

A Most Uncivil War

By

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INT. CLASSROOM - DAY

The class is in full anarchy mode when the door opens slowly and MISS BUTTERSWORTH, an old woman, bespectacled, carrying an over sized handbag and hunched over a cane slowly walks to the chalkboard.

Miss Buttersworth reaches the board and starts methodically writing her name.

The sound of the screeching chalk causes the students to react with eye twitches or by plugging their ears with their fingers.

When she turns around the children are all sitting motionlessly with folded hands.

VERONICA, 10, with severe black hair done tightly into a ponytail stands up confidently.

VERONICA

Hello, Miss Buttersworth. My name is Veronica Collingsley and as class president, I would like to welcome you to Mont Verboten Academy and thank you for choosing to substitute at our fine school.

MISS BUTTERSWORTH

Class president? Mm. You must be very smart.

VERONICA

Thank you ma'am.

MISS BUTTERSWORTH

Smart enough to raise your hand and wait to be called upon before addressing a school mistress?

VERONICA

I...Uh...

MISS BUTTERSWORTH

Sit on your hands until recess.

Veronica sits down sheepishly.

MISS BUTTERSWORTH

Today, class, we will be learning about Mont Verboten.

Henry, 10, raises his hand.

(CONTINUED)

MISS BUTTERSWORTH

Yes.

HENRY

What chapter are we...?

MISS BUTTERSWORTH

NAME!

HENRY

Sorry, Miss. It's Henry, Miss.

MISS BUTTERSWORTH

Well, master Henry Miss, we won't be learning from our textbooks today, so you can put them away.

HENRY

No, it's not Henry Miss, it's...

MISS BUTTERSWORTH

HAND!

Henry raises his hand.

MISS BUTTERSWORTH

put your hand down, master Miss.

suppressed giggles from Henry's classmates.

MISS BUTTERSWORTH

If you don't want people to call you Henry then I don't see why you go around calling yourself Henry. Come to the front please.

Henry walks to the front of the class.

Miss Buttersworth removes a dunce cap from her over sized handbag and places it on Henry's head.

MISS BUTTERSWORTH

There. I find it speeds things along when I know who the slower children are.

Henry returns to his desk hanging his head in shame.

MISS BUTTERSWORTH

Now, has anyone here heard of Lapaltamon?

A single BOY, 10, in the back raises his hand.

MISS BUTTERSWORTH

Yes?

BOY

No, ma'am.

Miss Buttersworth stares at the boy in disbelief for a few seconds before motioning him to the front of the classroom.

MISS BUTTERS WORTH

The Fitzgerald-Hamilton  
expedition of eighteen sixty-six?

Henrietta Belle, 10, raises her hand.

Miss Buttersworth fits her victim, the boy, with a dunce cap, waves him back to his seat and points at the girl.

HENRIETTA BELLE

Henrietta Belle, mi...ma'am.  
Uh...

She stands and starts to repeat verbatim the rote knowledge she has learned on the subject.

HENRIETTA BELLE (CONT.)

The Fitzgerald-Hamilton expedition was a failed expedition led by Mr. Robert Fitzgerald, an American, and aricrostatic...artisticro...Fancy British explorer, Lord Cecil Hamilton in the year eighteen sixty-six. They were to be the first to scale Mont Richard. The team consisted of doctors, scientists, engineers, mountaineers and packers. The expedition included a large number of women due to their local reputation as guides and the lack of suitable men caused by the five wars of eighteen fifty-three to eighteen sixty-two. A great rumbling was heard from the mountain not long after they left and not one of them returned. The town suffered years of drought and the starving townspeople of Richard demanded the mountain not be disturbed any more. The name was changed to Mont Verboten and the post of Mountain Guard was created...Which is my Uncle Hans and he has been doing it for ten years now and he says it is a very noble job and he gets a big house and a big dog and a big shiny badge and a big hat and...

(CONTINUED)

MISS BUTTERSWORTH  
Very good, Miss Belle. However,  
you did get one fact undeniably  
wrong.

HENRIETTA BELLE  
Ma'am?

MISS BUTTERSWORTH  
The expedition was NOT a failure,  
Miss Belle. It was, without a  
doubt, a rousing success.

The children glance around at each other, confused.

MISS BUTTERSWORTH  
And that, children, is the story  
we will be learning today.

EXT. MOUNT VERBOTEN

A crowd is gathered behind LORD CECIL HAMILTON, 40, and  
ROBERT FITZGERALD, 40, in the swirling snow, staring up at  
a gray cliff face.

MISS BUTTERSWORTH (NARRATING)  
The explorers made their way, bit  
by bit in the biting cold, until  
they could go no further.

LORD CECIL HAMILTON  
Ah yes, Fitz old chap, Titan's  
wall. Perilous looking fellow.

ROBERT FITZGERALD  
Quite. That's what you Brits say  
isn't it? Quite?

LORD CECIL HAMILTON  
Quite. So any ideas how we shall  
mount the old girl?

ROBERT FITZGERALD  
We won't.

LORD CECIL HAMILTON  
We won't? You crafty Yank, have  
you figured a way around?

ROBERT FITZGERALD  
Nope. There is none.

LORD CECIL HAMILTON  
No way round and no way over.  
Heck of a conundrum, wouldn't you  
say?

(CONTINUED)

ROBERT FITZGERALD

There are no unsolvable problems, Hammy, only solutions yet to be found.

LORD CECIL HAMILTON

Well I rather like that, I must say. Mind if I use it when we get back?

ROBERT FITZGERALD

Oh, we won't be heading back.

LORD CECIL HAMILTON

Won't be heading back? Well, I can't say I like the sound of that. Whatever the devil do you mean?

ROBERT FITZGERALD

What I mean by that is...

A rotund man, MR. FORTHRIGHT, 45, with a large mustache approaches the men.

MR. FORTHRIGHT

The charges are set, sir.

ROBERT FITZGERALD

Good, Forthright, good...Well no sense in standing around getting a sun tan, light 'em up.

MR. FORTHRIGHT

CHIN!..CHIN! Now where did that slant-eyed sonofa...Ah, Chin, there you are.

CHIN, 25, appears through the snowstorm.

MR. FORTHRIGHT

Chin make mountain go down with boom-boom stick, nee mingbay ma?

Mr. Forthright turns to Robert Fitzgerald.

MR. FORTHRIGHT

Gotta speak a little chink in this business, you know.

CHIN

Yes sir...Only problem is that we apparently did not gauge the correct length of cable and it would appear that the detonator has failed to make it out of the blast zone...Or what my

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CHIN (cont'd)  
preliminary calculations have  
determined to be approximately  
Fifteen feet and six inches  
within the blast zone.

Mr. Forthright turns to Robert Fitzgerald again.

MR. FORTHRIGHT  
Ain't the color of their skin  
that got 'em the name yeller, no  
sir. Not much for brains neither,  
but they'll work hard enough with  
a whip at their back, I'll give  
'em that.

Mr. Forthright pulls a revolver from his winter coat.

MR. FORTHRIGHT  
Chin hit boom-boom stick or  
boom-boom stick hit Chin.

Chin looks around and, finding no sympathy, makes his way  
to the detonator.

Lord Cecil leans in to Robert Fitzgerald.

LORD CECIL HAMILTON  
Bit of a crude fellow wouldn't  
you say?

ROBERT FITZGERALD  
Gotta crack a few eggs to make an  
omelet as the saying goes.

Chin makes his way to the detonator and looks back down  
the mountain where he can barely make out the people down  
below in the swirling snow. He then looks up nervously at  
the ominous cliff above.

Chin goes to grab the detonator handle and, looking around  
once more, puts his hands to the sides of the handle and  
pretends to push down.

He repeats the motion several times then looks down and  
shrugs his shoulders.

MR. FORTHRIGHT  
Goddammit! If you want something  
done right...

Mr. Forthright storms off, muttering as he goes.

He reaches Chin and pulls him roughly out of the way. Chin  
steps back, measuring the distance with his feet as he  
goes.

Mr. Forthright glances back and catches Chin retreating cautiously. He waves the revolver around.

MR. FORTHRIGHT  
That's far enough, Chin.

He pushes the detonator down and then stands up proudly, revolver hand raised, as the cliff face explodes.

Chin takes half a step back and watches as the rocks engulf Mr. Forthright, leaving his revolver hand protruding. The rocks approach Chin, and the final stone, barely six inches in diameter, stands on edge before him and then lands an eighth of an inch from his toe.

Chin pulls a notebook out of his pocket and makes a note.

CHIN  
Fifteen feet, five and  
seven-eighths inches.

MISS BUTTERSWORTH (NARRATING)  
And so, laid out before them, a  
neat inclined path of rock, and  
they started to make their way,  
while the young chinaman stood  
placidly at the gateway to Eden.

As Robert Fitzgerald is passing Chin, he speaks.

ROBERT FITZGERALD  
Don't feel too bad, Chin. Gotta  
crack a few eggs to make an  
omelet as they say.

CHIN  
Yes, sir. That's what they say.

Robert Fitzgerald bends down and removes the revolver from Mr. Forthright's hand without stopping.

The explorers, led by Robert Fitzgerald and Lord Cecil make their way up a precipitous mountain path.

Robert Fitzgerald looks up to see a snarling wolf ten feet away with its pack. He casually removes the revolver from his coat pocket and shoots it dead. The pack retreats.

Robert Fitzgerald (now wearing a wolf hood) makes it to an open area at the top of the mountain. The group walk forward, finding a forest of stunted evergreens.

LORD CECIL HAMILTON  
I dare say, Fitz, that's not  
possible or it's a damn sight  
unlikely, at the very least.

ROBERT FITZGERALD  
All according to plan, Hammy.

LORD CECIL HAMILTON  
We must be several thousand feet  
above the treeline, wouldn't you  
say?

Robert Fitzgerald gives Lord Cecil a knowing look.

MISS BUTTERSWORTH (NARRATING)  
They moved through the forest of  
snow-topped trees and as the  
exhausted amongst them fell to  
their knees and were helped  
forward by their comrades a  
growing sense of expectation  
grew; that this was more than  
just another mountaineering feat,  
more than just a name in the  
record books, but the beginning  
of something wonderful. A new  
life. A new beginning for one and  
all.

The group clear the forest and start to form at the edge  
of a crater where a mist is starting to clear.

As the mists clear they reveal tens of thousands of acres  
of lush green forests, waterfalls and meadows all  
contained within the crater at the mountain's top and with  
a river dividing it in half.

The sun rises, bathing the land in an orange glow.

Robert Fitzgerald turns to Lord Cecil and as their eyes  
meet Lord Cecil nods softly before returning his gaze to  
the paradise before them.

ROBERT FITZGERALD  
I call it Lapaltamon. It shall be  
our new home.

EXT. LAPALTAMON - TIME LAPSE

As Miss Buttersworth speaks, Lapaltamon transforms.

MISS BUTTERSWORTH (NARRATING)  
Over the years, the forests were  
cleared and farms built, mines  
dug out of the mountainside,  
water mills and factories  
appeared and a town sprung forth  
with bakers and butchers and  
tinkers and tailors. After many  
years it was decided that the

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

MISS BUTTERSWORTH (NARRATING) (cont'd)  
town would need to expand north of the river to provide room for the ever expanding population. North of the river would become North Lapaltamon and be led by Robert Fitzgerald, while South Lapaltamon would be led by Lord Cecil. And so a bridge was built and the Americans left to claim their new territories.

Robert Fitzgerald hammers an American flag into the ground north of the river.

MISS BUTTERSWORTH (NARRATING)  
However, unbeknownst to them, a group of untamed savages had laid claim to North Lapaltamon and...Yes, you with the glasses.

INT. CLASSROOM

A girl with coke bottle glasses and a bow tie in her hair, SAMANTHA SUSSEX, 10, lowers her hand as Miss Buttersworth approaches her with her hands behind her back.

SAMANTHA SUSSEX (LISPING)  
Thamantha Thuthex.

MISS BUTTERSWORTH  
Yes, Thamantha Thuthex?

SAMANTHA SUSSEX  
Mith, I believe the acthepted nomenclature ith native peopleth.

Miss Buttersworth removes her hands from behind her back and places a dunce cap on Samantha's head.

MISS BUTTERSWORTH  
Now the savages were a lazy, greedy people and were so selfish that Robert Fitzgerald, against his kindhearted nature, had to use threats of force to get them to share even a small slice of their god given bounty.

EXT. NATIVE CAMP - DAY

A group of Bohemians are sat around a fire playing stringed instruments, eating and drinking. Children are running around playing. Farm animals wander amongst them.

(CONTINUED)

BOHEMIAN MAN, 40, walks up to Robert Fitzgerald and his man, JOHN, 35. As he approaches he holds out an outstretched hand. Robert Fitzgerald takes a step back.

BOHEMIAN MAN

Ah! Velkome. Ve like you to sit vit us unt haf ze shwine flesh. Ve Vunder ven you art comink.

JOHN

What's he saying, Mr. Fitzgerald?

ROBERT FITZGERALD

Not sure. Best to be on guard, though. Tell the men to ready their weapons and the women and children to fall back.

JOHN

Yes sir.

John leaves to relay the orders. Robert Fitzgerald backs away slowly from the man and starts pointing to the flag.

ROBERT FITZGERALD

YOU ARE TRESPASSING. WE HAVE A FLAG. DO YOU HAVE A FLAG?

BOHEMIAN MAN

Ah no, ve are not vorried about such zings as zis. Ve comink here many generations ago away from ze hustle unt bustle of ze modern life back ven iz ze ice for ze climbink. Ve play ze muzic and make ze poetry and ze gastronomy. Come, sit vit us unt haf ze shwine flesh or you not like zis maybe some pie, no?

The BOHEMIAN MAN'S WIFE, 35, comes up next to him with a steaming, fresh baked pie and holds it out while her husband puts his arm around her.

Fitzgerald takes a step back as his men are returning with pitchforks and other farming implements and the women huddle scared, holding their children.

ROBERT FITZGERALD

You stay right there, you hear?  
YOU HEAR ME? STAY BACK, SAVAGE!

JOHN

Shall we attack sir?

ROBERT FITZGERALD

Tell the men to hold. We don't know how many of these brutes there are in the forest.

BOHEMIAN MAN

Okay, okay. Ve like ze roaming life so ve roam again. EVERYBODY VE GO TO ZE VATERFALL NOW, YES?

The crowd of Bohemians cheer and march off singing and playing music, the children and animals follow.

Bohemian man's wife turns and waves as they leave.

EXT. NORTH LAPALTAMON - TIME LAPSE

As Miss Buttersworth speaks we see North Lapaltamon growing. As the forest is replaced by farmland and buildings we see the little clearings and the smoke from the Bohemian's cooking fires move further and further towards the edge of the crater.

MISS BUTTERS WORTH (NARRATING)

The victorious Mr. Robert Fitzgerald returned to his people and led them into a golden age. North Lapaltamon flourished as South Lapaltamon had before it. As Fitzgerald grew old with his wife and children and children's children in the splendor of Mont Richard's glorious crater he felt as if he had truly achieved all that God had set out for him to do. Little did he know that God's greatest challenge was yet to come; the Great War of Reckoning.

EXT. ROBERT FITZGERALD'S HOUSE - DAY

Robert, wrinkled, with a long gray beard, sits in a rocking chair on the porch of his white farmhouse with his granddaughter, MARY, 6, on his lap.

John, old himself now, approaches from the direction of a white picket fence and climbs the stairs to the porch.

ROBERT FITZGERALD

John, my friend, come sit. You will eat lunch with us of course. Mary, tell your grandmother to set another place at the table.

Robert lifts his granddaughter off his knee and she runs off into the house.

(CONTINUED)

JOHN

I'm afraid there is no time for that, sir. You see...The time has come.

A steely-eyed look comes over Robert's eyes and he stares off into the distance for some time before returning his gaze to John.

ROBERT FITZGERALD

I see.

Robert rises slowly to his feet, grabs his rifle, and they start to make their way down the path to the gate. As they do MRS. FITZGERALD, 70, exits the house with Mary pulling her by the hand.

MRS. FITZGERALD

Robert dear, where are you off to? Lunch will be ready soon.

Robert turns dramatically.

ROBERT FITZGERALD

The time has come, my dear.

Mary's faces turns white with fear and she clutches onto her grandmother's leg.

MRS. FITZGERALD

What? No...NO! You must let the men deal with it...Please Robert...Don't go!

ROBERT FITZGERALD

The men need a leader, my sweetness...My light. All great men heed God's call and live by his command.

MRS. FITZGERALD (SOBBING)

Oh Robert!

ROBERT FITZGERALD

Get the children in the house and lock up, you hear me now? Oh and Jenny...

MRS. FITZGERALD (SOBBING)

Yes, my dear?

ROBERT FITZGERALD

I love you.

As Robert and John turn to leave Mrs. Fitzgerald falls to her knees and starts to sob uncontrollably while clutching Mary to her breast.

EXT. NATIVE CAMP - DUSK

The Bohemian camp is now pushed up to the edge of the crater with a hundred or so Bohemians standing around a fire next to a small stand of trees.

In the field before them are around a hundred or so Lapaltamonians armed with farming implements. The crowd parts to allow Robert and John through.

ROBERT FITZGERALD  
John, you speak a little of their  
language don't you?

JOHN  
I know some, yes.

ROBERT FITZGERALD  
Okay, ready?

JOHN  
Ready as I'll ever be, boss.

The two men walk bravely forward as the Bohemian man separates from his group and joins them in the middle of the battlefield.

ROBERT FITZGERALD  
Have you been stealing from the  
farmers here, Savage?

BOHEMIAN MAN  
Ve share ze shwines vit you and  
ve take vat ve need for ze  
feeding of ze children, iz fair,  
no?

JOHN  
He admits it sir.

BOHEMIAN MAN  
Ve can hunt ze deers as vell, but  
not so many now vit all ze  
farmink unt not ze trees unt  
forest vut zey like.

JOHN  
He says they have been poaching  
illegally too, sir.

ROBERT FITZGERALD  
Tell him that we are sick of him  
encroaching on our lands...

Robert steps onto a nearby boulder and turns to face his men.

(CONTINUED)

ROBERT FITZGERALD  
 These lands which we have strived  
 for...

The men cheer loudly, shaking their farm implements.

ROBERT FITZGERALD  
 These lands which we have toiled  
 in...

The men cheer louder.

ROBERT FITZGERALD  
 And these lands which we are  
 DAMNED WILLING TO FIGHT AND DIE  
 FOR!

Robert holds his rifle up and holds the pose as he  
 delivers the line. The men go wild.

ROBERT FITZGERALD  
 FOR LAPALTAMON!

ROBERT'S MEN  
 FOR LAPALTAMON!

The men start marching forward.

BOHEMIAN MAN (MUMBLING)  
 Iz maybe like talking to tree vit  
 zeze crazy people.

The Bohemian man returns to his people who start to march  
 up the crater to the surrounding mountainside. Bohemian  
 man's wife joins him at his side.

BOHEMIAN WIFE  
 But ze kinderfolk. Iz so cold  
 uplanden vay, no?

BOHEMIAN MAN  
 You vant ve live vit zeze  
 crazyfolk? Maybe zey eat us unt  
 use ze kinderfolk to make farmink  
 like ze oxen. No ve vill keep  
 each other varm in ze uplanden  
 vay, you vorry not.

BOHEMIAN WIFE  
 But...

BOHEMIAN MAN  
 Trust me. Zis people zey vill be  
 killink zemselves it iz only  
 matter for time, unt after, ve  
 return.

The men gather around the boulder, where Robert still holds his fist high, and start yelling and throwing rocks at the retreating Bohemians as the sun starts to set.

JOHN

Well, I'll be damned, Robert Fitzgerald, if that wasn't the finest speech I ever damned heard!

John looks up to Robert.

JOHN

We beat those cowardly sonsofbitches good, didn't we? Robert? Robert?

John reaches out and touches Robert who, still holding his pose, leans over and falls down, dead. The men gather around their fallen General and remove their hats.

FARMER

Those bastard savages finally did him in.

The farmer fights back tears as another puts his arm around him in an attempt to console him.

EXT. NORTH LAPALTAMON TOWN SQUARE - DAY

A statue of Robert Fitzgerald in his final pose stands in the town square.

SUSIE, 10, carrying a basket of food, skips around the statue and then skips off down the road.

The girl stops to admire something in a shop window.

MR. BLAKE, 55, a sharply dressed man with a thin mustache, wearing a suit, bolo tie and cowboy hat, hooks an apple from her basket with his walking stick, grabs it with his free hand and takes a bite. He then tosses it behind him hitting an old lady in the head.

The old lady falls down and is helped to her feet by a crowd of people. She looks around confused. The girl notices this, looks in her basket and then to the man. She follows him.

The man takes a sharp turn into the North Lapaltamon Museum.

INT. NORTH LAPALTAMON MUSEUM

At the front, behind a desk is MACKINNON, 50, a balding man in glasses. The sharply dressed man walks by the desk without looking at MacKinnon, and enters the museum.

MACKINNON

Uh, sir?..Mr. Blake, sir?

Mr. Blake walks around looking for a particular display.

MACKINNON

Uh, excuse me sir...I don't want to bother you, Mr. Blake, but...

BLAKE

Great. My time is very valuable Mr...Uh...

MACKINNON

MacKinnon, sir.

BLAKE

Listen Mac, I'm looking for something in particular.

MACKINNON

Uh...There is the small matter of the entrance fee, sir...

BLAKE

It's a metal tube about so long, makes a fantastic noise. Firestick...No...

MACKINNON

Firearm?

BLAKE

That's the one. Where would i find this firestick then?

MACKINNON

Well...Uh...It's over there sir, but I...

Mr. Blake makes his way over to a display case containing a rifle and ammunition. He leans in to get a good look.

BLAKE

Terrible wolf problem you see.

Mr. Blake opens the display case and picks up the rifle.

MACKINNON

Oh, now really, Mr. Blake, you mustn't touch the displays. This

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

MACKINNON (cont'd)  
is nearly a hundred and fifty  
years old.

BLAKE  
Been attacking the livestock, you  
know? Farmers are in an uproar.

Mr. Blake picks up a cartridge.

BLAKE  
And what is this shiny thing?

MACKINNON  
That is a cartridge, but you  
mustn't touch the displays sir, I  
really must insist you...

Mr. Blake drops the cartridge to the ground and as  
MacKinnon bends down to pick it up, Mr. Blake flips his  
glasses off and kicks them away. Mr. Blake puts the  
remaining cartridges and a revolver in his pocket and  
turns to leave.

MACKINNON  
Mr. Blake? Mr. Blake? Have you  
seen my glasses Mr. Blake? They  
appear to have fallen off. I  
really can't see without them,  
sir.

Mr. Blake steps on MacKinnon's glasses on his way to the  
door.

BLAKE  
Just need to have the boys in the  
lab look this over, bit of  
research and development.

MACKINNON  
Mr. Blake?

MacKinnon runs into a manequin of Robert Fitzgerald and  
starts feeling his clothing.

MACKINNON  
Ah, there you are Mr. Blake.  
Thought for a second you'd run  
off with my rifle. Can't have  
that now, can we? Belonged to the  
great Robert Fitzgerald, don't  
you know? Now if you wouldn't  
mind helping me find my glasses.  
You see they've fallen off my  
head and I can't see past my nose  
without them...Ha ha...Been that  
way for a good many years you

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MACKINNON (cont'd)  
know? Well, since I can remember  
anyhow...Reminds me of a story my  
grandfather...

EXT. NORTH LAPALTAMON TOWN SQUARE

Mr. Blake exits the museum, rifle in hand, and walks off down the street with the girl following at a distance. JACK, EARLY 40's, in a blue work shirt, boots and a cap comes towards him whistling and swinging a lunch pail as he goes.

JACK  
What you got there, Mr. Blake?

Mr. Blake passes the man without flinching. Jack shakes his head with a smile.

JACK  
That Mr. Blake, always up to  
something.

Jack walks off down the street.

INT. JACK'S HOUSE

Jack enters his house and walks to the kitchen where MRS. SAMPSON, EARLY 40's, is cooking dinner. He places his lunch pail on the counter next to his wife.

JACK  
Mmmm-mmm. Smells wonderful Mrs.  
Sampson.

Jack makes his way to the back door.

MRS. SAMPSON  
Don't you go too far now Mr.  
Sampson, it'll be ready in a bit.

JACK  
Yes dear.

EXT. NORTH LAPALTAMON BACK YARD

Jack walks through the back yard to the river dividing North and South Lapaltamon. There is a stake with a string tied to it and the other end in the river. He starts to reel in the string. His neighbour, DOUGLAS, EARLY 40's, watches from across the river.

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DOUGLAS  
What do you have there, Jack?

Jack looks up as he pulls two bottles of beer from the river. He holds them up.

JACK  
Oh, didn't see you there Douglas.  
Keeps them cold. Care for one?

DOUGLAS  
Don't mind if I do.

Jack tosses a beer over the river and Douglas catches it. They both sit in the chairs they have set up by the riverbank, uncork their bottles and take a swig.

JACK  
How's the wife?

DOUGLAS  
Happier complaining than not, so  
I give her plenty to complain  
about.

JACK  
Ha! Ain't that the truth.

DOUGLAS  
Might be getting overtime down  
the factory for a bit.

JACK  
Same over this side.

DOUGLAS  
Won't hurt, mind you, with Julia  
getting married and Roger off to  
college.

JACK  
They grow up fast, don't they?

DOUGLAS  
They do at that.

They sit in silence, happily sipping their beers, until a wolf howls in the distance.

DOUGLAS  
Well, dinner should be about  
ready.

JACK  
Smelt like ratloaf with a burnt  
hair garish, but it's about that  
time isn't it?

DOUGLAS

Sounds better than what Mary's  
got on the go.

They both laugh nervously and scurry off towards their homes.

EXT. LAPALTAMON FOREST - DUSK

Mr. Blake reaches the edge of town and starts down a dark forest path hidden behind an ivy covered boulder. The girl follows him, ducking behind trees as she goes. Big 'NO TRESPASSING' and 'BEWARE OF WOLVES' signs line the path.

Mr. Blake reaches a large fence with a gate, which he opens with a key.

Two large gray dogs greet him nervously and then look suspiciously around, emanating a low growl as they go.

The girl presses her back to the tree from which she was peering around and freezes.

The dogs walk forward, their yellow eyes shining in the moonlight. Mr. Blake calls them back sharply just as they are about to reach the little girl's tree and they reluctantly return to the gate.

INT. RESEARCH AND DEVELOPMENT FACILITY

Mr. Blake enters the research and development facility of his factory and places the guns and cartridges on a table. A group of ENGINEERS in lab coats gather around to take a look.

BLAKE

I want it on the production line  
in one week.

Mr. Blake climbs a set of stairs in the back and disappears into his office.

INT. SOUTH FACTORY FLOOR

MR. BLACKFRIAR, 55, a sharply dressed man, with a thick mustache, exits his office, overlooking the factory floor, and climbs down the stairs. He is wearing a suit, tie, waistcoat and has a top hat perched upon his head. In his hand he is carrying the same walking stick as Mr. Blake.

KING CECIL IV, 55, a large man dressed in royal finery, is striding down the factory floor, followed by his adviser, CHO, 30.

(CONTINUED)

KING CECIL IV

What have you got for me,  
Blackfriar?

BLACKFRIAR

Welcome, your majesty.

KING CECIL IV

Yes yes, Blackfriar, get on with  
it, I am a very busy man you  
know.

BLACKFRIAR

Quite, sir. Well the boys are  
working as we speak on a  
firestick...

KING CECIL IV

Firestick?

BLACKFRIAR

Yes, your majesty, fires a piece  
of metal some two hundred yards.  
Should start solving the wolf  
problem by the end of the week  
and at only twelve pounds and six  
shillings a piece.

CHO

Seems a little steep don't you  
think, your majesty?

BLACKFRIAR

This is the latest technology,  
sir.

KING CECIL IV

Latest technology, you say? I'll  
take fifty. Pay the man, Cho.

CHO

Yes, your majesty.

The king's adviser hands Mr. Blackfriar a bag of coin. Mr. Blackfriar bows to the king, who turns to leave.

Mr. Blackfriar waits a short while and then rushes up the stairs.

INT. RESEARCH AND DEVELOPMENT

Mr. Blackfriar rushes along the walkway overlooking the research and development department where his engineers are busy dismantling the firearms and ammunition and conducting various tests.

## INT. NORTH FACTORY FLOOR

Mr. Blake climbs down the stairs of the mirror image north factory floor and makes his way to PRESIDENT FITZGERALD, 55, who has his adviser, CHAN, 35, next to him and Mr. Blake's accountant, VAN CLEEF, 45, standing in front.

BLAKE

Sorry to keep you waiting, Mr. President.

PRESIDENT FITZGERALD

No matter, Blake, your man here has been filling me in. We'll take fifty. Chang, pay the man.

CHANG

Yes sir.

Chang gives a bag of coin to Mr. Blake's accountant and the pair turn to leave. The two men watch the president and his adviser make their way to the exit.

BLAKE

This could be quite a profitable little venture, Mr. Van Cleef.

VAN CLEEF

Indeed it could, Mr. Blackfriar.

BLAKE

Blake.

VAN CLEEF

Mr. Blake...Indeed it could.

## INT. CLASSROOM

Miss Buttersworth paces up and down the aisle of students, half of whom are now either wearing dunce caps or sitting on their hands. The students all sit stiffly, shooting furtive glances as she passes them.

MISS BUTTERS WORTH

And so Mr. Blackfriar worked his men night and day until the weapon was finished on time and at cost, as was Mr. Blackfriar's way. You see, Mr. Blackfriar had worked his business to great success through hard work, determination and a small loan of a million shillings from his father, and he expected no less from his workers.

INT. NORTH FACTORY FLOOR

Mr. Blake stands by the punch clock at the entrance to the factory. Behind him men work away and machines are running at full steam.

MISS BUTTERSWORTH (NARRATING)

The machines of industry were full steam ahead in Lapaltamon at this glorious turning point in their civilization, providing means and purpose to the restless classes.

Jack walks towards the punch clock whistling and carrying his lunch box. The clock shows one minute to nine.

BLAKE

Jeffrey is it?

Jack looks nervously at the clock, which clicks over to nine.

JACK

Uh...Jack, sir.

BLAKE

Jeff, I can call you Jeff, yes? Keep it short and informal, shall we?

JACK

Umm...Sure, Mr. Blake.

BLAKE

Jeff, my good man, how does the day find you?

JACK

Uh...fine, Mr. Blake, and you?

BLAKE

Excellent. Why, look at this bustling factory. Should provide plenty of work for you and your kinfolk, don't you think?

Jack is inching towards the punch clock, while trying to keep his eyes on Mr. Blake.

Mr. Blake grabs Jack by the shoulder.

JACK

Yes, I imagine so, sir.

(CONTINUED)

BLAKE

Makes my heart beam with pride to  
see the men working away for the  
betterment of society.

Mr. Blake looks over the factory floor as Jack feels for his punch card with his fingertips and gently lifts it out.

BLAKE

And the men of course...Puts food  
on the table and a sense of  
accomplishment. Can't beat going  
home knowing you've accomplished  
something can you?

JACK

No, sir.

Jack leans over and slides the card into the clock. It gets jammed at an angle. Jack desperately tries to adjust it.

BLAKE

Well, can't stand around chatting  
all day, Jeffrey, I'm a busy man  
you know?

Jack rights the punch card and slides it in just as the clock turns to one minute past nine.

The sound of the card being punched causes Mr. Blake to spin around. He looks up at the clock and takes the card from Jack's hand.

BLAKE

Jeff, I thought you were better  
than that...Says here you're a  
minute late.

JACK

But, Mr...

BLAKE

No, no, won't do to have the men  
hard at work while you stroll in  
as you please. Puts undue  
pressure on them.

JACK

I wasn't...

BLAKE

I hate to do this, as a man of  
the people, but new company  
policy states that I'll have to  
dock you an hours pay. I wish I

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

BLAKE (cont'd)  
could do something about it, but  
frankly it's out of my hands.

JACK  
I, I...

BLAKE  
Fear not. Let it not be said that  
I don't take care of the working  
man. I can give you an extra hour  
and then you can go home with  
your full ten hours pay. Keep the  
wife happy. How do you like that?

Mr. Blake grins wildly and slaps Jack on the back.

JACK  
Thank you, Mr. Blake.

Jack walks dejectedly onto the factory floor, while Mr.  
Blake looks over his factory, beaming.

EXT. LAPALTAMON - MONTAGE

As Miss Buttersworth speaks we see the King's guard in red  
coats and the President's guard in blue coats out shooting  
wolves.

MISS BUTTERS WORTH (NARRATING)  
In due time, and none too soon,  
the wolves were dealt with by the  
brave people of Lapaltamon, both  
north and south. The last of the  
vicious beasts retreated into the  
mountains to join their savage  
brethren, the Bohemians, and the  
civilized people of Lapaltamon  
were free again to enjoy their  
idyllic lives.

We see a wolf heading up the same mountain trail that the  
Bohemians had before him. As his pack goes ahead, and with  
a snarl on his lips, he takes one last look down at the  
soldiers who had chased his family from their home.

The soldiers are firing their rifles in the air in  
celebration.

INT. SOUTH FACTORY FLOOR

Mr. Blackfriar stands on the balcony overlooking the  
factory floor with Van Cleef. The workers are producing  
farming implements and household goods.

(CONTINUED)

BLACKFRIAR

It appears to be fairly busy down there, Mr. Van Cleef, but when I checked the books this morning we appear to have dropped off considerably from last quarter. Do I need to be checking the books more closely?

VAN CLEEF

No sir. There is a simple explanation for that, I assure you.

Mr. Blackfriar gives Van Cleef a sideways glance.

BLACKFRIAR

I should like to hear it.

VAN CLEEF

Well you see, Mr Blake...

BLACKFRIAR

Blackfriar.

VAN CLEEF

...Blackfriar, the simple fact is that the margin on shovels and tin pots is low, maybe ten or twenty percent. We aren't the only game in town, you see, what with the blacksmiths and tinkerers. But last quarter we were making firesticks and, as the sole producer of a new technology, could charge what we liked...A margin of, maybe, fifty to sixty percent.

BLACKFRIAR

Well, damn it man, why aren't we producing firesticks then? Have the men change over production immediately.

VAN CLEEF

Well, Mr. Blake...

BLACKFRIAR

Blackfriar.

VAN CLEEF

...Blackfriar, the demand for the firestick has dropped off considerably since the wolves were routed, sir.

(CONTINUED)

BLACKFRIAR  
How considerably?

VAN CLEEF  
Well...To about nil, sir.

BLACKFRIAR (UNDER HIS BREATH)  
Little buggers won't breed  
quickly enough...

VAN CLEEF  
Pardon, sir?

BLACKFRIAR  
Nothing, Van Cleef, nothing. Just  
remarking that it won't do to  
have the men out of work.

VAN CLEEF  
Oh, the men still have plenty of  
work, just the profit margins  
have slipped some, you see.

BLACKFRIAR  
Regardless, I won't have the men  
starving. Not on my watch.

VAN CLEEF  
Quite so, Mr. Blackfri...

BLACKFRIAR  
Blake.

VAN CLEEF  
Uh...I...

BLACKFRIAR  
You're right as usual, Van Cleef,  
I'll have to find a way out of  
this mess. No man's child will go  
hungry if there's anything I can  
do about it.

Mr. Blackfriar leans on the railing lost in thought.

VAN CLEEF  
Quite so,  
Mr...Uh...Bla..ay..ah...?

BLACKFRIAR  
Blackfriar.

VAN CLEEF  
Blackfriar.

BLACKFRIAR

I think I may have an idea. You hold the fort down, while I ready myself for the victory ball.

VAN CLEEF

Quite.

BLACKFRIAR

Quite.

INT. LIVING ROOM

In a living room with a fire crackling away an GRANDMA, 75, nods in and out of consciousness in an armchair. She holds a hooked walking cane.

MA, 45, with ratty hair, sits in a chair swigging from a jug of booze and chain smoking. Whatever beauty she once had has been destroyed by the ravages of time, alcohol and general ill living.

INT. KITCHEN

Susie is pulling a pie out of the wood stove and placing it next to another five on the kitchen table. She takes off her oven mitts, wipes her brow and goes to the living room.

INT. LIVING ROOM

Susie enters with a smile on her face.

SUSIE

I made half a dozen pies to sell, ma!

MA

Only half a dozen? I put a roof over yer head and raised ya up from a grub 'n ya can't pay back a little of my kindness.

GRANDMA

(Jerking suddenly back to life)

Kids today have it too easy. I told ya about sparín' the rod, Ma.

Grandma finishes her sentence, her head drops and she starts snoring.

(CONTINUED)

MA

Well, go on back in there, then.  
I ain't gonna be here to do  
everythin' fer ya forever, ya  
know. Got ma own problems, with  
the sicknesses and the injuries  
'n all but you ain't see me  
shirkin' ma chores 'n  
responsibilities 'n whatnot.

Ma takes a long swig from her jug and a hearty drag from  
her smoke.

SUSIE

But, ma, I don't have any more  
berries.

GRANDMA

(Jerking back to life and  
shaking her cane violently)  
Backsass!

MA

But ma...Don'tcha "But ma" me  
Susie Annebella Green. Would have  
'em berries wouldn't ya, if ya  
hadn't wasted all day in that  
damned schoolhouse?

GRANDMA

Just like 'er no good pa, goin'  
'n dyin' like that with barely a  
pittance left fer 'is kin to live  
on. Wastin' all 'is time with  
them readin' papers 'n learnin'  
books 'n things 'stead o' working  
like a man oughta.

Grandma passes out cold.

MA

Now you wanna go 'n waste yer  
time with that learnin' all them  
fancy letters and gettin' airs  
about yerself ya go ahead, but  
then you can go ahead and make up  
fer it come night time, ya hear?

SUSIE

Yes, ma.

MA

And you can fetch up some of that  
weed what helps yer ma get to  
sleep, what with the stressin' ya  
cause me.

(CONTINUED)

SUSIE

Yes, ma.

EXT. BRIDGE - DUSK

Susie skips along carrying her basket. A REDCOAT, 25, and a BLUECOAT, 25, are walking across the bridge to South Lapaltamon arm in arm, drinking and singing. Susie draws up beside them.

REDCOAT

Where are you off to little girl?

SUSIE

Off to pick berries, how about you?

BLUECOAT

Off to the ball.

REDCOAT

They 'onoring us.

BLUECOAT

For scaring them wolves off.

SUSIE

Thanks for your service, have fun.

The men hold up their jugs as Susie waves goodbye.

The two men head up a path to the king's grand palace as Susie heads to a blackberry bush out front of a house.

DANIEL, 10, comes out of the yard and walks up to Susie.

DANIEL

Hey, Susie.

SUSIE

Hey, Daniel.

DANIEL'S MOTHER, 40, comes out of the house.

DANIEL'S MOTHER

Daniel! Oh, there you are.  
Dinner's ready, come on in now.

DANIEL

Yes, mother.

DANIEL'S MOTHER

Is that Susie there?

(CONTINUED)

SUSIE

Yes, Mrs. Thornton.

DANIEL'S MOTHER

Will you be joining us for dinner tonight?

SUSIE

No, Mrs. Thornton. Ma says I need to pick berries tonight, cause I didn't bake enough pies.

DANIEL'S MOTHER

Yes, well your ma says a lot of things. If you get hungry you just come on in, okay?

SUSIE

Thank you, Mrs. Thornton.

INT. GRAND PALACE BANQUET ROOM

In the King's banquet room there is a large table with the king at the head. around him are President Fitzgerald, their wives, advisers and the cream of Lapaltamon society all enjoying food and wine. Peripheral tables are laid out with the king's and president's respective guards sat at them drinking and carousing.

The king stands and the room goes quiet.

KING CECIL IV

I promised my wife I would keep this short...

The king looks adoringly at an obese, red faced, woman, the QUEEN, 45, wedged into an ostentatious evening gown.

KING CECIL IV

...But I will not forget the people who made this possible. President Fitzgerald, thank you, sir, for without you this would not have been possible. To my advisers and my footmen for keeping me informed, to the royal chef for giving me the energy I needed to accomplish this momentous task...To the royal masseuse for keeping me relaxed enough to keep my composure, to the royal pedicurists and manicurists for keeping my wife relaxed enough for me to keep my composure...

(CONTINUED)

A light chuckle from the king's table. The guardsmen look at each other expectantly.

KING CECIL IV  
And of course last, but in no way  
least...Mr. Blackfriar and Mr.  
Blake. Come here and take a  
bow...

Mr. Blackfriar takes one step from a darkened corner of the room and gently nods his head while raising his glass.

The guardsmen look at each other in resignation.

KING CECIL IV  
For it is you great gentlemen who  
are truly the star of this show.  
I thank you from the bottom of my  
heart as does all Lapaltamon. FOR  
LAPALTAMON.

The king's table enthusiastically repeat the king's last line. The guardsmen repeat the line much less enthusiastically and start sitting down, grumbling as they do.

PRESIDENT FITZGERALD  
Here, here! Great speech. Really,  
Cecil, covered all the bases.  
Pity Mr. Blake wasn't around to  
hear it.

KING CECIL IV  
Why, thank you Robert. I'm sure  
you'll pass along my gratitude.  
Shall we repair to the royal  
lounge for brandy and cigars?

As they start to head off we see Mr. Blackfriar slink through the door to the lounge.

INT. GRAND PALACE LOUNGE

The crowd of aristocrats enters the lounge in high spirits, drinking and talking loudly.

KING CECIL IV  
From the royal vineyard, no less.

PRESIDENT FITZGERALD  
Royal vineyard?

KING CECIL IV  
Of course, finest brandy in  
Lapaltamon north or south and of  
course you tasted the wine at  
dinner.

(CONTINUED)

PRESIDENT FITZGERALD  
Chang, make a note on starting a  
presidential vineyard.

CHANG  
Yes, sir.

KING CECIL IV  
Cho, make a note on the  
president's adviser making a  
note.

Cho rolls his eyes as they both give a hearty laugh and take a gulp of brandy. BUTLER, 60, opens a box of cigars for them.

Mr. Blackfriar steps out of the shadow in the corner and approaches the two men. He removes a cigar from the case and smells it.

BLACKFRIAR  
These are indeed fine cigars.  
However, if I may offer you a  
taste of my own blend.

Mr. Blackfriar pulls out a cigar box and the king takes one. He snaps it shut as the president reaches for one.

BLACKFRIAR  
Your majesty, if I may have a  
word in private.

KING CECIL IV  
Of course. Robert, if you'll  
excuse me.

Mr. Blackfriar shoots the president a sinister look as the two men walk to a private corner.

The president takes a cigar from the butler's box.

BUTLER  
Mr. Blake's messenger was by  
earlier, sir.

The butler holds out a note to the president.

PRESIDENT FITZGERALD  
Yes, yes, get on with it.

BUTLER  
It says, sir, that he will be  
late and should like to speak  
with you urgently when he  
arrives.

PRESIDENT FITZGERALD  
And when will that be?

BUTLER  
He says...

The butler pulls a chained timepiece from his front pocket.

BUTLER  
That he will be arriving in five minutes and that he should like to speak to you in the library.

The butler hands the note over, nods and retreats.

The king and Mr. Blackfriar return from their chat and Mr. Blackfriar retreats down the hallway leading off of the lounge with a sideways glance to the president.

PRESIDENT FITZGERALD  
A fruitful chat was it, Cecil?

KING CECIL IV  
Oh...Yes...Yes...Nothing terribly important, just reviewing some figures. Have you seen Mr. Blake, per chance?

PRESIDENT FITZGERALD  
Not yet. Mr. Blackfriar seemed to be in a hurry.

KING CECIL IV  
I'm afraid he had some urgent business to attend to.

PRESIDENT FITZGERALD  
Speaking of urgent business...

KING CECIL IV  
Yes, quite, down the hall, just past the library.

They raise their glasses and the president heads down the hallway.

INT. GRAND PALACE LIBRARY

The president steps into the library and looks around the hallway as Mr. Blake slinks from behind the open door and slides in behind him.

BLAKE  
Mr. President.

(CONTINUED)

The president wheels around, startled, as Mr. Blake checks the hallway and closes the door.

BLAKE

Mr. President, you haven't seen Mr. Blackfriar about, have you?

PRESIDENT FITZGERALD

He was here earlier, but left on business.

BLAKE

Good, good, can never be too careful.

PRESIDENT FITZGERALD

He appears to have the king's ear, wouldn't you say? Not sure I trust the man, frankly.

BLAKE

Just Frank, sir.

PRESIDENT FITZGERALD

I...

BLAKE

You'd be right to be wary of his undue influence. The king is not as strong or as independent a thinker as yourself, sir.

PRESIDENT FITZGERALD

No...No, I suppose not.

BLAKE

Don't get me wrong, Mr. President. He is a fine man, but I feel that he is more easily led astray...Manipulated, by those with evil intent.

PRESIDENT FITZGERALD

Yes, I suppose so...

Blake puts an arm around the president, looks around and leans in to speak.

BLAKE

I have been suspicious of Mr. Blackfriar for some time and have developed some sources...

PRESIDENT FITZGERALD

Sources?

BLAKE

Indeed. You didn't here it from me, Mr. President, but word has come back that your good friend the king has ordered a further fifty firesticks...

PRESIDENT FITZGERALD

To what end?

BLAKE

That is the question, is it not?

PRESIDENT FITZGERALD

Surely you can't be thinking that he...

BLAKE

Oh...No, Mr. President, no. I mean his population is growing and of course South Lapaltamon is smaller than North Lapaltamon and they are running short of new farmland, but surely he wouldn't resort to...That.

PRESIDENT FITZGERALD

Close friend or not, I suppose a man can never be too careful...Order me up another sixty...Have your man see the treasurer to set it up in the morning.

BLAKE

Oh no, sir, I don't think this is the right course of action. Perhaps a more diplomatic approach is better.

PRESIDENT FITZGERALD

I am your president, Mr. Blake. South Lapaltamon may be run by its advisers and industry men, but not the north. No, sir, when I make a decision it is final. Do you understand me?

BLAKE

Yes, sir. I apologize for my impudence.

PRESIDENT FITZGERALD

It is no matter. Just remember that I am not a weak and malleable man like my good friend, the king.

(CONTINUED)

BLAKE

Of course, sir. I never meant to imply any different...I'll have production start in the morning.

PRESIDENT FITZGERALD

Good man...Oh, and Blake...

BLAKE

Yes, sir?

PRESIDENT FITZGERALD

Let's keep this to ourselves, shall we?

BLAKE

Goes without saying, sir.

INT. GRAND PALACE BANQUET ROOM

Mr. Blake is talking to a bluecoat and pointing in the direction of a redcoat.

BLUECOAT

He said what?

Mr. Blake shrugs and slithers out of the room towards the main door.

INT. GRAND PALACE LOUNGE

A great noise is coming from the great banquet room. The king and president give each other a puzzled look.

INT. GRAND PALACE BANQUET ROOM

The redcoats and bluecoats are having a full out brawl with furniture, dishes and food flying everywhere.

KING CECIL IV

Well, your men are making quite a mess of the banquet room.

PRESIDENT FITZGERALD

My men, Cecil?

KING CECIL IV

I dare say, my men are far too disciplined to start a childish fracas of this nature.

PRESIDENT FITZGERALD

Is that so?

(CONTINUED)

KING CECIL IV

Quite.

Other guests have been entering, with some cheering on the competitors. The women are mostly appalled.

PRESIDENT FITZGERALD

Not a bad little scrap though.

KING CECIL IV

No, no, good to see the boys letting off steam.

PRESIDENT FITZGERALD

And a testament to my men's training.

KING CECIL IV

I do believe that *my men* have the upper hand, old chap.

PRESIDENT FITZGERALD

Friendly wager?

KING CECIL IV

Ten guineas?

The men shake and continue watching the fray while sipping their brandies and smoking their cigars.

EXT. NORTH LAPALTAMON TOWN SQUARE - DAY

Mr. Blake stands staring at the statue of Robert Fitzgerald.

Jack walks by on his way to work, whistling as he goes.

JACK

Admiring the great man, sir?

BLAKE

Yes, yes I was. You an admirer yourself, Jim?

JACK

Greatest man to walk these lands, sir.

Jack walks off whistling.

BOY 2, 6, dressed in shorts, walks up to Mr. Blake.

BOY 2

Spare a nickel for sports day, sir?

(CONTINUED)

BLAKE

What do you think of this statue,  
son?

BOY 2

Why he's the founder of our great  
nation, sir. Everybody loves  
Robert Fitzgerald.

BLAKE

Here's a nickel, son.

Mr. Blake tousles the boy's hair.

BOY 2

Thank you, Mr. Blake, sir.

As the boy turns to leave Mr. Blake trips him with his  
walking stick. The boy grabs hold of his skinned knee in  
obvious pain, the coin rolling off.

Susie peers from behind the statue.

BLAKE

Slow and steady wins the race,  
son.

Mr. Blake walks on, stops the rolling coin with his  
walking stick, picks it up with a magnetic end, picks it  
off, flips, catches and puts it in his breast pocket,  
giving it a pat as he does.

Susie follows in his footsteps, ducking into doorways and  
behind trees when he turns around.

Mr. Blake pokes a cat off of a fence railing and into the  
river and then throws some marbles on the ground.

MRS. HAVERSHAM, 70, walks towards him.

BLAKE

Glorious day, Mrs. Haversham.

He tips his hat to her.

MRS. HAVERSHAM

Yes, Mr. Blake, isn't it just?  
(TO HERSELF) What a nice young  
man.

Mrs. Haversham steps on the marbles and goes flying.

As he reaches the edge of the forest he checks around  
while Susie hides again. He then slips onto the hidden  
path.

## EXT. LAPALTAMON FOREST

Susie ducks behind a tree again as Mr. Blake reaches the gates, giving the barking guard dogs a whack with his cane as he enters. They start whimpering.

Susie waits for him to disappear and approaches the gate. The dogs are snarling at her, drool dripping from their fangs. She feeds them some smoked sausage from her pocket and they eat it, growling slightly less.

SUSIE

Don't be angry. I won't be mean  
to you little doggies.

She hands them a little more and they let her pet them through the gate.

## EXT. NORTH LAPALTAMON TOWN SQUARE - NIGHT

A black cloaked man slips through the night keeping to the shadows. He looks around, his face obscured.

The man creeps to the statue of Robert Fitzgerald and places a pouch at the foot of the statue. He then runs a length of wire from the pouch using a reel.

## EXT. BRIDGE - NIGHT

The man places a piece of red cloth on the thorn of a bush and then crosses the bridge into South Lapaltamon as the last of the wire runs off the reel.

He looks around, lights the wire and sneaks off into the forest.

## EXT. NORTH LAPALTAMON TOWN SQUARE - DAWN

A crowd of VILLAGERS, including Jack, stand around in shock at the felled statue of Robert Fitzgerald. They are chattering away in disbelief.

Jack, hat in hand, lowers his head as a sign of respect.

Something catches his eye - a burnt line trailing from the statue and down the street.

He cocks his head slightly, replaces his hat and starts to follow the trail. The other villagers notice Jack and start to follow him.

EXT. BRIDGE - DAWN

The villagers stop at the bridge, where they can see the trail leading into South Lapaltamon.

A piece of red cloth is snagged on a bush by the bridge. Jack picks it off and holds it up for everyone to see. The villagers look around and start to angrily discuss the situation.

VILLAGER

Right. We'll have to tell the president.

They all nod in agreement and head off to the presidential palace.

EXT. GRAND PALACE BALCONY - DUSK

King Cecil and his adviser, Cho, stand on the balcony overlooking Lapaltamon.

CHO

President Fitzgerald is on his way, sir.

KING CECIL IV

Oh yes, come for some more royal brandy, no doubt.

CHO

I'm afraid it's more serious than that sir.

KING CECIL IV

Go on.

CHO

It would appear, sir that the statue of Robert Fitzgerald has been toppled.

KING CECIL IV

Not surprising. Northern craftsmanship has always been quite shoddy compared to the fine work you see down south.

CHO

It appears to have been blown up with fire powder sir.

KING CECIL IV

Ah yes. Revolutionaries. Demanding living wages and all that nonsense and then refusing

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

KING CECIL IV (cont'd)  
to work the shifts offered to  
them. I used to work fourteen  
hour shifts when I was six and  
you didn't hear me complaining.

CHO  
Sir?

KING CECIL IV  
Up at Seven. Nanny would wash and  
dress us until eight. Breakfast  
until nine. Lessons until noon.  
Lunch til one, play time in the  
garden, bath time, and in bed at  
nine sharp for nanny to read to  
us. Fourteen hours a day seven  
days a week...Of course lessons  
were replaced with church on  
Sundays, but you get the id...

CHO  
Quite, sir. I believe the  
consensus amongst the North  
Lapaltamonians, sir, is that this  
was an act of aggression.

KING CECIL IV  
Aggression? By whom?

CHO  
A burnt trail was found leading  
into South Lapaltamon and a piece  
of fabric from a red coat was  
found in a bush nearby, sir.

KING CECIL IV  
Poppycock.

CHO  
May I make a suggestion, sir.

KING CECIL IV  
Are you not my adviser?

CHO  
Well, sir, if I may be so bold...

KING CECIL IV  
Go on, man.

CHO  
It would appear from where I'm  
standing that Mr. Blackfriar has  
been, how do I put it...Stirring  
the pot a little lately...

KING CECIL IV  
Mr. Blackfriar is a respected  
businessman, Cho, have you lost  
your mind?

CHO  
No, sir, it's just that...

KING CECIL IV  
I won't hear of such nonsense.

CHO  
But, sir...

KING CECIL IV  
Guards!

Two GUARDS come racing over.

KING CECIL IV  
My adviser has become  
overstressed with his position  
and should like some time to  
himself to help reorganize his  
thoughts.

The guards grab Cho and lead him off.

As Cho exits, the butler leads president Fitzgerald to  
king Cecil and then backs away.

PRESIDENT FITZGERALD  
Cecil.

KING CECIL IV  
Robert.

PRESIDENT FITZGERALD  
I will be blunt, sir.

KING CECIL IV  
Please do be.

PRESIDENT FITZGERALD  
The atrocious crime committed  
last night against a monument in  
honor of the father of Lapaltamon  
and my own flesh and blood, sir,  
is verging on an act of war.

KING CECIL IV  
No need to resort to hyperbole,  
Fitz, old chap. He is the father  
of North Lapaltamon, not  
Lapaltamon.

PRESIDENT FITZGERALD  
You find this despicable act of  
sabotage funny, do you?

KING CECIL IV  
Calm yourself. Do you honestly  
believe this act to have been  
carried out in my name?

PRESIDENT FITZGERALD  
Well...No, not exactly. Possibly  
one of your soldiers after losing  
that drunken brawl the other  
night, but even so.

KING CECIL IV  
That reminds me.

King Cecil nods to the butler who steps forward and hands  
the president a bag of coin.

The president holds it up, gives it a shake and pockets  
it.

KING CECIL IV  
Still, bloody close affair.

PRESIDENT FITZGERALD  
Down to the last man.

KING CECIL IV  
Bit of a cheap shot at the end  
there, but...

PRESIDENT FITZGERALD  
All's fair, as they say.

KING CECIL IV  
Quite. Listen, Fitzy, I'll have a  
word with my men, but I highly  
doubt they would have acted  
without my say so.

PRESIDENT FITZGERALD  
I'm damned certain that my men  
wouldn't.

The two men eye each other up suspiciously.

KING CECIL IV  
Still on for croquet tomorrow?

PRESIDENT FITZGERALD  
Of course.

INT. PRESIDENTIAL PALACE

The president walks in and is greeted by his adviser, Chang.

CHANG

I have been doing some thinking,  
Mr. President.

PRESIDENT FITZGERALD

Good, good, that's what we pay  
you for, Chang.

CHANG

Well, it strikes me sir that Mr.  
Blake may have something to gain  
in this...

PRESIDENT FITZGERALD

Mr. Blake. No, Chang, don't be an  
idiot. Good man, Mr. Blake. That  
Blackfriar on the other hand...

A PRESIDENTIAL GUARD enters.

PRESIDENTIAL GUARD

Mr. Blake to see you sir.

PRESIDENT FITZGERALD

Show him in. Better make yourself  
scarce, Chang, we'll talk later  
when your head is a little  
clearer.

Chang eyes Mr. Blake as he exits the room. Mr. Blake ignores him and makes a beeline to the president.

BLAKE

Mr. President, I came as soon as  
I heard.

PRESIDENT FITZGERALD

It's fine to see that we still  
have some patriots left in this  
country.

BLAKE

This nation, and its brave  
founders, come second only to God  
for me, Mr. President, and it's  
damned close.

PRESIDENT FITZGERALD

As it should be, Mr. Blake, as it  
should be.

(CONTINUED)

BLAKE

Have you met with the king yet?

PRESIDENT FITZGERALD

Yes. He was a little dismissive to be honest.

BLAKE

Oh, I'm sure he had nothing to do with it, probably just some of his men getting a little rowdy.

PRESIDENT FITZGERALD

Yes, my thoughts exactly...Or possibly his man Blackfriar, can't say I trust that man entirely.

BLAKE

He is a dastardly little snake, but I think the important thing here is to keep a level head. I wouldn't worry about looking weak in these situations, much more important to keep the peace, don't you think?

PRESIDENT FITZGERALD

Weak?

BLAKE

What I mean to say is that public perception of your strength is not important in the grand scheme of things.

PRESIDENT FITZGERALD

Grand scheme? What grand scheme? I'll make my own decisions thank you, Mr. Blake. No, there shall have to be some retribution. Can't have the people losing confidence in my leadership. An eye for an eye, that's what they say isn't it?

BLAKE

I beg you to reconsider, Mr. President.

PRESIDENT FITZGERALD

I told you before, and I'll tell you again, I am my own man. A strong leader makes his own decisions.

(CONTINUED)

BLAKE

It's what I respect most in you,  
sir.

PRESIDENT FITZGERALD

Oh, and Mr. Blake?

BLAKE

Yes?

PRESIDENT FITZGERALD

Better up the order to a hundred  
on those firesticks, just to be  
on the safe side.

BLAKE

Of course, sir, never hurts to  
err on the side of caution.

President Fitzgerald moves to look out the window, lost in  
thought.

PRESIDENT FITZGERALD

Never know how Cecil will react,  
frankly.

BLAKE

It's just Frank, sir.

PRESIDENT FITZGERALD

Oh...Yes, of course

EXT. GRAND PALACE GARDENS - DAY

Susie walks through the garden with her basket of fruit.  
She notices some plants growing against a stone wall and  
wanders over.

As she reaches the plants she notices the flicker of a  
candle from a small, low, barred window and goes to peer  
in.

Cho sits in the dungeon on a wooden bench reading 'The Art  
of War, while a candle on the wall flickers behind him.

SUSIE

Hello.

Cho looks up, places the book down and walks to the  
window, but can't reach the window.

He goes and gets a bucket from the corner, places it  
upside down and stands on it.

(CONTINUED)

CHO

Hello. What are you doing here?

SUSIE

I'm gathering some sleeping weed  
for my ma.

CHO

What's that?

Susie grabs a leaf from the plant next to her and shows it  
to Cho.

SUSIE

This here. You put it in a mortar  
and pestle and then the juice  
goes in ma's tea to help her  
sleep. What are you doing in  
there?

CHO

Well, I badmouthed the wrong  
person.

SUSIE

My grandma calls it backsassin'.  
Who did you badmouth?

CHO

Mr. Blackfriar.

SUSIE

Is he a bad man?

CHO

Very, but the king doesn't see  
it. He runs the factory.

SUSIE

Mr. Blake runs our factory. Have  
you heard of him?

CHO

Yes, indeed I have.

SUSIE

He's a bad man too. Sometimes I  
follow him and see all the bad  
things he does and he keeps big  
mean dogs, except they're not  
mean at all, Mr. Blake just makes  
them mean.

CHO

Where do you follow him to?

SUSIE

Sometimes I follow him on his secret path in the forest all the way to his big gate.

CHO

Interesting.

SUSIE

Well I better go, lest ma get mad at me for dilly dallying. Would you like an apple, Mister...

CHO

Cho. Yes, I would, thank you.

Susie hands an apple to Cho through the bars.

SUSIE

I'm Susie. If you're still here tomorrow I'll bring you a nice pie.

CHO

Why thank you very much, Susie, but you must be careful, I fear we are heading into uncertain times.

SUSIE

Well my ma and grandma are pretty uncertain anyway, so I figure I'm used to it by now. See you tomorrow.

Susie waves and skips off with her basket.

ANGLE ON President Fitzgerald and King Cecil playing croquet as their wives sip tea off to the side.

The president is taking his time lining up a shot and, as he start his back swing, the king clears his throat.

The president stops the shot just in time and stares back at the king who is receiving a note from his butler.

The king reads the note as the president starts the shot again.

KING CECIL IV

OUTRAGEOUS!

The president swings wildly, sending the ball into the footman's shin. The footman falls to the ground in agony as the king continues reading the letter and then walks angrily to the president.

(CONTINUED)

KING CECIL IV  
HOW DARE YOU SIR!

PRESIDENT FITZGERALD  
What? He's just a footman.

The king looks around at his footman rolling in the grass.

KING CECIL IV  
No! This!

The king thrusts the note into the president's hand.

KING CECIL IV  
This! THIS is an act of war, sir!  
PROVOCATION! Do you deny it?

President Fitzgerald finishes reading the note.

PRESIDENT FITZGERALD  
Certainly I deny it, as you did  
before me. Another soldier drunk  
on cheap ale and bravado,  
perhaps?

The king's face turns red.

QUEEN  
Now, Cecil, calm down, you're  
going to have an attack.

KING CECIL IV  
Yes, dear.

QUEEN  
Really! The men are being very  
ill mannered.

MRS. FITZGERALD IV  
I must apologize for my husband,  
but there's no talking to him  
when he gets like this.

KING CECIL IV  
I thought you had control over  
your men, sir.

PRESIDENT FITZGERALD  
I do, but it is hard to control  
men when their country has been  
insulted so blatantly and without  
cause.

KING CECIL IV  
Well of course you know that this  
means war.

PRESIDENT FITZGERALD  
Of course.

KING CECIL IV  
Tomorrow at noon on the great  
commons field.

PRESIDENT FITZGERALD  
Done.

The men shake hands and then pause, thinking.

KING CECIL IV  
Who's shot was it?

PRESIDENT FITZGERALD  
I must protest my last shot on  
grounds of verbal interference.

KING CECIL IV  
In the name of fair play and all  
that.

king Cecil looks to the footman who is just getting up.

KING CECIL IV  
Quit standing around, boy, and  
return the president's ball.

EXT. SOUTH LAPALTAMON TOWN SQUARE - LATE EVENING

Douglas holds his hat in hand, a single tear streaming down his cheek, as he looks over the ruins of the Lord Cecil statue with other shocked villagers. He storms off towards home.

EXT. SOUTH LAPALTAMON BACK YARD - LATE EVENING

Douglas storms his way to his chair by the river and sits down.

Jack is across the way pulling up the two beers on a string. He pulls one off and lowers the other one down and then sits in his chair.

JACK  
Sorry, Doug, only remembered to  
put one in today.

DOUGLAS  
Oh, aye.

JACK  
Aye.

They glare at each other.

(CONTINUED)

DOUGLAS

Nice day.

Jack looks up to the gathering storm clouds. Lightning illuminates his face.

JACK

Not bad.

Thunder sounds. They sit and stare at each other while Jack sips his beer, never taking his eyes off of Douglas.

EXT. GRAND PALACE BALCONY - NOON

The king and president stand at the front of the balcony with their binoculars at the ready. Their wives sit in the background, sipping tea. The sun is shining.

KING CECIL IV

Nice day for it.

PRESIDENT FITZGERALD

Not bad.

King Cecil takes a look through his binoculars.

GENERAL HIGHTOWER, 50, a short, stout man with a thick mustache, curled at the ends, a bright red face and close cropped hair waves a riding crop in the direction of the palace.

KING CECIL IV

Looks like the boys are in position. General Hightower has given me the signal.

President Fitzgerald raises his binoculars.

PRESIDENT FITZGERALD

Bit of a misnomer isn't it, Hightower?

KING CECIL IV

Good man, nonetheless, no better tactics man in the game.

PRESIDENT FITZGERALD

Chance to win your ten guineas back?

KING CECIL IV

You're on.

EXT. GREAT COMMONS FIELD - NOON

A hundred bluecoats and a hundred redcoats line up about fifty feet apart in a large field divided by the river.

General Hightower walks back and forth behind the redcoats waving his riding crop.

GENERAL HIGHTOWER

Now, men, you all know how those northern brutes desecrated our heritage last night.

The men look at each other, scared, but nod.

REDCOATS

YES, SIR.

GENERAL HIGHTOWER

We shall win this battle, not because we are braver, and we are, not because we are stronger, and we are, no, we shall win this battle because we are righteous and God above is at our side.

REDCOATS

AYE.

GENERAL HIGHTOWER

For king and country.

REDCOATS

FOR KING AND COUNTRY.

GENERAL HIGHTOWER

READY YOUR WEAPONS. HOLD.

EXT. GREAT COMMONS FIELD - NOON

Viewed through binoculars, the men on both sides are aiming their rifles. Both generals lower their horse whips.

The men fire.

All the men fall simultaneously, except one bluecoat who is using his rifle to remain upright, and the generals.

EXT. GRAND PALACE BALCONY - NOON

President Fitzgerald continues looking through his binoculars as King Cecil lowers his.

(CONTINUED)

KING CECIL IV  
Dare say that's a draw, Fitzzy.

King Cecil turns to his wife. President Fitzgerald continues looking through his binoculars.

KING CECIL IV  
Looks like a draw, ladies.

QUEEN  
Oh good, I do hate it ever so much when the men squabble.

MRS. FITZGERALD IV  
They can be so vulgar can't they?

The king spots a column of smoke way above the castle high upon the mountaintops surrounding Lapaltamon.

QUEEN  
Hopefully it's out of their system now.

The king raises his binoculars.

EXT. MOUNTAINTOP - NOON

Viewed through binoculars, the bohemians, now dressed in fur coats, are roasting meat on a spit over a fire. They are playing music and eating as their children play around them on the mountaintop.

MRS. FITZGERALD IV (O.S.)  
I do so miss the old Robert.

QUEEN (O.S.)  
Cecil's been so competitive lately. I dread what it's doing to his health.

EXT. GRAND PALACE BALCONY - NOON

King Cecil continues to watch the mountain scene, while President Fitzgerald continues watching the battle.

EXT. GREAT COMMONS FIELD - NOON

Viewed through binoculars, the bluecoat holding himself up with his rifle is starting to lean and falls over, dead.

EXT. GRAND PALACE BALCONY - NOON

President Fitzgerald turns to see King Cecil lowering his binoculars.

PRESIDENT FITZGERALD  
Draw it is then. What are you  
looking at over there Cecil?

QUEEN  
Oh, my Cecil is quite the  
birdwatcher.

MRS. FITZGERALD IV  
How civilized.

KING CECIL IV  
Great breasted tit.

PRESIDENT FITZGERALD  
Great breasted tit?

KING CECIL IV  
Rare at this time of year.  
Fantastic plumage.

MRS. FITZGERALD IV  
I do wish Robert would take up a  
hobby.

QUEEN  
Shall we lunch?

MRS. FITZGERALD IV  
Shall we? What a fun day!

INT. NORTH FACTORY FLOOR

Mr. Blake stands with Van Cleef on the walkway overlooking the factory floor.

Jack walks up the stairs and approaches Mr. Blake.

BLAKE  
Geoffrey, you're late.

JACK  
Yes, sir, I have something I want  
to say.

BLAKE  
Of course I'll have to dock you  
an hours pay. I'm against it, but  
the owners insist, isn't that  
right, Van Cleef?

(CONTINUED)

VAN CLEEF

Uh...Yes, sir, that's right.

JACK

It won't make any difference, I'm handing in my resignation effective immediately.

BLAKE

Mr. Van Cleef I'll be through in a moment to review the figures.

VAN CLEEF

Yes, Mr. Blackfriar.

Mr. Blake stares hard at Van Cleef.

VAN CLEEF

Mr. Blake, Friar...Tuck...In... Hood was in to see you earlier.

Mr. Blake stares hard at Van Cleef, who turns and leaves.

JACK

Friar Tuckinhood?

BLAKE

Old friend...Good man. Now, Geoffrey, what's this all about?

JACK

Well, Mr. Blake, I have decided to join the bluecoats in defense of our great nation.

BLAKE

I see. Bravery and patriotism are both wonderful qualities in a man. However it is quite impossible.

JACK

Sir?

BLAKE

Unfortunately you work in an essential industry. You must stay and work by presidential decree.

JACK

Essential industry?

BLAKE

Yes. But fear not for there are other ways that good men like you can serve.

JACK  
How, Mr. Blake?

BLAKE  
You live by the river, yes?

JACK  
Yes, sir.

BLAKE  
Good. We'll need guard posts by the river as an early warning system against armed incursions into northern territory. You'll need a mark one firestick.

JACK  
Mark one?

BLAKE  
Yes, Geoffrey, we're moving on to production of the mark two today and need to get rid of the old stock. It'll be a lot of responsibility, do you think you can handle it.

JACK  
Of course, sir, anything for North Lapaltamon.

BLAKE  
I'm glad you said that, Geoffrey, because unfortunately, due to wartime shortages, we're going to have to cut back on wages slightly and increase your hours a hair.

JACK  
Uh...

BLAKE  
You do wish to serve your country don't you?

JACK  
Yes, sir.

BLAKE  
Excellent. Wouldn't be right to have all the men putting in that extra war effort and have one man not pulling his weight would it?

JACK

No, sir.

BLAKE

Of course, management will be right beside you putting in extra hours for less money, all pulling towards the same goal.

Mr. Blake puts his arm around Jack.

BLAKE

And don't you worry about paying for that mark one.

JACK

Oh, why thank you, sir.

BLAKE

No problem. I'll have accounting garnish it from your wages a little each week, that way you'll have it paid off in barely six months.

Mr. Blake smiles as he pats Jack hard on the shoulder.

BLAKE

Back to work now.

Jack walks off dejectedly as Mr. Blake stands at the railing, beaming over his factory.

EXT. GRAND PALACE GARDENS - DAY

Susie is picking apples from a tree in the king's garden when a couple of guards come over.

GUARD 1

See 'ere what are you doing, little miss.

SUSIE (ENGLISH ACCENT)

I...Uh...Just picking apples to bake pies for the troops. Mama says we all have to pitch in now.

GUARD 2

And what 'ave you got there in that basket over there.

SUSIE (ENGLISH ACCENT)

Well, sir, that's a pie for the troops.

(CONTINUED)

GUARD 1  
Let's 'ave a look, then.

Susie takes the cloth off of the pie and takes it over to the guards.

GUARD 2  
We'll 'ave that, we will.

Guard 2 takes the pie.

SUSIE (ENGLISH ACCENT)  
Oh no, sir, Mama says I must take it to the troops.

GUARD 1  
We're troops, we are.

SUSIE (ENGLISH ACCENT)  
Aren't you guardsmen?

GUARD 1  
Which is the most important kind of troops.

GUARD 2  
We protect the king, you see.

SUSIE (ENGLISH ACCENT)  
That sounds very important.

GUARD 1  
It is. Now run along, little miss.

SUSIE (ENGLISH ACCENT)  
Yes, sir.

The guards return to their post as Susie skips off towards the dungeon window with her basket. She reaches the window, but it is dark and she cannot see in.

SUSIE  
Hello? Mr. Cho? I'm sorry, but I'm afraid the guards took your pie...Hello?

She hears some clanging behind her and hides behind a bush.

Cho walks by dressed warmly and carrying various mountaineering equipment; a backpack, pick, shovel and so on.

Susie steps out from behind the bush.

SUSIE

Mr. Cho?

Cho turns around.

CHO

Susie, I thought you might be here. I saw the guards stuffing their faces with the pie you brought for me.

SUSIE

Sorry about that.

CHO

Don't be, those fellows are like a pair of truffle pigs, if it's edible, they'll sniff it out.

SUSIE

Where are you going, Mr. Cho?

CHO

I'm going on a recruitment drive.

SUSIE

What's that?

CHO

Well, the king says that there are men living up the mountain in South Lapaltamonian territory who have not signed up to fight and that I am to recruit them.

SUSIE

What do you think?

CHO

I think that I am one of the few advisers paid not to think or advise, that's what I think,

Susie looks to the mountain.

SUSIE

Looks dangerous. Good luck, Mr. Cho.

CHO

Thanks, Susie, I'll need it.

Cho heads off up the path to the mountain.

INT. GRAND PALACE LIBRARY

General Hightower stands before the king, who is seated at a desk.

KING CECIL IV

Well, what can we do about it.

GENERAL HIGHTOWER

Tactics, your majesty, tactics. Yes I've been up all night thinking about it and I believe I have come up with a solution. You see, it will all come down to a tactical advantage at the end of the...

BLACKFRIAR

Yes and no.

Mr. Blackfriar slides in through the open door, carrying a mark two firestick with revolving chambers.

BLACKFRIAR

Tactics are all well and good General, however, technical superiority is just as important.

GENERAL HIGHTOWER

Yes, well...I suppose it can't hurt. What is that you've got there, Blackfriar?

BLACKFRIAR

This, my dear fellow, is the mark two.

GENERAL HIGHTOWER

Mark two?

BLACKFRIAR

Indeed. My industrial agents...

KING CECIL IV

Industrial agents?

BLACKFRIAR

Spies, your majesty, essential when dealing with a character such as Mr. Blake. They managed to sneak out a prototype from the northern factory and my men have just finished perfecting it.

GENERAL HIGHTOWER

Six chambers?

(CONTINUED)

BLACKFRIAR

Good eye, General, good eye. Self rotating, no need to reload for six shots and, best of all, it fires damn near as fast as a man can pull the trigger.

GENERAL HIGHTOWER

I say. What do you think, your majesty?

KING CECIL IV

And you say you got this off Mr. Blake?

BLACKFRIAR

He's already in production I'm afraid, sir.

KING CECIL IV

Well, damn it man, get a gross on the go immediately.

BLACKFRIAR

With our superior men that should be more than a match for the two hundred President Fitzgerald ordered yesterday.

KING CECIL IV

Better make it two gross, just to be sure.

BLACKFRIAR

Yes sir, I'll have the men begin on them post haste.

GENERAL HIGHTOWER

Good show.

BLACKFRIAR

There is one other small matter, sir.

KING CECIL IV

Get on with it.

BLACKFRIAR

With the shortage of materials, research costs and, of course, overtime for the men, the cost will be slightly higher.

KING CECIL IV

Cost be damned, man, we have a war to win. The fate of the realm is at stake.

(CONTINUED)

BLACKFRIAR

And, given the circumstances, I will be working the factory at no personal gain. One has to play one's part in such times.

KING CECIL IV

If only others shared your sense of duty, Blackfriar. There are some who mistrust you, but I won't hear of it. No, sir, a finer patriot than you I have not met.

GENERAL HIGHTOWER

Here, here.

INT. CLASSROOM

Three quarters of the class are now donning dunce caps or sitting on their hands.

Miss Buttersworth is making her way down the rows of desks. She grabs a chocolate bar from the hands of a FAT BOY, 10, who looks up at her; Equal parts helpless and clueless.

MISS BUTTERSWORD

Sit on your hands!

The child complies nervously.

MISS BUTTERSWORD

I hope you brought enough for the rest of the class.

FAT BOY

I...Uh...

MISS BUTTERSWORD

HAND!

The child raises his hand and Miss Buttersworth strikes it down with her cane.

MISS BUTTERSWORD

I told you to sit on your hands. Have you no sense boy?

The boy is convulsing, trying to think whether he should answer or not. Miss Buttersworth turns sharply and returns up the aisle to the front of class.

She makes her way to the blackboard on which she has drawn the various military positions. She is using her cane to point to the positions.

(CONTINUED)

MISS BUTTERSWORTH

You see the northern positions here and here and the southern positions here and here. The men awaiting their orders were anxious to prove their bravery. With new weapons provided by great scientific minds and new strategies provided by the great tacticians on the ground it promised to be a thrilling fight.

EXT. GREAT COMMONS FIELD

The men are in trenches and armed with the mark two firesticks and helmets now. The generals pace back and forth yelling.

Miss Buttersworth narrates as the redcoats charge and are slaughtered and then the bluecoats charge and are slaughtered.

MISS BUTTERSWORTH

And so, as in all wars The Great War of Lapaltamon brought out the best in the men. Bravery, camaraderie and honor were on full display every step of the way. The women took to the fields so that the men could fight for their country and the old ladies and children sewed uniforms and baked bread. All Lapaltamon was truly united as never before in the fight against evil.

Various scenes of injured men crawling back to the trenches and men being carted off to makeshift hospitals, bloodied and bandaged.

EXT. SOUTH LAPALTAMON BACK YARD

Douglas walks over with his mark one firestick to a stick he has by the river and pulls up a beer on a string as Jack does the same on the other side. They both lean their guns against their chairs and sit down and stare at each other.

JACK

Douglas.

DOUGLAS

Jack.

They continue staring and sipping their beers.

EXT. MOUNTAINSIDE

Viewed through binoculars, Cho struggles up a winding mountain path against biting winds and snow, leaning into the wind as he goes.

EXT. PRESIDENTIAL PALACE BALCONY

The president lowers his binoculars. His adviser, Chang is standing by.

PRESIDENT FITZGERALD  
Chang, what do you make of this?

The president hands the binoculars to Chang.

EXT. MOUNTAINSIDE

Viewed through binoculars, Cho is blown onto his back. He struggles to his feet and holds on to a rock, before inching forward again.

EXT. PRESIDENTIAL PALACE BALCONY

Chang lowers the binoculars.

CHANG  
It would appear to be the king's adviser attempting some type of suicide mission.

PRESIDENT FITZGERALD  
Yes, precisely what I thought. I wonder what he's up to.

CHANG  
Couldn't tell you, sir.

PRESIDENT FITZGERALD  
That's where you're wrong, Chang. That's exactly what you're going to do.

CHANG  
Sir?

PRESIDENT FITZGERALD  
That old dog, Cecil, has got a trick up his sleeve and you're going to find out what it is.

CHANG  
And how will I be doing that, Mr. President?

(CONTINUED)

PRESIDENT FITZGERALD  
By following the king's adviser,  
of course.

Chang is clearly not impressed.

CHANG  
Excellent idea, Mr. President.

PRESIDENT FITZGERALD  
You'll have to wait until  
nightfall of course, sneak across  
the river and then scamper up the  
mountain behind him.

CHANG  
Yes, sir.

Chang takes another look through the binoculars.

PRESIDENT FITZGERALD  
Don't worry, Chang, I'll be  
watching your progress from down  
here and cheering you along all  
the way.

CHANG  
Nothing gives me greater comfort,  
Mr. President.

EXT. MOUNTAINTOP

Cho makes his way slowly up a wall of ice, with his pick,  
in a blinding snowstorm.

He comes to the top and places his pick on flat ground,  
using it to pull himself up.

He marches forward against the wind, each step a struggle.

He hears music and makes his way towards it.

Two eyes pierce through the snow slowly reveal their owner  
to be a wolf. The wolf comes slowly through the snow to  
greet him.

Cho drops his pick and bolts.

An Eskimo comes to the wolf's side and pats him on the  
head.

ESKIMO MAN  
Vat is it you seeink, boy?

The wolf looks up at the Eskimo.

(CONTINUED)

Cho stops at a steep incline and uses his arms to balance himself.

After balancing himself he holds his heart and breathes a sigh of relief. He turns around to see if the wolf has followed him and, as he does so, the ledge he is on gives way, sending him down the incline.

He slides down the sheet of ice and snow and snags his coat on a rock, ripping it off along with his backpack, which sends him sliding down backwards.

Cho's boots fall off as he struggles to hold on to his pants.

INT. GRAND PALACE BATHROOM

A golden claw foot bathtub sits in the middle of a huge marble tiled bathroom with windows looking out on the mountains.

Two MAIDS come and pour some hot water into the tub and then take the queen's bathrobe and hold it up as she enters the bath.

Cho comes crashing through the window naked, at great speed, knocks the queen out of the tub and comes to a rest on top of her, his hands on her breasts and his head between them.

One maid holds her hand up to her mouth in shock and the other faints.

The king comes barging in with two guards in tow.

KING CECIL IV

What in God's name is going on in here?

The king looks at Cho and then nods to the guards. The guards step forward and grab Cho as the maid covers up the shocked queen with her bathrobe. They drag him, half delirious, out of the room.

EXT. NORTH LAPALTAMON BACKYARD

Jack sits in his chair, smiling, and drinking a beer. His rifle is leaning against his chair.

Douglas walks up, leans his rifle against his chair and goes to retrieve a beer from the river. He pulls up the string to find his bottles broken.

Jack, still smiling, lifts his bottle to Douglas and takes a long sip.

Douglas' eyes narrow as he stares at Jack.

EXT. GRAND PALACE - GARDENS - DAY

Mr. Blackfriar stands with the king watching a GARDENER dig a hole. A tree, waiting to be planted, stands by the hole.

Mr. Blackfriar holds up a grenade.

BLACKFRIAR  
Fireball.

Mr. Blackfriar motions the gardener out of the hole and tosses in the grenade.

It explodes, knocking the leaves off of the tree and covering the gardener in dirt.

The king gives a thumbs up.

EXT. PRESIDENTIAL PALACE GARDENS - DAY

Mr. Blake stands with the president watching GAREDENER 2 remove a rake from a garden shed.

They are standing by a howitzer.

BLAKE  
Firecannon.

Mr. Blake motions the gardener out of the way and fires the howitzer, blowing up the garden shed and scattering the tools everywhere.

The gardener looks less than impressed.

The president gives a thumbs up.

EXT. GRAND PALACE GARDENS - DAY

Mr. Blackfriar stands with the king watching the gardener, 50, fill in the last of the dirt around the tree he has just planted.

In front of them is a gatling gun.

BLACKFRIAR  
Rapid firestick.

Mr. Blackfriar motions the gardener out of the way and fires the gatling gun, chopping the tree in half.

The gardener tosses his shovel to the ground and storms off.

The king gives a thumbs up.

EXT. GREAT COMMONS FIELD

Viewed through binoculars, scenes of utter devastation akin to world war 1. The field has turned to mud, pitted by artillery shells. Barbed wire guards the trenches. Nearby trees have been felled, torched and defoliated. Small fires burn.

Men making their way through no man's land are mowed down by machine-gun fire or are blown up by artillery.

Wounded are being carried or are hobbling, using their rifles as crutches, to the makeshift medical tents.

EXT. GRAND PALACE BALCONY

The king lowers his binoculars and turns around. The butler is standing by.

KING CECIL IV  
Well, Cho, can you think of any  
way to get an edge?

The king spots the smoke on the mountaintop again and raises his binoculars.

KING CECIL IV  
Hold that thought, Cho.

EXT. MOUNTAINTOP

Viewed through binoculars, the king views the Eskimos dancing and singing and eating around the fire again. He moves slowly over the mountaintop and to the mountainside, where he spots Chang climbing, bit by bit, in the biting cold.

EXT. GRAND PALACE BALCONY

He lowers the binoculars and holds them out.

KING CECIL IV  
I say, Cho, is that Fitzzy's right  
hand man up there? Cho?

BUTLER  
Cho is presently detained, sir.

KING CECIL IV  
Detained by what? If he has more  
pressing business than advising

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

KING CECIL IV (cont'd)  
his king, I should like to hear  
it.

BUTLER  
No, sir, he is presently being  
detained in the dungeons for  
the...Ahem, incident.

KING CECIL IV  
Oh. OH! Yes, quite. Well I should  
think he has had some time to  
think about it, wouldn't you  
say...Uh, Butler.

BUTLER  
Quite, sir.

KING CECIL IV  
Second chances and all that.

BUTLER  
Indeed, sir.

INT. DOUGLAS' BATHROOM

Douglas sits in the bath happily humming away as he scrubs  
himself with soap. His gun leans against the wall.

EXT. GREAT COMMONS FIELD

BLUECOAT 2, 25, an artillery man, stands scratching his  
head by his howitzer, which has lost a wheel. The noise is  
deafening as shells are fired and shells land nearby. The  
ARTILLERY COMMANDER, 40, approaches.

ARTILLERY COMMANDER  
Son, what in tarnation are you  
doing?

BLUECOAT 2  
Wheel's fallen off sir.

ARTILLERY COMMANDER  
Goddammit, son, improvise. This  
ain't no time for sitting around  
playing with your dollies.

BLUECOAT 2  
Yes, sir.

The bluecoat looks around and finds a stick. He looks at  
the stick and then at the wheel. He pins the wheel back on  
with the stick and is handed a shell by another bluecoat,  
which he loads into the howitzer.

As he fires, the wheel falls off again sending the shot veering off wildly.

INT. DOUGLAS' HOUSE - BATHROOM

Douglas is still humming happily away as he scrubs under his arms.

The shell hits his house, blowing part of the roof and the wall off, and leaving Douglas exposed to the elements.

Douglas sits, shocked, for a moment, before getting angry, throwing on a bathrobe and going for his gun.

EXT. NORTH LAPALTAMON BACKYARD

Jack is standing up looking at Douglas going for his gun.

He sees Douglas taking up a firing position and runs for his house, dodging gunfire as he goes.

INT. JACK'S HOUSE

Jack runs up the stairs.

MRS. SAMPSON  
No running in the house.

He grabs his gun and busts out a pane in the bedroom window.

MRS. SAMPSON (O.S.)  
What is all the racket up there?

Jack fires off a shot towards Douglas and Douglas returns fire, shattering the mirror.

Mrs. Sampson enters the room.

MRS. SAMPSON  
What in God's name do you think  
you're playing at?

JACK  
Get down!

MRS. SAMPSON  
What? on the broken glass?

A bullet goes through a window pane and smashes a music box on the dresser. It plays its twisted swan song.

(CONTINUED)

MRS. SAMPSON  
You boys have had your fun, now  
put that damn thing down this  
instant!

Another bullet goes whizzing by and smashes a clock.

MRS. SAMPSON  
JACK!

Jack flinches.

Mrs. Sampson grabs the gun and manages to wrestle it from  
her husband's grip.

EXT. SOUTH LAPALTAMON BACK YARD

Mrs. Sampson leads her husband by the ear out to the river  
as Douglas' wife, MRS. JOHNSON, EARLY 40's, does the same.

MRS. SAMPSON  
Do you have something you'd like  
to say to Mrs. Johnson?

Jack kicks at the grass with his hands in his pockets.

MRS. SAMPSON  
JACK!

JACK  
Sorry, Mrs. Johnson.

MRS. JOHNSON  
Douglas?

DOUGLAS  
He started it.

Mrs. Johnson slaps her husband in the back of the head. He  
looks around at her and then to his feet.

DOUGLAS  
Sorry, Mrs. Sampson.

MRS. JOHNSON  
That's better. Now run along and  
play.

MRS. SAMPSON  
Nicely!

The two men sit in their chairs and stare at each other.

MRS. SAMPSON  
I've hidden his firestick, Doris.  
If he can't be trusted with it...

MRS. JOHNSON

Oh aye, same here 'n all, Mary.  
Bloody nuisance those things.

MRS. SAMPSON

I'd have you over for dinner, but  
the new laws.

MRS. JOHNSON

Colluding with the enemy? What a  
load of bloody rubbish. Not to  
mention rations.

MRS. SAMPSON

We're lucky to get a loaf of  
bread and some stock to dip it  
in.

MRS. JOHNSON

Half a dozen eggs a week between  
the two of us, if we're lucky.

MRS. SAMPSON

And at twice the price.

MRS. JOHNSON

Aye, you noticed that did you?

MRS. SAMPSON

Someone's making a pretty penny  
on this war.

MRS. JOHNSON

Oh, aye.

INT. BLACKFRIAR'S OFFICE

On the back wall hangs Mr. Blake's suit, hat and mustache. Mr. Blackfriar sits at his desk arranging gold coins into equal stacks on his desk. At five stacks he puts them into a small bag and tosses them onto a pile by his desk and then starts again.

A gold coin falls from the ceiling and lands on the desk in front of him.

Mr. Blackfriar pokes the roof with his walking stick and several more coins fall onto his desk.

BLACKFRIAR

Van Cleef! VAN CLEEF!

Van Cleef hurries into the room.

(CONTINUED)

VAN CLEEF

Yes, sir, Mr...Blackfriar!

BLACKFRIAR

The roof is leaking again.

Mr. Blackfriar pokes the roof and more coins fall.

BLACKFRIAR

See?

VAN CLEEF

Yes, sir. Most unfortunate, sir.

BLACKFRIAR

It is not most unfortunate, it just needs fixing. Will you see to it?

VAN CLEEF

As soon as possible, sir. It's just that a lot of the carpenters are at the front and...Well, uh...

BLACKFRIAR

I'm a busy man, Van Cleef.

VAN CLEEF

Well...It's just that Johnson Brothers, McConnell and Son and Tilliwell's all refuse to come until you pay them for the last job.

BLACKFRIAR

And you can see why with this shoddy craftsmanship. I'm not made of money, Mr. Van Cleef.

A pile of coins falls onto Mr. Blackfriar's head. He doesn't flinch.

VAN CLEEF

I'll see if I can rustle someone up, sir.

BLACKFRIAR

See that you do.

INT. PRESIDENTIAL PALACE

A General stands before the president, who is sitting at his desk.

(CONTINUED)

GENERAL PINKERTON

Casualties have been very heavy this week, sir. I fear if we do not have replacements soon that we will have difficulty holding the line.

PRESIDENT FITZGERALD

I see. Why are the men not joining up, General Pinkerton?

GENERAL PINKERTON

It would appear, sir, that a lot of false propaganda has been getting out about there being heavy casualties. It seems to be putting a lot of the men off signing up.

PRESIDENT FITZGERALD

Do you know who has been spreading these vicious lies?

GENERAL PINKERTON

Not precisely sir, but I know a lot of these types of things tend to spread through the college students and other educated types.

PRESIDENT FITZGERALD

Best to round them up for questioning and see if you can't root them out. Shoot a few if you have to.

GENERAL PINKERTON

If I may, sir, I think I have another solution. I believe we can kill two birds with one stone, so to speak.

PRESIDENT FITZGERALD

What is it you have in mind, Pinkerton?

INT. NORTH LAPALTAMON TOWN HALL

The villagers stand in line in the hall.

A Lieutenant stands at a desk talking to a conscript. Behind him are two doors. One is labeled 'showers'.

(CONTINUED)

Next in line are two villagers standing next to each other. One is dressed in a frilly suit and the other is unshaven, with long fingernails and wearing rags caked in filth. The rest of the villagers stand well back of the man in rags holding their noses and retching.

JIM TAYLOR

Jim Taylor.

The effeminate man holds his hand out to the man in rags.

NED NUGETT

Ned Nugett.

He shakes Jim's hand.

NED NUGETT

You're the only one who seems to be able to handle the smell.

JIM TAYLOR

Can't smell a thing, practically bathed in perfume. Going for an unfit for service on the basis of sexual orientation.

NED NUGETT

Smart. Wish I'd thought of that one.

JIM TAYLOR

You going for hygiene.

NED NUGETT

Hygiene slash crazy, thought I'd cover a couple of angles. I mean, I support the war and every war, without question, no one supports war more than me, it's just that I'm a coward, if you know what I mean? Never shoot at anything that can shoot back, that's my motto.

JIM TAYLOR

I hear you, friend. Did you piss yourself?

NED NUGETT

Oh yeah. Really immersed myself in the character. Haven't changed in a month. Stopped eating last week.

JIM TAYLOR

I admire the commitment, sir, good luck to you.

LIEUTENANT  
NEXT.

NED NUGETT  
Thanks, good luck to you.

Jim Taylor approaches the lieutenant at the desk, camping it up all the way.

JIM TAYLOR  
Hello, Mista Lieutenant.

LIEUTENANT  
PAPERS.

Jim hands his papers to the Lieutenant.

JIM TAYLOR  
Here you go, Mista Lieutenant,  
sir.

LIEUTENANT  
IT SAYS HERE THAT YOU'RE GAY,  
RECRUIT.

JIM TAYLOR  
Gayest man in all the north, sir.  
Some say in all Lapaltamon.

LIEUTENANT  
THROUGH THAT DOOR, RECRUIT.

The Lieutenant indicates the unlabeled door to his right.

JIM TAYLOR  
What is that door, if I may be so  
bold as to enquire, sir?

LIEUTENANT  
PRISON TRANSPORT, RECRUIT.  
HOMOSEXUALS ARE TO BE TAKEN TO  
PRISON AND HANGED FROM THE NECK  
UNTIL DEAD BY PRESIDENTIAL  
DECREE, RECRUIT.

JIM TAYLOR  
Homosexuals? Oh, no, no, no,  
no...No, I meant gay as in happy,  
you know, I don't see any happy  
soldiers, so naturally I assumed  
that they weren't welcome.  
Distracting for the other  
soldiers and whatnot.

The Lieutenant fixes Jim with a steely glare.

LIEUTENANT  
THROUGH THAT DOOR, RECRUIT.

He indicates the door labeled 'showers' and Jim, head hanging low, marches slowly off.

LIEUTENANT  
NEXT.

Ned Nugget walks up backwards, salutes the villagers, turns around and hands the Lieutenant his papers.

The Lieutenant reviews the papers, quickly, while Ned chews on his own shoe.

LIEUTENANT  
MARTHA MAPLETON OF ONE TWO THREE  
FAKE STREET?

Ned turns around and salutes the villagers again.

NED NUGETT  
One and the same, your honor. If  
it pleases the court I would like  
to call my first witness.

LIEUTENANT  
MARTHA?

NED NUGETT  
Yes, your honor?

LIEUTENANT  
SHIT, SHAVE, SHOWER AND SHIP  
OUT...

The Lieutenant leans in to Ned.

LIEUTENANT  
...Ma'am.

The Lieutenant indicates the shower door and watches Ned walk off dejectedly.

LIEUTENANT  
NEXT!

INT. GRAND PALACE LIBRARY

Mr. Blackfriar stands before the king, who sits at his desk flanked by his butler.

BLACKFRIAR  
Now, just the small matter of the  
bill, your royal highness.

(CONTINUED)

Blackfriar hands the king a thick bundle of papers and the king starts looking through them.

BLACKFRIAR

I wouldn't even ask it's just that the men need paying, you see.

KING CECIL IV

Of course, of course.

The king hands the bundle of papers to his butler.

KING CECIL IV

Here you go...What in the devil is your name again?

BUTLER

Butler, sir. Roger Butler.

KING CECIL IV

Right...Butler. Go fetch up the coin, Butler, and be quick about it.

The butler leans in and whispers into the king's ear.

KING CECIL IV

What? Oh dear! Completely empty?

BUTLER

I'm afraid so, your highness.

KING CECIL IV

Well, Mr. Blackfriar, I appear to have been caught with my trousers around my ankles, so to speak.

BLACKFRIAR

How so, your majesty?

KING CECIL IV

It appears that the royal coffers are...A little depleted at the moment.

BLACKFRIAR

Oh...How unfortunate.

They all stand in silence for a moment.

BLACKFRIAR

Might I proffer a suggestion, with your majesty's permission.

KING CECIL IV

Please do, Blackfriar, please do.

BLACKFRIAR

What if you were to raise taxes slightly? Call it a war tax or a defense of the realm tax or some such thing.

KING CECIL IV

Defense of the realm tax. Yes. Yes, I like that. It's really the only thing for it. I mean, the people won't like it, but everyone has to tighten their belts in dire times such as these.

A servant enters carrying a silver tray topped with food. He pulls the covers off of the foods as he announces them.

SERVANT

Sauteed crayfish in a light lemon hollandaise to start, followed by roast quail and braised asparagus spears, tenderloin lamb cutlets with red wine reduction and for pudding, sir, three berry mousse with fresh whipped cream. The wine menu sir.

KING CECIL IV

I'm feeling like a full bodied red today, pick me out a good one and a nice rich port for afters.

The servant bows and makes his exit.

KING CECIL IV

Now, Blackfriar, usually I would have my adviser draw up the plans, but I appear to have mislaid him. Would you mind terribly working out the particulars on this one?

BLACKFRIAR

Not at all, your majesty, I am honored to serve my king.

KING CECIL IV

Excellent.

INT. SOUTH FACTORY FLOOR

The men are lining up for their pay at the clock in desk. Van Cleef sits behind the desk as Mr. Blake stands behind him.

Van Cleef pays a man, who signs his name in the register, giving Van Cleef a dirty look, and Jack steps forward.

VAN CLEEF  
Fifteen dollars. Sign here.

JACK  
Wait, what?

VAN CLEEF  
Sign here.

JACK  
No, the first part.

VAN CLEEF  
Fifteen dollars...Sign here.

JACK  
Fifteen dollars? You mean  
twenty-six dollars.

VAN CLEEF  
Thirty dollars, minus four  
dollars in national taxes, minus  
eight dollars for patriot tax  
minus three dollars in garnished  
wages comes to fifteen dollars.  
Sign here.

JACK  
Patriot tax?

BLAKE  
You are a patriot aren't you,  
Geoffrey?

JACK  
Uh...Yes, sir, but a loaf of  
bread costs a dollar fifty now  
and...

BLAKE  
Well, good thing that you're  
limited to two a week under  
rationing, isn't it? Back in my  
day if we were hungry we used to  
throw a fishing pole in the  
river, you do have a fishing pole  
don't you?

Jack grabs the pen and signs his name. Van Cleef tosses him a small bag of coin. Jack collects the bag and walks off, muttering under his breath.

EXT. NORTH LAPALTAMON

Jack walks the streets, fuming and muttering to himself. The buildings and streets are badly damaged by artillery shells and there are holes in the windows of the shops from gunfire.

A man is breaking up a chair to throw on a bonfire, around which a group of villagers are warming themselves.

Jack reaches his door, which falls off as he opens it.

INT. JACK'S HOUSE

Jack walks into the house, still muttering, and walks past his wife, in the kitchen, to the back door.

MRS. SAMPSON

Jack, dear, don't you want some  
gruel?

A shell lands nearby, shaking the house and blowing out the kitchen window.

EXT. NORTH LAPALTAMON BACKYARD

Jack grabs his fishing pole, which is leaning up against the house and heads to his chair by the river.

ANGLE ON Jack's face as he gets a bite and reels it in.

ANGLE ON Jack reeling in the body of a soldier and pulling it ashore next to two other bodies.

Jack picks up his bottle of beer. It is promptly shot as he goes to take a sip. His eye begins to twitch.

INT. ESKIMO LONGHOUSE

Cho and Chang and the Eskimos sit around drinking beer and eating meat while a fire roars away in the fireplace. A man plays guitar and the people have their arms around each other, singing along and clicking their wooden beer steins together.

ESKIMO MAN

Okay, okay, I make ze velcomink  
to ze new friend of ours now.

(CONTINUED)

ESKIMO MAN

Ve haf been velcomink ze new  
friend Chang unt now ve haf ze  
new friend Cho

The Eskimos raise their glasses and cheer.

ESKIMO MAN

Unt now Cho, ze volks iz vantink  
a speech.

Cho drunkenly waves no, but the Eskimos start chanting for  
a speech and he stumbles to his feet. Everyone cheers.

CHO

I woul...Woul...Hey!..Yes...  
Thankfer...Gray honor...friends  
I...Beer happy...Chang! Didin see  
you there...Comeonin outada cold.

Cho staggers and falls to the floor with his beer stein in  
hand.

Everyone cheers and raises their glasses.

Cho raises his glass slightly and lets out a feeble cheer.

EXT. LAPALTAMON FOREST - AFTERNOON

Susie is at the gate feeding the two guard wolves. She  
looks around and spots a tree with a branch overhanging  
the compound.

Susie climbs the tree, ties a piece of rope around the  
branch and lowers herself in. The wolves come and greet  
her.

She makes her way to the factory. There is a door. She  
peers through the door's window and sees the research and  
development engineers working away on new weapons. She  
looks around and sees an open window high up near the  
roof.

One of the wolves barks. Susie looks over to see the wolf  
standing next to a large wooden ladder leaning against a  
tree.

She walks over, pats the wolf on the head, takes the  
ladder over to the window and starts climbing. At the top  
she slips in through the window.

INT. RESEARCH AND DEVELOPMENT FACILITY - CONT.

Susie clambers onto a beam which goes the full length of the factory over top of the research and development facility all the way to the offices at the other end.

She gingerly stands up and starts slowly walking across using her arms for balance.

She accidentally kicks a small rock off of the beam and, barely regaining her balance, freezes.

The rock hits an ENGINEER, 40, in the head. He looks around, puzzled.

ENGINEER

Tony, I swear to God, you had better cut that out.

TONY, 50, looks up.

TONY

What?

ENGINEER

Don't 'what' me. I swear I'll come over there and knock your block off.

Tony turns to the engineer next to him.

TONY

These long hours are really starting to take their toll.

ENGINEER 2, 45, nods in agreement.

Susie starts across again, eventually making it to the other side. She finds a vent above the beam, takes off the cover and clambers through.

INT. FACTORY ATTIC

A vent cover falls to the floor and Susie climbs into a room piled full of gold coins.

She creeps over to a hole in the floor that has some light shining through and carefully puts her eye to it.

INT. BLACKFRIAR'S OFFICE

Mr. Blackfriar is hanging up his Blake outfit and starts getting into his Blackfriar outfit.

(CONTINUED)

BLACKFRIAR

That's outrageous. Ninety dollars to fix a leaky roof? Who does he think he is.

VAN CLEEF

Well, Mr...Sir, he says that there is a shortage of materials due to the destruction of the western forest lands and most of the lumberjacks and millers being at the front, uh...Sir.

BLACKFRIAR

Shortage of materials? How dare he? I invented shortage of materials.

VAN CLEEF

Indeed you did, sir.

BLACKFRIAR

No, this just won't stand. Blatant war profiteering is what this is.

VAN CLEEF

Yes, sir.

BLACKFRIAR

You tell him to take fifty and be damn glad of it too.

Mr. Blackfriar finishes affixing his mustache.

VAN CLEEF

Yes, Mr...Uh...Blackfriar.

BLACKFRIAR

Listen, Van Cleef, you'll have to hold the fort down here for a while, I have urgent business with the king.

VAN CLEEF

Yes, sir.

INT. ATTIC

Susie starts to sneak out, but her movement starts a pile of coins cascading down and through the hole in the floor.

INT. BLACKFRIAR'S OFFICE

Van Cleef and Mr. Blackfriar stop on their way out the door look at each other and then to the ceiling.

INT. RESEARCH AND DEVELOPMENT

Susie is halfway across the beam when she accidentally kicks another small rock. She freezes again.

The rock lands on the same engineer as before, who lunges at Tony. The other engineers try to pull him off.

Susie starts making her way across again.

EXT. LAPALTAMON FOREST

Susie climbs down the ladder to the bottom.

She turns around and runs straight into Van Cleef and Mr. Blackfriar.

Van Cleef grabs her arm and Mr. Blackfriar looks her over.

BLACKFRIAR

Do I know you from somewhere?

SUSIE

No, but you knew my father, Mr. Blake.

BLACKFRIAR

Blackfriar. That's right.  
Spitting image. Grant,  
Geldof...No...

SUSIE

Green. David Green. He was an  
engineer at this factory for ten  
years.

BLACKFRIAR

Green. Yes, yes, smart fellow.  
Most unfortunate. Still, your  
mother was well compensated. A  
weeks pay and he didn't even need  
to show up for work.

Mr. Blackfriar chuckles lightly to himself.

BLACKFRIAR

Isn't that right, Mr. Van Cleef?

(CONTINUED)

VAN CLEEF

If memory serves, sir.

Susie's eyes radiate hatred.

EXT. LAPALTAMON - AFTERNOON

View from binoculars as they pan over the devastation of the villages and to the factory in the forest, later moving to the path leading to the grand palace.

A man is leading a girl up the path to the grand palace by her arm.

The binoculars zoom in to see that it is Mr. Blackfriar leading Susie up the path.

EXT. MOUNTAINTOP - CONT.

Cho lowers the binoculars and turns to Chang.

CHO

Chang, where is Mr. Blake's factory located.

CHANG

It's in the Great Eastern Forest, why?

CHO

It is as I thought.

CHANG

What is as you thought?

CHO

I fear, Chang, my friend, that I must leave this fine place.

CHANG

Whatever for? There is nothing left down there.

CHO

There is someone who needs my help.

CHANG

His majesty needs his royal diapers changed?

CHO

No, not him. A friend of mine has been captured.

(CONTINUED)

CHANG

In that case, Cho, buddy, good luck and godspeed. We will miss you.

CHO

I will return.

CHANG

If things go according to plan, you may not need to.

They shake hands and Cho heads to the wall of ice. He slams his pick into the mountaintop ties some rope around it, salutes and disappears over the edge.

EXT. GRAND PALACE BALCONY - AFTERNOON

The king and president are enjoying drinks on the balcony and watching the war as their wives stand behind them gossiping. Two guards and a butler stand nearby.

President Fitzgerald lowers his binoculars and swirls his drink around his glass.

PRESIDENT FITZGERALD

Drinks appear to be getting low...Dangerously low.

King Cecil lowers his binoculars and looks to his glass.

KING CECIL IV

I dare say you may be right there. Lower than your troop's morale, eh, Fitzzy.

He turns to the wives, who let out a titter.

MRS. FITZGERALD IV

Oh, Cecil, you mustn't tease Robert. He's been so competitive since this whole row started. You know his great-grandfather died of heart troubles.

KING CECIL IV

Butler!

The butler steps forward.

KING CECIL IV

Freshen us up...And bring two for the ladies.

The king and president return to their binoculars.

(CONTINUED)

QUEEN

Oh no, I dare not, it's barely past noon.

MRS. FITZGERALD IV

Well you can count me in, it's my birthday next week.

QUEEN

Your birthday? Well...

MRS. FITZGERALD IV

Go on.

QUEEN

If it's for a special occasion...I have been very stressed lately.

PRINCE CECIL, 7, in a shirt, blazer and shorts runs towards the queen with a NANNY, 45, running behind him.

NANNY

Prince Cecil, no!

PRINCE CECIL

Mummy, mummy!

The queen turns her back to the child, looking flustered, and turns to Mrs. Fitzgerald IV.

QUEEN

Hard to get good help these days.

MRS. FITZGERALD IV

Our nanny took half a day off because her husband was killed in the war. I've been to a funeral and it doesn't take nine hours, I can tell you that much.

The nanny removes the child's hand from the queen's dress and backs away with the crying child while bowing repeatedly to the queen.

QUEEN

Probably getting drunk. I Wouldn't have her around my child. Nothing more precious than a child, that's what I say.

MRS. FITZGERALD IV

Oh I agree, but she's been in the family for forty years and it's getting increasingly hard with all the women heading to the front to tend the wounded.

(CONTINUED)

QUEEN

There's been talk of them working  
in factories, I hear.

MRS. FITZGERALD IV

Oh no! No, that won't do at all!  
Robert, you will stop all this  
nonsense before it gets to that,  
dear.

PRESIDENT FITZGERALD

They'll be wanting the vote next.

They all chuckle lightheartedly.

MRS. FITZGERALD IV

Oh, Robert, you are silly!

QUEEN

Perish the thought.

The king lowers his binoculars, looks into his empty glass  
and turns around.

KING CECIL IV

Where are those drinks? It is  
getting hard to find good help  
around here.

The president lowers his binoculars, turns around and they  
all nod in agreement.

EXT. MOUNTAINSIDE

Cho rappels expertly down the mountainside, hopping from  
icy cliff face to icy cliff face, and lands on a snowy  
ledge.

He checks his rope and sees that there is only a couple of  
feet left.

Cho slams two ice picks into the cliff and holds on as he  
gives the rope three sharp pulls and waits.

The rope slackens gradually and then goes flying rapidly  
by.

He pulls the rope up and ties it off on the first, and  
then the second ice pick.

As he finishes the last knot he gives it a firm pull and  
looks, satisfied, at his accomplishment.

Cho starts to pull up the slack.

The ice around the picks cracks and they fall from the  
cliff and start plummeting down the mountainside.

(CONTINUED)

Cho desperately attempts to unhook his harness as the picks threaten to drag him down the cliff.

He looks down and, seeing the rope start to tighten, slides a lever on the harness to release the rope as he holds onto a small rocky outcrop.

The rope rips out of Cho's harness leaving him precariously on the snowy ledge.

Cho leans against the cliff face and holds his hand to his rapidly beating heart with his free hand.

The snowy ledge starts to crack. Cho looks frantically for an out.

He finds one in a row of rocky outcrops leading away from the snowy ledge.

The snowy ledge gives way, leaving Cho hanging by one hand, but he swings himself to the next rock and, like a monkey, to the next after.

Cho continues swinging in this fashion, from rock to rock, until he reaches another ledge.

He puts his head in his hand for a while and, while wiping the copious amount of sweat from his brow, the ledge cracks instantly and sends him flying down the cliff.

Cho rides the ledge down the cliff like a snowboard until his harness snags on a piece of rock and leaves him hanging like a puppet.

He reaches desperately for a nearby rock and starts swinging to try and reach it. As he does so the clip on the harness which he was trying to free earlier gives way and sends him, once again, down the cliff.

Cho's belt snags on a rock leaving him dangling to and fro. His face bears a look of utter resignation. He is no longer desperately reaching or attempting to wriggle free. He has accepted his fate.

With a look of resignation set upon his face, as in stone, his pants start to rip and give way and, in a final show of disrespect, a rocky outcrop grabs his shirt and sends him sliding down the snowy mountainside on his front, naked.

INT. GRAND PALACE BANQUET ROOM

The butler moves elegantly through a pair of swinging doors carrying a large silver tray with four drinks perched atop.

(CONTINUED)

The sound of smashing glass in the background elicits a faint reaction from him as he continues towards the balcony.

Cho shoots through the swinging doors at great speed, lands on the silver tray, grabbing two of the drinks in his hands as he does so, and slides, on the tray, towards the balcony.

He hits the lip of the open balcony doors and begins an upward trajectory.

EXT. GRAND PALACE BALCONY

Mrs. Fitzgerald IV turns around and is hit by the flying Cho, who rides her, sliding, to the edge of the balcony.

KING CECIL IV

Ah, there they are.

The king and president lower their binoculars, grab their drinks from Cho's hands and take a sip.

PRESIDENT FITZGERALD

Mmm. Refreshing.

KING CECIL IV

Quite.

The king looks at his drink, pauses in thought, and turns around to view Cho with his crotch resting on the face of the president's wife. He takes another sip, pauses in confused silence, catches the eye of the president and they both turn to look.

The king nods disinterestedly at the guards, who come to grab Cho, and returns to his drink as they grab him and drag him off.

The queen stands aghast.

The butler comes running out to help Mrs. Fitzgerald IV to her feet.

KING CECIL IV

Most unfortunate.

PRESIDENT FITZGERALD

Unfortunate? This is an outrage.

KING CECIL IV

Mmm. Mmm. No, I guess you're right. It really is hard getting good help these days. Maybe we should call off hostilities for a bit, what say?

PRESIDENT FITZGERALD  
Well...Let's see how it plays out  
for a while, shall we?

KING CECIL IV  
Fair enough. I do hate to leave a  
thing unfinished.

They both look pensively out over Lapaltamon.

KING CECIL IV  
I'll have him whipped within an  
inch of his life of course.

PRESIDENT FITZGERALD  
Goes without saying, Hammy, goes  
without saying.

They raise their binoculars to the battlefield in unison.

INT. GRAND PALACE DUNGEON

Cho, wearing a pair of rough pants held on by a piece of  
rope, is tossed into the cell by the two guards.

Susie looks up.

SUSIE  
Cho!

GUARD 1  
Ring the bell if you require room  
service.

GUARD 2  
Yeah, yeah, remember to sign the  
guest register.

GUARD 1  
Enjoy your stay, sir.

Guard 1 locks the barred door.

GUARD 2  
What? No tip?

GUARD 1  
Used to 'ave a better class of  
clientele, we did.

GUARD 2  
Oh, aye. Mind you, times is 'ard  
all round.

GUARD 1

Aye, true.

They walk off laughing as guard 1 sits down in a chair across from the door and guard 2 walks down the corridor.

CHO

I came to rescue you.

They look at each other.

CHO

The plan hit a snag...So to speak.

SUSIE

Thanks anyway, it'll be nice to have some company. There was a cat, but it hasn't been by today.

CHO

One of the truffle pigs probably fried it up.

GUARD 1 (O.S)

I 'EARD THAT. (MUMBLING TO HIMSELF) Roast a cat you do, everybody knows that...Too greasy to fry, got to oven bake 'em...Little rosemary, salt, pepper...Two cloves of...

SUSIE

But then the mice came out to play, which was nice. Still, they're not much for conversation. That's what Mrs. Billingsley at the schoolhouse says about my ma...Not much for conversation, your ma, little Susie.

CHO

You certainly seem to have a way with the animals.

SUSIE

My ma thinks so too. She whipped me something fierce when I let all the chickens free instead of cooking them up like she told me to. Said I could go live in the coop with them if I liked them so much.

Guard 2 enters with two trays of food. His face is covered in jam. He hands them the trays which have two compartments; One with gruel and the other with crumbs.

(CONTINUED)

GUARD 2

No jam crumble  
today...Uh...'Cause of rationing  
'n all.

Guard 2 wipes his mouth with his sleeve and turns to leave. Cho and Susie start to slowly eat the gruel. They are not impressed.

CHO

Your mother seems a little...

SUSIE

Uncertain?

CHO

Exactly.

SUSIE

I guess so.

Cho leans around to find Guard 1 napping.

CHO

So, I guess you know all about  
Mr. Blackfriar?

SUSIE

And Mr. Blake too. Yes sir, Mr.  
Cho. I told you he was a bad man.  
Is that why you're here?

CHO

Uhhhhh...General political  
motivations...Hard to nail down  
an exact cause. (QUIETLY) Only  
question is, how do we get out  
and spread the word?

They both look up, lost in thought. Susie's eyes start to focus on the barred window and she puts down her tray and stands. Cho stands next to her, realizes what she has seen, and turns to her with a smile.

CHO (WHISPERING)

You're a genius!

Susie looks to the napping guard, grabs the bucket, upturns it in front of the barred window and waits for Cho to kneel down. She climbs onto his shoulder and he lifts her up, standing on the bucket so that she can reach the sleeping weed outside.

He lets her down, they both look to the napping guard, and then shake hands, smiling.

(CONTINUED)

Cho rips off a piece of his rough pants and Susie places the sleeping weed in it. They both look around until Cho spots a bit of exposed rock in the crude dungeon wall and goes over to kick it off.

With the loosened rock he crushes the sleeping weed and squeezes the juice in to their gruel. He then then walks over to the barred door and slams the trays down, making sure to make enough noise to wake guard 1.

Guard 1 wakes with a start. He rubs his eyes and comes walking over.

CHO

Exceptional fare, sir, but we aren't hungry at the moment. Hate to see it go to waste.

Guard 1 slides the trays from under the barred door.

GUARD 1

Not good enough for you, your majesty? Waste not, want not, that's what I were taught. You know the king's on this lot now for to show solidarity 'n all. Sends 'is meat to the front in defense of the realm 'e does. Good enough for 'im, good enough for me that's what I say.

Guard 1 sits down and starts to tuck in.

EXT. GRAND PALACE BALCONY

The king, president, their generals and wives sit at a table set up on the balcony.

A SERVANT, followed by six other SERVANTS, pushes a rolling table to the side of the main table upon which sit six silver topped dishes, a silver bowl and a seventh, much larger, silver topped tray.

The six servants carry the six trays from the rolling table, place them in front of the assembled guests and lift the lids to reveal roasted vegetables and potatoes.

As they do so, the head servant lifts the larger silver top off to reveal a suckling pig, complete with apple in mouth, and starts to carve it and place it onto the plates.

Four of the servants open bottles of red and white wine and, in pairs, head down either side of the table pouring drinks. The fifth servant grabs the silver bowl by its handles and the sixth offers the guests the sauce with a ladle.

(CONTINUED)

SERVANT

Rich apple brandy sauce, your  
majesty?

The king nods as the butler arrives and stands at  
attention next to the king.

BUTLER

Mr. Blackfriar to see you, sir.

KING CECIL IV

Very well. See him in.

The butler waves Mr. Blackfriar to the table.

KING CECIL IV

Take a seat, Mr. Blackfriar,  
plenty to go round...Butler, grab  
Mr. Blackfriar a seat.

BLACKFRIAR

Thank you, no. I am here on very  
pressing business, which I fear  
may concern both of you.

INT. GRAND PALACE DUNGEON

Cho removes his rope belt. Susie grabs her hair clip and  
the end of the rope, fashions it into a hook and ties it  
on.

Cho throws the rope at the snoring guard's keys, which are  
hanging on a hook on his pants.

The hook falls well short. He tries again with the same  
result.

Cho looks at Susie. They pause for a while before Cho  
looks at the rock they used to prepare the sleeping weed.  
Susie follows his eye and goes over to grab the rock and  
hands it to Cho.

Cho ties the rock near the end of the rope and throws it  
again.

The rock hits guard 1 square in the face. The guard  
twitches, bleeding slightly from his lip, but continues  
snoring.

Guard 2's steps sound through the hall and he starts  
stomping through.

Cho reels the rope back in and Cho and Susie quickly hide  
behind the dungeon wall.

(CONTINUED)

## GUARD 2

Quit chewing your food so fast.  
Bit your lip again, you idiot.  
Hey! Hey!.. Whatever. No, that's  
fine. Ignore me all you want, you  
still owe me that two  
shillings...Pretend to sleep all  
you want, still owe me two  
shillings. I told you the  
chinaman'd be back. Can't say I'm  
sad to see 'im back, can you? Two  
shillings or not, givin' a white  
man's job to one of 'em, while we  
toil down here all day, don't  
bear thinkin' on, do it?..Well,  
if you aren't going to say  
nothin' then I'll be off.  
Finished the food 'n all without  
cutting me in. Right, I'm off.  
Get better conversation out of  
that cat we roasted the other  
night.

Guard 2 gives an ugly look to guard 1 and makes his way off.

Cho and Susie make their way to the bars, check for guard 2 and throw the hook again.

The hook grabs the keys and frees them from guard 1's belt. The keys land on the floor.

Guard 2 returns.

## GUARD 2

And another thing...

Guard 2 notices the keys as Cho starts to drag them toward the barred door.

## GUARD 2

Oi!

He leans over and chases them, banging his head on the bars of the door and knocking himself cold.

Susie and Cho look at each other and breath a sigh of relief.

Cho opens the door, they both exit and then he locks the door and replaces the key on the sleeping guard 1.

EXT. BRIDGE

Susie and Cho stand on the southern side of the bridge.

CHO  
Okay, so if all goes well, I'll  
see you shortly.

Susie salutes Cho, who returns the gesture. She then heads across the bridge into North Lapaltamon.

EXT. GRAND PALACE BALCONY

The king, president and their generals stand at the edge of the balcony looking through binoculars.

BLACKFRIAR  
So you see what I mean?

KING CECIL IV  
It does appear to be quite a  
large gathering.

BLACKFRIAR  
The beginnings of revolution, I  
would say, sir.

PRESIDENT FITZGERALD  
Hmm...I wonder what could have  
caused it?

BLACKFRIAR  
Hard to say. Bad harvest, full  
moon, something in the water, who  
knows? These things tend to  
happen from time to time.  
Impossible to avoid, really.  
Important thing is to nip it in  
the bud.

KING CECIL IV  
Bit difficult to do any nipping  
of buds with all my redcoats at  
the front.

BLACKFRIAR  
If I may, gentlemen...

PRESIDENT FITZGERALD  
Oh no. I'm not pulling all my men  
back and leaving my lands  
undefended. Not a chance.

BLACKFRIAR  
I'm assuming that you're familiar  
with the American revolution?

(CONTINUED)

PRESIDENT FITZGERALD

Yes, they installed a  
democratic republic much like  
the one which North  
Lapaltamonians enjoy today. I  
would say you have a little more  
to worry about over your side,  
Cecil.

BLACKFRIAR

With all due respect, sir, a  
democracy in which one family has  
ruled unopposed for four  
generations can often be confused  
with a less representative form  
of government by the  
unenlightened classes.

PRESIDENT FITZGERALD

Hmm...I see your point. What do  
you say, Cecil?

KING CECIL IV

No way round it, I suppose.  
What's the plan, Blackfriar?

BLACKFRIAR

Well, gentlemen, start by  
rounding the men up at the front,  
then station them by some of the  
more important institutions in  
your respective  
countries...Government buildings,  
the palaces of course...Important  
manufacturing centers tend to be  
a target...Uhh...Factories and so  
on. Shoot a few of the more vocal  
troublemakers and the rest should  
disperse.

KING CECIL IV

Sounds good. Hightower, you heard  
the man.

GENERAL HIGHTOWER

Yes, sir.

PRESIDENT FITZGERALD

Pinkerton.

GENERAL PINKERTON

Right away, sir.

The generals salute and leave.

(CONTINUED)

QUEEN

Dear, if you've finished playing war, your food is getting cold.

KING CECIL IV

Well, now that that's dealt with, will you be joining us, Blackfriar?

BLACKFRIAR

No, I'm afraid that I have some pressing matters to attend to, your majesty.

KING CECIL IV

Very well. Shall we?

PRESIDENT FITZGERALD

After you.

EXT. BRIDGE - DUSK

On the North Lapaltamon side of the bridge the bluecoats are stretched as far as the eye can see to the middle of the bridge and the redcoats from there on.

The townsfolk, led by Susie and carrying pitchforks and torches, march up and stop. Susie looks over the bridge to see Cho leading the South Lapaltamonians.

Susie steps forward, carrying her basket.

BLUECOAT

No one to pass, miss, step back.

SUSIE

But, mister soldier man, my gam gams needs me to bring this food to her, she's very old and very sick, you see.

BLUECOAT

Orders are orders, miss, step back.

Susie looks up to the bluecoat with tears welling in her eyes.

BLUECOAT 2

She doesn't look like a revolutionary.

BLUECOAT

Then why was she leading them here?

(CONTINUED)

SUSIE (WIPING THE TEARS FROM HER EYES)  
Oh no, mister soldier man, I was just walking to my gammy's when all these people started following. I think they like to go for nice walks. I like to walk with my friends, too. It's a beautiful day isn't it, sir?

Bluecoat 2 looks at the other bluecoat.

BLUECOAT  
Alright, but you if anyone asks...

SUSIE  
Oh, thank you, sir.

Susie goes skipping off.

She reaches the edge of the hidden path, looks sharply back, removes a pair of bolt cutters, tosses the basket and slips onto the path.

INT. BLACKFRIAR'S OFFICE

Mr. Blackfiar is shovelling coin into a sack. Behind him, the suits of Mr. Blackfriar and Blake are hanging on the wall. Mr. Van Cleef stands in front of his desk.

BLACKFRIAR  
I'm going on a little trip, Van Cleef, you'll have to hold down the fort for a while.

VAN CLEEF  
Yes, sir, where will you be going?

BLACKFRIAR  
Paris, London, who knows? I've been very stressed lately.

VAN CLEEF  
Paris, sir?

BLACKFRIAR  
It's a city in France, Van Cleef. I'd love to sit around and chat, but I'm very busy packing. Would you do me a favor and wait outside. I won't be taking visitors today.

(CONTINUED)

VAN CLEEF

Yes, sir...Any idea when you'll be back, sir?

BLACKFRIAR (EXASPERATED)

Shortly, Van Cleef, shortly. Was there anything else?

VAN CLEEF

No, sir.

Van Cleef turns and heads to the door.

BLACKFRIAR

Van Cleef.

VAN CLEEF

Yes, sir?

BLACKFRIAR

No visitors.

VAN CLEEF

Yes, sir.

INT. CLASSROOM - DAY

The entire class are wearing a dunce cap with the exception of one child, her face obscured, at the back of the classroom.

MISS BUTTERSWORTH

Remain seated until the bell sounds. Place your caps on the desk in a neat stack when you leave.

A hand pops up at the back of the classroom from the child without a dunce cap, her face still obscured by the face of the child in front.

MISS BUTTERSWORTH

What?

GIRL

Susanna Verde. What happened in the end?

MISS BUTTERSWORTH

The rebellion was quashed and everyone lived happily ever after.

GIRL

And, Mr. Blake?

(CONTINUED)

MISS BUTTERSWORTH (EXASPERATED)  
He retired and went to live in a  
beachfront villa in the south of  
France.

Miss Buttersworth gathers her belongings and walks swifly to the door.

The class remain stiffly seated until the bell sounds and then file neatly to the desk where they stack their caps.

The last child, the one not wearing a cap, with her head down and hair in her face, turns to the window to watch Miss Buttersworth exit the school and make her way to her car.

EXT. BRIDGE - DUSK

General Pinkerton is standing by two men operating a gatling gun. The lieutenant walks up to him.

LIEUTENANT  
THE MEN ARE RELUCTANT TO FIRE,  
GENERAL.

GENERAL PINKERTON  
Why is that, lieutenant?

LIEUTENANT  
SOME NONSENSE ABOUT THEM NOT  
SHOOTING THEIR KINFOLK, GENERAL.

GENERAL PINKERTON  
I feared this may be a problem.  
They ain't kinfolk, they're  
rabble rousers. Tell the men to  
follow orders or my boys here'll  
unleash seven levels of hell on  
'em.

General Pinkerton points to the gatling gunners.

LIEUTENANT  
GLAD TO, SIR.

The lieutenant salutes and turns to leave.

Growling sounds are coming from the edge of the forest, causing the lieutenant to swivel back.

LIEUTENANT  
DID YOU SAY SOMETHING, GENERAL?

GENERAL PINKERTON  
No, lieutenant, I did not.

(CONTINUED)

LIEUTENANT

Oh...SIR!

As he goes to turn back he sees a line of yellow spots appear at the edge of the forest and squints and leans in to get a better view.

The wolves emerge en masse, taking down the General and his two men first and then the lieutenant as he attempts to pull out his revolver.

The wolves reach the men. Some toss their weapons aside and run for the hills. Others attempt to fight them and are savaged.

As the wolves take chase, the townsfolk move forward, towards Susie, who waves them forward from the edge of the forest.

EXT. LAPALTAMON FOREST

A group of townsfolk led by Susie and a group led by Cho converge on the gates to the factory.

Cho and Susie step forward together,

CHO

Afeter you, General Green.

SUSIE

Much obliged, General Cho.

The group marches on, led by their generals.

INT. RESEARCH AND DEVELOPMENT FACILITY

A huge group of townsfolk enter the factory. The engineers continue tinkering away, without looking up.

Cho holds his hand up and the group stops.

CHO

Mr. Blackfriar's office?

The engineer answers whilst carefully pouring liquid from one beaker to another, and paying no attention to the group.

ENGINEER

Up the stairs, green door.

CHO

Thanks.

The group file up the stairs with no engineers so much as glancing in their direction.

(CONTINUED)

At Blackfriar's door Van Cleef stands holding his hand out to stop them.

VAN CLEEF  
Mr...Sir, isn't taking  
appointments right n...

Cho swings his stringed rock, hitting Van Cleef in the crotch and he falls to his knees. The group do not break stride, only parting slightly to avoid the purple faced Van Cleef.

INT. BLACKFRIAR'S OFFICE

Mr. Blackfriar is tying the top of his sack with a piece of string. There is a square hole in the floor of the office and a piece of the floor leaning against the wall.

He looks up to see a hundred people stuffed into his office.

BLACKFRIAR  
I'm sorry you've come all this way, but I'm not taking visitors today. Make an appointment with Mr. Van Cleef and I'll be sure to see you tomorrow.

Mr. Blackfriar finishes tying his sack and tosses it, with some difficulty, down the hole.

SUSIE  
What was in that sack, Mr. Blake?

BLACKFRIAR  
Precocious little thing, aren't you dear?

CHO  
Answer the girl, Blackfriar.

Mr. Blackfriar looks to Cho and sees that he means business.

BLACKFRIAR  
Uh...Files and such...Sending them down to the accounting office, you see?

The townsfolk look to the suits hanging on the wall. Mr. Blackfriar follows their gaze.

BLACKFRIAR  
Mix up at the drycleaners, never trust a China...

Mr. Blackfriar looks to Cho and freezes for a second.

(CONTINUED)

## BLACKFRIAR (CONT.)

...man's white apprentice, that's what I always say. Now I can see you're all very angry, but let me assure you, from the very bottom of my heart, that I had nothing to do with this terrible situation, nor did I profit from it in any way. No sir, poor leadership is to blame and I for one am outraged at...

Susie grabs Mr. Blackfriar's cane, climbs onto his desk and slams the cane into the ceiling.

The ceiling caves in and pours coin over Mr. Blackfriar's head.

Mr. Blackfriar and the townsfolk eye each up over a long and uncomfortable silence.

Eventually, Mr. Blackfriar starts sidestepping slowly towards the hole, all the time keeping his eyes steadily on the townsfolk. Filling his pockets with coin as he goes, he jumps into the hole and vanishes from sight.

The townsfolk look at each other. Susie and Cho look at each other, steel their nerves, nod and jump into the hole.

## EXT. MOUNT VERBOTEN SUMMIT - DUSK

Mr. Blackfriar comes flying out of a hole in the side of the mountainside, lands on his feet, running, grabs up his last sack of coin and quickly tosses it onto a sled loaded with similar sacks.

Susie and Cho come flying out after him as he struggles with a piece of rope attached to a chock holding his sled from sliding down the hill.

Susie and Cho run towards him as the townsfolk start to come piling out of the hole in the mountainside.

Mr. Blackfriar finally frees the chock, hops on the sled and turns to wave goodbye.

Cho swings his hooked rope and grabs a hold of the back of the sled, which drags him off at great speed.

He is trying to hold onto his rough prison pants with one hand while holding the rope with his other.

He realises he cannot accomplish both tasks and reluctantly releases his grip on the rope to hold onto his pants with both hands. Nonetheless his pants snag on another rock and he comes sliding, slowly, to a halt with his hands over his crotch.

EXT. MOUNT VERBOTEN BASE - SUNSET

HANS, 55, the mountain guard, sits in a rocking chair on the porch of his big house, wearing his big hat, his shiny badge and smoking a pipe, while his St. Bernard sleeps at his feet.

HANS

Yep. Not a bad life, Petey, not bad at all.

The sled flies by at great speed, leaving a swirl of snow in it's wake.

HANS

None of that fancy, city slickin' for us, eh boy?

His dog emits a muffled bark. Hans takes a draw on his pipe.

EXT. MOUNT VERBOTEN SUMMIT - SUNSET

Susie comes running up alongside Cho, who is getting up awkwardly while holding his crotch. We see them from the front, with the townsfolk starting to converge in the background.

SUSIE

Don't worry, General Cho, we'll get him.

Cho looks down at Susie and nods.

A shot from behind with Cho's naked ass to the wind. The two of them are looking down the mountain towards the lights of the town of Richard as the sun sets.

Susie hands Cho his ripped pants. He takes them, without looking, in his free hand.

EXT. SCHOOL BUILDING - AFTERNOON

Miss Buttersworth opens the door of her beat up Volkswagen Beetle and takes a last look at the school. She sees an indistinct figure looking at her from the classroom she has just left, pauses briefly and then goes to enter her car.

(CONTINUED)

Miss Buttersworth turns the ignition, guns the engine and drops the clutch. The tires screech, sending smoke into the air as the car fishtails out onto the road.

The smoke starts to clear, revealing the blinking faces of Veronica, the fat boy and Samantha Sussex.

VERONICA

She appears to be in somewhat of a hurry.

SAMANTHA SUSSEX

I'd thay tho!

INT./EXT. CLASSROOM - AFTERNOON

The girl with the hidden face watches Miss Buttersworth's car screech off, through the window, and turns to leave.

EXT. RICHARD TOWN CENTER - AFTERNOON

Miss Buttersworth slides sideways into an alley and, leaving the car running, runs down a flight of steps.

She grabs the door of the basement building, flings it open and enters.

INT. BASEMENT OFFICE

A MAN, 50, with balding, graying hair and spectacles perched on his nose, puts down his magnifying glass and looks up.

MAN

Mrs...

MISS BUTTERS WORTH

Mister. Black. In a bit of a hurry.

The man looks at Miss Buttersworth disapprovingly and opens the filing cabinet in his desk.

MAN

New hairstyle Mr. Black?

Miss Buttersworth looks unimpressed as the man starts to leaf through the files.

MAN

Addison, Atchison,  
Balfour...Black. Here it is.

He pulls the file and opens it. The man pulls a passport from the file and leafs his way to the picture page, showing it to Miss Buttersworth. Miss Buttersworth reaches for it, but the man pulls back.

MISS BUTTERS WORTH

Come on, come on, I haven't got all day.

MAN

And I haven't got my money, Miss...Ter Black. These new biometrics take time. They don't come cheap, you know?

MISS BUTTERS WORTH

Biowhatsits? Just an excuse to rob the common working man.

The man looks at Miss Buttersworth from over the top of his spectacles.

MAN

As far as I can tell, *Mr. Black*, you're none of those things.

Miss Buttersworth grudgingly tosses a bag of coin on the table and reaches for the passport again. Again the man pulls back. He empties the coin on the table.

MAN

I'm sure you'll understand if I count it, given last week's misunderstanding.

Miss Buttersworth starts to gaze over the office as the man first checks the quality and then the quantity of the coins.

He looks at Miss Buttersworth over the top of his spectacles again and holds the look on her.

She shrugs, reaches into her pocket, pulls out two more coins and tosses them onto the man's desk. He tosses the passport on the desk and she grabs it, turning back as she leaves.

MISS BUTTERS WORTH

Nice doing business with you.

MAN

Uh huh.

EXT. RICHARD TOWN CENTER - AFTERNOON

Miss Buttersworth slams the gas and slides the rear end around a hundred and eighty degrees to head back out of the alley. As she roars onto the main street, she barely misses a woman pushing a baby carriage, and several other pedestrians, and races off.

EXT. RICHARD APARTMENT BUILDING - AFTERNOON

Miss Buttersworth drives her car onto the grass in front of the building and leaves it running as she bolts inside.

INT. MISS BUTTERSWORD'S APARTMENT

Miss Buttersworth enters her pitch black apartment.

MISS BUTTERSWORD  
Passport, check. Train ticket,  
check. Coin.

She flips the switch. The light doesn't come on. She feels her way to the living room and flips the switch. It also fails to work.

MISS BUTTERSWORD  
Dammit!

She clammers onto a table in the living room and stops, hearing a squeaking sound.

The light comes on, revealing Cho turning the squeaking lightbulb in its socket and all the townsfolk surrounding her in the living room. Susie stands by the table with Mr. Blackfriar's cane in her hand.

MISS BUTTERSWORD  
How dare you come harass an old  
woman!

Susie pokes the ceiling and the sacks of coin fall to the floor, bursting open as they hit.

MISS BUTTERSWORD  
I can explain that.

CHO  
So explain.

MISS BUTTERSWORD  
Right. So...

Cho grabs the wig from Miss Buttersworth's head.

(CONTINUED)

SUSIE

I would tell you to say hello to my father, Mr. Blackfriar, but I don't think you'll be heading to the same place.

Miss Buttersworth looks around the room of faces and spots Jack.

MISS BUTTERS WORTH

Geoffrey! Geoff! Good to see you!

JACK

Jack, Mr. Blake, my name is Jack. I only have the one name, you see.

Jack steps forward and counts eight coins and holds them up to Miss Buttersworth.

JACK

Six, seven, eight. You don't mind do you? Just that I'm not feeling like much of a patriot these days.

Miss Buttersworth smiles weakly as Douglas comes and pats his friend on the back.

INT. LIVING ROOM

Grandma and ma sit in their chairs, grandma snoring away. Ma sips from a jug, a lit cigarette in her hand.

A rustling sound from outside jars grandma from her slumber.

GRANDMA

No good, good for nuthin' daughter's home again.

MA

'Bout time. Ain't got nuthin' to eat nor drink. What she think this is? A goddamn flophouse? Come 'n go as she pleases?

A low growl comes from the hallway.

MA

What you say, Susie? Ain't been home in donkey's ages and you givin' me lip already? Get in the kitchen and fetch up some pies, 'fore I fetch up the strap.

(CONTINUED)

GRANDMA

Backsass! All she ever been good  
fer.

A wolf comes wandering into the living room growling and showing it's teeth.

Ma, her head nodding from side to side, tries to eye up the creature, while grandma adjusts her glasses.

MA

Is that Susie, Grandma?

GRANDMA

Reckon so. Who else it be?

MA

Looks a little short 'n hairy, is  
all.

GRANDMA

Never was a looker, took after  
her pa that way. Get in the  
kitchen like yer ma said and quit  
yer growling.

The wolf starts snarling and barking loudly, teeth baring all the while.

GRANDMA

Backsass! Ya hear me? Backsass!

The wolf lunges forward, mouth agape.

EXT. RICHARD PARK

Miss Buttersworth's lower half dangles from a tree.

Veronica and Samantha Sussex stand below as the fat boy pokes her legs with a stick, sending her swinging around.

Susie walks up to the other children.

VERONICA

Hello.

SUSIE

Hello.

VERONICA

Who are you?

SUSIE

I'm Susie, who are you?

(CONTINUED)

VERONICA

I'm Veronica and these are my friends. Would you like to come play?

SAMANTHA SUSSEX

We can play hop thcotch or thkittles or on thwings or thomething, Thuthie.

SUSIE

I don't know any of those, but it sounds like fun. Do you like skipping stones?

SAMANTHA SUSSEX

We love thkiping thtones!

VERONICA

Haven't seen you around here before. Where are you from?

SUSIE

I'm from Lapaltamon.

Samantha Sussex, Veronica and Susie link arms and go skipping off.

VERONICA

We learned all about Lapaltamon today.

The fat boy gives Miss Buttersworth one more poke and then follows along.

FAT BOY

Wait up, Sally!

Samantha Sussex turns her head.

SAMANTHA SUSSEX

Itth Thuthie, thilly!

INT. GRAND PALACE DUNGEON

Guard 2 starts to awaken. He rubs his head and looks back to Guard 1, who is still sleeping soundly.

GUARD 2

Hey! Wake up!

He shakes Guard 1, but elicits no response. He grabs the keys from Guard 1's belt and enters the dungeon cell and, to his shock, finds no prisoners.

(CONTINUED)

Guard 1 wanders up behind him, scratching his head and yawning, and gives guard 2 a start. They both look around, confused.

GUARD 2  
Why the 'ell you let 'em out?

GUARD 1  
Didn't.

They stare at each other. Guard 2 pulls a pocket watch from his pocket and slowly lowers his eyes to it. He shows it to guard 1. Their eyes meet.

Guard 1 follows guard 2 out of the cell and locks the door.

They start down the corridor whistling 'Rule Britannia' as they go.

GUARDS 3 and 4 head towards them and guard 1 tosses guard 3 the keys.

GUARD 3  
Any trouble.

GUARD 1  
Quiet as church mice, they are.

GUARD 2  
Get yer 'ead down 'n all. I would.

GUARD 4  
Don't worry, we intend to.

GUARD 1  
Get to whip the chinaman tomorrow.

GUARD 3  
Lucky bastard.

Guards 1 and 2 continue down the corridor, whistling.

EXT. GRAND PALACE GARDENS - EARLY MORNING

Guards 1 and 2 head out as the king races by with two wolves in tow.

KING CECIL IV  
Guards! Arrest these wolves, immediately!

Guard 1 and 2 look at each other.

(CONTINUED)

GUARD 1

I'm a man of duty and 'onor, I am, but we clocked out more 'n two minutes ago.

GUARD 2

Matter of principle, innit?

GUARD 1

Missus'll 'ave tea on by now.

GUARD 2

Wouldn't 'ave your missus waiting.

GUARD 1

Too right. Be gettin' a whippin' 'fore I get to give one.

The two guards head onto the path home.

KING CECIL IV

GUARDS! GUARDS!

EXT. GRAND PALACE BALCONY

The Eskimos and Chang are seated around the king's table, tucking in to the roast pig.

A wolf, wearing the kings crown and carrying his arm in its mouth, sits at the foot of Eskimo man's chair to gnaw on his prize.

The butler comes out with a tray of drinks and starts to hand them around.

The Eskimos take their drinks and nod their thanks.

President Fitzgerald runs by with crazed eyes as two wolves bring him down offscreen.

PRESIDENT FITZGERALD (O.S)

CHANG!

Chang gives a quick, disinterested look and returns his attentions to the festivities.

The sounds of the president being eaten are heard as low background noise.

The Eskimo's children and animals play around on the balcony, while some of the Eskimos strum their guitars.

Eskimo man stands and waves the butler to join the group. The butler shakes his head in horror at the suggestion.

(CONTINUED)

ESKIMO MAN

Please to be joinink ze volk for  
ze eatink unt drinkink, yes?

BUTLER

No, sir, I couldn't.

ESKIMO MAN

Please to be takink a drink unt  
ze shwine flesh unt ze sittink.

The eskimos start to yell, goodheartedly, at the butler.

He puts the tray down and grabs a drink. The Eskimos  
cheer.

The Eskimo man waves the cheers down and the Eskimos take  
on a serious demeanor.

The Eskimo man raises his glass and the rest follow his  
lead.

ESKIMO MAN

To ze dawnink of unt new day.

The Eskimos clink their glasses, take a long sip and nod  
gently nod to each other as they look over the balcony and  
to the burning ruin of Lapaltamon with the sun rising over  
it.

THE END.