

DUNCE MACABRE

"Pilot" - Blood of an Englishman

Written by

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EXT. DESOLATE ENGLISH COUNTRYSIDE. MORNING (1350)

POV: Binocular IRIS.

The Age of Black Death reeks in an orange-skied, dead-grassed countryside - fires decimate a number of village homes while a castle looms over them unscathed. WHIP-PAN LEFT and we bear witness to skeletons loading children onto a cart (with a spooky skeleton horse). WHIP-PAN RIGHT and we see a dog happily eating a villager's corpse.

WHIP-PAN LEFT AGAIN and we land on a barren pathway. Soon, A BOY (Finger in Nose) and HIS COW are seen walking down the path.

CUT TO:

IGNATIUS (Lanky, big-nosed peasant with a hood) cupping his eyes with his hands like binoculars. He stands in front of a small, broken-down stone wall.

IGNATIUS

Look alive, Banrabus. Fresh meat.

Ignatius looks to his compatriot, BARNABUS (Short, green wizard of unknown species). Barnabus fiddles with a sack full of items.

BARNABUS

What doth this fool bear, Ignatius?

IGNATIUS

(Crouching down)

A cow. What do we have equal to a cow?

BARNABUS

Ahh, what have I not?! An abundance of treasures I share with thee!
(Hands sack to Ignatius)

IGNATIUS

Well our "treasures" include: a turnip. A used turnip. A dead mouse. A rock. Your "special" rag. And three beans.

BARNABUS

Ah-ah-ah! Three MAGIC beans!

IGNATIUS

(Bites a bean like it's a counterfeit coin)

Oh, sorry. "MAGIC" beans.

(MORE)

IGNATIUS (CONT'D)

Tell me, are these more or less magic than last week's "soot of bewilderment?"

BARNABUS

Disrespect me not, Boy! The cow draws near and the beans be what we need for attainment!

IGNATIUS

If this doesn't work, I'm sticking these beans where the sun don't shine!

(Beat)

I'm talking about your tuchus.

BARNABUS

COW! GO! NOW!

As soon as the boy and his cow come towards the wall, Ignatius pops up from behind.

IGNATIUS

Greetings, weary traveler!

THE BOY

(Finger still in nose)

LEPERS!

IGNATIUS

No, we're not lepers - just ugly. Wouldst thou care to barter this morning?

THE BOY

You got somethin' in mind?

IGNATIUS

Certainly! Let me just say it in your ear!

THE BOY

You could tell me here - at a normal volume.

IGNATIUS

(Grabs the Boy's head and whispers)

Listen, I got these beans. Beautiful MAGIC, little beans. You like beans right?

THE BOY

I don't -

IGNATIUS

Oh my gosh, me too! Bean club
represent!
(gives the Boy a limp high-
five)

THE BOY

But I -

IGNATIUS

Now these beans, they're running
out fast. I think I've only
got...pfft...a cow's worth? So why
don't we just make an even -

THE BOY

(Smacks Ignatius' hand
away)
Just how magic ARE these beans
anyways?

IGNATIUS

Uh...well...

BARNABUS

(Popping up from behind
the wall)
THESE BEANS SHALL GROW INTO A STALK
SO MIGHTY, THE GODS THEMSELVES
SHALL SMILE UPON ITS RADIANCE!

IGNATIUS

What he said.

THE BOY

Sounds legit.

IGNATIUS

Wonderful! And the cow...?

THE BOY

(Handing Ignatius the
cow's rope)
All your's!

IGNATIUS

(Under his breath)
Ignore the soot.

THE BOY

(Walking away)
Pleasure doing business!

IGNATIUS

Likewise!

Ignatius, Barnabus and the Cow begin to walk up the path (Barnabus rides on top). As they walk, we ZOOM OUT and see...

EXT. THE VILLAGE - TOWN SQUARE. CONT.

Muddied, rustic buildings populate the town square. Merchants sell their wares. Goats and sheep are herded from place to place; children throw stones at each other. It's as chaotic as a Bruegel painting, but an everyday kind of chaos.

Ignatius, Barnabus and the Cow navigate their way through the crowded area.

IGNATIUS

Can you believe it, Barnabus?! We own a cow! A flesh-and-blood cow! By God, our days of eating mud and rocks are over...if we want. Just now there's variety!

(Looks off-screen)

Oh no...

BARNABUS

(Picking fleas off cow)

What is it?

IGNATIUS

It's Ambrose. That entitled good for nothing; showing off with that cushy job of his.

(Faux-nice)

Hiya, Ambrose!

CUT TO:

AMBROSE, planting seeds, waves to the two, while he's whipped in the back by seven knights on horseback.

AMBROSE

Hi, guys.

IGNATIUS

God, what a prick. The mark of privilege, that's what he is. With his job and his food and his functioning roof.

BARNABUS

Then again, he is a slave.

Barnabus picks a flea off of the cow and eats it. Ignatius SMACKS him upside the head and he spits it out.

IGNATIUS

Barnabus, please! Don't be so low-class. We have a reputation to uphold, considering
(mugs to uninterested crowd)
WE HAVE A COW!

BARNABUS

Be it not true that nine out of ten peasants hath obtained a cow currently?

IGNATIUS

And now we're ten! I tell ya, the family's gonna flip when they I've earned us SELF-SUFFICIENCY!

Suddenly, A SPEAR is shoved in front of Ignatius' nose. It belongs to LORD CASTILIAN (sniveling man in a blood-red cloak) on horseback.

LORD CASTILIAN

Certainly a peculiar string of words around here, aren't they sire?

Castilian speaks to KING ARCHIBALD (short man with a huge crown) being transported in a carriage made ENTIRELY OF LIVE PEASANTS (peasants as seats, peasants as wheels, etc.)

KING ARCHIBALD

Uhhh...I guess so.

LORD CASTILIAN

I wonder, how a lowly commoner as yourself ended up with such a glorious bounty. Perhaps, you've STOLEN it, haven't you?!

Castilian leans forward and pins the spear against Ignatius' throat.

LORD CASTILIAN (CONT'D)

Thieves like you should be GUTTED, with your ENTRAILS splayed onto the village square for all to see! Shall I commence, sire?!

KING ARCHIBALD

...N-no. No, that's disgusting. Why don't you just rob them of their wares, like a normal person?

Castilian growls in dismay. Ignatius and Barnabus hand them what they have - Ignatius, a sack of silver, Barnabus the dead mouse. Castilian lifts his spear from Ignatius' neck and leads the King's peasant carriage further into the village.

PEASANTS

Ow. Ow. Ow. Ow.

(Fading off)

Ignatius sneers at them as they leave. He sighs and leads the Cow and Barnabus further homeward.

EXT. IGNATIUS & BARNABUS' HOME - NIGHT.

Ignatius, Barnabus and The Cow finally head arrive at their home - a shabby little home made of wood and straw. A warm glow emits from the building. The three enter.

INT. IGNATIUS & BARNABUS' HOME - CONT.

The home is a ramshackle affair. Utilitarian in its approach to furniture, all made of stone, mud and hay. The floor is pure dirt and the walls are broken wood.

IGNATIUS

Boys! I'm home!

We see Ignatius' sons - DUNSTAN (small, big nose like his dad) and EDMUND (looks like Dunstan, but with a hairy bump on his head) holding Dunstan's hand down, playing five finger fillet with a large, pointy stick.

EDMUND

Daddy!

Distracted, Edmund pins the stick to Dunstan's hand and runs to Ignatius. Dunstan removes the stick and follows. Ignatius grabs them both and carries them in his arms, a proud and happy father.

IGNATIUS

And what did you boys do today?

EDMUND

I found a colony of rats where
Auntie sleeps, and so I grabbed the
rat and I slammed him with a rock
until the red stuff came out and...

Edmund drones on about his rat-killing, leaving Ignatius
disgusted. He turns to Dunstan.

DUNSTAN

(Quietly)

I drew a picture.

(Holds up a drawing of a
dog playing the lute)

IGNATIUS

(Puts them down)

Guess what Uncle Barnabus and I
brought you?

EDMUND

Rocks?!

DUNSTAN

Sustenance?

CHLAMYDIA (O.S.)

Some damn herbs I hope.

From the shadows, AUNT CHLAMYDIA (bloated old woman with
warts who wheels herself around on a cart) comes to see
Ignatius and Barnabus.

BARNABUS

A better cure I have for you,
Chlamydia, dearest.

(Jumps off the cow, pulls
out a hammer and chisel)

Trepanation be the finest headache
cure I've ever seen!

(Aims chisel at her head)

CHLAMYDIA

(Sarcastic)

Oh, is it?

She turns her head to reveal a hole already there.

BARNABUS

Fiddlesticks!

(Throws tools on ground)

IGNATIUS
We've got something better than
herbs! Ta-da!

Ignatius moves out of the way to reveal the Cow!

DUNSTAN
She's so pretty!

CHLAMYDIA
Not bad, Iggy. Not bad.

Ignatius looks proud.

EDMUND
Great, I'm starved!

IGNATIUS
She isn't food, Edmund. She makes
food! She can make cheese and
butter and...

EDMUND
But I'm hungry now!

BARNABUS
The boy is right. We must SLIT her
throat and drain her of her juices.

IGNATIUS
Gonna give that a hard no,
Barnabus.

DUNSTAN
We mustn't, Uncle Barny! She's a
living creature, and all living
creatures deserve to be happy and
healthy.

IGNATIUS
That's right!

DUNSTAN
And no milking her!

IGNATIUS
Dunstan, we can sell her milk for
money.

DUNSTAN
Nuh-uh, it's IMMORAL!

CHLAMYDIA

Can I suck its teat?! If I can't
suck its teat, I don't want it.

BARNABUS

No! If we suckle at her bosom, her
juices are UNPURE!

IGNATIUS

Everyone, please!

The room becomes a hot-bed of arguing and debate. Ignatius
can't control it, and the Cow looks worried.

CHLAMYDIA

Look whatcha did, nimrod!

IGNATIUS

What'd I do?!

CHLAMYDIA

You bringing that stupid cow here
made us all fight! And we're gonna
argue and argue till her teats
shrivel up and DIE!

IGNATIUS

Oh, get over it.

CHLAMYDIA

Don't worry about me, worry about
THEM!

(points to kids)

You should've gotten a SUSTAINABLE
JOB! Like that nice boy Ambrose.

IGNATIUS

He's a SLAVE, Chlamydia!

CHLAMYDIA

But think of the roof! I swear, I
don't know what Philly ever saw in
you.

Ignatius is appalled at the comment.

HOLE-BOY (O.S.)

Cheer up, Ignatius.

Ignatius turns, and sees JEROME (normal man), who is
currently neck-high in the ground.

HOLE-BOY (CONT'D)

You had good intentions, your family knows that. I'm sure we'll find a great use for her one of these days. I remember once when I brought a swine to my uncle's hut. He-

IGNATIUS

Who the hell are you?!

HOLE-BOY

Oh, Barnabus let me sublet one of your holes in the ground. He said you guys really need the money.

BARNABUS

(To Jerome)

Art thou speaking again, Hole-Boy?!

HOLE-BOY

Hey, I told you not to freaking call me that no more!

BARNABUS

Hole-Boy doesn't give opinions!
Hole-Boy stays in his HOLE!

As everyone argues, Ignatius sneaks outside with The Cow.

EXT. IGNATIUS & BARNABUS' HOME - BACKYARD. CONT.

Ignatius walks past a small row of failed crops, and up a small hill. He stops at a small plot of dirt with a makeshift cross in front of it. The name PHILOMENIA is written on it.

IGNATIUS

Hiya, hun. Hope you're doing okay up there. I assume up there, you never know. I'm gonna assume up there...

Ignatius pauses. He fiddles with the cow's rope in front of the grave.

IGNATIUS (CONT'D)

Look what I got! She's a beaut, isn't she? Even your mom likes her! Once we get a system going, she's gonna make so much dairy and we're make so much GOLD, I promise!

Ignatius instinctively pauses for a response he'll never get. He stops looking directly at the grave.

IGNATIUS (CONT'D)

It's not easy doing this without you. I try so hard to do right by them. By you.

(Sits next to the grave)

And I try! I put clothes on their backs, dirt on their plates. I haven't even sold them into slavery! I mean, I've thought about it, what parent hasn't? But I haven't...

(Beat)

If you're really there. Up there - could you just...send a little something down here? Just cause you're gone doesn't mean -

RUMBLE! RUMBLE! Suddenly the earth begins to quake! Ignatius and The Cow tumble down the hill. The two get up and run into...

INT. IGNATIUS & BARNABUS' HOME. CONT.

The rest of the family is at the window, watching the cause of this ungodly ruckus. Ignatius joins them and sees...

A thick and mighty BEANSTALK, growing into the clouds and showing no signs of stopping.

Everyone is stunned silent, except for Barnabus.

BARNABUS

They worked! They worked! I told'st thou they be magic!

IGNATIUS

(Takes a second)

Wait, were those beans REALLY MAGIC?!

BARNABUS

Woulds't I lie?

IGNATIUS

AND YOU TRADED OUR **MAGIC** BEANS FOR A COW **BECAUSE**...?!

BARNABUS

The juices, me boy. The juices!

CHLAMYDIA

If that's our's, then take it back!
DO something about it, Iggy!

Ignatius looks around, then sees the COW! Without a moment's notice, he LEAPS onto her back and SLAPS her behind!

COW

Mooooo!

The Cow runs off - before she can leave, Barnabus grabs onto her tail and is zipped along with them! The three rapidly leave their home and run towards the beanstalk.

Chlamydia, Dunstan and Edmund stand in the door frame.

DUNSTAN AND EDMUND

Good luck, Daddy!

HOLE-BOY

Good luck, Barnabus. I'll always
love you.
(cries single tear)

EXT. THE VILLAGE - COUNTRYSIDE. CONT.

Ignatius and Barnabus ride the Cow through the Village countryside - decayed crops, puny stables and dry grass abound. Drunks and beggars are splayed throughout the ground.

Closer and closer they get to the beanstalk, until they reach...

EXT. THE BEANSTALK. CONT.

The stalk continues to grow and grow, soaring into the clouds.

IGNATIUS

(Under his breath)
C'mon, c'mon, c'mon...

When the Cow gets close enough, the two LUNGE onto the beanstalk, and it carries them skyward to their next destination. Barnabus falls onto a giant leaf and makes himself comfortable.

BARNABUS

Stay put, Bossy! I shall collect
thine juices by the fall of the
next moon!

Barnabus rises above off-screen. Then, Ignatius, gripping onto a loose stalk for his life, glides up under him.

IGNATIUS
Shut up, Barnabus.

MATCH FADE TO:

EXT. BEANSTALK. DAY.

The beanstalk stands stagnant into the daylight. PAN UP to the stalk rising into the clouds above.

CLOSE-UP of a sleeping Ignatius, laying against the now-stagnant beanstalk. It's daytime.

BARNABUS
(Whispering)
Ignatius...Ignatius...

Barnabus smacks Ignatius. He abruptly wakes up.

BARNABUS
(Whispering)
Ignatius?

IGNATIUS
(Rubbing cheek)
What?!

BARNABUS
We hath arrived.

Barnabus moves out of Ignatius' way, revealing...

EXT. GIANT-LAND - FIELD. DAY.

Ignatius has been sleeping under a GIANT SUNFLOWER. He looks around, and not only is everything GIANT-SIZED - blades of grass the size of trees, grasshoppers as big as horses. The two begin to walk through the expansive landscape, while a light fog fills the area

BARNABUS (CONT'D)
Tis just like I speak! The Gods
smile greatly upon us!

A massive pedal from a flower FALLS and nearly decapitates Ignatius. He ducks quickly and sees the pedal POOF through the fog. He looks to where it's fallen and sees it glide below. They are VERY high in the sky.

He turns his attention back to Barnabus and sees something off-screen that shocks him!

IGNATIUS

My God!

Ignatius runs past Barnabus towards a GIANT CASTLE, larger than anything Ignatius or Barnabus have seen in their lives. Barnabus tries to catch up.

IGNATIUS (CONT'D)

This isn't some freak accident, Barnabus. If this is big, that means EVERYTHING must be big. Giant castle, giant food, giant COINS...

BARNABUS

Giant WOMEN!
(Makes kissy sounds)

IGNATIUS

When we get home, we won't be rich!
We'll be...

Before he can finish his sentence, a GIANT WOODEN WHEEL rolls in-between Ignatius and Barnabus, nearly crushing them.

EXT. GIANT-CASTLE. CONT.

Ignatius runs to get Barnabus to his feet, and they see the wheel belonged to a GIANT WAGON, maned by a GIANT MAN, riding on a GIANT HORSE. They lay still in front of the GIANT CASTLE, as a person opens their front door (A GIANT).

IGNATIUS (CONT'D)

...kings.

The two glide beneath the feet of these two larger-than-life men and zip in through the front door.

GIANT ONE

Exterminator.

CASTLE OWNER

Right this way.

INT. GIANT-CASTLE. CONT.

Ignatius and Barnabus run inside and slam their backs against the wall. The two giants enter right behind them.

CASTLE OWNER

It's been like this since last night. I have no clue where they came from. I just can't get rid of them!

WIDE SHOT of the castle's living room - MILLIONS of tiny villagers scramble through the house, and carry out as many giant objects as they can. A group of three man a banana out the window. Another guy travels with a flagon over his head.

CASTLE OWNER (CONT'D)

It seems they're stealing my earthly possessions, so I don't think they're rats. Is there anything you can do?

IGNATIUS

What the hell happened?! I thought this was our racket!

BARNABUS

It seems the village hath the same idea as we.

(Peering out the front door)

Ignatius, I suggest we head from whence we came. My sixth sense detects pure wickedness in this realm.

IGNATIUS

Your convenient sixth sense! We made this far! We're taking SOMETHING back home, even if it kills us!

Barnabus GRABS Ignatius by the arms and shakes him.

BARNABUS

LISTEN TO THINESELF! Only a being of such IDIOCY wouldst remain here! No object is worthy of risking thine LIFE, and...and...

Barnabus salivates for something off-screen. PAN OUT to reveal a PIECE OF CHEESE on a MOUSETRAP. The splattered remains of many villages lie around it.

BARNABUS (CONT'D)

ONE object, then we VANISH!

IGNATIUS

Go for it! I have my eyes on
shinier material!

Ignatius runs across the room, avoiding different villagers all around him. He runs for the kitchen table, while we see the GIANTS in the foreground.

EXTERMINATOR

(Putting on gas mask)
I suggest you cover up.

CASTLE OWNER

(Putting shirt above
nose)
Gotcha.

Ignatius climbs up the table leg, as many villagers and utensils fall to the ground.

INT. CASTLE - KITCHEN TABLE. CONT.

The Castle Owner tries to SMACK Ignatius with a flay swatter - he hits other villagers, but not Ignatius. The table rattles with each smack.

Our little friend makes it to the end of the table and peers onto the windowsill - a GOLDEN HARP sits untouched.

IGNATIUS

Eureka!

Ignatius looks around - he grabs a wooden ladle and props it against the windowsill. He walks along the ladle.

IGNATIUS (CONT'D)

A harp! Made of GOLD!

The ladle SNAPS, but Ignatius leaps before it falls to the ground. He lands on the side of the...

INT. CASTLE - WINDOWSILL. CONT.

He holds onto the side and tries to prop himself up.

IGNATIUS (CONT'D)

Barnabus was right - the Gods ARE
smiling on me! High society, here I
come!

At that very moment, an unknown person leaps onto the windowsill, SNATCHES the harp, and leaps back onto the table.

IGNATIUS

WHAT?!

(Turns to the man on the
table)

YOU-YOU JACKASS!

JACK

Actually, it's just Jack!

Indeed, it is the peasant boy JACK (finger still in nose),
smiling happily with harp in hand.

JACK (CONT'D)

Say, thanks again for those magic
beans! You've really done this
village a service! I'd love to stay
and chat, but-

The table RATTLES again, from another off-screen smack of the
giant's fly swatter.

JACK (CONT'D)

Gotta run!

Jack runs back across the table towards the front door.

IGNATIUS

NO! NO! GET BACK HERE!

Ignatius leaps from the windowsill back onto...

INT. CASTLE - KITCHEN TABLE. CONT.

...and RUNS after Jack. He continues to dodge the giant's fly
swatter once more.

Ignatius slides down the leg of the table and lands onto the
floor. He blends into the massive crowd now rushing towards
the door. A green cloud of gas follows them all.

CASTLE OWNER

FE-FI-FO-FUM! Something, something,
etc. etc.

(Coughs)

EXT. GIANT-CASTLE. CONT.

Ignatius spots Jack and the harp within the crowd, but is
much farther away.

IGNATIUS
THE HARP! SOMEBODY GET THE HARP!

BARNABUS (O.S.)
Ignatius, you old dog!

Ignatius turns and sees BARNABUS next to him - battered and bruised, but holding the CHEESE in his grasp.

BARNABUS (CONT'D)
Wonderful to see you alive and well!

IGNATIUS
Barnabus?!

BARNABUS
Many brave men fought for my birthright, but as you can see, I come out victorious!

IGNATIUS
Uh-huh. Great. You got enough sixth sense to get us out of this?!

BARNABUS
Ahh, but of course! Just a flick of the wrist and a force as powerful as ten men shall emit from my -
GAH!

EXT. GIANT GRASSY FIELD. CONT.

Barnabus is YANKED by the cheese off-screen; Ignatius stops in his tracks and sees Barnabus in a tug of war for his cheese with A GIANT RAT.

BARNABUS
IGNATIUS, HELP ME!

IGNATIUS
Let go of the cheese!

BARNABUS
HELP ME IN A DIFFERENT WAY!

Ignatius looks at Jack, running away, then back at Barnabus and the rat. Ignatius runs off-screen.

BARNABUS (CONT'D)
(Crying)
Iggy...please...

The rat looks like it's just about to chomp onto Barnabus, when WHAM! Ignatius clobbers the rat with a giant rock!

The rat lets go of him and scurries away. Ignatius cradles Barnabus like a football and piles through the massive crowd.

BARNABUS (CONT'D)

O FRABJOUS DAY! I knew thou'd
return!

IGNATIUS

I'd never leave my best friend
behind.

Barnabus and Ignatius share a quick smile.

IGNATIUS

Especially when he's ammo.

BARNABUS

Certainly an odd compliment, but I
appr-

Ignatius WHIPS Barnabus through the air, whizzing past the crowd. Barnabus ends up hitting JACK in the back of the head, causing him to drop the harp.

Ignatius manages to catch up to them. All three grip the harp and begin to FIGHT one another for it (in the form of a cartoon dust cloud).

JACK

What the hell, man?! I stole this
fair and square, so AMSCRAY!

IGNATIUS

I gave you those beans! Consider
this my retribution!

BARNABUS

Technically, he did pay for them -

IGNATIUS

Shut UP, Barnabus!

CASTLE OWNER (O.S.)

(Glad)
Ahh, there it is!

This statement stops the three dead in their tracks. Jack lets Ignatius and Barnabus have the harp, and he runs off with the crowd.

The Castle Owner Giant daintily picks up the harp, with the two hanging off of it.

CASTLE OWNER
Pesky fleas! Let go of my harp!

Ignatius and Barnabus sit in the palm of the giant's hand - Ignatius shields the harp with his body.

IGNATIUS
Typical bourgeois capitalist!
Always takin' from the little guy!
Well you can have this back when
you take it from my cold, dead...

Mid-sentence, the Giant FLICKS the two off of his hands, and through the clouds, falling downwards through the sky.

IGNATIUS (CONT'D)
(Fading away)
HANDDDDDDDSSSSS...

CASTLE OWNER
What's a "boosh-wah" anyhow?

EXT. BOTTOM OF THE BEANSTALK. CONT.

Back at the beanstalk, THE COW calmly chews the grass in front of her. CLOSE-UP on the Cow as she eats, when her area becomes enclosed by shadow. She looks up to see what's going on and sees IGNATIUS falling from the sky.

The Cow is shocked. Understandably, she moves out of the way. Ignatius CRASHES into the ground, creating a crater in his wake.

He peeks up from inside, rubbing his head in pain. Another shadow eclipses him. He looks up and sees BARNABUS falling straight above.

IGNATIUS
Oh...no...

CLONK! Barnabus lands on Ignatius's head and knocks him out.

CUT TO BLACK.

FADE IN.

INT. IGNATIUS AND BARNABUS' HOUSE. EVENING.

CLOSE-UP of a sleeping Ignatius, laying on a straw bed with bandages on his head.

He slowly wakes up and sees he's surrounded by EDMUND, DUNSTAN, CHLAMYDIA, BARNABUS (with a bandage on his bum) and THE COW - with everyone hugging and happy next to each other.

Ignatius smiles. Then, Barnabus SMACKS him hard.

BARNABUS

He's awake!

EDMUND & DUNSTAN

Daddy!

(Jump onto Ignatius'
stomach)

DUNSTAN

We were so worried about you!

EDMUND

We thought you were dead!

IGNATIUS

(Grabbing kids before he
they can jump on his
stomach again)

How'd I get here?

CHLAMYDIA

That dang cow! She dragged you two through the whole village, the poor thing. Had to put up with all your nonsense. For some reason, I relate.

(holds Cow's head in palm)

Oh, and Eddy said that teat juice can make us MONEY! I've got to say, you did good, Iggy. Philly would be proud.

Ignatius smiles and hugs his boys. Barnabus, Chlamydia and The Cow look on warmly.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

And thus, Ignatius and Barnabus were reunited with their family and blessed with a new source of food.

EXT. GIANT-CASTLE. CONT.

The Exterminator yanks the beanstalk like a weed and extends his hand to the Castle Owner Giant. He looks up from his hands and pays the Exterminator before looking back into his palm. He grins at his little golden harp with pride.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Most of those "pesky fleas" made their way back home, and the Giant found his blessed harp.

EXT. THE VILLAGE - TOWN SQUARE. CONT.

The King and Lord Castilian hover over Ambrose the Slave. Castilian waves a spear in Ambrose's face.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

But it seems many other items had fully escaped his grasp.

At that moment, A GIANT LADLE falls from the sky and CRUSHES Castilian. The King pokes Castilian's exposed arm and it twitches .

EXT. THE VILLAGE - COUNTRYSIDE. CONT.

PAN over the entire countryside as giant items (food, household items, utensils, etc.) fall from the sky all over the village - some crush crops, other crush homes, but many are surprisingly unscathed.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Well, as they say, "to the victor belong the spoils!"

We end on JACK, dragging a humungous gold coin to his FAMILY'S HOUSE - his mother and father smiling happily.

FADE TO:

INT. IGNATIUS AND BARNABUS' HOUSE. CONT.

The happy family continues their playing. We slowly ZOOM OUT to reveal our narrator to be the one and only HOLE-BOY.

HOLE-BOY

All in all, it seems that
everyone's lived a happily ever
after, knowing that I, Jerome "Hole-
Boy" Robbins, did everything to
make that happy ever after come
true.

Suddenly, A ROCK is thrown at Jerome from off-screen.

BARNABUS (O.S.)

Shut up, Hole Boy!