

**KNIGHTS**

by  
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May 27, 2008

**FADE IN:**

An ornate, 14th-century medieval tapestry.

DAME JUDI DENCH (V.O.)  
In the middle ages, the most  
powerful and revered figures in all  
of Europe were knights.

We pan along the tapestry. Woven in cloth, four knights hold  
their ground against a legion of foot-soldiers.

DAME JUDI DENCH (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
Becoming a knight took years of  
dedication and rigorous training.  
Swordsmanship, horseback riding,  
falconry, chivalry, and prayer.

Farther along the tapestry, we see a squire in a white tunic,  
down on his knees. A lord taps his sword to the squire's  
shoulder.

DAME JUDI DENCH (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
More than mere bodyguards for the  
lord, knights were committed to  
upholding virtues: chastity,  
fraternity, loyalty, and above all  
else... honor.

The last image on the tapestry: four knights raise their  
swords to the sky. A star forms at the tip of their blades.

DAME JUDI DENCH (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
What follows is the story of four  
knights who, having forsaken their  
vows, must band together and defend  
the crown. I'm Oscar-winner Dame  
Judi Dench. Let our story begin.

**EXT. CASTLE BURONINSTAD - NIGHT**

As if the tapestry's come to life, the castle sits on a hill.  
Moonlight shimmers off the moat and arrow slits hide in the  
walls. A tower looms high above.

A RUMBLE in the distance, louder than a hundred galloping  
horses. Louder and louder. And then-- an AIRPLANE flies  
overhead.

Below, cloaked in darkness, two SHADOWY FIGURES dart across  
the clearing and approach the castle.

**EXT. CASTLE BURONINSTAD - DRAWBRIDGE - LATER**

Two British QUEEN'S GUARDS, in customary red uniforms with puffy black hats, keep watch at the drawbridge. They're about to be CHOKED TO DEATH by the shadowy figures sneaking up from behind. Hands grab their throats.

The first assailant, SPLODER (grizzled and Irish; we'll learn about his name later) has a scar that runs down his face through a milky eye. He whispers in the dying guard's ear.

SPLODER

Sorry boyos, but we've got a date with the Queen.

MCSORLEY, Sploder's cohort, looks up from choking his guard.

MCSORLEY

If she's coming out here for a knighting ceremony, won't there be, er, knights? To defend her?  
(changes his choking grip)  
You know with swords and armor and horses?

Sploder chokes his guard even harder.

SPLODER

What are ya, bonkers? Ya think Sir Elton John is gonna throw on his chain mail and sharpen his broadsword? Knights aren't nothing more than overpaid celebrities. The Queen summons them when she wants tah see a play or hear silly songs. They're jesters-- Court jesters of the British Empire.

MCSORLEY

Ya got to admit, *Goodbye Yellow Brick Road* is a great song.

QUEEN'S GUARD

(dying)  
Gahhhhhhh... I love that song...

Sploder and McSorley seem to agree. They sing *Goodbye Yellow Brick Road* as they finish choking the guards to death.

**EXT. SPACE - LOW-EARTH ORBIT - THE NEXT DAY**

100 kilometers up. High enough that we can see the curvature of Earth's horizon below.

Then a small, gleaming spaceship blasts past us. It's not NASA, because stenciled on the side is a private company--  
*FLETCHER GALACTIC*.

**INT. FLETCHER GALACTIC ONE - SAME**

The cockpit. Earth grows in size as the ship rockets through re-entry. Only two men fit behind the controls.

SKIP FLETCHER (billionaire CEO/adventurer, cocky goldenboy, late 40s) pilots his baby. It shudders against Earth's atmosphere.

Next to him-- LARRY KORNBLUTH (late 20s, tall and lanky, our reluctant hero), his assistant, holds on for dear life. Fletcher turns away from the front window to face Larry.

FLETCHER

Another first, Larry. How's it feel?

He smiles a winning, superhero smile. The ship seizes as it's engulfed by re-entry fire. Larry looks straight ahead, frozen with fear.

LARRY

I think we should both be looking at the monitors. Especially you.

BEEP BEEP BEEP.

LARRY (CONT'D)

Something's beeping!

FLETCHER

Forget the beeping--

LARRY

Why's it beeping?

FLETCHER

The present takes care of itself.  
Let's talk about tomorrow's schedule.

Larry can't look away from the red light, flashing and beeping away.

LARRY

It's stupid, I'm sorry I even scheduled it. Please--

FLETCHER  
 Your sales pitch, eh? Think you got  
 something for *Fletcher Industries*?  
 We've got time right now--

The SHAKING increases.

LARRY  
 Just fly! Fly this thing!

FLETCHER  
 You love this idea, I can tell.

LARRY  
 After we land!

FLETCHER  
 Now or never, man-- Your choice!

LARRY  
 WHY IS THE RED LIGHT BEEPING?!

FLETCHER  
 I didn't become the man I am today  
 by trusting "buttons" or "gauges."  
 I trust my gut. And my gut wants to  
 hear your pitch. Now go!

The man's never been wrong so there's no convincing him  
 otherwise. The ship jerks and shimmies through the clouds.

LARRY  
 They're called *Urban Laces*...

More and more alarms BEEP BEEP BEEP. Gauges spin out of  
 control.

FLETCHER  
 Stop looking at the gauges. They're  
 for babies.  
 (mulling it over)  
*Urban Laces*. I like it. Give me  
 more!

LARRY  
 They're... wifi-enabled shoelaces.  
 You power them when you move.

Reentry complete, gravity grabs the ship hard, throwing  
 everything not clipped down straight at Larry.

LARRY (CONT'D)  
 AAAHHHHH!

Fletcher eases the yoke and lands smoothly on the desert runway. Larry breathes a sigh of relief.

FLETCHER  
(shakes his head)  
What about all the people who use  
Velcro? It'll never work.

He points to his shoes. Velcro.

**EXT. PRIVATE RUNWAY - MOMENTS LATER**

Fletcher climbs out the hatch and waves to a cheering crowd.

He stands on the roof as the ship gets towed down the runway. He puffs out his chest with his hands on his hips like a recruiting poster for greatness-- the Fletcher pose. He clamps a cigar in his perfect jaw.

FLETCHER  
(enjoys every syllable)  
Fantastic.

**EXT. PRIVATE RUNWAY - LATER**

Larry hangs back as Fletcher signs autographs and talks to reporters.

FLETCHER  
Mark it, boys. The first solo  
flight for a privately-funded  
spacecraft.

REPORTER  
Weren't there two of you?

FLETCHER  
Larry's my assistant. In the grand  
scheme of things, he's completely  
insignificant.

Everyone laughs. Larry gives a genuine and enthusiastic thumbs up.

FLETCHER (CONT'D)  
Setting space records is just a  
hobby for me. But *Fletcher*  
*Galactic*, the newest division of  
*Fletcher Industries*, will take me  
even higher...  
(clever smile)  
...on the Forbes 500.

More LAUGHTER from the reporters.

REX PULLMAN (40s, impeccably dressed, British) approaches. He taps a WAX-SEALED ENVELOPE on his palm.

REX

Rex Pullman. I represent the Queen of England. She wishes to honor you at Castle Buroninstad. That's right-- thee Castle Buroninstad.  
(proud)  
You're to be knighted, Skip Fletcher.

Larry smirks-- just another day in the life of Skip Fletcher.

FLETCHER

Fantastic.

# **INT. MID-SIZED VENUE - NIGHT**

Sir Gordon "DANGEROUS" Neville (early 50s, Cockney accent, big gut, spent the 70's partying and the 80's in rehab) rips a power chord on his guitar that cuts through the feedback. He's wearing tight, red leather pants and a wifebeater.

He struts on stage, sweating profusely, drinking from a bottle of vodka. He may be getting old, but he's still rocking pretty hard.

DANGEROUS

(singing)

*I warned you 'bout playing with  
fire. I warned you 'bout high-  
tension wires.  
I warned you 'bout running with  
scissors. I warned you bout  
breaking your mirrors.*

BASS PLAYER

*Seven years bad luck!*

DANGEROUS

*I warned you 'bout playing on train  
tracks. I warned you 'bout not  
paying income tax.*

ENTIRE BAND

*They're all so so so so Dangerous!*

Dangerous spreads his legs in a power stance. Thrusts his crotch out. The stage goes black and then FTHOOM-- Dangerous's crotch ERUPTS in pyrotechnics. He twists his hips to shower his fans with sparks.

But there are no fans. Most people are crowded around the bar. They don't see the spectacle of Dangerous and the band holding magicians' top-hats. POOF! Doves fly out of the hats and--

--Dange and the band bite off the doves' heads.

**INT. BACKSTAGE DRESSING ROOM - LATER**

Back in the dressing room, Dangerous guzzles his remaining vodka and pulls off his shirt-- covered in blood and feathers. His saggy, wrinkled tattoos are drenched in sweat.

A sharp-looking TOUR MANAGER (30s) quickly stubs out his cigarette into an ashtray with several butts.

TOUR MANAGER

Dange, baby--

DANGEROUS

I saw 'em, you see 'em? Cameras.  
Way in the back. My reality show, I  
'spect.

When he's not on stage, his raspy cockney accent really shines through.

BASS PLAYER

You don't have a reality show.

DANGEROUS

Well, I'm not opposed to the idea.

TOUR MANAGER

Fellas, listen up--

BASS PLAYER

No one's offered you a show.

DANGEROUS

Whose fault is that? You missed the  
A minor during "Toaster in the  
Tub." And where's me drugs? Uppers,  
downers, lefters, righters-- fook  
it, I'll crush up some aspirin if I  
have to. And where're all the  
bloody groupies?

TOUR MANAGER

Everybody shut the fuck up for a  
second!

The band turns to him. Tour Manager lights another cigarette.



TOUR MANAGER (CONT'D)  
Ticket sales are shit. Tour's  
cancelled. Party's over.

DANGEROUS  
Fine wif me. My fans have always  
preferred the recorded sound  
anyway.

A WOMAN IN A FEATHERED CAP enters and walks past a cage full  
of scared, fragile doves. Dangerous leers at her.

DANGEROUS (CONT'D)  
Now that's more like it! A bit  
older than I'm used to, but she'll  
do. I'll take her tonight, and you  
boys can work out who gets her  
tomorrow.

He gives her a wink. She ignores his advances and hands him a  
WAX-SEALED INVITATION. He squints... eventually gets his  
reading glasses.

DANGEROUS (CONT'D)  
"Sir Dangerous, as a knight of the  
British Empire, you are hereby  
invited to celebrate Her Majesty's  
dubbing of Skip Fletcher."  
(to the tour manager)  
He's one of me best mates. You're  
going to have to cancel the tour.

The tour manager shakes his head and sighs.

TOUR MANAGER  
Sure, Dange. Whatever you say.

# **INT. WINTERGARDEN THEATER - BROADWAY - NIGHT**

The stage seems submerged in blue lights. Bright neon coral  
sways in the background. A synthesizer MUSIC CUE rings out--  
delicate, but playful. Onto the stage drifts a man in a  
beautiful FISH costume. He "swims" along the proscenium, eyes  
wide, cheeks puffed.

JAPANESE FIGHTING FISH  
(singing)  
*I'm just a simple fighting fish. I  
know not what I do.  
I saw myself in the mirror and  
thought I was biting you.*

He leaps and bounds across the stage. Every word is  
exaggerated and pantomimed.

JAPANESE FIGHTING FISH (CONT'D)  
*...and I CHOMP CHOMP CHOMP and I*  
*BITE BITE BITE and I BUBBLE BUBBLE*  
*BUBBLE...*

The audience: families with young children dressed in fish costumes. They mouth the words along with him.

**INT. WINTERGARDEN THEATER - BROADWAY - LATER**

The house lights fade up. The audience applauds as an MC steps out. The cast joins him-- dozens of grown men and women in fish costumes. Eight people commanding a larger-than-life neon octopus puppet.

MC  
 Ladies and Gentlemen, in honor of  
 its 20th anniversary, it is my  
 utmost pleasure to present to you  
 the creator, director, composer,  
 choreographer, and conductor of  
*Fishes*, I give you-- now and  
 forever-- Sir Jonathan Clark  
 Wendell!

A starfish is the first to clap. Everyone joins in as JONATHAN CLARK WENDELL (40s, entitled, British upper-class, musical genius) crosses the stage.

JONATHAN CLARK WENDELL  
 (off-mic, to the MC)  
 I also designed the costumes.

The MC glances at a two-man seahorse costume. Jonathan Clark Wendell turns to the audience with perfectly calculated charm.

JONATHAN CLARK WENDELL (CONT'D)  
 Never in my wildest dreams did I  
 think this possible. After two West  
 End hits, how could I possibly top  
 myself? But then my muse smiled  
 upon me and the songs poured out as  
 easily as milk into afternoon  
 tea...  
 (a familiar melody)  
*Da da da, la la la...*  
 (same tune, louder now)  
*"chomp chomp chomp, bite bite*  
*bite..."*

The audience applauds, recognizing the tune with him, and joins in. The cast, too.

ENTIRE THEATER  
*"Bubble bubble bubble!"*

A Jonathan Clark Wendell FANATIC leans over the mezzanine.

JCW FAN  
 When do we get a new one?

Jonathan Clark Wendell offers a politician's smile to the crowd.

JONATHAN CLARK WENDELL  
 I'm working on something wonderful  
 right now.

The audience APPLAUDS. Watching from the wings, another WOMAN WITH A FEATHERED CAP clutches his SEALED INVITATION.

**INT. SPORTS LOCKER ROOM - DAY**

Hands tie the laces of ratty black soccer cleats. These cleats are connected to the powerful legs of Sir NANDO (late 20s, Argentinian soccer phenomenon, has a smooth accent).

His SPORTS AGENT (30s) hovers over his shoulder.

SPORTS AGENT  
 For your first game in England.

A pair of blue and white Nike cleats lands on the bench next to Nando. He nonchalantly brushes them aside.

NANDO  
 My greatness is not for sale. I  
 already wear the only cleats I will  
 ever wear-- the cleats my mother  
 made for me. *Mi madre los hizo de--*

SPORTS AGENT  
 --Nando! Your dead mother wants you  
 to wear these.

Nando puts on his Manchester United jersey.

NANDO  
 What is more important to you, some  
 stupid fucking Nike or the legacy  
 of Nando? On wikipedia it says I  
 have worn these shoes for my entire  
 life. You want me to edit  
 wikipedia? No one would believe it,  
 they'd edit it back. I am Nando. I  
 do not play for Nike shoes.  
 (MORE)

NANDO (CONT'D)  
I love football more than anything  
you have ever known. When I fuck a  
supermodel, it only reminds me of  
how much more pleasure I get from  
football.

Nando kicks the Nikes into the trash.

**EXT. MANCHESTER UNITED STADIUM - MOMENTS LATER**

The stands are packed. Flares, flags, and chants. Nando stands off to the side as the MANAGER speaks to the rest of the team in a huddle.

MANAGER  
...When it comes down to the wire,  
individuals always lose. But teams?  
Teams win. And we're a TEAM!

The team barks a rally cry back at the coach. Nando wanders over to the huddle.

NANDO  
Good speech, Coach. Give me the  
ball and it will all be fine. Hands  
in.

They all put their hands in.

NANDO (CONT'D)  
On three-- Uno. Dos. NANDO!

The other players look at each other, caught off guard.

**EXT. MANCHESTER UNITED STADIUM - LATER**

Nando easily dribbles around defenders. His teammates make runs, get open, but passing is not part of Nando's plan.

On the sideline, security escorts another WOMAN WITH A FEATHERED CAP. She hands a sealed invitation to the Manager.

Nando SCORES. The entire stadium erupts with cheers. Nando soaks in their love, hands in the air, and shouts his rallying cry--

NANDO  
Nando!!!

**INT. LARRY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT**

In his bathroom, Larry brushes his teeth as fast as he can. He's filling a toiletry bag at the same time. A car HONKS outside. He brushes even faster.

JACKIE

Was he even listening to your *Urban Laces* pitch?

Next to Larry we see-- JACKIE (20s, very cute, wears hospital scrubs) on the toilet. Larry doesn't mind at all. She rips off the last scrap of toilet paper and takes care of business.

JACKIE (CONT'D)

The guy probably spent more time contemplating what to eat for breakfast.

LARRY

The timing's not right, that's all.

JACKIE

You've been all over the world with him-- even outer space. If he's not going to promote you, what's the point? Start your own company already. Grow up. I spend enough time around babies at work.

Larry shrivels his face up like a baby.

LARRY

Are you calling me a baby?

JACKIE

Baby, scaredycat, wussy. Yeah all of those. Just quit. You'll figure out a way to get *Urban Laces* started.

Larry takes it all in. Wrinkles his nose.

LARRY

What did you eat last night?

She throws a sock at him. He leans down and kisses her. She pulls him in for a deep embrace on the toilet.

The car HONKS again. They share a smile and then he's off and running.

JACKIE

Wait! I'm out of toilet paper!

Jackie sits there, stuck. But the door bursts open and a fresh roll of toilet paper flies into the bathroom.

JACKIE (CONT'D)

My hero.

She wipes.

**EXT. CASTLE BURONINSTAD - TWILIGHT**

The hornpipe fanfare from Handel's WATER MUSIC greets us as limousines arrive at the castle from the beginning.

Skip Fletcher steps out not from a limo but from his PRIVATE HELICOPTER, looking "man at his best," *Esquire* style. Cameras FLASH. Larry crawls out behind him. In contrast to Fletcher, Larry crouches to stay well below the whirling blades.

FLETCHER

(to Larry, without  
looking)

Cigar.

Larry's already cutting it and passes it over right away. Fletcher mugs it up for the FLASHING cameras. Larry blinks a lot.

REX

Welcome to Castle Buroninstad,  
gentlemen.

Rex Pullman meets them. Guides them along the red-carpeted drawbridge.

REX (CONT'D)

Feel free to browse our exhibits--  
the castle itself, a medieval  
forest, and over two kilometers of  
underground catacombs. The  
property's a historical landmark.  
Twas here that the knights of  
Buroninstad trained and fought  
their final battle. And it's been  
said that Dame Judi Dench comes  
here to rehearse in peace.

(as they cross the moat)

Watch out for Piranhas.

He gives a musical laugh.

FLETCHER

Fantastic.

They pass two QUEEN'S ROYAL GUARDS.

We recognize the twisted scar and milky eye of Sploder. After Larry and Fletcher pass, we hold on him. His nose itches and so he scratches it. The other guard snorts and spits.

**INT. CASTLE - GREAT HALL - LATER**

Candelabra chandeliers hang from the vaulted stone ceiling of the Great Hall. Fletcher mingles with the British upper-class.

At the open bar, we find Larry soaking in the surreal event with Rex at his side. Fletcher strides over to Larry like he owns the place.

FLETCHER

Larry, I--

Larry gives him the drink he's been holding.

LARRY

Vodka tonic with a twist.

(before Fletcher can ask)

Schwepps-- not Canada Dry. And the lime is Tahitian.

Fletcher grins, winks, and walks off with his drink. Larry slumps. Rex raises an eyebrow...

LARRY (CONT'D)

Look-- It's great, ok? I mean, the guy's a genius-- his business is business, you know?

REX

Truly an inspiration.

LARRY

(justifying)

Yeah. He takes me mountain climbing in Nepal. We set a land-speed record last year. I've been to space, Rex.

REX

And now Fletcher's taken you on the greatest adventure of all. The knighting ceremony.

Larry considers this. Then clinks glasses with him. Cheers.

Sir Dangerous pushes between them, reaches over the bar and grabs the entire bottle of whiskey. He disappears back into the crowd. Larry stares...

LARRY

Awesome.

At the other end of the bar, Sir Jonathan Clark Wendell is having trouble deciding on a drink.

JONATHAN CLARK WENDELL

Hmmmm... what a plethora of options before me. So many elixirs to choose from. I'll have a gin and-- no, make that-- hmmm. Well, the Queen doesn't drink. Maybe I won't either...

LARRY

(to Rex)

Where are the other knights?  
There's only three here. My mom really wants Sir Ian McKellen's autograph.

The bartender starts mixing Sir Nando a drink. Nando pushes him away, takes the shaker, and makes it himself.

REX

Apparently some knights are "too busy" to celebrate the most important honorary title their country has to offer.

**INT. CASTLE - GREAT HALL - LATER**

It's dark now and everyone's seated at tables. They're watching a Skip Fletcher slide show (to music like Green Day's TIME OF YOUR LIFE).

--Young Fletcher cutting the ribbon on *Fletcher Industries*.

--Fletcher throwing the first pitch at a Yankee game.

--Fletcher, Larry, and Bono. Framed so Larry is half-cropped out.

At his table, Larry takes this omission in stride.

--In Africa, Fletcher riding a giraffe. He's having the time of his life.

--Still in Africa, Fletcher drives a Range Rover with a dead giraffe strapped to the hood. Still having the time of his life.

At his table, Fletcher appreciates his life's work. He puffs out his chest and strikes his Fletcher pose.



FLETCHER

Fantastic.

**INT. CASTLE - GREAT HALL - LATER**

At the door, Sploder folds back his puffy red sleeve and checks his watch. It's time. He closes the iron lock on the massive doors.

The other sketchy guards exchange glances and nods. All around the hall, doors close and lock.

**INT. CASTLE - ANTE CHAMBER - LATER**

Larry, Fletcher, and the knights are in a small ante chamber next to the Great Hall. A waiting room of sorts. Rex talks Fletcher through the ceremony like a party-planner.

REX

The Queen will offer a blessing,  
the orchestra plays the  
processional and all the knights  
walk out together. You'll kneel,  
The Queen dubs you with her sword,  
and then it's "Arise Sir Skip  
Fletcher."

Fletcher nods. Intense.

REX (CONT'D)

You'll be great.

FLETCHER

I know.

As Rex leaves for the Great Hall--

LARRY

Excuse me, what's the order? For  
the knights walking in.

REX

(walking out)

Whatever you chaps decide.

The knights eye each other, uncomfortable with this proposition.

DANGEROUS

I'll walk out first then.

Fletcher, now primping in a mirror, calls over his shoulder--

FLETCHER

Ha. Shouldn't you be recording  
another comeback album?

Dangerous is about to get the last word in, but Larry  
interjects, geeked out by meeting his idol.

LARRY

(soft)

Mr. Dangerous, I mean sir-- I have  
all your albums. We used to listen  
to PLAYING WITH FIRE on our family  
trips to Mohegan Sun.

Dangerous suddenly brightens up, excited to talk about his  
favorite thing-- himself.

DANGEROUS

Funny story bout that record. I  
played the entire session wif a  
dead iguana on me head.

LARRY

(singing)

*"Watch out, son, you gonna get  
burned!"*

DANGEROUS

Stop singing. You don't sound like  
me. But God bless that record. 14  
times platinum.

Jonathan Clark Wendell steps between them.

JONATHAN CLARK WENDELL

Perhaps we should measure your  
music's artistic merit before  
ordaining you first?

(stage bow)

No doubt you've seen *Fishes*.

LARRY

You're Jonathan Clark Wendell?

JONATHAN CLARK WENDELL

"Four time Tony award winner"  
Jonathan Clark Wendell. And surely  
you know my other works: *The First*  
*Seder* or *The Rainbow Gang*?

LARRY

I LOVE *Fishes*.

(singing)

*"Bubble bubble bubble..."*

Nando approaches the group, singing *Fishes* in Spanish.

NANDO

(suddenly serious)

I love that song too, man. But I  
have scored more goals than any  
player in the history of football.  
I should go first. Although you  
should go second.

Everyone starts arguing at once, pushing each other to be in front. Fletcher joins in. Then from a dark corner of the chamber:

IRISH VOICE (O.S.)

Not so fast, boyos. I'll be goin'  
out there first...

From the darkness steps Sir DANIEL O'MALLEY (40s, heavy Irish accent, intense). The guys take a big step back.

JONATHAN CLARK WENDELL

(in awe)

...Daniel O'Malley.

DANIEL

Good tah see you, Jonathan Clark  
Wendell. I loved that shite you  
wrote about the ocean. Really silly  
and bizarre. Tickled me, it did.

(then)

But I negotiated peace in Northern  
Ireland. After I sat everyone down,  
the bombs stopped.

FLETCHER

Peace is a precious gift. But it's  
my ceremony.

Strangely nervous now, Daniel checks his watch. From the Great Hall, a trumpet FANFARE rings out. Daniel pushes past Fletcher to the front.

DANIEL

(vaguely threatening)

Peace is about making concessions,  
boyos.

Rex steps back into the ante chamber. Jazz hands.

REX

It's magic time.

**INT. CASTLE - GREAT HALL - SAME**

The orchestra plays the fanfare. Guests rise to their feet. The Queen stands at the pulpit.

In the back of the hall, Sploder reaches into his red jacket. The other guards exchange glances and do the same. The guests turn their attention to the door.

Sploder throws down his red coat to reveal-- he's wired with EXPLOSIVES. But the guests are focused on--

--Daniel O'Malley as he steps out into the great hall.

Sploder charges toward the Queen. Daniel sees him coming. He reacts, maybe about to be a hero, but no.

He pulls out a pistol and CLICK-- forgets the safety. He fumbles with it-- no big deal-- then FIRES INTO THE AIR.

The other "guards" open fire too. Gunsmoke fills the great hall. PANIC.

DANIEL

Everyone down, please! Hands in the air.

He fires another shot over their heads.

**EXT. CASTLE - PARAPET - SAME**

Up on the parapet, A terrorist TACKLES a secret serviceman. Down below we see the same thing happen.

**EXT. CASTLE - MAIN GATE - SAME**

Secret service men are grabbed from behind and terrorists take their places.

**INT. CASTLE - ANTE CHAMBER - SAME**

Fletcher stands frozen at the ante chamber door.

FLETCHER

Good lord.

Larry pulls him back and out of harm's way.

**INT. CASTLE - GREAT HALL - SAME**

Daniel shouts over the panic.

DANIEL

We're not going to hurt you!

The crowd quiets down. Cowering.

DANIEL (CONT'D)

Yer bein' held prisoner until me seven brothers are freed from Belmarsh prison. The minute they're safe, we'll let everyone go. In the meantime let's just relax and enjoy each other's company. I'm a man of peace!

(stepping forward)

But if anyone tries to be a hero, me mate here will blow the castle into a million pieces.

Sploder leaps onto a table, brandishing his detonator.

SPLODER

The name's Tommy the 'Sploder.  
Pleased tah meet ya.

Sploder grins. He's missing most of his teeth and his busted eyeball oozes puss.

**INT. CASTLE - ANTE CHAMBER - SAME**

Larry backs away from the Great Hall door--

LARRY

Oh shit oh shit oh shit...

--Right into A TERRORIST GUARD (McGrath) who waits in the corner with a loaded gun. Larry whirls, scared. Dangerous steps up to the guard, real friendly.

DANGEROUS

Oi, cowboy-- what do you want from me? Autograph? Drugs? iTunes gift card?

Fletcher steps up and CLOCKS the terrorist HARD in the nose. The terrorist collapses. Fletcher kisses his fist.

FLETCHER

Still got it.

He takes the gun and cocks it with pleasure.

Larry peeks out a back door-- it leads to a stone hallway. He glances back. Fletcher is still across the room at the door to the great hall.

Larry gestures towards his way out.

LARRY

Skip, you have an appointment with  
let's get the fuck out of here.

JONATHAN CLARK WENDELL

Wait. We can't presume to know  
where this avenue will lead us. Do  
you have a map? And what if there  
are terrorists or attack dogs.

Larry pulls Skip's arm. Oblivious, Jonathan Clark Wendell continues weighing their options. He's stuck in a loop of indecisiveness, like when he tried to order a drink at the bar.

JONATHAN CLARK WENDELL (CONT'D)

For all we know it leads to  
Asterion the Minotaur of Crete! Our  
best course of action might be to  
remain calm and wait for  
inspiration to overtake our senses,  
however long it takes.

They hear MORE GUNFIRE from the great hall. Fletcher pushes away from Larry.

FLETCHER

What about all those beautiful  
people? Who's with me? Dangerous?

DANGEROUS

Too dangerous.

Dange leaves through Larry's exit.

NANDO

I would rather save Nando first.

He follows Dangerous. Jonathan Clark Wendell holds his ground, paralyzed.

LARRY

(like speaking to a child)  
Skip, your shareholders depend on  
you to stay alive.

Fletcher's eyes narrow. Defeated, for now. He pushes past Larry, determined to at least lead their escape. Larry grabs Jonathan Clark Wendell on the way out.

**EXT. CASTLE BURONINSTAD - NIGHT**

In the valet parking lot, the limo drivers have gathered in one of the limos. They're watching *The Bourne Ultimatum*.

Outside, MCMILLIN, another terrorist, knocks on the window with his pistol.

**INT. CASTLE - UPPER HALLWAY - SAME**

Larry, Fletcher, and the knights slink down the corridor. Dangerous notices a subtle outline on the floor.

DANGEROUS

Looks like a trap door to freedom.

He pulls a conspicuous wall sconce. The trap door drops open. The knights look down-- it clearly leads to a dungeon.

DANGEROUS (CONT'D)

Freedom!

Dangerous leaps in. Larry catches him by the shirt collar and pulls him back.

LARRY

That's a dungeon.

Dangerous brushes himself off.

DANGEROUS

I knew it didn't look like freedom.

**INT. CASTLE - TURRET - MOMENTS LATER**

They find a stone window. Below, they see McMillin marching the limo drivers into the castle. When they're out of sight--

Nando climbs into the windowsill. He looks down at the 20-foot drop.

NANDO

Nando!!!

He LEAPS out like a flying squirrel and soars impossibly across the moat, then lands in the grass below. Athletic perfection.

NANDO (CONT'D)

(waving to follow)

Now you!

The knights exchange a look. Nando shrugs and disappears into the night.

**INT. CASTLE - GREAT HALL - LATER**

Terrorists walk the floor. Sploder collects cell phones. Rex complies, and follows it up with his watch.

SPLODER

This ain't a robbery, potato-face.  
Just give me the phone.

**INT. CASTLE - NEAR THE DRAWBRIDGE - MOMENTS LATER**

Coming inside, McMillin passes mannequins dressed like medieval peasants-- one of the castle's exhibits.

CLOSE ON LARRY'S FACE-- he's scared shitless.

Something about them catches his eye. He Slowwwwly approaches them.

CLOSE AGAIN ON LARRY-- hiding somewhere, biting his lip.

McMillin LEAPS around the mannequins, but there's no one hiding behind them.

Around a corner, Fletcher, Larry, and the knights witness the whole thing from a DIFFERENT hiding spot.

DANGEROUS

(super soft)

Like we'd hide back there? I'm  
surprised he didn't fink we's  
pretending to BE the mannequins.

McMillin, suddenly suspicious, spins around and SHOOTs the mannequins just in case. Dange shrugs.

McMillin moves on. When the coast is clear...

**EXT. CASTLE BURONINSTAD - DRAWBRIDGE - LATER**

Fletcher leads them out of the castle. They sprint across the drawbridge, where Nando waits for them.

LARRY

England is so crazy. Has this ever  
happened before?

JONATHAN CLARK WENDELL

(dry)

Oh sure. Twice at my knightng.

After he crosses the drawbridge, Dangerous scoops up some dirt and eats it.

DANGEROUS

Delicious freedom!



LARRY

We're not out yet. There's still a  
big ass wall around the whole  
place.

Dangerous spits.

DANGEROUS

I knew it didn't taste like  
freedom.

**INT. CASTLE - GREAT HALL - SAME**

Sploder passes Daniel the bag of cell phones. He pulls out a  
sheet of paper.

SPLODER

Guest list-- we're five short.

McGrath, his face swollen from Fletcher's punch, plays dumb.

MCGRATH

Yeeeeeeeeeeah, that's mysterious.  
Cryptic, even.

Daniel looks from McGrath's bruises to the ante chamber door.  
Daniel puts on his meanest face.

DANIEL

Where. Are. They?!

**EXT. CASTLE - VALET PARKING LOT - LATER**

Cars parked in a field. Fletcher, Larry, and the knights  
slink among them. Every car has an open gas-cap. There's a  
trail of sand on the ground.

Larry reaches through a car window. The keys are there. He  
tries the ignition-- nothing.

**EXT. CASTLE BURONINSTAD - NEAR THE WALL - LATER**

The drawbridge CLANKS up and closes. Iron slats lower across  
the windows. 50-Cal machine guns poke through the castle's  
arrow slits. The celebratory spotlights redirect into  
searchlights and terrorists start patrolling the parapets.

Larry leads them along the exterior wall.

LARRY

This must be the outer wall.  
There's only one gate. Ummm... this  
way.

FLETCHER  
 (proud, to the others)  
 I pay him to know everything.

DANGEROUS  
 So you don't have to know nothing?

Fletcher thinks for a second, not used to being insulted.

FLETCHER  
 I know why I dropped you from  
*Fletcher Records*.

DANGEROUS  
 (to the others)  
 I chose to leave.

**INT. CASTLE - CHAPEL - SAME**

Terrorists overturn pews and push them against the wall. They unload laptops and guns. Daniel barges in and grabs a walkie-talkie from this makeshift operations center.

DANIEL  
 We're missing five.  
 (into radio)  
 Main gate status?

McFARLAND (V.O.)  
 Main gate secure.

**EXT. CASTLE BURONINSTAD - MAIN GATE - LATER**

Fletcher slows them down when they see the immense iron gate ahead. Several men patrol it. They chat with Irish accents.

FLETCHER  
 Let's kill them one by one.

LARRY  
 Or we could sneak past them.

FLETCHER  
 ...past their dead bodies.

They crouch down against the wall.

NANDO  
 I can outrun their bullets.

JONATHAN CLARK WENDELL  
Surely there is another way out.  
Have we exhausted all underground,  
aquatic, and aerial methods of  
debarkation? We could--

DANGEROUS  
(absurdly loud)  
You scared, Jonathan Clark Wendell?

At the gate, the terrorist guards perk up at the noise.

LARRY  
Shhhh!

**INT. CASTLE BURONINSTAD - TOWER - LATER**

Daniel and Sploder march the Queen up a spiral stone staircase.

DANIEL  
We're in a castle. What are they  
gonna do-- lay siege?

The Queen laughs-- an unsettling cackle, then--

THE QUEEN  
You better believe it. They're  
probably planning a rescue right  
this second.

**EXT. CASTLE BURONINSTAD - NEAR THE WALL - LATER**

Dangerous walks by the enormous perimeter wall, talking on his cell phone.

DANGEROUS  
(into phone)  
Am I on TV yet? What about MTV?  
This is big news, come on-- it's a  
breaking story! Listen call Johnny-  
whatshisname about me reality show,  
tell him I'm going to VH1 if he  
doesn't get on wif me right this  
second...

We find Nando as he ties his shoes-- the only cleats he will ever wear.

NANDO  
I will get us help.

Nando looks up at the twenty-foot wall.

NANDO (CONT'D)  
I will climb this wall.

Larry scratches his chin. Nando hops in place a few times, loosening up.

NANDO (CONT'D)  
Uno. Dos. NANDO!!!

He sprints towards the wall, leaps, and scrambles, but--  
--it gets him nowhere. He tries again. And again. It's too high, but reality means nothing to Nando. He tries again.

NANDO (CONT'D)  
Start cheering my name. I almost have it.

He does not almost have it.

LARRY  
(nervous, losing it)  
Shhhhhh. No-- please-- no one cheer.

NANDO  
Nando!!!

**EXT. CASTLE - MAIN GATE - MOMENTS LATER**

The terrorist guards perk up at the distant shouting...

MCFARLAND  
Who in tha blazes is that?

NANDO (O.S.)  
(far away, super soft)  
Nando!!!

**EXT. CEMETARY WITHIN THE CASTLE WALLS - LATER**

We find Larry talking quietly with Fletcher.

LARRY  
We've got to get you out of here.

FLETCHER  
Adrenaline, Larry. You feel it?

LARRY  
(realizing)  
The helicopter. Arturo could be here in five minutes.

FLETCHER  
Touch my bicep. Squeeze it.

Larry's dials his blackberry one-handed as he begrudgingly squeezes Fletcher's bicep.

**EXT. CLEARING - SAME**

Fletcher's private helicopter GRINDS to life. It takes off.

**EXT. CEMETARY WITHIN THE CASTLE WALLS - LATER**

Larry and the knights hide among the ancient graves. The dark castle looms in the distance. Fletcher paces, enjoying the excitement and ignoring the danger. He notices a mausoleum--

FLETCHER  
The tomb of Lord Buroninstad. This  
is a piece of history. You know I  
love learning, Larry.

He kicks the stone like a man kicking tires. It moves slightly. Larry pushes it back into place.

They hear a WHIRL of the approaching helicopter. The *Fletcher Industries* chopper soars towards them from the horizon. Arturo the pilot gives a friendly wave. Nando waves back.

JONATHAN CLARK WENDELL  
What a glorious sight! O heavenly  
winged angel of mercy!

DANGEROUS  
First thing I'm gonna do on the  
other side? Give up drugs forever.

KA-BOOM!!! The helicopter EXPLODES.

Dangerous gulps a handful of pills.

Larry stares as the mangled helicopter CRASHES to the ground.

FLETCHER  
Let's send flowers, Larry.

**EXT. CASTLE BURONINSTAD - PARAPET - SAME**

MCMANIMAN adjusts the empty rocket launcher on his shoulder. He grins to MCDONALD.

MCMANIMAN  
I've wanted to do that ever since I  
was a wee lad.

**INT. CASTLE - TOWER - LATER**

In the highest tower, Daniel looks out the window at the flaming wreckage.

DANIEL

It didn't have to come to this,  
Majesty. For fifteen years, I tried  
askin' ya nice.

The Queen sits on a decorative 16th century sofa next to Sploder.

THE QUEEN

You didn't say "please."

DANIEL

(sweetly)

Oh I said it with sugar on top. Who  
negotiated peace in Ireland when  
all your other diplomats failed?

THE QUEEN

You didn't do that to free your  
brothers.

DANIEL

Oh but I did. I was sweet as could  
be. But now?

SPLODER

(shouting in her face)

--Now your teeth are gonna rot!

Daniel makes a call.

DANIEL

(into phone)

Is this conversation being  
recorded, dearie? Alright then. My  
name is Daniel O'Malley and I've  
got-- yes. It's really me. No. Stop  
talking!

(softer)

I've got yer Queen and a boatload  
of hostages. You listenin' now?

His call continues as we cut to--

**INT. MINISTRY OF DEFENSE - LATER**

A reel to reel tape is playing before a group of somber-looking BRITISH OFFICIALS.

DANIEL (V.O.)

(recorded)

I want me seven brothers out of Belmarsh. Prison's no place for an Irishman. They've done some bad deeds, yes. But they need to see the sun-- One more day at the beach. Let em go free. Free as the day they were born.

(then)

There'll be a plane for me brothers waiting at London City Airport. You have 24 hours before we blow up the castle!

**EXT. OUTSIDE THE CASTLE WALLS - MAIN ROAD - LATER**

VRRRRRRRMMMMM! Out of a huge dust cloud emerges a convoy of jeeps, humvees, trucks, and tanks.

REPORTERS document their arrival.

From the main gate, McFarland monitors their approach with binoculars.

**EXT. ARMY STAGING AREA - OUTSIDE THE MAIN GATE - LATER**

A flurry of activity. SOLDIERS hurry this way and that, pitching tarps and connecting generators.

Through this chaos walks COLONEL WESTLAKE (40s, formidable moustache). He carries a clipboard in one hand and a pen in the other.

When a jeep arrives carrying GENERAL HOWSON (50s, even better moustache), Westlake is ready to greet him.

COLONEL WESTLAKE

I've already spoken to the Prime Minister. He's prepared to release the O'Malley brothers in exchange for the Queen.

Westlake offers General Howson the clipboard and pen. We see it's a complex legal document.

COLONEL WESTLAKE (CONT'D)

Sign here and we'll start evacuating hostages.

General Howson's nostrils flare. He snaps the pen in his hands.

GENERAL HOWSON

Those potato-cunting Irish arsebags  
killed half the royal family. All  
the Queen's children. Or did that  
slip your bloody mind?

COLONEL WESTLAKE

Sir, the Queen is in danger!

GENERAL HOWSON

We're not letting those shamrock-  
shagging wankers out of prison!  
They'll kill again, they bloody-  
well will.

COLONEL WESTLAKE

Daniel's not like his brothers.  
Ireland, 1999-- the man's a born  
negotiator. Let's let him negotiate  
one more time.

GENERAL HOWSON

We've made peace, moved on--  
there's no going back to the old  
ways. The O'Malley brothers will  
die in prison for what they did.

COLONEL WESTLAKE

Sir, may I speak freely?

GENERAL HOWSON

No you may not, goddammit!

COLONEL WESTLAKE

They've fortified castle  
Buroninstad into an impregnable  
fortress. There are bombs  
everywhere. Any attempt to breach  
the perimeter will--

GENERAL HOWSON

You are way out of line!

COLONEL WESTLAKE

TOMMY THE SPLODER'S IN THERE!

The stand-off comes to an abrupt pause.

GENERAL HOWSON

(sotto)

My God... what has Daniel O'Malley  
gotten himself into.



**EXT. CASTLE - CEMETERY - DOWNED CHOPPER - NIGHT**

Fletcher picks through the smoldering helicopter wreckage. It's literally in a million pieces.

FLETCHER

I'm gonna be honest here. I think we can rebuild it.

LARRY

Someone will come for us. Let's just be cool.

FLETCHER

The main rotor's still intact. This bird will fly again, Larry.

Dangerous sits Indian style nearby. He inhales deeply.

DANGEROUS

That smell takes me back to me 1968 tour. Did all the pyrotechnics meself.

He starts laughing hysterically. More pills fall from his pocket.

LARRY

Are you high?

DANGEROUS

I can't hear you cause I already escaped in my mind.

He falls face-first into the dirt.

JONATHAN CLARK WENDELL

May I present to you a plan in four parts? This is one of several ideas that could perhaps possibly succeed. I'm not sure.

(then)

Might we distract them long enough to escape? We'll need a stage curtain, eleven sandbags, a red scrim, and a ballet dancer. Nando, can you pirouette?

NANDO

(sad)

No.

JONATHAN CLARK WENDELL

Then all is lost.

**EXT. ARMY STAGING AREA - COMMAND POST - NIGHT**

Colonel Westgate SLAMS down a map of Castle Buroninstad.

COLONEL WESTLAKE  
The reality of the situation is--  
we're out here...

He points to the edge of the map, outside the perimeter walls.

COLONEL WESTLAKE (CONT'D)  
And our primary objective is here.

He slides his finger over the map. Across the wall, through the forest, past a stable, beyond the graveyard, and to the castle.

GENERAL HOWSON  
A tactical assault--

COLONEL WESTLAKE  
--would end with massive  
casualties. SAS and SRR agree--  
there's no way our troops are  
getting over that wall, sir.

General Howson strokes his immense moustache.

**EXT. CASTLE PERIMETER WALL - LATER**

At the top of the wall, a *Fletcher Robotics* army sentry robot rises into view. Hydraulics from below push it up and over. It rolls along the top of the wall like a mars rover.

DOWN BELOW, The General looks up at the wall. He salutes.

GENERAL HOWSON  
Godspeed, robot. You're our only  
hope.

Colonel Westlake shakes his head.

ON THE WALL, we see a long line of bombs stretching as far as the eye can see. In fact, all along the wall, there are mirror relays and laser tripwires.

As the robot moves, a vibration-sensing needle quivers.

**EXT. ARMY STAGING AREA - NEAR THE WALL - SAME**

KA-BOOM! The sentry robot EXPLODES.

GENERAL HOWSON  
Damn you, Sploder!

**EXT. CEMETARY WITHIN THE CASTLE WALLS - SAME**

Fletcher perks up at the explosion.

FLETCHER  
That came from outside the walls.

DANGEROUS  
Soldiers probably found out they'd  
get to meet me and exploded from  
excitement.

LARRY  
(scared)  
We might be on our own in here.

FLETCHER  
Just the way I like it.

Larry tenses. He knows that look...

**EXT. ARMY STAGING AREA - OUTSIDE THE MAIN GATE - LATER**

In the distance, PHOTOGRAPHERS strain against barricades. In a roped-off area, Colonel Westlake has just finished addressing REPORTERS. An ARMY RUNNER meets him.

RUNNER  
I have a "Skip Fletcher" calling  
for you, sir.

The runner hands him a satellite phone.

**EXT. CEMETARY WITHIN THE CASTLE WALLS - SAME**

Fletcher stands tall. His intense, piercing eyes stare off into the distance.

FLETCHER  
(into phone)  
To whom am I speaking?

Crouching nearby, Larry rolls his eyes.

COLONEL WESTLAKE (V.O.)  
This is Colonel Westlake.

FLETCHER  
I don't normally speak to someone  
of such low rank, but it's an  
emergency.

**EXT. ARMY STAGING AREA - OUTSIDE THE MAIN GATE - LATER**

With newfound purpose and the phone to his ear, Colonel Westlake finds General Howson yelling at the Sentry tech.

GENERAL HOWSON

I don't care if you have to go down  
to the robot factory and build one  
yourself!

COLONEL WESTLAKE

Excuse me, sir--

GENERAL HOWSON

(to Westlake)

DID YOU OR DID YOU NOT BRING ME A  
NEW ROBOT?!

**EXT. ARMY STAGING AREA - COMMAND POST - LATER**

Under a tarp, General Howson and Colonel Westlake discuss the situation.

COLONEL WESTLAKE

There might be an alternative to  
direct assault.

GENERAL HOWSON

Some sort of... robot assault?

COLONEL WESTLAKE

I've got five men on the inside.

Westlake pitches the idea with passion and intensity.

COLONEL WESTLAKE (CONT'D)

They already slipped past the  
terrorists once, undetected.

GENERAL HOWSON

They have stealth training?

COLONEL WESTLAKE

Fletcher has a pistol. Says he was  
a soldier of fortune for a short  
time in the 80s. And Sir Nando is  
an athletic star-- he's in better  
shape than any one of our soldiers.

GENERAL HOWSON

They're... knights?

COLONEL WESTLAKE

Knights.

GENERAL HOWSON  
Knights!?

COLONEL WESTLAKE  
They're already inside!

GENERAL HOWSON  
Knights!!!

COLONEL WESTLAKE  
They can save the Queen.

GENERAL HOWSON  
KNIGHTS!!!!!!

COLONEL WESTLAKE  
The terrorists are watching US. Out here. They're not going to expect anyone from inside.

GENERAL HOWSON  
It's crazy.

COLONEL WESTLAKE  
Sometimes when you're all out of options, you gotta drink from the crazy bucket. And thank God that bucket is full.

GENERAL HOWSON  
(intense)  
I don't drink out of buckets.

Colonel Westlake gets right in his face. Moustache to moustache.

COLONEL WESTLAKE  
Well I do.

**EXT. CEMETARY - LATER**

Fletcher sharpens the end of a stick with his trusty *Fletcher Amalgamated Steel* pocket knife.

FLETCHER  
You ever killed a bear with a spear, Larry?

Larry bites his lip.

FLETCHER (CONT'D)  
Killing a man's even easier.

LARRY

Don't you think you're being a bit hasty?

FLETCHER

Was it hasty when we started selling Fletcher cell phones before cell phone networks even existed? Ten billion dollars says it wasn't.

He hands Larry a spear, but Larry still looks unsure.

FLETCHER (CONT'D)

How's quadruple overtime sound?

LARRY

They have machine guns.

FLETCHER

I don't want to make any promises, but I could see your *Urban Laces* going into development at Fletcher Labs.

Larry stares down at the spear.

**EXT. CEMETARY - LATER**

Larry and Fletcher cross through the cemetery towards the knights. Larry can see the castle, dark and ominous, looming in the distance. He takes a few calming breaths.

He lags behind and makes a call-- speed dials JACKIE.

LARRY

(into phone)

Hey Wanda, it's Larry. Can I talk to Jackie?

It's kind of important...

Yes, I understand that delivering babies is important too...

Can you just put her on for a minute?

**EXT. CEMETARY - NEAR THE CRASH SITE - LATER**

Without Larry, Fletcher addresses the knights near the crashed helicopter.

FLETCHER

Huddle up, soldiers. Get in here, Nando. Take a knee.

NANDO  
I will do no such thing.

The other knights gather round.

FLETCHER  
You're my corporate raiders and  
it's time for a hostile takeover.

They stare.

FLETCHER (CONT'D)  
How can I say this in a way you'll  
understand? In soccer we all know  
that sometimes the starters get  
injured.

JONATHAN CLARK WENDELL  
Soccer?

NANDO  
Don't you ever say that word again.

FLETCHER  
In "football," if all the starters  
get injured, it's up to the subs to  
win the match.

Everyone nods.

FLETCHER (CONT'D)  
Right now, the army can't help us--  
the starters are injured. They're  
counting on us to save the Queen.  
We are the subs. We will win this  
match.

NANDO  
I am not a sub.

FLETCHER  
Tonight you are.

JONATHAN CLARK WENDELL  
You don't honestly expect me to  
play football at a time like this?

FLETCHER  
Not football-- soccer.

DANGEROUS  
What in the fucking hell are you  
babbling on about?

NANDO  
Sub?! I AM NANDO!

**EXT. CEMETARY - SAME**

Larry's still trying to negotiate his way to Jackie.

LARRY  
(on the phone)  
Please, my situation here is kind of intense...  
Yes, I understand that nothing is more intense than the miracle of childbirth. But turn on your TV. It's a matter of life or death...  
Yes, I understand that you deal with life or death situations every day.

He heads for Fletcher and the knights.

LARRY (CONT'D)  
(into phone)  
Just tell her I called? Wait, tell her I love her. But say it in a way that's not like the normal way. Let me hear you say it as serious as you can...  
No, you sounded like Austin Powers.

**EXT. CEMETARY - NEAR THE CRASH SITE - LATER**

Fletcher stands before the knights in his usual pose.

JONATHAN CLARK WENDELL  
You're suggesting we... storm the castle?

FLETCHER  
And save the Queen. Easy-peasy.

JONATHAN CLARK WENDELL  
I'm Jonathan Clark Wendell. The Times called me "a beautiful and unique gift to the world." They don't want to write my obituary.

DANGEROUS  
Honestly? I'm not in any big rush to leave the graveyard. I'm sure I'll find plenty of new fans among the skeletons and what have you.

Fletcher turns to Nando.



NANDO

No.

**EXT. CASTLE BURONINSTAD - NIGHT**

From the edge of the cemetery, it's about 100 yards across a clearing to the castle. Searchlights sweep lazy patterns across the open field.

**EXT. CEMETERY WITHIN THE CASTLE WALLS - NIGHT**

Fletcher and Larry hide behind the Buroninstad mausoleum. Fletcher holds the pistol. Larry a spear.

FLETCHER

Okay, as soon as that light goes over there, we're booking it.

LARRY

Can I have the gun?

Fletcher laughs heroically. As the spotlight moves away, he twirls the gun like a cowboy.

FLETCHER

Let's go kill some Micks.

**EXT. CASTLE BURONINSTAD - MOMENTS LATER**

The drawbridge is up. The castle walls are 2 stories tall. The moat is 20 feet wide. Buroninstad has never seemed more ominous.

Fletcher and Larry sprint towards the castle under cover of darkness.

They reach the edge of the dark moat. Fletcher wades in.

FLETCHER

Now we cross.

LARRY

What about Piranhas?

FLETCHER

They're delicious.

Larry cautiously follows him into the cold water. He waits for a moment, but no piranhas bite him. Safe.

They wade across.

They are flush against the castle now. Ten feet above them is an overhanging ledge with a hole in it.

A hole that dumps into the moat. Just wide enough, they could maybe squeeze through.

FLETCHER (CONT'D)  
Follow me up this medieval toilet.

LARRY  
What if someone, you know... uses it.

FLETCHER  
I forgot you don't have your own castle.  
(slowly, like to a child)  
This toilet is 500 years old. It's for show.

Larry cups his hands together to boost Fletcher. He climbs up, then onto his shoulders and grabs hold of the toilet hole.

Fletcher disappears up into the dark toilet.

**INT. CASTLE - MEDIEVAL BATHROOM - SAME**

Fletcher contorts and climbs his way out of the primitive stone toilet. He turns back and reaches down for Larry.

**EXT. CASTLE - UNDER THE TOILET - SAME**

Fletcher's arm pokes through the hole above Larry. He shivers in the cold water. Fletcher stretches his fingers down to him. Larry hesitates, looks back toward the graveyard.

LARRY  
We could use their help.

**INT. CASTLE - MEDIEVAL BATHROOM - SAME**

Fletcher reaches down into the hole.

FLETCHER  
Forget them, Larry.

LARRY  
Maybe there's a safer way in?

BEHIND FLETCHER, one of the terrorists cautiously creeps down the hall. MCSORLEY silently steps up to the bathroom door. Confused, he watches Fletcher with his head and hands in the toilet.

FLETCHER  
(into toilet)  
Come on. It's just you and me.

McSorley blinks-- is he talking to his...?

FLETCHER (CONT'D)  
I need you covering my ass up here!

McSorley wrinkles his nose. Fletcher pleads into the toilet.

FLETCHER (CONT'D)  
We're a team. You and me, together  
to the end!  
(his fury building)  
Don't you leave me up here! I made  
you! You piece of shit! I MADE YOU!

Finally McSorley cocks his gun and levels it at Fletcher.

MCSORLEY  
You gotta let that shite go, boyo.

Fletcher kicks out his foot and SLAMS the door shut on  
McSorley. He holds his foot against the door to keep him out.

**EXT. CASTLE - UNDER THE TOILET - SAME**

Larry backs away from Fletcher's hand.

FLETCHER  
Now, Larry!

BANG BANG!! Larry can hear McSorley SMASH away at the door.

FLETCHER (CONT'D)  
The two of us can take him  
together.

LARRY  
Get back down here!

FLETCHER  
I can reach you! For England!

**INT. CASTLE - MEDIEVAL BATHROOM - SAME**

McSorley breaks through the door, machine gun in hand.  
Fletcher's caught with his hands in the toilet. Defenseless.

**EXT. CASTLE - UNDER THE TOILET - SAME**

Larry hears the scuffle above-- several men fighting with Fletcher. His hand disappears up the toilet and out of Larry's view.

FLETCHER (O.S.)  
 AAAAHHHHHHH!-- LARRY!  
 (then)  
 YOU'RE FIRED!

--And then nothing but the quiet murmur of the moat.

**EXT. ARMY STAGING AREA - OUTSIDE THE MAIN GATE - SAME**

The army watches a satellite view of the castle. Larry wades back through the moat alone.

GENERAL HOWSON  
 That could have gone better.

COLONEL WESTLAKE  
 They're only human.

GENERAL HOWSON  
 (disgusted)  
 Humans...

**EXT. CASTLE BURONINSTAD - CEMETERY - LATER**

Fog rolls in through the eerily quiet graveyard. Larry creeps through the darkness alone. His soaking wet shoes SQUISH with every step.

He gets back to their spot and looks around. No sign of anyone.

NANDO  
 They left.

Nando hangs upside-down from a tree limb doing sit-ups.

NANDO (CONT'D)  
 Once I finish my workout, I too  
 will leave.

LARRY  
 What do you mean, they left?

**EXT. CASTLE BURONINSTAD - NEAR MAIN GATE - MOMENTS LATER**

Dangerous walks along the dirt road that leads to the main gate. Larry runs from behind him and catches up.

LARRY  
Where are you going?!

He realizes that Nando is walking with Dangerous.

LARRY (CONT'D)  
(out of breath, to Nando)  
Wait how'd you get here before me?

NANDO  
You are very slow.

DANGEROUS  
Glad you could join us, man. We're  
going out the front gate.

LARRY  
Are you insane!?

NANDO  
They will not shoot Nando.

LARRY  
The WILL shoot Nando. They will  
definitely shoot Nando!

DANGEROUS  
Look here, Yankee Doodle. I don't  
pay for liquor or getting me  
sausage tickled, and I certainly  
don't wait in line at clubs. And  
what is a hostage situation if not  
like a reverse nightclub where  
getting OUT is the hard part?

LARRY  
This isn't a nightclub!

DANGEROUS  
I said "reverse nightclub." Try to  
pay attention.

LARRY  
Where's Jonathan Clark Wendell?  
He's the only one with a brain  
around here--

Larry trips to the ground. Finds himself face to face with--

JONATHAN CLARK WENDELL  
Shhhhh.

We can just barely make out his eyes, as he's camouflaged in  
a costume of--

JONATHAN CLARK WENDELL (CONT'D)  
 A decoupage of leaves, twigs,  
 branches and grass. The perfect  
 botanical disguise for sneaking out  
 the gate.

Larry leaps to his feet.

LARRY  
 You really think they're going to  
 let you walk out that gate? They'll  
 shoot you. They already got Skip.

DANGEROUS  
 S'okay. Not one of me best mates,  
 anyway.

JONATHAN CLARK WENDELL  
 They can't shoot what they can't  
 see.

Jonathan Clark Wendell disappears into the foliage.

LARRY  
 Nando?!

NANDO  
 I am a man of instinct.

Nando powers ahead. Dangerous pats Larry on the back.

DANGEROUS  
 I'd say it's been nice meeting you,  
 but I don't even know your name.

LARRY  
 (annoyed)  
 I'm Larry!

DANGEROUS  
 Oh that's adorable. You thought we  
 was becomin' friends? In the summer  
 of '82 I thought I was becoming  
 friends with my tour manager. But  
 then after six months of rocking  
 around the world I didn't see him  
 for a year.

LARRY  
 Your tour was over.

DANGEROUS  
 Right. Today is like a really  
 really short tour.  
 (MORE)

DANGEROUS (CONT'D)  
 (Dange walks away)  
 Goodbye, tour manager.

Exhausted, Larry stops and they leave him behind.

**EXT. CASTLE BURONINSTAD - MAIN GATE - LATER**

McFarland and McGrath keep watch. We can see the army camp just outside the gate.

They look up and see Dangerous marching towards them, his jiggling gut leading the way. Nando marches beside him.

DANGEROUS  
 'Allo mates, step aside, celebrity coming through. Prep the champagne room on the other side please--  
 Extra strippers as usual.

At first the terrorists are too shocked to even move.

DANGEROUS (CONT'D)  
 Yup. It's really me. I know the presence of greatness can be shockin'.

NANDO  
 It is not polite to stare.

From the dirt road in the distance, Larry watches, unsure what to do. He realizes a tree is moving, a tree with legs and arms. It's Jonathan Clark Wendell, silently closing in on his freedom from the side.

DANGEROUS  
 But seriously now, step aside.

The terrorists lower their weapons and OPEN FIRE. Dangerous and Nando stagger backward before running away. Larry watches in terror.

Suddenly McFarland glances to the treeline.

MCFARLAND  
 Hey! That tree's moving!

JONATHAN CLARK WENDELL  
 No it's not!

BRAT-TAT-TAT!!! JCW sheds his branches and leaps to the dirt. He crawls away.

**EXT CASTLE - NEAR MAIN GATE - SECONDS LATER**

Jonathan Clark Wendell, Dangerous and Nando sprint away from the gate towards Larry.

LARRY  
I told you!

The terrorists give chase. McGrath reveals a grenade. Pulls the pin. He lobs it.

LARRY (CONT'D)  
Scatter!

Larry, Dangerous, and JCW dive. But Nando stands tall.

NANDO  
All will be fine.

LARRY  
Nando, no!

NANDO  
Nandoooooooo!!!!

He does a bicycle kick. Slow motion-- the grenade flies towards him. Nando spins in the air, always the hero. His cleats, the only shoes he will ever wear, connect with the grenade to kick it back.

The terrorists dive out of the way.

And as Nando's foot touches it-- the grenade explodes. Nando crashes to the ground. Looks down and sees a stump.

NANDO (CONT'D)  
My mother's shoe!

His foot's been blown clean off.

JONATHAN CLARK WENDELL  
Your foot's been blown clean off!

NANDO  
AND THE CLEAT MY MOTHER MADE ME!!!

JONATHAN CLARK WENDELL  
Forget the bloody cleat.

He scrambles away. Larry scoops up the injured Nando into his arms.

NANDO  
*Mi madre los hizo de--*



LARRY  
Your foot is gone!

Larry and knights take off running for the forest. The terrorists regroup-- some stay, some give chase.

NANDO  
Find the shoe. FIND THE SHOE!

Larry passes a single black shoelace. All that's left. He wraps the shoelace as a tourniquet and ties it off to stop the bleeding.

NANDO (CONT'D)  
(delirious from pain)  
You are very good with a shoelace.

**EXT. CASTLE BURONINSTAD - PARAPET - SAME**

Through binoculars, Daniel sees the unfolding fire-fight from up above. He whips around.

DANIEL  
Tommy, we agreed no shootin'.

Sploder picks at his teeth with a knife.

DANIEL (CONT'D)  
I gave them a direct order.

SPLODER  
Oh Danny boy, you know me mates get itchy trigger fingers. Can't 'spect them to obey every order.

DANIEL  
But that's exactly what I expect.  
Why wouldn't I expect that?

Sploder spits on the ground.

SPLODER  
Your brothers always knew what to expect.

DANIEL  
Well I'm not me brothers.

Sploder spits again. This time on Daniel. He's speechless.

SPLODER  
Your brothers woulda 'spected that.

**EXT. FOREST WITHIN THE CASTLE WALLS - MOMENTS LATER**

Bullets SNAP overhead. They sprint through the forest and Larry struggles to keep up with Nando in his arms.

NANDO

(to JCW)

Sing to me, little bird. Sing me the last song I will ever hear.

LARRY

He's in shock.

DANGEROUS

(not impressed)

I've lost more blood in bowel movements.

JONATHAN CLARK WENDELL

You're not going to die.

DANGEROUS

Not till they catch us, anyway.

They weave through the trees. Nando starts weeping.

NANDO

(hoarse whisper)

Sing to me, Jonathan Clark Wendell!  
Siiiiiiiiiiiiing to me!

LARRY

Just sing to the man.

JONATHAN CLARK WENDELL

Wasn't *Fishes* enough for you?

DANGEROUS

Give him a little ditty.

NANDO

Sing me to heaven!!!

JONATHAN CLARK WENDELL

Leave me alone, you vultures.

DANGEROUS

You're all mouf and no trousers,  
man.

JONATHAN CLARK WENDELL

THERE'S TOO MUCH PRESSURE!!!

**EXT. CASTLE BURONINSTAD - PARAPET - SAME**

Bullets ring out in the background. Daniel's voice quivers.

DANIEL

Tommy. We said it would be a peaceful negotiation.

Sploder gets right in his face. Cheeks flushed.

SPLODER

I want yer brothers out, same as you. Hell, I loved them more than you ever did.

Daniel tries to hide the sting.

SPLODER (CONT'D)

That's the only reason me and me boys are out here tonight. Not for you. For them. So we're doin' things my way.

DANIEL

I'm-- I'm in charge here.

SPLODER

If you question me again I'll blow up your house, your mom's house, and yer doghouse!  
(super intense)  
Do I make myself clear?

DANIEL

(super scared)  
Crystal.

Sploder blinks.

SPLODER

What's 'at mean?

DANIEL

It's how clear I am. Crystal.

Sploder shakes his head. Still not getting it.

DANIEL (CONT'D)

It's a thing people say to show how clear they are. You know? Crystal. The fancy glass. Like Waterford or--

SPLODER

Never seen it. I grew up poor in Northern Ireland, unlike you, ya prissy boarding-school pansy fook. Now I don't want to hear about crystal ever again. Do I make myself clear?

DANIEL

(after a moment)  
...as clear as glass.

**EXT. CEMETERY WITHIN THE CASTLE WALLS - LATER**

Larry and the knights sprint through the cemetery. Glancing behind them-- the terrorists haven't yet followed them out of the woods.

LARRY

Wait!

Larry whirls around and approaches the loose BURONINSTAD mausoleum entrance.

**EXT. ANOTHER PART OF THE CEMETARY - LATER**

The terrorists emerge from the trees and patrol the graves.

They notice the mausoleum entrance is slightly off-kilter. McGrath pushes it aside. They look down into the dark passageway beneath the graveyard.

**INT. BURONINSTAD CATACOMBS - SAME**

Larry and the knights hurry through semi-darkness. Dange lights the way with his cigarette lighter. Larry still carries Nando, who moans in pain.

NANDO

Put me in, coach. I can still score. Larry. Put me down! I can do this! Help is for the weak! LARRY!

Larry covers his mouth and hurries onward. Dangerous turns back to Jonathan Clark Wendell.

DANGEROUS

Havin' a spot of writer's block?

LARRY

Shhhhhh!

DANGEROUS

You ain't written a song in twenty years.

JONATHAN CLARK WENDELL

I'm the best-reviewed writer in the history of musical theater. What if I write something bad-- imagine all the awful things they could say! There's so many dreadful possibilities.

NANDO

(delirious, singing)

*"Bubble bubble bubble."*

Larry looks off into the darkness, terrified.

LARRY

Shhhh! They're right behind us!

DANGEROUS

What the fook does "bubbles" even mean?!

JONATHAN CLARK WENDELL

They're fish. Shall I deny them their bubbles?

**INT. CATACOMB TUNNEL - SAME**

The terrorists follow their trail, listening for the SOUND of their distant argument.

**INT. CATACOMBS - SAME**

Larry and the knights come to a halt.

The tunnel splits into multiple branches. One. Two. Three tunnels lead into darkness. Nando looks very afraid. A fourth tunnel leads deeper underground and SKULLS ON POSTS mark its entrance.

NANDO

It is a tunnel of death.

Larry tries to lead them down the tunnel of death.

LARRY

They'd be crazy to follow us.

JONATHAN CLARK WENDELL  
 You're daft, Lawrence. That  
 portentous path shall lead to our  
 demise. Three safer options at our  
 disposal, but which to chose?

Dangerous ignores them all and takes off down the third  
 tunnel, away from the tunnel of death.

Jonathan Clark Wendell reluctantly follows.

Larry takes off his tux jacket and throws it down a different  
 tunnel. Then he follows Dangerous's light.

**INT. BURONINSTAD CATACOMBS - LATER**

The terrorist patrol makes its way to the split. They find  
 Larry's jacket in the second tunnel. They go that way-- the  
 wrong way.

**EXT. FOREST - NIGHT**

Larry pushes a rock aside and climbs up from underground.  
 Nando's on his back. The knights follow them into the fresh  
 air, freedom.

JONATHAN CLARK WENDELL  
 At last, liberation! I'm finally  
 done with you plonkers.

LARRY  
 Jonathan--

JONATHAN CLARK WENDELL  
 And YOU! Here's a play for you.  
 Scene one:  
 (stomping around)  
 "I'm Lawrence! I want to save  
 Fletcher! He doesn't give two twats  
 about me, but I love him and I want  
 to marry him!"

LARRY  
 Ummm...

JONATHAN CLARK WENDELL  
 Scene two: "I'm Jonathan Clark  
 Wendell. I don't want to marry  
 Fletcher. I want to go the bloody  
 hell home, and that's what I'm  
 going to do." Toodles, wankers.

LARRY  
 We're still inside.

Two perimeter walls converge into a concave corner. For a brief moment, JCW tries digging under the wall like a dog. Larry and Dangerous get pelted with dirt clumps. He stops.

He proudly brushes himself off and lifts his chin.

JONATHAN CLARK WENDELL  
Well. You're still wankers.

**INT. CASTLE BURONINSTAD - THE CHAPEL - MOMENTS LATER**

Daniel is alone, deep in prayer. His hands pressed together.

DANIEL  
(sotto)  
Are you there, God? It's me,  
Daniel.

BAM! The door flies open. McSorley and Sploder drag a beat-up Fletcher into the Chapel.

SPLODER  
If yer prayin' for queers then God  
was listening.

DANIEL  
Where'd ya find him?

MCSORLEY  
Talking to his poop, sir.

McSorley throws Fletcher to the chapel floor.

DANIEL  
Skip Fletcher. Ya fled with three  
knights. Where are they?

FLETCHER  
My photographic memory seems to  
have failed me.

Daniel leans in close, his face half-hidden in darkness.

DANIEL  
Tell me where they are!

Ribs bruised, Fletcher has trouble puffing out his chest, but he manages to stand up. He speaks slowly and clearly.

FLETCHER  
They're hiding in your mother's  
butthole.

After a sigh and dainty gesture from Daniel, McSorley unleashes a vicious barrage of upper cuts and hooks.

FLETCHER (CONT'D)

If you're gonna beat me up-- oof--  
then you better not stop until I'm  
dead-- augh-- cause I will break  
every bone in your body.

Daniel turns his head, unable to watch the beating.

SPLODER

What's a matter Danny boy? Don't  
have the stomach for this line of  
work?

**EXT. DEEP IN THE FOREST - NIGHT**

Crickets chirp. Trees sway in the wind. In a clearing, we find the knights. Larry checks out Nando's stumpy leg.

NANDO

I will play football again, you  
think so?

His ankle looks like it's been mauled by a bear.

LARRY

Yyyyyyyyyyyeah, I don't see why not.

DANGEROUS

Your ankle looks like a vagina.  
How's it feel?

NANDO

Pain is temporary. Greatness is  
forever.

DANGEROUS

(smug, to JCW)

I meant how's it feel to have  
writers block?

LARRY

We're going to die out here and you  
want to antagonize him about  
music?! Who cares who's better!

Dangerous fidgets.

DANGEROUS

(soft)

I'm better.



Larry takes a calming breath through his clenched jaw.

DANGEROUS (CONT'D)  
(super soft)  
Right, Larry?

LARRY  
Stop it!

Larry points at Nando's foot.

LARRY (CONT'D)  
We should be hiding safe in the  
graveyard! But now they're looking  
for us. This is your fault. So now  
you have to deal with it!

Larry storms off into the forest alone. Nando tries to rise  
and follow him.

NANDO  
Wait, Larry! Aughhh...

He falls and passes out. Dange and JCW stare at his limp  
body.

DANGEROUS  
One of us should carry him while I  
lead.

JCW scoffs, pushes past Dange, and follows Larry. Dange goes  
too, leaving Nando's unconscious body in the clearing. All  
alone. The wind picks up.

Jonathan Clark Wendell stomps back. He grabs Nando's arms and  
drags him away.

#### **EXT. DEEPER IN THE FOREST - LATER**

Larry sulks through the forest by himself. He glances back  
and sees the knights following at a distance, trying to look  
like they're not following. Larry walks faster.

Dangerous and JCW-- carrying Nando-- match his pace.

Above them, A Raven CAWS and swoops down over Dange's head.  
He swipes at it. Watches longingly as it flies away.

DANGEROUS  
I'm so hungry.

**EXT. EVEN DEEPER IN THE FOREST - LATER**

Very dark now. The knights have closed the distance between them and Larry. Larry looks worn-out, too tired to fight them. He pushes through brambles to find--

--A wooden structure. Hidden in the forest. A small shaft of sunlight hits the building's straw-thatched roof.

**INT. STABLES - LATER**

The door CREAKS open. Light from outside spills in around Larry's silhouette. Dust settles. He gestures and Dangerous tosses him the cigarette lighter. He steps inside.

Floorboards CREAK with every step. Larry squints in the darkness and fumbles with the lighter.

After several tries, the lighter finally sparks and illuminates the room. It reveals the ghoulish spectre of--

DAME JUDI DENCH

*Thrice the brinded cat hath mew'd.*

She blows the lighter out.

**INT. STABLES - NIGHT**

Moonlight pours in the now-open shutters. Bales of hay line the walls. Nando lies in a bed of hay. Unconscious.

DAME JUDI DENCH serves Larry and the knights tea heated over the fireplace. She wears a tunic, her hair in buns.

JONATHAN CLARK WENDELL

Dame Judi Dench, I haven't seen you since the old days.

Dame Judi Dench stomps on the floor-- BANG BANG BANG!

DAME JUDI DENCH

*A drum, a drum! Macbeth doth come.*

She clutches her bosom and looks to the door. Larry follows her gaze. Dangerous hides.

DAME JUDI DENCH (CONT'D)

(whisper)

*All hail Macbeth. Hail to thee,  
Thane of Cawdor.*

JONATHAN CLARK WENDELL

Her one-woman show premiers in three weeks at the Globe.

(MORE)

JONATHAN CLARK WENDELL (CONT'D)  
The theatre comped me opening night  
tickets, of course.

LARRY  
One-woman Macbeth?

She curtsies.

DAME JUDI DENCH  
Welcome to my stables, fair  
knights. I have made them my home  
and I pray thee shall rest here if  
your journey permits.

JONATHAN CLARK WENDELL  
(realizing)  
She's method acting.

Judi Dench pulls a roasted turkey leg from the fire and GNAWS  
a huge chunk.

DANGEROUS  
She's crackers, what she is.

**EXT. STABLES - NIGHT**

A few birds chirp at this late hour. Larry steps out of the  
stables, answering his cell phone as he walks into the  
forest.

LARRY  
This is Larry.

**EXT. ARMY STAGING AREA - COMMAND POST - SAME**

Under the harsh army floodlights, Colonel Westlake is calling  
with the Satellite phone.

COLONEL WESTLAKE  
Are you or are you not Skip  
Fletcher's executive assistant?

INTERCUT with Larry wandering through the dark woods:

LARRY  
Yeah, I actually don't have Skip at  
the moment... um, can he call you  
back?

COLONEL WESTLAKE  
Fletcher's gone, you know what that  
means?

LARRY  
We're fucked?

COLONEL WESTLAKE  
It means you're our only hope.  
You've still got three men. There's  
still a chance. The Queen's life  
depends on it!

Larry isn't listening anymore. In fact, he's stopped dead in his tracks, because on his walkabout he stumbled across--

--ONE OF SPODER'S BOMBS. Out here, deep in the forest. Wired to a radio antennae with an ominous red light.

COLONEL WESTLAKE (CONT'D)  
Stop being a baby and answer me,  
goddammit!

**INT. STABLE - LATER**

Nando's eyes flutter open. He groans. Dangerous and Jonathan Clark Wendell are huddled around him. Dame Judi Dench finishes wrapping cloth around his stumpy leg.

DAME JUDI DENCH  
It won't get infected. I've sealed  
your wound, good sir knight.

Nando's eyes flash to a hot branding iron by the fire.

NANDO  
Who is this white woman?

He moves to stand up. Jonathan Clark Wendell steadies him. Nando pushes his hand away and falls back into the hay.

DAME JUDI DENCH  
You're going to be in a lot of  
pain.

Dangerous reluctantly digs in his pocket. He hands Nando--

DANGEROUS  
Valium, Percocet, Oxycontin. I was  
saving these for the afterparty.

**EXT. CASTLE BURONINSTAD - DAWN**

The sun rises from behind the castle. It casts a long shadow across the graveyard.

**EXT. STABLES - SAME**

Larry sits on the roof of the stable watching the sunrise. A few birds chirp. Then the CHIRPING of his phone interrupts this peaceful moment. He answers:

JACKIE (V.O.)

Larry? I'm so glad I got through--  
I've been trying for hours. Tell me  
your okay. Tell me you're not  
there.

LARRY

I'm fine. I'm not in the castle.  
I'm hiding.

JACKIE (V.O.)

That's great. Just stay in the  
background and let other people  
handle the hard stuff.

Larry peers over the trees, to the castle in the distance.

LARRY

You know me, babe. Just like I  
always do.

JACKIE (V.O.)

Good.

LARRY

But... if for some reason I do get  
myself into... a situation... and  
something should happen, you  
already know this, but I love you.

JACKIE (V.O.)

Don't you die on me, Larry. God,  
that sounded stupid.

LARRY

I'll pick up toilet paper on the  
way home. Quilted Northern?

JACKIE (V.O.)

I love you.

He hangs up. Listens to the birds chirping. In the distance he hears a soft rhythmic CLICK-CLACK, CLICK-CLACK. He follows the noise.

**EXT. BEHIND THE STABLES - MOMENTS LATER**

Dame Judi Dench practices fencing moves against a tree with a wooden sword. CLICK-CLACK, CLICK-CLACK. For an old lady, her swordsmanship is impeccable.

DAME JUDI DENCH  
*Turn hellhound, turn! Get thee  
back, my soul is too much charged  
with blood of thine already.*

LARRY  
Who me?

She throws him a wooden sword.

DAME JUDI DENCH  
*I have no words, my voice is in my  
sword.*

She thrusts at him with all her might. Larry has no idea what to do. She WHACKS him across the face. He doubles over in pain. Judi plunges the wooden sword into the mossy ground.

DAME JUDI DENCH (CONT'D)  
Forgive me, kind sir--

LARRY  
--What the hell!--

DAME JUDI DENCH  
--for I thought thee a knight.

LARRY  
That sword's pointy-- you could  
have stabbed me. You were so quick  
and accurate, I couldn't stop it.

DAME JUDI DENCH  
I am a dame of the British Empire.

LARRY  
You're like a Shakespearean Vin  
Diesel.

DAME JUDI DENCH  
I know.

Larry looks at the wooden sword. Then gazes up at the towering figure of Dame Judi Dench, silhouetted by the rising sun.

LARRY  
Can you... teach us?

Dame Judi Dench offers Larry her hand.

**EXT. FOREST NEAR STABLES - NIGHT**

Larry, Dangerous, Nando, and JCW stand around the bomb. The red light blinks rhythmically.

LARRY

This is what we're up against.

DANGEROUS

Keep your knickers on, mate. All we have to do is get far enough away from it.

**EXT. ANOTHER PART OF THE FOREST - LATER**

In a different part of the woods, Larry and the knights stare down at a different bomb.

DANGEROUS

(shrugs)

He's thorough, that Sploder-- I'll give 'em that.

LARRY

They're everywhere. The way I see it, we have two choices. Either we try to end this ourselves, or we explode.

They stare down at the bomb.

NANDO

I would like a third choice, please.

JONATHAN CLARK WENDELL

You can't know that. There's a million possible endgames-- oh lord, there's too many to even consider!

LARRY

The guy's name is SPLODER. Every inch of this place is wired. The minute they get what they want? We explode. That's how he's always done business.

Jonathan Clark Wendell gets real friendly with him. Pats him on the shoulder.

JONATHAN CLARK WENDELL  
 I understand, Larry. You wish to  
 make your mark on the world and all  
 that poppycock. But we're already  
 more important than a thousand of  
 you. We're knights. We're too  
 significant to risk our lives.

Larry nods for a long time. Buying time, or stalling, as he  
 searches for something in himself. Then he UNLOADS on them--

LARRY  
 You've been coddled celebrities  
 your whole lives. Everything you  
 ever wanted, you got it. But it's  
 time to stop being little bitches.

The knights are taken aback, but Larry keeps going--  
 appealing to their ego.

LARRY (CONT'D)  
 Dangerous-- I know you picked  
 fights every night in the 70's. I  
 mean, you named yourself DANGEROUS.

DANGEROUS  
 I beat up three vicars on two  
 separate occasions.

LARRY  
 Nando-- you scored in the 90th  
 minute against Italy while you had  
 a broken leg.

NANDO  
 ...and three broken ribs.

LARRY  
 And Jonathan Clark Wendell-- The  
 whole world knows you're a creative  
 genius. Let's use that big brain to  
 fight these terrorists.

Dange and Nando consider...

DANGEROUS  
 I was quite the bruiser in my time.  
 I'm in.

NANDO  
 Nothing good has ever happened  
 without Nando.

JCW stares at Larry with beady dark eyes.



JONATHAN CLARK WENDELL  
My interest in suicide is minimal.

DANGEROUS  
That's fine, we don't need a second  
creative genius.

LARRY  
Fine, fine. Let me just a recorded  
statement for all your fans.

As Larry pulls out his cell phone and gets ready to record--

JONATHAN CLARK WENDELL  
Put that away, how dare you, you  
twat, you tossrag you--

Larry hits record on his camera phone. JCW instantly smiles.

LARRY  
(super friendly)  
Jonathan Clark Wendell! Will you  
save the Queen?

Jonathan Clark Wendell fights to maintain his public smile.  
His face is a battlefield of fury hidden under the happiness.

JONATHAN CLARK WENDELL  
It would be... an honor.

Larry puffs out his chest.

LARRY  
Fantastic.

#### **INT. STABLES - DAY**

A pile of fancy clothes sits in the corner. Now wearing gray  
tunics, Larry and the knights line up in front of Dame Judi  
Dench. She paces before them not unlike a drill sergeant.

DAME JUDI DENCH  
If you are to do this, you must  
harken back to the days leading up  
to your knighting ceremonies.

DANGEROUS  
You mean when that lady put the  
sword on me shoulder?

DAME JUDI DENCH  
No! The six weeks of rigorous  
training before that.

Dange nods. He gets what she means.

DANGEROUS  
You mean heroin?

NANDO  
I train every day.

She whirls and SHOUTS at them.

DAME JUDI DENCH  
DO YOU EMBRACE YOUR INEVITABLE  
DEATHS?

They're all taken aback. Then, timidly...

LARRY  
Yes... my liege?

She nods-- good. Waits for the others.

NANDO  
Yes, my liege.

DANGEROUS  
Yes, my liege.

JONATHAN CLARK WENDELL  
Erm...

DAME JUDI DENCH  
(spittle in his face)  
DO YOU EMBRACE YOUR INEVITABLE  
DEATH?

JONATHAN CLARK WENDELL  
Yes, my liege.

She resumes her drill sergeant pacing.

DAME JUDI DENCH  
Although you have been knighted,  
you are not yet knights. This will  
be the hardest, most grueling  
challenge of your lives. AND I  
DON'T THINK YOU'RE UP FOR IT.  
You're going to want to stop, take  
a break, take it easy, read Parade  
Magazine on the toilet, go home and  
suckle your mother's teat.

Dangerous leans over and whispers to Larry.

DANGEROUS  
I'd suckle HER teat.

WHAM! Judi punches him bare-knuckle right in the nose.

DANGEROUS (CONT'D)  
OW! BLOODY CHRIST!

LARRY  
He didn't mean it.

WHAM! She hits Larry. He goes down. Scared, Jonathan Clark Wendell flinches.

DAME JUDI DENCH  
Back in line!

She clocks him one-- WHAM!

Dame Judi Dench stands over their groaning bodies. Nando stands perfectly still on one foot. But then pride gets the best of him.

NANDO  
Just give me a sword and I will  
take care of it.

WHAM! She nails him in the face. He shakes it out, then he hits her back. She DECKS him with an UPPERCUT and launches him in a sailing arc to the ground.

**MONTAGE, to Dangerous's rock anthem, "Broken Seatbelt" (a la Black Sabbath's "Paranoid"):**

**EXT. FOREST - DAY**

Wooden swords CLICK-CLACK against each other.

DAME JUDI DENCH  
A knight must be quick.

Larry and the knights practice dueling.

DANGEROUS  
Don't even know why I'm learning  
this.  
(weirdly proud)  
I'm a pacifist.

**EXT. FOREST - DAY**

Dame Judi Dench, Dangerous, and Larry hold out their arms.

DAME JUDI DENCH  
A knight is a friend to animals.

SKREEEE! A WAR FALCON dives down and lands on Judi's arm.  
Another one lands on Larry's. He feeds it a treat.

CAKAWW! A third falcon attacks Dange's face. He grabs the  
bird and shoves its head into his mouth. He's about to CHOMP  
but Larry stops him.

LARRY  
A knight doesn't eat his falcon.

Dame Judi Dench nods. Correct.

DANGEROUS  
Force of habit.

**EXT. STABLES - DAY**

Judi CLANGS on an anvil-- forging hot metal from the fire  
into--

--A medieval prosthetic foot.

**EXT. STABLES - LATER**

Wooden swords CLACK. Larry and Dangerous battle. JCW battles  
Nando. Nando has trouble keeping balance, even with his new  
foot.

He falls. JCW catches him, but--

NANDO  
I can do it.

LARRY  
We're a team, Nando.

He pushes JWC away. Then falls into the mud. Dange hits him  
over and over with the sword for good measure.

**EXT. FOREST - LATER**

Nando leads the group in seated stretches-- something he can  
do. He reaches as far as he can. The group can't come close.  
Judi can.

DAME JUDI DENCH  
A knight is flexible.

DANGEROUS  
You look a little gay, Nando.

NANDO  
 (in a full split)  
 What is "gay" is how inflexible you  
 are.

**EXT. STABLES - DAY**

Judi's horse rears back.

DAME JUDI DENCH  
 A knight must ride.

Larry momentarily rides a horse before being BUCKED OFF. Same with Nando. Jonathan Clark Wendell rides side-saddle with expert grace. As he passes Judi, she grabs his legs and pulls into the mud.

DAME JUDI DENCH (CONT'D)  
 Mount the damn horse like a man.

Dangerous rides like a true jockey.

DANGEROUS  
 Oooo. I love feeling horsehair on  
 me goolies.

**EXT. FOREST - DAY**

Wooden swords CLACK. Our boys duel. They're getting better.

**INT. STABLE HOUSE - LATER**

Intense concentration on Larry's face.

DAME JUDI DENCH  
 A knight honors his master.

He's concentrating on her toenails as he paints them. She relaxes naked in a bath. The other knights brush her hair, massage her, file her fingernails. JCW reacts in horror.

JONATHAN CLARK WENDELL  
 Your cuticles are a train wreck.

**EXT. FOREST - LATER**

They all hold wooden swords, thrusting and parrying with equal grace.

Judi watches them, pleased.

**END MONTAGE**

**EXT. ARMY STAGING AREA - COMMAND POST - DAY**

Sitting near the map of the castle, Colonel Westlake stares at his satellite phone. His link to the knights.

COLONEL WESTLAKE  
Ring, damn you. RING.

A furious General Howson appears behind him.

GENERAL HOWSON  
I just spoke to the Prime Minister--  
he's chopping off our balls.

COLONEL WESTLAKE  
Just give my knights time.

GENERAL HOWSON  
For the love of figgy pudding and  
all things holy! Your precious  
knights have left us no other  
option.

COLONEL WESTLAKE  
You wanted them to fail!

GENERAL HOWSON  
Because of you, we're about to free  
seven deadly brothers the likes of  
which England's never seen.

He gets on his knees and clings to the general.

COLONEL WESTLAKE  
One more chance-- I'M BEGGING YOU!

GENERAL HOWSON  
(disgusted)  
Colonel Westlake, you don't deserve  
to wear that mustache.

**EXT. BELMARSH PRISON - DAY**

A transport bus pulls through the main gate at London's secure penitentiary.

**INT. BELMARSH PRISON - DAY**

Keys jingle. A GUARD opens the lock. The cell door slides open. He reads from a list, scared out of his mind...

BELMARSH GUARD  
Aiden, Dougal, Kelly, Killian,  
Quinn, Rooney, Seamus.

A single old man stares back at him.

OLD BLACK MAN  
Sure, if it gets me out of here.

**INT. BELMARSH PRISON - DAY**

The guard tries again at a different cell.

BELMARSH GUARD  
Aiden, Dougal, Kelly, Killian,  
Quinn, Rooney, Seamus.

Seven scarred and grizzled brothers look up.

O'MALLEY BROTHERS  
(sinister)  
Aye?

**EXT. ARMY STAGING AREA - COMMAND POST - SAME**

General Howson paces on the phone. He's sweating up a storm, checking his watch over and over...

GENERAL HOWSON  
We've done everything you've asked.  
But, you have to understand these  
things take time. Your brothers are  
on their way, but there's  
transportation and paperwork and  
and and--

**INT. CASTLE - TOWER - SAME**

Daniel listens, phone to his ear. Pistol in the other hand.  
The Queen watches from the bed. Sploder glowers by the door.

DANIEL  
I can't believe it! A thousand  
times I thank yeh. The joy it'll  
bring to have one more day at the  
beach. Ah, how Dougal loved the  
feeling of sand between his toes.  
(lost in memories)  
Ohhh Dougal, Dougal, Dougal...

GENERAL HOWSON (V.O.)  
Enough Dougaling!

DANIEL  
So how long til I see the boys,  
especially Dougal-- an hour, a day?  
Don't worry about that deadline.  
(MORE)

DANIEL (CONT'D)  
We weren't really going to hurt  
anyone.

Sploder can't believe what he's hearing.

SPLODER  
Gimme that, ya priss.  
(into phone)  
Listen to this, ya limey shite  
bastards!

Sploder darts his hand around Daniel's pistol. Locks his  
finger over Daniel's trigger finger. Before Daniel knows  
what's happening, Sploder squeezes-- they pull the trigger  
together.

KRACK-- they shoot the Queen in the leg. She screams.

Daniel is horrified. Sploder holds out the phone, shouts to  
it.

SPLODER (CONT'D)  
Here that? That's the sound of  
freedom! Yeh got four hours left.

He throws Daniel onto the bed.

SPLODER (CONT'D)  
The two of yeh deserve each other.

He locks them inside as they SCREAM and we CUT TO--

#### **INT. STABLES - DAY**

Exhausted, Jonathan Clark Wendell throws his wooden sword  
aside and collapse into a pile of hay.

Near the fireplace, Nando tinkers with his iron foot. He  
inspects it closely.

NANDO  
With the power of iron, perhaps now  
I can kick the ball twice as far.

JONATHAN CLARK WENDELL  
(half-asleep)  
That makes sense.

#### **EXT. STABLES - SAME**

Dangerous brushes a pony's tail. Larry enters.

DANGEROUS  
She's a beautiful animal.



LARRY

You looked good out there,  
Dangerous.

DANGEROUS

My friends call me Dange. Other  
people call me Dange too, though--  
People who ain't me friends. I'm a  
complicated man with a complicated  
name.

LARRY

We might have to kill some people.  
Hey, have you ever killed a bear  
with a spear?

DANGEROUS

Yeah one time at the zoo, but it  
was an accident. I'm a pacifist,  
remember?

Dange sizes Larry up, like he's seeing him as a human being  
for the first time.

DANGEROUS (CONT'D)

You seem like a smart fellow,  
Larry. What you doing working for a  
wanker like Skip Fletcher?

LARRY

Actually, he just fired me.

DANGEROUS

Smashing.

LARRY

It sucks. The last guy who had my  
job came up with a cheaper way to  
package tennis balls. Now he's the  
head of *Fletcher Sports*. Another  
year and I would have had my own  
division. *Urban Laces*.

DANGEROUS

You mean-- *Fletcher Laces*.

Dangerous rubs the horse's back. He gets a philosophical  
twinkle in his eye.

DANGEROUS (CONT'D)

You know what, "Larry?"

LARRY  
 (testing out the name)  
 What, "Dange."

Larry smiles, ready to bask in his new friend's wisdom.

DANGEROUS  
 Everyone's always talking bout  
 horsecocks like they're so  
 impressive. But you know what never  
 gets any credit for being fucking  
 massive?

Larry stares.

DANGEROUS (CONT'D)  
 Horse vagina.

# **INT. CATACOMBS - DAY**

Pitch darkness. Footsteps come towards us.

Their torches lighting the way, Dame Judi leads Larry and the knights through the catacombs.

DAME JUDI DENCH  
 You're almost ready, but first  
 you'll need weapons and armor.

NANDO  
 Even with one foot, I am still more  
 deadly than any weapon.

# **INT. CATACOMBS - TUNNEL JUNCTION - LATER**

They stand before the skull-laden tunnel of death.

DAME JUDI DENCH  
 Get ye to the tomb of Lord  
 Buroninstad. That's right, thee  
Lord Buroninstad.

NANDO  
 Through the tunnel of death?

DANGEROUS  
 I think it's actually MORE knightly  
 NOT to go.

DAME JUDI DENCH  
 Make no mistake-- 'twill be most  
 dangerous, Dangerous.  
 (MORE)

DAME JUDI DENCH (CONT'D)  
But you need weapons and armor, and  
this is where they be found. Use  
your training and prove your worth.

Larry takes a step forward. Judi grabs his shoulder.

DAME JUDI DENCH (CONT'D)  
Be warned-- the path you tread will  
be guarded. Touch nothing until you  
reach the tomb itself. Return to  
me, if ye survive.

Larry creeps across the threshold. The walls are made  
entirely of BONES. After a moment, the others follow.

**INT. CATACOMBS - LATER**

Larry leads the knights deep into the tunnel of death. The  
only sound is their heavy breathing.

Then, Larry hears an ominous CLICK under his foot.

A pendulum swings out of the darkness. Wooden spikes, like  
deadly golf tees, adorn the end. Larry screams but it's too  
late.

The spikes nail him in the face. POOF-- a cloud of dust  
surrounds his head. He keeps screaming--

LARRY  
Oh God! Oh God! I'm dead!

The dust settles. The pendulum and all its rotted, wooden  
spikes disintegrated on impact, leaving only an imprint on  
Larry's face.

DANGEROUS  
Nice face. It's a marked  
improvement.

JCW examines the rotted boobytrap.

JONATHAN CLARK WENDELL  
It didn't stand the test of time, I  
suppose.

DANGEROUS  
"Marked." It was a pun. Fuck you  
for not laughing at me jokes.

A SERIES OF SHOTS:

--Dangerous accidentally steps through a tripwire. POISON DARTS shoot from the wall. Most bounce harmlessly off his chest but one dart sticks him. Panic, but then he smiles.

DANGEROUS (CONT'D)  
Just enough poison to get me  
feeling good.

--Jonathan Clark Wendell studies a complex stone puzzle as SPIKED WALLS close in on them. He thinks and thinks. He reaches out towards the puzzle, but then pulls his hand away and thinks some more. The walls SPEED UP. Inches from their bodies, JCW solves the puzzle and the walls stop.

JONATHAN CLARK WENDELL  
With plenty of time to spare.

--Nando passes through a sliver of light. A GIANT SAW BLADE slices out of the wall and cuts off his foot. His iron foot.

NANDO  
(popping the foot back on)  
Thank God I blew off my foot or  
that would have been trouble.

--Larry steps on a weighted stone. Above them, a wooden ceiling panel BURSTS OPEN. Hundreds and hundreds of snakes rain down on them. Snake skeletons, that is.

LARRY  
(genuinely touched)  
Poor little guys starved to death  
up there.

#### **INT. CATACOMBS - TUNNEL JUNCTION - SAME**

Dame Judi Dench peers into the darkness of the tunnel of death. Worried about her knights.

Then she hears APPROACHING FOOTSTEPS. She crouches low and sees a terrorist search party.

Their flashlight beams play above her. She presses down as low as she can. The terrorists pass her without noticing.

They head straight for the tunnel of death.

Dame Judi Dench clenches her fists. She knows what she has to do. She charges--

DAME JUDI DENCH  
*Something wicked this way comes!!!*

She's quick. The terrorists take aim. She leaps side to side, strafing, but she's not quick enough. They OPEN FIRE.

A hail of bullets tear through her robe. She seems to dance as machinegun fire riddles her body. But they can't stop her. Bullets shredding her like confetti, she finally reaches the terrorists and SNAPS THEIR NECKS.

All three collapse.

**INT. CATACOMBS - BURONINSTAD'S TOMB - LATER**

Larry holds his torch high, leading the knights into...

A massive underground burial chamber. 12-foot statues, maybe Lord and Lady Buroninstad, adorn the back wall.

LARRY

No one's been down here for like  
500 years.

The knights fan out among the four STONE COFFINS.

Larry scans the walls. Nothing. He looks around the dark floor. No armor anywhere.

Larry pushes one of the coffins with all his might. The stone lid BANGS to the ground. He stares down inside.

**INT. CATACOMBS - BURONINSTAD'S TOMB - MOMENTS LATER**

BANG! BANG! BANG! The knights open the other coffins. Each one contains--

--An ancient medieval knight's body. Buried in his armor.

LARRY

The knights of Buroninstad.

**INT. CATACOMBS - BURONINSTAD'S TOMB - LATER**

Larry and Nando take swords. Jonathan Clark Wendell-- a bow. Dange's eyes light up.

DANGEROUS

Now that's a fookin' axe.

He lifts a giant axe like a guitar.

**INT. CATACOMBS - BURONINSTAD'S TOMB - LATER**

Larry and the knights don their new gear.

They put on chain mail. Then battle armor-- chestplates, gauntlets, boots-- except Nando, who tightens his remaining cleat. Finally, helmets, one by one.

KNIGHTS. They stand four abreast, a proud fighting force.

**INT. CATACOMBS - TUNNEL JUNCTION - LATER**

Larry and the knights emerge from the tunnel of death. They're all smiles, until they find--

LARRY

Dame Judi!

She lies face-down in the tunnel junction. Her robe soaked with blood. JCW covers his mouth, backs away.

Larry cautiously checks for a pulse. She GRABS his arm.

DAME JUDI DENCH

(with great effort)

Lrrrrrrrry...

LARRY

Where are they!

Judi summons every ounce of strength and points--

--at two dead terrorists. Broken necks. Guns and empty clips littered all around them.

Larry cradles her mangled body. She wheezes. Doesn't have long. The knights crowd around.

DAME JUDI DENCH

(seeing their armor)

You boys look great.

(she coughs blood)

Now you must confess your sins.

LARRY

Don't try to talk...

She clutches his breastplate.

DAME JUDI DENCH

There is one final test. Confession is the only way to purify your spirits. Without it you're doomed to fail. You won't be truly bound as brothers until you accept your faults and become whole.

(afterthought, great pain)

(MORE)

DAME JUDI DENCH (CONT'D)  
And of course, knights must pledge  
a lifetime of chastity.

DANGEROUS  
(through tears)  
Does chastity include the rump?

With her final ounce of strength...

DAME JUDI DENCH  
Yes. And the mouth.

She dies.

Jonathan Clark Wendell starts to weep quietly.

LARRY  
She should have won an Oscar for  
NOTES ON A SCANDAL.

NANDO  
I like the James Bond movies.

LARRY  
She's so much better than Helen  
Mirren or Maggie Smith.

JONATHAN CLARK WENDELL  
Why, Judi, why!

They hold her body tightly.

LARRY  
I feel like I had an intimate  
connection with her.

DANGEROUS  
(confused)  
I thought I was the only one who  
slept wif her.

Larry stands up, vengeance on his face.

LARRY  
Let's get out of here.

JONATHAN CLARK WENDELL  
What about Confession? The final  
test?

LARRY  
They're gonna blow up the castle in  
two hours.

JONATHAN CLARK WENDELL  
 Heaven forbid we listen to Dame  
 Judi Dench, the woman who gave her  
 life to train us!

LARRY  
 We're definitely ready.

**MONTAGE, to Dangerous's "Undercooked Chicken" (a la AC/DC's  
 "Highway to Hell"):**

**INT. STABLES - DAY**

The doors burst open. Larry and Nando gather supplies. Rope from the horse post. Pulleys from the hay lift. Stakes from around the fire pit.

**EXT. CASTLE BURONINSTAD - VALET LOT - LATER**

A limousine trunk opens. Dangerous and Jonathan Clark Wendell peer inside. Dangerous removes a black case.

DANGEROUS  
 Me concert belt. Never leave home  
 without it.

**EXT. FOREST - LATER**

Larry and Nando return with supplies piled high, just as JCW and Dange return with the black case.

**EXT. EDGE OF THE FOREST - DAY**

Stakes are hammered into the ground. Rope thrown over thick branches.

Nando scampers up a tree. He ties a pulley to a branch.

Jonathan Clark Wendell frets over every detail. He keeps retying the rope. Unsure.

**INT. CASTLE BURONINSTAD - QUEEN'S ROOM - DAY**

Daniel rips fabric from the bed. He starts wrapping the Queen's leg. She pushes him away and finishes it herself.

**EXT. EDGE OF THE FOREST - DAY**

Larry huddles up with the knights. Jonathan Clark Wendell is still tinkering with part of the rigging.

JONATHAN CLARK WENDELL  
 One moment.



LARRY  
Jonathan Clark Wendell...

He adjusts the ropes, ignores Larry.

LARRY (CONT'D)  
It's perfect.

JONATHAN CLARK WENDELL  
It's not perfect. A moment,  
Lawrence, that is all I require.

Larry sighs.

**END MONTAGE.**

**EXT. CASTLE BURONINSTAD - PARAPET - DAY**

The sun sits high in the sky. Up on the parapet, McManiman and McDonald nervously watch the Army camp. British forces have massed all around the castle's outer wall.

He scans the perimeter. Sees something that confuses him.

MCMANIMAN  
(into radio)  
Might want to take a gander at  
this.

**EXT. CASTLE BURONINSTAD - PARAPET - LATER**

Sploder, McManiman, McDonald, and McSorley peer out with binoculars.

Up on the parapet, the terrorists are looking at--

--two figures on horseback, waving to them from the treeline. Only about 200 yards away. A third figure stand against a tree, hands in the air.

SPLODER  
Looks like McGrath and McAndrews.

MCSORLEY  
They caught somebody.

They're so focused on the waving mystery men, they don't notice-- Larry and the knights sprinting toward the castle from the side.

**EXT. CASTLE BURONINSTAD - LATER**

The massive DRAWBRIDGE clanks down across the moat. McSorley and two other terrorists jog out towards the waving figures.

The drawbridge begins to CLANK back up. As it does, Larry and the knights rise from the moat. They grab hold and throw themselves inside as it closes.

**EXT. EDGE OF THE FOREST - MOMENTS LATER**

McSorley cautiously approaches the two waving terrorists. He gets close enough to make out the details--

--ropes tied to their arms and waist. Strung up through pulleys. Counterweights. Both of them sit on horses.

MCSORLEY

What are yeh boys doin ridin these horses? Davey, I thought yeh was petrified of the beasts.

The dead bodies move on their own like marionettes, waving again and again.

MCDONALD

I think they're... dead.

MCSORLEY

Don't be stupid.

(to his dead friends)

Quit wavin, I'm right here! And I expect me two best friends to look at me when I'm talkin' to 'em.

Necks broken, their heads face backward.

Confused, McSorley sees the person his "friends" have captured.

MCSORLEY (CONT'D)

And what kinda kinky shite are ya doin' with Dame Judi Dench?

Her body leans against a tree. McSorley takes a step toward her and his foot catches on a rope. The last thing he sees is a black cylinder strapped to her waist.

FTHOOM-- her crotch ERUPTS in pyrotechnics-- Dange's concert belt. Ropes twist her hips to shower the terrorists with sparks.

They catch fire and run.

**INT. CASTLE - HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER**

Larry peeks around the corner. Coast is clear.

LARRY

Shhhh!

CLANK, CLANK! CLANK, CLANK! Their armor makes a huge racket as they walk down the hall.

Dange stops them where the hallway splits.

DANGEROUS

Alright loverboys. Priority number one, as we all know, is saving me fans. All two hundred of 'em in the great hall. A distant number two is saving the Queen.

LARRY

(used to it)

That's a good idea, Dange. But, I think the Queen's their bargaining chip, so we save her first.

DANGEROUS

I doubt she's a fan.

Dangerous CLANKS off down the left hallway.

NANDO

Yes, this is a good idea. I will save the Queen all by myself and take all the glory.

DANGEROUS

(coming back)

Just hold on a goddamn minute. Let's vote on it.

NANDO

We all vote for the Queen.

DANGEROUS

Shut up Nando, you don't have a foot.

JONATHAN CLARK WENDELL

What's the plan for getting those people out? I have many ideas, but firstly I was thinking we could, well, it's only slightly more complicated than what we did outside. All we need is a garlic press and two tons of sheet metal.

LARRY

Good idea, Tony Stark.

DANGEROUS

(to Larry)

You believe this guy? He's always thinkin' real hard. Too hard, if you ask me. Nutcracker wants to build a rocketship out of spaghetti, but he can't even write a song.

JONATHAN CLARK WENDELL

I can certainly compose songs. I have the ability to put words to music. But what is the point of creating anything unless it will generate a stir? It must not only be good-- it must be great.

DANGEROUS

You gotta fly by the seat of your pants, man. It's like wif groupies-- if it feels right, do it.

Larry notices a security camera in the corner.

LARRY

Guys, we can't just stand here--

JONATHAN CLARK WENDELL

My fans expect a certain level of quality. I'm not like you, Dangerous. I can't write "Toaster in the Tub" and call it art.

DANGEROUS

I wouldn't expect you to understand. That song? A girl I loved for seven years, she got an abortion an' broke me heart. She threw her toaster in me tub, metaphorically speaking.

(then)

In retrospect I'm glad she did cause child payments are a bitch.

LARRY

Queen! Now!

JONATHAN CLARK WENDELL

Nary a soul has heard that song! Every year, you release a new album. A "comeback" album, and it's always codswallop.

Larry hears FOOTSTEPS from somewhere nearby.

LARRY  
(urgent whisper)  
Come on!

DANGEROUS  
But what about "Trapped In an  
Abandoned Refrigerator?"

JONATHAN CLARK WENDELL  
You've officially exhausted every  
metaphor on danger.

NANDO  
He never sang about rusty nails.

JONATHAN CLARK WENDELL  
You think anyone wants to do a  
reality show about you? You're a  
delusional has-been, yesterday's  
news-- you're NOTHING!

SPLODER  
Don't ya think that's a little  
harsh?

They whirl-- Sploder stands at the end of the hallway.

DANGEROUS  
Finally someone who's willing to  
back me up. You're a real friend.

Sploder grips a conspicuous sconce on the wall. Larry looks  
down, sees the CRACK in the floor. He realizes what's  
happening but it's too late--

--Sploder pulls the sconce like a lever. The floor underneath  
Larry and the knights DROPS. The trap door. They fall into  
the DARKNESS.

#### **INT. CASTLE - DUNGEON - LATER**

Again and again, Dange and Nando BANG their weapons on the  
metal dungeon bars. They're trapped.

The 20-foot cell was probably used for torture at one time.  
Spiked poles. A vise. Iron cuffs on the wall.

DANGEROUS  
Keep chopping, Nando. I think we're  
denting it!

Nando's sword breaks.

NANDO  
I have failed?

Larry snatches the broken sword out of Nando's hand and grabs Dange's axe. He throws them across the room, disgusted. They CLANG against the wall.

They hear a weak chuckle from behind them. They whirl to see--

FLETCHER  
There's no way out of here.

Fletcher's body has been stretched to the limit on a rack.

Larry rushes to his side and unties him. He's a mere shadow of his former self-- his confidence beaten out of him. A broken man. He's been crying a lot.

LARRY  
Skip!

FLETCHER  
Who are you? Get away from me!

LARRY  
It's me. It's Larry. I--

FLETCHER  
Don't stretch me! DON'T STRETCH ME!

Watching from the corner, Jonathan Clark Wendell's fury builds. Nando helps Larry.

NANDO  
The man cries like he's lost a foot...

Fletcher weeps silently. Rage boils over for JCW.

JONATHAN CLARK WENDELL  
O SPLODER! FROM THE DARKEST BOWELS  
OF HELL, I DAMN THEE! I DAMN THEE!

#### **EXT. BELMARSH PRISON - DAY**

Prison guards escort the O'Malley brothers onto a bus, chain-gang style. The driver cringes as they board. The pale-skinned brothers squint in the sunshine.

DOUGAL  
What if we can't adjust to society?

CONNOR  
Whatcha mean "adjust?" We're gonna  
kill as many people as possible.

DOUGAL  
(earnest)  
Oh right. I forgot.

**EXT. ARMY STAGING AREA - COMMAND POST - SAME**

Under the command post tarp, General Howson briefs Colonel Westlake.

GENERAL HOWSON  
They're on their way to the  
airport.

Westlake sweeps the map and their preparations off the table.

COLONEL WESTLAKE  
They'll never make it in time!  
He'll blow up the castle!

GENERAL HOWSON  
DON'T YOU THINK I KNOW THAT?!!!!

Howson kicks the center pole. The tarp collapses on top of them.

BOTH OF THEM  
DAMMIT!!!

**INT. CASTLE - DUNGEON - LATER**

Larry sits in the corner, defeated. We hear footsteps coming down the stairs. Larry, Nando, and JCW look up from sulking. Fletcher doesn't even move.

Sploder approaches their cell.

SPLODER  
'Twas a valiant effort, boyos, and  
I thank yeh for tryin. Cause now I  
get to do me favorite thing in the  
world.

Sploder reveals a shoebox-sized device.

SPLODER (CONT'D)  
Here's a little baby boomer jus'  
fer you. I wouldn't have it any  
other way. Ten minutes should do  
the trick.

He sets the explosive down in the dungeon hall. An L.E.D. timer counts backwards.

Sploder waves goodbye and disappears from sight. Dange presses his face to the bars.

Just out of reach, Sploder's bomb ticks down past 9 minutes.

Larry slouches even lower. Nando sits like an athlete shamed with a cloth draped over his head.

Dangerous supports his back and sits down with an aching sigh. He watches the timer tick down. Shaving seconds from his life.

DANGEROUS

(soft)

Who would want to watch a show about me? People don't even come to me concerts no more.

(a sad realization)

I mean, you know what's really dangerous? Sub-prime mortgages and high cholesterol, that's what. I'm a no-good old geezah.

Larry sees the hurt and desperation.

DANGEROUS (CONT'D)

I'm sorry, mates. You's me band and I've been actin' like a typical asshole frontman. Well, now I'm ready to listen to the band.

The others sulk quietly. Nando too stares at the timer as it passes 7 minutes.

NANDO

I have let you all down. You are my team. When it comes down to the wire, individuals lose. Teams win. I mean, what kind of football legend has zero assists? A little bitch, that is what kind.

Jonathan Clark Wendell watches the timer tick down to six minutes.

JONATHAN CLARK WENDELL

I think other people think I think too much, I think. Wait...

(deep breath)

I definitely think too much.

(MORE)



JONATHAN CLARK WENDELL (CONT'D)

I've written nineteen musicals since *Fishes*, but I threw them every single one in the shredder and then fed them to my Shetland pony. I don't even know if they were good or not. I was paralyzed, worrying myself to death about what other people would think.

DANGEROUS

I think... it's probably for the best that you die down here.

They all turn to Larry. He looks at the timer. Five minutes. They're still staring at him. He takes a deep breath. Feels their gaze. Waiting for him to speak. Finally--

LARRY

Yeah. I'm a huge pussy. I spent the last seven years answering phones and getting coffee cause I was too scared to ask for what I wanted. I never spoke up, I never took charge, not at work or anywhere else either. Like with sex? Jackie's always on top.

DANGEROUS

That's my kind of confession! One time I had sex with a girl who had a penis for a vagina.

NANDO

Yes. That was a man.

DANGEROUS

A wuh?

They stare at Dangerous. He holds his chin up.

DANGEROUS (CONT'D)

Larry, you should continue with your confession.

LARRY

I've had some good ideas, but I couldn't get Skip to see it. I didn't try hard enough.

Fletcher speaks up from his dark corner.

FLETCHER  
That's cause you're a failure.  
We're all failures. And we're going  
to die as failures.

Four minutes to go.

LARRY  
Are we?

Larry starts pacing. He fidgets, planning something. Working  
it out. His eyes light up--

LARRY (CONT'D)  
Nando-- I need your shoelace.

FLETCHER  
Enough with the shoelaces. It will  
never work, Larry! NEVER!

NANDO  
I will not take off my only cleat.

LARRY  
Keep the shoe-- I just need the  
lace.

FLETCHER  
What are you even doing here--  
Didn't I fire you?

NANDO  
*Mi madre los hizo de--*

LARRY  
Give me the lace!

Larry's so intense-- so on fire-- that Nando slowly nods.

Nando unties the ultra-long soccer lace with the gentle hands  
of a lover and passes it to Larry.

He loops it around and makes A SHOELACE LASSO.

He lobs the loop through the bars. In the hallway, his lasso  
catches the end of Sploder's BOMB. Verrrrrry carefully, Larry  
uses the shoelace lasso to drag the bomb towards their cell.

JONATHAN CLARK WENDELL  
Don't bring it CLOSER!

Larry reaches through the bars and picks it up. He offers it  
to Dangerous. Dange snorts-- yeah, right.

LARRY

You told me you wired all the  
pyrotechnics on the '68 tour.

DANGEROUS

Summer of Danger. What of it?

The timer ticks down past the TWO MINUTE mark. Dangerous  
realizes what Larry's suggesting...

DANGEROUS (CONT'D)

I haven't thought about this stuff  
in years. I wouldn't know where to  
begin.

LARRY

Try. Go back to that summer. You're  
up on stage. It's hot. You're  
rockin out. Groupies draped over  
your amps. Um, delicious birdhead  
in your mouth?

Dange closes his eyes.

LARRY (CONT'D)

Chew that birdhead, Dange, chew it.

DANGEROUS

I didn't start eating birds till  
'72! I thought you was a fan! '68  
was a pure time for me!

JONATHAN CLARK WENDELL

A minute thirty!

LARRY

FOCUS, Dange!

Dange's eyes shut. Face contorts. He pounds on his skull.

JONATHAN CLARK WENDELL

The man's never worked his brain so  
hard in his life.

DANGEROUS

You're making it worse!

LARRY

Focus! Get back to that summer!

Dange jumps up and down.

FLETCHER

We're already dead.

Maybe not. Jonathan Clark Wendell digs deep within himself...

JONATHAN CLARK WENDELL  
(soft singing)  
*I warned you 'bout playing with  
fire. I warned you 'bout high-  
tension wires.*

Dange starts nodding, getting into it. He mouths the lyrics.

One minute left.

JONATHAN CLARK WENDELL (CONT'D)  
(singing more beautifully)  
*I warned you 'bout running with  
scissors. I warned you bout  
breaking your mirrors!*

LARRY AND NANDO  
*Seven years bad luck!*

JCW keeps singing. Thirty seconds left. Really in the zone now, Dange examines the bomb with a trained eye. He opens the lid and starts tinkering.

LARRY  
Don't disarm it completely. Can you  
make the explosion really small?

DANGEROUS  
(getting it)  
Like small enough to blow up the  
door?

JONATHAN CLARK WENDELL  
*You're so so so so Dangerous!*

CLICK-- Dangerous removes two of the C4 blastcaps. He sticks the remaining blastcap right against the cell door.

DANGEROUS  
(realizing, to JCW)  
You know me music!

JCW stops singing. He smiles shyly.

JONATHAN CLARK WENDELL  
I came to six shows that tour.

Dange grins-- all is forgiven.

3, 2, 1... BLAM!!!

They hear SHOUTING from upstairs. Triumphant, Larry tries to rouse Fletcher. Gets close to him, whispers.

LARRY

Skip, Come on. We need you.

Fletcher pushes him away.

FLETCHER

You shouldda let that bomb kill me.

He weeps quietly to himself. Curls into a ball and softly rocks back and forth. The other knights stare. Larry knows it's over.

He rises, leaving Skip Fletcher behind.

JONATHAN CLARK WENDELL

God save the Queen.

LARRY

No.

(closes his helmet visor)

WE save the Queen.

#### **INT. CASTLE - CHAPEL - LATER**

Sploder waits with his men. They watch the news-- the O'Malley brothers arriving at London City Airport.

McMillin runs in, panicked--

MCMILLIN

They've escaped! The knights have escaped!

#### **INT. CASTLE - KEEP - MOMENTS LATER**

Larry and the knights charge out from the dungeon and head towards the staircase.

#### **EXT. CASTLE - PARAPET - MOMENTS LATER**

McDonald peers through his binoculars.

He scans the army encampment outside the perimeter walls. He spots the officers and their laptop. He adjusts focus on the computer screen--

It's a satellite view of him (McDonald) looking through binoculars. Four knights are standing around him. One rears back to punch him in the face.

McDonald spins around still holding the binoculars. WHAM!  
Larry's magnified fist punches him in the face.

**EXT. CASTLE - PARAPET - MOMENTS LATER**

McMillin charges at Larry. They struggle. With the knights' help, Larry THROWS HIM OVER THE SIDE.

McMillin SPLASHES, seemingly safe in the moat below. But then he SCREAMS and THRASHES in the water as--

--Piranhas bite him all over. He's skeletonized within seconds. Larry looks down at the mess.

LARRY  
I knew it.

JCW smiles proudly.

JONATHAN CLARK WENDELL  
Behold the power of fish.

**EXT. PARAPET - MOMENTS LATER**

McSorley retreats towards the Queen's tower, shooting as he goes. The bullets ricochet off their armor.

Dangerous adopts a power stance and POINTS at him.

SKREEEEEE!!! Dange's falcon DIVE BOMBS and attacks McSorley. It claws the gun out of his hand. McSorley retreats inside.

The falcon lands safely on Dangerous's arm. He pets it tenderly, good job. Then bites its head off.

**EXT. PARAPET - MOMENTS LATER**

MCNICHOLS-- the hugest Irishman we've ever seen-- beckons Nando into hand to hand combat. They trade blows. Nando overpowers him, until--

McNichols SWEEPS HIS BAD LEG. Nando's prosthetic foot soars off into the moat.

Nando crumples to the ground. McNichols moves in for the kill. He wraps his hands around Nando's neck.

NANDO  
Jonathan Clark Wendell, Help!

Jonathan Clark Wendell looks up, shocked. What are those words coming from Nando's mouth?

JONATHAN CLARK WENDELL  
Did I hear right?

NANDO  
(struggling to breathe)  
Yes. Please. I need help!

Jonathan Clark Wendell pulls back his bow. TWIP! An arrow pierces McNichols side.

MCNICHOLS  
Is that all you got?

He rolls over, dead.

NANDO  
(catching his breath)  
Thank you.

**EXT. CASTLE - PARAPET - MOMENTS LATER**

Jonathan Clark Wendell fires off arrows. REVEAL: Nando tied to his back.

NANDO  
Behind us, behind us!

JCW whirls and shoots an arrow at another terrorist. He leaps away for cover.

Nando, unable to participate, continues to call out directions. Leading the team.

NANDO (CONT'D)  
Down below!  
(calling off)  
Larry-- watch your back!

They get into a rhythm-- Nando pointing, Jonathan Clark Wendell firing. JCW gets into the groove and begins humming an upbeat tune to himself.

NANDO (CONT'D)  
Are you writing a song?

JONATHAN CLARK WENDELL  
(suddenly stopping)  
It's nothing!

**EXT. PARAPET - MOMENTS LATER**

KRACK KRACK KRACK! McManiman unloads his pistol. Larry and the knights charge along the parapet, seemingly invincible in their armor.

McManiman loads his rocket launcher. Right before he can fire, Dange swings his axe and LOPS OFF HIS HEAD.

FWOOSH-- He's drenched in gallons of blood. Like he's playing in a Brooklyn fire hydrant.

DANGEROUS  
Bloody hell.

Blood continues to blast him. Dange is shocked.

DANGEROUS (CONT'D)  
That is significantly more blood  
than I was expecting.

Larry can't believe what he's seeing.

LARRY  
I thought you were a pacifist!

DANGEROUS  
A wuh?

**INT. CASTLE - SPIRAL STAIRCASE - LATER**

Larry and Dange bound up the staircase. Behind them, Jonathan Clark Wendell struggles to keep up with Nando on his back.

NANDO  
There's that song again-- and you  
are mumbling words! Sing it for me!

JONATHAN CLARK WENDELL  
It's not ready yet.

Larry and Dange get to the top of the stairs and face the gigantic door. They exchange a look, then Larry rears back and KICKS the door open.

**INT. CASTLE - TOWER - SAME**

Larry busts into the room with Dange behind. It's empty.

Out the window, they see--

--Four terrorists approaching the front gate. They're carting something in a wheelbarrow.

Larry steadies himself.

LARRY  
We're too late...

In the wheelbarrow lies the Queen's lifeless body.



Jonathan Clark Wendell catches up with Nando. He takes one look outside and breaks down.

JONATHAN CLARK WENDELL  
Oh villainy! Oh treachery! Heaven  
make me free of this pain in my  
heart!

Strapped to his back, Nando is forced to stare out the rear window. He squints-- something out back catches his eye.

DANGEROUS  
When I wrote the song, *God Fuck the  
Queen's Dead Skull*, I never thought  
I'd live to see it happen.

LARRY  
(horrificed with grief)  
No one's having sex with her dead  
skull.

DANGEROUS  
God is.

NANDO  
(looking out the back)  
Excuse me...

The others watch the terrorists surrendering the Queen's body at the front gate. Jonathan Clark Wendell blinks away tears.

JONATHAN CLARK WENDELL  
She was so young.

NANDO  
For the love of Pele! That's not  
the Queen!

In the back of the castle grounds, they see Sploder forcing the Queen and Daniel into a car.

KABOOM! An entire section of the back perimeter wall EXPLODES. Sploder drives through the smoking hole and off the castle grounds.

Larry turns. At the front gate, Colonel Westlake is yelling about something. He holds a wig in his hands. "The Queen" is now standing-- it was McFarland-- and he's tackled to the ground.

#### **INT. SPLODER'S GETAWAY CAR - SAME**

The Queen weeps in the back. Up front, Daniel stares out the window. Sploder floors it.

SPLODER

Stick with me, Danny. Me men did  
what they had to do so we could  
escape. We're almost to the  
airport. And once we're out of here  
safe and sound with yer brothers?  
We'll give England the ol' Belfast  
Blitzkrieg.

Daniel nods vacantly.

**INT. CASTLE - GREAT HALL - LATER**

Larry CHOPS the lock off. He kicks open the doors. Rex and the prisoners stare at this fully-armored knight.

REX

...Larry?

LARRY

Get these people out of here.

**INT. CASTLE - COURTYARD - MOMENTS LATER**

As Rex leads the prisoners towards the gate, Larry and the knights come charging into the sunlight. And there, in the courtyard, almost too good to be true--

They find three pristine motorcycles.

DANGEROUS

Think we can catch him?

Jonathan Clark Wendell loads Nando into a sidecar. Larry looks at his fellow Knights. All together. All ready for the final battle.

LARRY

Let's ride!

He twists the ignition. Nothing.

LARRY (CONT'D)

Dammit!

There's sand in all the gas tanks. Dangerous tastes the sand.

DANGEROUS

(thoughtfully)

It's... sand.

JCW starts humming a mournful lullaby.

DANGEROUS (CONT'D)  
What's the terrible sound?

He hums louder.

DANGEROUS (CONT'D)  
You constipated?

NANDO  
Shhhh... it's happening.

JONATHAN CLARK WENDELL  
(singing)  
*All is lost and there's nothing  
left. Dark clouds forming overhead.  
We failed the Queen.  
Who could have forseen?  
it's our fault she'll soon be dead.*

He looks up to the heavens, holding the final mournful note  
as--

Larry looks back over his shoulder at something we don't see.  
His eyes widen and he smiles. The knights follow his gaze.

Jonathan Clark Wendell changes his tune. His song slowly  
builds, the preamble to an epic theme song.

JONATHAN CLARK WENDELL (CONT'D)  
(singing)  
*Dun da da dun da da dun...*

#### **EXT. HIGHWAY - LATER**

Cars make slow but steady progress through thick traffic. We  
hear Jonathan Clark Wendell's SONG building and building.

#### **INT. SPLODER'S CAR - SAME**

Sploder changes lanes, weaving through traffic. Getting away.  
He lays on the HORN. Sploder glances in the rearview mirror.  
Does a double take.

SPLODER  
Sweet Jayzus an' Mary dancing naked  
on the blarney stone.

#### **EXT. HIGHWAY - SAME**

We hear Jonathan Clark Wendell's "dun dun dun" build-up  
nearing a climax. Coming up fast behind Sploder's getaway  
car, weaving among the cars, we find--

FOUR ARMORED KNIGHTS RIDING FOUR BEAUTIFUL HORSES.

They gallop as fast as they can. Other drivers stare, awestruck. Cars and trucks ahead of them pull over like a parting sea.

Dangerous cradles a LANCE. He swings it wildly and SMASH-- it rips off the side-view mirror of a truck.

As they ride, Jonathan Clark Wendell's song explodes into the soundtrack. We hear a full orchestra backing him up. The KNIGHTS THEME song--

JONATHAN CLARK WENDELL  
(singing)  
*Knights!*  
*We got weapons and armor!*  
*Knights!*  
*We stand for honor!*

Jonathan Clark Wendell leans into the wind, riding hard and belting it with all his might.

JONATHAN CLARK WENDELL (CONT'D)  
(singing)  
*Knights!*  
*We fight for the people!*  
*Knights!*  
*We work on the Sabbath!*

Without cars in their way, All four of them ride side by side. The others join in the song.

JONATHAN CLARK WENDELL (CONT'D)  
(singing)  
*Knights!*  
*We hate Irish people!*  
*Knights!*  
*Seriously they're the worst!*

AHEAD OF THEM, in the getaway car-- Sploder hands Daniel a PISTOL.

SPLODER  
Take care of 'em, Danny boy.

Daniel considers the gun in his hands. He leans out the side window. Aims for the knights.

JONATHAN CLARK WENDELL  
(singing)  
*Knights!*  
*We could have stopped 9/11!*  
*Knights!*  
*We can breathe underwater!*

Daniel glances in the backseat and sees the Queen wheezing. Her eyes plead with him.

He lowers his aim to the back tire and SHOOTs. WHAP-BOOM! Sploder skids left and right, and the car eventually stops.

JONATHAN CLARK WENDELL (CONT'D)  
(singing)  
*Knights! Knights! Knights!*

We zoom in close on his face.

JONATHAN CLARK WENDELL (CONT'D)  
(singing)  
*And no one can stop us.*

**EXT. HIGHWAY - OVERPASS - MOMENTS LATER**

The knights catch up.

They leap from their horses and surround the car. Daniel and Sploder throw up their hands in surrender. Through the back window, the Queen manages a faint smile for Larry.

But then Sploder throws open the door and charges at him.

Larry swings his sword. A miss. Dange swings his axe-- hits Larry's armor by accident-- CLANG!

DANGEROUS  
Sorry, mate.

Sploder gets a good punch in and manages to pry off Larry's helmet. He reveals his pistol and aims at Larry's head.

SPLODER  
First I'm gonna shoot ya! Then I'm  
gonna shoot yer friends! How ya  
like that!?

LARRY  
I thought you hate guns?

SPLODER  
Each bullet is a mini-splosion!

He presses the barrel against Larry's forehead. As Sploder's finger tightens on the trigger...

Dangerous removes his helmet.

DANGEROUS  
Are you crackers, man? I have three  
number-one albums.  
(MORE)

DANGEROUS (CONT'D)  
*Playing Wif Fire* went 14 times  
 platinum! And you want to shoot HIM  
 first?

Sploder aims back and forth between them, confused.

Larry can't believe it. Sploder sweats, gets ready to shoot Dange instead. Jonathan Clark Wendell takes off his helmet.

JONATHAN CLARK WENDELL  
 Perhaps we should measure his  
 music's artistic merit before  
 shooting him first? Have you ever  
 seen *Fishes*?

SPLODER  
 Shut up!

Nando removes his helmet.

NANDO  
 I have scored more goals than any  
 player in the history of football.  
 Although you should shoot Jonathan  
 Clark Wendell second.

JONATHAN CLARK WENDELL  
 Thanks, mate.

Larry is amazed. From the car, Daniel watches in wonderment. Dangerous steps up to Sploder. He guides his gun to his forehead.

DANGEROUS  
 Don't listen to 'em. I'm a living  
 legend. Blow me brains out-- you'll  
 go down in history! You think  
 anyone will care if you shoot these  
 idiots? They're two-bit hacks. I'M  
 FUCKING DANGEROUS!

With that, he HEADBUTTS Sploder and knocks the gun from his hand. Nando tries to kick it away but has no foot. JCW kicks it for him.

DANGEROUS (CONT'D)  
 Watch out!

Sploder grabs a CROWBAR from under the car seat. He swings for Larry's head-- CLANG! Larry blocks with his sword. They duel, sword against crowbar. Thrust, dodge, parry.

Sploder backs him to the edge of the overpass. Larry teeters along the barrier, about to fall backwards.

Sploder knocks him again-- he falls back and down on his ass. Head and shoulders hanging over the side. 100 foot drop below him.

The other knights surround them. Sploder plants his foot on Larry's neck.

SPLODER  
Another step and I break his neck!

They freeze.

Larry's fading fast. All he can see are the details of Sploder's sneaker. Velcro.

LARRY  
Velcrooooooooooooo!

A new wave of determination hits him. He pushes with every ounce of repressed anger. Sploder stumbles back and Larry's on him in a FLASH.

CLANG-- He KNOCKS the crowbar away. Larry holds his sword to Sploder's neck. We hear SIRENS in the distance.

LARRY (CONT'D)  
It's over. We've got you.

SPLODER  
Do ya now?

Sploder explodes. His guts SPLATTER all over the knights.

JONATHAN CLARK WENDELL  
He wired himself to explode. Not surprising actually.

Dange wipes his finger on his bloody face. Tastes it.

DANGEROUS  
(proud)  
I bet Mick Jagger's never tasted a sploded person before. It's like gazpacho.

From the back of the car, the Queen catches Larry's eye. She nods a subtle thank you. In the front seat, Daniel gives a similar nod.

Larry swaggers over to the black crater. He picks up what looks like a garage door opener-- Sploder's detonator. It's charred black, partially melted, and completely busted.

LARRY

I guess he won't be needing this  
anymore.

He presses the button. KA-BOOM! The ground SHAKES. On the horizon-- An explosion and a billowing cloud.

Larry blinks.

NANDO

You blew up the castle.

He drops the detonator.

DANGEROUS

I'm sure they have bomb insurance.

WE DISSOLVE TO:

**INT. BELMARSH JAIL CELL - NIGHT**

A small Charlie Brown Christmas tree in the corner. Eight stockings tacked to the wall. Daniel and his brothers eat Christmas treats.

DANIEL

Oh Dougal, Dougal, Dougal... just  
bein' with me brothers is all I  
ever wanted.

DOUGAL

Really? All I ever wanted was to be  
a free man.

Daniel swallows. He hands out presents.

DANIEL

I bought these a few months ago...

CONNOR

(deadpan)  
Oooh, a bathin' suit.

The ROAR of a crowd overtakes us and we CUT TO:

**EXT. EL MONUMENTAL STADIUM, ARGENTINA - DAY**

The Argentinian national team has the ball. They pass back and forth gracefully like choreographed ballet.

The FORWARD has a shot but at the last second passes to an open MID-FIELDER who heads the ball in for a GOOOOAAALLLL!



The entire team celebrates. They hop on one foot and point to their coach on the sideline--

--Nando. He hops on one foot and points back at them.

**INT. WINTERGARDEN THEATER - BROADWAY**

On stage, an all-male chorus line of Leprechauns does an Irish jig. They use machine guns as canes.

IRISH DANCERS

(singing)

*Let me brothers run free.*

*Let em play with me.*

*Put their fingers in the sand.*

*Let them smell the sea.*

Jazz hands! Then BAM-- lights out.

DANGEROUS

(with much bravado)

*You goddamn green-wearing goat-fuckers!*

The audience is shocked. A SPOTLIGHT pops on center stage. Dangerous is there. He busts out his power stance. His crotch explodes, BOOM-- and he showers the leprechauns with pyrotechnic sparks. They dance in faux agony.

DANGEROUS (CONT'D)

(singing)

*I need some help with me sparks!*

*I need some Jonathan Clarks!*

A six-foot-five beautiful masculine man steps out.

JONATHAN CLARK WENDELL ACTOR

(singing)

*I've got your back.*

*Now let's attack!*

He fights the Irish leader, WEST SIDE STORY style. The crowd laughs and applauds. In the orchestra pit, the real Jonathan Clark Wendell conducts. He's loving every minute of it.

**EXT. BUCKINGHAM PALACE - NIGHT**

The hornpipe fanfare from Handel's WATER MUSIC. Again.

**INT. BUCKINGHAM PALACE - ANTE CHAMBER - NIGHT**

In a waiting room, Fletcher primps in the mirror. Adjusts the bow tie of his tux. A hand slaps him on the back.

LARRY

You look great, Skip. Like your old self again.

FLETCHER

What are you talking about-- I've never looked bad in my entire life.

Larry gives him a pointed look. Fletcher looks away.

FLETCHER (CONT'D)

I've been thinking. Perhaps I fired you as my assistant so that I could rehire you as...

(proudly)

...the head of *Fletcher Laces*.

LARRY

I appreciate that.

FLETCHER

Good man.

LARRY

But. I'm giving it a shot by myself. I'm my own boss now-- no more taking orders. And I found three investors who believe in *Urban Laces*.

Fletcher nods, getting it.

FLETCHER

You remind me of a young version of myself. Little tip? Change the name to *Larry Laces* and you're gold.

Rex peeks his head in.

REX

It's magic time.

**INT. BUCKINGHAM PALACE - GREAT HALL - MOMENTS LATER**

Everyone turns to the door to see the guest of honor. But it's not Fletcher.

Out steps Larry. His guests applaud him. With freshly shaved faces, General Howson and Colonel Westlake salute. Sir Skip Fletcher takes a seat with some real-life knights.

Sir Elton John whispers--

SIR ELTON JOHN  
I heard Dangerous ate Tommy the  
Sploder.

Sir Mick Jagger is amazed. Possibly Jealous.

Up front, Larry approaches the Queen's throne. He passes Jackie.

JACKIE  
My hero.

He winks. Next, he passes Sir Nando, Sir Jonathan Clark Wendell, and Sir Dangerous. All beaming with pride. A CAMERAMAN stands behind Dangerous-- his reality show.

DANGEROUS  
We're proud of you, Larry.

The cameraman turns the camera on Larry.

DANGEROUS (CONT'D)  
No, no. Keep it on me.

**INT. BUCKINGHAM PALACE - MOMENTS LATER**

Larry reaches the throne. He kneels before the Queen.

LARRY  
I'm sorry I blew up your castle.

THE QUEEN  
We have a lot of them. May I ask you a question? Wherever did you learn to fight like that?

LARRY  
(thoughtfully)  
Dame Judi Dench.

THE QUEEN  
I should have known.

She touches her sword to his shoulder.

THE QUEEN (CONT'D)  
Arise, Sir Larry Kornbluth.

Larry stands, a true knight. Cheers and applause.

Jonathan Clark Wendell's KNIGHTS THEME rises and we FADE OUT.

THE END