



THE ADVENTURES OF HURLEY AND SAL

Written by James brooks



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TITLE:

The Adventures of Hurley and
Sal

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

1. EXT. MUDDIED STREET IN MEDIEVAL VILLAGE - MORNING

A grimy, battle scarred foot soldier approaches the local Magistrate with determined strides. The magistrate turns slowly, expectantly, and gives the soldier a hard stare.

MAGISTRATE

Well?

FOOT SOLDIER

They be where we left them
last eve.

MAGISTRATE

Good... Good...

The MAGISTRATE Pushes past the soldier roughly.

MAGISTRATE (CONTD)

And I hope their heads match
the mess they certainly have
made.

2. INT. DISHEVELED MEDIEVAL INN COMMON ROOM - DAY
HURLEY / INN KEEPER / SAL /SERVING WENCH

HURLEY KOGG, ale soaked and scruffy, is lying on the floor of an inn common room as the INN KEEPER sweeps around him, (STRAW BROOM SWEEPING) and kicks him with a fat, bare foot.

SAL, face down and one leg hanging over the edge, is rolled off the bar by a SERVING WENCH and lands atop HURLEY who punches him in the ribs and pushes him off.

HURLEY

(Irritably)

Getts yursef offen me ya
nanny goat!

HURLEY clutches the leg of a passing wench and pulls his way up to her waist, as she bludgeons the top of his head with a half-eaten turkey leg from an unfinished plate.

SERVING WENCH

(Hushed)
 Yur sure to be havin yur
 fill later! Me Da be
 watchin!

The SERVING WENCH pulls herself free, leaving Hurley's face to smack wickedly against the floor.

SAL uses a nearby table leg to heave himself to his feet, stepping on Hurley's face as he does so.

HURLEY grabs a fork from the floor next to his head and pokes Sal hard in the rump.

HURLEY
 Ya lop eared fish humper!

SAL yelps, tumbles over the table and sprawls across the filthy floor at the feet of the local Magistrate. (WOODEN CRASHING AND STONEWARE HITTING THE FLOOR)

SAL
 (Angrily)
 Ya son of a chicken humpin
 Troll...

SAL stops mid rant and looks up to see the MAGISTRATE'S scowl as he shakes his head in disgust.

CUT TO:

3. INT. MEDIEVAL INN COMMON ROOM - DAY
 HURLEY / SAL / MAGISTRATE / SERVING WENCH / GUARD

HURLEY and SAL sit uncomfortably at a table opposite the MAGISTRATE. The SERVING WENCH who hit Hurley on the head with a turkey leg gives him a sly wink as she hands him his ale.

MAGISTRATE
 (In mild
 amusement)
 I see the two of you have
 made yet another mess of
 your stay here.

The MAGISTRATE leans forward with a devious grin.

MAGISTRATE (CONT'D)
 I really should be arresting
 you here and now.

The MAGISTRATE leans back and places his hands flat on the table.

MAGISTRATE (CONT'D)

(Thoughtfully)

But it would seem I have use
for your particular set of

(Pause)

skills yet again.

SAL caresses his temples in an attempt to ease the ache in his head.

SAL

Ya means ya has some poor
lord ya wants us ta robs.

HURLEY sits defiantly, arms folded over his chest, waiting. He has an idea it won't be as cut and dried as all that.

A strange look crosses the MAGISTRATE'S face. He puts a finger to his chin.

MAGISTRATE

No...

(Short pause)

No lord to pilfer at
present.

(pause again)

Though theft is your task.

The MAGISTRATE sits forward with a greasy smile.

MAGISTRATE (CONT'D)

(coolly)

It's a simple matter.
Really.

SAL nearly drowns in his ale. He chokes down the swallow and slams his mug onto the table.

(HEAVY METALIC THUD)

SAL

Now I knows I'd rather be
going to tha danged ol'
dungeon!

HURLEY'S chin plummets to his chest.

HURLEY

Does we gotts any choice?

The MAGISTRATE'S eyes fill with a menacing fire.

MAGISTRATE

(Flatly)

Not in the least.

HURLEY looks into the magistrate's eyes and his jaw clinches.

HURLEY

Out wid it then!

HURLEY flops back and breathes deeply.

HURLEY (CONT'D)

Best be a gettin ta bidness.

MAGISTRATE (O.S.)

You have traveled the
Eastern Seas?

The MAGISTRATE drums his thumbs on the table (O.S)

HURLEY nods with a deepening frown.

MAGISTRATE (CONT'D)

You know of the Pillared
Isle?

HURLEY'S eyes narrow and his lips curl into the beginnings of a growl, but he simply nods once. SAL expels a breath of exasperation.

MAGISTRATE (CONT'D)

Then the tales are true.

The MAGISTRATE stands and leans forward on the table.

MAGISTRATE (CONT'D)

You have been to the place
under the world.

The MAGISTRATE straightens, giving a commanding wave, indicating the common room be cleared.

(O.S. PEOPLE SHUFFLING QUICKLY
ACROSS A WOOD FLOOR)

Once it has emptied, he continues.

MAGISTRATE (CONT'D)

A very powerful person
wishes you to retrieve
something from that place.

The MAGISTRATE walks to Hurley's side, bends, and whispers something in Hurley's ear.

HURLEY bolts up, seizing the Magistrate by the neck, and yanking him off his feet. Then, with a growl, and feeling the tip of a GUARD'S sword in his ribs, reluctantly lowers him to the floor.

HURLEY
(Menacingly)
That would be suicide!

HURLEY gives the MAGISTRATE an icy stare then taps the sword in his ribs and nods to the crossbow SAL is pointing at the guard's head.

HURLEY (CONT'D)
What be offered for dis
trinket?

Hurley bends closer.

HURLEY (CONT'D)
And our necks be in a noose
rather we stays or goes.

The MAGISTRATE'S eyes instinctively dart to the inn door as it creaks slowly open. HURLEY'S grip on the man's neck tightens slightly. (CREAKING DOOR)

HURLEY (CONT'D)
What the goat's hangins is
she doin here?

CUT TO:

4. INT. MEDIEVAL INN COMMON ROOM - DAY
SHEAYELLE / HURLEY / GUARD / MAGISTRATE / SAL

SHEAYELLE, an ageless Elf woman dressed in fine but extremely revealing clothes, sidles inside and bows sarcastically.

SHEAYELLE
I see the fun has started
without me
(Quick pause)
again.

SHEAYELLE glides over to where HURLEY and the GUARD stand, and stretching out one slender arm, lets a finger trace along the blade of the guard's sword.

SHEAYELLE (CONT'D)
(Playfully)
Boys... Always playing with
their little swords.

SHEAYELLE guides the sword slowly away from Hurley's ribs as she gives him a sultry smile. HURLEY shivers visibly and loosens his grip on the Magistrate's throat.

SHEAYELLE takes the MAGISTRATE by the hand and leads him slowly between Hurley and the guard and back to his seat at the table. Studying Sheayelle's ass as she walks, HURLEY absently punches the guard on the chin and the GUARD drops limply to the floor.

HURLEY

Humph.

(Pause)

And jus who invited ya anyhow?

HURLEY crosses his arms defiantly over his chest, still shivering slightly and remembering the last time they were together. ((FLOATING O.H.S - HURLEY and SHEAYELL are engaged in unbridled sex on the floor of a forest - appr. 4/sec.)) SHEAYELLE seats herself in a chair next to where she knows Hurley must sit.

SHEAYELLE

Still upset with me lover?

SHEAYELLE pokes her lip out mockingly then chuckles lightly.

SHEAYELLE (CONT'D)

How wonderfully amusing you are.

HURLEY takes a step forward intent on throttling the elf, (SHADOWS PASS THROUGH THE LIGHT OF A WIND WHICH SHINES ON THE FLOOR AT HURLEY'S FEET) then notices the distinctly thin shadows passing the inn windows.

HURLEY

(Mumbles)

Dis ain't gonna be good at all.

HURLEY plummets into a chair between Sal and the Elf, much too close to the Elf for comfort.

HURLEY (CONT'D)

Anybody else joinin dis here party?

HURLEY raises his hands in exasperation. The MAGISTRATE relaxes in his chair and taps his chin with a finger.

MAGISTRATE

You will of course need at
the least your friend's
pirate lover,
(Pause)
and the odd fellow who came
from that place.

The MAGISTRATE stands and shrugs.

MAGISTRATE (CONT'D)

Whomever else you bring is
up to you my slack jawed
thief.

The MAGISTRATE turns and strides briskly to and out the
inn door, leaving it open behind him.

CUT TO:

5. INT. MEDIEVAL INN COMMON ROOM - DAY
HURLEY / SAL / INN KEEPER

HURLEY and SAL sit at a common room table and stare
contemplatively into nearly empty ale mugs as the INN
KEEPER slouches snoring in a corner chair in the
background.

Without looking up, HURLEY sighs in exasperation.

HURLEY

Simple!

HURLEY shakes his head very slowly.

SAL turns his ale mug around and around while he stares
into *its* bottom, but sees something else.

SAL

We both knows dat's hawg
spit!

HURLEY

Damned horse humper!

HURLEY smashes his fist down onto the table, startling but
not quite waking the INNKEEPER.

HURLEY (CONT'D)

Dat goat lovin Magistrate's
gonna gets us killed yet!

SAL

Ya knows we're gonna needs

'em all.

HURLEY (O.S./IN A LOW TONE)
Yup.

SAL
Even tha one we left thar.

HURLEY
Especialy her.

SAL (O.S.)
She's gonna tear your
hangins off!

HURLEY leans wearily back in his chair and crosses his arms over his chest thoughtfully.

HURLEY
Maybe.

SAL leans forward, crossing his arms on the table in front of him pointedly.

SAL
And if we gets dat far,
(Pause)
And she don't guts ya?

HURLEY
Damned if I know.
(pause)
But I danged sure ain't
lettin dat slack jawled
Magistrate put no noose
'round my neck!

SAL cocks one eyebrow questioningly.

SAL
Just how's he spect us ta
gets dat crown offen dat
there Queen's head?

HURLEY reaches up and slowly strokes his beard.

HURLEY
I don't thinks he does.

SAL gives Hurley an accusing glare.

HURLEY (CONT'D)
I think his neck's in tha
noose same as ours.

HURLEY nods and grimaces ruefully.

HURLEY (CONT'D)
 And dat snake kissen son of
 a toad's lookin' to crawl in
 a hole som'ers while we get
 stretched!

SAL
 We'll see 'bout dat bidness!

SAL leans back and pulls his mug closer to him.

SAL (CONT'D)
 So...
 (Pause)
 Guess we best go find our
 guide.

HURLEY
 I'll deal wid Moch.

HURLEY stands, guzzles the last of his ale, wipes his face on his sleeve, then drops his mug absently on the table and startles the INN KEEPER right out of his chair.

HURLEY (CONT'D)
 Ya jus go gets us packed!
 And don't forget nothin'!

6. EXT. RICKETY OPEN AIR BLACKSMITH'S FORGE - LATE
 AFTERNOON
 HURLEY/BLACKSMITH

HURLEY leans against a wooden post holding the thatched roof of the open forge and tries not to look as impatient as he actually is. The BLACKSMITH, a barrel chested and grizzly man, near a head taller than everyone else, hammers away at a breastplate, tiny sparks shooting out like exploding rockets.

HURLEY
 (Impatiently)
 I ain't got all evenin.

BLACKSMITH
 Ya can leave now if ya wish.

HURLEY steps forward and is stopped cold with one look from the huge man wielding the hammer.

HURLEY

We left our friend here

HURLEY spreads his arms wide.

HURLEY (CONTINUED)

An ya jus lets him walks
out.

The BLACKSMITH shakes his hammer at the forge fires.

BLASCKSMITH

I'm a blacksmith, not a
danged jailor.

HURLEY clinches his fists, but leaves his arms at his
side.

HURLEY

Well did ya at least see
whur he headed?

BLACKSMITH

North boy. North. Now if ya
ain't buyin nothin then ya
best go find him.

HURLEY turnes and thumps a fist againt the post, knocking
loose some of the thatch and drawing a warning glance from
the BLACKSMITH.

END ACT ONE

CUT TO:

ACT TWO

7. INT. DIMLY LIT INN HALLWAY - NIGHT
SAL

SAL strides determinedly from his room and across the hall
to Hurley's room. He hesitates a moment, then jerks the
door open and enters the room in a rush.

8. INT. MEDIEVAL INN GUEST ROOM - NIGHT

SAL / SHEAYELLE / HURLEY

SAL sweeps into the room and sees SHEAYELLE lounging provocatively on the bed while HURLEY paces near the window.

SAL

I gotts us all packed up.

SAL saunters past the bed and notices the small purple marks on Sheayelle's neck, on his way to the window.

SAL (CONT'D)

Ya gotts any idea where we gonna find dat sop headed horse danglins?

HURLEY stops beside Sal at the window and presses his forehead lightly against the glass.

HURLEY

Yup... But it ain't good.

HURLEY'S shoulders sag visibly.

HURLEY (CONT'D)

Tha dowg squat done gotts himself wrapped up in some crazy bidness out in da northern bowgs.

SAL slaps the wall next to the window hard.

SAL

(Angrily)

Does he even gotts a piece of brain in dat danged ol' goard?

HURLEY

Well he did go wid us tha first time.

SAL shakes his head.

SAL

But it weren't like he had na dang choice then.

SHEAYELLE rolls over onto her back and begins tossing a dagger into the air and catching it just above her breasts.

SHEAYELLE

I wonder if your friend has
left enough pieces of
himself

(Pause)

SHEAYELLE (CONT'D)
undigested to be of any use
to us?

SHEAYELLE smiles wickedly as the tip of the dagger
slightly pricks her skin before she catches it.

HURLEY turns instantly on the elf.

HURLEY
We could always jus haves
him chew on you fur a while.

SHEAYELLE rolls onto her side letting the thrown dagger
fall into its sheath on her back and coos.

SHEAYELLE
Mmmm... Now that does sound
fun.

SAL turns to face Hurley.

SAL
Lotta help she's gonna be.

A dagger flashes just in front of SAL's crotch and sticks
into the wall.

SAL whirls on SHEAYELLE as she slides demurely from the
bed and walks slowly toward him.

SHEAYELLE
More than you, as usual.

SHEAYELLE stands chest to stomach with Sal and runs her
hand along his hip and across his bottom before retrieving
the thrown dagger. Then she trails the dagger back around
his hip and turns back to the bed as she puts it away.

HURLEY slaps Sal on the back and heads for the door.

HURLEY
Ain't nothin changin standin
here seein how bad we can
stomp on each other's
nerves.

CUT TO:

9. EXT. DIRTY STREET OUTSIDE INN - NIGHT

HURLEY / SAL / SHEAYELLE

HURLEY, SAL, and SHEAYELLE exit the back of the Inn and begin packing their horses in grimm-faced silence.

The three mount their horses and HURLEY leads them up the street and away from the Inn.

10. EXT. BARELY TRAVELED WAGON PATH, SOME MILES FROM ANYWHERE - MID MORNING

HURLEY / SAL / SHEAYELLE

The road in front of the trio shimmers slightly, turns an odd color of purple, and then disappears entirely, replaced by gray mist and thick trees. Laughter bursts from the brush on the right side of the road just as it meets the mist. A raggedly cloaked figure steps from the mist and waves wildly at the approaching riders.

SAL

Ya danged ol' horn toad.

SAL shakes a fist at the old man.

SAL (CONTD)

What'd ya do with tha danged road?

SEURLOCH waves his hand dismissively over his shoulder and the road appears just as it had been moments earluier.

SEURLOCH

Ya mean that road?

HURLEY

We ain't got time for all dis here funny bidness.

SHEAYELLE

Is there any other kind with this one?

The WIZARD takes an exaggerated bow.

SEURLOCH

I would bet none of you squalor swimmers think your business ahead is a bit funny.

HURLEY leans forward in his saddle.

HURLEY

Does ya have some point, or

is ya jus here ta grate on
 what nerves we gots left?
 SEURLOCH gives a flourish of his cloak and bows.

SEURLOCH
 Well... I be certain that you
 are needing all your company
 for whats to come.

HURLEY
 And your point bein'?

SEURLOCH
 That i know where my
 daughter is, and you do not.

SAL eases his horse up next to Hurley's.

SAL
 Is ya gonna tell us?

SEURLOCH
 No. In fact, I won't.

HURLEY
 Then what in all the piles
 of pig sqaut are you doing
 here?

SEURLOCH steps forward and strokes the nose of Sal's
 horse.

SEURLOCH
 Just saving you some time my
 boy. I am coming of course.
 (pause)
 And I will retrieve Ellinia
 myself.

SEURLOCH disappears right in front of their eyes.

SEURLOCH (O.S.)
 I will meet you at the cove,
 (pause)
 If your pirate lass hasn't
 killed you already that is.

The three drop their heads in disgust, in unison.

CUT TO:

11. EXT. EDGE OF FOGGY MARSH - MORNING
 SAL / HURLEY / SHEAYELLE

SAL eases over to the edge of the mist and squats down, peering intently into the early morning gloom.

SAL

Dis here road ain't goin no further.

HURLEY walks over to stand next to his squatting friend.

HURLEY

Does ya sees us a way through?

SAL tosses a pebble out into the mist.

(PEBBLE SPLASHING INTO DEEP WATER)

SAL

Naw... Can't sees a thang sep' dis danged ol' slop.

SAL stands up, brushing the dirt from his hand off on his trousers. SAL throws another pebble and quickly slaps a dirty hand over Hurley's mouth before he can speak, while turning an ear in the direction he threw the pebble.

(SOUND OF A PEBBLE HITTING WOOD)

SAL removes the hand from Hurley's mouth and grips his shoulder.

SAL (CONT'D)

There's trees out yonder!

SAL turns to Hurley and gives him a cock-eyed grin.

SAL (CONT'D)

(Excitedly)

Iffen there's trees,

(Pause)

then there's water shaller enough for 'em ta grows in.

HURLEY looks down at his new boots.

HURLEY

(Sarcastically)

Well we'll jus dance us a jig then.

HURLEY trudges back to the horses and begins unloading the supplies.

HURLEY looks around for SHEAYELLE and finds her just off

the road, cutting a long pole from the sparse forest.

HURLEY (CONT'D)

(Mumbles)

Danged idget. Dat ain't
gonna be enough for no
danged raft.

SHEAYELLE sidles over to Hurley, dragging the pole she has cut.

SHEAYELLE

Who said anything about a
raft?

SHEAYELLE slaps Hurley on the rump as she drags the pole toward where Saldean still stands peering into the mist. HURLEY grunts and lets Sheayelle's pack slide off into the mud, then steps on it on his way to Sal's horse.

END ACT TWO

CUT TO:

ACT THREE

12. EXT. EDGE OF FOGGY MARSH - MORNING
HURLEY / SHEAYELLE / SAL

As he unties and shoulders his own pack, HURLEY calls out to the others.

HURLEY

Best we turns these horses
loose.

HURLEY gives his horse a hard slap on the rump and watches it gallop away.

HURLEY (CONT'D)

They aint gonna be worth
squat in that bogg
(Pause)

HURLEY (CONT'D)

and we caint leaves 'em here
ta feeds some creature or
another.

HURLEY tries not to notice the wink SHEAYELLE gives him as he passes the others on his way to the bog.

SHEAYELLE and SAL soon join him, their own packs slung over their shoulders. The Elf's looks spotless. HURLEY

breathes a sigh of exasperation.

SAL

Ya knows who gotts ta go
first?

HURLEY hangs his head and shakes it wearily.

HURLEY

Yup... But I ain't gotts ta
like it.

SHEAYELLE steps forward, and laughs softly.

SHEAYELLE

It sounds like you don't
trust me lover.

SHEAYELLE disappears into the mist with the sound of soft
splashes.

HURLEY

(In a mumbled
growl)

It were only a couple times!

SAL

(laughingly)

And last night?

SAL vaults into the mist just ahead of Hurley's boot.

CUT TO:

13. EXT. INSIDE BOG - MORNING

HURLEY / SHEAYELLE / SAL

HURLEY steps slowly into the bog and instantly grimaces as
he feels its waters enter his boots.

Seeing HURLEY approach, SHEAYELLE turns and pushes her
pole cautiously into the murky waters in front of her. The
pole sinks only a couple feet.

SHEAYELLE

(In a whisper)

This way.

SAL falls in behind her and HURLEY takes up the rear. The
three of them wade slowly out through the dark waters,
silent and grim-faced.

Small random ripples reach the three from some unseen
place to either side of them.

The back of some giant serpent curls out of and back into the water.

SAL slips on some unseen hazard and HURLEY catches his pack and steadies him.

HURLEY

Watch what yur doin ya
mutton head.

HURLEY gives Sal a rough shove forward that nearly sends him face first into the mire.

A serpent's tails creep slowly over a log.

HURLEY looks around cautiously.

SHEAYELLE prods the water in front of a small patch of dry earth with her pole.

Green slime swirling on water's surface next to a random bank.

SHEAYELLE, SAL and HURLEY wade cautiously through the bog.

HURLEY follows the others out of the water and onto a small island in the mist.

CUT TO:

14. EXT. INSIDE BOG - DAY
HURLEY / SAL / SHEAYELLE

HURLEY eases up behind SAL and SHEAYELLE as they squat next to a recently shredded merchant cart. There is no sign of the horses. SAL waves Hurley over and points to the bloody ruin of what is left of a man's leg.

SAL(O.S)

(In a low tone)

Dis here looks like its been
chewed on an' spit out.

HURLEY backs away slowly, draws his sword, and glares watchfully into the mist.

SHEAYELLE spins on her heels, still in a squat and sees a flash of movement from the water behind Hurley. She points frantically.

SHEAYELLE

Behind...

Before SHEAYELLE can finish her warning, a whip-like tail shoots out from the water and slams into HURLEY's back, knocking him flat to the muddy ground.

SAL turns and leaps over Hurley in one fluid motion, cleaving the tip off the tail as it retreats into the water.

SAL

Quit yur layin about ya lazy
tit hanger!

Sal ducks just as the tail sweeps past right where his head would have been. An arrow flashes past and disappears into the deepening gloom of the coming night.

SHEAYELLE (O.S.)

Stay down!

SHEAYELLE fires two more arrows into the mist-shrouded waters.

SAL whirls around and jerks Hurley to his feet.

SAL

We gotts ta getts ourselves
ta tha widest part of dis
here island!

A one eyed serpent's head materializes slowly from the mist and slinks back into it again.

SHEAYELLE looses another arrow into the mist and gives a nod in the same direction.

SHEAYELLE

(Frantically)

Water Dragons! Hurry!

SAL jumps sideways to avoid another whip-like tail attack and slams into Hurley, shoving him headlong into a gnarled tree and nearly knocking him unconscious.

HURLEY puts a boot to Sal's rump and shoves him in the other direction and almost right into the path of a fang filled Dragon strike.

HURLEY (O.S.)

Getts offen me ya howg
molester!

HURLEY spins away from the tree just before a giant barbed tail smashes into it, sending bark exploding out in all directions.

SHEAYELLE
 (Irritably)
 Stop your squabbling and
 fight!

SAL tumbles out of the way of a combination fang and tail attack from two Dragons and delivers a vicious slash to one Dragon's eye.

HURLEY grabs Sal and shoves him in the direction of the center of the island just in time to help him avoid another tail attack, and follows him at a dead run.

HURLEY
 Getta goin ya lump!

CUT TO:

15. EXT. ISLAND IN FOGGY MARSH - DUSK
 SHEAYELLE / HURLEY / SAL

SHEAYELLE, already standing in the middle of the island turning in slow circles, bow at the ready, fires arrows at the two Dragons pursuing Hurley and Sal.

SHEAYELLE
 Back to back, and quickly
 you idiots!

HURLEY, SHEAYELE and SAL form a small triangle in the center of the small island, their shoulders braced against one another as they begin to rotate in a slow circle, gazes riveted to the surrounding waters.

SAL
 They's comin soon.

The last of the sun's light fades and only the weak eerie glow of the mist is left for them to see by. The first attack comes right at SAL, just as SHEAYELLE rotates out of firing position.

Just as the attack reaches SAL, HURLEY spins to Sal's left and catches the attack on its flank while at the same time SHEAYELLE closes the empty space at Hurley and Sal's backs, firing into the delayed attack from their rear. Both attacks falter and the Dragons retreat.

HURLEY
 Fishin arrows woman!

HURLEY deflects a quick probing attack.

HURLEY (CONT'D)

It'll takes 'em a bit ta
getts 'em out wid that barb
hung deep.

SHEAYELLE switches from the quiver on her thigh to the one on her back and loads two barbed arrows at once.

HURLEY and SAL create a small gap on Sheayelle's firing side and wait for the Dragon's next attack.

A pair of WATER DRAGONS strike out simultaneously and receive wickedly barbed shafts in their eyes for their effort. Screeching, they retreat into the mist.

Barbed tails come sweeping in at SHEAYELLE from opposite side. She drops to her back and pins the tails together just as they cross above her.

SHEAYELLE

One arrow left boys!

HURLEY nudges Sheayelle with a boot heel.

HURLEY

Wounded bird!

SHEAYELLE sprawls on her back, bow held loosely, eyes half closed, and peers out at the now still waters.

HURLEY (CONT'D)

(O.S)

Wait till ya has tha shot,
(Pause)
then blocks dat jaw open on
tha big one!

HURLEY reaches over and taps the large, black-bladed sword still in its sheath on Sal's back.

HURLEY (CONT'D)

(Quietly)

Dis one wool head.

SAL nods. Random attacks come at both HURLEY and SAL, seeming to draw their attention away from the fallen Elf.

When HURLEY and SAL's backs are to SHEAYELLE, water explodes into the air behind them. A monstrous Dragon head rips through the curtain of mist, its mouth wide for a strike.

SHEAYELLE rolls onto her knees and launches an arrow right into the exposed hinge of the gaping maw, locking it open.

SHEAYELLE

Now!

HURLEY leaps in front of Sal and makes a wide sweep with his sword, deflecting several tails and buying Sal time.

SAL drops the sword he is using and looses the one on his back as he whirls and leaps straight at the striking Dragon.

The dark black blade buries deep into the roof of the open maw. SAL rolls out of the way just as HURLEY leaps over him and comes down on the head of the Dragon with both hands clinched together into one giant fist, driving the hilt of the sword down onto a stump and its blade right through the top of the Dragon's skull.

SAL rolls onto his back and spits out a mouthfull of muddy water.

SAL

Ya danged ol' idjut. Ya
nearly mused me flat!

HURLEY removes a short handled axe from the back of his weapons belt and points at the blade protruding from the dragon's lifeless head.

HURLEY

Stops yur danged belly achin
and helps me getts dis
danged thang cut loose from
here!

SHEAYELLE makes a sweep of the surrounding water, bow held ready, but all is still and quiet.

SHEAYELLE gathers wood for a fire while HURLEY and SAL begin hacking at the Dragon's head.

SHEAYELLE strikes flint together over kindling.

HURLEY holds the tip of the sword in a gloved hand and brutally hacks the scale-covered flesh from around it.

Flames flicker to life amongst the neatly piled kindling.

SAL swings his remaining sword over his head and brings it crashing down into the side of the dragon's lifeless skull.

SHEAYELLE squats in front of the fire and stares absently into the flames. (Crackling fire)

SAL braces his right foot against the dragon's bottom jaw, near the hinge, and wrenches the black sword free.

HURLEY, SAL, and SHEAYELL sit on logs around the fire sipping some sort of soup from small wooden bowls.

CUT TO:

16. EXT. AROUND A CAMP FIRE - NIGHT

HURLEY / SAL / SHEAYELLE

HURLEY throws the last sip or two of his soup into the fire and listens to it hiss and steam away.

HURLEY

Dat Ol' wagon back yander
has ta be what Moch and them
other fellers come here in.

HURLEY puts his bowl into his pack.

HURLEY (CONT'D)

I spect tha horses got eat
or runned off.

SAL wipes the inside of his bowl with two fingers and then licks them clean.

SAL

Dat weren't Moch's leg we
found. Weren't no scars on
it.

SHEAYELLE cleans her bowl with her sword cloth and packs it neatly away.

SHEAYELLE

The dirty beggar may still
be alive.

SAL pokes at the fire with the toe of his boot.

SAL

He done lived wid worse then
what's here, Down in tha
Shimmer Dark!

HURLEY

He ain't gonna be none too
happy bout goin back
neither.

HURLEY stands, stretches, and draws his sword.

HURLEY (CONT'D)

I'm gonna gets some of dat
broke up wagon for wood. I
don't want dat fire goin out
till mornin!

HURLEY disappears into the gloom, leaving the others to
sit in silence.

HURLEY mumbles under his breath as he trudges through the
darkened wood.

Fire licks slowly at newly added logs on the camp fire.
SHEAYELLE and SAL gaze questioningly at each other from
across the fire.

END ACT THREE

CUT TO:

ACT FOUR

17. EXT. AROUND A CAMP FIRE - NIGHT
SAL / SHEAYELLE / HURLEY

16.

SAL pokes at the dirt in front of him with a stick.

SHEAYELLE pulls out a tiny tea pot and fills it with
herbs.

SAL (O.S.)

(curiously)

Is dat Wizard's tea still
helpin ya?

SHEAYELLE sets the small pot on some coals she has pulled
from the fire.

SHEAYELLE

(calmly)

It does little enough to
curb the thirst.

SHEAYELLE gives Sal a sad smile and shrugs.

SHEAYELLE (CONT'D)

(with fake mirth)

Though it does manage to
keep my beauty from melting
away in the sun.

SAL chuckles weakly and his eyes take on a haunted, distant look.

([Sound of breath passing through a torn windpipe.]
Camera shot, POV of someone walking around the deck of a pirate ship among scattered corpses which have been torn to pieces and had their throats ripped out.)

SALDEAN (O.S.)

(Quietly)

So what duz ya do for it?

SHEAYELLE pours her tea into a tiny wooden cup and sips it while staring absently into the darkness.

SHEAYELLE

Deer mostly. Goats when I am in town and cannot hunt.

SHEAYELLE and SAL quietend suddenly as they hear Hurley approaching.

HURLEY's hulking, shadowy form approaches from out of the night gloom.

CUT TO:

18. EXT. AROUND A CAMP FIRE - NIGHT

HURLEY / SHEAYELLE / SAL

HURLEY lumbers into the firelight with a large bundle of broken cart planks tied together by cart reins, and slung over his shoulder. He slings them down next to the fire and plops down next to Saldean.

HURLEY

(Grumpily)

Trauggs jumped 'em but then they all got jumped by them danged Dragons and most of 'em is dung by now.

HURLEY leans forward, cuts the strap and puts a couple pieces of broken plank on the fire.

HURLEY (CONT'D)

(With a shrug)
 Weren't no sign dat Moch
 were swallered by one, but
 it were too dark ta tell for
 sure.

HURLEY pulls out his ale skin and takes a long, slow swig.

SALDEAN
 (Thoughtfully)
 Ya figures their camp's
 close wid 'em raiden inta
 tha bowg?

HURLEY nods matter-of-factly, and takes another drink of
 ale.

SHEAYELLE (O.S.)
 On the edge of the Bog?

SHEAYELLE leans forward.

HURLEY (O.S.)
 I spect so.

SHEAYELLE smiles wickedly.

SHEAYELLE
 (Chidingly)
 Good... Good... Then we can take
 the eastern road to
 Catcher's Cove.

SHEAYELLE leans back still smiling.

SHEAYELLE (CONT'D)
 That is likely where we
 shall find Sal's lovely
 raven-skinned pirate.

HURLEY slaps Sal on the back hard.

HURLEY
 (With a grin)
 I wonders if she done
 decided if she wants ta kiss
 him or cuts his throat yet?

SAL grunts derisively and shrugs off Hurley's lingering
 hand.

SAL
 (Defensively)
 Dat ain't none ya danged ol'

bidness!

SHEAYELLE roars with laughter.

SHEAYELLE
Both, the last I heard!

SAL snatches a blanket from his pack and rolls over angrily.

SAL
Hush up ya danged chicken farmers!

SHEAYELLE kicks a coal into Sal's blanket and laughs raucously as SAL rolls around slapping at himself.

SHEAYELLE
(With feigned anger)
There is your chicken farm you goat herder!

SAL finally finds the ember and kicks it away. Then promptly cocoons himself in his blankets and closes his eyes tight.

HURLEY
Now see what ya done! I were gonna haves him takes tha first watch!

HURLEY rises slowly and turns toward the outer edge of the fire light.

HURLEY (CONT'D)
(Absently)
Lets him sleep. Ya gotts tha mid watch.

Without waiting for an answer, HURLEY disappears into the night.

HURLEY passes through darkened brush.

SHEAYELLE passes along the same path Hurley used.

Smoke rises from a dying fire.

HURLEY's boot connects with Sal's rump.

CUT TO:

19. EXT. ISLAND CAMP - MORNING

HURLEY / SAL / SHEAYELLE

HURLEY standing over Sal.

HURLEY

(Loudly)

Gets yursef up ya danged
lump! Tha Elf done stood yur
whole watch!

SAL rolls over quickly.

SAL

(angrily)

Quit yur kickin ya horse
kisser!

SHEAYELLE walks over and hands Hurley two wooden cups
filled with hot liquid.

SHEAYELLE

This will warm your moods.

SAL sits up and takes his cup from Hurley, and sips it
slowly.

HURLEY

(To Sheayelle)

Did ya find them othern's
tracks?

SHEAYELLE looks up from her shoulder pack.

SHEAYELLE

Indeed. Drag marks as well.

SHEAYELLE frowns at her nearly empty quiver.

SHEAYELLE (CONT'D)

It would seem the miscreant
indeed lives. Though I fear
he has not been treated
well.

SAL stands and downs the rest of his drink, then wipes his
mouth on his sleeve.

SAL

Serves his danged ol' hide
right for leavin where we
tolds him to stay!

HURLEY throws the last sip of his drink at the fire and
shoulders his own pack.

HURLEY

Best be after him then,
afore them Trauggs decides
to eats him for supper.

HURLEY, SHEAYELLE and SAL clear all evidence of the camp.

SHEAYELLE, HURLEY and SAL trot through shallow water.

SHEAYELLE bends and studies the ground just outside the bog.

END ACT FOUR

CUT TO:

ACT FIVE (FINAL ACT)

20. EXT. OUTSIDE OF BOG. LOW ROLLING HILLS COVERED WITH
DEAD GRASS AND SCRUB BRUSH - DAY
SHEAYELLE / HURLEY / SAL

SHEAYELLE touches strange tracks in the mud in front of her.

SHEAYELLE (O.S.)

The Traugg are carrying him
now.

SHEAYELLE stands and turns to her right, looking off into the distant trees.

SHEAYELLE (O.S.)

They are a couple hours
ahead of us. Traveling east.

HURLEY stands and stretches to loosen his muscles.

HURLEY

Can we catch 'em?

SHEAYELLE nods and points to the eastern horizon.

SHEAYELLE

They are close to home and
do not fear pursuit.

HURLEY takes off, following the tracks east at an easy trot.

HURLEY

(flatly)

Then best we don't waste

time gabbin.

SAL and SHEAYELLE shrug at each other and bound off to catch up.

HURLEY, SHEAYELLE and SAL run over scrub-covered hills.

SHEAYELLE checks the sign on the trail and the three turn northeast.

SHEAYELLE, HURLEY and SAL slow their pace just out of sight of a haphazard collection of mud and grass huts.

CUT TO:

21. EXT. WITHIN SIGHT OF A MUD-HUT VILLAGE - DAY
SHEAYELLE / HURLEY / SAL / TRAUGG

SHEAYELLE draws the company to a slow halt behind a small rise just a short sprint from the nearest hut.

SHEAYELLE

Not too close to me.

SHEAYELLE holds up a hand for the others to back away a few paces. She lifts her head slightly and draws in a slow deep breath through her nose.

SHEAYELLE (CONT'D)

The far hut. Opposite here.

SAL, HURLEY and SHEAYELLE back slowly down the slope and huddle close.

HURLEY (O.S.)

Goat spit!

HURLEY SLAPS THE SIDE OF THE SMALL RISE IN FRUSTRATION.

HURLEY (CONT'D)

Ain't no way we's crossin
dat whole village widout a
fight!

SAL leans back on his heels and looks left and right curiously. Then he gives Hurley a wide grin.

SAL

Dis here ain't jus no long
hill.

SAL nods to their right along the hill.

SAL (CONT'D)

Dis here be some kind of
levee against them bowg
waters iffen they rises.

HURLEY and SHEAYELLE peer down the length of the levee in the direction Sal indicated. The levee curves north some distance away and seems to encircle the entire southern portion of the village.

HURLEY

(To Sheayelle)

Can ya keeps low enough to
gets to dat hut from tha
back side?

SHEAYELLE caresses Hurley's thigh and smiles wickedly.

SHEAYELLE

And what of my backside?

Before Hurley can say a word, SHEAYELLE springs off and around the levee to the East.

HURLEY

(Mumbles)

Danged ol' trollup.

HURLEY turns to Sal, squares his shoulders and draws his sword.

HURLEY (CONT'D)

When she gets there we gots
to draw them Truaggs dis way
for a spell.

SAL gives his friend a disgusted look.

SAL

Ya means we gots to dodge
arrows while she walks in
there like a danged ol'
Queen!

HURLEY (O.S.)

Yup!

HURLEY shrugs and crawls up to peer over the lip of the levee. SAL follows a moment later.

TRAUGG appear here and there, moving about from hut to hut and milling around scattered and dying fires.

They are ugly creatures. Man-like but slightly shorter and with long legs and short upper bodies. Their huge eyes are

set in a hairless head and their feet are long and slightly webbed. All carry short crooked bows.

CUT TO:

22. EXT. NEXT TO DIRT LEVEE - DAY
HURLEY / SAL / TRAUGG / SHEAYELLE

HURLEY ducks below the lip and shivers slightly.

HURLEY

Them Trauggs is gonna close
on us fast! So don't ya
stays too close to me ya
swine.

SAL sneers and stomps on Hurley's foot.

SAL

Ya jus makes sure them
skiffs don't trips ya up.

SAL stands slowly and reaches to help HURLEY to his feet. An arrow crosses between them and their heads whip around in unison.

HURLEY

Run!

SAL draws his sword and bolts past Hurley around the levee to the northwest.

HURLEY dodges another arrow and scrambles to catch up. When he reaches SAL he gives him a shove.

HURLEY (CONT'D)

Spreads out some ya dolt!
Gives 'em two targets!

Arrows whiz past in clusters. The two pick up the pace and round a weird bend in the levee.

A group of TRAUGG are lined up in front of them, between the levee and a thick line of scrub brush.

SHEAYELLE strides confidently across the back of the Traugg village and up to the nearest Traugg hut.

CUT TO:

23. INT. INSIDE DIMLY LIT TRAUGG HUT - DAY
SHEAYELLE / MOCH / SAL / HURLEY

SHEAYELLE opens the door-flap on the Traugg hut and steps quietly through. Her Elven eyes adjust quickly to the

gloom. SHEAYELLE scans the dirt and straw floor quickly and finds MOCH opposite the door, curled into a tight ball and crying softly, or laughing, she can't tell which.

SHEAYELLE
(Almost inaudibly)
What have they done?

SAL running toward the Traugg line.

HURLEY and SAL about to crash into the Traugg line.

CUT TO:

24. INT. TRAUGG HUT - DAY
MOCH / SHEAYELLE

SHEAYELLE bending over Moch and stroking his cheek with the back of her hand.

SHEAYELLE
(Softly)
Wake now my friend.

MOCH's face twitches at her touch.

MOCH (STILL ASLEEP)
I don't taste that good. I
promise.

SHEAYELLE squeezes Moch's shoulder gently.

SHEAYELLE
It is I my friend.

SHEAYELLE smiles warmly as MOCH rolls over and blinks his eyes sleepily.

SHEAYELLE (CONT'D)
I have come to take you away
from here.

MOCH nods sleepily.

SHEAYELLE takes Moch by the shoulders and helps him to his feet.

MOCH
How did you... ?

SHEAYELLE guides him quickly toward the door.

SHEAYELLE
Never mind that. We must

move, and quickly!

SHEAYELL throws the door flap open and leads MOCH away from the Traugg village at a hurried trot.

CUT TO:

25. EXT. BRUSH-COVERED HILLSIDE NEAR DIRT LEVEE - DAY
HURLEY / SAL / TRAUGG

Only a single stride away from the Traugg line, HURLEY and SAL drop low and spin clockwise as they meet with the nearest Traugg. Their blades held out as they spin, the two cut through the Traugg line like a scythe.

HURLEY and SAL come out of their spins on the other side and bolt away, leaving the TRAUGG staring after them in horror.

HURLEY and SAL jump onto the backs of two horses tied to brush and sever their leads with swords.

CUT TO:

26. EXT. SMALL WOODED PATH - DAY
SHEAYELLE / MOCH / HURLEY / SAL

SHEAYELLE and MOCH run down a narrow path through an ever thickening forest.

HURLEY and SAL snatch SHEAYELLE and MOCH onto the back of the horses as they race down the same path.

CUT TO:

27. EXT. SMALL CAMP DEEP IN A FOREST - NIGHT
HURLEY / SAL / SHEAYELLE / MOCH

HURLEY, SAL and SHEAYELLE lounge in various positions around a small camp fire while MOCH sleeps fitfully from exhaustion.

HURLEY sits tapping the tip of his boot with a fat stick then leans forward and tosses it onto the fire.

HURLEY

(To Sheayelle)

Ya think he'll be fit ta
travel in tha mornin?

SHEAYELLE watches MOCH with mix of amusement and concern as he babbles in his sleep and humps the ground sporadically, then gives Hurley a queer look.

SHEAYELLE

The tea I gave him should
help his body.

SHEAYELLE turns back to stare fixedly at Moch.

SHEAYELLE (CONT'D)

His mind however...

SAL THROWS A TWIG AT THE FIRE.

SAL

Dat boy ain't been right
since we knowed him.

HURLEY gives Sal a disapproving stare.

HURLEY

(To Saldean)

It ain't his fault and ya
knows it!

MOCH twitches slightly and sucks/nibbles on his thumb
while twirling a finger in his scraggly hair.

SHEAYELLE

He has been through much

(Pause)

Yet he has survived.

SHEAYELLE shoots Hurley a playful grin that makes his
muscles tense.

SHEAYELLE (CONT'D)

The gods usually take pity
on the child-like and
beggars.

(Pause)

Though they seem to have
overlooked the two of you!

HURLEY snorts and raises an eyebrow.

HURLEY

Guess its good for you they
don't overlooks trollups!

SHEAYELLE feigns shock, then exaggeratedly blows Hurley a
kiss.

SAL reaches over and slaps Hurley on the leg while
chuckling.

SAL

Dat weren't no insult ya
horse fart!

SAL dodges a playful backhand from HURLEY, but his face
takes on a bit more serious look.

SAL (CONT'D)

I dang sure hope the gods
favor dat howg farmer!

(Pause)

Cause we gots ta be outn'
dis here place affore tha
sun gets up!

HURLEY gazes over at MOCH where he sleeps curled up in a
tight ball.

HURLEY

Favored or not his rump's on
a horse come mornin'!

HURLEY wrestles his blanket from his pack, and sprawls
out, covering himself up.

HURLEY (CONT'D)

We won't knows till then
anyways.

HURLEY closes his eyes wearily.

HURLEY (CONT'D)

(To Sal)

Ya gotts first watch lump
head.

END ACT FIVE (FINAL ACT)