

Knights of Badassdom

Screenplay by

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Production Draft

1

EXT. REMOTE FOREST - NIGHT

1

WIDE, angle up on the MOON looming over a dark forest. The moon is unnaturally heavy, tinted a creepy, sickly GREEN.

Hear HEAVY BREATHING as our POV whips down into the trees, also tinted GREEN. We are looking through NIGHT VISION goggles, and they go on the move, running through the woods.

NORMAL VISION

Follow a FIGURE running through the moonlit woods, frantic, sweaty, panting. A classic horror flick intro.

The man, JAKE, cranes his neck to see who's following, turns around just in time to miss smashing into a branch.

He scrambles behind a tree. He is a soldier in his late 20s, in camo, night vision goggles, carrying a big fucking gun.

NIGHT VISION POV

Jake sweeps the area. Nothing. But he *hears* something.

BACK TO SCENE

Jake cocks his head, straining to listen. It's the sound of CHANTING of some sort, low, droning. He follows it to...

2

EXT. CLEARING - CONTINUOUS

2

Jake peeks through some bushes, sees a BONFIRE, which blows out his night-vision. He wrenches the goggles off and sees:

Robed, hooded FIGURES, still others in medieval armor, surround the fire. They chant and sway. One FIGURE lies prone on the ground, a WIZARD (ERIC) holds up a knife.

JAKE

What the fuck...

The ornate dagger is raised, then thrust forcefully downward. When Jake sees it again it is dripping with BLOOD.

JAKE

Holy...

He scrambles back into the woods, but doesn't make it far before ANOTHER SOLDIER appears with an even bigger GUN. Jake's face falls.

JAKE

No, wait--

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The other Soldier squeezes off silent rounds, blood runs down Jake's chest. He flops to the ground, taking shallow breaths.

The shooter, RANDY, lifts his own night vision goggles. Coldly pokes at the body with his foot.

RANDY

Get up. Don't be a bitch.

Jake gets his wind back, looks up, puts a finger to his lip. Hear the faint CHANTING again.

RANDY

What *is* that?

Randy COCKS his paintball gun and moves toward the sound, RAISES his gun as he approaches the crest of the hill.

ANGLE ON robed figures, chanting loudly, surround the victim. A Wizard sings his spell in the fashion of a cantor.

ERIC

*Bequeath protection upon thine
followers/who walketh in the glory
of Vincebus Eruptum*

Eric the Wizard plunges the dagger repeatedly into the body. Blood splatters. The chanting stops, the fire dies down, blood drips slowly.

Then...the bored voice of RONNIE KWOK speaks.

RONNIE KWOK (O.C.)

And ... the sacrifice fails to
appease the gods of Vincebus.

ERIC

7 blood packs not enough, Ronnie?

Suddenly, the Dead Guy, REGINALD, SITS UP, indignant.

REGINALD

Yeah, this shit is never coming
out of my tunic, by the way.

The Wizard's hood falls back -- Eric (30s) is a smart-looking wiseass. Ronnie Kwok is a stringy-haired guy wearing black shirt and pants, a white headband IDs him as Gamemaster.

*
*

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

RONNIE KWOK

Look, what can I tell you? The
appeasement fails. Maybe if you
made a *meaningful* sacrifice...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

REGINALD

Guys, how will we taste triumph at
Evermore with this weak bullshit?

ERIC

Fear not, Sir Reginald, for I have
just the magick needed. Excuse me
while I whippeth this out..

Eric starts to pull a book from the folds of his robes, but
before it's removed, he SUDDENLY grunts and doubles over.

He stand to reveal a spreading point of BLOOD on his robes.

ERIC

Zounds...

Another blood spot appears on him - he winces in pain. Then
the others are hit as well. They all look up to see Jake...

JAKE

Eat paint, Hobbit-fuckers!

He and Randy moving in, GUNS FIRING. The nerds scatter under
the barrage, screaming like girls. Sir Reginald jumps to his
feet and unsheathes his sword.

REGINALD

No, I shall stay and fight! Here, I
make my stand--

A couple other nerdlingtons hesitate, like they are about to
join him before they puss out and disappear into the woods.
Reginald is PUMMELED, which hurts more than anticipated.

REGINALD

Aggggggggggggh, fuck this!

He stumbles, wipes his eyes, then runs zig-zag, loses his
pursuers, twists his ankle. Ahead of him, ERIC looks back.

ERIC

No knight left behind!

He helps Reginald up. Tries to lift him in a fireman's carry,
but they tumble. A portly knight, HUNG, takes an arm.

They manage to lug Reginald to safety, and into an old VAN as
paint pellets RAIN on them. The van SQUEALS OFF.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

BACK TO RANDY

Who squeezes off rounds until his gun clicks empty. Jake catches up with him, holding an ancient-looking BOOK.

JAKE
Hey, check this shit out - Harry
Pooper dropped his book!

Randy takes the BOOK from him, struggles to rip it along the binding but the pages FAN OUT and the book FLIES up, latching onto him like a Face-Hugger from ALIEN.

RANDY
GET IT OFF! GET IT OFF ME!

Randy stumbles around in a frenzy, like a headless chicken.

Tentatively at first, Jake struggles to grab hold of the book and eventually manages to pry it from Randy's face and hurl it away. He turns to see:

Randy's face is covered with a complex, Baroque pattern of paper cuts, which aren't visible for a beat until blood wells up from them *revealing them to be letters of a strange mystickal alphabet.*

The blood then runs down his face as he HOWLS in pain.

CUT TO:

3

INT. ERIC'S VAN - SAME

3

Eric drives Hung and Reginald, the three weekend warriors silent as the adrenaline slowly fades from their systems. A pair of fuzzy 20-sided dice hang from the rearview mirror.

*
*

Eric has a sudden realization, pats himself down while driving, bolts around. The van swerves.

ERIC
Shit! We gotta go back for the
book!
(off Hung's clueless look)
I brought that kick-ass old book I
was gonna use for my spells. Fuck!
I must have dropped it...

Hung rustles around in the back of the van.

HUNG
Wait a sec, idiot..is *this* it?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Hung holds up the SAME BOOK that just attacked the paintballers.

ERIC

Thank God. Ronnie Kwok's gonna shit when he sees that.

Eric returns his attention to the road. Hung leans his frame out the side window and shakes a fist.

HUNG

We'll be back, you redneck cocksuckers! This I vow!

CLOSE ON THE BOOK

The pages FLIP through, settling on a page where we see the movie title written in elaborate calligraphy:

KNIGHTS OF BADASSDOM

ZOOM IN tight on the letters, revealing the CREDITS hidden in the grain of the ink. As the camera moves around, we also see Medieval-style DRAWINGS hidden in the ink. Little hand-drawn STILL LIVES of modern guys and their lives of drudgery:

- Eric in a COMIC BOOK SHOP, digging through a longbox.
- Hung assembling a burrito at a BAJA FRESH-type joint.
- Ronnie in a cubicle farm office, wrestling with the wires of a computer system he's installing like a giant serpent.
- some other average GUY on a rolling bench underneath a car at a SERVICE CENTER

MATCH FADE TO:

That guy in real life, JOE (mid-20s), honky, not exactly buff but fit, emerges from under a car on a hydraulic hoist in an

4

INT. AUTOMOTIVE SERVICE GARAGE - AFTERNOON

4

JOE wipes his hands on a rag. GILBERTO (mid-20s) stands up from peering under another car's hood and stretches.

GILBERTO

Shit, man, I thought your recording thing was a done deal. The world's going downhill, a Doomstalker album could turn it all around!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JOE

The world's gonna have to wait a
little longer.

(beat)

We're kind of on a hiatus.

(beat)

Shifting gears, maybe...I'm taking
some time to make demos.

Joe takes a CD-R out of the pocket of his coveralls.

GILBERTO

You have it with you?

JOE

I'ma be ready when opportunity
knocks, Holmes.

Joe puts the disc into the car's stereo.

JOE

Changing drummers was good, I
think. We built kind of a new, more
sensitive sound for us.

Crushing HOMEMADE HEAVY METAL blasts from the speakers: doom-
laden guitar riffs, double-kickdrum machine blasts, mad bass.

And then Joe starts singing along. He is freaking awesome.

JOE

*Behold the echoes of the
vanquished!/The Chosen Soldier
marching on/soul devoured, dreams
empowered!*

5 INT. BATHROOM - SAME

5

A woman in her mid-20s, dressed sharp and professional, is
fixing her smeared lipstick and smoothing down her mussed
hair. This is BETH, hottest girl in the surrounding area.

JOE (O.C.)

To return before the daaaaaaawn!

She hears the music and just shakes her head sadly, SIGHS.

6 INT. GARAGE - SAME

6

The GARAGE SUPERVISOR flings the door open just as the song
ends. Gilberto and Joe both give him innocent looks.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GILBERTO/JOE

What?

The Supervisor shakes his head and leaves, slamming the door.

GILBERTO

Damn, brother, that shit's tight.

JOE

It's called "Your Heart Sucks My Soul" - sort of a love song, you know. I've been working on it as a surprise for Beth.

GILBERTO

Yeah?

JOE

Yeah, well, we've hit a little hiatus too, right? Her promotion and everything. Between you and me, it's been a little chilly lately. I think she's trying to test me.

GILBERTO

You think she wants a diamond ring to go with that new wardrobe?

Joe throws up his hands in a "I didn't say it" gesture.

JOE

Dunno. Listen, if this song doesn't say love and commitment I don't know what does.

Joe heads out to the...

7

INT. RESTROOM HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

7

He's about to enter the Men's Room, when Beth exits, bumping right into him.

JOE

Hey, Beth! Ladies' outta service?

She's startled to see him. He goes for a kiss, it's awkward.

BETH

(startled)

Joe! What's up?

(fidgety, nervous)

Can we, uh, go outside for a sec?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JOE

Gotta take a mighty whizz, first.

She is antsy, uncomfortable, not letting him past.

BETH

We need to have a talk.

JOE

I'm way ahead of you, baby. You and me, dinner tonight -- somewhere with a tablecloth. Got a little special something to give you.

He kisses her, she tries to fend him off a bit, then gets into it, leads him a bit away from the door to the hall.

BETH

Something special, huh?

JOE

I already said too much-

She pulls away.

BETH

Wait. Tell me it's not...is it what I think it is?

JOE

No, yes. Wait. What do you think it is?

BETH

Time out here, Joe. Don't do anything...big...okay? Involving jewelry? I need to concentrate on my career. It's not the right time for that sort of commitment.

Joe looks not-so-secretly relieved.

JOE

No, I get it, it's cool, it's cool. Why mess with a good thing?

BETH

No one's ever been promoted here from reception to sales. It's all happening for me.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

JOE
(getting kinda annoyed)
You're a sales assistant--

BETH
Sales *associate*.

Again, she tries to move him away, but just then, the door to the Men's Room opens. A cheesy, moustachioed SALES MANAGER exits, tucking in his shirt. Surprised to see Joe & Beth, he can't help but smirk. Joe does the math and does a slow burn.

As soon as Beth turns back to Joe, Moustache Guy makes a show of smelling his fingers like a perv.

JOE
You bastard...

Joe steps to him and throws a hard right, COLD-COCKING him. He shakes his hand in pain, immediately regretting the punch.

JOE
Holy mother of Malmsteen!
(to Beth)
Now you fucked up my hand, too.

He storms off. Beth goes after him as they head back into

8

INT. GARAGE - CONTINUOUS

8

Gilberto watches them go at it.

BETH
Joe, wait! But, look at yourself.
You have a college degree! In
communications! From fucking
Syracuse. You could be doing
anything you wanted.

JOE
I *am* doing what I want.

BETH
You live in a fake castle, leeching
off your accidental millionaire
loser friend and playing black
metal in your bedroom. You will
never change.

GILBERTO
It's doom metal.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BETH
(to Gilberto)
Who the fuck asked you?

JOE
He's right. It was black, we had
kind of a sludge phase, now it's
more doom.

BETH
I need to consider my future, my
career. It's important that I align
myself with successful people, Joe.
I'm sorry, but that's how it is.

Beth leaves, back to the sales floor. Joe turns and punches a
car, killing his hand as the alarm goes off and blows out
everyone's eardrums.

9

EXT. SUBURBAN CONDO DRIVEWAY - AFTERNOON

9

ERIC loads his van with Hung in the driveway of a gaudy condo
that looks like the Excalibur casino. Hung wears a **"Will boff
for food."** t-shirt.

HUNG
Dude, where's my +3 mace?

ERIC
Am I thy weapon's keeper?

Joe's car squeals into the driveway and pulls alongside the
van. The car runs over something with a THUMP.

Joe kills the engine and we hear a HISSSSSSING sound as the
car slowly gets lower.

Eric and Hung exchange wary looks.

ERIC
Found it.

Hung reaches down under Joe's car and comes back up with a
spiked morning star mace, which is now bent.

HUNG
Dude. You bent my mace.

Joe exits his car, glares at the guys and swallows his anger
before storming into the garage. Hung nudges Eric.

10 INT. CONDO - CONTINUOUS 10

Joe passes by a living room, empty but for three beanbag chairs, a huge plasma, and a rack with modified versions of every kind of game console ever made.

11 INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS 11

Joe grabs a beer from the fridge. It drops from his punching hand, shatters on the floor.

JOE
Shit. Just perfect.

He grabs a nearly-full bottle of whiskey from the cabinet, swigs from it as he walks away.

12 INT. JOE'S ROOM - MOMENTS LATER 12

Heavy metal gig posters paper the walls alongside Doomstalker FLYERS. The whiskey level in the bottle is noticeably lower.

Joe grabs his guitar, tries to play a finger-picked power ballad, but, impaired by liquor and the injured hand, can't.

Hung and Eric look in. Joe doesn't even know they're there.

ERIC
That sounds like a power ballad.

HUNG
The fuck's the matter with you?

ERIC
She dumped you, didn't she?

JOE
Fuck off.

Joe misses another note and hurls his tuner across the room. It knocks a couple of framed album covers off the wall.

HUNG
Not KILL 'EM ALL! It's signed by
Cliff Burton. Good God, man!

Hung says a quick prayer under his breath and gingerly cradles the record as if it were an infant.

ERIC
I knew this day would come.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JOE

Ha! You had a vision of her ripping out my heart? Thanks for the heads up, mighty warlock.

ERIC

I'm a 26th level Wizard, buddy. I know you know that and are just trying to be hurtful.

Joe pulls the guitar cord out of his amp, shuts it down.

JOE

Fuckin' Beth...

HUNG

I'm sorry it happened, man, but you two hadn't been right for a long time. It's only the rejection that hurts, and you'll get over that.

JOE

Yeah, but... Maybe she's right. Maybe I should make some changes, get my own place. I dunno.

Eric and Hung share a flummoxed look. What the fuck...?

ERIC

No need for drama. You'll always have a place here at my castle.

JOE

Lucky for me that Google gave my friend the janitor the same stock options as their *real* employees back in the day.

HUNG

Ouch, loss of seven dignity points.

JOE

Speaking of which, don't you guys have some fake dragons to kill?

HUNG

We can't leave you alone in your condition.

JOE

Just go. I'll be fine.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Joe stands, sways drunkenly & puts his guitar on its stand. Eric follows his gaze to a PHOTO of Joe and Beth on Prom Night. Joe looks like a tuxedoed goof, while Beth is smoking-hot, even with big hair and prom dress.

Joe picks it up & looks at it wistfully - liquor-sentimental.

JOE
I still love her, dude.

ERIC
LOVED her, Joe. Past tense.

He puts an arm around him. Hung joins in. They all stand like that for a moment.

JOE
This is awkward.

HUNG
C'mon, I know what you need.

13 INT. LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

13

Loud doom metal reverberates from the kick-ass sound system. Hung packs a dragon bong from a prescription weed container.

JOE
Uh-uh. You guys know I don't smoke that shit anymore.

ERIC
And the reason you quit just kicked you to the curb, so I say it's *high time* you got back in the saddle.

HUNG
It's a sativa, dude. It'll lift your spirits not knock you out.

Hung turns the container, obscuring the skull and crossbones on the label. Joe furrows his brow, considering.

Hung puts the bong in Joe's hand, strikes the lighter.

Joe hesitates, then takes a bigger-than-intended hit, erupts coughing copious clouds of smoke. Eric hands him the whiskey.

ERIC
Here, drink this.

Joe drains it. The coughing subsides. He stands, sways.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HUNG
D'you get a hit?

BOOM! Joe goes down like a ton of bricks.

ERIC
A mighty blow, Sir Hung. Grab his
feet.

FADE TO BLACK.

FADE IN:

14 INT. UNKNOWN LOCATION - UNKNOWN TIME

14

Joe sits up into frame with a GASP.

JOE
Oh, what the fuck...
(clutches his head)
Sweet Jesus. Guys? Where the
hell...?

He looks around. This isn't his room. It's dark, he is
surrounding by bags and crates, weaponry.

When he moves he hears a clanking from the armor he is
wearing. Yes, armor.

JOE
Wait a...no no no no...

Joe struggles to his feet. Looks for a door, flings it open.

15 EXT. PARKING LOT - SAME

15

Joe shoves open the door to the VAN and almost walks right
into someone who appears to be a Djinn, with dye-blue skin
and pasted-on horn. *

Joe looks past the Djinn to see that it gets ever more
bizarre - people dressed as undead wraiths, Viking warriors,
knights, cavemen, faeries. *

It's a parking lot filled with cars, campers, vans, but it
has been transformed into another world. *

JOE
Oh, fucking hell. *

Joe steps out gingerly in his armor, squinting in the sun. *

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ZOOM ON: two nearby LARPers: roly-poly KING BUZZO, wearing a red crown atop his massive afro, and KING DIAMOND, in a green crown, wheelchair-bound in athletic goggles.

KING BUZZO

Aye, Sir Dragonaut hath been
detained by Minerva, the Sea Hag.

SUPER: "Ed's frickin' wife is making him clean the garage
this weekend. "

*

KING DIAMOND

His bewitchment by the Siren's song
shall be the nail thine army
wantst, King Buzzo the Red.

SUPER: "Ha! She found the pr0n folder on his PC and now your
army's screwed. Dick."

*

JOE

Eric! Hung! You bastards!

He turns to see his friends. Only they aren't Hung and Eric
anymore. They are now:

Eric the Enchanter - sage wizard in flowing robes with
countless pouches and a wicked-looking wooden staff, and

Sir Hungalot - Arthurian knight in full-suited, authentic
chainmail. He looks insane, dangerous and impressive.

JOE

Where the fuck are we?

HUNG

This is the Kingdom Of Eliphaz, my
naive friend.

*

SUPER: THE KINGDOM OF ELIPHAZ. BASE CAMP.

*

JOE

You fucking Shanghai'd me? And,
dressed me?

ERIC

Aye! It just felt right.

HUNG

Adventuring is exactly what thou
needst.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

JOE
"Needst" is not a word.

HUNG
Where we are, it is.

JOE
Enough. Help me get this shit off.

He tries and fails to untie the armor.

ERIC
Now's not the time to lose thy
nerve, brave and scorned warrior.
Thou hast been recruited to fight
in the glorious army of Cathedra,
in service of the Green King, at
the epic Battle of Evermore.

Joe shakes his head in speechless disbelief.

16 EXT. WOODS - SAME

16

CLOSE ON a MAP unfurled over a tree stump. It's a State Park Hiking Trail map, "KINGDOM OF ELIPHAZ" scrawled on it. Areas are labelled with Tolkien-esque names. *

PULL BACK to reveal RONNIE KWOK, gamemaster, peering at the map. IRA and WINSTON, his two Assistant Gamemasters, are gather behind him, along with TRAVIS, EDDIE and some NPCs (Non-Player Characters). Ronnie marks something on the map.

RONNIE KWOK
Ah, here we are.

He marches off and they all enter...

17 EXT. CLEARING (DEAD MEADOWS OF BODOM) - CONTINUOUS

17

Ronnie leads his minions through the tall grass.

RONNIE KWOK
The Dead Meadows of Bodom, grasses
nourished by the blood of heroes.

Some of the NPCs roll their eyes. Ronnie notices but continues walking to...

18 EXT. WATER FOUNTAINS (FENGYRIAN FALLS) - SAME

18

*

Ronnie and his lackeys walking upon by some water fountains.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RONNIE KWOK

Here we have Fengyrian Falls!
Remember, everyone, this script,
and your *role-playing* of the
monsters within it will make this
event come alive!

*

A couple of the NPC's are eating this shit up, while others
have heard it before. He walks off, gesturing to follow.

RONNIE KWOK

Follow me now, keep up! Adventures
lie waiting like sleeping dragons!

19

EXT. PARKING LOT - SAME

19

Joe is rummaging through duffel bags.

JOE

Where the fuck are the keys, douche-
lords?

He accidentally knocks over a duffel bag. It CLANKS, and a
real SWORD spills out. A SCIMITAR, in fact.

JOE

Hey, I thought you guys only used
foam weapons.

Hung grabs the scimitar, whips it around like an expert.

HUNG

"The secret of steel has always
carried with it a mystery, Conan.
For no one - no one in this world
can you trust. Not men, not women,
not beasts.

Hung then pulls a wicked-looking STEEL HUNTING KNIFE from the
bag, hefts it in the other hand. Raises it high.

HUNG

This...*this* you can trust."

ERIC

My elite clientele is willing to
pay a premium for authenticity.

JOE

(shakes his head)
Where. The fuck. Are the keys?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ERIC

Joe, come on. You played D&D. Live action role play is the next level.

JOE

D&D was a long time ago.

ERIC

And you were a legend. They sing songs of the time you gave Ronnie Kwok's Paladin demonic syphilis.

This brings a reluctant smile to Joe's face.

JOE

Remember when we caught him spanking it to the succubus picture in the old Monster Manual?

ERIC

Good times.

HUNG

Some of us are still having them. Eric's about to level up to Grand Sorcerer, I'm packing a half-ounce of killer shrooms and out there be monsters in need of pummelling.

Joe ponders.

ERIC

You've got a choice: join us in tasting the sweet nectar of victory. Or, mope around an empty house all weekend like a bitch-boy.

Joe looks at them, thinks it over. He smirks a bit.

JOE

You guys do actually look *slightly* badass. Like a Manowar cover. Without the muscles.

(beat)

All right, I'm in.

Eric and Hung raise their weapons and rejoice.

ERIC/HUNG

Huzzah--!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

JOE
(interrupting)
Please don't make me rethink this.

CUT TO:

20

EXT. PICNIC AREA (EXALTED TOWNSHIP OF VALINOR)

20

Ronnie and followers enter a picnic area with some tables and a small restroom building.

RONNIE KWOK
This...is the Exalted Township of
Valinor!

He gesticulates, distractedly glancing at GWEN -- a pretty girl in leather armor passing by - hot in a badass sorta way.

RONNIE KWOK (CONT'D)
Each band of heroes will complete a
Class 3 Quest this evening, prior
to gathering at the Plains of
Evermore for battle between the
realms of Kings Buzzo and Diamond.
Lo, there will be a Big Surprise in
store for all!

Next to Gwen walks GUNTHER, a hulking LARPer with a Teutonic bearing and shoulder-length blond hair, wearing chainmail. He's only 17, but looks 35.

RONNIE KWOK
And as Gamemaster, I will be
watching over all of this. Think of
me as...God. Excuse me a moment.

Ronnie Kwok leaves his assembled flunkies hanging while he steps over to intercept Gwen.

RONNIE
Ah, Gwen! Just who I wanted to see.

Gunther stares coldly. Gwen even colder.

RONNIE
I've been watching you these long
battle-swept nights of the
campaign, and you've shown your
mettle. Verily, the time has come
to ascend to the upper realms.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GWEN

Oh god. The game hasn't started already, has it? We don't have to talk in Dorkinese yet, do we?

RONNIE

As you wish, milady. I'd like you to be my Head Assistant Game Master. We'd make a great team. You could be my *right-hand*, Gwen.

He goes to take her hand, but another hand SLAMS down on top of his. A fist in a chainmail glove. It looks painful.

It's Gunther, who wears a cold, steely expression as he presses down the fist. Ronnie drops to his knees.

GWEN

I have an idea of what your right hand spends a lot of time doing, Ronnie.

Gwen finally nods to Gunther, who releases him. Ronnie gets up, dusts himself off, tries to regain his composure.

RONNIE

I'll take that as a no, for now.

He turns to see the NPCs and assistant GM's watching all of this with amusement.

Ronnie point to two dudes, who will come to be known as the DRAGON RIDERS.

RONNIE

You and you are on dragon duty. Take these and make sure we're good to go.

Ronnie throws them a set of keys and they exit excitedly.

RONNIE

(yells after them)
And don't fuck with the stereo!
(to everyone else)
Let us continue on --

21

EXT. SOCCER FIELD (PLAINS OF EVERMORE) - LATER

21

Ronnie and company arrive onto the soccer field.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RONNIE (CONT'D)
-- to the Fields of Evermore!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

TRAVIS

Um, Ronnie, where are our costumes?

RONNIE KWOK

Ah, but there is no end to the
tricks up my sleeve.

He gestures for Winston to bring over a hockey bag. He pulls out a bloody, genuinely creepy GIANT INSECT MASK. Travis squints at the mask, grabs it.

TRAVIS

Great. I'm a trained *actor*, man.
Not some fucking stunt-bug.
(shakes head as he leaves)
All-weekend improv workshop my ass.

He passes Eric, robes flowing, as he arrives to see Ronnie.

RONNIE

Greetings, Enchanter. I've some
surprises in store for you --
creatures with a taste for flesh of
the lowest order -- parasites,
charlatans, war profiteers of
forbidden weaponry.

ERIC

Verily I say let it go, dude. The
marketplace is a battlefield and to
the victor goeth the spoils. I
bring news of a legendary warrior,
long absent from this realm, who
has returneth to replace the
estimable Sir Reginald.

RONNIE

The new warrior is, of course,
welcome.

ERIC

Wonderful! Jobriath of Revitte
shall fight once more by my side.

RONNIE

Joe Revitte? Here? No frakking way.

ERIC

Ronald, Ronald. Don't be so petty.
Surely you're not still sore about
your syphilitic Paladin?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

That gets a glare from Ronnie, curious looks from the others.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

ERIC

Perhaps the pages of your Monster
Manual remain stucketh together?

He nervously glances at his crew. Stews quietly.

RONNIE

Okay. For old time's sake, he's in.
But you'll have to accomplish a
Level 6 Summoning Spell to animate
Joe's character with Reginald's
lifeforce.

ERIC

Consider it done, my liege.

22

EXT. BASE CAMP (KINGDOM OF LOTHARIAN) - LATER

22

Hung empties the baggie of shrooms into his mouth before
doing some serious warm-up stretches.

HUNG

...it works a lot like you remember
but instead of sitting around a
table, we do it all for real.

JOE

But fake.

Hung lies down and does some extreme leg stretches.

HUNG

Fake real. Don't fuck with me man.

JOE

And this fake real involves...yoga?

Hung gets to his feet.

HUNG

Laugh now, but a structured warm up
routine helps prevent injury.

(grabs his foam sword)

Listen up: arms and legs are one
point, torso is two. A limb takes a
hit - it's useless. Until healing's
been cast. Parry/disarm can be used
once per melee, unless you're up
against a two-handed weapon.

(off Joe's confusion)

Grab that sword, I'll demonstrate.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He grabs it, sees Gwen & Gunther, who've stopped to watch.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

As soon as Joe turns back, Hung proceeds to unleash holy hell on him -- moving in circles at lightning speed, hacking limbs with an accompanying verbal rundown of "hit!" every time.

Joe's attempts to defend himself is beyond feeble. He just kind of stands there, overwhelmed.

GWEN (V.O.)

Finish him!

Finally, Hung executes a nice leaping lunge that "decapitates" Joe. Hung "pushes" him to the ground while pretending to remove Joe's spine a la Sub-Zero/MortalKombat.

Hung takes a knee and offers the pretend spine to Gwen, who gives the guys a smile before walking on with Gunther.

HUNG

Whaddya think?

JOE

Hey, I've got an idea. What if I just ignore the count and wail on people?

HUNG

Honor system, dude. Plus those guys with black armbands are the refs. Always watching, like the eye of Sauron, watching, watching...Damn I think I feel the shrooms already.

Eric returns just then.

ERIC

'Kay, you're all set, 'cept drop the sword. Newbs don't get weapons.

JOE

You're kidding. I have to *earn* the right to carry a foam stick?

He gestures to Joe, who sighs and hands over his foam sword. Eric hands him back a comically tiny foam DAGGER. Joe holds the small weapon, arches an eyebrow at Eric.

HUNG

'Tis not the size of a young knave's blade, but the lust of his thrust by which legends are made.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

Joe checks his phone for a text/voicemail. Eric's brow
furrows.

*
*

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

ERIC

Gotta leave your phone in the van. *

(off his look)

Ever since Vinnie Sabbathi got
busted texting the Supercoven of
Efilnikufesin, confiscation's been
the law of the land.

JOE

I'd rather just give it up than try
and understand what you just said.

He hesitates before handing it over.

ERIC

Oh, Jobriath, there *is* one more
thing you're going to need to do.

(off Joe's look)

Won't take but a moment.

23

EXT. BASE CAMP (KINGDOM OF ELIPHAZ) - DUSK

23

*

As DUSK falls, bonfires and torches LIGHT the darkening sky.
A VOICE comes over a loudspeaker...

LOUDSPEAKER (V.O.)

Hear ye, the big event is almost
upon us. Please find your
Fellowship. Also, Brian the
Necromancer misplaced his sword. If
anyone finds it bring to...what? *

(whispering to someone)

Also he has lost his inhaler...

(more whispering)

His inhaler of doom. Thank you.

Adventuring parties are dispatched by Ronnie Kwok into
different areas of the woods:

DEATHRIDERS -- Tall guys with long beards, all in heavy black
robes, ZZ Top mixed with the Grim Reaper. They shuffle off in
unison, chanting.

THE ARTHURIANS-- looking like they stepped out of a mid-50s
production of *Camelot*, all primary colors and gleaming armor.

THE WOODLAND SPRITES-- dressed in green, with fairy wings and
moss pelts. They are: STEVEN, MIKE, ANDIE (female, cute) and
JOHNNY, who is sulking.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The combination of the campfires and onset of darkness makes everything look less silly and more eerie.

CUT TO:

24

EXT. A NEARBY CLEARING - SAME

24

Hung has finished drawing some sort of complicated quasi-PENTAGRAM in the clearing with chalk around Joe, pauses to count (and possibly re-count) the number of points.

Others appear at the edge of the circle, curious -- Gunther, Gwen and LANDO (pronounced LAHN-DO).

JOE

Verily, this is retarded.

LANDO

Guys. Pentagrams? We don't roll that way here. You're at the LARP, not the Wicker Man wiccan cosplay.

ERIC

Nay, tis in the book, dude.

JOE

Um, who are they?

ERIC

Don't worry about them, they be the rest of our travelling companions.

Eric pulls out a bundle, unwraps the dusty, leatherbound BOOK from the opening scene. There's a dull-looking GEMSTONE encrusted on the spine. He flips through, raises his staff.

ERIC

Now stand back and witness the spectacle of my animation spell!

Gunther looks over Eric's shoulder at the book warily, as if trying to place it.

Eric compares his chalk symbology to the book.

ERIC

You ready?

JOE

Oh for god's sake...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ERIC

(reading from the book)

*Hekas hekas este bebeloi/ exarp
hcoma nanta bitom/ zacar od zamran
odo cicle qaa zorge lap zirdo...*

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

The breeze becomes a strong wind as the torches flicker. The book's GEMSTONE glows faintly, but no one seems to notice.

ERIC

*ciclé qää zordj iaïda/ iadnamad
gmicalzoma luciftias christeos!*

Eric nods to Hung, who lights a few smoke bombs and pyro effects. Lights flash, smoke fills the air.

JOE's POV -- Eric's flow of incantation is drowned out by a buzzing drone. Joe sees the smoke and the flashes. But also something more. The very fabric of reality around him seems to smear for a moment. Faces appear in the smearing.

JOE

Um...guys?!

Joe makes a kind of YELP as if a four-foot centipede ran down his back. He twitches, shakes. The drone builds to an unbearable blast of feedback.

BACK TO SCENE

Everyone is still just seeing smoke, fireworks, Eric chanting. Still impressive, but not what Joe is witnessing.

ERIC

Caosgo iaïda oip teaa pdoce!

As he finishes his incantation, Eric jumps back a few feet, lands on his ass. And then SILENCE drops like a bell on a candle. The smoke clears.

ERIC

How awesome was THAT!

LANDO

FUCKING A-PLUS, motherfucker.

Hung looks disturbed and a little freaked out.

ANGLE ON Joe in the pentagram, GURGLING, HACKING.

JOE

...can't...breathe...

ERIC

Arise, Jobriath. Breathe fresh the air once again.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

JOE
(coughing subsiding)
What the fuck was that, Eric?

He gets up. Everyone shares confused looks.

ERIC
Methinks you should be not so much
a pussy. Don't tell me you never
played with fireworks before.

JOE
Not like that. What the fuck was
that face? The flames? The smell?

The LARPers look to each other, unsure of what to do. Eric notices something on the ground next to Joe - it's the Prom PHOTO from Joe's room, which has fallen from Joe's armor.

ERIC
I'll tell you what *I* see: a warrior
who cannot let go of his past.

He crumples up the photo.

JOE
No, what are you...

Tosses it to Hung, who pops it into his mouth. Swallows.

JOE
Wow.

GWEN
What was that?

HUNG
(mumbling as he chews)
Ex-girlfriend. Jobriath needeth
closure.

Gwen rolls her eyes. Casts a skeptical look at Joe.

JOE
No, It's not like that, c'mon.

GWEN
Tis no matter to me, apprentice.

Ronnie shows up, smells the sulfur and rolls his eyes.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

RONNIE KWOK

Eric, I said a basic summoning
spell, not one of your non-
regulation pyrotechnic displays.

ERIC

This was more befitting a 27th
Level Sorcerer--

RONNIE KWOK

Which you are not yet.
(to the others)
Need I remind you, the Temple of
Syrinx awaits.

GWEN

Don't be a buzzkill, Ronnie. Come,
Gunther.

They head off, the others follow. Bringing up the rear, Joe
gives Eric a slap to the side of the head.

25

EXT. HIKING TRAILS (FOREST OF LOST SOULS) - LATER

25

The travelling band of heroes moves through torchlit
darkness.

ERIC

Hey! What'd I tell you? Is this
great or what?

Joe notices Hung starting to trip out.

JOE

How you holding up there, Captain
Trips?

HUNG

Verily, there be a fungus among us.

JOE

Did you slip me some shrooms
earlier? I mean, what the fuck was
that? Felt like I got struck by
lightning back there.

ERIC

I didn't see anything out of the
ordinary, my serf.

Gunther turns to eye Eric, Joe and the book suspiciously.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GUNTHER

Perhaps thine reach exceeds thine
grasp, Wizard.

ERIC

You'll thank me when we get to the
Battle of Evermore. You'll *all*
thank me. Mwahahaahaha!

JOE

And I thought you could be an
insufferable twat out of game.

Joe checks out the rest of the crew.

JOE

So who are our comrades, Enchanter?

ERIC

Right. That there is Gunther the
Mighty--head case with a big stick.
He is...unique.

(points to Lando)

Lando the Pious-- watch him in
battle. Complete weasel, but
entertaining. You'll see.

Joe eyes Gwen, Eric notices.

ERIC (CONT'D)

Guinevere the Fearless, whose +3
Rack of Abundance should keep the
memories of She Who Shall Not Be
Named at bay!

Although she can't hear this, Joe shoots Eric a scowl.

ERIC (CONT'D)

Though whispered rumors surround
her relationship with Sir Gunther.

CLOSE on Gunther, whose expressionless face and flowing locks
are intimidating. Gwen passes by right then, addresses Eric.

GWEN

+3? Clearly, you underestimate my
endowments.

(to Joe, smiling)

Don't worry. If Gunther wanted to
kill you, you'd already be dead.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

JOE

That's not the first time I've
heard that from someone today.

She gives him a little smile, he laughs. Gunther glares. Our
adventurers arrive at a small CLEARING in the forest.

Suddenly, two LARGE GREEN APES leap from the trees. They are
all scraggly fur, claws and teeth. Though clearly part of the
game, it still scares the shit out of the players.

RONNIE KWOK

You've disturbed a nesting ground!

The Apes gang up on Hung first.

GUNTHER

Daemon Apes!

JOE

Holy shit!

RONNIE KWOK

One of the beasts deals Sir Hung
the Gluttonous a stunning blow.

Hung is pissed, but falls to the ground.

As unbelievable as it sounds, rest assured this sort of thing
actually happens: grown men in monkey suits engaging in mock
combat with other adults wielding foam rubber sticks.

An Ape is all over Eric, unleashing a flurry of blows and
"OOOOK OOOK OOOOK"s.

CUT TO:

26

EXT. WATER FOUNTAINS (FENGYRIAN FALLS) - SAME

26

*

Travis, also wearing a Green Ape costume, carries his Ape
head in one hand, regards a map in the other. He looks
around. Totally lost, separated from the others.

He hears a rustling in the woods.

TRAVIS

Who's there? Fellow apelings?

Out of the trees strides a woman.

TRAVIS

Who...?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FOLLOW his gaze up a shapely body in a...*Prom dress?*

It appears to be *Beth*, hair done and made up just as she was in Joe's photo. What the hell is she doing here?

BACK TO:

27 EXT. CLEARING IN HIKING TRAILS (FOREST OF LOST SOULS) - ~~SAME~~

Our heroes continue to fight off their Green Ape attackers.

ERIC

A little help, Joe?

Joe can't seem to get into the swing of the game.

HUNG

C'mon, man. Just pretend the apes are Beth and the Moustache Dude.

JOE

What the fuck? You know about Moustache?

ERIC

(fighting off an ape)

Joe!

JOE

How did everyone...? I'm an idiot.

ERIC

Dammit, Jobriath!! Let it go and help us kill some freaking apes!

Joe snaps to focus in time to dodge an Ape's blow. He whips out his dagger and wields it like a Filipino knife-fighter.

JOE

Will. Cut. Your. Monkey. Asses.

He goes to town on the nearest Ape, who crumples into a fetal position, whimpering.

BACK TO:

28 EXT. WATER FOUNTAINS (FENGYRIAN FALLS) - SAME

28 *

Prom Beth has a seductive charm and doesn't act as out-of-place as she looks.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BETH
(coyly)
Who? Who?

Travis is a little thrown, but can't deny her hotness.

TRAVIS
Are you, uh, here for the LARP?

She walks around him, examining him with childlike intensity.

TRAVIS
'Cause I sorta lost my way and got
separated from my group.

She moves closer, fondles his furry costume, then pokes at
it, as if to see how solid he is.

TRAVIS
Ow! Um, do you have a map, maybe?

BACK TO:

29 EXT. CLEARING IN HIKING TRAILS (FOREST OF LOST SOULS) - ~~SAM~~²⁹

Ape #2 rushes in, dodges Joe's strike and gives Joe a swat in
the torso for his troubles. *

JOE
Taste foam, Curious George!

The attacker knocks the dagger from Joe's hands.

HUNG
Jobriath!

Hung throws a foam sword to Joe. In SLOW MO, he spins out of
the way, grabs the sword and starts wailing away.

Eric and Hung exchange a smirk. THIS is the Joe they had
hoped to see. Others are stunned, Gwen digs his fire. Then...

RONNIE KWOK (O.S.)
Jobriath takes a lethal strike to
the back.

Joe's indignant, and more than a little out of breath.

JOE
Bullshit! Er, 'tis a lie! The beast
failed to strike me!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RONNIE KWOK

HOLD!

Suddenly, all players and apes (but Joe) stop fighting and stand with a hand on their head.

RONNIE KWOK

The Gamemaster saw a palpable hit.

(to Hung)

And an unconscious man throwing weaponry.

(to Joe)

Weaponry that is beyond the expertise of your lowly character.

*
*

JOE

Did I or did I not kick some ass?

Fine! To be continued. Think I pulled something anyway.

*
*
*

He rubs his strained calf and sits on the ground next to Hung, who can't stop GIGGLING.

RONNIE KWOK

3..2..1...Play on!

*

The other players spring back to life. Gunther uses a formidable two-handed sword to BEAT the hell out of Ape #2.

BACK TO:

30

EXT. WATER FOUNTAINS (FENGYRIAN FALLS) - SAME

30

*

Prom Beth continues to entrance Travis, the Lost Ape.

BETH

Got separated from my group.

TRAVIS

You too? Well, uh, maybe we should stick together and both look.

She cocks her head and a wicked, sultry smile grows.

She drops below frame.

Travis's nervousness fades as he gets the biggest geek smile you've ever seen.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TRAVIS

Waitamminute, is this some sort of
"furry" fetish, 'cause if so, I...
don't mind at all. Oh wow, Oh wow.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

His eyes flutter as she does things he's only read about online.

BACK TO:

31 EXT. CLEARING IN HIKING TRAILS (FOREST OF LOST SOULS) - SAME
Ape #2 goes after Eric. But Lando THUMPS it with a foam mace.
Eric sings a jingle and throws a spellpacket at Hung.

ERIC (SINGS)
Rise from the ground/Thy wounds be
bound!

*
*
*

RONNIE KWOK
Regeneration spell successful. Hung
the Devourer's wounds are healing.

Just then, a ten-foot-tall SILVERBACK APE bursts onto the scene. A guy in an ape suit on stilts, but kinda cool.

JOE
What the hell?

GWEN
Looks like Daddy's home.

BACK TO:

32 EXT. WATER FOUNTAINS (FENGYRIAN FALLS) - SAME **32** *
CU on Travis's ecstatic expression, eyes rolling back in his head as Prom Beth works her magic below frame.
Her hand re-enters frame, "walks" up his fuzzy ape-chest to his cheek. Her finger goes into his mouth. One-by-one, her other fingers go in, too.
Suddenly, her hand clenches his jawbone and RIPS IT STRAIGHT DOWN with a sickeningly moist CRRRRRRUNCH, so that it hangs limply by a few strands of Pterygoid muscle.
ANGLE stays on Travis's ruined face as he stands there in shock, stunned dumb.
Succubeth rises into frame, smiling pleasantly. She brings her hand to his dangling mandible and lifts it gently into place before giving him a deep, passionate kiss on the lips.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Dropping his jaw again, Succubeth traces a line down his neck and chest until her finger rests on his chest, just out of frame. We hear a juicy sound as her hand enters his chest (offscreen). Then come the GURGLING HOWLS of pain.

BACK TO:

33 EXT. CLEARING IN HIKING TRAILS (FOREST OF LOST SOULS) - SAME

The spine-tingling howls of Travis's dying are lost in the sounds of the melee as players circle the Apes. Eric sings, tossing spell packets.

ERIC
Lightning Bolt! Lightning Bolt!

Green Ape #1 counts off damage and falls to the ground.

RONNIE KWOK
The last Daemon Ape falls. But you
have enraged Mograth Silverback.

The massive, swaying Silverback beats his chest and roars fiercely before striking Lando, sending him tumbling back.

RONNIE
A mortal wound to Lando.

LANDO
Tis a lie! I had a spell of simian
protection up!

RONNIE
Spell of...? Lando, are we going to
do this again?

LANDO
Oh, here we go, always kill the
black guy first.

As Ronnie sighs and shakes his head, Gunther comes flying through and connects with the giant monkey's leg.

MOGRATH SILVERBACK
Aaaawwwwwrrrrrrrr!!!! Whoa...crap!

Silverback loses his balance on the stilts and tips. Gunther hits it one last time and the Silverback lands with a thud.

Right on top of Joe.

JOE (O.C.)
(muffled by Ape)
This sucks!

RONNIE KWOK
And the mighty Ape is vanquished.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Everyone is congratulating each other. Eric lights a long Hobbit pipe. Lando helps up Hung, giggly from the shrooms.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

And then hear the voice of Ronnie Kwok, level 9 mood-killer.

RONNIE KWOK

Remember, before convening at the battle, this party has a quest to loot the Temple of Syrinx which needeth completion.

Eric strides past him purposefully, the others follow him, all ignoring Ronnie.

LANDO

Perhaps the party should split up for to cover more ground?

HUNG

Aye! Indeed! Verily tis so! Truth hath been spoken! Zounds...

He trails off, staring at a leaf, tripping so hard he's beyond useless for a while.

ERIC

Wow. Okay, then. Capital idea, Sir Lando. Taketh Sir Hung the Capable and explore yon forest for the fabled Temple.

LANDO

Verily, we shall meet thee at Evermore, if not before. Godspeed to you and thine servant.

JOE

Servant? I'm an apprentice, fucketh you very much.

ERIC

I beseech thee to give him wide berth as he is pained by a riven heart, torn asunder by the cruelty of an untrue maiden.

JOE

Would you knock that shit off?

ERIC

Easy, my liege. I told these guys thou wert cool.

Ronnie, Lando and Hung say their fare-thee-wells and split from the group, disappearing into the trees.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

ERIC

At last, the heretics and simpletons have left our brotherhood. However, it occurreth to me that mine apprentice hath forgotten something.

JOE

Here we go.

ERIC

Thou must return to the Kingdom of Lothrian.

Joe looks over to Gwen, perplexed.

GWEN

The parking lot. What about the Temple of Syrinx?

ERIC

Never mind that. Fetch the Amulet of Karkoum from our transport, for it shall be needed at the Battle of Evermore.

JOE

So go to the van to get something you forgot?

ERIC

Aye.

JOE

Enough. I can't take you lording over me out here. Truly, this world bringeth out the dick in you.

GWEN

Come, Jobriath, I shall join you on your mission. The forest is no place for an unarmed adventurer.

Joe starts to head off. Gwen clears her throat.

GWEN

Actually, this way.

JOE

Of course.

They disappear into the trees. Some static crackles OVER...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

LOUDSPEAKER (V.O.)

The time is drawing nigh,
 adventurers. Complete your quests
 before midnight and make your way
 to Evermore for the battle. Also,
 remember there will be concessions
 available back in the parking l--
 Kingdom of Eliphaz. Good tidings...

*

34

EXT. CLEARING (DEAD MEADOWS OF BODOM) - SAME

34

A lithe, blonde FIGURE strides swiftly through the expanse of
 weeds. The figure hears something in the weeds -- lifts a
 longbow, turns to look -- it's an androgynous GUY-ELF!

GUY-ELF

Is that you, fellow denizens of the
 Elserealms? Speakers of Elvish?

He gets no answer, MUTTERS to himself. He turns to continue
 on, right into the *Succubeth* again.

Her appearance is a little less composed: hair becoming
 unkempt and her dress's a little stained.

SUCCUBETH

Um, do you have a map, maybe?

She circles the Guy-Elf, sniffing him.

GUY-ELF

What the...do I know you?

SUCCUBETH

Are you here for the LARP?

GUY-ELF

Uh, was it the robes or the pointy-
 ears that gave it away?

SUCCUBETH

(drawing closer)

'Cause I sorta lost my way and got
 separated from my group.

Up close, Guy-Elf notices the blood on the collar of her
 dress-shirt.

GUY-ELF

Oh no, you're one of those freaky
 vampire LARPers, right? Wrong
 weekend, honey.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SUCCUBETH
(seductively)
I don't mind at all...

She undoes her top buttons and squeezes her bounteous cleavage in an attempt at seduction.

The Guy-Elf just rolls his eyes and sighs, annoyed.

GUY-ELF
I think thou art marching down the
wrong battlefield, sweetie. Now, if
you'll excuse me...

He turns and walks away from her, toward the camera.

Suddenly, in a spray of blood and viscera that even splatters the camera lens, her HAND explodes outward through his chest, clutching his still-beating HEART in its grip.

Succubeth tries to pull her heart-clenching hand back through the body, but it catches on his rib cage. A bit of a tussle as she wrestles with the still-gurgling body. Finally she sighs and simply RIPS HER OWN ARM OFF. Guy-Elf's body falls to the ground.

She plucks the heart from her own severed arm on the ground, inhales its scent deeply, savoring it.

FULL SHOT of Succubeth, now with two arms again. *She has just grown another arm.*

She takes a big, ravenous bite of the heart. Blood dribbles down her chin like barbecue sauce. She smiles in ecstasy.

CUT TO:

35 EXT. HIKING TRAILS (FOREST OF LOST SOULS) - SAME

35

Joe and Gwen walk the trails.

GWEN
If I didn't know better, *Jobriath*,
I'd say you were having fun back
there.

JOE
Yeah, no, I mean...you're not gonna
tell anyone are you?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GWEN

It's far too early in the weekend
to be making promises like that.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

JOE

Don't make me slay you. I will do what I must, but with no joy.

She laughs.

GWEN

I wouldn't even know what LARP is if it weren't for Gunther. He's a little hardcore with this.

JOE

Well, at least you're supporting your boyfriend's interests. A lot of girls--

GWEN

My *boyfriend*? God, no. He's my cousin, from.. Slovenia? Slovakia? One of those over there. He's only seventeen so my parents won't let him come to these things alone.

JOE

So, you're warrior-sitting, then.

GWEN

You could say that. He never breaks character, so...

JOE

Wait, he *never*...?

GWEN

Mom thought it would be cute to take him to Medieval Times once, but he jumped the wall and sent the Red Knight to the hospital.

36

EXT. DEVIL'S PUNCHBOWL - SAME

36

Moonlight illuminates what is essentially a pothole formed long ago from glacial erratics. A creek runs through it.

SUPER: VALLEY OF THE DEMONIC PENTASTAR

The party of Vegan Avengers from base camp: Steven, Mike, Andie and JOHNNY all dressed as sprites/faeries are walking.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JOHNNY

All I'm saying is we'll be taken more seriously if we refer to ourselves as 'sprites.'

ANDIE

Geez, can we please stay in character? You guys sound like a bunch of little girls.

JOHNNY

(under his breath)

Well, if anyone would know about little girls.

Andie stops. Pissed.

ANDIE

Okay, motherfucker. I tried to handle this in private, but if you want to do this here and now, standing in the woods dressed like fucking fairies, so be it.

Steven and Mike back up, anxious for some fireworks.

JOHNNY

Lo, perhaps thou art having thine monthlies?

Steven and Mike struggle to suppress laughter while Andie begins to fume.

ANDIE

Out of game.

JOHNNY

Out of game? Fine. What the hell is your problem?

ANDIE

You're the one who wanted to experiment, don't blame me if you can't handle the consequences. It was fine as long as it was about you, but heaven forbid I enjoy it.

Johnny's bravado starts to crack.

JOHNNY

You saw her without me! That wasn't part of the deal.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Andie's busted. Steven and Mike are giddy, can't believe it.

ANDIE

Just go. I'm heading back to camp.

JOHNNY

Go! Someday someone's gonna rip out
your heart and you'll know *exactly*
how I feel.

Johnny takes off to the woods, Steven and Mike scamper after.

37

EXT. HIKING TRAILS (FOREST OF LOST SOULS) - SAME

37

Joe and Gwen continue down the wooded path. Suddenly, a
horrible SCREAM comes from the trees, and a FIGURE bounds
into the path.

JOE

What the fu--?!

He jumps out of the way, just as a giant FOAM CLUB comes
whistling by his head.

Another figure comes out of the woods, it is two BARBARIANS,
accompanied by their CLERIC, who's in robes like Lando.

Another foam club swings and just misses, then another. But
this one is stopped by Gwen's sword, inches from Joe's face.

They share a look, she is laughing, this is ridiculous but
awesome.

Joe and Gwen fight side by side, dealing out punishment to
the Barbarians, who count out damage as its inflicted.

GWEN

Hit...hit...hit...

JOE

Eat steel, meat-heads!

The Barbarians fall, leaving only the Cleric. Joe hurls his
foam dagger at him, hitting him square in the chest.

CLERIC

Um...miss.

JOE

What the fuck? Is this a thing with
every cleric?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Gwen hauls off and whacks his kneecaps.

*

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

CLERIC
Spell of protection?

JOE
Too late.
(up in his grill)
Drop. To the nether realms.

The Cleric just nods and gives a lovely little death scene before crumpling to the ground.

He and Gwen are both out of breath. They share a glance and laugh as they walk off. She looks at him appraisingly.

GWEN
Pretty cool, isn't it?

Joe just laughs, exhilarated.

*

JOE
"Cool" is probably not the word I'd use, but...what's next? I'm ready.

They emerge from the woods and stop in the tall weeds of the moonlit Dead Meadow.

GWEN
I actually catch myself thinking about it at work, in class. A lot. Looking forward to it.

Joe makes a big mock GASP.

JOE
I can see how it could grow on you. It's good to just get really into something. Lose yourself in it for a while, even if it is pointless.

He's lost in his own thoughts for a moment, thinking of Doomstalker.

GWEN
Well, maybe that *is* the point.

He considers that.

JOE
Shit. Maybe it is.

They move on. Joe slips on something, Gwen grabs his arm to keep him from falling. Perhaps nice moment building, until:

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

GWEN

Hey, you have something red on you.

In the moonlight, she touches a dark wet spot on his arm.

GWEN

Blood. Did you cut yourself?

He examines himself and finds more of the viscous liquid. She looks down and notices her boots are soaked as well.

In horror, the two realize they are standing in a wide pool of blood. There is blood all over the weeds, everywhere.

JOE

What the hell?

GWEN

Oh my God, this is fucking disgusting! It's everywhere.

JOE

Reminds me of the encore at a Slayer show.

She rips off a bit of shirt from her midriff to use to wipe off some of the blood. Joe touches some blood from the weeds, looks at his fingers finds FUR.

JOE

Look - fur. Some ferocious animal kingdom shit going down out here.

GWEN

What kind of animals live out here? Coyotes? Wolves? Bears?

JOE

Unless this is part of the game.. "Striving for authenticity"?

The two walk on into the dark, deep woods.

CAMERA PANS down to reveal Travis's bloody ape mask, which they just missed seeing.

38

EXT. VALLEY OF THE DEMONIC PENTASTAR - SAME

38

In the lonely moonlight, Andie sighs frustratedly, looks around and is startled to meet the gaze of Succubeth, who's been watching from behind a nearby tree.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Succubeth steps out and beckons to Andie. The sprite is caught in the magnetic beam of Succubeth's seductive gaze.

It's love at first sight - Cinemax-on-a-Friday-night-style -- as Andie glides and floats toward Succubeth. They circle curiously, the eyes of each devouring the other.

The blood smeared all over Succubeth either doesn't register with Andie, or doesn't matter.

ANDIE

You look like one of those...

SUCCUBETH

Freaky vampire LARPers.

Andie smiles. Succubeth smiles. Would appear to be a sweet moment. Emboldened, Andie reaches, takes Succubeth's hand.

SUCCUBETH

Maybe we should stick together.

ANDIE

Maybe.

Andie takes this as a sign to move forward, reaches her other hand behind Succubeth's head and moves in for a kiss.

They fall to the ground, mashing together. The camera does a slow pan up the length of their entwined bodies as blood is smeared all over each of them with each caress.

Andie is so caught up in the moment that she does not realize that most of the blood is actually coming *from her*.

Blood spurts from her back and chest. Pumping more slowly.

Just as she peaks, Andie's eyes roll back into her head as her body shudders, then goes lifeless.

Succubeth goes face-down into Andie's chest. Her face DISAPPEARS into the chest cavity. We hear the snap, crackle, pop as the camera pans up to find the moon.

FADE TO:

39

EXT. PICNIC AREA (EXALTED TOWNSHIP OF VALINOR) - SAME

39

Ronnie Kwok follows Lando and Hung as the trail opens up. Ronnie looks from his map to the location.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RONNIE KWOK
As you approach the Exalted
Township of Valinor...

The Exalted Township is a picnic area with some tables and a small restroom building.

RONNIE KWOK
You notice that your path
intersects with another. Sir Hung
hears rustling from across the way.

Hung perks up, cocks his head as if to listen.

HUNG
I hear the breeze on my skin.
It's... burnt orange.

LANDO
Uh, yeah.

HUNG
There be...electricity in the air.

Hung looks at him with giant, *crazy* shrooming eyes. He unsheathes his sword, pushes Lando away with it.

LANDO
Hey, that doesn't count. That
wasn't a kill strike! You saw it,
Ronnie, right?

RONNIE
Oh, give it a rest, man.

HUNG
Tis not your cowardly breast in
which my sword wishes to find rest.
'Tis that of the *witch*.

He points off-screen with his sword. Ronnie and Lando slowly turn and we see--

Succubeth standing in the moonlight. Hung isn't fazed to see who he assumes is Joe's ex-girlfriend, even if she is bloody.

Ronnie Kwok and Lando are frozen with a mix of lust and confusion; Hung maintains focus in his battle stance.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

RONNIE KWOK

Okay, Hung, I'm not sure exactly
what you are on, but I think it's
clouding your judgement.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

HUNG

Nay, gamemaster, the scales have at
last fallen from my eyes.

HUNG'S POV - He sees a DEMONIC version of Succubeth in a
miasma of FLAMES.

RONNIE KWOK

(to Succubeth)

Are you okay? Were you in an
accident?

HUNG

'Tis no accident. Go no closer.

SUCCUBETH

Do I know you?

HUNG

Though I have gazed upon thy visage
many times, 'tis only now, by the
light of yon moon, that thy true
nature hast revealed itself.

She's dishevelled, but, still undeniably hot as she assumes a
stance of vulnerability and helplessness.

LANDO

Hey Hung, ease up there, buddy. I
think she needs some help.

HUNG

(yelling loudly at her)

Fuck you AND the moustache you rode
in on!

FOLLOW Hung as he charges across the clearing, does a RUNNING
JUMP off a picnic table, launching towards Succubeth while
taking a mighty swing with his foam sword.

HUNG'S POV - Again, a fiery, demonic Succubeth is what he
sees, making his bravery even more stupid.

Succubeth steps out of the way, allowing Hung to fall flat on
his face with a resounding THUD.

SUCCUBETH

Wrong weekend, honey.

Succubeth lifts and swings Hung around, throwing him across
the clearing where he SPLATS against the building. BLOOD
splatters onto Ronnie Kwok and Lando.

*

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

RONNIE KWOK

Fuck this!

Ronnie and Lando run in different directions -- Ronnie heads towards the woods, Lando makes a break for the building.

Hung groans. Then giggles in psychedelic shock. *

As Lando runs toward the restroom, Succubeth cuts him off.

Having quietly crawled over, Hung suddenly plunges the SURVIVAL KNIFE from the van into Succubeth's leg.

She HOWLS and grimaces, staggers but remains standing.

Lando reaches the restroom door but it is stuck.

Succubeth limps with Hung's Rambo knife stuck in her leg. Blood trickles out.

Lando throws himself against the stuck door and manages to BUDGE it slightly.

Succubeth stands and limps over toward the building.

Lando, hyperventilating with fear, throws himself against the door. This time it FLIES OPEN and he falls in.

40 INT. VALINOR RESTROOM BUILDING - SAME

40

Moonlight leaks in the opaque windows. Lando slams the door shut and locks the deadbolt.

THROUGH THE WINDOWS (IN SILHOUETTE), we can see Succubeth round the building's corner. She stops when she gets to Hung.

41 EXT. PICNIC AREA (EXALTED TOWNSHIP OF VALINOR) - NIGHT - SAME

HUNG

'Tis a cruel act of the gods to
waste a perfect backside on such a
filthy beast!

Succubeth lifts Hung and stares at him, eye-to-eye, with no emotion, only curiosity.

Despite his pain, anger and intoxication, Hung keeps it real. With his last ounce of strength, he hacks a mighty phlegm-ball into the bitch's face.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Succubeth doesn't flinch. She holds out two fingers, their sharp nails almost like blood-caked claws, and plunges them quick and deadly into his trachea. His life flows away in the arterial spray.

42 INT. VALINOR RESTROOM BUILDING - SAME

42

Through the opaque windows, Lando watches this unfold in silhouette, like a demonic shadow play -- Succubeth rips Hung's heart from his body and shoves it into her mouth, chewing like a starving mongrel.

Off Lando's shocked look, we hear the horrific things that are being done to Hung outside.

CUT TO:

43 EXT. PICNIC AREA (EXALTED TOWNSHIP OF VALINOR) - NIGHT - SAME

Succubeth notices something in Hung's torso cavity. We hear the wet slicing as she uses a manicured-for-Prom nail to dig in there and retrieve something.

She drops Hung's soulless corpse and stares puzzled at the prom PHOTOGRAPH of Beth and Joe that she cut out of Hung's stomach. She looks up, catches her reflection in the window, recognizes herself from the photo.

44 INT. VALINOR RESTROOM BUILDING - SAME

44

Lando, his back against the far wall, tries not to breathe for fear of making noise. He tracks Succubeth's shadow through the fogged windows as she walks slowly toward the door, finally disappearing as she stands on its other side.

But it doesn't open. Lando's eyes dart around spastically.

Still nothing. Lando starts to relax a little. Breathes.

SUDDENLY the doorknob turns, but the door is locked. The doorknob rattles, slowly at first then quickly becomes violent. Lando's eyes widen and dart to the empty stall.

CUT TO:

45 EXT. PICNIC AREA (EXALTED TOWNSHIP OF VALINOR) - NIGHT - SAME

Succubeth stands outside, rattling the locked door violently. She stops. Pulls back a fist and PUNCHES the door near the knob, pops it open, sending it flying inward.

46 INT. VALINOR RESTROOM BUILDING - SAME 46

Succubeth enters the building slowly, calmly. She takes stock of the room but Lando is nowhere to be seen.

Follow her gaze to the row of closed-door toilet stalls. She approaches, kicks open the doors one at a time.

She hesitates before the final stall just enough to smile slightly. She licks her lips and KICKS the last door open.

The smirk disappears as she notices that this stall, too, is empty. Where did he go?

The sound of sneakers hitting the floor behind her causes Succubeth to whip around in time to see Lando, having jumped from a hiding place in the rafters, RUNNING toward the door.

Succubeth reaches down, coolly wrenches Hung's knife from her leg and THROWS it across the room, lodging it perfectly through Lando's neck -- blade in through the back, point jutting out the front.

Lando's guttural SCREAMS ring out as Succubeth crosses to him calmly, licking her lips and cracking her knuckles.

SMASH TO:

47 EXT. HIKING TRAILS (FOREST OF LOST SOULS) - SAME 47

Joe and Gwen walk hurriedly along a path.

JOE

Are you sure this is the way back
to camp? It's not looking familiar.

A SCREAM sounds in the distance, causing them to both jump.
It stops abruptly.

GWEN

What. The. Fuck!

JOE

Come on...

They change course and venture off-path, into the woods.

48 EXT. PICNIC AREA (TOWNSHIP OF VALINOR) - MOMENTS LATER 48

Joe and Gwen enter the same picnic area where Lando and Hung met their doom.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The two of them walk quietly through the area, trying to make sense of the wreckage. Joe stops suddenly, turns away.

JOE

Oh, god.

Gwen rushes over, stops when she sees it -- a BLOODY MESS of a body.

GWEN

Dear lord, what is that.

Joe walks to his friend, gets close enough to tell that it's real and drops out of frame. Hear him RETCHING.

He holds back tears, grabs at the back of his head, tightens it between his arms like he can make it go away.

JOE

Oh, Hung. Oh, man. What the hell?

Tears stream down Gwen's face. She's horrified.

GWEN

I don't understand. What's going on?

He takes a deep breath, hands shaking.

JOE

Dude was pretty fucked up when he left with Ronnie Kwok.

GWEN

You don't think Ronnie had anything to do with this...

JOE

I hadn't seen him for years before tonight. He always was a creepy fucker, though. I can't say that he *isn't* capable of some sick shit.

CUT TO:

49

EXT. HIKING TRAILS (FOREST OF LOST SOULS) - SAME

49

Ronnie Kwok stumble-runs along a wooded trail, crying and clearly lost. The tree cover blocks out the moonlight.

RONNIE KWOK

Ohshitohshitohshit. Oh. Shit.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Eyes bulging, he cranes his head around, TRIPS over a vine and skids to rest. Hearing nothing, Ronnie sits up.

RONNIE KWOK
Get a hold of yourself, man.
(beat)
That thing...that *she-beast*. It's
as if...
(thinks, an idea dawns)
Oh shit. Oh fuckadoodledoo. Eric,
you...I've got to warn everyone.
(searches the map)
Where the hell am I?

A Supertitle gives the answer...

SUPER: TEMPLE OF SYRINX

RONNIE KWOK
Who made this fucking map!?

50

EXT. PICNIC AREA (EXALTED TOWNSHIP OF VALINOR) - SAME

50

Joe tries to regain his composure.

JOE
We have to keep going, we have to
get Eric and Gunther. Call the
cops, get some help.

GWEN
Shit, maybe we *should* just haul ass
out of here.

Suddenly, a RUSTLING sound is heard from inside the restroom building about twenty feet away.

JOE
What was that?

He grabs Gwen's foam-covered STICK, struggles and fails to
rip off the foam and heads toward the building.

*

The interior is dark from this angle.

GWEN
(sotto voce)
Joe! What are you doing?

JOE
(whispers)
Someone's in there.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He continues toward the building. More rustling is heard from within. Like someone, or *something*, is shifting its weight.

GWEN

That's what I'm worried about.

As Joe slowly makes his way closer, stick at the ready, he stands outside the restroom, tries to look in, but it's too dark. He steps gingerly into the structure. And then...

WHAM. He's WHAPPED in the head with a giant polearm. He crumples to the ground.

51

INT. JOE'S BEDROOM - EARLY MORNING

51

Joe's eyes open suddenly. PULL BACK TO REVEAL he's lying in his bedroom back at the Castle. He's clean-shaven, younger.

Beth is sleeping next to him. She looks awesome. Smiles at Joe and strokes his arm.

BETH

Mmmmm...you okay, honey?

JOE

Yeah, you wouldn't believe the dream I was having.

BETH

Yeah?

JOE

We were...in the woods...I mean, it was you...but not you...and...

She just smiles at him.

JOE

Oh, forget it. What are you up to today?

BETH

Well, you have a day off, I have a day off...

As she climbs on top of him, the bedsheet slides down, but Joe's suddenly remembers--

JOE

There was a lot of blood and...you and a guy with a moustache...and you wanted me to give up singing...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Beth eyes turn dark. Although her hand on Joe's crotch is covered by bedsheet, there's no mistaking what's going on as her arm clenches and her grip tightens.

BETH
You're not going to sing. Are you,
Joe? Tell me you won't!

JOE
Ow, shit, baby. I...it was just a
dream.

Although Beth is angry, she begins to cry tears ... OF BLOOD.
Joe realizes that *this* is the dream.

JOE
Aw, no. Hell no!

When we reverse shot to Joe, he is our Joe again. But he
can't breathe!

WEIRD, ECHOEY VOICE
...Guuuunnttthhhher...

SMASH TO:

52 EXT. PICNIC AREA (EXALTED TOWNSHIP OF VALINOR) - SAME **52**

Joe is still prone on the ground, Gunther over him with knee
crushing down on Joe's chest, suffocating him.

Eric is there, looking dazed and physically ill. He manages
to cover Hung's remains with his Wizard cloak.

GWEN
Gunther, ease up.

Gunther stares coldly at his cousin, but gets off of Joe.

GWEN
Stay your hand, mighty warlord!

GUNTHER
Evil has befallen him. Its
handiwork is all around us.

ERIC
(to Gwen and Joe)
We heard you and thought it might
be whoever did this...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He chokes up, unable to finish his sentence and motions at Hung's remains.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Gunther remains stoic, as if he sees slaughter like this all the time. He removes his helmet, starts singing some kind of Viking funeral dirge.

Joe gets up shakily.

JOE

Where's Ronnie and Lando? You think
there's any chance they...?

Gunther shakes his head and motions toward the building.

CUT TO:

53

INT. VALINOR RESTROOM BUILDING - SAME

53

The flickering fluorescent lights reveal the entire place covered in blood, gore, and Lando's body parts.

BACK TO SCENE OUTSIDE

Gwen tries to go into the bathroom. Gunther stops her.

GUNTHER

Do not enter. One cannot cheat
death forever.

GWEN

Oh my God.

Eric struggles to hold back tears as his voice cracks.

ERIC

What the fuck happened, Joe? Why?
(suddenly noticing)
Why do you have blood all over your
clothes?

Gunther raises his weapon, steps toward Joe.

GUNTHER

THOU ART POSSESSED!

GWEN

GUNTHER KNOCK IT OFF! We stumbled
into a whole lot of blood back in
the meadow.

JOE

I don't know what's going on out
here, but I want to talk to Ronnie.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ERIC

What the...you think he's
responsible for this?

JOE

What am I supposed to think? You
guys and your "quest for
authenticity." Real weapons, in-
game bullshit, archaic books--

GUNTHER

A-ha, the evil book again. It would
surprise me not, Wizard, if thou
hast brought forth something vile
and unholy, a pox upon Mankind!

ERIC

Gunther, we're out of game here.
All of you; Out. Of. Game. Someone
just killed my best friend.

GWEN

Would someone tell me what the hell
is going on?

GUNTHER

"Hell" is indeed going on. The
wizard has summoned evil.

(realizing)

...And, most likely whilst thine
apprentice was in the circle! He
hast been made unholy!

ERIC

No, no, no. I know you take your
game seriously, but it's over.
People are dead. Hung is dead!
That's *real*.

Gunther turns his laser gaze to Joe. As he raises his pole,
Joe grabs it, bends it back. His eyes are wild.

JOE

Whack me again and I will unscrew
your *fucking* head!

GWEN

Gunther, I know not whether twas
man or beast responsible, but can
tell you surely that twas NOT
Jobriath. Now, we need to get out
of here.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Speaking in pure In-Game language seems to get through to him. He backs off.

GUNTHER

Aye, Jobriath's name shall be cleared if we find said beast.

JOE

What we *need* to do is go back, warn the others and call the sheriff or ranger or whatever.

GUNTHER

What we need to do is to avenge the poor souls taken here this eve.

JOE

With what? Your foam stick?

ERIC

(catching on)

Jobriath is right. We need weapons from my private reserve of steel.

GUNTHER

You speak sense.

ERIC

So, let us return to camp and arm ourselves while they call for help, er, reinforcements.

Gunther's eyes light up at the thought of real weaponry.

GUNTHER

Very well. But I am watching him.

GWEN

And we all feel safer for it.

54

EXT. BASE CAMP (KINGDOM OF ELIPHAZ) - NIGHT

54

*

The base camp area is calm and peaceful. Lit by a few street lamps and smoldering campfires.

Joe, Eric, Gunther and Gwen arrive back on the scene hesitantly and look around, weapons drawn. It is empty.

JOE

Why is no one here? Shouldn't someone be here?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Eric starts toward the van, in the parking area.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

ERIC

C'mon, the best way for us to help
is to drive somewhere and get some.

JOE

What was the name of that last
town? I think I saw a sheriff's
station there.

ERIC

Hell if I know. We'll find it.
Let's just get outta here.

Gunther snatches Eric's keys from him.

GUNTHER

That is NOT what was agreed upon.
We were to seek vengeance.

JOE

Gunther, we need to get to a town,
get some real help, before...

GUNTHER

Before what?

JOE

Before *more people are butchered*.

GUNTHER

Where art the weapons?

Eric rolls his eyes.

ERIC

The weapons are in here.

GWEN

I'm going to grab the phone and
call for help.

Eric and Gunther enter the van. Joe waits outside as Gwen
disappears toward the other side of the parking lot.

55

INT. ERIC'S VAN - SAME

55

Eric motions Gunther toward the trunks full of weapons. His
attention occupied, Eric gets in the driver's seat.

Gunther sorts through trunks of real weapons. He finds a
broadsword and is impressed with its heft, grins broadly.

56 EXT. PARKING LOT (OUTSKIRTS OF ELIPHAZ) - SAME 56 *

Gwen walks down a line of cars, trying to remember exactly where it was she parked.

It's creepy. Quiet. Dark despite the overhead lights.

57 EXT. PARKING LOT (OUTSKIRTS OF ELIPHAZ) - SAME 57 *

Joe outside the van.

We hear quick footsteps on the gravel behind him.

Suddenly, Gunther GRABS Joe, twists him around and HOLDS HIS STEEL SWORD TO JOE'S NECK, hostage-style.

Joe snaps out of his trance and starts to wriggle, but stops once the blade begins to slice skin.

GUNTHER

If the wizard will not remove the
unholy spirit with his magic, I
shall remove it with my steel.

CUT TO:

58 EXT. GWEN'S CAR - SAME 58

Gwen starts to open her car door when --

STRANGE VOICE

Hey--

Suddenly, a hand clamps down on Gwen's shoulder from behind her, causing her to SHRIEK, turn and reflexively ready to swing her weapon. *

She sees that her victim is EDDIE, one of Ronnie Kwok's assistant gamemasters. *

GWEN

Omigod, I'm so sorry...

EDDIE

Regulations stipulate that your
weapon be wrapped in foam. *

GWEN

I know, listen, there's some weird
stuff going on. People have
been...hurt. I need to call 911.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

EDDIE

Here, use my phone. But, 911's just gonna route a cell call. You oughtta call the Sky Valley Sheriff directly. I can look up the number.

Eddie, eager to impress a girl with his gadgetry, googles the number, dials and hands her the phone.

59

INT. SKY VALLEY SHERIFF DEPARTMENT - SAME

59

CLOSE ON TOMMY sleeping in a holding cell. A phone RINGS.

Camera PULLS BACK through the bars and comes to rest on a CU of an old-school office phone. The office appears quiet and empty, as expected for late night.

We hear a toilet flush, door open, footsteps cross the room.

We don't get a look at the MAN (Jake) that answers the phone.

JAKE

Sky Valley Sheriff.

GWEN (V.O.)

There's been an accident at the State Park Campgrounds. You've got to get here as soon as you can. There are bodies.

JAKE

Hold up, now, bodies? Are you camping?

GWEN

Yeah, well not exactly. There's a LARP event and there are a lot of people all over the park in danger.

JAKE

Waitamminute, LARP, like dressed-up like wizards and shit?

GWEN

Uh, yeah, like that.

JAKE

You stay put. We'll be right there.

GWEN

Oh, thank god.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The Deputy, still in shadow, hangs up the phone.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

JAKE

Tommy! Wake yer ass up, we gotta get going.

Tommy gets up, stretches and WALKS OUT of the cell.

JAKE

I gotta just make one quick call.

60

EXT. PARKING LOT (OUTSKIRTS OF ELIPHAZ) - SAME

60

*

Eric stands outside the van, hands in the air, trying to talk down Gunther, who still has a sword to Joe's neck.

ERIC

Gunther, I thought we settled this. He's our friend, let him go.

JOE

Not cool, man...not cool.

GUNTHER

I've no quarrel with you, Jobriath, only the seed of evil that festers within you.

ERIC

Okay, I understand this has been a pretty fucking heavy day, man. It has been for all of us, but I need you to stay grounded, Gunther.

Gwen and Eddie come around the side of the van.

EDDIE

This doesn't look like regulation play, guys. You out of game or what?

JOE

We're so far out of game that we're back in it somehow.

GWEN

Gunther, you have got to know when to turn it off, dude.

She raises her club at him. He tightens his grip on Joe.

JOE

Um...can everyone chill out with the weaponry around me, please?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GUNTHER

If thouest cares for this mortal,
then thou shall help me rid him of
his evil.

It's a standoff, weapons all drawn on each other. Eric and Eddie are skittish bystanders.

ERIC

Um, where the fuck is Ronnie Kwok?

EDDIE

Wasn't he with you?
(to Gwen)
I thought you said there were
bodies? What are you guys up to?

GUNTHER

Where be the GameMaster? Where be
our hordes for glorious combat?

EDDIE

Everyone else completed their
missions and camped near the
battlefield. You guys gonna camp or
just stay up all night?

GUNTHER

The battle...

He loosens his grip. Gwen sees an opening.

GWEN

Yes, the battlefield. It's where
you belong.

A staring contest between Gunther and Gwen. Then he pulls back his sword. Pushes Joe towards her. Grabs her club and runs off.

GWEN

Gunther! Gunther!

GUNTHER

You are just pawns! I must fight
evil at its source!

They all watch him disappear into the woods for a beat.

JOE

Can't believe I'm saying this, but
that fucking psychopath is right.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

JOE(cont'd)

We have to get to the battlefield
and warn everyone until the cops
get here.

EDDIE

Dude, you guys are on another
planet. You know drugs are off-
limits out here.

JOE

How far is the battlefield?

Eddie's getting freaked out, starts backing away.

EDDIE

I'm gonna hafta report this to
Ronnie Kwok.

ERIC

(hopping out of the van)
HOW FAR?!

*

EDDIE

Easy, dude. It's over there through
the woods. Ten minutes, maybe. I'll
show you...!

*

*

Eddie takes off running into the woods. After a beat, a sigh.

*

JOE

He ain't coming back. Let's go.

*

*

They quickly walk off in the same direction.

61

INT. SKY VALLEY SHERIFF DEPARTMENT - SAME

61

The Sheriff Deputy leans forward into the light from a desk
lamp and we see that he's Jake, a paintballer from the
opening scene. He dials the phone.

JAKE

Hey, Randy? Rise and shine, buddy,
we got a cold dish of getback needs
serving. Get your cousin and get
your gear, I'ma pick you up in ten.

62

INT. TRAILER HOME - SAME

62

A man hangs up the phone -- it is Randy, one of the other
paintballers. When he turns to us, REVEAL his face is covered
in SCARS in the form of Enochian words from the Sigilum.
There is unholy nerd bloodlust in his eyes.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Randy turns and opens a compartment that should hold a Murphy bed. Instead it is filled floor to ceiling with paintball gear and weaponry. He breathes it in and smiles broadly.

63

EXT. HIKING TRAILS (FOREST OF LOST SOULS) - SAME

63

Joe, Gwen and Eric stride down a hiking trail. Suddenly, Joe stops and motions for the others to hold up.

JOE

Who's that?

They notice a man and a woman clenched in a lovers' embrace in a natural alcove just off of the path. Moans, groans and moist sounds of pleasure are discernible.

JOE

Are they...?

ERIC

Is that Eddie?

But a GROAN from Eddie doesn't sound right. Joe stops. The sounds of crunching, gnashing teeth and gurgling also don't sound very sexy. The others stop.

As one, they all turn back, shine their lights to see Succubeth, crouched over Eddie like a carnivorous beast.

Eddie's chest cavity is completely open, and even as she turns to look into the light and flash her pearly red smile, she is finishing up her eating of Eddie's heart.

Succubeth locks her gaze onto the stunned Joe.

QUICK FLASH

Of her earlier, seeing the photo ripped from Hung's stomach.

BACK TO SCENE

Where she smiles, slips into seductress mode. She stands and walks towards them, her hand still in Eddie's chest cavity. Dragging him along for a few beats.

JOE

Beth?

GWEN

Beth...Beth...? Holy shit, that's your psychotic girlfriend?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JOE
Ex-girlfriend.

GWEN
I've had some bad breakups, but...

Succubeth draws closer, shucks Eddie's body off nonchalantly, his heart still in her hand. Joe and Eric are mesmerized.

ERIC
(quietly, to self)
...this is so fucked up...

JOE
(quiet, to self)
...I know...

Succubeth reaches out a bloody hand to touch Joe, just as the fingertips almost brush up against his cheeks-

WHAM

Down comes Gwen's longsword, made of actual steel, that she confiscated from Gunther back at the van.

GWEN
Bad form, bitch!

She runs Succubeth STRAIGHT THROUGH with the sword, pinning it to a tree.

Even pinned through, she flails her arms and managing to swat Gwen off her feet and yards down the path like shooing a bug.

Gwen groans, gets up and dusts herself off.

Succubeth still speaks while run through, blood burbling from her mouth.

SUCCUBETH
I'll tell you what *I* see: a warrior
who cannot let go of his past.

JOE
What the hell are you talking
about...
(thinking)
Wait. Eric, this has to do with
that picture of Beth.

ERIC
The one Hung, um, ate?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

JOE
(nodding)
And the fucking book. The eBay
book. --

ERIC
Get the fuck out, man.

JOE
Okay, if you can think of another
reason this thing looks like Beth
at prom, I'm all ears.

Eric digs out the ancient, jeweled tome.

JOE
I had the picture with me when you
summoned this...*thing*...with the
book.

Succubeth literally GRABS the blade in her hand without even
looking, starts to pull it out.

Gwen drives it back in.

GWEN
Gentlemen, I say we hurry.

JOE
Eric, use it to send that bitch
back wherever she came from!

ERIC
I don't know how! I just picked a
page at random earlier.

Finally, Gwen can hold on no longer, as Succubeth yanks the
sword from her own body in one quick motion. Black blood
flows from where the blade digs into her hand, but Succubeth
shows no sign of pain.

JOE
Then just pick another page and
hurry the fuck up. She's free!

Eric nervously hurries to a page and begins to shout.

JOE
No, do it right, like in the game,
with the bar mitzvah singing and
shit. Be a fucking wizard, man!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

Eric brings a little sing-song tone to it. The Book Gem does its subtle glowing thing.

ERIC
*Meph arsl gaiol mor dial hecetga/
 noco mad hoath iaida oro ibah
 aozpi/ iadnamad gmicalzoma...*

Succubeth starts to shake her head violently, covers her ears and doubles-up as if she is in severe pain. She HOWLS with an inhuman, unholy voice.

ERIC (CONT'D)
*...luciftias arikh anpin sephiroth
 ha-d'borim/ nuit! hadit! ra-hoor-
 khuit!*

Finally, with a burst of effort, Succubeth takes off into the trees, disappearing almost immediately.

ERIC
 Take that, bitch! Thouest hath been served by Eric the Enchanter!

JOE
 You let her get away?

ERIC
Excuse me? She just went off to die in the woods like a wounded animal.

Just then, someone comes stumbling out of the trees and claws at the book.

ERIC
 Jesus Christ!

But it's not Jesus -- just Ronnie Kwok.

JOE
 Ronnie, goddamit!

Ronnie doesn't say anything, just stares at the book in Eric's hand.

RONNIE KWOK
 Sigilum Aemeth.

They all trade looks.

GWEN
 Ooooookay.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

RONNIE KWOK

The book. The Sigilum Aemeth. Where
did you get this? Never mind...

He looks closer. His face turns white as snow.

RONNIE KWOK

Eric, did you read this page?

ERIC

Um...why?

RONNIE KWOK

DID YOU READ IT!?

ERIC

Yes, yes, holy fuck, yes. We read
it. And it scared that crazy chick
back to hell. Or wherever she came
from.

(thinking)

And if that doesn't get me to
level 27, I don't know what will.
So pony up, Kwok.

RONNIE KWOK

(reading)

No, no, no...of course, now it all
makes sense.

Joe, Eric and Gwen all trade glances of disbelief.

JOE

It's gibberish! It makes no sense.

RONNIE KWOK

It would make sense if you knew how
to speak Enochian, fool!

ERIC

Enochi-what? You made that up.

RONNIE KWOK

This is the Sigilum Aemeth. The
only one of its kind. Handwritten
by 16th century mystic John Dee,
and lost for centuries.

ERIC

Bull. Shit. It came from the
Internets. Not the 16th Century.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

ERIC(cont'd)

If you're trying to get out of
admitting how awesome I am...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (6)

RONNIE KWOK

Evil travels under its own powers.
John Dee claimed to summon angels,
but truly they were demons. And
those demons forged the book.

JOE

What are you saying, Kwok?

RONNIE KWOK

The angels couldn't destroy the
book, but they sealed it and hid it
from mankind for generations.
Legend says Dee buried the book
deep underneath his manor estate.

Ronnie quickly scans the pages.

RONNIE KWOK (CONT'D)

Yet here it is in your incapable
hands. And you've used it to summon
a succubus from Hell, you idiot.

CUT TO:

64 EXT. WOODS - SAME

64

Succubeth is running through the woods, moving in and out of
the trees. Suddenly she falls to her knees, HOWLS.

65 EXT. HIKING TRAILS (FOREST OF LOST SOULS) - SAME

65

RONNIE KWOK

And this? That you just read? *The
Herald of Abominog?*

(from the book)

"...within the language lay the
name of the hell lord Abominog, and
I hath spoken it. And hell raineth
down."

CUT TO:

66 EXT. WOODS - SAME

66

Succubeth rises from the forest floor and runs through the
thick forest, gaining speed as she goes. We see her in quick
glimpses between the trees, and every time we see her, there
is a flash of something...different. Huge CLAWS, enormous,
demonic TEETH, powerful, red-tinged legs.

67 EXT. HIKING TRAILS (FOREST OF LOST SOULS) 67

Everyone is staring at Ronnie blankly.

RONNIE KWOK

You didn't injure it, you ignorant fuck. You *transformed* it.

GWEN

Transformed it into what, exactly.

CUT TO:

68 EXT. WOODS - SAME 68

WIDE ON the dark woods, a couple beats of calm before the mighty Abominog ROARS so enormously loud that a giant colony of bats pours from the trees.

69 EXT. CAMPGROUND - SAME 69

The echoing ROAR reaches a tent set up at a campsite.

70 INT. TENT - SAME 70

Close on Ira's sleeping face. The ROAR causes his eyes to fly open in a panic.

Pull back to see Winston sit bolt upright in his sleeping bag.

WINSTON

What the fuck was that?

Ira scrambles to stand, rummages around and finds a HORN.

IRA

Ronnie Kwok's dragon. We fuckin' overslept again. Time for Evermore!

WINSTON

Shit! Blow the fuckin' horn!

The guys scramble. Ira takes the horn and exits the tent.

71 EXT. HIKING TRAILS (FOREST OF LOST SOULS) - SAME 71

Our heroes exchange puzzled looks off the sound of the roar.

The air escapes from Ronnie in exasperation. He slumps down.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RONNIE KWOK
It eats souls. We're all gonna die.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Joe holds Gwen tight. In the distance, a HORN or trumpet of some sort can be heard.

RONNNIE KWOK

Shit.

JOE

What?

RONNNIE KWOK

Horn of War. 10 minute warning that Battle of Evermore's gonna begin.

ERIC

Why now? It's like 3 in the fucking morning.

RONNNIE KWOK

It's not *supposed* to start for another few hours, asshole. Fuck! Ira's an idiot.

JOE

Well *right now*, there's a LARPer buffet on that field, and all those poor bastards have are foam sticks.

They all look off.

JOE

We have to save them.

Eric looks at him like he's fucking nuts.

ERIC

Are you fucking nuts?

JOE

Eric, that thing slaughtered our best friend. Are you gonna let that stand? You've been out here practicing this shit every weekend for years. Face it, man, you've got everything but you've *earned* nothing. Are you going to hide from that... *thing* the way you hide from real life? Or, are you going to man up and avenge the death of your friend?

Initially angry, Eric stops, lets this sink in. He rises up, steels himself.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

ERIC
Verily, the time has come to earn
our valor, people.

CUT TO:

72 EXT. PARKING LOT (OUTSKIRTS OF ELIPHAZ) - SECONDS LATER **72** *

Eric hauls a case full of weapons out of his van.

SERIES OF QUICK-CUT CLOSE-UPS:

- A longsword SCABBARD is secured on Joe's belt.
- Eric's CROSSBOW is LOADED and PULLED-BACK.
- A small FIRE EXTINGUISHER from the van.
- The CAR STEREO, where the music is coming from. A HAND enters frame and TURNS IT UP.
- FLAME shoots out of a long butane BARBECUE LIGHTER.
- Several mortar-style FIREWORKS are tucked into Gwen's belt.
- Joe takes Hung's bent spiked mace from earlier, tucks it into his belt. A tribute to the fallen comrade.

A medium shot reveals our three heroes, dressed for battle with a warrior's resolve that this may be their last sunrise.

JOE
For Hung.

They set out on the same trail as Succubeth, disappearing into sinister-looking woods.

73 EXT. SOCCER FIELD (BATTLEFIELD OF EVERMORE) **73**

A long green field, faint white chalk lines still visible, two metal goals on either end, covered to disguise them.

SUPER: BATTLEFIELD OF EVERMORE

A mist swirls over the landscape, lending a little bit of mystery to the prosaic scene.

Two RAGTAG ARMIES (roughly 50 LARPerS per side, budget withstanding) are arrayed across from each other. Knights, wizards, Orcs and Vikings ready themselves, don their fake armor, prepare their fake weapons and spell packets. Each side wearing either a RED or GREEN ARMBAND.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Filtering through the crowds are some of the Gamemasters we've met along the way, wearing BLACK ARMBANDS. They carry walkie-talkies.

On either side of the field, each army has a King that we've met before, but now each is in his full glory:

The Red King, King Buzzo, with his massive afro, and the Green leader, King Diamond, who rules his troops from a motorized wheelchair.

King Buzzo runs up and down his line of men. He smacks their drawn swords with a battle axe as he goes, making the not-quite-satisfying sound of foam thudding foam.

KING BUZZO

A day may come when our courage
fails, when we break all bonds of
fellowship...

Behind him, a gathering of warlocks grab BIRDSEED from a big bag and fill their spell packets.

KING BUZZO (CONT'D)

...but it is not this day!

He points his sword across...

TO THE OTHER END OF THE FIELD

Where King Diamond's wheelchair moves slowly along his army. Several Wood Sprites prepare his way, dropping flowers in front of him. Some Elven archers position their longbows and foam darts.

KING DIAMOND

I can feel your nerves, my
soldiers. And I know your greatest
fear. Ay, fight and you may die.
Run and you'll live.
(a mad twinkle in his eye)
At least a while.

The King accidentally runs over the feet of a Gamemaster.

GAMEMASTER

Ouch, motherfu--

He walks it off, gets on his Walkie-Talkie.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

GAMEMASTER
(into Walkie-Talkie)
We are a go in position 2.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

ANGLE ON THE SIDELINES

Where the Winston and Ira sit with an open laptop.

IRA
Roger that. Position 1?

VOICE ON WALKIE-TALKIE (O.C.)
We are go.

CUT TO:

King Buzzo. He moves along the front row of his men, where the Deathriders and the Arthurian Knights jostle for position in the first wave.

KING BUZZO
An hour may come, an hour of wolves
and shattered shields...

74 EXT. HIGHWAY - SAME 74

Wide shot of an empty highway. A faint buzzing sound grows.

A distant speck appears on the horizon.

KING BUZZO (V.O.)
...when it all comes crashing down,
but it is not this day!

The buzz has quickly grown into the unholy fart of a glasspack muffler, the speck revealed to be a primer-grey pickup truck hurtling toward us.

75 INT. PICKUP - SAME 75

The roar of the modified exhaust system drowns out the shit-kickin' music. Deputy Jake, Randy and Zakk ride while good ol' boy TOMMY drives.

KING BUZZO (V.O.)
This day we *fight!!*

76 EXT. SOCCER FIELD (BATTLEFIELD OF EVERMORE) - SAME 76

King Diamond is working himself up into a lather as he rolls along ever faster.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KING DIAMOND

Dying in your beds years from now,
would you not be willing to trade
all the days from this day to that
for one chance, *just one chance...*

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

He is so worked up he actually begins to lift out of his chair, pushing himself up by powerful arms. The Wood Sprites rush to help him, but he slaps them away as he rises into frame heroically.

CUT TO:

77 EXT. WOODS

77

Where Gunther sprints through the woods, vaults over fallen trees, cuts branches as he goes, a hero in action at last.

KING DIAMOND (V.O.)
... to come back here, to this
place, this moment!

Deep in a thicket of woods, he stops, peers around. Gunther looks at his map, around again. Lost.

GUNTHER
Oh, Odin's balls!

CUT TO:

78 EXT. SOCCER FIELD (BATTLEFIELD OF EVERMORE) - SAME

78

King Buzzo is standing stock still in front of his mighty horde as he too reaches a crescendo.

KING BUZZO
By all that you hold dear on this
field of battle, I bid you stand
and fight!

CUT TO:

79 EXT. WOODS

79

Joe, Eric and our crew race through the woods. Ronnie Kwok brings up the rear, holds a walkie-talkie/phone in his hand.

RONNIE
Pick up! Answer me, you fools!

KING BUZZO (V.O.)
Unleash the dogs of war!!

80 EXT. SOCCER FIELD (BATTLEFIELD OF EVERMORE)

80

King Buzzo's final cry echoes. The Gamemasters check their watches. A voice SQUAWKS out of a loudspeaker mounted on the bleachers.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

VOICE ON LOUDSPEAKER (V.O.)
 Hear ye the voice of the mighty
 battle god, Padavona, who blesseth
 this battlefield and the mighty
 warriors who will taste victory
 this morn... er, eve!

*
 *
 *
 *
 *

ANGLE ON WINSTON

...as he speaks into a handset.

WINSTON
 The horn bloweth, and the Battle of
 Evermore hath BEGUN!!!

He nods to Ira who raises the HORN OF WAR to his lips. He wears a Yarmulke with Elvish writing on it.

WINSTON
 What the hell is that?

IRA
 Yeah, I lost the official horn of
 battle. This is the shofar from my
 temple.

In SLO-MO, see the horn reach his lips.

CUT TO:

81	EXT. HIKING TRAILS (FOREST OF LOST SOULS)	81
	Our heroes make their way through the trees.	
	And then they hear the long, low wail of the HORN OF BATTLE. He, Eric, Joe and Gwen all freeze for a moment, share a look, then take off at a sprint, drawing weapons.	
	With each BLAST of the horn, we CUT TO:	
82	EXT. ANOTHER PART OF THE WOODS - SAME	82
	Gunther hears the horn, orients himself in the right direction, then leaps and sprints like an Amazon.	
83	EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - SAME	83
	The Paintballers drive faster, loading their weapons.	

84

EXT. A CREEK - SAME

84

Though we can't quite make it out, the Beast lumbers through the water. We only see flashes of claws, shining fangs, and a brief display of something that resembles a *hideous smile*.

85

EXT. SOCCER FIELD (BATTLEFIELD OF EVERMORE) - SAME

85

The last HORN BLAST fades. A ROAR goes up from the throngs.

WIDE SHOT as the armies run across the field toward each other a la BRAVEHEART. Soon, everywhere we look, melees and battles are in full flare.

ANGLE on the Elves, letting a volley of foam arrows fly. As the barrage of arrows hit, LARPerS yell out fates.

VARIOUS LARPER
Hit...flesh wound...mortal
wound...miss...

ANGLE ON opposing groups of WIZARDS, just wailing on each other with bean bags, throwing them as hard as they can.

They run out of spell bags, toss them aside and go after each other with their STAFFS.

ANGLE ON the Barbarians, swinging oversized foam clubs. One has his glasses knocked off by an enemy's foam battle ax.

He does a slow burn, then, enraged, he launches off the backs of his teammates to make a flying attack, with a ROAR.

ANGLE ON THE SIDELINES...

...where Ira and Winston survey the action with binoculars.

IRA
Kwok's gonna be so pissed he missed
this.

WINSTON
No shit. But, where's the dragon.
We heard it...
(into walkie-talkie)
Calling Ronnie's Dragon--get the
hell out here, already.

On the opposite edge of the field. A dragon head made from papier-mâché on chicken wire frame comes into view. It lets out an amplified, mechanical ROAR.

When the entire dragon comes fully into view, we see it's a MINIVAN covered in a decorative canvas tarp, with fake wings painted on and a long tail dragging behind.

LARPerS cheer as SMOKE comes from the dragon's nose with another ROAR.

86 INT. VAN DRAGON - SAME

86

The two DRAGON RIDERS inside are having fun watching the chaos outside on a little closed-circuit TV on the dash. The "reverse view" pinhole camera (standard issue in minivans) has been re-wired to show the "dragon's" POV.

DRAGON RIDER 1
Run, puny humans!

CUT TO:

87 EXT. HIKING TRAILS (FOREST OF LOST SOULS)

87

Eric, Joe and company hear the roar of the Dragon.

JOE
What was that...?

RONNIE
Those fuckers couldn't wait for me?
Took me and the kids like 2 weeks
to build that--

He is interrupted by an even LOUDER ROAR.

GWEN
What was *that*...?

CUT TO:

88 EXT. SOCCER FIELD (BATTLEFIELD OF EVERMORE)

88

The players and Gamemasters all turn as one to see the PICKUP TRUCK full of our favorite rednecks fly over the hill and tear onto the field with a revving ROAR.

It zooms by the Dragon, RIPPING off its tail.

Jake, Zakk and Randy stand in the truck bed, armed with PAINTBALL GUNS. Zakk jumps out onto the field.

The truck cuts donuts in the field, kicking up turf. Randy and Jake hold on tight, WHOOPING as they toss out smoke grenades, which create mass confusion among the LARP soldiers.

Zakk spies King Diamond in his wheelchair. King D panics and putt-putts toward the edge of the field.

King Diamond gets stuck in a patch of weeds. His wheels spin (slowly) as Randy closes in, cocking his paintball gun.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ZAKK
Shoulda got the off-road tires,
Meals on Wheels.

Zakk smiles and peppers Diamond with BRIGHT RED PAINT PELLETS. But Diamond doesn't even seem to feel it, he just stares in shock at something past Zakk.

Just as Zakk turns curiously -- WHAM!

Two enormous clawed hands, 3X normal size, sweep forward -- ABOMINOG!

Zakk is RIPPED out of frame by the demon's hands.

King Diamond is now having his fake blood sprayed over by the very real DARK RED BLOOD of his enemy. A beat, then the terrified SCREAMING.

Abominog's massive claws swipe at King Diamond, catching him across the neck. Diamond's head falls back like a blood-shooting Pez dispenser. A POV shot shows us his perspective of the sky en route to an upside-down view behind him.

Grenade smoke wafts over the area and the massive silhouette of Abominog can be discerned rising out of the dead weeds and lumbering onto the battlefield -- a confused free-for-all.

The LARPers still have no idea a true monster is among them.

89

INT. VAN DRAGON - SAME

89

The two guys inside are still laughing hysterically. See their POV of the battlefield through the Dragon Cam TV.

And then the hideous visage of Abominog appears on their screen, his red glowing EYES peering in.

Stuff flies around as the van is TURNED ONTO ITS SIDE.

The CLAWS of Abominog SMASH through the side of the van.

90

EXT. SOCCER FIELD (BATTLEFIELD OF EVERMORE) - SAME

90

ANGLE ON a group of King Buzzo's KNIGHT roaring as one phalanx toward King Diamond's line of defense.

Suddenly, the pickup truck tears through the smoke, skidding to a halt in front of them and cutting them off.

Jake and Randy to hop off the back. The paintballs FLY, pelting the KNIGHTS. They laugh like evil children.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KING BUZZO
Motherfuckers!
(to his knights)
Attack!

Jake and Randy are taken by surprise. More LARPerS turn to fight. King Buzzo sees what's happening.

KING BUZZO
Turn, my vassals! A new enemy has
been revealed! Guilds, stand and
fight! *Together!*

Warriors and sorcerers from both Guilds march back together, braving volley after volley of paint pellets with WAR CRIES.

Jake and Randy retreat back to the truck.

JAKE
I'm outta ammo!

Instead of jumping back in the truck, Randy gets an evil grin on his face, as he and Jake reach into the bed and lift out a gigantic PAINTBALL CANNON (think homemade potato launcher).

Jake giggles like a schoolgirl as he hoists the paintball cannon onto his shoulder.

JAKE
Fire in the hole!

Jake aims, sets...and then is lifted literally right out of frame INTO THE AIR.

When he lands, it's in several pieces.

Behind the mangled body parts, a pair of legs and the lower part of a massive demonic torso lumber into view -- Abominog. (NOTE: As of yet, we still have not seen Abominog in whole)

The Knights -- and Randy --scatter in all directions.

CUT TO:

91

EXT. HIKING TRAILS (FOREST OF LOST SOULS)

91

Eric, Joe and Gwen are getting closer. They can hear the sounds of battle.

RONNIE
Almost there!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ERIC
Knights to the ready!

They pull out their real weapons, Eric brandishes the book, they are ready to kick ass.

They break through the trees onto

92 EXT. SOCCER FIELD (BATTLEFIELD OF EVERMORE) - CONTINUOUS 92

RONNIE KWOK
We've come to save you! Something's
coming this way! I---

He surveys the field, seeing nothing but death, destruction and a WIDE shot of an enormous, demonic Abominog loping across the other end of the field in the far distance.

RONNIE KWOK
...shit.

The camera tracks to reveal Joe, Eric and Gwen standing behind Ronnie, taking in the horrific scene.

Our heroes share a look -- are they ready for this? Suddenly, Gunther goes racing past them from the woods.

GUNTHER
We shall meet in the next life!

He pulls his sword and races to join the fray. The others pull their weapons to follow. Joe stops Gwen.

JOE
Gwen, promise me something. If the
world isn't swallowed up into hell,
you wanna go see a show sometime?

GWEN
Nice timing, warrior.
(a quick kiss)
Sure.

Joe smiles, gets a steely look and races into battle.

JOE
AAAAAYYYY!

ACROSS THE BATTLEFIELD

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ANGLE ON RANDY, still alive, Abominog hunting him like prey. Glimpses of Abominog's legs are seen, but a full close-up view is always just out of sight.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

ANGLE ON GUNTHER, who is almost knocked down by Randy as he RUNS PAST. Gunther hones in on Randy's scarred face.

GUNTHER
(to himself)
Canst that be ... Enochian?

Next, Abominog RUNS BY in hot pursuit of Randy.

ANGLE ON RANDY

RANDY
...just get to the truck...get to
the fucking truck...

He finds the pickup, pulls open the door...

And a TORRENT of BLOOD drains out. What's left inside the cab can't even be called bodies.

Randy switches to Plan B - he reaches behind the seat and pulls a shotgun from the gun rack. A SHADOW falls over him.

ABOMINOOG POV: Randy pumps the SHOTGUN, fires and repeats until spent. Abominog isn't even fazed, and a demonic right cross smashes across, wiping Randy and his shotgun off-screen, his intestines trailing behind him.

ANGLE ON THE SIDELINES DOWNFIELD

Although most of the LARPerS who are aware of Abominog have started to FLEE the field, others take cover to watch.

Winston and Ira hide behind a hill. *

IRA
It's some sort of giant monster.
Looks like maybe a Baatezu. *

WINSTON
I dunno. Maybe an Osyluth.
(beat)
Could be a Mind Flayer. Or a Rage Golem. It has the deadly tendrils, just like in the Monster Manual--

IRA
AAAAGH! Who gives a shit?! How is this even *possible*?

Suddenly, all goes quiet. Ira peeks over the hill and right into the cold dead eyes of a shredded corpse.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

IRA

Oh, god.

Beyond the corpse is a field littered with severed limbs. He tries to hold in his puke.

WINSTON

Is it coming after us?

JOHNNY

I...I don't see it...

Suddenly, something comes flying out of the sky, nailing him on the head.

IRA

Ow! What was that?

More objects fall. They SCREAM in horror upon realizing they're being pelted with human heads.

WINSTON

Fuck! We gotta make a break for it.
On three, we run for the path.

Winston points to an opening in the forest, on the other side of the field.

WINSTON

One....Two...

IRA

No, fuck this. I am not moving
another step until someone tells me
what the hell...

He is silenced by the grip of powerful claws around his torso, and is DRAGGED SCREAMING off-camera, only his Elvish yarmulke is left behind on the ground.

Winston runs blindly, but there is no escape. Lumbering THUDS *
of Abominog's footsteps draw closer.

GUNTHER (O.S.) *

The beast 'tis fast, by Thor...

Just as Abominog is about to spear the fleeing crew with its claws, a shiny metal SWORD lands with a satisfying thump in the side of the monster's head.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

Abominog ROARS in pain. Gunther's weapon has found its mark.

SWISH-PAN to see the paintballers' truck, now with Eric, Joe and Gwen in the back and Ronnie Kwok somewhat ineptly at the wheel.

Joe aims with the crossbow, and a bolt shoots directly into Abominog's mouth.

The creature rises again, CHOKES. Joe fires another bolt, but this time Abominog is ready -- GULPS, CHEWS. We hear CRUNCHING before it spits out the crossbow bolt in pieces.

Abominog then makes a strange sound. It's so loud Joe and the others are forced to cover their ears.

ERIC
WHAT IS THAT?

JOE
SHE'S LAUGHING AT US.

ERIC
Enough, you bitch!

Eric holds the Sigilum Aemeth in one hand, flips through the last few pages. He bangs the top of the cab.

ERIC
Turn us around.

Ronnie tries to peel the truck around, but mishandles the clutch and stalls it out.

RONNIE KWOK
Shit.

The truck turns over, lurches forward, dies. Abominog gets closer.

JOE
You speak *Enochian*, but can't drive
a fucking stick?

ERIC
Guys! I can't find the spell!

RONNIE KWOK
It's near the end! I marked it!

Abominog is clawing at them, but Joe parries the creature with an iron spear.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

Eric finds the spell, hurriedly SHOUT-SINGS the incantation.

ERIC
*Volatile visum me sum ego in meus/
terra praecessi iens ut abyssus...*

SMOKE/FOG gathers as Eric's recitation gains in force. A strong WIND rises. The book glows, almost seems to shimmer as the spell builds. Ronnie Kwok notices.

RONNIE
...the gem....

Meanwhile, Gwen grabs the PAINTBALL CANNON from the truck bed, loads ROUNDS of FIREWORKS in it.

GWEN
Choke on it!

She launches a flurry of fireworks, pelting the creature into confusion.

But then the creature inhales deeply, when it breathes out again, it is pure FIRE.

Eric steps up, pushes Joe and Gwen out of the way. Eric and the book are caught right in the flames.

Eric rolls off the truckbed into the dirt, extinguishing the flames out of his wizardly cloaks.

JOE
Eric!!!

They dash over and help him away from the truck. Eric winces in pain, burns on parts of his hands.

GWEN
Are you okay?

Eric wraps some torn shreds of cloth around his hands.

ERIC
I'll be fine.

JOE
That was insanely stupid.

ERIC
I'm gonna stop saving your life if
you don't start showing some
gratitude.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (6)

GWEN

Focus! Where's the book?

Eric just shakes his head, opens his cloak to reveal a pile of blackened ash, and the single gem from the book's spine.

JOE

Well...shit.

Ronnie Kwok grabs the JEWEL from Eric's hand.

RONNIE KWOK

It's the stone! From the binding.

This is what we need.

(off their puzzled looks)

When Eric used the Sigilum, the stone glowed. It's the power source...

ERIC

(realizing)

And the book's...what, an instruction manual?

RONNIE

Kind of, but more like a book of recipes.

JOE

Hey! A little help?

He and Gwen are throwing everything in their arsenal at the beast -- knives, throwing stars, wrenches...

RONNIE KWOK

Give us a minute to THINK!

JOE

We don't have a--

Suddenly, the charred frame of the truck comes rolling down the hill past them, picking up speed while a figure in armor, a sword in each hand and an axe on his back, howls a war cry out the driver's window.

GUNTHER

AAAAAAGGHHHHHHHHHH!

GWEN

Gunther!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (7)

IN WIDE SHOT, we see the truck pick up speed and SLAM right into Abominog, pinning the demon against a tree.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (8)

CLOSE ON Gunther, leaping from the cab and plunging his swords through the demon's arms, pinning it more securely to the tree.

GUNTHER

This shall not hold the beast for long. What dost thou need?

RONNIE

A banishment spell. From the book, but the book is destroyed.

GUNTHER

Tis not verily true. Follow me!

Joe, Eric and Ronnie follow Gunther back to the pile of severed HEADS and BODY PARTS.

GUNTHER

Here be your book...

JOE

Dude.

Gunther gets into the pile and just starts digging through disgusting, severed parts and viscera.

ERIC

Dude!

RONNIE KWOK

Oh...god...

ANGLE ON THE UPPER TORSO OF ABOMINO

Still pinned by the truck, but now with one arm free, the other coming free fast.

ANGLE ON GWEN

Watching nervously.

GWEN

Guys? Whatever you're doing...do it faster.

ANGLE ON GUNTHER

He comes out of the pile with a triumphant smile, holding a SEVERED HEAD.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (9)

GUNTHER
...and, here be your spell.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (10)

He spins the head to reveal Randy's face. The words from the book etched on it.

ERIC

What the...

He thrusts it into Ronnie's hands, then races past them, back into the fray against Abominog.

ANGLE ON RONNIE

Holding the head at arm's length. Trying not to puke.

ERIC

What's it say?

RONNIE

...so disgusting...so disgusting...

ERIC

Get it together, Ronnie!

He slaps him. Ronnie focuses.

RONNIE

Right. Sorry.

He squints, trying to read. Tentatively SINGS, gem in one hand, severed head in the other, trying to make out the worlds carved into the skin.

RONNIE KWOK

*O Ankh-af-na-khonsu! Aiwass Hoor-
paar-kraat Bes-na-Maut Ta-Nech...*

JOE

SING IT LIKE YOU FUCKING MEAN IT,
RONNIE!

Ronnie lifts himself to his feet and, much more assuredly, sings an Enochian spell-song.

RONNIE KWOK

*Augoeides mater triumphans/ mulier
teletarchai yetziratic babalon
luciftias...*

Free of Gunther's swords, Abominog begins to work his way out of the tree/truck bind.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (11)

The ground RUMBLES as Ronnie speak-sings. LIGHTNING CRACKLES all around him. Ronnie glories in his power, a shit-eating grin appears on his face.

In the distance, a giant BOLT OF LIGHTNING shakes the earth.

RONNIE KWOK
*Iehusoz baltoh daimons khephra
 ahathoor zauir anpin...!*

Just as Ronnie reaches his climax, his voice is CUT OFF...

TRACK DOWN to see two of Abominog's huge hands gripping Ronnie's arms, and SQUEEZING them in. Pinning them to his torso, tighter and tighter.

Ronnie GASPS for breath, he struggles.

Ronnie's eyes meet Eric's.

RONNIE
 ...up to you now...Sorcerer...

CLOSE ON his arms, his torso, as his skin starts to rip like a ripe banana, his insides seeping out.

RONNIE
 Protect Jobriath...the savior...

The gasping ends along with Ronnie's breath, as he crumples to the ground. The wind dies down, the lightning stops.

A deep RUMBLING sound takes over -- Abominog LAUGHING again. Its eyes fix on Gwen, points a claw at her.

But from behind her, see Joe rising into frame, now holding the gem. Eric stands beside him with the head.

JOE
 Hear me, demon!!!
 (To Eric)
 Head me.

Eric tosses it to him. Joe tries to read Randy's scarred face.

JOE
 Um...fuck, I can't...dude's soul
 patch is in the way...FUCK THIS.
 (to Eric)
 Eric, the gem is what makes the
 magic work, right?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (12)

ERIC
Fuck if I know, man.

JOE
Are you a wizard or not? Fuck!

ERIC
Yes, yes, it's clearly the
catalyst.

JOE
Then catch, Eric.

Joe tosses something to Eric.

JOE (CONT'D)
Track 2.

Eric sees it is his demo CD. Joe holds up the gemstone, it
catches the light.

JOE
HEAR ME, HELLSPAWN!

He closes his eyes, turns his dagger upside-down and holds it
like a microphone, takes a deep breath, then launches in.

JOE
*Behold the echoes of the
vanquished/The Chosen Soldier
marching on/soul devoured, dreams
empowered/to return before the
daaaaaaawn*

Something comes shambling out of the WOODS, first on its
knees, then rising to stand. Through the swirling mist, it
casts an enormous SHADOW, a monster to rival Abominog itself.

But when it clears the mist and reveals itself, it is
something else entirely...a shambling figure, a WALKING DEAD
MAN...a Zombie LARPer...

ERIC
Hung?

HUNG
(a guttural croak)
Steeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeel.

GWEN
What did he say?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (13)

ERIC

Sword! Give him a sword!

Undead Hung glances a moment at Eric, gives a tiny flash of recognition. Then it's gone, as Gunther tosses him a sword.

UNDEAD HUNG

(deep, sonorous croak)

Deeeeemooooooooon. It is tiiiiiiime...

The doom metal of Joe's band rages over the soundtrack. Eric has it playing on the truck's sound system.

JOE

*The stained horizon/Ablaze with
fire/Consuming love in a funeral
pyre/Lifeless wanderer/On the road
to Hades/Defeats the snake his
heart hath sired*

*
*
*
*
*

WINSTON

What is that? Sabbath? Motorhead?

ERIC

That's a Doomstalker original, son.

JOE

(singing along to CD)

*Rent the heart of the Hempian
warrior/that soulless jezebel/in
its place he heard the song/
'twould send her back to hell*

Zombie Hung moves insanely quickly now (think Fast Zombie), hacking and slashing just as he did during his tutorial run with Joe back at base camp. Only, this time it's for real.

Abominog is just as stunned by the moves as Joe was. Hung is lightning fast, hacking at limbs and demon flesh.

HUNG

(guttural croak)

Hit...Hit...Hit...

ERIC

That's not the real Hung.

GUNTHER

The soul hath left its vessel. That
is but a foot soldier for the under-
realms.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (14)

Tears well in Eric's eyes as he watches Hung wail on the demon. The wind rises and whips around in a VORTEX.

Abominog rages and struggles against the force.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (15)

Joe is at the epic chorus...

JOE
*SENDING, DESCENDING/INTO THE
ABYSSSSSSSS*

In a last ditch move, the demon flings out its hands, and its razor sharp CLAWS fly through the air at Joe.

In a sacrificial mood, Gunther steps in their path, hear the PING and CLANG of the claws piercing his armor.

GWEN
Gunther!

Gunther's drops to his knees, his eyes unfocused, blood dripping from his mouth. He turns to Joe.

GUNTHER
Keep...going...

His body hits the earth and doesn't move.

JOE
(gathers himself, singing
even stronger)
*SENDING, DESCENDING/INTO THE
ABYSSSSSSSS*

Abominog is leaking black blood from wounds all over.

GWEN
FINISH HIM!

In slow-motion, Hung executes a leaping lunge that GUTS Abominog from throat to waist. The HEARTS of its victims come spilling out of the wound and the demon's flesh collapses like an empty suit.

Zombie Hung takes a knee and holds his sword to the heavens before collapsing to the ground, lifeless again.

BETH'S VOICE
Stop them, Joe. They're hurting me!

Hearing Beth's voice flusters Joe, he squints through the whirling dust and shimmering, vibrating air to see clearer.

JOE
...Beth?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (16)

Beth rises like Nosferatu from the remains of the creature,
but this is not the Succubeth.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (17)

This is the Beth that Joe fell in love with. She cleans up good, as they say, dressed in a white sundress, no dirt, no blood, no gore. Could be on her way to church.

BETH

Joe? What's going on? Where am I?

JOE

Beth?

ERIC

Aw, shit. Joe, stay away from her.

She holds out a hand for Joe to help her up. He does.

GWEN

No, Joe!

ERIC

Joe, it is NOT her.

But Joe can hear no one else. It is as if the rest of the world has faded out and he and Beth are all alone.

BETH

Oh, Joe, I'm so happy to see you.
How could I have been so wrong?

JOE

I dunno. That was my whole point.

BETH

I'll make it up to you, baby. I'll
do anything for you. I want to be
with you *forever*.

Joe gets a stoney smile on his face. His eyes glaze over.

ERIC

Good God, man! She was *never* like
this to you!

Eric grabs Joe's shoulder, he turns to look harshly at Eric, but Beth turns his face back to her.

BETH

Forever, Joe.

JOE

What's that, hon?

BETH

Together in eternity.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (18)

Joe smiles.

GWEN
Get back here, Joe, we need you.

BETH
Come on, baby.

Joe allows her to take his steel longsword from his hand.

BETH
Baby, take my hand.

She takes his hand in hers, palm-up, lifts his arm and lines up the blade as if to slice his veins lengthwise.

BETH
We'll be able to fly.

Beth says this casually, with a sweet smile.

GWEN
Joe!!

JOE
(to Beth)
We're going to be so happy.

Gwen has tears in her eyes now. Then she gets a hard look, shakes her head.

GWEN
Ah, fuck this shit.

She twirls her sword using one of Gunther's patented moves, swings it high through the air and slices it into Beth's torso, running her through.

JOE
BETH!
(to Gwen)
What the fuck did you do?

He rips the sword from her, looks like he might run her through with it. Eric holds him back.

ERIC
It's not her, man! It's not Beth!
Look!

Beth's wound has already closed up and healed. She tries to turn on her innocent smile again, but Joe's not buying it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (19)

Joe's face sets hard. He holds up Gwen's sword.

BETH

Joe...?

With a primal roar, he slashes the sword like a hot knife through butter, LOPPING OFF SUCCUBETH'S HEAD.

JOE

Drop. To the nether realms. Bitch.

Our heroes look down to see both the head and the body burst into FLAMES, and dissolve into ASH.

GWEN

You have questionable taste in women, my friend.

JOE

Perhaps. But I have great taste when it comes to music.

GWEN

Apparently.

She takes her sword, wipes it clean, returns it to its scabbard.

Just then, DAWN BREAKS over the treetops. The clouds have parted, the sun rises, birds tentatively sing -- it's a beautiful day at the State Park, which bears no evidence of the epic battle of Good vs. Evil that has just transpired.

No one knows what to say, awkward looks all around. Did that really just happen?

GWEN

The bodies...

ERIC

What?

JOE

(realizing)

Where are the bodies?

There's no trace of the undead. Just bits of ragged COSTUMES, and their discarded WEAPONS.

They pick through the debris, searching for survivors. Eric picks up a sword from the grass. Hung's sword. SIGHS.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (20)

Gwen looks through the survivors for her cousin, sees his bloody sword lying on the ground and rushes over to it.

Joe walks over, to where she's crying silently.

JOE

Gwen, I'm...

GWEN

Don't. He was always on a different path. To die a hero, vanquishing a monster...crazy fucker probably dreamt of going out this way.

Gwen grabs Joe's hand, holds on tight. Eric appears beside them, his robes in tatters. Still holding Hung's sword.

In the distance we hear the GHOSTLY ECHO of Gunther's voice, singing a celebratory Viking battlesong about the Vanquishing of the Abominog.

ERIC

Let's go, apprentice.

JOE

No, we can't forget this. Or them.

Joe thinks a moment, then takes Gunther's sword and DRIVES IT INTO THE GROUND as a grave marker. Eric nods, does the same with Hung's mace.

The Viking chant mixes into a loud doom metal track, as Joe, Eric, Gwen and the other survivors pick through the battlefield, erecting monuments to the dead.

They grab discarded SPELL PACKETS as they go. Joe opens one of them up, scatters the BIRDSEED all over the fields. Others see this and follow suit.

CUT TO:

93

INT. THE VAN - LATER

93

Joe drives, Gwen in the passenger seat. Eric sits in the back, playing with the gem from the book. Lying in the seat next to him is Hung's LARP t-shirt.

He looks away with tears in his eyes, stares back at the State Park as they pull away.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ERIC

It may be awhile, but we'll fight
together again, friend...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

He doesn't notice the gem in his hand GLOW brightly, as if fired from within. A strange, quiet HUMMING sound grows.

CUT TO:

94 EXT. SOCCER FIELD (BATTLEFIELD OF EVERMORE) - SAME 94

The sound plays over, as we scan the field covered in makeshift grave markers and memorials. Suddenly, as if in time-lapse, the seeds from the spell-packets take root and blossom into a riot of colorful WILDFLOWERS. A final tribute.

FADE TO BLACK.

FADE IN:

95 EXT. ERIC'S CASTLE - DAY 95

In one long TRACKING SHOT, we go into the house through the front door, still hearing that METAL ANTHEM playing.

We pass a vase with WILD FLOWERS in them, like those in the field.

They sit in front of a framed OIL PAINTING of Hung as if done by Frazetta - as buff as Conan, ladies in fur bikinis on each arm, sword strapped to his back. He is battling a beast that looks a lot like ABOMINOX.

We wind past that into...

JOE'S ROOM

The music's being played by Joe (guitar) and Gwen (bass). She flubs a note, but they're so loud it doesn't matter.

JOE
(screaming over the music)
YOU'RE A TERRIBLE BASS PLAYER!

GWEN
I KNOW! ISN'T IT AWESOME?

They both play even louder to compensate.

The FEEDBACK reaches a level of pure, joyful rage. The song continues to play as we track through

THE LIVING ROOM

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The TV is on, and we see the LOCAL NEWS is showing blurry cell cam footage of the Abominog battle, a moment of Gunther's bravery against the monster.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

NEWSCASTER'S VOICE (ON TV)
...dozens of weekend wizards and
warriors allegedly vanish at
Furnier State Park. Some say hoax,
while others are saying it's a
publicity stunt for a Hollywood
movie...

We pass the TV and head into...

CASTLE GARAGE

And go close onto hands putting the Sigilum gemstone into a
leather pouch, which is then secreted into a hollowed out
book.

The book's cover closes, revealing it to be an old-school D&D
Dungeon Master's Guide. The book is then put into a
protective mylar bag, like collectors use for comics.

The bagged book is laid to rest in a cardboard longbox, which
is then covered.

The tracking shot pulls back to reveal Eric, in civilian
clothing, as he inserts the box between two stacks of
identical white longboxes.

The CAMERA PULLS BACK even further, out the GARAGE DOORS, to
reveal that the space is packed top to bottom with identical
boxes. A comic geek's version of the Ark of the Covenant's
final resting place.

The camera pulls up and up and up to a BIRD'S EYE VIEW of a
very normal neighborhood, filled with very abnormal people.

That view goes up even further, and CROSS-FADES into a
weathered, ancient-looking Tolkien-esque MAP, as if their
humble neighborhood has suddenly turned into a mythical land.
And as Joe and Gwen's music vibrates our very souls,

FADE OUT.