

"THE PRINCESS BRIDE"

by

William Goldman

based on his novel

FADE IN ON:

A VIDEO GAME ON A COMPUTER SCREEN.

The game is in progress. As a sick coughing sound is heard.

CUT TO:

THIS KID

lying in bed, coughing. Pale, one sick cookie. Maybe he's seven or eight or nine. He holds a remote in one hand, presses it, and the video game moves a little bit. Then he's hit by another spasm of coughing, puts the remote down.

His room is monochromatic, greys and blues, mildly high-tech. We're in the present day and this is a middle class house, somewhere in the suburbs.

CUT TO:

The Kid's MOTHER as she enters, goes to him, fluffs his pillows, kisses him, and briefly feels his forehead. She's worried, it doesn't show. During this--

MOTHER

You feeling any better?

THE KID

A little bit.

MOTHER

Guess what.

THE KID

What?

MOTHER

Your grandfather's here.

THE KID

(not overjoyed)

Mom, can't you tell him that I'm sick?

MOTHER

You are sick, that's why he's here.

THE KID

He'll pinch my cheek. I hate that.

MOTHER

Maybe he won't.

The Kid shoots her an "I'm sure" look, as we

CUT TO:

THE KID'S GRANDFATHER bursting into the room. Kind of ruffled. But the eyes are bright. He has a wrapped package tucked under one arm as he immediately goes to The Kid, pinches his cheek.

GRANDFATHER

Hey! How's the sickie? Heh?

The Kid gives his Mother an "I told you so" look. The Mother ignores it, beats a retreat.

MOTHER

I think I'll leave you two pals.

And she is gone. There's an uncomfortable silence, then--

GRANDFATHER

I brought you a special present.

THE KID

What is it?

GRANDFATHER

Open it up.

The Kid does. He does his best to smile.

THE KID

A book?

GRANDFATHER

That's right. When I was your age, television was called books. And this is a special book. It was the book my father used to read to me when I was sick, and I used to read it to your father. And today, I'm gonna read it to you.

THE KID

Has it got any sports in it?

CUT TO:

THE GRANDFATHER

Suddenly passionate.

GRANDFATHER

Are you kidding? Fencing. Fighting.

Torture. Revenge. Giants. Monsters.
Chases. Escapes. True love. Miracles.

CUT TO:

THE TWO OF THEM as the Grandfather sits in a chair by the bed.

THE KID

(manages a shrug)

It doesn't sound too bad. I'll try
and stay awake.

GRANDFATHER

Oh. Well, thank you very much. It's
very nice of you. Your vote of
confidence is overwhelming. All right.

(Book open now, he
begins to read.)

The Princess Bride, by S. Morgenstern.
Chapter One. Buttercup was raised on
a small farm in the country of Florin.

DISSOLVE TO:

The story he's reading about, as the monochromatic look of
the bedroom is replaced by the dazzling color of the English
countryside.

GRANDFATHER (O.S.)

Her favorite pastimes were riding
her horse and tormenting the farm
boy that worked there. His name was
Westley, but she never called him
that.

(to the kid)

Isn't that a wonderful beginning?

THE KID (O.S.)

(doing his best)

Yeah. It's really good.

GRANDFATHER (O.S.)

(reading)

Nothing gave Buttercup as much
pleasure as ordering Westley around.

CUT TO:

BUTTERCUP'S FARM - DAY

BUTTERCUP is standing, holding the reins of her horse, while
in the background, WESTLEY, in the stable doorway, looks at
her. Buttercup is in her late teens; doesn't care much about
clothes and she hates brushing her long hair, so she isn't
as attractive as she might be, but she's still probably the
most beautiful woman in the world.

BUTTERCUP

Farm boy. Polish my horse's saddle.
I want to see my face shining in it
by morning.

WESTLEY
(quietly, watching
her)
As you wish.

Westley is perhaps half a dozen years older than Buttercup.
And maybe as handsome as she is beautiful. He gazes at her
as she walks away.

GRANDFATHER (O.S.)
"As you wish" was all he ever said
to her.

DISSOLVE TO:

WESTLEY, outside, chopping wood. Buttercup drops two large
buckets near him.

BUTTERCUP
Farm Boy. Fill these with water--
(a beat)
--please.

WESTLEY
As you wish.

She leaves; his eyes stay on her. She stops, turns--he manages
to look away as now her eyes stay on him.

GRANDFATHER (O.S.)
That day, she was amazed to discover
that when he was saying, "As you
wish," what he meant was, "I love
you."

DISSOLVE TO:

BUTTERCUP IN THE KITCHEN - DUSK

Westley enters with an armload of firewood.

GRANDFATHER (O.S.)
And even more amazing was the day
she realized she truly loved him
back.

BUTTERCUP
(pointing to a pitcher
that she could reach
herself)
Farm Boy, fetch me that pitcher.

He gets it, hands it to her; they are standing very close to
each other gazing into each other's eyes.

WESTLEY

As you wish.

(Now he turns, moves
outside.)

DISSOLVE TO:

WESTLEY AND BUTTERCUP, outside his tiny hovel in the red
glow of sunset. They are locked in a passionate kiss.

THE KID (O.S.)

--hold it, hold it--

CUT TO:

THE KID'S ROOM

THE KID

What is this? Are you trying to trick
me?--Where's the sports?--Is this a
kissing book?

GRANDFATHER

--wait, just wait--

THE KID

--well, when does it get good?

GRANDFATHER

Keep your shirt on. Let me read.

(reading again)

Westley had no money for marriage.
So he packed his few belongings and
left the farm to seek his fortune
across the sea.

CUT TO:

WESTLEY AND BUTTERCUP

They stand near the gate to the farm, locked in an embrace.

GRANDFATHER (O.S.)

(reading)

It was a very emotional time for
Buttercup--

THE KID (O.S.)

(groaning)

I don't be-leeve this.

BUTTERCUP

I fear I'll never see you again.

WESTLEY

Of course you will.

BUTTERCUP

But what if something happens to

you?

WESTLEY

Hear this now: I will come for you.

BUTTERCUP

But how can you be sure?

WESTLEY

This is true love. You think this happens every day?

He smiles at her, she smiles too, throws her arms so tightly around him. They kiss. Then as Westley walks away, Buttercup watches him go.

GRANDFATHER (O.S.)

(reading)

Westley didn't reach his destination. His ship was attacked by the Dread Pirate Roberts, who never left captives alive. When Buttercup got the news that Westley was murdered--

THE KID (O.S.)

(perking up a little)

--murdered by pirates is good--

CUT TO:

CLOSE UP: Buttercup, staring out the window of her room.

GRANDFATHER (O.S.)

She went into her room and shut the door. And for days, she neither slept nor ate.

BUTTERCUP

(no emotion at all in her voice)

I will never love again.

HOLD ON HER FACE, perfect and perfectly sad.

DISSOLVE TO:

FLORIN CASTLE - DAY

The main courtyard of Florin replete with townspeople, livestock, and a bustling marketplace.

GRANDFATHER (O.S.)

(reading)

Five years later, the main square of Florin City was filled as never before to hear the announcement of the great Prince Humperdinck's bride-to be.

CUT TO:

PRINCE HUMPERDINCK, a man of incredible power and bearing, standing in his royal robes on a castle balcony. Three others standing behind him: an OLD COUPLE with crowns, the aging KING AND QUEEN, and a dark bearded man who seems the Prince's match in strength: this is COUNT RUGEN.

HUMPERDINCK

(raises his hands,
starts to speak)

My people... a month from now, our country will have its 500th anniversary. On that sundown, I shall marry a lady who was once a commoner like yourselves--

(pause)

--but perhaps you will not find her common now. Would you like to meet her?

And the answering YESSSS booms like summer thunder.

CUT TO:

A giant staircase leading to the CROWD and as a FIGURE just begins to become visible,

CUT TO:

THE CROWD, as they see the figure. (We haven't yet.) And if there is such a thing as collective action, then this crowd, collectively, holds its breath.

CUT TO:

THE STAIRCASE, as the figure appears in the archway. It is Buttercup. And she resplendent.

HUMPERDINCK

My people... the Princess Buttercup!!

She descends the stairs and starts to move amongst the people.

CUT TO:

THE CROWD, and they do a very strange thing: with no instruction at all, they suddenly go to their knees. Great waves of people kneeling and--

CUT TO:

BUTTERCUP, terribly moved. She stands immobile among her subjects, blinking back tears. HOLD on her beauty for a moment.

GRANDFATHER (O.S.)

Buttercup's emptiness consumed her. Although the law of the land gave Humperdinck the right to choose his

bride, she did not love him.

CUT TO:

WOODLANDS

--and Buttercup, barreling along, controlling her horse easily.

GRANDFATHER (O.S.)

Despite Humperdinck's reassurance that she would grow to love him, the only joy she found was in her daily ride.

CUT TO:

A WOODED GLEN, CLOSE TO SUNDOWN.

Lovely, quiet, deserted. Buttercup suddenly reins in.

VOICE

A word, my lady?

CUT TO:

THREE MEN, standing close together in the path. Beyond them can be seen the waters of Florin Channel. The three men are not your everyday commuter types. Standing in front is a tiny man with the most angelic face. He is Sicilian and his name is VIZZINI. Beside him is a Spaniard, erect and taut as a blade of steel. His name is INIGO MONTOYA. Beside him is a giant. His name is FEZZIK.

VIZZINI

We are but poor, lost circus performers. Is there a village nearby?

BUTTERCUP

There is nothing nearby; not for miles.

VIZZINI

Then there will be no one to hear you scream--

He nods to the giant, Fezzik, who merely reaches over, touches a nerve on Buttercup's neck, and the start of a scream is all she manages--unconsciousness comes that fast. As she starts to fall--

CUT TO:

A TINY ISOLATED SPOT AT THE EDGE OF FLORIN CHANNEL

A sailboat is moored. It's dusk now, shadows are long. Inigo, the Spaniard, busies himself getting the boat ready.

CUT TO:

The giant Fezzik carries Buttercup, unconscious, on board.

Vizzini rips some tiny pieces of fabric from an army jacket and tucks them along the saddle of Buttercup's horse. There is about the entire operation a sense of tremendous skill and precision.

INIGO

What is that you're ripping?

VIZZINI

(not stopping or
turning)

It's fabric from the uniform of an
Army officer of Guilder.

FEZZIK

Who's Guilder?

VIZZINI

(pointing straight
out)

The country across the sea. The sworn
enemy of Florin.

(slaps the horse's
rump)

Go!

The horse takes off. They start for the boat.

VIZZINI

Once the horse reaches the castle,
the fabric will make the Prince
suspect the Guilderians have abducted
his love. When he finds her body
dead on the Guilder frontier, his
suspicions will be totally confirmed.

FEZZIK

You never said anything about killing
anyone.

Vizzini hops onto the boat.

VIZZINI

I've hired you to help me start a
war. That's a prestigious line of
work with a long and glorious
tradition.

FEZZIK

I just don't think it's right, killing
an innocent girl.

VIZZINI

(whirling on FEZZIK)

Am I going mad or did the word "think"
escape your lips? You were not hired

for your brains, you hippopotamic
land mass.

INIGO
I agree with FEZZIK.

CUT TO:

CLOSE UP: Vizzini, in a fury.

VIZZINI
(We only thought he
was in a fury--now
he's really getting
mad)
Oh. The sot has spoken. What happens
to her is not truly your concern--I
will kill her--
(louder)
And remember this--never forget this--

CUT TO:

INIGO AND FEZZIK, as Vizzini advances on them. Nothing shows
on Inigo's face, but FEZZIK is panicked by Vizzini.

VIZZINI
(to Inigo)
--when I found you, you were so
slobbering drunk you couldn't buy
brandy--
(now to FEZZIK, who
retreats as much as
he can while Vizzini
advances)
--and you--friendless, brainless,
helpless, hopeless--Do you want me
to send you back to where you were,
unemployed in Greenland?

Vizzini glares at him, then turns, leaves them.

During this, Inigo has gone close to FEZZIK, who is very
distressed at the insults he's just received. As Inigo casts
off.

INIGO
(softly)
That Vizzini, he can fuss.
(a slight emphasis on
the last word)

FEZZIK
(looking at Inigo)
...fuss... fuss...
(Suddenly, he's got
it again, emphasis
on the last word.)
I think he likes to scream at us.

INIGO
Probably he means no harm.

FEZZIK
He's really very short on charm.

INIGO
(proudly)
Oh, you've a great gift for rhyme.

FEZZIK
Yes, some of the time.
(he starts to smile)

VIZZINI
(whirling on them)
Enough of that.

As they sail off, we hear their voices as the boat recedes.

INIGO
Fezzik, are there rocks ahead?

FEZZIK
If there are, we'll all be dead.

VIZZINI
No more rhymes now, I mean it.

FEZZIK
Anybody want a peanut?

As Vizzini screams we:

DISSOLVE TO:

THE SAILBOAT RACING ACROSS THE DARK WATERS

Inigo is at the helm, FEZZIK stands near the body of the princess, whose eyelids flutter slightly--or do they? Vizzini sits motionless. The waves are higher, there are only occasional flashes of moon slanting down between clouds.

VIZZINI
(to Inigo)
We'll reach the Cliffs by dawn.

Inigo nods, glances back.

VIZZINI
Why are you doing that?

INIGO
Making sure nobody's following us.

VIZZINI
That would be inconceivable.

BUTTERCUP

Despite what you think, you will be caught. And when you are, the Prince will see you all hanged.

Vizzini turns a cold eye on the Princess.

VIZZINI

Of all the necks on this boat, Highness, the one you should be worrying about is your own.

Inigo keeps staring behind them.

VIZZINI

Stop doing that. We can all relax, it's almost over--

INIGO

You're sure nobody's following us?

VIZZINI

As I told you, it would be absolutely, totally, and in all other ways, inconceivable. No one in Guilder knows what we've done. And no one in Florin could have gotten here so fast. Out of curiosity, why do you ask?

INIGO

No reason. It's only, I just happened to look behind us, and something is there.

VIZZINI

What?

And suddenly the three whirl, stare back and as they do--

CUT TO:

THE DARKNESS BEHIND THEM

It's hard to see; the moon is behind clouds now. But the wind whistles. And the waves pound. And suddenly it's all gone ominous.

CUT TO:

INIGO, FEZZIK, AND VIZZINI squinting back, trying desperately to see. At this moment, they are all holding their breaths.

CUT TO:

THE DARKNESS BEHIND THEM.

And there's still nothing to be seen. It's still ominous. Only now it's eerie too.

Then--

The moon slips through and--

Inigo was right--something is very much there. A sailboat. Black. With a great billowing sail. Black. It's a good distance behind them, but it's coming like hell, closing the gap.

CUT TO:

INIGO, FEZZIK, AND VIZZINI

staring at the other boat.

VIZZINI
(explaining with as
much logic as he can
muster)

Probably some local fisherman out
for a pleasure cruise at night through
eel-infested waters.

And now as a sound comes from their boat they turn as we

CUT TO:

BUTTERCUP, diving into the water, starting to swim away.

CUT TO:

THE BOAT, and Vizzini screaming.

VIZZINI
Go in, get after her!

INIGO
I don't swim.

FEZZIK
(to the unasked
question)
I only dog paddle.

VIZZINI
Veer left. Left. Left!

CUT TO:

BUTTERCUP, still close to the boat, switching from a crawl to a silent breast stroke. The wind dies and as it does, something new is heard. A not-too-distant high-pitched shrieking sound. Buttercup stops suddenly, treads water.

CUT TO:

THE BOAT

VIZZINI

Do you know what that sound is,
Highness? Those are the Shrieking
Eels--if you doubt me, just wait.
They always grow louder when they're
about to feed on human flesh.

CUT TO:

BUTTERCUP, treading water, still not far from the boat. The
shrieking sounds are getting louder and more terrifying.
Buttercup stays silent.

CUT TO:

THE BOAT

VIZZINI

If you swim back now, I promise, no
harm will come to you. I doubt you
will get such an offer from the Eels.

CUT TO:

BUTTERCUP, and she's a gutsy girl. The shrieking sound is
louder still, but she doesn't make a sound. Behind her now,
something dark and gigantic slithers past.

She's scared, sure, petrified, who wouldn't be, but she makes
no reply--

--and now a SHRIEKING EEL has zeroed in on her--

--and now she sees it, a short distance away, circling,
starting to close--

--and Buttercup is frozen, trying not to make a movement of
any kind--

--and the Eel slithers closer, closer--

--and Buttercup knows it now, there's nothing she can do,
it's over, all over--

--and now the Eel opens its mouth wide, and it's never made
such a noise, and as its great jaws are about to clamp down--

GRANDFATHER (O.S.)

She doesn't get eaten by the Eels at
this time.

And the second we hear him:

CUT TO:

THE SICK KID'S ROOM

The Kid looks the same, pale and weak, but maybe he's gripping
the sheets a little too tightly with his hands.

THE KID

What?

GRANDFATHER

The Eel doesn't get her. I'm explaining to you because you looked nervous.

THE KID

Well, I wasn't nervous.

His Grandfather says nothing, just waits.

THE KID

Well, maybe I was a little bit concerned. But that's not the same thing.

GRANDFATHER

Because I can stop now if you want.

THE KID

No. You could read a little bit more... if you want.

(He grips the sheets again, as the Grandfather picks up the book)

GRANDFATHER

(reading)

"Do you know what that sound is, Highness?"

CUT TO:

VIZZINI

We're back in the boat.

VIZZINI

Those are the Shrieking Eels.

THE KID (O.S.)

We're past that, Grandpa.

CUT TO:

THE SICK KID'S ROOM

THE KID

You read it already.

GRANDFATHER

Oh. Oh my goodness, I did. I'm sorry. Beg your pardon.

CUT TO:

BUTTERCUP, treading water.

GRANDFATHER (O.S.)

All right, all right, let's see. Uh,
she was in the water, the Eel was
coming after her. She was frightened.
The Eel started to charge her. And
then--

And we're back where we were at the last moment we saw her,
Buttercup frozen, the Shrieking Eel, jaws wide, about to
clamp down as we

CUT TO:

A GIANT ARM, pounding the Eel unconscious in one move, then
easily lifting Buttercup.

PULL BACK TO REVEAL

The boat and FEZZIK, Buttercup being deposited on the deck.

VIZZINI

Put her down. Just put her down.

CUT TO:

INIGO, pointing behind them.

INIGO

I think he's getting closer.

Vizzini, tying Buttercup's hands.

VIZZINI

He's no concern of ours. Sail on!
(to Buttercup)
I suppose you think you're brave,
don't you?

BUTTERCUP

(staring deep at him)
Only compared to some.

DISSOLVE TO:

The boat at dawn, being followed closely by the black
sailboat, which we can see for the first time is being sailed
by a MAN IN BLACK, and his boat almost seems to be flying.

INIGO

Look! He's right on top of us. I
wonder if he is using the same wind
we are using.

VIZZINI

Whoever he is, he's too late--
(pointing ahead of

them)
--see?
(big)
The Cliffs of Insanity.

And once he's said the name,

CUT TO:

THE CLIFFS OF INSANITY AT DAWN

They rise straight up, sheer from the water, impossibly high.

CUT TO:

THE TWO SAILBOATS

in a wild race for the Cliffs and the Man In Black is closing faster than ever, but not fast enough, the lead was too great to overcome, and as Inigo sails with great precision straight at the Cliffs

CUT TO:

THE BOAT

being pursued.

VIZZINI

Hurry up. Move the thing! Um... that other thing. Move it!

(staring back now)

We're safe--only FEZZIK is strong enough to go up our way--he'll have to sail around for hours 'til he finds a harbor.

There is much activity going on, all of it swift, expert, economical. FEZZIK reaches up along the Cliff face, grabs a jutting rock, reaches behind it. Suddenly there is a thick rope in his hands. He drops back to the boat, gives the rope a freeing swing and

CUT TO:

THE CLIFFS

The rope goes all the way to the top.

CUT TO:

INIGO

hurrying to FEZZIK. He straps a harness to him, then lifts Buttercup and Vizzini in the harness. Finally, he himself gets in the harness. All three are strapped to FEZZIK like papooses.

And he starts to ascend the rope, carrying them all along

with him as he goes.

CUT TO:

THE MAN IN BLACK, sailing in toward the Cliffs of Insanity, watching as FEZZIK rises swiftly through the first moments of dawn.

CUT TO:

THE TOP OF THE CLIFFS, LOOKING DOWN

FEZZIK'S GROUP is only faintly visible far below. This is the first time we've gotten the real vertigo feeling and it's a gasper.

CUT TO:

FEZZIK CLIMBING ON. Buttercup is almost out of her mind with fear.

CUT TO:

THE ENTIRE LENGTH OF THE CLIFFS

FEZZIK is moving right along; however high they are, he's already over a third of the way done.

CUT TO:

THE MAN IN BLACK, leaping from his ship to the rope, starting to climb. He's impossibly far behind, but the way he goes you'd think he didn't know that because he is flying up the rope, hand over hand like lightning.

CUT TO:

VIZZINI AND THE OTHERS

INIGO

(looking down)

He's climbing the rope. And he's gaining on us.

VIZZINI

Inconceivable!

He prods FEZZIK, who nods, increases his pace.

CUT TO:

THE MAN IN BLACK, roaring up the rope, and

CUT TO:

LONG SHOT - THE CLIFFS

--and the Man In Black is cutting deeply into FEZZIK's lead.

CUT TO:

VIZZINI AND THE OTHERS

VIZZINI
(shrieking)
Faster!

FEZZIK
I thought I was going faster.

VIZZINI
You were supposed to be this colossus.
You were this great, legendary thing.
And yet he gains.

FEZZIK
Well, I'm carrying three people. And
he's got only himself.

VIZZINI
(cutting through)
--I do not accept excuses.
(shaking his head)
I'm just going to have to find myself
a new giant, that's all.

FEZZIK
(hurt)
Don't say that, Vizzini. Please.

And his arms begin moving much more slowly.

CUT TO:

THE MAN IN BLACK

His arms still work as before. If anything, he has speeded
up. FEZZIK's lead is smaller and smaller

CUT TO:

THE VIEW FROM THE TOP OF THE CLIFFS

Maybe a hundred feet for FEZZIK to go. Maybe more.

CUT TO:

VIZZINI AND THE OTHERS, and it's getting too close now.

VIZZINI
Did I make it clear that your job is
at stake?

CUT TO:

THE MAN IN BLACK, less than a hundred feet behind them. And
gaining.

CUT TO:

THE CLIFF TOP AS FEZZIK MAKES IT!

Vizzini leaps off and takes out a knife, begins to cut the rope which is tied around a great rock while Inigo helps the Princess to her feet and FEZZIK just stands around, waiting for someone to tell him to do something. Nearby are some stone ruins. Once they might have been a fort, now the kind of resemble Stonehenge.

CUT TO:

THE MAN IN BLACK, 75 feet from the top now, maybe less--maybe only 50--and his pace is as dazzling as before, and

CUT TO:

VIZZINI, cutting through the last of the rope and

CUT TO:

THE ROPE, slithering across the ground and out of sight toward the Channel, like some great serpent at last going home.

CUT TO:

FEZZIK, standing with Inigo and Buttercup by the cliff edge.

FEZZIK
(to Inigo--impressed)
He has very good arms.

CUT TO:

THE MAN IN BLACK, hanging suspended hundreds of feet in the air, holding to the jagged rocks, desperately trying to cling to life.

CUT TO:

VIZZINI, stunned, turning to the others, looking down.

VIZZINI
He didn't fall? Inconceivable!!

INIGO
(whirling on Vizzini)
You keep using that word--I do not think it means what you think it means.
(looks down again)
My God! He's climbing.

CUT TO:

THE MAN IN BLACK, and so he is. Very slowly, he is picking his way upwards, sometimes a foot at a time, sometimes an inch.

CUT TO:

The group at the top, staring down.

VIZZINI

Whoever he is, he's obviously seen us with the Princess, and must therefore die.

(to FEZZIK)

You, carry her.

(to Inigo)

We'll head straight for the Guilder frontier. Catch up when he's dead. If he falls, fine. If not, the sword.

Inigo nods.

INIGO

I want to duel him left-handed.

VIZZINI

You know what a hurry we're in.

INIGO

Well, it's the only way I can be satisfied. If I use my right--tch--over too quickly.

VIZZINI

(turns abruptly, starts off-screen)

Oh, have it your way.

CUT TO:

THE MAN IN BLACK, still creeping his way upward.

CUT TO:

FEZZIK, who goes to Inigo.

FEZZIK

You be careful.

(gravely)

--people in masks cannot be trusted.

VIZZINI

(calling out)

I'm waiting!

FEZZIK nods, hurries after Vizzini.

CUT TO:

INIGO

He watches them depart, then turns, peers down over the cliffs. He watches a moment, then paces, shaking his hands

loose. He practices a few of his honed fencing skills. He is a taut and nervous fellow, and has never been one for waiting around.

CUT TO:

THE MAN IN BLACK, climbing on. He must be six inches closer to the top than when last we saw him. Inigo is watching.

CUT TO:

INIGO, walking away. Finally he goes back to cliff edge, starts to talk. It's instant death if the Man In Black falls, but neither gives that possibility much credence. This is our two heroes meeting. They don't know it yet; but that's what it is.

INIGO
(hollering down)
Hello there.

The Man In Black glances up, kind of grunts.

INIGO
Slow going?

MAN IN BLACK
Look, I don't mean to be rude, but this is not as easy as it looks. So I'd appreciate it if you wouldn't distract me.

INIGO
Sorry.

MAN IN BLACK
Thank you.

Inigo steps away, draws his sword, loosens up with a few perfect thrusts. Then re-sheathes and looks eagerly over the edge again.

INIGO
I do not suppose you could speed things up?

MAN IN BLACK
(with some beat)
If you're in such a hurry, you could lower a rope, or a tree branch, or find something useful to do.

INIGO
I could do that. In fact, I've got some rope up here. But I do not think that you will accept my help, since I am only waiting around to kill you.

MAN IN BLACK

That does put a damper on our relationship.

(He finds another
bold a few inches
higher)

INIGO

But I promise I will not kill you until you reach the top.

MAN IN BLACK

That's very comforting. But I'm afraid you'll just have to wait.

INIGO

I hate waiting. I could give you my word as a Spaniard.

MAN IN BLACK

No good. I've known too many Spaniards.

And he just hangs there in space, resting, gathering his strength.

INIGO

You don't know any way you'll trust me?

MAN IN BLACK

Nothing comes to mind.

And on these words, CAMERA ZOOMS into a CLOSE UP on Inigo. He raises his right hand high, his eyes blaze, and his voice takes on a tone we have not heard before.

INIGO

I swear on the soul of my father, Domingo Montoya, you will reach the top alive.

CUT TO:

THE MAN IN BLACK

There is a pause. Then, quietly:

MAN IN BLACK

Throw me the rope.

CUT TO:

INIGO

He dashes to the giant rock the rope was originally tied to.

CUT TO:

THE MAN IN BLACK, as his grip loosens a moment, trying to cling to the side of the cliff.

CUT TO:

INIGO, now with a small coil of rope, hurries back to the edge and hurls it over--

CUT TO:

THE ROPE

It hangs close to the Man In Black. He releases the rocks, grabs the rope, hangs helplessly in space a moment, then looks up at Inigo and--

CUT TO:

INIGO, straining, forcing his body away from the cliff edge and--

CUT TO:

THE MAN IN BLACK

rising through the early morning light, slowly, steadily, and as the cliff top at last comes within reach--

CUT TO:

INIGO, watching as the Man In Black crawls to safety, then looks to Inigo.

MAN IN BLACK

Thank you.
(pulling his sword)

INIGO

We'll wait until you're ready.

MAN IN BLACK

Again. Thank you.

The Man In Black sits to rest on the boulder that once held the rope. He tugs off his leather boots and is amazed to see several large rocks tumble out. The Man In Black wears gloves. Inigo stares at them.

INIGO

I do not mean to pry, but you don't
by any chance happen to have six
fingers on your right hand?

He glances up--the question clearly baffles him.

MAN IN BLACK

Do you always begin conversations
this way?

INIGO

My father was slaughtered by a six-fingered man. He was a great swordmaker, my father. And when the six-fingered man appeared and requested a special sword, my father took the job. He slaved a year before he was done.

He hands his sword to the Man In Black.

MAN IN BLACK

(fondling it-impressed)

I have never seen its equal.

CUT TO:

CLOSE UP - INIGO.

Even now, this still brings pain.

INIGO

The six-fingered man returned and demanded it, but at one-tenth his promised price. My father refused. Without a word, the six-fingered man slashed him through the heart. I loved my father, so, naturally, challenged his murderer to a duel... I failed... the six-fingered man did leave me alive with the six-fingered sword, but he gave me these.

(He touches his scars.)

CUT TO:

THE MAN IN BLACK, looking up at Inigo.

MAN IN BLACK

How old were you?

INIGO

I was eleven years old. When I was strong enough, I dedicated my life to the study of fencing. So the next time we meet, I will not fail. I will go up to the six-fingered man and say, "Hello, my name is Inigo Montoya. You killed my father. Prepare to die."

MAN IN BLACK

You've done nothing but study swordplay?

INIGO

More pursuit than study lately. You see, I cannot find him. It's been twenty years now. I am starting to

lose confidence. I just work for
Vizzini to pay the bills. There's
not a lot of money in revenge.

MAN IN BLACK

(handing back the
great sword, starting
to rise)

Well, I certainly hope you find him,
someday.

INIGO

You are ready, then?

MAN IN BLACK

Whether I am or not, you've been
more than fair.

INIGO

You seem a decent fellow. I hate to
kill you.

MAN IN BLACK

(walking away a few
paces, unsheathing
his sword)

You seem a decent fellow. I hate to
die.

INIGO

Begin!

And on that word--

CUT TO:

THE TWO OF THEM

And what we are starting now is one of the two greatest sword
fights in modern movies (the other one happens later on),
and right from the beginning it looks different.

Because they aren't close to each other--none of the swords-
crossing "en garde" garbage.

No, what we have here is two men, two athletes, and they
look to be too faraway to damage each other, but each time
one makes even the tiniest feint, the other counters, and
there is silence, and as they start to circle--

CUT TO:

THE SIX-FINGERED SWORD, feinting here, feinting there and--

CUT TO:

THE TWO MEN, finished teasing, begin to duel in earnest.

Their swords cross, then again, again, and the sound comes

so fast it's almost continual. Inigo presses on, the Man In Black retreating up a rocky incline.

INIGO
(thrilled)
You're using Bonetti's defense against me, ah?

MAN IN BLACK
I thought it fitting, considering the rocky terrain--

INIGO
Naturally, you must expect me to attack with Capo Ferro--

And he shifts his style now.

MAN IN BLACK
(coping as best he can)
--naturally--
(suddenly shifting again)
--but I find Thibault cancels out Capo Ferro, don't you?

The Man In Black is now perched at the edge of the elevated castle ruin. No where to go, he jumps to the sand. Inigo stares down at him.

INIGO
Unless the enemy has studied his Agrippa--

And now, with the grace of an Olympian, Inigo flies off the perch, somersaults clean over the Man In Black's head, and lands facing his opponent.

INIGO
--which I have.

The two men are almost flying across the rocky terrain, never losing balance, never coming close to stumbling; the battle rages with incredible finesse, first one and then the other gaining the advantage, and by now, it's clear that this isn't just two athletes going at it, it's a lot more than that. This is two legendary swashbucklers and they're in their prime, it's Burt Lancaster in "The Crimson Pirate" battling Errol Flynn in "Robin Hood" and then, incredibly, the action begins going even faster than before as we

CUT TO:

INIGO

And behind him now, drawing closer all the time, is the deadly edge of the Cliffs of Insanity. Inigo fights and ducks and feints and slashes and it all works, but not for long, as

gradually the Man In Black keeps the advantage, keeps forcing Inigo back, closer and closer to death.

INIGO
(happy as a clam)
You are wonderful!

MAN IN BLACK
Thank you--I've worked hard to become so.

The Cliff edge is very close now. Inigo is continually being forced toward it.

INIGO
I admit it--you are better than I am.

MAN IN BLACK
Then why are you smiling?

Inches from defeat, Inigo is, in fact, all smiles.

INIGO
Because I know something you don't know.

MAN IN BLACK
And what is that?

INIGO
I am not left-handed.

And he throws the six-fingered sword into his right hand and immediately, the tide of battle turns.

CUT TO:

THE MAN IN BLACK, stunned, doing everything he can to keep Inigo by the Cliff edge. But no use. Slowly at first, he begins to retreat. Now faster, Inigo is in control and the Man In Black is desperate.

CUT TO:

INIGO

And the six-fingered sword is all but invisible now, as he increases his attack, then suddenly switches styles again.

CUT TO:

A ROCKY STAIRCASE leading to a turret-shaped plateau, and the Man In Black is retreating like mad up the steps and he can't stop Inigo--nothing can stop Inigo--and in a frenzy, the Man In Black makes every feint, tries every thrust, lets go with all he has left. But he fails. Everything fails. He tries one or two final desperate moves but they are nothing.

MAN IN BLACK

You're amazing!

INIGO

I ought to be after twenty years.

And now the Man In Black is smashed into a stone pillar,
pinned there under the six fingered sword.

MAN IN BLACK

(hollering it out)

There's something I ought to tell
you.

INIGO

Tell me.

MAN IN BLACK

I am not left-handed either.

And now he changes hands, and at last, the battle is fully
joined.

CUT TO:

INIGO

And to his amazement, he is being forced back down the steps.
He tries one style, another, but it all comes down to the
same thing--the Man In Black seems to be in control. And
before Inigo knows it, the six-fingered sword is knocked
clear out of his hand.

Inigo retreats, dives from the stairs to a moss-covered bar
suspended over the archway. He swings out, lands, and
scrambles to his sword and we

CUT TO:

THE MAN IN BLACK

who watches Inigo, then casually tosses his sword to the
landing where it sticks in perfectly. Then the Man In Black
copies INIGO. Not copies exactly, improves. He dives to the
bar, swings completely over it like a circus performer and
dismounts with a 9.7 backflip.

CUT TO:

INIGO, staring in awe.

INIGO

Who are you?!

MAN IN BLACK

No one of consequence.

INIGO

I must know.

MAN IN BLACK

Get used to disappointment.

INIGO

Okay.

CUT TO:

INIGO, moving like lightning, and he thrusts forward, slashes, darts back, all in almost a single movement and--

CUT TO:

THE MAN IN BLACK

Dodging, blocking, and again he thrusts forward, faster even than before, and again he slashes but--

CUT TO:

INIGO

And there is never a move anyone makes he doesn't remember, and this time he blocks the slash, slashes out himself with the six-fingered sword.

On it goes, back and forth across the rocky terrain, Inigo's feet moving with the grace and speed of a great improvisational dancer.

CUT TO:

THE SIX-FINGERED SWORD

as it is knocked free, arching up into the air, and--

CUT TO:

INIGO

catching it again. And something terrible is written behind his eyes: he has given his all, done everything man can do, tried every style, made every maneuver, but it wasn't enough, and on his face for all to see is the realization that he, Inigo Montoya of Spain, is going to lose.

CUT TO:

THE MAN IN BLACK, moving in for the end now, blocking everything, muzzling everything and

CUT TO:

THE SIX-FINGERED SWORD, sent flying from Inigo's grip. He stands helpless only a moment. Then he drops to his knees, bows his head, shuts his eyes.

INIGO

Kill me quickly.

MAN IN BLACK

I would as soon destroy a stained
glass window as an artist like
yourself. However, since I can't
have you following me either--

And he dunks Inigo's head with his heavy sword handle. Inigo
pitches forward unconscious.

MAN IN BLACK

Please understand, I hold you in the
highest respect.

He grabs his scabbard and takes off after the Princess and
we

CUT TO:

CLOSE UP: VIZZINI

VIZZINI

Inconceivable!

PULL BACK TO REVEAL

Vizzini, staring down from a narrow mountain path, as far
below the Man In Black can be seen running. FEZZIK, carrying
the Princess, stands alongside. It's a little later in the
morning.

VIZZINI

Give her to me.
(grabs Buttercup starts
off)
Catch up with us quickly.

FEZZIK

(starting to panic)
What do I do?

VIZZINI

Finish him, finish him. Your way.

FEZZIK

Oh, good, my way. Thank you, Vizzini.
(little pause)
Which way is my way?

CUT TO:

COUPLE OF ROCKS

Nothing gigantic. Vizzini points to them. There is a large
boulder nearby.

VIZZINI

Pick up one of those rocks, get behind

the boulder, and in a few minutes,
the Man in Black will come running
around the bend. The minute his head
is in view, hit it with the rock!

As Vizzini and Buttercup hurry away.

FEZZIK
(little frown; softly)
My way's not very sportsmanlike.

He grabs one of the rocks and plods behind the boulder and
we--

DISSOLVE TO:

THE MAN IN BLACK, racing up the mountain trail. Ahead is a
bend in the trail. He sees it, slows. Then he stops,
listening. Satisfied by the silence, he starts forward again
and as he rounds the bend--a rock flies INTO FRAME, shattering
on a boulder inches in front of him.

CUT TO:

FEZZIK

He moves into the mountain path. He has picked up another
rock and holds it lightly.

FEZZIK
I did that on purpose. I don't have
to miss.

MAN IN BLACK
I believe you--So what happens now?

FEZZIK
We face each other as God intended.
Sportsmanlike. No tricks, no weapons,
skill against skill alone.

MAN IN BLACK
You mean, you'll put down your rock
and I'll put down my sword, and we'll
try to kill each other like civilized
people?

FEZZIK
(gently)
I could kill you now.

He gets set to throw, but the Man In Black shakes his head,
takes off his sword and scabbard, begins the approach toward
the Giant.

MAN IN BLACK
Frankly, I think the odds are slightly
in your favor at hand fighting.

FEZZIK

It's not my fault being the biggest
and the strongest. I don't even
exercise.

He flips the rock away.

CUT TO:

THE MOUNTAIN PATH AND THE TWO MEN

The Man In Black is not now and has never been a shrimp. But
it's like he wasn't even there, FEZZIK towers over him so
much.

There is a moment's pause, and then the Man In Black dives
at FEZZIK's chest, slams him several tremendous blows in the
stomach, twists his arm severely, slips skillfully into a
beautifully applied bear hug, and in general makes any number
of terrific wrestling moves.

FEZZIK just stands there, kind of taking in the scenery.
Finally the Man In Black pushes himself away, stares up at
the Giant.

MAN IN BLACK

Look are you just fiddling around
with me or what?

FEZZIK

I just want you to feel you're doing
well. I hate for people to die
embarrassed.

They get set to begin again. Then suddenly--

CUT TO:

FEZZIK, as he jumps forward with stunning speed for anyone
his size and reaches for the Man In Black who drops to his
knees, spins loose, and slips between the Giant's legs.

FEZZIK

You're quick.

MAN IN BLACK

And a good thing too.

FEZZIK

(getting set for
another onslaught)
Why do you wear a mask? Were you
burned by acid, or something like
that?

MAN IN BLACK

Oh no. It's just that they're terribly
comfortable. I think everyone will
be wearing them in the future.

FEZZIK considers this a moment, then attacks, and if he moved quickly last time, this time he is blinding and as the Man In Black slips down to avoid the charge, FEZZIK moves right with him, only instead of twisting free and jumping to his feet, this time the Man In Black jumps for FEZZIK's back and in a moment he is riding him, and his arms have FEZZIK's throat, locked across FEZZIK's windpipe, one in front, one behind. The Man In Black begins to squeeze. Tighter.

FEZZIK

(standing, talking as
he does so)

I just figured out why you give me
so much trouble.

CUT TO:

FEZZIK, as he charges toward a huge rock that lines the path, and just as he reaches it he spins his giant body so that the entire weight of the charge is taken by the Man In Black.

CUT TO:

THE MAN IN BLACK

And the power of the charge is terrible, the pain enormous, but he clings to his grip at FEZZIK's windpipe.

MAN IN BLACK

(his arms never leave
FEZZIK's throat)

Why is that, do you think?

FEZZIK

(his voice just
beginning to get a
little strained)

Well, I haven't fought just one person
for so long. I've been specializing
in groups. Battling gangs for local
charities, that kind of thing.

CUT TO:

ANOTHER HUGE ROCK ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE PATH

Again FEZZIK charges, slower this time, but still a charge, and again he spins and creams the Man In Black against the rough boulder.

CUT TO:

THE MAN IN BLACK

And the punishment is terrible, and for a moment it seems as if he is going to let go of FEZZIK's windpipe and crumble, but he doesn't, he holds on.

MAN IN BLACK

Why should that make such a
difference?

FEZZIK

Well...

(And now his voice is
definitely growing
weaker)

...you see, you use different moves
when you're fighting half a dozen
people than when you only have to be
worried about one.

Again FEZZIK slams the Man In Black against a boulder, only
this time his power has diminished and FEZZIK starts to slowly
collapse.

CUT TO:

FEZZIK

And there isn't much breath coming.

CUT TO:

THE MAN IN BLACK, holding his grip as FEZZIK tries to stand,
halfway makes it, but there is no air. Back to his knees he
falls, holds there for a moment, and pitches down to all
fours. The Man In Black increases the pressure. FEZZIK tries
to crawl. But there is just no air. No air. FEZZIK goes to
earth and lies still.

CUT TO:

FEZZIK, as the Man In Black turns him over, puts his ear to
FEZZIK's heart. It beats. The Man In Black stands.

MAN IN BLACK

I don't envy you the headache you
will have when you awake. But, in
the meantime, rest well... and dream
of large women.

And he nimbly scoops up his sword with his foot, catches it
and as he dashes off up along the mountain path--

CUT TO:

PRINCE HUMPERDINCK, as he slips his boot into a foot print
in the sand.

Count Rugen mounted, watches. Behind him, half a dozen armed
WARRIORS, also mounted. A GREAT WHITE HORSE waits riderless
in front. Humperdinck is all over the rocky ground, and maybe
he isn't the best hunter in the world. Then again, maybe he
is. Because, as he begins to put his feet into strange
positions, we realize that what he is doing is miming the
fencers.

HUMPERDINCK

There was a mighty duel--it ranged
all over. They were both masters.

RUGEN

Who won? How did it end?

HUMPERDINCK

(looking down in the
position where Inigo
fell unconscious)

The loser ran off alone.

(points in the
direction Vizzini
and FEZZIK took)

The winner followed those footprints
toward Guilder!

RUGEN

Shall we track them both?

HUMPERDINCK

The loser is nothing--only the
Princess matters--

(to the armed warriors)

--clearly this was all planned by
warriors of Guilder. We must be ready
for whatever lies ahead.

RUGEN

Could this be a trap?

HUMPERDINCK

(vaulting onto his
horse)

I always think everything could be a
trap--Which is why I'm still alive.

And he gallops off--

CUT TO:

THE MAN IN BLACK, cresting the peak of the mountain.

CUT TO:

CLOSE-UP ON

a knife pointed at a throat--PULL BACK TO REVEAL Vizzini
munching on an apple, holding the knife to Buttercup's throat.
She is blindfolded.

A PICNIC SPREAD is laid out. A tablecloth, two goblets and
between them, a small leather wine container. And some cheese
and a couple of apples. The picnic is set on a lovely spot,
high on the edge of a mountain path with a view all the way
back to the sea.

The Man In Black comes running around the path, sees Vizzini, slows. The two men study each other. Then--

VIZZINI

So, it is down to you. And it is down to me.

The Man In Black nods and comes nearer--

VIZZINI

If you wish her dead, by all means keep moving forward.

And he pushes his long knife harder against Buttercup's unprotected throat.

MAN IN BLACK

Let me explain--

VIZZINI

--there's nothing to explain. You're trying to kidnap what I've rightfully stolen.

MAN IN BLACK

Perhaps an arrangement can be reached.

VIZZINI

There will be no arrangement--
(deliberate)
--and you're killing her!

CUT TO:

BUTTERCUP'S THROAT, as Vizzini jabs with his long knife. Buttercup gasps against the pain.

CUT TO:

THE MAN IN BLACK, stopping fast.

MAN IN BLACK

But if there can be no arrangement, then we are at an impasse.

VIZZINI

I'm afraid so--I can't compete with you physically. And you're no match for my brains.

MAN IN BLACK

You're that smart?

VIZZINI

Let me put it this way: have you ever heard of Plato, Aristotle, Socrates?

MAN IN BLACK

Yes.

VIZZINI

Morons.

MAN IN BLACK

Really? In that case, I challenge
you to a battle of wits.

VIZZINI

For the Princess?

The Man In Black nods.

VIZZINI

To the death?

Another nod.

VIZZINI

I accept.

MAN IN BLACK

Good. Then pour the wine.

As Vizzini fills the goblets with the dark red liquid, the
Man In Black pulls a small packet from his clothing, handing
it to Vizzini.

MAN IN BLACK

Inhale this, but do not touch.

VIZZINI

(doing it)

I smell nothing.

MAN IN BLACK

(taking the packet
back)

What you do not smell is called iocane
powder. It is odorless, tasteless,
dissolves instantly in liquid, and
is among the more deadlier poisons
known to man.

VIZZINI

Hmm.

CUT TO:

VIZZINI, watching excitedly as the Man In Black takes the
goblets, turns his back. A moment later, he turns again,
faces Vizzini, drops the iocane packet. It is now empty.

The Man In Black rotates the goblets in a little shell game
maneuver then puts one glass in front of Vizzini, the other
in front of himself.

MAN IN BLACK

All right: where is the poison? The battle of wits has begun. It ends when you decide and we both drink, and find out who is right and who is dead.

VIZZINI

But it's so simple. All I have to do is divine from what I know of you. Are you the sort of man who would put the poison into his own goblet, or his enemy's?

He studies the Man In Black now.

VIZZINI

Now, a clever man would put the poison into his own goblet, because he would know that only a great fool would reach for what he was given. I'm not a great fool, so I can clearly not choose the wine in front of you. But you must have known I was not a great fool; you would have counted on it, so I can clearly not choose the wine in front of me.

MAN IN BLACK

(And now there's a trace of nervousness beginning)

You've made your decision then?

VIZZINI

Not remotely. Because iocane comes from Australia, as everyone knows. And Australia is entirely peopled with criminals. And criminals are used to having people not trust them, as you are not trusted by me. So I can clearly not choose the wine in front of you.

MAN IN BLACK

Truly, you have a dizzying intellect.

VIZZINI

Wait till I get going! Where was I?

MAN IN BLACK

Australia.

VIZZINI

Yes--Australia, and you must have suspected I would have known the powder's origin, so I can clearly not choose the wine in front of me.

MAN IN BLACK

(very nervous)
You're just stalling now.

VIZZINI
(cackling)
You'd like to think that, wouldn't
you?

(stares at the Man in
Black)
You've beaten my giant, which means
you're exceptionally strong. So, you
could have put the poison in your
own goblet, trusting on your strength
to save you. So I can clearly not
choose the wine in front of you.
But, you've also bested my Spaniard
which means you must have studied.
And in studying, you must have learned
that man is mortal so you would have
put the poison as far from yourself
as possible, so I can clearly not
choose the wine in front of me.

As Vizzini's pleasure has been growing throughout, the Man
In Black's has been fast disappearing.

MAN IN BLACK
You're trying to trick me into giving
away something--it won't work--

VIZZINI
(triumphant)
It has worked--you've given everything
away--I know where the poison is.

MAN IN BLACK
(fool's courage)
Then make your choice.

VIZZINI
I will. And I choose--

And suddenly he stops, points at something behind the Man In
Black.

VIZZINI
--what in the world can that be?

CUT TO:

THE MAN IN BLACK, turning around, looking.

MAN IN BLACK
What? Where? I don't see anything.

CUT TO:

VIZZINI, busily switching the goblets while the Man In Black
has his head turned.

VIZZINI

Oh, well, I--I could have sworn I
saw something. No matter.

The Man In Black turns to face him again. Vizzini starts to
laugh.

MAN IN BLACK

What's so funny?

VIZZINI

I'll tell you in a minute. First,
let's drink--me from my glass, and
you from yours.

And he picks up his goblet. The Man In Black picks up the
one in front of him. As they both start to drink, Vizzini
hesitates a moment.

Then, allowing the Man In Black to drink first, he swallows
his wine.

MAN IN BLACK

You guessed wrong.

VIZZINI

(roaring with laughter)
You only think I guessed wrong--
(louder now)
--that's what's so funny! I switched
glasses when your back was turned.
You fool.

CUT TO:

THE MAN IN BLACK

There's nothing he can say. He just sits there.

CUT TO:

VIZZINI, watching him.

VIZZINI

You fell victim to one of the classic
blunders. The most famous is "Never
get involved in a land war in Asia."
But only slightly less well known is
this: "Never go in against a Sicilian
when death is on the line."

He laughs and roars and cackles and whoops and is in all
ways quite cheery until he falls over dead.

CUT TO:

THE MAN IN BLACK, stepping past the corpse, taking the
blindfold and bindings off Buttercup, who notices Vizzini

lying dead.

The Man In Black pulls her to her feet.

BUTTERCUP

Who are you?

MAN IN BLACK

I am no one to be trifled with, that
is all you ever need know.

He starts to lead her off the mountain path into untraveled
terrain.

BUTTERCUP

(a final glance back
toward Vizzini)

To think--all that time it was your
cup that was poisoned.

MAN IN BLACK

They were both poisoned. I spent the
last few years building up an immunity
to iocane powder.

And with that, he takes off, dragging her behind him.

CUT TO:

A MOUNTAIN PATH

It's where FEZZIK fought the Man in Black. CAMERA PULLS BACK
TO REVEAL the Prince, kneeling, inspecting every grain of
misplaced sand. The others wait behind him.

HUMPERDINCK

Someone has beaten a giant!
(roaring)

There will be great suffering in
Guilder if she dies.

He leaps onto his horse and they charge off.

CUT TO:

WILD STRETCH OF TERRAIN

The Man In Black comes running into view, still dragging
Buttercup, who sometimes stumbles, but he keeps forcing her
along. Finally, when she is close to exhaustion, he lets go
of her.

MAN IN BLACK

(his voice harsh now,
carrying the promise
of violence)

Catch your breath.

BUTTERCUP

If you'll release me... whatever you ask for ransom... you'll get it, I promise you...

MAN IN BLACK

And what is that worth, the promise of a woman? You're very funny, Highness.

BUTTERCUP

I was giving you a chance. No matter where you take me... there's no greater hunter than Prince Humperdinck. He could track a falcon on a cloudy day. He can find you.

MAN IN BLACK

You think your dearest love will save you?

BUTTERCUP

I never said he was my dearest love. And yes, he will save me. That I know.

MAN IN BLACK

You admit to me you do not love your fiancé?

BUTTERCUP

He knows I do not love him.

MAN IN BLACK

"Are not capable of love" is what you mean.

BUTTERCUP

I have loved more deeply than a killer like yourself could ever dream.

And the Man In Black cocks back a fist. Buttercup flinches, but does not retreat.

MAN IN BLACK

That was a warning, Highness. The next time, my hand flies on its own. For where I come from, there are penalties when a woman lies.

CUT TO:

VIZZINI'S BODY

The picnic is spread as before.

CAMERA PULLS BACK TO REVEAL the Prince kneeling by the body as the others ride up. The Prince grabs the empty poison packet, hands it to Rugen, after first sniffing it himself.

HUMPERDINCK

Iocane. I'd bet my life on it.

(gestures to the trail
ahead)

And there are the Princess's
footprints. She is alive... or was,
an hour ago. If she is otherwise
when I find her, I shall be very put
out.

And as he vaults onto his horse and the all charge off--

CUT TO:

BUTTERCUP, being spun INTO CAMERA view, falling heavily as
the Man In Black releases her. We are at the edge of an almost
sheer ravine. The drop is sharp and severe. Below, the ravine
floor is flat, but getting there would not be half the fun.

MAN IN BLACK

Rest, Highness.

BUTTERCUP

(stares at him)

I know who you are--your cruelty
reveals everything.

The Man In Black says nothing.

BUTTERCUP

You're the Dread Pirate Roberts;
admit it.

MAN IN BLACK

With pride. What can I do for you?

BUTTERCUP

You can die slowly cut into a thousand
pieces.

MAN IN BLACK

Hardly complimentary, Your Highness.
Why loose your venom on me?

CLOSE UP - BUTTERCUP, quietly now.

BUTTERCUP

You killed my love.

CUT TO:

THE MAN IN BLACK

watching her closely.

MAN IN BLACK

It's possible; I kill a lot of people.
Who was this love of yours? Another
Prince, like this one, ugly, rich,

and scabby?

BUTTERCUP

No. A farm boy. Poor. Poor and perfect, with eyes like the sea after a storm.

CUT TO:

BUTTERCUP

And probably, if she did not hate Roberts so, there would be tears.

BUTTERCUP

On the high seas, your ship attacked, and the Dread Pirate Roberts never takes prisoners.

MAN IN BLACK

(explaining as a teacher might)

I can't afford to make exceptions. Once word leaks out that a pirate has gone soft, people begin to disobey you, and then it's nothing but work, work, work, all the time.

BUTTERCUP

You mock my pain.

MAN IN BLACK

Life is pain, Highness. Anyone who says differently is selling something. I remember this farm boy of yours, I think. This would be, what, five years ago?

Buttercup nods.

MAN IN BLACK

Does it bother you to hear?

BUTTERCUP

Nothing you can say will upset me.

MAN IN BLACK

He died well, that should please you. No bribe attempts or blubbering. He simply said, "Please. Please, I need to live." It was the "please" that caught my memory. I asked him what was so important for him. "True love," he replied. And then he spoke of a girl of surpassing beauty and faithfulness. I can only assume he meant you. You should bless me for destroying him before he found out what you really are.

BUTTERCUP

And what am I?

MAN IN BLACK

Faithfulness he talked of, madam.
Your enduring faithfulness. Now,
tell me truly. When you found out he
was gone, did you get engaged to
your prince that same hour, or did
you wait a whole week out of respect
for the dead?

BUTTERCUP

You mocked me once, never do it again--
I died that day!

The Man In Black is about to reply as they stand there on
the edge of the sheer ravine. But then something catches his
attention and as he stares at it briefly,

CUT TO:

HIS P.O.V.:

The dust cloud caused by Humperdinck's HORSES is rising up
into the sky.

CUT TO:

BUTTERCUP, and while his attention is on the dust cloud,
rising high, she pushes him with all the strength she has.

BUTTERCUP

You can die too, for all I care!!

CUT TO:

THE MAN IN BLACK, teetering on the ravine edge, for a moment,
then he begins to fall. Down goes the Man In Black. Down,
down, rolling, spinning, crashing always down toward the
flat rock floor of the ravine.

CUT TO:

BUTTERCUP, staring transfixed at what she has wrought.

There is a long pause. She stands there, alone, as from far
below the words come to her, drifting on the wind--

MAN IN BLACK

...as... you... wish...

BUTTERCUP

Oh, my sweet Westley; what have I
done?

And without a second thought or consideration of the dangers,
she starts into the ravine. A moment later, she too is

falling, spinning and twisting, crashing and torn,
cartwheeling down toward what is left of her beloved.

CUT TO:

THE DUST CLOUD, rising.

PULL BACK TO REVEAL

Prince Humperdinck and the others reining in at the spot
where Buttercup promised ransom in exchange for her freedom.
The Prince shakes his head.

HUMPERDINCK

Disappeared. He must have seen us
closing in, which might account for
his panicking in error. Unless I'm
wrong, and I am never wrong, they
are headed dead into the fire swamp.

CUT TO:

COUNT RUGEN

The mere mention of the Fire Swamp makes him pale.

CUT TO:

THE RAVINE FLOOR

TWO BODIES lie a few feet apart, not moving. It is, of course,
Buttercup and Westley. They might be corpses. After a time,
Westley slowly forces his body into motion and as he does,

CUT TO:

BUTTERCUP, bruised and torn, as Westley crawls slowly toward
her.

WESTLEY

Can you move at all?

BUTTERCUP

(weakly stretching
out an arm toward
him)

Move? You're alive. If you want, I
can fly.

WESTLEY

I told you, "I would always come for
you." Why didn't you wait for me?

BUTTERCUP

Well... you were dead.

WESTLEY

Death cannot stop true love. All it
can do is delay it for a while.

BUTTERCUP

I will never doubt again.

WESTLEY

There will never be a need.

And now, they begin to kiss; it's a tender kiss, tender and loving and gentle and--

THE KID (O.S.)

Oh no. No, please.

CUT TO:

THE KID'S BEDROOM

GRANDFATHER

What is it? What's the matter?

THE KID

They're kissing again, do we have to hear the kissing part?

GRANDFATHER

Someday, you may not mind so much.

THE KID

Skip on to the Fire Swamp--that sounded good.

GRANDFATHER

Oh. You're sick, I'll humor you.

(he picks up the book
again)

So now, where were we here? Yeah, yeah, yeah. Ah. Oh. Okay. Westley and Buttercup raced along the ravine floor.

CUT TO:

WESTLEY AND BUTTERCUP

racing along the ravine floor. Westley glances up.

CUT TO:

HUMPERDINCK AND HIS MEN

perched on top of the cliff, looking down at Westley and Buttercup.

CUT TO:

WESTLEY

WESTLEY

Ha. Your pig fiancé is too late. A

few more steps and we'll be safe in
the Fire Swamp.

CUT TO:

BUTTERCUP, and Westley has tried to say it with Chevalier-
like nonchalance, but she ain't buying.

BUTTERCUP

We'll never survive.

WESTLEY

Nonsense--you're only saying that
because no one ever has.

As they race off, leaving Humperdinck and his men stranded,
defeated.

CUT TO:

THE FIRE SWAMP

And it really doesn't look any worse than any other moist,
sulphurous, infernal horror you might run across. Great trees
block the sun.

CUT TO:

WESTLEY AND BUTTERCUP

Buttercup is clearly panicked and maybe Westley is too, but
he moves jauntily along, sword in hand.

WESTLEY

It's not that bad. I'm not saying
I'd like to build a summer home here,
but the trees are actually quite
lovely.

THE GIANT TREES, thick and black-green, look ominous as hell
and they shield all but intermittent stripes of sun.

A GIANT SPURT OF FLAME leaps up, preceded by a slight popping
sound, and this particular spurt of flame misses Westley,
but Buttercup is suddenly on fire; at least the lower half
of her is and--

CUT TO:

WESTLEY, instantly forcing Buttercup to sit, gathering her
flaming hem in his hands, doing his best to suffocate the
fire. This isn't all that easy and it causes him a bit of
grief, but he does his best to sound as jaunty as before.

WESTLEY

Well now, that was an adventure.

He examines where the flames burst over her.

WESTLEY
Singed a bit, were you?

BUTTERCUP
(She wasn't and she
shakes her head "no")
You?

He was, and he shakes his head "no." As he pulls her to her feet--

CUT TO:

THE SWAMP FLOOR

--and as there's another popping sound,

CUT TO:

WESTLEY GRABBING BUTTERCUP, pulling her aside to safety as another great spun of flame suddenly shoots up.

WESTLEY
Well, one thing I will say. The Fire
Swamp certainly does keep you on
your toes.

Buttercup is frozen with fear. He takes her hand, gently leads her forward as we--

CUT TO:

The two of them moving slowly along through a particularly dangerous part of the Fire Swamp.

It's later now, the sun slants down at a slightly different angle.

WESTLEY
(happily)
This will all soon be but a happy
memory because Roberts' ship "Revenge"
is anchored at the far end. And I,
as you know, am Roberts.

BUTTERCUP
But how is that possible, since he's
been marauding twenty years and you
only left me five years ago?

WESTLEY
I myself am often surprised at life's
little quirks.

There is again a popping sound, then a huge spurt of flame. Westley simply picks up Buttercup as they walk along, moves her out of danger, puts her back down, goes right on talking without missing a beat.

WESTLEY

You see, what I told you before about saying "please" was true. It intrigued Roberts, as did my descriptions of your beauty.

CUT TO:

SOME HIDEOUS VINES

they look like they could be flesh eating. Westley takes his sword, slices a path for them to follow. The vines groan as they fall. He's been chatting away the entire time.

WESTLEY

Finally, Roberts decided something. He said, "All right, Westley, I've never had a valet. You can try it for tonight. I'll most likely kill you in the morning." Three years he said that. "Good night, Westley. Good work. Sleep well. I'll most likely kill you in the morning." It was a fine time for me. I was learning to fence, to fight, anything anyone would teach me. And Roberts and I eventually became friends. And then it happened.

BUTTERCUP

What?--go on--

Westley picks her up, carrying her across some swamp water that is bridged by a narrow, rickety tree branch.

WESTLEY

Well, Roberts had grown so rich, he wanted to retire. So he took me to his cabin and told me his secret. "I am not the Dread Pirate Roberts," he said. "My name is Ryan. I inherited this ship from the previous Dread Pirate Roberts, just as you will inherit it from me. The man I inherited it from was not the real Dread Pirate Roberts, either. His name was Cumberbund. The real Roberts has been retired fifteen years and living like a king in Patagonia." Then he explained the name was the important thing for inspiring the necessary fear. You see, no one would surrender to the Dread Pirate Westley.

The two of them have by now crossed the pond.

WESTLEY

So we sailed ashore, took on an entirely new crew and he stayed aboard

for awhile as first mate, all the time calling me Roberts. Once the crew believed, he left the ship and I have been Roberts ever since. Except, now that we're together, I shall retire and hand the name over to someone else. Is everything clear to you?

Buttercup, perplexed, is about to reply but the ground she steps on gives way--it's Lightning Sand--a great patch of it, and it has her--a cloud of powder rises and she sinks into the stuff crying Westley's name but then she is gone as we--

CUT TO:

WESTLEY WHIRLING, slashing at a U-shaped vine, hacks it in half--it's still connected to the tree. Then he grabs it, drops his sword, and, clutching the other end of the vine, he dives into the lightning sand and there is another cloud of white powder, but it settles quickly.

Now nothing can be seen. Nothing at all. Just the lightning sand, lovely and lethal.

HOLD on the lightning sand--Then--

An odd panting sound is heard now. The panting sound is suddenly very loud. And then a giant R.O.U.S. darts into view. The R.O.U.S.--a Rodent of Unusual Size--is probably no more than eighty pounds of bone and power. It sniffs around a bit then, as quickly as it has come, it goes.

CUT TO:

THE LIGHTNING SAND, as Westley, lungs long past the bursting point, explodes out; he has Buttercup across his shoulders and as he pulls to the edge of the lightning sand pit, using the vine--

CUT TO:

CLOSE-UP - BUTTERCUP

Her face is caked with the white powder. It is in her eyes, her ears, hair, mouth. She's still probably beautiful, but you have to look awfully hard to see it. As Westley continues to pull them to safety--

CUT TO:

The R.O.U.S., high above them; it watches--

CUT TO:

BUTTERCUP, placed against a tree. Westley is cleaning the lightning sand from her face.

He hesitates, glances around and

CUT TO:

The R.O.U.S. on a much lower branch now. It stares down at Westley.

Westley stares back up at the beast. Buttercup is oblivious. Her eyes flutter. He continues to work on her as--

BUTTERCUP

We'll never succeed--we may as well die here.

WESTLEY

No. No. We have already succeeded.
(he glances back again)

Now THERE ARE TWO R.O.U.S.'s. The have climbed into a nearby tree, stare hungrily down.

CUT TO:

WESTLEY, picking her up.

He puts an arm around her, starts to walk with her as he encouragingly goes on talking.

WESTLEY

I mean, what are the three terrors of the Fire Swamp? One, the flame spurts. No problem. There's a popping sound preceding each, we can avoid that. Two, the Lightning Sand. But you were clever enough to discover what that looks like, so in the future we can avoid that too.

BUTTERCUP

Westley, what about the R.O.U.S.'s?

WESTLEY

Rodents of Unusual Size? I don't think they exist...

And as he says that, a R.O.U.S. comes flying at him from off-screen.

CUT TO:

BUTTERCUP, screaming and--

Westley, pinned under the attacking R.O.U.S., trying to fend it off. Can't. The thing's teeth sink deep into his arm. He howls.

Westley drives a fist into the beast's face, rolling it off. He reaches for his sword just a few feet away, but the R.O.U.S. is back atop him. It's a fierce battle, and just

when we think Westley can't possibly win, he flips the ugly rodent clear.

Westley scrambles for his sword. The R.O.U.S. stampedes on, changing its target, heading right for--

Buttercup, and she's scared to death and--

BUTTERCUP

Westley!

Westley abandons his sword, reaching for the rodent, grabbing only a tail, wrestling with it. Buttercup grabs a small branch, and using it as a club, beats the skull of the thing, doing pretty well, but the beast manages to snag her hem with its razor teeth, and she's pulled to the ground, and

CUT TO:

WESTLEY, jumping onto its back, and the R.O.U.S. is all over him now, sinking needle teeth into Westley's shoulder.

CUT TO:

WESTLEY, with death close at hand, as a popping sound starts. He tries one desperate move, rolls into the sound--

CUT TO:

A FLAME spurt shooting skyward and--

CUT TO:

WESTLEY, with the R.O.U.S. pinned under him, and as the beast bursts into flame, it lets go and Westley rolls safely free, grabs his sword and exhaustedly stabs the R.O.U.S., which is trying to put itself out.

The R.O.U.S. collapses dead. Westley stands motionless, exhausted. The danger has passed.

CUT TO:

BUTTERCUP, relieved.

DISSOLVE TO:

THE FAR EDGE OF THE FIRE SWAMP

Beyond, a beach.

CUT TO:

BUTTERCUP AND WESTLEY

BUTTERCUP

(almost in disbelief)

We did it.

WESTLEY

Now, was that so terrible?

And from somewhere they summon strength, pick up their pace,
and as they reach the edge of the Fire Swamp--

CUT TO:

Something we hadn't expected:

Humperdinck on his horse, Rugen beside him. THREE WARRIORS,
armed and ready, are mounted in formation behind. Buttercup
and Westley are at the edge of the Fire Swamp, about to leave
it. They stop. Buttercup looks beyond exhaustion. Westley
looks worse.

HUMPERDINCK

Surrender!

It's dusk. Behind Humperdinck are the waters of the bay.

CUT TO:

WESTLEY AND BUTTERCUP, staring out at the others.

WESTLEY

You mean you wish to surrender to
me? Very well, I accept.

HUMPERDINCK

I give you full marks for bravery--
don't make yourself a fool.

WESTLEY

Ah, but how will you capture us? We
know the secrets of the Fire Swamp.
We can live there quite happily for
some time. So, whenever you feel
like dying, feel free to visit.

HUMPERDINCK

I tell you once again--surrender!

WESTLEY

It will not happen!

CUT TO:

BUTTERCUP, looking from one to the other; then something
else catches her eye and we--

CUT TO:

AN ARMED WARRIOR, in shadow, with a loaded crossbow aimed at
Westley's heart.

CUT TO:

BUTTERCUP, looking the other way--

CUT TO:

ANOTHER WARRIOR, crossbow aimed at Westley.

HUMPERDINCK

(roaring)

For the last time--SURRENDER!

WESTLEY

(roaring right back,
bigger)

DEATH FIRST!!

CUT TO:

BUTTERCUP, frantically staring around, and now

CUT TO:

A THIRD WARRIOR, crossbow stretched, ready to shoot; this one is hidden in a tree blocking any escape Westley might try.

BUTTERCUP

Will you promise not to hurt him?

CUT TO:

HUMPERDINCK, whirling to face her.

HUMPERDINCK

What was that?

CUT TO:

WESTLEY, whirling to face her.

WESTLEY

What was that?

CUT TO:

BUTTERCUP, talking to them both.

BUTTERCUP

If we surrender, and I return with you, will you promise not to hurt this man?

HUMPERDINCK

(right hand high)

May I live a thousand years and never hunt again.

BUTTERCUP

(looks at Westley)

He is a sailor on the pirate ship "Revenge." Promise to return him to

his ship.

HUMPERDINCK
I swear it will be done.

CUT TO:

BUTTERCUP AND WESTLEY, staring deep into each other's eyes.

CUT TO:

HUMPERDINCK AND RUGEN

HUMPERDINCK
Once we're out of sight, take him
back to Florin and throw him in the
Pit of Despair.

RUGEN
(almost a smile)
I swear it will be done.

CUT TO:

BUTTERCUP AND WESTLEY

BUTTERCUP
I thought you were dead once, and it
almost destroyed me. I could not
bear it if you died again, not when
I could save you.

Westley is dazed. Silent.

Buttercup tries to speak again, can't, and is swooped off
her feet onto Humperdinck's horse, and off they go.

CUT TO:

WESTLEY, staring after her. Rugen watches as his warriors
bring Westley to him. The Count has a heavy sword and he
holds it in his hand.

RUGEN
Come, sir. We must get you to your
ship.

WESTLEY
We are men of action. Lies do not
become us.

RUGEN
Well spoken, sir--

Westley is looking at him.

RUGEN
--what is it?

WESTLEY

You have six fingers on your right
hand--someone was looking for you--

Count Rugen clubs Westley hard across the skull. Westley
starts to fall--the screen goes black.

FADE IN ON:

THE PIT OF DESPAIR

Dank and chill, underground and windowless, lit by flickering
torches. Frightening. Westley lies in the center of the cage,
chained and helpless.

CUT TO:

SOMETHING REALLY FRIGHTENING: A BLOODLESS-LOOKING ALBINO

Dead pale, he silently enters the pit, carrying a tray of
food and medication. He puts it down.

WESTLEY

Where am I?

ALBINO

(he only whispers)
The Pit of Despair.

He begins tending Westley's wounds. Westley winces.

ALBINO

Don't even think--
(A hack, sputter,
cough--now his voice
seems normal again)
--don't even think about trying to
escape. The chains are far too thick.
And don't dream of being rescued
either. The only way in is secret.
And only the Prince, the Count, and
I know how to get in and out.

WESTLEY

Then I'm here till I die?

ALBINO

(working away)
Till they kill you. Yeah.

WESTLEY

Then why bother curing me?

ALBINO

The Prince and the Count always insist
on everyone being healthy before
they're broken.

WESTLEY

So it's to be torture.

From the Albino: a nod.

WESTLEY

I can cope with torture.

From the Albino: a shake of the head.

WESTLEY

You don't believe me?

ALBINO

You survived the Fire Swamp. You
must be very brave...

(little pause)

...but nobody withstands The Machine.

He studies Westley, whose face is almost sad.

CUT TO:

BUTTERCUP, and her face is sad. Pallid, perhaps ill. She wanders down a corridor in Florin Castle. As she moves unseeing past an intersecting corridor:

CUT TO:

PRINCE HUMPERDINCK AND COUNT RUGEN, watching her

HUMPERDINCK

She's been like that ever since the
Fire Swamp.

(looks at Rugen)

It's my father's failing health that's
upsetting her.

RUGEN

Of course.

As they move on,

CUT TO:

FLORIN CASTLE AT NIGHT

CAMERA HOLDS ON IT while we hear the Grandfather's voice reading.

GRANDFATHER (O.S.)

The King died that very night, and
before the following dawn, Buttercup
and Humperdinck were married.

CUT TO:

MAIN SQUARE OF FLORIN CASTLE

And if we thought it was packed before, we didn't know how

many more could fit in this courtyard. Humperdinck, Rugen and the Queen stand high on the balcony.

GRANDFATHER (O.S.)

And at noon, she met her subjects again. This time as their Queen.

HUMPERDINCK

My father's final words were...

THE KID (O.S.)

--hold it. Hold it, Grandpa.

And the scene FREEZES, Humperdinck caught in mid-sentence.

CUT TO:

THE KID'S ROOM

The Kid is half sitting now, not strong yet, but clearly stronger than when we first saw him.

THE KID

You read that wrong. She doesn't marry Humperdinck, she marries Westley. I'm just sure of it. After all that Westley did for her, if she does not marry him, it wouldn't be fair.

GRANDFATHER

Well, who says life is fair? Where is that written? Life isn't always fair.

THE KID

I'm telling you you're messing up the story, now get it right!

GRANDFATHER

Do you want me to go on with this?

THE KID

Yes.

GRANDFATHER

All right, then. No more interruptions.

(starts to read again)

...at noon, she met her subjects again. This time as their Queen.

And on these words,

CUT TO:

PRINCE HUMPERDINCK

HUMPERDINCK

My father's final words were "love her as I loved her, and there will be joy." I present to you your Queen. Queen Buttercup.

And on his words,

CUT TO:

THE CROWD, and it's gigantic.

CUT TO:

THE ARCHWAY

we saw before, as Buttercup emerges.

CUT TO:

THE CROWD, suddenly going to its knees, wave after wave of silent KNEELING PEOPLE. All of them down.

CUT TO:

BUTTERCUP, touched as before, but then she seems stunned as we

CUT TO:

THE CROWD

SOMEONE IS BOOING! The BOOING gets louder as an ANCIENT WOMAN approaches Buttercup through the crowd, BOOING every step of the way.

BUTTERCUP

Why do you do this?

ANCIENT BOOER

Because you had love in your hands, and you gave it up.

BUTTERCUP

(distraught)

But they would have killed Westley if I hadn't done it.

ANCIENT BOOER

Your true love lives and you marry another--

(to the crowd)

--True love saved her in the Fire Swamp, and she treated it like garbage. And that's what she is, the Queen of Refuse! So, bow down to her if you want. Bow to her. Bow to the Queen of Slime, the Queen of Filth, the Queen of Putrescence. Boo! Boo! Rubbish! Filth! Slime! Muck! Boo!

Boo!

She advances on Buttercup now, who is more and more panicked.

CLOSE-UP - THE ANCIENT BOOER

Louder and louder and LOUDER she shrieks vituperation at Buttercup, reaching out her old hands toward Buttercup's throat, and Buttercup is as frightened now as Dorothy was when the Witch went after her in "The Wizard of Oz", and suddenly,

CUT TO:

BUTTERCUP, coming out of her nightmare, alone in her castle bedroom. As she frantically grabs a robe and starts to run.

GRANDFATHER (O.S.)

(still reading)

It was ten days till the wedding.
The King still lived, but Buttercup's
nightmares were growing steadily
worse.

THE KID (O.S.)

See? Didn't I tell you she'd never
marry that rotten Humperdinck?

GRANDFATHER (O.S.)

--yes, you're very smart. Shut-Up.

CUT TO:

BUTTERCUP, bursting into the Prince's chambers. Count Rugen stands nearby.

BUTTERCUP

It comes to this: I love Westley. I
always have. I know now I always
will. If you tell me I must marry
you in ten days, please believe I
will be dead by morning.

CUT TO:

PRINCE HUMPERDINCK

Just stunned. Finally, softly, he begins to talk.

HUMPERDINCK

I could never cause you grief;
consider our wedding off.

(to Rugen)

You returned this Westley to his
ship?

RUGEN

Yes.

HUMPERDINCK

Then we will simply alert him.

(to Buttercup now)

Beloved, are you certain he still wants you? After all, it was you who did the leaving in the Fire Swamp. Not to mention that pirates are not known to be men of their words.

BUTTERCUP

My Westley will always come for me.

HUMPERDINCK

I suggest a deal. You write four copies of a letter. I'll send my four fastest ships. One in each direction. The Dread Pirate Roberts is always close to Florin this time of year. We'll run up the white flag and deliver your message. If Westley wants you, bless you both. If not... please consider me as an alternative to suicide. Are we agreed?

And she nods--

CUT TO:

VERY THICK GROVE OF TREES

The trees are unusual in one respect: all of them are extraordinarily heavily knotted.

PULL BACK TO REVEAL

Humperdinck and Rugen, walking into the grove of trees.

RUGEN

Your Princess is really a winning creature. A trifle simple, perhaps, but her appeal is undeniable.

HUMPERDINCK

Oh, I know. The people are quite taken with her. It's odd, but when I hired Vizzini to have her murdered on our engagement day, I thought that was clever. But it's going to be so much more moving when I strangle her on our wedding night. Once Guilder is blamed, the nation will be truly outraged. They'll demand we go to war.

They are deeper into the grove now. Rugen is searching around.

RUGEN

Now, where is that secret knot? It's impossible to find.

(Finding the knot on
the tree he hits it,
and it opens,
revealing a staircase
leading underground.)

Are you coming down into the Pit?
Westley's got his strength back. I
am starting him on The Machine
tonight.

HUMPERDINCK

Tyrone, you know how much I love
watching you work. But, I've got my
country's five hundredth anniversary
to plan, my wedding to arrange, MY
wife to murder, and Guilder to frame
for it. I'm swamped.

RUGEN

Get some rest--if you haven't got
your health, you haven't got anything.

Rugen smiles and hurries down the stairs as the tree slides
back perfectly into place.

CUT TO:

AN ENORMOUS THING

We can't tell quite what it is or what it does, but somehow
it is unsettling.

PULL BACK TO REVEAL

Count Rugen, dragging Westley up alongside the thing--Levers
and wheels and wires, you name it, it's there.

RUGEN

Beautiful, isn't it?

(The Albino starts
attaching suction
cups to Westley)

It took me half a lifetime to invent
it. I'm sure you've discovered my
deep and abiding interest in pain.
At present I'm writing the definitive
work on the subject. So I want you
to be totally honest with me on how
The Machine makes you feel.

CUT TO:

A DIAL

with numbers ranging from a low of "1" to a high of "50."
Rugen goes to it.

RUGEN

This being our first try, I'll use

the lowest setting.

And he turns the dial to "1".

CUT TO:

WESTLEY

He has suction cups on his head now, on his temple, on his heart, his hands and feet. He says nothing, keeps control of himself

CUT TO:

COUNT RUGEN, fiddling with his Machine a moment more. And then he opens the flood gate, water pours down the chute, turning the wheel, which in turn really gets The Machine going.

CUT TO:

WESTLEY, and he's lying on the table, and he's only flesh and the chains are metal and thick, but such is his desperation it almost seems he might break them. A terrible sound comes from his throat, an incessant gasping. It keeps on coming as we finally

CUT TO:

COUNT RUGEN

He switches off The Machine, picks up a large notebook and pen, sits in a chair. The NOISE of The Machine subsides. Rugen opens the book to a blank page.

RUGEN

As you know, the concept of the suction pump is centuries old. Well, really, that's all this is. Except that instead of sucking water, I'm sucking life. I've just sucked one year of your life away. I might one day go as high as five, but I really don't know what that would do to you. So, let's just start with what we have. What did this do to you? Tell me. And remember, this is for posterity, so be honest--how do you feel?

And now, as last,

CUT TO:

WESTLEY, in anguish so deep it is dizzying. Helpless, he cries.

Count Rugen watches the tears, then starts to write.

RUGEN
Interesting.

CUT TO:

HUMPERDINCK

in his quarters, swamped. Piles of papers are strewn all over. Now YELLIN, a pale, shifty, quick-eyed man appears in the doorway.

HUMPERDINCK
Yellin.

YELLIN
(bows, then kneels)
Sire.

HUMPERDINCK
As Chief Enforcer of all Florin, I trust you with this secret: killers from Guilder are infiltrating the Thieves' Forest and plan to murder my bride on our wedding night.

YELLIN
My spy network has heard no such news.

CUT TO:

BUTTERCUP

entering.

BUTTERCUP
Any word from Westley?

CUT TO:

THE PRINCE AND YELLIN, turning to her in the doorway.

HUMPERDINCK
Too soon, my angel. Patience.

BUTTERCUP
He will come for me.

HUMPERDINCK
Of course.

As she glides out,

HUMPERDINCK
She will not be murdered. On the day of the wedding, I want the Thieves' Forest emptied and every inhabitant arrested.

YELLIN

Many of the thieves will resist. My regular enforcers will be inadequate.

HUMPERDINCK

Form a Brute Squad then. I want the Thieves' Forest emptied before I wed.

YELLIN

It won't be easy, Sire.

HUMPERDINCK

(alone, exhausted)
Try ruling the world sometime.

CUT TO:

THE THIEVES' FOREST - DAY

A lot of hollering is going on. The THIEVES are being rounded up by the BRUTE SQUAD, a large group of large men. Yellin stands on a wagon in the midst of all the scuffling.

GRANDFATHER (O.S.)

The day of the wedding arrived. The Brute Squad had their hands full carrying out Humperdinck's orders.

YELLIN

(to an unpleasant-looking assistant)
Is everybody out?

ASSISTANT BRUTE

Almost. There's a Spaniard giving us some trouble.

YELLIN

Well, you give him some trouble. Move!

And his wagon starts, and as it does,

CUT TO:

INIGO, drunk as a skunk, sprawled in front of a hovel, a bottle of brandy in one hand, the six-fingered sword in the other. He looks dreadful. Unshaven, puffy-eyed, gaunt. But the way he brandishes the great sword in front of him would give anyone cause for worry.

INIGO

I am waiting for you, Vizzini. You told me to go back to the beginning. So I have. This is where I am, and this is where I'll stay. I will not be moved.

He takes a long pull from his brandy bottle. He stops as the Assistant Brute comes into view.

ASSISTANT BRUTE

Ho there.

INIGO

I do not budge. Keep your "Ho there."
(He waves his sword
dangerously)

ASSISTANT BRUTE

But the Prince gave orders--

INIGO

--So did Vizzini--when a job went
wrong, you went back to the beginning.
And this is where we got the job. So
it's the beginning, and I'm staying
till Vizzini comes.

ASSISTANT BRUTE

(gesturing off-screen)
You! Brute! Come here.

INIGO

--I--am--waiting--for--Vizzini--

VOICE (O.S.)

You surely are a meanie.

INIGO feels a hand on his back. A huge hand. He compares it to his own smaller hand.

FEZZIK

Hello.

INIGO

It's you.

FEZZIK

True!

And as the Assistant Brute is just about to club Inigo's brains out, FEZZIK lets fly with a stupendous punch.

The Assistant Brute takes the full force of the blow right in the chops. It's like he was shot from a cannon as he careens backwards out of sight across the street.

There is a pause. Then a crunching sound, as he clearly has come in contact with something hard and immobile.

FEZZIK puts Inigo down.

FEZZIK

You don't look so good.
(after Inigo blasts
air in protest)

You don't smell so good either.

INIGO

Perhaps not. I feel fine.

FEZZIK

Yeah?

And so FEZZIK puts Inigo down. That's when Inigo faints, and as he does,

CUT TO:

AN EMPTY ALEHOUSE IN THE THIEVES' QUARTER

Inigo sits slumped in a chair, while FEZZIK spoons him some stew.

GRANDFATHER (O.S.)

FEZZIK and Inigo were reunited. And as FEZZIK nursed his inebriated friend back to health, he told Inigo of Vizzini's death and the existence of Count Rugen, the six-fingered man. Considering Inigo's lifelong search, he handled the news surprisingly well.

And he faints again into his stew.

CUT TO:

TWO LARGE TUBS, one filled with steaming water, the other with water clearly of an icy nature. Without a word FEZZIK stuffs Inigo's head into the icy water, then, after a reasonable amount of time, pulls him out, ducks him into the steaming stuff, and, a short time after that, puts him back in the cold again, then back in the hot--

GRANDFATHER (O.S.)

FEZZIK took great care in reviving Inigo.

INIGO

(up and going)

That's enough. That's enough! Where is this Rugen so I may kill him?

FEZZIK

He's with the Prince in the Castle. But the castle gate is guarded by thirty men.

INIGO

How many could you handle?

FEZZIK

I don't think more than ten.

INIGO
(doing the math on
his fingers)
That leaves twenty for me. At my
best, I could never defeat that many.
(he sinks sadly down)
I need Vizzini to plan. I have no
gift for strategy.

FEZZIK
But Vizzini's dead.

CUT TO:

THE TWO OF THEM

Silent and bereft. Then a wild look hits Inigo.

INIGO
No--not Vizzini--I need the Man in
Black--

FEZZIK
--what?--

INIGO
--look, he bested you with strength,
your greatness. He bested me with
steel. He must have out-thought
Vizzini, and a man who can do that
can plan my castle's onslaught any
day. Let's go--

FEZZIK
--where?

INIGO
To find the Man in Black, obviously.

FEZZIK
But you don't know where he is.

INIGO
(he is possessed by
demons now)
Don't bother me with trifles; after
twenty years, at last, my father's
soul will be at peace.

CUT TO:

CLOSE UP - INIGO

INIGO
(big)
There will be blood tonight!!

CUT TO:

PRINCE HUMPERDINCK'S CHAMBERS

--strewn with maps, etc. Yellin enters, and kneels.

HUMPERDINCK
(sharpening his dagger)
Rise and report.

YELLIN
The Thieves' Forest is emptied. Thirty
men guard the castle gate.

HUMPERDINCK
Double it. My Princess must be safe.

YELLIN
The gate has but one key, and I carry
that.

He shows the key, dangling from a chain around his neck.
Just at that moment, Buttercup enters.

HUMPERDINCK
Ah! My dulcet darling. Tonight we
marry. Tomorrow morning, your men
will escort us to Florin Channel
where every ship in my armada waits
to accompany us on our honeymoon.

BUTTERCUP
Every ship but your four fastest,
you mean.

The Prince looks at her blankly for a moment.

BUTTERCUP
Every ship but the four you sent.

HUMPERDINCK
Yes. Yes, of course. Naturally, not
those four.

YELLIN
(bows, exits)
Your Majesties.

CUT TO:

BUTTERCUP, staring at Humperdinck.

BUTTERCUP
You never sent the ships. Don't bother
lying. It doesn't matter. Westley
will come for me anyway.

HUMPERDINCK
(sharply)
You're a silly girl.

BUTTERCUP

Yes, I am a silly girl, for not having seen sooner that you were nothing but a coward with a heart full of fear.

HUMPERDINCK

(close to erupting;
speaks very distinctly)

I-would-not-say-such things-if-I-were-you-

BUTTERCUP

Why not? You can't hurt me. Westley and I are joined by the bonds of love. And you cannot track that. Not with a thousand bloodhounds. And you cannot break it. Not with a thousand swords. And when I say you are a coward, that is only because you are the slimiest weakling ever to crawl the earth.

CUT TO:

HUMPERDINCK

jumping at her, yanking her by the hair, starting to pull her along, out of control, his words indistinct.

HUMPERDINCK

IWOULDNOTSAYSUCHTHINGSIFIWEREYOU!

CUT TO:

CORRIDOR OF THE CASTLE, as the Prince throws open the door to Buttercup's room, slams it shut, locks it, breaks into a wild run and--

CUT TO:

WESTLEY IN THE MACHINE, but it's not on. Count Rugen is adding more notes to his book. He looks up as the Prince suddenly comes down the steps, raging.

HUMPERDINCK

(at Westley)

You truly love each other, and so you might have been truly happy. Not one couple in a century has that chance, no matter what the storybooks say. And so I think no man in a century will suffer as greatly as you will.

And with that he whirls, turns on The Machine, grabs the lever and--

CUT TO:

COUNT RUGEN

calling out--

RUGEN
Not to fifty!!!

But it's too late as we--

CUT TO:

PRINCE HUMPERDINCK, shoving the lever all the way up and

CUT TO:

WESTLEY'S FACE

And there has never been such pain. The pain grows and grows
and with it now, something else has started

THE DEATH SCREAM. As The Death Scream starts to rise--

CUT TO:

OUTSIDE THE PIT OF DESPAIR

as the SOUND moves along, LOUDER AND LOUDER, and--

CUT TO:

YELLIN AND HIS SIXTY BRUTES

And they bear it, and a few of the Brutes turn to each other
in fear, and as the scream builds--

CUT TO:

BUTTERCUP IN HER ROOM

She hears the SOUND, doesn't know what it is, but her arms
involuntarily go around her body to try to control the
trembling, and the scream, still builds and--

CUT TO:

ESTABLISHING SHOT ACROSS THE RIVER

There are many PEOPLE--it is the day of the country's 500th
Anniversary--but all the People stop as the sound hits them.
A few CHILDREN pale, bolt toward their PARENTS and--

CUT TO:

INIGO AND FEZZIK, trying to make their way through the jammed
marketplace, which suddenly quiets as the fading sound comes
through.

INIGO

(instantly)
FEZZIK, FEZZIK, listen, do you hear?--
That is the sound of ultimate
suffering. My heart made that sound
when Rugen slaughtered my father.
The Man in Black makes it now.

FEZZIK
The Man in Black?

INIGO
His true love is marrying another
tonight, so who else has cause for
Ultimate Suffering?
(trying to push through)
Excuse me--

It's too crowded.

INIGO
--pardon me, it's important--

No one budges and the sound is fading faster.

INIGO
--FEZZIK, please--

FEZZIK, gigantic and roaring.

FEZZIK
Everybody... MOVE!!

And the Crowd begins to fall away, and he and Inigo start to
track the FADING SOUND.

INIGO
Thank you.

CUT TO:

A GROVE OF TREES NEAR THE PIT OF DESPAIR

The Albino appears wheeling a barrow.

INIGO'S SWORD pushes at his chest.

INIGO
Where is the Man in Black?

The Albino shakes his head, says nothing.

INIGO
You get there from this grove, yes?
(silence)
FEZZIK, jog his memory.

And FEZZIK crunches the Albino on the top of the head as if
he had a hammer and was driving in a nail. The Albino drops
without a sound.

FEZZIK

(upset)

I'm sorry, Inigo. I didn't mean to
jog him so hard. Inigo?

CUT TO:

INIGO

He kneels, the sword held tight between his hands. Eyes closed, he faces the grove of trees, starts to talk, his voice low and strange.

INIGO

Father, I have failed you for twenty
years. Now our misery can end.
Somewhere... somewhere close by is a
man who can help us. I cannot find
him alone. I need you. I need you to
guide my sword. Please.

And now he rises, eyes still closed.

INIGO

Guide my sword.

CUT TO:

THE GROVE OF TREES

as Inigo, eyes shut tight, walks forward, the great sword held in his hands.

FEZZIK, frightened, follows close behind.

CUT TO:

THE SECRET KNOT

that reveals the staircase.

CUT TO:

INIGO

walking blind through the grove of trees. He moves to the Secret Knot, hesitates, then moves past it.

Then Inigo stops. For a long moment he stands frozen. Suddenly he whirls, eyes still closed, and the sword strikes home dead center into a knot and--

Nothing. He has failed.

In utter despair he collapses against the tree. Against a knot in the tree. Against THE KNOT in the tree. It slides away, revealing the staircase. FEZZIK and Inigo look at each other, then start down.

CUT TO:

WESTLEY, dead by The Machine. FEZZIK leans over him, listening for a heartbeat. Then he looks at Inigo, shakes his head.

FEZZIK

He's dead.

Inigo is in despair. For a moment, he just sags.

INIGO

(barely able to speak)

It just is not fair.

THE KID (O.S.)

--Grandpa, Grandpa--wait--

CUT TO:

THE KID'S ROOM

He is terribly excited and looks stronger than we've yet seen him.

THE KID

--wait--what did FEZZIK mean, "He's dead?" I mean he didn't mean dead.

(The Grandfather says
nothing, just sits
there)

Westley's only faking, right?

GRANDFATHER

You want me to read this or not?

CUT TO:

THE KID: CLOSE UP

THE KID

Who gets Humperdinck?

GRANDFATHER

I don't understand.

THE KID

Who kills Prince Humperdinck? At the end, somebody's got to do it. Is it Inigo? Who?

GRANDFATHER

Nobody. Nobody kills him. He lives.

THE KID

You mean he wins? Jesus, Grandpa!
What did you read me this thing for?

And he desperately fights for control.

GRANDFATHER

You know, you've been very sick and you're taking this story very seriously. I think we better stop now.

(starts to get up)

THE KID

(shaking his head)

No! I'm okay. I'm okay.

(gestures toward the chair)

--sit down. All right?

GRANDFATHER

Okay.

(sitting and opening the book again)

All right, now, let's see. Where were we? Oh yes. In the Pit of Despair.

CUT TO:

Inigo, in despair.

(We're back in the Pit, the same shot as before). For a moment, he just sags.

INIGO

Well, we Montoyas have never taken defeat easily. Come along, FEZZIK. Bring the body.

FEZZIK

The body?

INIGO

(not stopping)

Have you any money?

FEZZIK

I have a little.

INIGO

I just hope it's enough to buy a miracle, that's all.

As FEZZIK takes the corpse, follows Inigo up the stairs--

CUT TO:

A HOVEL, DUSK

Inigo, FEZZIK, Westley approach the door. They knock. From inside the hovel a little man's voice is heard. If Mel Brooks' 2000 Year Old Man was really old, he'd resemble this guy.

LITTLE OLD GUY (O.S.)

Go away!

Inigo pounds again.

MIRACLE MAX

(opening a small window
in the door)

What? What?

INIGO

Are you the Miracle Max who worked
for the King all those years?

MIRACLE MAX

The King's stinking son fired me.
And thank you so much for bringing
up such a painful subject. While
you're at it, why don't you give me
a nice paper cut and pour lemon juice
on it? We're closed!

He shuts the window. They rap on the door.

MIRACLE MAX

(opening the window)

Beat it or I'll call the Brute Squad.

FEZZIK

I'm on the Brute Squad.

MIRACLE MAX

(looking at the Giant)

You are the Brute Squad.

INIGO

We need a miracle. It's very
important.

MIRACLE MAX

Look, I'm retired. And besides, why
would you want someone the King's
stinking son fired? I might kill
whoever you wanted me to miracle.

INIGO

He's already dead.

MIRACLE MAX

(for the first time,
interested)

He is, eh? I'll take a look. Bring
him in.

He unlocks the door and lets them in.

CUT TO:

INIGO AND FEZZIK, hurrying inside. FEZZIK carries Westley

who is just starting to stiffen up a little. He lays Westley down across a bench by the fireplace, picks Westley's arm up and lets it drop limp.

MIRACLE MAX

I've seen worse.

He studies Westley a moment, checking here, checking there.

INIGO

Sir. Sir.

MIRACLE MAX

Hah?

INIGO

We're really in a terrible rush.

MIRACLE MAX

(He takes nothing
from nobody)

Don't rush me, sonny. You rush a miracle man, you get rotten miracles. You got money?

INIGO

Sixty-five.

MIRACLE MAX

Sheesh! I never worked for so little, except once, and that was a very noble cause.

INIGO

This is noble, sir.

(pointing to Westley)

His wife is crippled. His children are on the brink of starvation.

MIRACLE MAX

Are you a rotten liar.

INIGO

I need him to help avenge my father, murdered these twenty years.

MIRACLE MAX

Your first story was better.

(looking around)

Where's that bellows?

(spots it)

He probably owes you money, huh?

Well, I'll ask him.

He goes to get a huge bellows.

INIGO

(stupefied)

He's dead. He can't talk.

MIRACLE MAX

Look who knows so much. Well, it just so happens that your friend here is only mostly dead. There's a big difference between mostly dead and all dead. Please open his mouth.

Inigo does. Max inserts the bellows in Westley's mouth and starts to pump.

MIRACLE MAX

Now, mostly dead is slightly alive. Now, all dead... well, with all dead, there's usually only one thing that you can do.

INIGO

What's that?

He stops pumping.

MIRACLE MAX

Go through his clothes and look for loose change.

He starts pumping again.

MIRACLE MAX

(to Westley)

Hey! Hello in there. Hey! What's so important? What you got here that's worth living for?

And he presses lightly on Westley's chest.

WESTLEY

...tr... oooo.... luv...

Everybody stares at Westley lying there on the bench.

INIGO

True love. You heard him. You could not ask for a more noble cause than that.

MIRACLE MAX

Sonny, true love is the greatest thing in the world. Except for a nice MLT, a mutton, lettuce and tomato sandwich, where the mutton is nice and lean and the tomato is ripe. They're so perky, I love that. But that's not what he said. He distinctly said "to blave." And, as we all know, "to blave" means "to bluff." So you're probably playing cards, and he cheated--

A WOMAN'S VOICE

--Liar--LIAR-LI-A-A-AR--

VALERIE, an ancient fury, storms out of a back room and toward

MIRACLE MAX

--get back, witch--

VALERIE

I'm not a witch, I'm your wife. But after what you just said, I'm not even sure I want to be that anymore.

MIRACLE MAX

You never had it so good.

VALERIE

"True love." He said, "true love," Max. My God--

MIRACLE MAX

(retreating)

Don't say another word, Valerie.

VALERIE

(turning to Inigo and
FEZZIK)

He's afraid. Ever since Prince Humperdinck fired him, his confidence is shattered.

MIRACLE MAX

Why'd you say that name--you promised me that you would never say that name--

VALERIE

(pursuing him now)

What, Humperdinck? Humperdinck. Humperdinck. Ooo-ooo, Humperdinck--

MIRACLE MAX

(holding his hands
over his ears)

I'm not listening.

VALERIE

A life expiring and you don't have the decency to say why you won't help--

MIRACLE MAX

Nobody's hearing nothing!

VALERIE

Humperdinck. Humperdinck! Humperdinck!

INIGO

--But this is Buttercup's true love--
If you heal him, he will stop

Humperdinck's wedding.

VALERIE
Humperdinck. Humperdinck--

MIRACLE MAX
(to Valerie)
Shut up--
(now to Inigo)
Wait. Wait. I make him better,
Humperdinck suffers?

INIGO
Humiliations galore!

MIRACLE MAX
That is a noble cause. Give me the
sixty-five, I'm on the job.

And as Valerie shrieks excitedly we

CUT TO:

THIS LUMP

It is somewhat smaller than a tennis ball.

PULL BACK TO REVEAL MAX AND VALERIE, exhausted, looking at the lump with beautiful pleasure, as Valerie, cooking utensil in hand, covers the thing with what looks like chocolate. Inigo and FEZZIK stare at the thing too, but more dubiously.

INIGO
(a little appalled)
That's a miracle pill?
(Max nods)

VALERIE
(finishing)
The chocolate coating makes it go down easier. But you have to wait fifteen minutes for full potency. And you shouldn't go swimming after, for at least, what?

MIRACLE MAX
An hour.

VALERIE
Yeah, an hour.

MIRACLE MAX
A good hour. Yeah.

Inigo accepts the pill as FEZZIK takes Westley, who is stiff as a board now.

INIGO
(heading out the door,

FEZZIK close behind)
Thank you for everything.

MIRACLE MAX
Okay.

VALERIE
(waving after them)
Bye-bye, boys.

MIRACLE MAX
Have fun storming the castle.

VALERIE
(to Max)
Think it'll work?

MIRACLE MAX
It would take a miracle. Bye!

VALERIE
Bye.

And as they wave, trying to look happy we--

CUT TO:

FEZZIK, INIGO, AND WESTLEY, on the top of the outer wall of the castle. They look down to the front gate of the castle. The sixty Brutes are visible.

FEZZIK is thunderstruck by how many Brutes there are. Upset, he turns to Inigo, who is concentrating unsuccessfully, trying to prop Westley against the wall.

FEZZIK
Inigo--there's more than thirty--

INIGO
(absolutely unfazed)
What's the difference?
(indicating the half-dead Westley)
We've got him. Help me here. We'll have to force feed him.

FEZZIK
Has it been fifteen minutes?

INIGO
We can't wait--the wedding's in half an hour and we must strike in the hustle and the bustle beforehand.

During this, FEZZIK, using all his strength, has managed to get Westley into a right angled sitting position, while Inigo brings out the miracle pill.

INIGO

Tilt his head back. Open his mouth.

FEZZIK

(following orders)

How long do we have to wait before
we know if the miracle works?

CUT TO:

INIGO

Pill in hand, he drops it into Westley's mouth.

INIGO

Your guess is as good as mine--

WESTLEY

I'll beat you both apart. I'll take
you both together.

FEZZIK

Guess not very long.

Inigo and FEZZIK react. Westley is the only one not amazed.

WESTLEY

Why won't my arms move?

He sits there, immobile, like a ventriloquist's dummy.

FEZZIK

You've been mostly dead all day.

INIGO

We had Miracle Max make a pill to
bring you back.

WESTLEY

Who are you?--Are we enemies? Why am
I on this wall?--Where's Buttercup?--

INIGO

Let me explain--

(pauses very briefly)

--No, there is too much. Let me sum
up. Buttercup is marrying Humperdinck
in a little less than half an hour,
so all we have to do is get in, break
up the wedding, steal the Princess,
make our escape after I kill Count
Rugen.

WESTLEY

That doesn't leave much time for
dilly dallying.

He is watching his fingers, one of which twitches now.

FEZZIK

You've just wiggled your finger.
That's wonderful.

WESTLEY
I've always been a quick healer.
(to Inigo)
What are our liabilities?

INIGO
There is but one working castle gate.

FEZZIK helps Inigo raise Westley just high enough so he can see for himself.

INIGO
And it is guarded by sixty men.

WESTLEY
And our assets?

INIGO
Your brains, FEZZIK's strength, my steel.

CUT TO:

WESTLEY, absolutely stunned.

WESTLEY
That's it? Impossible. If I had a month to plan, maybe I could come up with something. But this...

He shakes his head from side to side.

CUT TO:

INIGO AND FEZZIK

FEZZIK
(trying to be cheery)
You just shook your head--that doesn't make you happy?

WESTLEY
My brains, his steel, and your strength against sixty men, and you think a little head jiggle is supposed to make me happy? I mean, if we only had a wheelbarrow, that would be something.

INIGO
Where did we put that wheelbarrow the Albino had?

FEZZIK
Over the Albino, I think.

WESTLEY

Well, why didn't you list that among our assets in the first place? What I wouldn't give for a holocaust cloak.

INIGO

There we cannot help you.

FEZZIK

(pulling one out)
Will this do?

INIGO

(to FEZZIK--surprised)
Where did you get that?

FEZZIK

At Miracle Max's. It fit so nice, he said I could keep it.

WESTLEY

All right, all right. Come on, help me up.

Inigo and FEZZIK do.

WESTLEY

Now, I'll need a sword eventually.

INIGO

Why? You can't even lift one.

WESTLEY

True, but that's hardly common knowledge, is it?

(And his head tilts
limply back.

FEZZIK sets it up
right for him)

Thank you. Now, there may be problems once we're inside.

INIGO

I'll say--how do I find the Count?--
Once I do, how do I find you again?--
Once I find you again, how do we
escape?--

FEZZIK

(sharply)
Don't pester him, he's had a hard day.

INIGO

(nods)
Right, right, sorry.

CUT TO:

A SHOT OF THE THREE OF THEM IN PROFILE

They move along the wall in silence for a time. Then these words come to us on the wind--

FEZZIK

Inigo.

INIGO

What?

FEZZIK

I hope we win...

CUT TO:

BUTTERCUP, in her bridal gown, and she's incredible. It's not just her beauty; there's a tranquillity about her now.

PULL BACK TO REVEAL

The Prince, fastening a pearl necklace around her.

HUMPERDINCK

You don't seem excited, my little muffin.

BUTTERCUP

Should I be?

HUMPERDINCK

Brides often are, I'm told.

BUTTERCUP

(gently, confidently)

I do not marry tonight.

CUT TO:

BUTTERCUP, and she couldn't seem more serene.

BUTTERCUP

My Westley will save me.

CUT TO:

HER WESTLEY

looking down on the gate with Inigo and FEZZIK.

CUT TO:

THE MAIN GATE OF THE CASTLE

--and Yellin, standing there, flanked by his sixty Brutes.

CUT TO:

WESTLEY AND INIGO AND FEZZIK, looking out at the enemy. This

is it. Inigo and FEZZIK shake hands.

Westley can't even do that, but after a bit of rocking back and forth, he manages to get enough momentum to catapult his arm over and onto his friend's.

CUT TO:

AN ABSOLUTELY GEM-LIKE LITTLE CHAPEL

PULL BACK TO REVEAL

The most intelligent looking, the most impressive appearing clergyman imaginable.

Buttercup and Humperdinck kneel before the Clergyman. Behind them sit the mumbling old KING AND QUEEN. Standing in the back is Count Rugen.

FOUR GUARDS are in position flanking the chapel door.

IMPRESSIVE CLERGYMAN

(clears his throat,
begins to speak)

Mawidge... mawidge is what bwings us
togewer today...

He has an impediment that would stop a clock.

IMPRESSIVE CLERGYMAN

Mawidge, the bwessed awwangement,
that dweam wiffim a dweam...

And now, from outside the castle, there begins to come a commotion. And then--

YELLIN (O.S.)

Stand your ground, men. Stand your
ground.

CUT TO:

THE BRUTES AND YELLIN, by the gate, for it is indeed they who are making the commotion, frightened, pointing.

YELLIN

Stand your ground.

CUT TO:

THEIR P.O.V.:

And it is a bit unnerving--a GIANT seems to be floating toward them out of the darkness, a Giant in a strange cloak, and with a voice that would crumble walls.

FEZZIK

I AM THE DREAD PIRATE ROBERTS. THERE
WILL BE NO SURVIVORS.

CUT TO:

FEZZIK

and he seems to be floating because he's standing in the wheelbarrow, as Inigo, hidden behind him, busts a gut by pushing it and supporting Westley.

INIGO

Now?

WESTLEY

Not yet.

CUT TO:

THE GIANT FLOATING CLOSER

FEZZIK

MY MEN ARE HERE, AND I AM HERE, BUT
SOON YOU WILL NOT BE HERE--

CUT TO:

YELLIN, keeping the Brutes in position, or trying to, shouting orders, instructions and as yet the Brutes hold. Now--

CUT TO:

INIGO AND WESTLEY

Inigo struggles bravely under their combined weight--

INIGO

Now?

WESTLEY

Light him.

CUT TO:

THE BRUTES, as the Giant bursts suddenly, happily into flames.

FEZZIK

(roaring)
THE DREAD PIRATE ROBERTS TAKES NO
SURVIVORS. ALL YOUR WORST NIGHTMARES
ARE ABOUT TO COME TRUE.

CUT TO:

THE CHAPEL, where The Impressive Clergyman plows on.

IMPRESSIVE CLERGYMAN

...Ven wuv, twoo wuv, wiw fowwow you
fowever..

CUT TO:

PRINCE HUMPERDINCK, turning quickly, giving a sharp nod to Count Rugen, who immediately takes off out of the chapel with the Four Guards as we

CUT TO:

FEZZIK, flaming and scary as hell.

FEZZIK
THE DREAD PIRATE ROBERTS IS HERE FOR
YOUR SOULS!

CUT TO:

YELLIN, as suddenly the Brutes just scream and take off in wild panic--

YELLIN
Stay where you are. I said stay where
you are!

CUT TO:

INSIDE THE CHAPEL

IMPRESSIVE CLERGYMAN
...so tweasuwe your vruv...

HUMPERDINCK
Skip to the end.

IMPRESSIVE CLERGYMAN
Have you the wing?

As Humperdinck whips out the ring, the screams are very loud outside.

BUTTERCUP
Here comes my Westley now.

CUT TO:

FEZZIK, as he pulls off the holocaust cloak.

WESTLEY
FEZZIK, the portcullis.

And FEZZIK rushes forward, grabbing the portcullis, which is indeed closing quickly.

FEZZIK grabs the gate: and swings the tonnage back upward. Yellin just watches in fear.

CUT TO:

THE CHAPEL, as Humperdinck shoves the ring on Buttercup's finger

HUMPERDINCK
Your Westley is dead.

Buttercup only smiles, shakes her head.

HUMPERDINCK
I killed him myself.

BUTTERCUP
(never more serene)
Then why is there fear behind your
eyes?

CUT TO:

PRINCE HUMPERDINCK

And she's right. It's there.

CUT TO:

YELLIN, pressed against the main gate. Westley, Inigo, and
FEZZIK close in.

WESTLEY
Give us the gate key.

YELLIN
(every ounce of honesty
he's got)
I have no gate key.

INIGO
FEZZIK, tear his arms off.

FEZZIK steps toward him.

YELLIN
Oh, you mean this gate key.

And he whips it out, hands it to FEZZIK.

CUT TO:

HUMPERDINCK AND BUTTERCUP AND THE IMPRESSIVE CLERGYMAN

IMPRESSIVE CLERGYMAN
And do you, Pwincess Buwwercwup...

HUMPERDINCK
Man and wife--say man and wife...

IMPRESSIVE CLERGYMAN
Man and wife.

HUMPERDINCK
(whirling to the King
and Queen)
Escort the bride to the Honeymoon

Suite--I'll be there shortly.

And as he dashes off--

CUT TO:

BUTTERCUP, standing there. Dazed.

BUTTERCUP

He didn't come.

CUT TO:

COUNT RUGEN AND HIS FOUR WARRIORS, racing through the castle, and as they reach a complex intersection of several corridors, Rugen stops, incredulous, as we

CUT TO:

WESTLEY, INIGO, AND FEZZIK, moving toward them. Actually FEZZIK is dragging Westley, who is, in turn, dragging Yellin's sword like a stiff dog leash--Westley simply hasn't the strength to raise it.

CUT TO:

COUNT RUGEN, as the confrontation is about to start.

RUGEN

Kill the dark one and the giant, but
leave the third for questioning.

And as his Warriors attack--

Inigo goes wild, and maybe the Warrior's are good, maybe they're even better than that--but they never get a chance to show it because this is something now, this is Inigo gone mad and the six-fingered sword has never flashed faster and the FOURTH WARRIOR is dead before the FIRST ONE has even hit the floor. There is a pause. Then--

INIGO

(to Rugen, evenly and
soft)

Hello. My name is Inigo Montoya. You
killed my father. Prepare to die.

CUT TO:

COUNT RUGEN

For a moment he just stands there, sword in hand. Then he does a most unexpected thing. He turns and runs the hell away.

CUT TO:

INIGO, momentarily surprised, then taking off after him, leaving Westley and FEZZIK to exchange curious looks and

Rugen, running through a half-open heavy wooden door, shutting it and locking it just as Inigo throws himself against it. He tries again. No kind of chance.

INIGO
(calling out)
FEZZIK, I need you--

CUT TO:

FEZZIK WITH WESTLEY, who is still unable to walk under his own power. He calls back--

FEZZIK
(indicating Westley)
I can't leave him alone.

CUT TO:

INIGO, desperately pounding at the heavy door.

INIGO
He's getting away from me, FEZZIK.
Please. FEZZIK!

CUT TO:

FEZZIK AND WESTLEY

FEZZIK
(to Westley)
I'll be right back.

And he props Westley up against a large suit of armour and takes off toward the intersection where Inigo's voice came from--

CUT TO:

INIGO, still hammering the door. FEZZIK approaches, gestures for him to stop, and with one mighty swipe of his mighty hands the door crumbles--

INIGO
Thank you --

And Inigo flies through as FEZZIK heads back to Westley.

CUT TO:

BUTTERCUP WALKING WITH THE KING AND QUEEN

The Queen, more sprightly, is several paces ahead.

KING
(can hardly be
understood)
Strange wedding.

QUEEN

Yes. A very strange wedding. Come along.

Buttercup gently stops the King and places a kiss on his forehead. He's very surprised and pleased.

KING

What was that for?

BUTTERCUP

Because you've always been so kind to me. And I won't be seeing you again since I'm killing myself once we reach the Honeymoon Suite.

KING

(smiling away--his hearing isn't what it once was)

Won't that be nice?

(calling out to the Queen)

She kissed me...

And on those words--

CUT TO:

COUNT RUGEN

And he's running, dashing through corridors and as he glances back--

CUT TO:

INIGO, behind him, coming like a streak and--

CUT TO:

THE INTERSECTION, with the large suit of armour, and FEZZIK gaping, staring at all those choices, trying to piece together the puzzle of the missing Westley.

CUT TO:

COUNT RUGEN, flashing out of one room, down a staircase, picking up his pace. He pulls out a deadly looking dagger, with a sharp point and a triangular shaped blade, and sprints on and--

CUT TO:

INIGO, closing the gap, closer, closer and he's down the stairs and heading into a dining hall and--

CUT TO:

COUNT RUGEN, throwing the dagger--

CUT TO:

INIGO, trying like hell to get out of the way, but no, and it sticks deep into his stomach, and he hurtles back helplessly against the wall of the room, his eyes glazed, blood coming from his wound.

The room is going white on him.

INIGO

...Sorry, Father... I tried... I tried...

CUT TO:

COUNT RUGEN, looking across the room at Inigo. He stares at Inigo's face, and then touches his own cheeks, as memory comes.

RUGEN

You must be that little Spanish brat I taught a lesson to all those years ago. It's simply incredible. Have you been chasing me your whole life only to fail now? I think that's the worst thing I ever heard. How marvelous.

Inigo sinks.

CUT TO:

BUTTERCUP, shutting the door of the Honeymoon Suite, crossing quietly to the far wall where she sits at a table, opens a jeweled box, and takes out a very deadly looking dagger. She seems very much at peace as she touches the knife to her bosom.

WESTLEY

There's a shortage of perfect breasts in this world. It would be a pity to damage yours.

And Buttercup whirls as we--

CUT TO:

WESTLEY, lying on the bed. Yellin's sword is beside him. His voice sounds just fine, but he does not move.

Buttercup leaps to the bed, covering him with kisses. Westley is helpless.

BUTTERCUP

Oh, Westley, darling.

(more kisses)

Westley, why won't you hold me?

WESTLEY
(gently)
Gently.

BUTTERCUP
At a time like this that's all you
can think to say? "Gently?"

WESTLEY
(not so gently)
Gently!!

And she lets go, thumping his head against the headboard and

CUT TO:

COUNT RUGEN, looking very much surprised.

RUGEN
Good heavens. Are you still trying
to win?

PULL BACK TO REVEAL

Inigo, struggling feebly, pulling the dagger from his stomach.
Holding the wound with his left hand.

Rugen is pushing off from the table, sword in hand, moving
in to kill Inigo.

RUGEN
You've got an overdeveloped sense of
vengeance. It's going to get you
into trouble some day.

Inigo watches the Count approach, and the Count flicks his
sword at Inigo's heart, and there's not much Inigo can do,
just kind of vaguely parry the thrust with the six-fingered
sword and Count Rugen's blade sinks deeply into Inigo's left
shoulder.

Inigo doesn't seem to feel it, his other agonies are so much
worse.

CUT TO:

THE COUNT, stepping back, going for the heart again.

CUT TO:

INIGO

And as this blow comes he's trying to use the wall for support
in forcing himself to his feet, and it's not a roaring success
of an attempt, but he does at least make some progress, and
again he manages to parry the thrust, as this time Rugen's
sword runs through his right arm. Again, Inigo doesn't seem
to mind, doesn't even feel it.

CUT TO:

COUNT RUGEN, stepping back for just a moment, watching as Inigo continues to inch his way to his feet and then, just before the Count is about to strike again, Inigo manages a little flick of his own and Rugen hadn't expected it, and he jumps back, makes a little involuntary cry of surprise and

CUT TO:

Inigo, slowly pushing away from the wall.

INIGO

(all but audible)

Hello. My name is Inigo Montoya, you
killed my father; prepare to die.

CUT TO:

COUNT RUGEN, suddenly going into a fierce attack, striking with great power and precision for he is a master swordsman, and he forces Inigo easily back, drives him easily into the wall. But he does not penetrate Inigo's defense. None of the Count's blows get home. As the Count steps back a moment--

CUT TO:

INIGO, pushing slowly off from the wall again.

INIGO

(a little louder)

Hello. My name is Inigo Montoya, you
killed my father, prepare to die.

CUT TO:

THE COUNT

And again he attacks, slashing with wondrous skill. But none of his blows get through and, slowly, Inigo, again moves forward.

INIGO

(a little louder still)

Hello. My name is Inigo Montoya. You
killed my father. Prepare to die.

RUGEN

Stop saying that!

CUT TO:

COUNT RUGEN, retreating more quickly around the table.

Inigo drives for the Count's left shoulder now, thrusts home where the Count had gotten him. Then another move and his blade enters the Count's right shoulder, the same spot Inigo was wounded.

INIGO
(all he's got)
HELLO! MY NAME IS INIGO MONTOYA. YOU
KILLED MY FATHER. PREPARE TO DIE.

RUGEN
No--

INIGO
--offer me money--

And now the six-fingered sword strikes and there is a slash
bleeding along one of Rugen's cheeks.

RUGEN
--yes--

INIGO
--power too--promise me that--

The great sword flashes again, and now there is a parallel
slash bleeding on Rugen's other cheek.

RUGEN
--all that I have and more please--

INIGO
--offer me everything I ask for--

RUGEN
--anything you want--

INIGO
(roaring)
I WANT MY FATHER BACK, YOU SON-OF-A-
BITCH!

And on that--

CUT TO:

INIGO, and almost too fast for the eye to follow, the sword
strikes one final time and--

CUT TO:

COUNT RUGEN, crying out in fear and panic as the sword hits
home dead center and--

CUT TO:

INIGO AND RUGEN, the sword clear through the Count. They are
almost frozen like that for a moment. Then Inigo withdraws
his sword and as the Count pitches down--

CUT TO:

RUGEN, lying dead. His skin is ashen and the blood still
pours from the parallel cuts on his cheeks and his eyes are

bulging wide, full of fear.

CUT TO:

INIGO, staring at Rugen. And now Inigo does something we have never seen him do before: he smiles.

HOLD FOR JUST A MOMENT on Inigo smiling, then--

CUT TO:

INSIDE THE HONEYMOON SUITE

WESTLEY lies as before, not a muscle has moved, his head is still on the headboard, Yellin's sword at his side. Buttercup is alongside the bed; her eyes never leave his face.

BUTTERCUP

Oh, Westley, will you ever forgive me?

WESTLEY

What hideous sin have you committed lately?

BUTTERCUP

I got married. I didn't want to. It all happened so fast.

WESTLEY

It never happened.

BUTTERCUP

What?

WESTLEY

It never happened.

BUTTERCUP

But it did. I was there. This old man said, "Man and wife."

WESTLEY

Did you say, "I do"?

BUTTERCUP

Well, no, we sort of skipped that part.

WESTLEY

Then you're not married--if you didn't say it, you didn't do it--

(a pause)

--wouldn't you agree, Your Highness?

CUT TO:

HUMPERDINCK, entering the room, staring at them. He pulls out his sword.

HUMPERDINCK

A technicality that will shortly be remedied. But first things first. To the death.

WESTLEY

No.
(a little pause)
To the pain.

HUMPERDINCK

(about to charge,
stops short)
I don't think I'm quite familiar with that phrase.

WESTLEY

I'll explain. And I'll use small words so that you'll be sure to understand, you wart-hog-faced buffoon.

HUMPERDINCK

That may be the first time in my life a man has dared insult me.

CUT TO:

WESTLEY, lying there comfortably, his words quiet at first.

WESTLEY

It won't be the last. To the pain means the first thing you lose will be your feet, below the ankles, then your hands at the wrists, next your nose.

CUT TO:

HUMPERDINCK

gripping his sword, watching.

HUMPERDINCK

--and then my tongue, I suppose. I killed you too quickly the last time, a mistake I don't mean to duplicate tonight.

WESTLEY

I wasn't finished--the next thing you lose will be your left eye, followed by your right--

HUMPERDINCK

(takes step forward)
--and then my ears, I understand. Let's get on with it--

CUT TO:

CLOSE UP: WESTLEY HUGE

WESTLEY

Wrong! Your ears you keep, and I'll
tell you why--

CUT TO:

HUMPERDINCK

And now he stops, and the look that was in his eyes at the
wedding, that look of fear, is starting to return.

WESTLEY

--so that every shriek of every child
at seeing your hideousness will be
yours to cherish--every babe that
weeps at your approach, every woman
who cries out, "Dear God, what is
that thing?" will echo in your perfect
ears. That is what "to the pain"
means. It means I leave you in
anguish, wallowing in freakish misery
forever.

CUT TO:

HUMPERDINCK, doing his best to hide the fear that keeps
building inside him.

HUMPERDINCK

I think you're bluffing--

CUT TO:

WESTLEY, lying there, staring at him.

WESTLEY

It's possible, pig--I might be
bluffing--it's conceivable, you
miserable vomitous mass, that I'm
only lying here because I lack the
strength to stand--then again, perhaps
I have the strength after all.

And now, slowly, Westley begins to move. His body turns, his
feet go to the floor, he starts to stand--

CUT TO:

HUMPERDINCK, staring, eyes wide.

CUT TO:

WESTLEY

And now he is standing, sword in fighting position.

WESTLEY
--DROP YOUR SWORD!

CUT TO:

PRINCE HUMPERDINCK, and he's so panicked he doesn't know whether to pee or wind his watch. He throws his sword to the floor.

WESTLEY
(to Humperdinck)
Have a seat.

CUT TO:

WESTLEY, speaking to Buttercup as Humperdinck sits.

WESTLEY
Tie him up. Make it as tight as you like.

And as she sets to work--

CUT TO:

INIGO, entering, looking around.

INIGO
Where's FEZZIK?

WESTLEY
I thought he was with you.

INIGO
No.

WESTLEY
In that case--
(and his balance
betrays him)

INIGO
(to Buttercup)
Help him.

BUTTERCUP
Why does Westley need helping?

INIGO
Because he has no strength--

CUT TO:

HUMPERDINCK, and now he starts wrestling mightily with his bonds.

HUMPERDINCK

I knew it! I knew you were bluffing!
I knew he was bluffing.

INIGO
(staring at the Prince)
Shall I dispatch him for you?

WESTLEY
(considers this, then)
Thank you, but no--whatever happens
to us, I want him to live a long
life alone with his cowardice.

FEZZIK (O.S.)
Inigo! Inigo, where are you?

They look at each other, then move to the balcony, and

CUT TO:

FEZZIK, leading FOUR GREAT WHITE HORSES. He glances up, sees
them on the balcony.

FEZZIK
Ah, there you are. Inigo, I saw the
Prince's stables, and there they
were, four white horses. And I
thought, there are four of us, if we
ever find the lad--hello, lad--so I
took them with me, in case we ever
bumped into each other.
(considers things a
moment)
I guess we just did.

CUT TO:

INIGO AND WESTLEY AND BUTTERCUP, looking down at FEZZIK.

INIGO
FEZZIK, you did something right.

FEZZIK
Don't worry--I won't let it go to my
head.

And as he holds out his great arms,

CUT TO:

SOMETHING UNEXPECTED AND VERY LOVELY:

Buttercup floating through the air. What's happening, of
course, is that she's jumping from the balcony so FEZZIK can
catch her. But her fall is in slow motion so you might think
she was flying.

Westley and Inigo, watching as FEZZIK catches Buttercup.

INIGO

You know, it's very strange--I have been in the revenge business so long, now that it's over, I don't know what to do with the rest of my life.

WESTLEY

(as Inigo gets him ready for his jump)

Have you ever considered piracy? You'd make a wonderful Dread Pirate Roberts.

Now from that--

CUT TO:

THE FOUR GLORIOUS WHITE HORSES WITH THEIR FOUR RIDERS, triumphantly racing through the night--

CUT TO:

BUTTERCUP AND WESTLEY, and at last their trials are done. They stop.

GRANDFATHER (O.S.)

They rode to freedom. And as dawn arose, Westley and Buttercup knew they were safe. A wave of love swept over them. And as they reached for each other...

As Buttercup and Westley begin their ultimate kiss--

CUT TO:

THE KID'S BEDROOM

The Grandfather stops reading.

THE KID

What? What?

GRANDFATHER

No, it's kissing again. You don't want to hear it.

THE KID

I don't mind so much.
(he gestures for his Grandfather to read)

GRANDFATHER

Okay.

CUT TO:

BUTTERCUP AND WESTLEY

GRANDFATHER (O.S.)

Since the invention of the kiss,
there have been five kisses that
were rated the most passionate, the
most pure. This one left them all
behind. The end.

CUT TO:

THE KID'S ROOM

The Grandfather snaps the book closed.

GRANDFATHER

Now I think you ought to go to sleep.

THE KID

Okay.

GRANDFATHER

(standing, readying
to leave)

Okay. Okay. Okay. All right. So long.

THE KID

Grandpa?

(The Old Man stops,
turns)

Maybe you could come over and read
it again to me tomorrow.

GRANDFATHER

(there is a pause;
then--)

As you wish...

And his smile is enough. As The Grandfather steps out the
door,

FINAL FADE OUT:

THE END