks around
for help. He checks behind the curtain.

He takes the CROWN and hides it in a corner.

Lambert returns and kneels before the dead king.

LUMBERT (CONT'D)
Uh...

He gets up and grabs the naked corpse by the feet. He drags
the body across the carpet to a couch.

Lambert lifts his dead king onto the couch.

The king's face is badly rugburned. Lambert rolls him over.

Lambert slinks away. Svaboygan's body falls off the bed.

Lambert looks around paranoid and runs out, upset.

EXT. MORLOCK'S CASTLE -- DAY

A carrier PIGEON flies toward an ominous castle. A FALCON swoops in, crushing it, and carries it away.

INT. MORLOCK'S CAVE -- DAY

Morlock sits at a stone desk, reading a BOOK called "Gygax' Lycanthropy." He wears a PATCH over the wounded eye.

The falcon flies in through an unseen window and drops the dead pigeon on Morlock's lap.

Morlock unwraps a small POUCH attached to the bottom half of the bird. He extracts the king's RED AMULET.

MORLOCK

It is time.

Lightning FLASHES and thunder CRACKS outside.

Through the next sequence, Morlock casts an extended spell. The cave around him swirls in and out of focus as he chants.

Morlock pulls off the eyepatch, revealing an empty socket.

The Eye is moved between the hands with a rapid precision.

MORLOCK (CONT'D)

Nie, Nie, Nie...

MUSIC swells as Morlock violently jams the gem into his injured eye socket.

MORLOCK (CONT'D)

Bah!

He collapses to the ground. And that's when the fun starts.

Black.

Racing lights, and then evil, wispy CGI ghosts and monsters flying around the room.

The eye casts a sick red light as Morlock contorts in pain.

EXT. MORLOCK'S CASTLE -- DAY

Darkness rolls in. Thunder CRACKS as tremendous bolts of lightning spray across the sky. Clouds boil.

Morlock looks at an attendant troll. The Eye emits a laser like beam that melts the troll with a HISSSS.

TROLL

No, daddy!

EXT. BARRACKS -- DAY

Lumbert walks toward the barracks as the weather turns. Within seconds, the sky is overcast and rain PISSES down.

INT. BARRACKS -- DAY

The three dwarves, plus Chuck, Prego, and TUSKO, in rusted armor, eat, taking turns chewing off a greasy LEG OF MUTTON.

RAIN, hotty druid, meditates in a corner, humming and holding a large, UNLIT CANDLE. Lumbert enters, unsure where to begin.

TUSKO

Where's Wigand?

LUMBERT

He's with Morlock, with the army.

POKEY

Nobody told me about betraying our king and allying ouselves with evil.

JOJO

Damn. And I know why they didn't take us. Everybody hates dwarves. It's bad enough we got to wear these funny little pants. What a gyp.

TUSKO

(re: Prego)

Why didn't they take you? You're almost a man.

PREGO

And you're a lump of your grandma's asscandy. So they didn't want me. They didn't take you, either.

RAIN

(rises, at Prego)

He's a thief! They didn't take him because they don't trust him. Because he lies! Trollbugger!

Rain storms off as Prego motions that he seduced her. The male crowd approves. Pokey high fives Prego. Rain glares.

PREGO

(to Lumbert)

So, what's the deal, dragonkiller?

LUMBERT

Umm, the king, and he's, well, dead. And I'm umm, the king died because--

The pageboy, Pip, runs in, with an inconceivable lisp.

PIP

News! News! The king is dead! Wigand and Wescott stole his daughter, our princess, and now queen, Jacme. They away with her to Morlock, the evil wizard. The king's dying act was the appointment of sir Lumbert as new commander of the army, with the charge to kill the wizard and save us all from ultimate darkness and evil!

All stand, dumbfounded. Pip orates in full rallying mode.

PIP (CONT'D)

And you, kind sirs, your kingdom's final glory. Saviours of the realm.

(to Prego)

You sir, with your fine bow, and
(to Chuck)

You with your mace. And
(to Rain)

You with your herbal treatments.
(to Tusko and Lumbert)

Your swords.

(pauses, at dwarves)
Axes?

The dwarves shrug approval. They do, indeed, carry axes.

FLEETWOOD

Cool. Least he didn't say anything about my funny little hands--

PIP

You warriors, you righteous and brave, who will be slaughtered without mercy, our kingdom prays for you, that we may live without night, to see the sun, at least during the day. Oh, foolish band of heroes, godspeed.

PREGO

Screw this.

PIP

Don't you understand? This darkness will be eternal. None will escape the clutches of this dastardly evil.

Outside, rain pours down. Lightning flashes. Thunder CRACKS.

LUMBERT

Look, if we die, we die, but if we live we die, unless we try and then if we live, we live, until we die. Which is better, right?

The dwarves pack. Chuck fights with more jerky.

PREGO

(faces off with Lambert)

Wake up, moron. You think that a half dozen losers that weren't even good enough for the bad guy's army can overthrow the most powerful wizard ever known? Are you dim? Look at us.

Tusko picks his nose, a big one. Rain, pretty and frail, stands luminescent. She COUGHS. Tusko eats his giant booger.

PIP

While it's true that none of you are warriors like real men would be warriors, you each have your skills. Plus, we have surprise, and surprise is a powerful ally. And the dumb one bears a mark! That's good, right?

PREGO

Look, kid. It's suicide. Nothing you can say to make me want to die.

Prego gets up to go, so Rain sits down next to Chuck.

RAIN

I'm going to try and defeat that wizard. Chuck, could you carry a few of my things?

CHUCK

Sure.

PREGO

You're just doing that to bother me. Go ahead. I don't care what you do.

RAIN

(to Chuck)

Could you rub my back?

CHUCK

(blushes)

I'm a man of God.

RAIN

I won't tell.

PREGO

(sits back down)

Fine, I'll stay.

CHUCK

Can I do the front, too?

INT. MORLOCK'S THRONE -- DAY

Morlock sits on an evil, crystal encrusted throne. A huge, muscled CENTAUR exits as Wigand and Wescott enter.

Behind them, TWO TROLLS place a bound Jacme on the wall.

WESCOTT
(sits down)
Centaurs are dangerous.

Wigand, scared, remains standing.

MORLOCK
That's Zaran. A mercenary. He's retrieving a body for me. Had I known you would be here so soon, I would have left it to you, General.

WESCOTT
You should have let us know. We could have brought you a bunch.

Morlock walks to where Jacme hangs. Wigand shakes.

MORLOCK
Are you all right, General Wigand?

WIGAND
Of course. Your army is at the ready.

MORLOCK
Don't worry. I'm not going to kill you. Just because I can make you burst into flames doesn't mean I will. Then again, give me time. Relax. So sensitive.

WIGAND
What shall I do now?

MORLOCK
Lead my armies to Thalia. When Thalia falls, there will be no one to challenge my power.

Morlock laughs a deep, evil laugh.

MORLOCK (CONT'D)
Oh come on. Try it.
(they laugh together)
Better.
(to Wescott)
More lunacy from you.
(more laughter)
Not too much.

EXT. BARRACKS -- DAY

Cold and dark. The troop gathers around a map on a table.

PREGO

We're here. To get to the Fortress of Evil, we go through the Forest of Certain Death, across the River of Torture and Mayhem, over the Eternal Desert of Fleshmelting Lava. Then up Mount Happy to the Gates of Death.

LUMBERT

And that's Morlock's place?

PREGO

The gates are guarded by an invincible warrior.

POKEY

What's invincible?

CHUCK

It means really big.

PREGO

After we get by him, it's into the castle, through an army of trolls. Then we might get to Morlock, who will probably kill us, or just blink away if he thinks he's going to lose.

FLEETWOOD

No worries there.

CHUCK

You don't think we'll make it?

PIP

Does it really matter? Sure, some of us may die. But what is death if not a transition to a higher state of being. I say, welcome death, and the opportunity it presents will not disappoint. And if it does, hey, you're dead, so why do I care?

RAIN

It's a long way. We better get going.

TUSKO

Oh, it's not that far.

A view from the meadow. In the distance, the impossibly ornate FORTRESS OF EVIL glows atop a large, sinister mountain.

EXT. FELCH'S HOUSE -- DAY

A beautiful countryside estate. Felch lies asleep in a hammock with the beautiful Nina.

Inside, Mona cooks breakfast. Clarissa carves WOODEN STICKS.

NINA

My hour's almost up.

FELCH

Well, why don't you stay? You and Clarissa get along good, right?

They snuggle. In the distance, a RIDER approaches.

FELCH (CONT'D)

Not yet.

Lola rides up and leaps off, landing on her feet. Mona and Clarissa come out of the house.

LOLA

The king is dead. Sir Lambert leads a quest to defeat Morlock.

MONA

Lola, horses!

The women spring into action.

Lola goes to get the horses.

Mona and Clarissa start back into the house.

FELCH

Wait a second. What are we doing?

MONA

The wizard will kill every living thing. We have to help defeat him.

FELCH

It's our honeymoon.

LOLA

We'll all die.

FELCH

Someday, sure. But we don't have to go looking for it.

(all glare at him)

Yeah, okay. But one more hour before we go. To rest Lola's horse.

EXT. ROLLING HILLS- DAY

Thr troop travels on foot, led by Lumbert and Fleetwood.

Then the other dwarves, Chuck and Rain, Tusko, Pip and Prego.

Fleetwood jogs double-time to keep up with Lumbert.

FLEETWOOD

You okay?

LUMBERT

I just hope the princess is okay.

FLEETWOOD

Oh, I'm sure she's fine. Nothing that wizard will do to her she hasn't done enough times already.

They stop at the edge of the trees.

Rain and Chuck make googley-eyes. Prego grits his teeth.

TUSKO

Well, the good news is, no perpetual darkness. It's just a little overcast.

Rain faces him, frowns, and kneels, touching the brown grass.

RAIN

That's not true. The darkness is upon us. Everything is dying. If we don't stop the wizard, this place will become pure evil. I'm so afraid for the little creatures!

CHUCK

Everything's going to be okay.

Rain stands and embraces Chuck.

Pip joins in the hug.

Awkward, Pip pulls away embarrassed.

PIP

(switching subjects)

The Forest of Perpetual Darkness.

The dense, dark forest begins some twenty yards away.

FLEETWOOD

Damn.

PREGO

Watch out for elves.

EXT. DEEP IN FOREST -- DAY

TWO ELVES devour a small DEER. About two feet tall, and savage, elves have sharp, pointed teeth and claws.

The elves listen. They slip silently toward the sound.

PIP (O.S.)

Will we really see elves? I hear the strong ones can take out a moose.

TUSKO (O.S.)

Elves aren't so bad, long as they don't swarm. They're more scared of us than we are of them.

EXT. MEADOW -- DAY

The elves watch from the edge of the forest. The troop stands more or less together a few yards from the treeline.

PREGO

They're just big ticks. We'll see worse if we make it to the fortress.

TUSKO

Could we stop? I gotta tinkle.
What? It's chainmail. It's hard.
Anyone want to help with my groin strappings? Fine. Fuck you guys.

Tusko walks off toward the elves as the group rests.

EXT. FOREST -- DAY

Tusko separates from the group, the elves watch through trees. In the clearing, Rain sits with a BRANCH to her head.

CHUCK

What's it say?

RAIN

We shouldn't be here.

The elves move through the trees and around to Tusko.

POKEY (O.S.)

I used to live in this forest. Seven of us, all living with this one freaky white girl. She was some sort of runaway. One day we came home, she was knocked out cold. Couldn't wake her up no matter what you did, and we tried some messed up stuff. We sold her to a pirate.

Tusko pulls down his pants to squat.

The two elves attack and kill Tusko with lightning fast attacks. SLASHCUTSPURT. Tusko THUDS on the ground.

EXT. MEADOW -- DAY

The COMMOTION startles the troop. Rain clutches Fleetwood.

RAIN

What was that?

FLEETWOOD

He eat any of that goat?

Lumbert and Pip lead the group toward Tusko, weapons drawn.

EXT. COPSE OF TREES -- DAY

Over a crest, they see the elves pick at Tusko's body.

PIP

Elves!

The elves SNARL. One takes a bite out of Tusko. The elf chews and spits. He licks his bloody lips.

The elves dart twenty yards into the forest, still in sight. The two elves stop, turn and sit, watching.

The group stands, weapons at the ready, at the tree line.

CHUCK

Should we go after them?

POKEY

No fucking way.

RAIN

Could you shoot them with an arrow?

PREGO

If they weren't moving, no. And they're elves. They have big fangs.

(to Chuck re: Tusko)

Okay, healer. Do your thing.

CHUCK

I'm good with bruises. They didn't even leave enough to work with.

(confused)

Elves couldn't have done this. He must have been eaten by a bear or something before they came.

Rain walks into the forest. Lumbert follows.

RAIN

Trust the forest.

SERIES OF SHOTS -- ELFHUNT

- 1) Pip follows, then Chuck and Pokey, with the rest of the group in a spread defensive formation, Prego last.
- 2) Chuck and Pokey creep along, scared.

CHUCK

My baby brother disappeared when he was a just a kid. He was out in the meadow, playing with his pet elf, Ricky. All we found were bones. A wolf must have snuck up and killed him. Ate the elf whole. We didn't find any trace of that elf.

- 3) Fleetwood and Jojo hunt, bows and arrows ready.

FLEETWOOD

We need about a dozen to make a nice jacket.

- 4) Prego holds a bow and arrow. Pip thrusts a dagger.

PIP

Stab. Stab. Duck, parry, turn.

- 5) An owl HOOTS. Pokey and Fleetwood cling to Rain's thighs.

RAIN

Guys. There's no reason to be scared.

POKEY

Oh, we ain't scared, baby.

Pokey smiles. Fleetwood smiles and flashes a GOLD TOOTH. Rain smiles. Light FUNK MUSIC begins to play.

- 6) Dense forest. Silence.

Pip spins, dagger drawn, a few yards from Lumbert.

PIP

Did you see something?

- 7) Chuck, well ahead of the rest of the group, leads them into a clearing, carrying a mace. Jojo brandishes his axe.

- 8) Pokey, Rain and Fleetwood emerge from a thicket. Pokey and Rain hold hands. Fleetwood follows, buttoning his pants. *

Prego moves among some trees to get next to Rain.

PREGO

What the hell was that?

END SERIES OF SHOTS

EXT. FOREST CLEARING -- DAY

Chuck stands with his mace in the center of the clearing.

Jojo walks past him in stealth mode, stringing his bow.

CHUCK

Why don't you use your axe?

JOJO

Ax gets stuck in an elf, all the others swarm.

RUSTLING and both freeze in place.

The troop scans the trees.

CHUCK

Did you hear that?

JOJO

Nope.

The RUSTLING gets louder. Everyone hears it this time.

JOJO (CONT'D)

That?

CHUCK

Yeah.

Towering trees.

Chuck and Pokey at the lead, then Lumbert and Pip, then the dwarves, Prego and Rain.

Suddenly, with a rush of high-pitched, indistinguishable screaming, A HUNDRED ATTACKING ELVES charge through the trees.

Chuck charges forward bravely to meet them.

He swings his mace and crushes the first elf. CRACK.

Chuck admires his knock. In a blink, he's overrun with swarming CGI elves and eaten like he went through a woodchipper. ZZZZHHHHRRRROOOMMM. YELP!

Behind Jojo, all drop weapons and hold up their hands.

The elves snarl at Jojo, flashing bloody, pointy teeth.

Jojo gestures toward the small bloody pile that was Chuck.

JOJO

Hey, we cool.

EXT. MORLOCK'S CASTLE PRECIPICE -- DAY

Morlock, Wigand and Wescott stand upon a high precipice. Below them, THOUSANDS OF SOLDIERS stand in formation.

EXT. MORLOCK'S CASTLE -- DAY

Along the front line of soldiers are a dozen buffed CHAMPIONS.

CHAMPION

This was a poor decision.

EXT. MORLOCK'S CASTLE PRECIPICE -- DAY

Morlock approaches the DAIS. A stunning, stacked peasant WOMAN extends her arms to quiet the crowd. SILENCE.

Morlock stands at Pride Rock. Behind him, Wescott and Wigand. Morlock speaks, his voice anachronistically amplified.

MORLOCK

Welcome.

The stacked peasant woman waves a hello. As Morlock continues, she signs to the crowd in American Sign Language.

MORLOCK (CONT'D)

First of all, thanks so much for coming. I know I could have taken you all by force, but it's nice that we can all recognize a win-win situation. Your first duty as part of my army is to capture the watertown at Thalia. General Wigand.

The army MURMURS as Wigand takes the dais.

WIGAND

Thank you, all-powerful Morlock.

(to the crowd)

Yes. My army is about discipline.

Be on time. Keep your uniforms tidy.

Morlock walks to Wigand, his hands clenched together in fists.

MORLOCK

Oh, yes, sorry to interrupt General--

WIGAND

Oh, not at all.

MORLOCK

One more thing. Ak-az ga- falad!

Morlock throws impossible amounts of GLITTER over the edge.

EXT. MORLOCK'S CASTLE -- DAY

Glitter falls like snow on the assembled armies of the region.

KNIGHTS IN RED, KNIGHTS IN BLUE, NINJA DWARVES, SKINNY WIZARDS, BARBARIANS, HUNS, GOTHS, VIKINGS, REALLY FAT GUYS, PYGMIES, SUPERMODELS, BIKERS, etc.

The champions, huge muscled barbarians, stand in the front row of GLADIATORS.

MUSIC swells.

A uniformed army, formerly some king's militia, stands at attention in perfect formation.

A KNIGHT in a shiny silver suit of armor, pulls out a lock of hair tied with a ribbon.

The knight kisses the lock of hair and puts it back in his armor. Another KNIGHT looks on, enviously.

KNIGHT
I should have kept her thumbs.

As the glitter lands, an army of HALF-NAKED NO-TEETH MEN WITH STICKS, fights over a weathered CONFEDERATE FLAG.

Glitter lands on every encampment.

The biggest, most savage champion lets out a barbaric YAWP. Title's flash "Shut the f%^& up!"

Everyone goes quiet.

The First Champion looks at his glittered hands. ARCH MUSIC.

The champion contorts in pain, his arms ripple with growth.

He hails to his knees, SCREAMING.

He moans in agony as he tranforms into a hulking monster.

All along the line all of the champions' faces are stretched and snarling.

Each transforms into a huge, ugly ogre.

The soldiers spasm on the ground.

They secrete a dark GREEN OOZE that covers them and remodels them as grotesquely melted versions of men.

They get up, malformed and pissed, an ogre army.

EXT. MORLOCK'S CASTLE PRECIPICE -- DAY

Wigand stands behind a satisfied Morlock, above the ogres.

WIGAND
What have you done?

MORLOCK
Sit.

All ogres sit down en masse. Morlock hands a RING to Wigand.

MORLOCK (CONT'D)
Give it a try.

WIGAND
I don't want to be an ogre.

MORLOCK
Then you had better do what I say.

Wigand puts on the ring, holding his breath. No effect.
Wigand looks down at the sitting ogres.

WIGAND
Stand?
(all ogres stand)
I can do this.

MORLOCK
That's why I chose you. Go ahead.

Wigand examines the ring and looks out over the masses.

WIGAND
Sit.
(ogres sit)
Stand up!
(ogres stand)
Now stand on one leg and hop!

As the ogres attempt to stand on one leg, they fall down.

MORLOCK
Enough! Balance is a weakness.

WIGAND
Really?

MORLOCK
Destroy Thalia. Burn it to the
ground.

WIGAND
Yes, my master.

Morlock goes inside. Wigand stands in front of the army.

INT. MORLOCK'S CAVE -- DAY

Jacme, gagged and bound in Princess Leia's Jedi costume, hangs on the wall. She comes to as she hears the door open.

Morlock enters, approaches, and pulls down her gag.

MORLOCK

Hello, Princess. I hope you're feeling well.

JACME

Where am I? What have you done to me?

MORLOCK

(shocked by voice)

Umm, has anyone?

JACME

You better let me go. My father will have me rescued.

MORLOCK

Please stop talking.

Jacme glares.

MORLOCK (CONT'D)

Better. You know I can't let you go before our wedding.

JACME

Grossness. I would never marry you.

Jacme struggles vainly against her restraints.

MORLOCK

You will. The age of darkness has begun, and in it, I am a god. Yes, and you are my mortal queen, ruling over the living undead we spawn from our evil union. The very mountains will shake with the seed of Morlock!

JACME

Ew--

MORLOCK

I was serious about you not talking.

JACME

How about if I sing? I could sing a really annoying song about how you're just a loser.

(sings)

Morlock's cock is ti--

Morlock replaces the gag. Even her gagged voice is annoying.

MORLOCK
Someone really ought to fix that.

Morlock flicks his fingers, and suddenly she's totally mute.

Morlock sighs and touches her forehead. Jacme falls asleep.

MORLOCK (CONT'D)
Much better. Bing!

Bing materializes out of the wall.

BING
Yes, your hatefulness?

MORLOCK
Did you hear her voice?

BING
Yes, master. It is delightfully cruel.
May I have it? Please?

MORLOCK
Oh, Bing. Bad idea. Trust me. It
would get old very fast.

BING
Yes, master, it would get old very
fast. I could drive people crazy.
Please, master?

MORLOCK
No. Then I would have to hear you.

BING
(pouts)
Yes, master.

MORLOCK
Run fireball.

BING
Oh, thank you--

BOOM! Bing explodes, spraying Jacme, who sleeps through it.

MORLOCK
Make Bing.

The pieces of Bing move together on the floor.

BING (O.S.)
Oh yes, oh master, yesss.

EXT. ELFTOWN -- DAY

A giant, gnarled TREE in a dense, greying forest.

A huge flat branch far up the great tree.

Lumbert, Pip, Prego and Rain lie gagged and bound.

ODIE, king of the evil tree elves, stands above them, flanked by two large ELF GUARDS ready with tiny swords. Odie and the guards are big for elves, about three feet tall.

Surrounding them are HUNDREDS OF ELVES, clinging to the trees and camped on branches above and below like fanged fruitbats.

Odie approaches, royally. He pronounces r's and l's as w's.

RAIN

Where are our friends?

ODIE

Friends? I'm sorry, but I didn't realize you had any friends. We've eaten your pets.

PIP

Those weren't pets. Those were dwarves!

Odie checks with one of his guards, who shrugs complicity.

ODIE

Nonetheless. We ate them and mmm they were tasty.

Prego watches, scared, as Elves ripple through the trees.

ODIE (CONT'D)

Now, everybody knows that to enter the forest of certain death can be a bit risky, and here you are the feast at my buffet.

Odie LAUGHS wildly as he paces.

His laughter sends the watching elves into a HOOTING and SHRIEKING fit.

Odie quiets the crowd with a snarling accusation at Lumbert.

ODIE (CONT'D)

You are the reason for this darkness! You have been watched since you were a child. We have waited for your coming. Hungry. You bear the mark.

PIP
You know of the mark?

Odie licks his pointy teeth and fixes beady eyes on Lambert.

ODIE
You are chosen. You alone are true of heart. You alone can defeat the wizard. Most fortuitous of all, I, Odie, king of the elves, know the secret to defeat the dark lord.

The elves MURMUR.

PIP
You mean you're not going to eat us?

ODIE
Elves have no need for humans, although you are, admittedly, delicious. However, we too fear the wizard. We will help you defeat him.

Odie circles in front of the group.

ODIE (CONT'D)
Guards, release them.

Guards release the chains off Lambert, Pip, Prego and Rain. They still wear hand restraints, which the guards remove.

ODIE (CONT'D)
And now the secret to defeating the wizard, a secret old as time, told to me in a dream by a minor demon from a different time, who played a silver flute along the banks of the river of ghastly sorrow and wandering mendications. The only secret necessary to defeat the wizard, otherwise invincible and wholly evil beyond this world. Beyond knowing. But within this realm, he can be defeated by one thing. Before you face him, you must make sure to...

THWK. THWK. THWKTHWKTHWK. Arrows plant into Odie. Another rain of arrows follows.

SHRIEKS as elves scatter.

ODIE (CONT'D)
(shot, gasps)
Harpies!

EXT. FOREST SKY -- DAY

ROCK MUSIC. Up in the trees and flying down fast are dozens of sexy, vicious leather-bound HARPIES.

Like a troop of stacked, 5' tall porn stars with wings, in fetish dungeon costumes, they fly in on visible guidewires. They attack the elves with ZAPPING electricity.

HESTIA, the harpy leader, lands next to our crew, who, for now, stands by to watch. Her wings collapse as she lands.

A la a bad superhero fight, Hestia and FOUR HARPIES face off with dozens of attacking elf GUARDS.

Every time an elf comes within a few feet, a spike of electricity from a harpy fries the elf. ZZHAPZHAP.

The harpies kick the crap out of the elves. No contest.

Quickly, the elves disperse, harpies chasing. ZAPS continue in the background of the scene.

Hestia casts a spell, and a blue cone of light extends and magically freezes Odie, who lies gasping, filled with arrows.

HESTIA
We're here to help you.
(cast spell)
Mey-elt-oa!

The blue cone of light freezing Odie dissolves, Odie included.

ODIE
Noooo!

Remaining elves charge the tree. A final barrage get zapped - BZZHHHT - as they attempt to avenge their fallen leader.

Hestia whistles and FOUR HARPIES fly in. Lambert, Prego, Rain and Pip are picked up and carried away through the trees.

EXT. BBQ PIT -- DAY

Jojo on a spit, totally barbecued. Fleetwood sits nearby, hands tied behind his back.

Pokey lies on a table, amputated leg wrapped in bloody gauze. A fat ELF in a chef's hat hits Pokey with a MEAT TENDERIZER.

POKEY
Pointy-eared little bastard. Quit that. This is bad, Fleetwood.

Fleetwood manuevers the ropes around his almost freed hands.

FLEETWOOD

Don't give up, Poke. It'll be alright.

The cook SALTS Pokey from a few feet away. Pokey waves him away. The cook goes to grab a frying pan.

Fleetwood gets his ropes off as the cook approaches Pokey with a FRYING PAN. The cook's apparent goal? Thwack Pokey.

The cook swings at Pokey as Fleetwood knocks the cook's head off with a mace. CRUNCH. The head rolls into the fire.

FLEETWOOD (CONT'D)

That was for Jojo! Come on, Pokey.

Pokey rolls off the table, but falls to the ground in agony.

POKEY

I can't make it, Fleetwood. My leg won't make it. You go on without me.

FLEETWOOD

Cool.

Fleetwood runs off, leaving Pokey lying in the dirt.

POKEY

Motherfu--

Pokey drags himself a few feet, coughing blood, and faints.

SERIES OF SHOTS - FLEETWOOD'S ESCAPE

- 1) Fleetwood, scampers through the lush forest to EERIE MUSIC.
- 2) Fleetwood jumps across some rocks.
- 3) Fleetwood pole vaults a small river.
- 4) Fleetwood staff fights with a monk. He slams the monk in the groin, then upside of the head with a vicious THWACK.

The monk falls off the log and into the river.

- 5) Fleetwood swings through the trees like tarzan.
- 6) Fleetwood stands in silhouette against tropical cliffs, peeing with a giant, dangling schlong.
- 7) Fleetwood stands in the forest outside what looks like a huge gingerbread house. He walks up and knocks on the door.
- 8) Fleetwood, smokes a big, hand-rolled CIGAR, sitting in a hot tub with three hot, gothic VAMPIRE WOMEN.

END SERIES OF SHOTS

EXT. FOREST CLEARING -- DAY

The fight is over. Dead elves lie in burning piles.

The leader of the harpies, Hestia, stands flanked by her four hot, heavy metal HARPY GUARDS. Hestia addresses Lumbert.

HESTIA

You are a mighty warrior, Great Garleman. We know of your quest. I am Hestia, queen of the harpies.

LUMBERT

Thank you? I, uh--

HESTIA

We were surprised the great Garleman was taken by field elves.

PIP

I think they cast a spell. You know, hocus pocus kind of stuff.

HESTIA

(amused by Pip)

Well, we are here to serve you.

(to Lumbert, hot)

May I see the mark?

Lumbert holds up his hand and shows the mark. Hestia smiles, clutches it, kisses it, starts sucking on his fingers, etc.

The other harpies stare at her in shock. She slides Lumbert's finger out of her mouth and collects herself.

HESTIA (CONT'D)

It was told that Garleman would come, seeking his wanton bounty. The oracle has spoken.

(to Lumbert)

You shall father kings from my womb.

Hestia steps forward, her guards in formation.

HESTIA (CONT'D)

We harpies live forever in the absence of men. However, I am exceeding old. My heir will be born from this man, great Garleman. In honor of our victory, you may enjoy his escorts.

One of the guards takes Prego's hand and leads him off. Two more guards escort Pip away. The last harpy guard examines Rain's nunchucks. They smile and walk off together.

HESTIA (O.S.) (CONT'D)

And don't eat them after!

EXT. CLEARING IN WOODS -- DAY

Lumbert and Hestia stand alone in a clearing in the woods.

LUMBERT

I, uh...

Hestia floats onto Lumbert, knocking him back onto a rock. Lumbert starts to speak but is silenced with a kiss.

Hestia adjusts underneath herself. She's grinding.

LUMBERT (CONT'D)

You don't look old.

HESTIA

Seventeen is ancient for a harpy.

LUMBERT

There's something I need to--

HESTIA

Ooh, yeah, oh-- What?

LUMBERT

I'm not the Great Garleman.

HESTIA

(purrs)

You mean I'll have to do this again?
Too bad. I hope you can go twice.
I almost said the kid was Garleman.

EXT. FOREST -- DAY

Felch and his maidens ride their horses along a narrow trail.

FELCH

Where are we?

MONA

The hidden path to Thalia. We can recruit warriors there.

FELCH

If it hasn't already fallen to Morlock.

MONA

Would you rather we head straight to the fortress of evil?

FELCH

I guess not.

EXT. THALIA -- DAY

The town lies along a large river. A single wooden bridge connects the forest to the town. Beyond the walls and heading toward The Fortress of Evil, lies a barren wasteland.

In the distance, the ogre army presses toward the town.

EXT. WASTELANDS -- DAY

The OGRE ARMY marches forward. They travel in packs of several dozen, each with a huge, grotesque champion in front.

Wigand sits on a shaded platform carried by a dozen massive ogres. He blissfully rubs the ring.

EXT. FOREST -- DAY

Pip, Lambert, Prego and Rain walk through the forest.

PIP

I really like harpies.

PREGO

Me, too.

RAIN

(rubs nunchucks)

Me, too.

PIP

It's so great they didn't care you were the wrong guy.

PREGO

Far as we know, Lambert here really is the chosen one. Until we see Morlock kill him and mock his corpse, I'm a believer. This has been a really great trip.

RAIN

But where are we?

PREGO

We reach Thalia in a day or two. Past Thalia to the wastelands. Then the gate, the fortress, then Lambert kills the wizard and we split whatever cash he has on hand. Cakewalk.

Pip walks along the flank. He hears something.

The forest is dark and grey, but a small path trails off to a section of green shrubs. Pip steps off that way.

EXT. DEEP IN FOREST -- DAY

Pip starts to call for Lambert, but Lambert stands against a tree far away, peeing. Prego and Rain walk together.

Pip walks toward the trees and steps through a hidden opening.

PIP

Wow.

INT. CENTAUR COVE -- DAY

Near a small lake, THREE CENTAURS play. Their huge horse bodies and muscled torsos scream bestial gay porn. They frolic in a natural pool, awash with tiny rainbows.

PIP

Centaurs!

Immediately, all three centaurs spring into action, pulling huge bows. The Centaurs fire in ultra-fast motion.

Arrows thump into Pip like a drumroll. THWPTHWPTHWP.

A dozen arrows stick out of Pip's chest. He's pinned to a tree, but his weight breaks him off and he falls over, dead.

EXT. DEEP IN FOREST -- DAY

Rain, Lambert and Prego hear the commotion.

RAIN

That wasn't a good sound.

PREGO

Where's that kid?

RAIN

I thought he was with you.

The three centaurs, hauling Pip's body, trot out into the forest and file directly past Lambert, Prego and Rain.

PREGO

Hi, there.

The lead centaur pauses, sees Lambert's mark, and walks on.

Lambert starts to pull his sword. Rain stops him.

RAIN

Save it for the wizard.

The centaurs disappear into the forest.

EXT. CLIFF ABOVE THALIA -- NIGHT

Felch and the maidens camp on a cliff overlooking Thalia, just across the river.

A FOOTBRIDGE across the river stands at the base of roughcut STAIRS coming down the cliff.

The town abuts a large desert WASTELAND.

Felch receives a massage from Clarissa while he eats a roasted RABBIT LEG.

Lola, in a loose, bra-less gown, approaches.

LOLA
We'll cross in the morning. More rabbit?

FELCH
There's more?

LOLA
Mona caught six. She's very handy.

FELCH
You're all pretty handy.

EXT. LAKE BELOW THE HILL -- DAY

Nina and Mona bathe in a picturesque lake.

Nina pours water on Mona, who splashes and plays.

Both look up at Felch, smile and wave.

EXT. CLIFF ABOVE THALIA -- DAY

Felch waves back.

Clarissa stops massaging Felch and points off the cliff.

CLARISSA
Oh no, look!

EXT. ABOVE THALIA -- NIGHT

In the distance, the ogre army lays waste to Thalia.

Thousands of ogres charge into the burning city.

MONA (O.S.)
Oh, no.

INT. GINGERBREAD HOUSE -- NIGHT

Fleetwood, in a white, terrycloth towel, and his skin going grey, opens up the refrigerator in the gingerbread kitchen.

The giant graham cracker refrigerator, covered with frosting and jujubees, is full of BEER and TUPPERWARED PIECES OF KIDS.

Fleetwood pulls out a beer, bites off the cap and starts chugging. Fleetwood finishes and tosses the bottle to the side.

FLEETWOOD

Ah...

Fleetwood belches. He walks out the back door.

EXT. GINGERBREAD HOT TUB -- NIGHT

Three hot, gothic, VAMPIRE WOMEN share the hot tub.

Fleetwood comes out.

VAMPIRE 1

Hey, Fleetwood, come back in.

FLEETWOOD

You girls are freaks.

VAMPIRE 2

Oh, come on? One more?

Vampires 2 & 3 nuzzle each other, erotically.

VAMPIRE 3

One more.

FLEETWOOD

Well, I'd hate to disappoint you ladies, but I really need to get back. I mean, we had fun and all, but I don't want to lead you on because I have too much respect for you and all that. So, I need to get going.

The girls look at each other, and then beg together.

ALL VAMPIRES

One more.

FLEETWOOD

(undoes towel)

Yeah, I guess you're right, I got a little time.

INT. MORLOCK'S CAVE -- NIGHT

Jacme, still strapped to a wall, is now dressed in tight patent leather, like catwoman.

Bing, half her height, strokes her leg, leaving a filmy paste.

Morlock sits at his desk reading his lycanthropy book.

MORLOCK
Son of a bitch!

Morlock gets up and walks over to the pool.

MORLOCK (CONT'D)
Wigand. Wigand!

MORLOCK'S POOL

Like a tv screen, blinks to life. Wigand, on screen, sleeps in a nice BED next to a DEAD HORSE.

INTERCUT INT. WIGAND'S ROOM / MORLOCK'S CAVE

Wigand wakes up and covers himself, checking the camera.

WIGAND
Yes, master?

MORLOCK
How is the invasion going?

WIGAND
We took the town. Almost no resistance. Not much to do but celebrate.

MORLOCK
The entire known world is mine. When we destroy the Third Hand, there will be nothing to stop us other than the legendary dwarves of samo-samo and the loincloth of myrrha.

WIGAND
So, good, right? Anything else?

A centaur enters the room carrying Pip, plucked of arrows.

MORLOCK
Yes. Tonight, I will cast a lycanthropy spell. Bring me the body of a wild animal of prey. My spell will combine it with the zombie-monster of this dead man and the resultant evil will vanquish our birthmarked annoyance.

WIGAND

But most of the animals in the forest
here are already dead.

MORLOCK

Well, you had better find a good one
quick and send it over. A bear, or
a tiger or a gorilla. Something
with big teeth. By midnight tomorrow,
or ogre.

WIGAND

Yes, master.

MORLOCK

End call.

The pool blinks off.

END INTERCUT

INT. MORLOCK'S CAVE -- DAY

Morlock stands near the pool, looking through his book.

The centaur waits, Pip hanging dead over its' back.

The centaur drops Pip onto the floor with a heavy THUD.

Morlock looks at the centaur, considers frying him, but
instead comes over to examine Pip's body.

MORLOCK

Scrawny, but he'll have to do. How
long has he been dead?

CENTAUR

Two hours.

MORLOCK

Oooh, fresh. Good job.

Morlock nods and exits the room.

INT. MORLOCK'S CASTLE HALLWAY -- NIGHT

Morlock walks down the hall.

He approaches a door guarded by two TROLLS.

MORLOCK

Aside.

The trolls step aside and Morlock opens the door.

INT. TREASURE ROOM -- NIGHT

Large gems, rugs, silk, and boxes of coins fill the room.

Wescott, old and naked, rolls around in huge piles of gold.

MORLOCK

So what's the count?

Wescott gets up and covers himself with a piece of silk.

WESCOTT

I don't know exactly. It's a lot.

Morlock walks around the room, checking out the coins.

MORLOCK

Wonderful. I need you do me a favor.

WESCOTT

(picks up robe)

Anything, master.

MORLOCK

I need you to go the gates of the Fortress and release the Narclops.

WESCOTT

The Narclops is General Wigand's pet. Wouldn't he--?

MORLOCK

General Wigand is in Thalia, managing the siege. Of course, I may have to turn him into a troll if he fails to meet my each and every whim.

WESCOTT

Yes, of course, master.

MORLOCK

Well then, go free the Narclops.

Chop chop.

Wescott wants to resist but ties his robe and exits.

WESCOTT

Thank you, master.

Morlock stands midst haystacks of coins and jewels.

He takes off his robe and rolls his neck.

He dives into the money.

EXT. WOODS -- NIGHT

Lumbert tries to make fire. Rain stands close. Prego packs.

RAIN
You can't leave.

PREGO
I'm going to Thalia. We can't walk
across the wastelands.

RAIN
You don't have to go tonight. There
could be wolves. Or more centaurs.
Lumbert, say something.

Lumbert wraps himself in a blanket and lays down.

LUMBERT
He's right. Everyone's dying. I'd
run. He's just gonna kill us all.

RAIN
Don't say that. You're chosen.

LUMBERT
Did you know the dragon choked on my
horse? I never killed anything. I
don't know how to kill a wizard.
Those elves could have killed us
all. You should run away, too.

RAIN
I'll stop fighting the wizard when
he's dead or I'm dead. The earth
suffers from his grasp. The balance
of nature must be restored.

PREGO
(walks off)
Aw, screw this.

RAIN
Stop him.

LUMBERT
Why?

A wolf HOWLS. Rain sits, concerned.

Prego re-enters.

PREGO
Tomorrow morning, I'm going to Thalia.

EXT. WOODS -- NIGHT

The darkened forest, silent and ominous. Wigand hunts, bow ready. A HORSE WHINNIES, scared.

Wigand aims into the darkness. A dense wood. Nothing but trees. THWT. The arrow flies.

A WOLF, shot in the neck, jumps and falls to the ground, dead. Wigand runs over and cuts it's throat with a knife.

Wigand walks over to his tied horse. Bait. He grabs a large burlap BAG from the horse's pack and returns to the wolf.

WOMEN'S LAUGHTER. Wigand sneaks toward the sound.

EXT. CLIFF ABOVE THALIA -- NIGHT

Wigand watches from the trees as Felch eats, fed by Nina. Wigand aims his bow at Felch.

LOLA

Freeze.

Lola holds a sword to Wigand's neck. Wigand puts down the bow. Lola leads Wigand into the clearing.

She takes and tosses his bag of wolf next to another BAG that sits next to the remnants of rabbits prepped for cooking.

FELCH

General Wigand?

LOLA

He had an arrow aimed at you. I should kill him just for that.

FELCH

You've sided with Morlock.

Lola moves in with her sword.

WIGAND

But wait. I ran away. I'm betraying Morlock. I'm on your side.

LOLA

Then why were you going to shoot him?

WIGAND

I assumed you were already alligned with Morlock. Naturally, all of the warriors have already joined him. But wait, you just became a knight. Morlock may be unaware of you.

NINA
I don't believe him.

CLARISSA
He lies.

FELCH
Kill him.

Lola moves in. Wigand kneels and puts his sword down.

WIGAND
Please? I'm having a really bad day. I never wanted to be a bad guy. Kill me if you will, but I mean no evil to this world.

Lola moves to drive her sword through Wigand's neck.

FELCH
Stop.

LOLA
Let me kill him.

FELCH
No. Take his weapons. Let him go.

Lola backs away. Wigand gets up.

FELCH (CONT'D)
Now, General Wigand, just between you and me. You owe me one. Right?

WIGAND
Yes, of course. If I can ever repay you, you have my word. Thank you. But if you're keeping my weapons, can I at least have my bag? It holds the last dinner I'll likely get to eat without a way to capture food.

Nina walks over, picks up a bag and tosses it to Wigand.

FELCH
Go.

WIGAND
Thank you for your mercy.

Wigand runs off.

LOLA
You should have let me kill him.

FELCH
Let the ogres kill him.

EXT. RIVER -- DAY

Prego, Lumbert and Rain stand on a steep riverbank. The town across from them, walls breached, burns.

OGRE ENCAMPMENTS surround the town on all sides.

PREGO
I guess we're a little late.

RAIN
There must be thousands of them.

LUMBERT
We can't go through the town.

Below them, a large TROLL pulls a CART OF BODIES out the gate and onto the bridge. The troll stops, pulls out a SPEAR and a body, and plants the corpse on the bridge.

PREGO
This isn't good at all.

RAIN
What about the river?

PREGO
It doesn't go anywhere.

LUMBERT
What do we do?

RAIN
Well, this way is suicide. Let's go around.

They climb back into the woods.

EXT. THALIA BRIDGE -- DAY

Felch, dressed as a medieval pimp, and his four maidens (Lola, Mona, Nina and Clarissa) bound and in concubine wear, come in from the other side and head across the bridge.

A large, dumb OGRE stands guard at the city gate.

FELCH
Consorts for the wizard.

The ogre looks confused.

FELCH (CONT'D)
We're already late. A waiting wizard is an angry wozard.

The ogre waves them through.

INT. THALIA -- DAY

Felch and his wives enter the burning city. Buildings are completely destroyed. BODIES of townfolk litter the ground.

OGRE GUARDS, in groups of ten to twelve, watch them come in.

FELCH

Just stay quiet and keep walking.

As they pass the guard at the door, the gate shuts behind them with a heavy CLANG.

Suddenly, SEVERAL HUNDRED OGRE ARCHERS and GUARDS take aim at Felch from hidden spots along the inner city walls.

The ogre at the gate followed them in.

OGRE

(growls)

Drop your weapons.

Felch and the women drop an assortment of weapons from under their clothes: KNIVES, SWORDS, ARROWS, BRASS KNUCKLES, ETC.

Wigand steps out from hiding and walks up to them.

MONA

(to Felch)

I told you I should have killed him.

WIGAND

When I made it back, I sent out a scout to monitor your approach.

Wigand checks the women, one by one, stopping at Clarissa.

WIGAND (CONT'D)

I'll take this one, myself. Guards?

A massive, slimy OGRE grabs Clarissa and binds her wrists. Other OGRES bind Mona, Lola and Nina. Felch stands, helpless.

WIGAND (CONT'D)

Gor!

A huge ogre champion, GOR, steps forward and GROWLS. Wigand gives him the leash for the three women.

WIGAND (CONT'D)

These are yours.

(to guard)

Take him to the prison, shackle him and leave him to die.

Gor grins, drooling, and takes the leash leading Felch's three wives. Another guard drags Felch the other way.

EXT. WASTELANDS -- DAY

Sandy and dry. Rocks and boulders are scattered around a giant stone fortress of cemented boulders.

A huge length of STAIRS run down the side of the mountain.

Wescott reaches the bottom of the several thousand steps. A large sign warns "Death to those who climb these steps."

WESCOTT

This is not a good idea.

Wescott gets up and heads toward a huge holding pen.

The only gate runs by aid of a massive chain pulley system.

Wescott scurries to the huge wheel at the front gate.

Finding it easy to spin, he turns the wheel counter-clockwise.

As he does, the gate very slowly begins to open.

Listening but not hearing anything, Wescott hurries to spin the wheel.

The gate continues to slowly open.

RUMBLING.

Wescott, scared, spins the wheel once more, hard as he can, and runs across the sand back toward the steps.

The RUMBLING gets louder and the gate continues to creep open, the wheel spinning freely.

Wescott dashes the fifty yards to the stairs and starts up them. SQUAWKING.

The walls of the arena shake the gate.

CRACK. A huge stone claw, ten feet high, reaches through the partially open gate.

The wheel to open the door spins faster and faster.

Wescott pants up the stairs. More SQUAWKING.

A hundred feet up, he watches the NARCLOPS, nearly as high, push through the gate with deafening CLUCKING and SQUAWKING.

The Narclops resembles a huge, eyeless chicken's head with a vicious, jagged beak on the body of a giant stone lion.

Wescott ducks against the stairs, freaking out.

The Narclops scans around and sees him. The Narclops springs over to the stairway.

Wescott races up the stairs.

The Narclops makes it over in just a few long strides, but Wescott is too high.

WESCOTT (CONT'D)
Thank god it can't fly.

Wescott climbs as the Narclops begins a controlled SQUAWK that starts heavy vibration among the rocks.

The SQUAWK's deep vibrato shakes the mountain.

Wescott feels the stairs shake beneath him. He holds on against the wall.

The stairs CRACK beneath him, splitting along the edge of the mountain.

The stairway collapses upon itself, sliding down the mountain in a giant avalanche toward the Narclops.

Large sections of stone stairway violently careen down the hill in a cloud of dust and rubble.

EXT. RUBBLE -- DAY

Wescott lies among the rubble, his leg badly broken.

WESCOTT
Oh god.

Wescott sits in the dust, trying to stay calm.

He uses his good leg to pry a boulder off his bad leg.

The dust dissipates.

The Narclops stands in front of him.

With a huge claw, it picks up a schoolbus-sized rock.

WESCOTT (CONT'D)
No.

The rock crashes down. WHAM.

WHAM. WHAMWHAM. WHAM.

The Narclops leaves the rock on top of what's left of Wescott.

INT. THALIA JAIL -- DAY

Shackles on the walls hold PRISONERS, mostly human and a few long dead. CAPTIVES MOAN and RATTLE their chains.

A disfigured GUARD uses a heavy PADLOCK to shackle a bound and gagged Felch to the wall.

A filthy, gasping OLD MAN hangs next to Felch, shackled at both wrists and ankles and bleeding from weeping sores.

Felch watches, scared, as the guard punches the the old man in the ribs and in the face. Then the guard spits on him.

GUARD

You'll die soon enough, Garleman.

(removes Felch's gag)

Like that? Go ahead and scream.

The guard looks at Felch and holds up a small hammer.

FELCH

Please, no.

GUARD

Let's see it.

Felch opens his mouth wide. The guard waves away the stench and checks out Felch's horribly diseased teeth.

Queasy, the guard turns and walks away.

He pauses, vomits on an unconscious prisoner, and exits.

FELCH

(strains, no use)

What are we going to do?

The wiry old man, GARLEMAN, stirs, COUGHING himself to life. Garleman, hacks, wheezes, and finally quiets himself.

GARLEMAN

We are going to die.

FELCH

You're alright?

GARLEMAN

This aint so bad.

(stretches)

Ah, it's good to stretch.

FELCH

Why am I here? I just got knighted.

GARLEMAN

Really? Me, too.

EXT. RIVERBANK AT THALIA -- DAY

The grey sky darkens. Across the river, the wastelands extend to Morlock's castle. Morlock's ARMIES camp, awaiting orders.

A large, cleared area manned by a FEW OGRES looks barren in contrast to the uncontrolled sprawl of Morlock's army.

Lumbert, Prego and Rain walk along the riverbank opposite the town. They have a clear view of the ogres.

RAIN

We can't cross here.

LUMBERT

We have to cross somewhere.

PREGO

(pointing in the sky)

What's that?

EXT. GREY SKY AND CLOUDS -- DAY

Something huge flies fast toward them. A giant eagle?

EXT. RIVERBANK AT THALIA -- DAY

Lumbert, Prego and Rain hustle further down the river.

RAIN

I think that's our ride.

PREGO

How can we get across?

RAIN

Swim?

PREGO

I can't swim.

LUMBERT

Me neither.

EXT. BBQ PIT -- DAY

The elf cooking site, as before, but with a grey tint to everything. The dead chef lies in pieces. A dried BLOODY STAIN on the ground where Fleetwood left Pokey.

Fleetwood, now dark grey, creeps through the camp.

FLEETWOOD

Pokey? Pokey?

INT. THALIA PRISON -- DAY

Felch and Garleman hang on the walls.

GARLEMAN

Once we get out of these irons it
will be free and easy to Morlock's.

Felch strains against his chains, trying to leverage himself.

GARLEMAN (CONT'D)

It doesn't work. I tried.

FELCH

Yeah? Well let's try together.

Both strain hard against their chains. No effect.

FELCH (CONT'D)

(shouts down corridor)

Come on everyone. Together!

Down the corridor, the few alert prisoners weakly strain against the chains. Nothing. They GASP for air.

EXT. OGRE CAMP -- DAY

The giant bird, GA'A, one hundred feet high, stands in the clearing, next to a large, wooden, dumbbell-shaped CONTAINER. Two small rooms connected by a massive tree-trunk handle.

OGRE GUARDS load treasure into the large compartments.

Wigand oversees them, Clarissa held by a guard behind him.

A distant THUMPING is felt by all, rapidly approaching.
THUMP. THUMP. THUMP.

WIGAND

What is that?

(to guard)

Put her in the transport.

The giant bird lets out a mighty CAW as it takes off.

GUARD

NARCLOPS!

HORNS sound. Ogre guards run around.

Wigand looks up at Ga'a. Ga'a shuffles in place, watching.

The guard leads Wigand and drags Clarissa to the left container.

WIGAND

Why is he killing my pets?

EXT. WASTELANDS -- DAY

The giant shape of the Narclops comes bounding toward the encampment.

The ground shakes hard as the monster approaches.

Ga'a flies high in the air as the lion/bird approaches.

The Narclops tears into the main encampment, leaving a swath of destruction. He lands at one end and stomps FLEEING OGRES.

Pecking at the ogres as if they were so many kernels of feed, the giant cat wreaks CGI havoc.

Dozens of arrows bounce off the Narclops' stone body as it crushes a line of OGRE ARCHERS.

It starts to SQUAWK.

The sound reverberates through the air.

The buildings of Thalia shake. Ogres and human soldiers run for their lives.

Rising in volume, buildings and structures and ogres begin to BURST.

They collapse with CRASHES and BOOMS.

The SQUAWK reverberates across the wastelands as the town of Thalia begins to collapse.

INT. THALIA PRISON -- DAY

Felch and Garleman, bound. Dust flies with every THUMP.

FELCH

That isn't a good sound.

GARLEMAN

It's the Narclops!

FELCH

You're kidding?

GARLEMAN

At least we'll die fast. Come on, you pussy!

The walls SHAKE and RATTLE. Prisoners freak out.

A huge CRASH, nearer this time, and both Felch and Garleman continue their futile struggle against their iron chains.

EXT. RIVERBANK AT THALIA -- DAY

Chasms spread. Water pours out the far side of the river.

The river spills low enough to expose an old stone BRIDGE.

LUMBERT

We can cross there.

Lumbert, Prego and Rain run across the bridge.

EXT. RIVERBANK AT THALIA -- DAY

The side, abutting the walled city and the wastelands.

Lumbert, Prego and Rain stand on the riverbank.

PREGO

If that thing screams again, there
won't be anything left.

LUMBERT

We have to get to the carrier.

They stand some hundred yards from the transport container.

PREGO

We'll never make it. He'll see us.

RAIN

(takes their hands)

They cannot harm me. Do not let go.

EXT. WASTELANDS -- DAY

Rain between them, Lumbert and Prego walk toward the transport. Lumbert holds his sword in his free hand.

EXT. THALIA -- DAY

The bird swoops down, flying just past the Narclops' claws.

The Narclops stomps the ground, crushing buildings.

Narclops and Ga'a engage and tear viciously at each other, like a small-scale Godzilla/Rodan. They crash over ogres.

The Narclops, slammed by Ga'a, bursts through the city walls of Thalia, trampling small buildings.

The giant bird attacks again.

The Narclops hits him hard and careens off.

Ga'a crashes into a large zigerat, leveling the building.

INT. THALIA PRISON -- DAY

Felch and Garleman, bound. CRASH. Beams collapse. RUMBLING.

GARLEMAN

I think they're getting closer.

The massive claw/talon of Ga'a slams straight down through the roof, feet away from Felch and Garleman. They SCREAM.

The talon rips away an entire wall, exposing Felch and Garleman, still chained, but no longer attached to the wall.

Above them, Ga'a shakes itself off and leaps back into flight. Felch and Garleman scramble down the corridor.

INT. THALIA PRISON CELLS -- DAY

Garleman and Felch rush past CELLS of other prisoners, some dead. A flash of women and wings and constrained flight.

A dead GUARD lies pinned under collapsed rocks. Felch goes to him and grabs the keys.

GARLEMAN

Harpies. Let out the harpies!

FELCH

(uncuffs himself)

Are you nuts?

GARLEMAN

Just do it.

Felch hands Garleman the key, and grabs a METAL BAR. Garleman unlocks himself as Felch pries the lock off the nearest cell. THREE HARPIES HISS and stream out.

GARLEMAN (CONT'D)

Hasana har-as. Hes'tya gunguna chaw!

Subtitles: "Harpy sisters, Hestia is my queen."

HARPY

Gu fahana!

Subtitles: "You lie."

Garleman tears off his shirt, revealing a TRIANGLE BRAND. Felch gapes at the triangle burn mark on the old man's chest.

GARLEMAN

Jumai Az Bazdengaden Murrhat.

"I must defeat the wizard."

A large wall collapses on Garleman. CRASH.

EXT. THE OPEN GOAT -- DAY

Midst the rubble, a small pub, The Open Goat, stands unharmed.

INT. THE OPEN GOAT -- DAY

CORSO, the fat slavemaster that runs the brothel, paces.

A cell full of PROSTITUTES. A dozen women, among them Mona, Lola and Nina, stand locked in the cage, stripped to rags.

LOLA

Let us out!

CORSO

I don't care what happens, none of you are getting out. I can't trust you to stay and if you leave, how will I rebuild?

WOMAN

Let us out. I don't want to die!

Corso takes a drink from a large bottle on the bar.

NINA

You'll regret this.

CORSO

Only if they step on us.

EXT. WASTELANDS -- DAY

Avoiding the edge of town, where the two giant beasts continue to fight, Rain leads Prego and Lumbert toward the transport.

PREGO

I think the bird is going to lose.

RAIN

Then it won't matter.

Rain, Lumbert and Prego scamper together across the broken ground as the ground shakes beneath them.

The Narclops again throws Ga'a. The impact cracks the earth, tripping Lumbert and disconnecting him from Prego and Rain.

Lumbert falls through and down as the ground gives way, creating an enormous crevice. Lumbert slides to the bottom.

PREGO

Climb up the other way!

They rush off as rocks and debris shower down on Lumbert.

EXT. CHASM IN THE EARTH -- DAY

Lambert stands at the bottom of a huge crevice. Behind him, a more reasonable angle, maybe forty-five degrees up sand.

CRASH. The chasm cracks and widens and Lambert slips deeper. He scrambles up the sand, but slides back down.

Rocks, pieces of buildings and corpses surround him. Dust and dirt fall from above. CRASH. All goes black.

EXT. WASTELANDS -- DAY

Ga'a recovers, hurt, a few long steps away from the Narclops.

Prego grabs Rain and they run toward the transport.

INT. LEFT TRANSPORT -- DAY

Wigand, OGRE GUARDS and Clarissa, bound, wait in the still intact transport compartment, surrounded by cases of gold.

They watch out a window as the Narclops, large chunks now cracked out of it's torso, stands and shakes itself.

WIGAND

Nothing can destroy the Ga'a. Not even the Narclops.

EXT. CHASM IN THE EARTH -- DAY

Ga'a rolls off the chasm. Light streams in. Lambert climbs.

EXT. TRANSPORT -- DAY

Ga'a attacks the Narclops, flying directly into it like a weapon. Both roll through wasted ogre camps.

Prego and Rain see TWO OGRE GUARDS standing at the entrance to the left compartment. Wigand looks out of a small window.

PREGO

(indicates right)

That one.

Prego and Rain run inside the right-side compartment.

INT. RIGHT TRANSPORT -- DAY

Prego and Rain enter the square wooden cell. Trunks of treasure are packed along the walls.

PREGO

Well, this is all right. At least we die rich.

EXT. WASTELANDS -- DAY

Lumbert runs through deep trenches gathering small rivulets of spill-off from the river as Ga'a and Narclops battle.

Lumbert runs up a long rise with a view of only the sky, now an ugly grey.

The Narclops, beaten and bloodied. The beak is damaged and the monster moves painfully, very hurt.

Ga'a has a few chunks taken out of it, but remains otherwise intact, more angry than injured.

As Lumbert climbs back up to ground level, Ga'a attacks Narclops again, driving it backwards and away from Lumbert.

Lumbert jumps into a low trench that splits the earth right between the monsters. A few feet deep, it is the only path.

Lumbert looks at the brand on the back of his hand, draws his sword and runs as fast as he can over the uneven ground.

As Lumbert runs between Ga'a and Narclops, like a hamster running across a boxing ring, The Narclops makes a final attacking assault, coming together with tremendous force.

Ga'a strikes the Narclops in the face, and the two beasts come crashing to the ground, directly on top of Lumbert.

Lumbert sees the animals falling on top of him. He runs in a foot-deep trench that gets deeper in thirty or forty yards.

As the animals hit, Lumbert dives into the deepest part of the trench. He holds up his sword as the Narclops falls.

CRAAASSSHHH.

INT./EXT. RIGHT TRANSPORT -- DAY

Wigand and Clariss watch the Narclops crashes down under the weight of Ga'a, right where Lumbert dove. BOOM!

EXT. WASTELANDS -- DAY

Both animals roll away. Ga'a stumbles and falls back down.

The Narclops gets back up onto all fours, weaving.

Ga'a faces the Narclops, which stumbles and collapses, head first onto the broken ground.

The Narclops dies lying on one side, a tiny sword sticking from the visible temple.

Ga'a CAWS and stumbles over to the body of the Narclops.

EXT. TRENCH -- DAY

Lambert lies on his back, flat in the trench, the ground in all directions pressed flat with the impact of the fall.

Miraculously, he lies a foot deeper than everything else.

He sits up. Ga'a, thirty yards away, pecks at the dead Narclops.

Ga'a's talons scratch heavily on the hard ground.

Lambert charges Ga'a, pulling out a knife. Lambert drives the knife as hard as he can into the side of the bird's talon.

He hangs on, dangling, as Ga'a steps to the transport.

STOMP. STOMP. Lambert hangs from the talon as it rises high off the ground and STOMPS back down.

Lambert loses his grip coming down.

He rolls in the dirt at Ga'a's feet, recovers and scrambles into the right container.

INT. RIGHT TRANSPORT -- DAY

Lambert runs into the small room.

Prego and Rain make out in a pile of gold in the center of the transport.

LUMBERT

I made it!

SHAKING as Ga'a grabs the transport.

EXT. TRANSPORT -- DAY

Ga'a grabs the carrier, opens his wings and magically lifts off, carrying the transport like a dumbbell.

INT. LEFT TRANSPORT -- DAY

Taking off, Wigand, Clarissa and the ogre guards, bound tight, angle off but remain in place.

INT. RIGHT TRANSPORT -- DAY

Prego and Rain slide against the wall as Lambert loses his balance nae faceplants, lurching hard against the wall.

EXT. THE OPEN GOAT -- DAY

Corso watches as the massive bird flies off. Thalia burns.

INT. THE OPEN GOAT -- DAY

Prostitutes wait. Corso enters and pours himself a DRINK.

CORSO
We're back in business.

PROSTITUTE
Screw you, pigfucker!

The door opens and Felch enters. Corso relaxes.

CORSO
Why, you're not even an ogre.

Felch enters and plants a KNIFE deep in Corso's chest. Corso falls against the bar. Felch holds him up with his knife.

FELCH
Those are my wives.

CORSO
Which?

FELCH
All of them, now.

Felch takes Corso's key, pulls out the dagger and lets him fall. Felch walks over to the cell.

FELCH (CONT'D)
I was kidding about the wives thing.
(opens cell)
I can't stay, I have a ride waiting.

Lola, Mona and Nina embrace Felch. The women CHEER.

NINA
We'll be okay. Go get that wizard.

MONA
Yeah, you can do it, Felch.

ALL
(clapping and stomping)
Felch! Felch! Felch! Felch!

Felch smiles, bows, and runs outside. The women CHEER.

EXT. THE OPEN GOAT -- DAY

Two hot harpies, prisoners from the jail, wait for Felch.

FELCH
Let's go.

The harpies each grab a shoulder and fly Felch into the air.

INT. RIGHT TRANSPORT -- DAY

The box flies both steady and level. The large open door reveals low, ugly mountains.

Prego, Rain and Lambert sit tight against the inside wall, leather belts over one shoulder connected to the transport.

Rain takes Lambert's hand, smiles and kisses the burn mark.

RAIN

We will defeat this wizard.

LUMBERT

I lost my sword. And my knife.

PREGO

Maybe there's something in here.

Prego scrambles to the open door and peeks his head out. He sees that Ga'a carries them toward the huge castle.

INT. RIGHT TRANSPORT -- DAY

Prego crawls back to Lambert and Rain and straps back in. Curious, Lambert takes off his strap and crawls to the door.

PREGO

Lost mountains. We're almost there.

As Lambert leans his head out, the transport banks to turn and Lambert slides right out the open door with a YELP.

Prego and Rain hold tight as treasure slides across the room.

PREGO (CONT'D)

Uh oh.

EXT. SKY -- DAY

Lambert does a slow forward roll from a thousand feet.

Just as he's about to hit, a harpy saves him. She catches him, and sinking with added weight, furiously flaps her wings.

They level off a few feet off the jagged rocks, at the base of the mountain. Felch flies down with the other harpy.

FELCH

I knew you'd do that!

Felch and Lambert embrace.

LUMBERT

I really am invincible.

(pokes his own eye)

Ow! Why didn't that work?

EXT. MORLOCK'S CASTLE PRECIPICE -- DAY

A troop of SOLDIERS awaits the landing.

As the transport touches down, Ga'a CAWS, releases it, and flies away.

Wigand, with his animal bag, and Clarissa, exit the transport.

WIGAND

Unload this treasure. Now.

Troops unload the containers. Wigand leads Clarissa inside.

INT. MORLOCK'S CAVE -- DAY

Wigand and Clarissa enter. Jacme, bound in orange plastic bicycle tape, hangs near the entrance.

Morlock stands over a table, prepping the body of Pip.

MORLOCK

Finally!

Wigand carries over the bag and gives it to Morlock.

WIGAND

The best I could do on such short notice.

MORLOCK

Sorry about your cat.

WIGAND

My cat is your cat, master.

MORLOCK

Good answer.

Morlock opens the bag and pulls out a rabbit.

MORLOCK (CONT'D)

What is this? A bunny?

WIGAND

Um, I-- wolf, but.

Morlock glares. Wigand stands, flummoxed.

MORLOCK

(with hand gestures)

Run Extra Stinky Troll. Ha zak!

A bolt of energy ZAPS Wigand, who falls.

Wigand seizures and froths on the ground.

Bileous sweat covers Wigand's body in dark yellow paste.

Wigand SCREAMS at the foaming growth of muscle and scum.

Wigand glazes and grows, in agony.

Morlock pulls four rabbits out of the bag.

He holds up two.

MORLOCK (CONT'D)

(to Clarissa)

Which looks bigger?

Clarissa shrugs indifference.

Wigand, scum-encrusted, climbs up. Ten feet tall, slimy and ugly as a fistful of scabs, Wigand flexes his grotesque arms.

MORLOCK (CONT'D)

That stuff doesn't wash off.

(points at Wigand)

Pain.

The troll's body buckles.

He falls to the ground with a wet SPLAT.

The troll spasms, shaking off slime and gook.

MORLOCK (CONT'D)

You understand.

TROLL

(wheezes)

Yes.

Morlock snaps his fingers. The pain ends.

MORLOCK

(points out door)

Defend me to your death!

The troll stumbles out.

Morlock flicks his hand at Clarissa.

MORLOCK (CONT'D)

Bind.

Clarissa magically flies against the wall next to Jacme.

JACME

(mute but mouthing)

I have no voice!

EXT. MORLOCK'S CASTLE -- NIGHT

Felch and the two harpies stand at the base of the mountain. Impossibly far above them, Morlock's castle.

Lumbert sucks on his injured hand while he pees, twenty yards away from Felch and the harpies.

FELCH

That's just it. Do you think I should tell him?

HARPY 1

I wouldn't.

FELCH

But I don't want him to die.

HARPY 2

We're all going to die.

As Felch speaks, Lumbert quietly returns and overhears.

FELCH

Are we? Sure the sky's getting grey and the fish all died, but maybe we can adjust. Can't we just get away? I really don't want to watch us all get liquified over Lumbert. I know he's not the chosen one. He's just dumb and kind of lucky. And he's going to get us all killed.

Lumbert walks away.

FELCH (CONT'D)

It's not fate. I wish it were.

Lumbert stands alone, turns, and returns, COUGHING.

LUMBERT

Well, let's go. If I'm going to kill this wizard, I might as well get it over with.

Lumbert and Felch face each other.

FELCH

Lumbert, before we go, I need you to know something.

HARPY 1

Don't.

FELCH

You're not the chosen one. That mark on your hand. I did that.

EXT. CAMPFIRE -- NIGHT

Flashback. Ancient woods. Felch, younger, hunts.

FELCH

I was camping in the Fallen Woods.
Robbing people on the road. But I
was starving, because nobody had
more than a copper of two. Nobody
had meat, and that's what I needed.

A large DEER stands in a clearing. Felch, breathless, slings
an arrow and pulls it back.

A BEE BUZZES by and Felch flinches. The bee flies right up
his nostril. Felch falls backward, releasing the arrow.

A large bee stinger hangs on the edge of his hairy nostril.
Felch rubs his watering eyes, rises, and sees the deer.

Felch runs over to it, his arrow straight through the eye.

FELCH (CONT'D)

And I found you.

Near the deer, in a basket, a BABY CRIES. Felch approaches.

EXT. MORLOCK'S CASTLE -- DAY

The harpies give Lambert and Felch massages.

LUMBERT

But you were my father's squire.

FELCH

I made that up. It got us in with
the king back when you were little.

LUMBERT

But I could still be the chosen one,
couldn't I? I do have the mark.

EXT. WOODS -- NIGHT

A campfire. The baby sleeps peacefully on a small blanket
as the deer roasts on the fire. Felch, thrilled, eats.

FELCH (V.O.)

What was I supposed to do with a
baby? I wanted to just leave you
there for the wolves. But you were
clean. You didn't complain. I knew
that if you had a mark we could get
someone to pay for our beer.

Felch pulls a STICK out of the fire. The end, roughly
triangular, glows a bright red.

EXT. MORLOCK'S CASTLE -- DAY

Felch and Lambert face each other. Lambert looks at the mark on his hand.

FELCH
It healed really well. Clean burn.
After all this time, it really feels
good to tell you. Whew. What a
weight I feel lifted off my shoulders.

Felch gives Lambert a big hug.

FELCH (CONT'D)
Little man--

Lambert smiles at Felch and laughs, embracing Felch.

HARPY 1
So do you guys want a ride, or what?

FELCH
Let's just get out of here. Run
away.

LUMBERT
Thank you for saving my life when I
was a baby. I was chosen that day,
and that I'm still here makes me
believe I may serve a greater purpose.

FELCH
What if that purpose is to stay alive?

LUMBERT
You've always told me our lives are
what we make them, and to be thankful
for what we get. My life is glorious.
I feel no shame that Gwarm choked on
my horse, or that the Narclops fell
on my sword. Only that I survived.
My quest is the wizard, and I will
defeat him and in action make true
my mark, or die and not know the
difference. For the princess, our
king, and our pagan sex god of corn.

HARPY 1
We must defeat the wizard.

FELCH
True enough. Let's go.

Lambert, thrilled, hugs Felch again.

The harpies grab them and fly up the mountain.

INT. TREASURE ROOM -- DAY

TWO OGRES carry a massive TRUNK into the main treasure room. Trunks, boxes, and caskets filled with gold line the walls.

The ogres exit, shutting the door behind them. The new trunk opens, and Prego and Rain climb out.

RAIN

I can't believe you did that to me.

Prego and Rain check the door, which opens on them. They duck behind the door as TWO OGRES carry in another TRUNK.

As the ogres go in, Prego and Rain sneak out, running down the hall the other way.

INT. MORLOCK'S CAVE -- DAY

Smoky. Morlock incants over Pip, dead rabbit on Pip's chest.

MORLOCK

Finam Farram migill falatarum. Erat
ovaerum burundi bujumbura.

Pip morphs into the WEREBUNNY, zombie rabbit killing machine.

Heavily muscled through the perforated and now furry chest, the Werebunny rises slowly, as if on a lever, a la Nosferatu.

Long gnarled ears flop on the Werebunny's shoulders. Eyes blink open. He snarls with razor sharp buck-teeth. CHOMP.

EXT. MORLOCK'S CASTLE PRECIPICE -- DAY

Prego and Rain run out onto the castle precipice.

PREGO

This is the wrong way.

Wigand the Troll enters, carrying a huge sledgehammer.

PREGO (CONT'D)

We really need some weapons.

Prego moves to one side but the troll is much faster.

The troll twirls the sledgehammer and slams it into the ground. CRACK. A large chuck of stone shatters below.

The troll smiles, backing up Rain and Prego.

FELCH (O.S.)

Die, hellworm!

The troll turns, an arrow sticking from his back.

EXT. MORLOCK'S CASTLE PRECIPICE -- DAY

Harpies fly away as Felch and Lambert attack.

Felch shoots a second arrow straight into the troll's chest. Felch is more surprised than the troll.

Lambert charges in and throws Felch's knife.

The knife strikes the troll right between the eyes.

It drops the hammer. Wigand the troll rushes them.

They dodge his swinging attacks as Felch plants three more arrows in his head. THWT.

Wigand swings at a ducking Lambert and misses. THWT.

The second arrow to the head causes a loud SCREAM and a wild haymaker spin. The ogre's fist hits Lambert with a CRUNCH.

THWT. A third arrow, lit, plants in the monster's skull.

Lambert, launched several yards, lands painfully.

The troll struggles with the flaming arrow in his head.

The arrow SIZZLES like a fuse and engulfs Wigand in flames.

The troll SCREAMS, bubbling and overheating, and explodes, sending chunks of crap everywhere.

Prego, Felch and Rain rush to Lambert's side. He lies hurt on the stone landing.

FELCH

Did you see that? I'm amazing.

SEVERAL HUNDRED OGRE TROOPS exit onto the precipice.

They surround our troop.

Morlock and the werebunny follow.

MORLOCK

Finally.

(to werebunny)

Kill the injured one.

The werebunny moves in to attack.

Felch stands forward.

FELCH

You'll have to get me first.

Felch starts shooting arrows into the steadily advancing werebunny. THWT. THWT.

Two right in the chest, but the werebunny doesn't stop.

FELCH (CONT'D)
This isn't good.

THWT. THWT. THWT. THWT. All hits. The werebunny advances.

The two harpies fly in to protect Felch. Morlock sees them, and waves his hand.

MORLOCK
No radar.

The harpies both crash hard to the ground.

The werebunny springs on Felch as Prego moves in to defend.

The werebunny grabs, scratches and bites Prego in a series of fast attacks. Prego falls hard.

RAIN
No.
(extends hands)
Ja!

A small bolt of energy knocks back the werebunny, but only for an instant, and he turns to attack Rain.

Lambert struggles to his feet.

Morlock gestures at Lambert, and flinches as he casts his spell, fearing blowback.

MORLOCK
Tap.

Lambert is knocked twenty feet back and is saved only by crashing into the guardwall of the castle.

MORLOCK (CONT'D)
It works.

Lambert stirs, barely, at the base of the wall.

The werebunny clubs Rain, who falls hard.

MORLOCK (CONT'D)
Prepare the wedding.

Morlock goes inside under the cover of guards.

INT. MORLOCK'S CAVE -- NIGHT

Absurdly decorated for a wedding. On one wall, bound, hangs Jacme in a tacky, white wedding gown, and Clarissa, Rain, and both harpies in matching gunnysack bridesmaid dresses.

Lumbert, Felch and Prego, all horribly beaten, hang nearby.

The Werebunny drools on himself as TROLLS and OGRES stand around, attendants to the wedding.

FELCH

I can't believe I didn't kill that thing.

Morlock enters.

MORLOCK

Welcome to this grand event, a glorious changing is at hand. Today is the day of our wedding.

FELCH

I hate weddings.

MORLOCK

(to Felch)

I know you do. That's why you're still alive. Just a bit more suffering before I make you into another good troll. You can watch me torture and abuse your dear Clarissa. Now, won't that be fun.

(to all)

As a matter of fact, I expect this to be rough on all of you.

The trolls and ogres LAUGH.

MORLOCK (CONT'D)

By now you see it is over. The eye holds the darkness in place and I control the eye.

GARLEMAN (O.S.)

You control nothing!

Garleman, the old man, flies into the room.

Garleman fights through a few trolls.

Garleman spears the werebunny, driving a sword straight through its' chest.

Garleman extracts the sword and the werebunny falls.

The Ogres and Trolls HISS as Garleman charges Morlock.

MORLOCK
Run fireball!

A BALL OF FIRE flies at Garleman but bounces off his sword and ricochets around the room, frying several large ogres.

GARLEMAN
(attacks)
Now you die!

Garleman freezes, his blade inches from Morlock.

FLEETWOOD (O.S.)
Hold!

A small, squat figure in a black robe gracefully floats down. His skin ashen grey, Fleetwood, the vampire, lands.

Garleman stands frozen, raging. Morlock moves away.

FLEETWOOD (CONT'D)
Die!

Garleman convulses and falls.

Garleman GASPS and disintegrates.

RAIN
Fleetwood! No.

MORLOCK
Thank you.

FLEETWOOD
Don't thank me, wizard.
(To Morlock)
Die.

Morlock loses his breath.

He tries to cast a spell, but after a few hand gestures, Fleetwood makes a fist and twists.

Morlock staggers, holds himself up with Lambert, then collapses, dead, an accusing finger pointing at Lambert.

MORLOCK
You!

Fleetwood rolls his neck with a sick series of CRACKS.

FLEETWOOD
My darkness shall surpass his greatest
imagininations.

TROLL (O.S.)
Not if I can help it!

A short, stocky TROLL standing by the wall turns and pulls a LEVER releasing all of the prisoners.

The men and women fall to the ground. The harpies fly up.

The troll turns, one leg just a pile of mud for support. It's Pokey! He holds up his fist. He wears Wigand's ring.

The walls RUMBLE.

Fleetwood shoots LASERS that stun and paralyze the two harpies, who fall with loud THUDS.

TROLLS materialize out of the wall.

A shot from Fleetwood hits Rain in the face and she falls.

Jacme and Clarissa dive behind some furniture.

DOZENS OF OGRES rush into the room to join Pokey. Behind him, MORE TROLLS materialize from out of the wall.

POKEY

You never should have left me!

Pokey throws a dagger that Fleetwood catches with his mind, several feet in front of Fleetwood's face. The knife falls.

POKEY (CONT'D)

Oh, shit.

FLEETWOOD

Boom, Motherfu--

ZHWOOM! A huge ball of light strikes Pokey and blows Pokey and his ogres and trolls into dust. BOOM!

FLEETWOOD (CONT'D)

I am the power!

MUSIC swells as Fleetwood sends a bolt of lightning at Prego. ZHWAP. Prego seizes and falls.

Fleetwood ZAPS Prego. Felch drops his bow and surrenders.

FELCH

I have wives.

Fleetwood blasts Felch with light. Felch convulses and falls.

Lumbert, unarmed, runs to Morlock's dead body. He stomps on Morlock's skull. The eye shoots across the room.

Fleetwood fires but misses as Lumbert dives after the gem.

LUMBERT

Rain!

Lambert throws the gem as Fleetwood shoots another laser.
 ZHAP! The gem flies over to Rain, who bleeds from the head.

Lambert quivers on the ground. Fleetwood waves his hands.

FLEETWOOD

And you, Lambert. With the fortune
 of circumstance. There is no room
 in the world for people like you.

A huge BALL OF ENERGY forms in Fleetwood's hands--

RAIN (O.S.)

Light!

Rain, the gem in her damaged eye socket, radiates light.
 Everything freezes and separates into fractal colors.

Fleetwood's ball of energy EXPLODES and he melts.

FLEETWOOD

Noooo!

Felch and Prego come to as Jacme and Clarissa sneak out from hiding. The harpies stop rolling around and slowly rise.

Rain glows. The red gem in her eye morphs itself perfectly into her eye, now just a red contact lens.

Lambert comes to, staggers up and stumbles over to join them.

RAIN

(radiates light)

Morlock's armies are defeated, his
 spells are undone. Peace shall return
 and the ogres shall be men once again.

PREGO

Are you okay?

RAIN

The eye is too powerful. It holds
 all wisdom. I can see the future
 and the past. You, Lambert, will be
 a great king. Felch, your curse is
 lifted, you are now a great marksman,
 once again. Jacme, you will be a
 queen loved by her people. And I
 shall rule the world, dispensing
 knowledge.

(huge and severe)

Now worship me.

All fall prostrate before Rain, who glows with power.

RAIN (CONT'D)

This is nice.

EXT. CASTLE TOWER -- DAY

A high tower with a window. Jacme's voice, ascending stairs.

JACME (O.S.)
 (squeaks painfully)
 You really think this is going to
 work? I don't know-- I've really
 never done anything like that before.
 Who told you about this? A harpy?
 No, I'm serious. I mean, I've done
 some freaky stuff and all but I'm
 just not sure about--

A door CREAKS open.

JACME (O.S.) (CONT'D)
 Oh my god, look at the size of that
 cock! Oh my. Wow. It's huge.
 I've never seen anything like it.
 Wow. Um, okay.

SHUFFLING on a bed.

LUMBERT (O.S.)
 Roll over.

JACME (O.S.)
 Yeah, okay. Ow. That can't be right.
 That kind of hurts. Can you oh wait
 a second hey don't do oh god what
 are you ow ow hey there mister ow ow--

Jacme's voice drops an octave, to a sexy husky alto.

JACME (O.S.) (CONT'D)
 --Oooooh god yes. That's amazing.
 Oh yeah, just keep doing it right
 there. You are so good at that.
 Hey!

INT. BANQUET HALL -- NIGHT

A big banquet. Underneath a portrait of Svaboygan, King Lumbert and Queen Jacme toast the crowd, who dance and frolic.

Behind them stands counselor Clarissa. Generals Felch and Mona stand with a line of SOLDIERS. Nina and Lola dance together, waving at Felch and pointing into the rafters.

DOZENS OF LEATHER-CLAD ROCKER HARPIES enter. Everyone dances.

Felch signals thumbs up to Lumbert, who looks up at the little WHITE OWL watching from above. Everyone waves at the owl.

INT. MORLOCK'S CAVE -- DAY

The banquet, a medieval rave, reflects in the pool.

Rain sits on Morlock's throne.

ROLL CREDITS

EXT. CASTLE TOWER -- DAY

A high tower with a window.

INT. CASTLE TOWER -- DAY

Jacme and Lambert ascend stairs.

JACME (O.S.)
 (squeaks painfully)
 You really think this is going to
 work? I don't know-- I've really
 never done anything like that before.
 Who told you about this? A harpy?
 No, I'm serious. I mean, I've done
 some freaky stuff and all but I'm
 just not sure about--

They open a door at the top of the stairs.

INT. CASTLE BEDROOM -- DAY

A small bed sits in the stone room of the tower. A large
 stuffed ROOSTER sits next to the bed.

JACME
 Oh my god, look at the size of that
 cock! Oh my. Wow. It's huge.
 I've never seen anything like it.
 Wow. Um, okay.

Lambert playfully pushes Jacme to the bed. He flips her
 onto her stomach and begins a deep foot massage.

JACME (CONT'D)
 Yeah, okay. Ow. That can't be right.
 That kind of hurts. Can you oh wait
 a second hey don't do oh god what
 are you ow ow hey there mister ow ow--

Lambert rubs as Jacme's voice drops to a sexy husky alto.

JACME (CONT'D)
 --Ooooooh god yes. That's amazing.
 Oh yeah, just keep doing it right
 there. You are so good at that.

FADE OUT: