The Time Bandits

A Screenplay

by

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INT. KEVIN'S BEDROOM DAY

In a corner of the room, KEVIN - a rather ordinary but clearly imaginative 11 year old - is busy arranging his toy soldiers and horses into battle formation. Making lots of noise, he attacks them with tank and laser gun. Bang! His mounted troops are sent flying. Zap! The building block fortress comes crashing down. Roar! A rocket powered machine spins around the corner and smashes into the plastic Indiana. He is deeply immersed in the battle as the mismatched forces rage to and fro, when suddenly the mood is broken by his MOTHER's voice from downstairs.

MOTHER (V.O.)

Kevin, supper!

KEVIN

All right!

He looks back at his toys - does one final apocalyptic wipe-out of troope, then looking sadly at his jumbled toy be resignedly heads off out of the room, taking as he goes, a thick book of Greek Heroes. CREDITS END.

INT. KITCHEN DAY

KEVIN sits down at table, with his book. His FATHER sits, occasionally slurping a cup of tea and reading the evening paper. There is a ping! from the sideboard and after a moment MOTHER sets a plate of three very similar bland lumps before KEVIN.

KEVIN

(setting aside his book)

What's that ?

MOTHER

(picking up packet from sideboard)

and studying contents)

(reading)

Chicken, duchess potatoes, and carrots ...

KEVIN looks sceptical.

MOTHER

It says it's lovely.

KEVIN

(unconvinced)

Which is the chicken ?
MOTHER
(looks at pack again, rather irritably this time)
Er ... the ooe on the left ...

KEVIN isolates the chicken and cuts a bit off in a desultory way. He opens the Greek book and reads at the same time.

MOTHER
(addresses FATHER as she throws pack away)
What we need is something to take these things out of the packet automatically. It's wearing me out — all this unwrapping ...

FATHER
We can't have everything dear.

MOTHER
Why ever oot? I know some people who have.

INT. SITTING ROOM  EVENING

Still picture of modern, fully gadgeted kitchen. Applause. Pull out to reveal a TV screen.

VOICE OVER
(on TV)
Yes, folks ... Moderna Designs present the latest in kitchen luxury. The Moderna Wonder Major All Automatic Cooveoiooote Cooter-ette. Gives you all the time in the world to do the things you really want to do!

CUT TO REVERSE ANGLE. MOTHER & FATHER sit in their armchairs looking zombie-like at the TV screen. They each have a mail-order catalogue on their laps. Behind them KEVIN sits immersed in his Greek hero book. He looks up.

KEVIN
Dad ... did you know that ancient Greek warriors had to learn 44 ways of unarmed combat?

The TV drones on.

VOICE ON TV
... a washing machine that cleans, dries and tells you the time in three major international cities! A toaster with a range of 50 yards! And an infra-red freezer/oven complex that can make you a meal from packet to plate in 15½ seconds.
MOTHER

The Morrisons have got one that can
do that in 8 seconds.

FATHER

Oh ...

MOTHER

Block of ice to Boeuf Bourguignon in
8 seconds ...    
(with feeling)
... lucky things ...

FATHER

Well, at least we've got a two speed
hedge cutter.

KEVIN

Did you know, the ancient Greeks could
kill people 28 different ways!

FATHER

(without turning)
Bedtime for you Kevin, it's nine o'clock.

KEVIN

And this king, Agamemnon, he once fought ...

MOTHER

Go on dear, your father's said!

KEVIN

Oh, all right.
Meanwhile on the TV screen, a BRUCE FORSYTH FIGURE has bustled on in front of B.P. of the dream kitchen.

COMPÉRE
Well, that's today's star prize, so let's meet today's star guests on "Your Money Or Your Life"!

Music.
The title "Your Money Or Your Life" flashes on and off in neon behind him ... as a rather nice OLD COUPLE are brought on by a leggy, fishnet-tightened HOSTESS.

COMPÉRE
And your names are?

OLD MAN
Mr and Mrs Staveacre.

COMPÉRE
Oh, come on, let's not be so formal ... I'm Ken.

OLD MAN
Yes we know that.

COMPÉRE
And you are?

OLD MAN
Reginald ...

COMPÉRE
Reginald, that's an interesting name, and - ?

OLD LADY
Beryl ...

COMPÉRE
Reginald and Beryl - it's Your Money or Your Life tonight - are you nervous?

And so on.

5 INT. HALLWAY EVENING
KEVIN pauses on stairs up to bed.

KEVIN
Could we go to Greece one day -
INT. SITTING ROOM EVENING

Laughter from TV. CUT TO screen to see that the OLD MAN is being shown some heavy black weights.

COMPÈRE
Now then Reginald ... no ... don't lift yet. Oh, you are keen ...

FATHER & MOTHER
(without turning)
Good night!

KEVIN turns and walks up to bed. Back to the TV.

COMPÈRE
Is he like this at home Beryl? Eager?

Roars of laughter. BERYL looks embarrassed ...

COMPÈRE
Oh, I bet you have some fun on British Legion night!

More roars of laughter.

And so on!

INT. BEDROOM NIGHT

KEVIN is in his pyjamas. Just before he gets in bed he pauses, looks down at his toys, and moves a couple of Napoleonic soldiers into battle position. He then climbs into his bed. He picks up his book and looks at Agamemnon again, with wide eyes.

FATHER (V.O.)
And turn that light off!

KEVIN reluctantly switches off his light. Pauses for a moment. Then snuggles into his blankets and turns over onto his side. The sound of downstairs fades into a strange, deep silence. Suddenly there is the sound of fierce rattling and banging. KEVIN pulls himself up on his elbow. He looks into the darkness anxiously. The weird and violent banging and clanking comes from the wardrobe standing against the wall opposite his bed. Even as KEVIN looks the noise and shaking increase, and suddenly the wardrobe doors burst open - splinters flying everywhere - and a fully-armoured mediaeval KNIGHT on horseback charges out of the wardrobe and into the room. The HORSE is covered in froth, and is rearing wildly.

Continued
almost out of control. A great wind blows through the room swirling leaves and dust about. The KNIGHT has a huge sword in his hand which sweeps through the air knocking objects in the room all over the place. He is shouting after some other knight who we can't see. Suddenly, with a commanding cry from the KNIGHT, the HORSE leaps right across the kid's bed and charges down a darkened avenue of trees that has replaced one of the walls of the bedroom. The KID is stunned. He dives under the covers. The hoofbeats disappear into the distance and, slowly, he peers out from his hiding place. Everything is back to normal. No mess. No KNIGHT. No avenue of trees. He turns on the light. Getting out of bed he goes over to the wall where the avenue of trees had been. Nothing. Except... among the pictures stuck all over the wall is one which is identical to the avenue of trees down which the KNIGHT vanished. Suddenly, the door of the room is flung open.

FATHER
What the hell is going on up here? I told you to turn that light off and get to bed. And no more noise!

7A INT. KITCHEN EVENING

Supper at home. They're all eating identical food. KEVIN is anxious to be somewhere else.

MOTHER
(to FATHER)
It just came off like that... the whole thermostat. That's the toaster the spreader and the slicer all gone. She's in a terrible state.

FATHER
Should have bought German...

KEVIN
(eagerly)
Mum...?

MOTHER
That's what I said. Would have matched her rotissomat too....

KEVIN
Mum... Dad... can I --

MOTHER
(turning on him)
And you're going to bed in good time tonight!

KEVIN
I was thinking I'd go to bed now actually...

Continued
MOTHER
Now? Certainly not!

FATHER
You must wait until your food's gone down.

KEVIN
I haven't eaten any food...

MOTHER
Well, you must eat your food.

FATHER
Then wait for it to go down.

They are cut short by a new noise. A shrill whining followed by a series of rapid alarm huzzes.

MOTHER
Oh no! Not the carvery again...

She rushes across to a machine that seems to have started uncontrollably slicing a joint of cold meat, sending slices of ham quietly and unstoppable on to the floor.

INT. SITTING ROOM NIGHT

TV is on again. Same game show - much laughter. This time the two AGED CONTESTANTS are suspended above a large vat of custard. Everyone roars with laughter. Except KEVIN'S MOTHER & FATHER.

PULL OUT - KEVIN is in the hall making his way past the sitting room door. He has something hidden under his jumper.

COMPARE
... Ooo you are awful! Now all I want to know is ... what famous film star begins with 'C' ...?

KEVIN
It's gone down now ... my supper ... I can feel it. I think I'll go to bed.

FATHER
Good, off you go ... but no noise!
A roar of laughter from the TV drowns the end of FATHER's sentence.

KEVIN
(who's halfway up the stairs in his eagerness)

What?

FATHER

No noise!

KEVIN

Oh no! Right...

COMPARE

No no... Cape Town isn't a film star...

He runs up the last three stairs in a single bound.

INT. BEDROOM NIGHT

KEVIN's bedroom. This time there is no dawdling. KEVIN enters briskly, pulls torch and Polaroid camera carefully out from his sweater, and lays them on his bedside table. He puts his dressing gown on over his clothes and jumps into bed and looks around. Hesitantly he turns out the light.

Blackness. No noise... No rattlings. Nothing odd. He looks disappointed... silence. PAN ROUND the toys, the cupboard, to KEVIN, who sits on the bed, bolt upright, with his dressing-gown on, a catchel slung around him, torch at the ready, Polaroid camera at the ready. Nothing happens. He flashes the torch. Still nothing. He looks around and switches off the torch.

FADE. FADE UP sometime later. KEVIN is having difficulty staying awake, but every time his head drops it jerks him back into wakefulness. He looks across to the door. The light on the landing goes out, and he hears the door of his parents' bedroom shut. He returns to his watching, but his eyes begin to close. He jerks awake then his tired eyes close again. A clock chimes one.

The room is in silence. KEVIN has finally gone to sleep. Suddenly there is a single heavy thud, quite frightening, from the wardrobe. There is a pause. At first KEVIN does not wake, then follows a series of more very rapid heavy thuds, followed by muffled cursing and quite undeniably human grunts and groans. KEVIN wakes and cautiously pulls himself up on his elbow.

Continued
KEVIN can hear the wardrobe door creak open in the dark.

Where are we? STRUTTER

I don’t know. RANDALL

Look at the map … WALLY

It’s not on the map … RANDALL

Is he coming after us? WALLY

Don’t panic. RANDALL

FIDGIT

Is he coming after us?

KEVIN reaches for a torch lying on the bedside table. RANDALL

I don’t know … I think we gave him the slip.

Hands shaking, KEVIN switches the torch on. Immediately he does so there’s panic. The beam of light falls upon a group of DWARVES, dressed and armed in a weird and wonderful variety of costumes and weapons from various periods in history, who blink sightlessly back at him. Their names are RANDALL, STRUTTER, WALLY, OG, FIDGIT and VERMIN.

OG

(fearfully)

It’s Him!

They try to race away from the light. Like frightened little animals they rush here and there along the walls.

STRUTTER

(panicked)

He’s found us!

WALLY

We’re done for!

FIDGIT

I told you …

STRUTTER

We’ve had it …
They finally pile up in a whimpering heap in the furthest corner.

RANDALL, the apparent leader, hisses to the others.

RANDALL

Leave it to me!

He hesitantly steps forward. He is clutching a parchment map covered in various symbols. He holds it up and addresses the light very deferentially.

RANDALL

... We can explain everything sir...
honestly ... we only borrowed the map
sir ... and then we were er ... so happy ... we just ran off ... in sort ...
RANDALL (Cont.)

of high spirits, we were on our
way back actually ...

KEVIN

Who are you, please ...?

A complete transformation comes over the cowering band.

STRUTTER

That's not Him ...

FIDGET

Doesn't sound like Him.

WALLY

Doesn't look like Him.

STRUTTER

It isn't Him.

RANDALL

(looking very angry)

Right, come on!

Before KEVIN can hide, the RANDITS as one tear across the
room and leap onto the bed. RANDALL jumps across KEVIN's
chest issuing orders. KEVIN struggles.

WALLY gets kicked.

WALLY

Ow! My nose!

RANDALL

Help him ... Oh, help him!

OG

Who?

RANDALL

Wally. One leg each ...

In the struggle, KEVIN and the DWARVES tangled in the bed-
clothes topple off the bed. KEVIN's arms are pinioned to
the floor.

RANDALL

Strutter ... get his torch ...

STRUTTER grabs the torch.

RANDALL

Right, shine it ... right in the face ...

Continued
STRUTTER shines the torch full in RANDALL's face.

RANDALL

His face!

STRUTTER shines the torch in KEVIN's face. KEVIN looks terrified.

STRUTTER

It's a kid!

RANDALL

Og ... Fidget ... check the door.

With well-practised precision they run to the door. FIDGET leaps on OG's shoulders and looks out through the glass light above the door -

FIDGET

All clear ...!

STRUTTER switches on the small bedside lamp which has toppled to the floor.

RANDALL

(pulling Kevin to his feet)

Right! Listen to me, help us get out of here and you won't get hurt ...

WALLY

(from behind)

Much ...

KEVIN

(still wide-eyed with amazement)

W ... W ... Why don't you get out the way you came?

RANDALL

(grabbing Kevin by the pyjama front)

Don't try and be smart, you little creep ...

Pugnacious murmurs from the other DWARVES as they advance. "Little clever Dick" - "Smart arse!" etc.

RANDALL

If you want to play it smart ... I'll introduce you to Vermin ... he eats anything you know, especially hits of people he doesn't like.

(he indicates leering dwarf at the back)
KEVIN
(beginning to back away)
I'm not trying to be smart ... I'm just trying to help ...

RANDALL
(advancing)
You know ... don't you ...

KEVIN
(backing away)
I don't know anything.

RANDALL
You know - and you're not going to tell us - well I'm getting angry!

KEVIN is pressed against the wall by this time.

KEVIN
I don't know.

RANDALL
And Vermin's getting hungry ...

KEVIN
Aargh!

The wall he's leaning against suddenly moves back, as RANDALL lunges. KEVIN falls to the floor in amazement.

RANDALL
That's it! He's found it ...

STRUTTER
What ...?

RANDALL
The way out!

KEVIN picks himself up.

KEVIN
It's never done that before ...

RANDALL hands KEVIN the torch.

RANDALL
Hold that ... come on you lot ...

Push!

The excited DWARVES rush to the wall and push. Immediately one lot push with such force the wall moves back several feet, and three others fall on the floor. It's very chaotic. RANDALL tries desperately to organise them.
Continued

RANDALL

Not like that! Wait... Wait for me
to give the order... Right... ready...

They lean against the wall.

... One! ...

Some of them push, others fall on the floor as the wall moves a few more feet.

RANDALL is beside himself with anger. He stamps his foot vigorously.

RANDALL:

Wait! You never start at one!
Whoever heard of anybody starting at
one! ... I'll say "one-two-three" and
on three we heave ...

OG

We heave on - Two ... or three?

RANDALL

Three!

The OTHERS push, RANDALL and STRUTTER, who are leaning against
the wall arguing, fall to the ground... The wall is now about
ten feet from its original position. RANDALL is about to go
mad again when there is a rushing wind... they all turn...
there behind KEVIN is a bright light... An ever-widening
radiance... They look in fear.

WALLY

He's found us ...

KEVIN

Who?

RANDALL

(with sudden urgency)

One-two-three ... heave ...!

They all heave ... The wall begins to move steadily but not
fast enough.

RANDALL

(to Kevin)

... Help us ... help us ... please ...

KEVIN, still wide-eyed with wonder, momentarily stands undecided
then, with a look back at the light, begins to push.

RANDALL

That's it. Push! ... Push!
with everyone now pushing out of blind panic, the wall moves back ... 20 ... 30 ... 50 feet. The bedroom assumes the shape of a long corridor with familiar bedroom objects receding into the distance.

The glow increases as the DWARVES scabble with the wall. It coalesces at last into a brilliant white FIGURE with long beard and leonine head of hair ... the wind howls, swirling his hair and rohe about majestically. He heads down the passage at them.

RAN/DALL

(frank)

Push! KEVIN

Who is that? RAN/DALL

Push!

The DWARVES push frantically. KEVIN looks back in terror and bewilderment. The SUPREME BEING (for it is he) fills the passageway with his awesome presence. He makes to speak.

The DWARVES push. The SUPREME BEING levels his gaze upon them and shouts with the authority of many centuries.

SUPREME BEING

Return what you have stolen from me!

Return! Return! ... return the map or it will bring you great danger ...

Stop! ... NOW!

The DWARVES push, then suddenly, they lose their balance as the wall drops away into darkness. Unable to slow their momentum, they plummet after it into black space.

TIME/SPACE

As the square of light from the end of the bedroom disappears far above them, they fall. Down, down through the blackness they tumble. Their figures distort ... stretching and twisting and then reforming as they pass through galaxies of black spheres in even blacker space. The fall appears to be endless. KEVIN is terrified.

EXT. DESERTED FARMYARD DAY

CUT TO a deserted farmyard. The farm buildings are in an advanced state of disrepair. A chicken pecks in the dusty yard. Suddenly the CHICKEN emits a terrified squawk and leaps into the air as a cloud of dust explodes in front of her. The dust clears revealing the piled figures of the DWARVES and KEVIN. A slight pause and then OC, the last as usual splashes into a nearby watertrough. All the GANG scramble to their feet and race off for the barn. RAN/DALL grabs KEVIN's arm and drags him along.
INT. BARN DAY

Scattering a few bedraggled geese, they race into the barn and dive into the straw, wriggling out of sight as fast as possible. RANDALL throws KEVIN to STRUTTER.

KEVIN

What is going -

STRUTTER clamps his hand over the BOY's mouth and drags him out of sight. RANDALL hunches down behind a post near the door. He stares intently back at the spot they landed. He holds his breath. After a few tense moments he lets out a sigh of relief.

RANDALL

Cot... That was close... All clear.

Slowly the others peer out from their hiding places. STRUTTER releases his grip on KEVIN. The DWARVES begin climbing out of the straw. Their eyes are wide with a mixture of fear and relief.

KEVIN

Who are you?

RANDALL

(rather impatient at the interruption)

... Sah!

KEVIN

(his voice edged with panic)

Well... where are we... what happened to my room...? Who was that man?

FIDGIT

(the nice one-- next to Kevin)

That was no man... that was the Supreme Being.

KEVIN

You mean God?

FIDGIT

We never got to know him that well. We only worked for him...

RANDALL

(very much playing the leader in the emergency)

Shut up!! Are we all here...? (he looks round at the panting bunch of disreputables)

... Wally...?

WALLY

Sir...
Strutter ...?  RANDALL

Yeah ...  STRUTTER

Fidget ...?  RANDALL

Yeah ...  FIDGET

Og ...?  RANDALL

(puzzled)

Yes ...?  OG

Are you here?  RANDALL

Mm?  OG

( helpfully)

Yes, he's here ...

Vermin ...?  RANDALL

(he looks around)

... Vermin!

There is a grunt from an ill-lit corner of the hales. It's VERMIN, he quickly secretes some object behind his back, but a few feathers around his mouth give him away. He smiles rather pathetically.

STOP eating!

WALLY

I'd rather he ate them than us ...

RANDALL

Right it's not safe to stay here, he's still after us, so we've got to keep moving ... Og, Vermin ... hey! Where are you going?

KEVIN has made a break for it. He runs out of the harn.

EXT. DESERTED FARMYARD  DAY

KEVIN races out and across the farmyard. He looks left and right, can't see anything.

RANDALL

(from inside the harn)

After him!

EXT. COUNTRYSIDE  DAY

CUT TO KEVIN running down a slope. He jumps a stream ... He looks back and sees the DWARVES at the top of the hill. He races on through a wood, pushes through some undergrowth and onto a dirt road.
Suddenly, taking in his surroundings, KEVIN stops. He is standing in the middle of an avenue of trees - the avenue of trees down which the KNIGHT from his wardrobe disappeared. His shocked amazement is interrupted by the sounds of thundering hoofbeats behind him. Spinning around, he is practically trampled underfoot by three madly galloping horses ridden by Napoleon's Hussars. The horses rear out of control to avoid the boy. KEVIN stands mesmerized.

1ST HUSSAR
(trying to control his rearing mount)
Darnit boy - these horses are valuable.

2ND HUSSAR
(drawn his sabre and coming at KEVIN)
You little fool!

KEVIN is just mesmerized by these live representatives of his favourite toys.

3RD HUSSAR
Leave him, we're late.

He wheels his horse round, the first follows with a kick to his horse's flanks, and heads off. KEVIN, fearless because of his amazement, stands with a sabre only inches from his throat.

2ND HUSSAR
(angrily)
Simpleton!

The 2ND HUSSAR whirls his horse away and charges after the others. The DWARVES who have been watching all this from the cover of the undergrowth, slipp off in the opposite direction.

KEVIN turns to where the DWARVES were, but can see no sign of them.

Wide-eyed, he rushes up the hill after the HUSSARS. On reaching the brow of the hill he stops - his eyes can't believe what they are seeing. Spread out to the front of him is a sweeping panorama of a late 18th century battlefield. In the distance, surrounded by fiercely fighting troops, is a town under heavy bombardment. REFUGEES stream out of the town and up the road towards KEVIN, who is soon caught up in the swirl of the retreat. Trying to get a view of the battle, KEVIN kneels down, peering through the passing cartwheels. One of the REFUGEES stumble over him.
REFUGEE
(roughly lifting KEVIN up)
On your feet boy . . .

MONK DRIVING CARTLOAD OF NUNS
Get a move on! They're taking prisoners . . .

KEVIN
Excuse me, what is this town?

REFUGEE
Castiglione . . .
(bitterly)
. . . or what Napoleon's left of it . . .

KEVIN
Napoleon?

KEVIN stops in his tracks.

REFUGEE
Yes, it's his city now.
(spits)
(to KEVIN)
C'mon boy ... you come with us if you
know what's good for you.

KEVIN
(he can't believe any of
this)
No thanks ... Napoleon?!?

KEVIN is caught in the jostling queue of REFUGEES.

PUSHY CHEESE CARRYING REFUGEE
You're going the wrong way!
EXT. BRIDGE DAY

CUT TO beneath a bridge. There, hiding beneath the rumbling refugee carts, beside a river, is the GANG, listening to RANDALL who has the map open on his knee.

RANDALL
Now we obviously went a little wrong when we ended up in the hrat's bedroom, but don't worry, I'll get you out of this ...

STRUTTER
It's upside down ...

... RANDALL
Listen, do you want to run this gang?

STRUTTER
No ... no ... we agreed ... no leader ...

RANDALL
Right! So shut up and do as I say.

Suddenly there is a shout from above.

KEVIN
Hey!

They all look up in alarm.

RANDALL
Sah!

KEVIN comes scrambling down shouting.

KEVIN
(full of eagerness)
Do you know where we are?

... RANDALL
(grabbing him)
Shut up!

KEVIN
(bubbling over)
We're in Italy! ...

RANDALL pushes him down under the bridge.

RANDALL
What the hell do you think you're doing? ... yelling and screaming like that? (he jabs a finger skywards)
You know what'll happen if the Supreme Being finds us ... (KEVIN looks deflated)
He can turn us all into used handkerchiefs just like that ...
KEVIN
I'm sorry ... but ... I mean ...
It's 1796 ... that's Castiglione ...
(he points towards the
city in amazement)
those are Napoleon's troops ...

They look at each other.

STRUTTER
Isn't this where we were meant to
be?

RANDALL
(quickly turning the map and
looking very closely at it)
That's right, 1796 ... Castiglione ...
Northern Italy ...

Suddenly the DWARVES see KEVIN in a new light.

STRUTTER
That's very good ...

WALLY
Very good ....

FIDGIT
How d'you know that ... ?

RANDALL
(crossly)
All right! All right! You can get
his autograph later. What's your name?

KEVIN
Er ... Kevin ...

RANDALL
Right, Kevin ... shut up and play your
cards right and we could make you a very
rich man ... Fidget ... you keep
an eye on him ... Now are we a gang of
desperate international thieves or not ... ?

GENERAL
Yes ... Yes ...

RANDALL
... and have we a job to do ?

GENERAL
(enthusiastically)
Yes ...
RANnALL
Right... So we've got to get into
the town...

KEVIN
Oh... great!

Ssh! Now...

RANnALL
He is interrupted by a great commotion on the bridge above
them. One of the refugee carts that have been rumbling
over the bridge stops, and an elderly expiring MAN is being
carried down to the water by his two DAUGHTERS or SONS.
He's meanin' wretchedly...

RANnALL
(shouting up in
irritation)
Dammit, can't you flee more
quietly... I'm trying to concentrate...
Now...

STRUTTER, who has stuck his head out and seen the intended
cart, pops his head back in again...

STRUTTER
I've got an idea... Quick...

All the DWARVES huddle together, then heads nod. Then STRUTTER
takes a quick look up at the cart, across to the expiring
old MAN. Then gives a signal.

With lightning precision the GANG rush up on to the bridge,
surround the cart, and throw out all the contents. Then,
with clubs, swiftly knock the wheels off. They throw the
wheel-less cart over the side of the bridge and it lands in
the water. Grabbing a couple of utensils to use as paddles
they rush back down to the stream and leap into the floating
cart. The last DWARF hands a cup to the old REFUGEE to aid
his drinking.

REFUGEE
Thank you kind - here!

He realises with indignation that he's been given his own
cup. As the cart floats off down the river the REFUGEEs
profusely start to thank the DWARF when they realize what
has happened. The cartload of fiercely paddling DWARVES
floats away toward the setting sun... and adventure.
15 EXT. CASTIGLIONE NIGHT

Cart-boat makes its way through the burning devastation surrounding the stream. BODIES plummet from bridges, TROOPS march to and fro. PEOPLE rush to the water to escape the flames. Dead ANIMALS float in the stream. Maneuvering their craft to a landing, the GANG climb out. Over all the horror is the sound of one man laughing.

16 EXT. CITY STREETS NIGHT

Entering the ruined city, they make their way past debris and burning buildings. WOUNDED lie about the streets waiting for attention. The BOY and the DWARVES head in the direction of the laughter.

KEVIN
(to STRUTTER)
What are we going to do?

STRUTTER
( sharply)
Sshh...

FIDGIT
(whispers)
A robbery...

KEVIN
A robbery?

FIDGIT
(a little indignantly)
Of course ... we're international criminals ... we do robberies...

RANDALL
Shh ... quiet at the back...

17 EXT. TOWN SQUARE NIGHT

In the middle of the demolished town square stands a small open-air theatre surrounded by a low enclosure. On the stage is an even smaller puppet theatre. A long and violent Punch and Judy show is being performed. Around the edge of the audience area stand impatient and exasperated FRENCH GENERALS. Alone, in the middle of the audience area, sits a small uniformed MAN enjoying himself immensely. It is
NAPOLEON BONAPARTE. His laughter carries over the devastation. The town ELDRS are next to the FRENCH GENERALS - in chains. Troops continue to round up townspeople and march them to a wall where they are executed by a firing squad. This continues throughout the entire scene.

Everyone, apart from NAPOLEON, is looking anxiously and nervously at each other ... smoke drifts across the area and there is the sound of distant gunfire.

RANDALL
(to the group, crouched behind a pillar)
That's him ...
(he points to NAPOLEON)

KEVIN
(his face changes)
You're not going to rob him?

RANDALL
That's right ... every single penny he's got.

KEVIN
That's Napoleon ...
RANDALL

And he's rich...

KEVIN

But -

RANDALL

Sah!

He pushes them back in the shadows, as one of Napoleon's
Generals, LUCIEN, passes close by them, and goes across to
NAPOLEON. LUCIEN, like all Napoleon's advisers, is
unfortunately very tall.

LUCIEN

(leaning down to
Napoleon)

Monseur Commander... I think that
the Mayor of Castiglione and his
Council would like very much to
surrender now please...

NAPOLEON does not respond. He just roars with laughter at
the puppet show.

NAPOLEON

Look at that! Look at the little
fellow!

(he convulses with
laughter)

LUCIEN

(with a glance towards
the other Generals who
motion him to have another
go)

Sir... The surrender of Castiglione
would be a marvellous feather up the
cap... with this city we have the
whole area of Western Lombardy at
our feet...

NAPOLEON

Oh, go away -

(he turns back to
the stage)

More! More!

INT. BACKSTAGE NIGHT

CUT TO the stage. The PUPPETEER is really rather badly
wounded but manfully carrying on hitting JUDY with PUNCH
despite his bloody wounds, because NAPOLEON is enjoying it
all so much. Behind the PUPPETEER at back of stage a very
nervous greasy-haired MANAGER is biting his nails. Standing around are various other ACTS who look very miserable. They are all very tall. Out in the square NAPOLEON continues to enjoy himself ...

19 EXT. TOWN SQUARE NIGHT

He roars with laughter and applauds. LUCIEN looks desperate, another General, NEGUY, walks briskly across, determined to sort this whole thing out once and for all.

NEGUY
Mon Commander, they are very keen to surrender. They 'ave been here 8 hours -

NAPOLEON
Don't stand so close to me Néguy. I've told you about that before. You on one side ... 'im on the other. It's like being at the bottom of a well.

They retreat a few steps back.

Just because you think I'm small ...

NEGUY
(wearily)
No you're not small ... Commander ... you're not small at all.

LUCIEN
No, not by any means. 5 foot 1 is not small.

NAPOLEON
5 foot 1 and Conqueror of Italy ... not bad eh?

GENERALS
No ... very good indeed.

NAPOLEON returns to the puppets as the curtain draws.
NAPOLEON

More! More!

INT. BACK STAGE NIGHT

Behind stage the wretched PUPPETEER, badly wounded and trying to staunch the flow of blood, hears these shouts of appreciation with utter horror ... He's desperately trying to prepare his puppets for another show despite his precarious grip on life. He looks imploringly at the MANAGER, who himself looks only eekcoods from the 19th nervous breakdown.

EXT. TOWN SQUARE NIGHT

NAPOLEON

(still applauding
vigorously, shouts
to his Generals)
When was the last time a man of
5 foot I took Milan ... Huh?

GENERAL

(dutifully)
Oh ... long ago eir ...

The MANAGER appears ... He is frightfully ingratiating.

ITALIAN MANAGER

Ah ... er ... sir ... I ... er ...
Thank you ... Thank you very much ...
I wonder if you would like to see
any of our ... other ... items ...
We have Zuzu and Benny ...
(he quickly motions
them to come out)
... Fun on a unicycle.

They are both tall and gormless, with only three stilts between them. NAPOLEON waves them away.

ITALIAN MANAGER

No ...? Er ... How about the
Great Bambozo ... he sing and lift
heavy things ...

He appears, again far too big.

No ... er ... how about ... ah!
This I think you like ... very
funny ... the Three Idiots ...
21 Continued

He summons them.

ITALIAN MANAGER
... er ... from Latvia ... very funny act ... They swallow brushee ...

Three very frightened MEN in drag appear ... They are all well over 6 foot.

NAPOLEON
(angrily)
No! No ... they're all freaks ... what kind of theatre are you running?

MANAGER
I'm sorry sir but ...
(he is cut off by a volley from the firing squad)

NAPOLEON
More of the funny show ... with the little puppets ... hitting each other ... that's what I like ... little things ... hitting each other.

NAPOLEON looks so angry that the MANAGER licks his lips and dares say no more. He pushes his acts back.

22 INT. BACK STAGE NIGHT

Behind stage, the PUPPETEER is in an even worse estate. He holds PUNCH up ...

23 EXT. TOWN SQUARE NIGHT

NAPOLEON cheers. PUNCH falls leaving a trail of blood. NAPOLEON boos ... leg suddenly sticks out of stage ...
The PUPPETEER is now an EX-PUPPETEER.

RANDALL
(looks knowingly at STRUTTER)
C'mon!
INT. BACK STAGE    NIGHT

The ITALIAN MANAGER has a gun at his head, when they appear. Brief chat, the ITALIAN MANAGER nods his head.

EXT. TOWN SQUARE    NIGHT

Outside NAPOLEON is looking very fed up, at the demise of the puppets. A THIRD GENERAL, 6 foot 9 inch LOUIS MARCIS, COMTE DE BOSANQUET and EARL OF ORLEANS, approaches NAPOLEON. Luckily for him, just as he is about to speak, there is a tatty fanfare and suddenly the DWARVES tumble onto the stage, remove the puppet show and PUPPETEER and go into a dreadful act. It's brief, and at the end RANDALL signals to a MUSICIAN who plays a chord, and the curtains close. NAPOLEON sits very straight-faced.

INT. BACK STAGE    NIGHT

RANDALL
(to the Manager as they come off stage)
Well?

It's been so bad that the ITALIAN MANAGER wearily picks up the gun and places it to his head when suddenly he hears enormous applause from NAPOLEON. He lowers the gun in amazement. Wasn't this one of the worst acts ever witnessed? But no! NAPOLEON actually appears on stage, shaking hands with these DWARVES, beaming and happy ... He comes up to KEVIN, and KEVIN almost faints when the great man speaks to him ...

NAPOLEON
(shaking hands with Kevin)
You stick with these boys ... young man ... You have a great future.

(he turns to the Dwarves)
You know you are the best thing that has happened to me since the whole campaign ... I came to conquer Italy because I thought they were all small you know - I heard they were really tiny guys but ...

NEGUY and LUCIEN come up on stage.

NEGUY
Sir ... I really think there are more important things ...

NAPOLEON
(his patience snapping)
Shut up! Don't you dare tell me my business ... You're dismissed you hear ...! You, Lucien, and all the rest of you. Great streaks of misery.
Continued

But sir...

NAPOLEON

No! From today I have new Generals!

He beams at the DWARVES.

INT. BANQUET HALL  NIGHT

The GANG, dressed in huge French General uniforms, sit around a great dining table heaped high with food. The room is full of the spoils of war; glittering goodies which the GANG can hardly keep their eyes off. NAPOLEON is at the head of the table. He is well into a bottle of cognac, and rambles on the while, to the polite but rather awkward BANDITS.

NAPOLEON

Alexander the Great... Five foot exactly. Isn't that incredible...? Alexander the Great, whose Empire stretched from India to Hungary...
One inch shorter than me...!
Oliver Cromwell... the only man with any guts in British history... not a big man... not a big man at all...

CUT to the DWARVES nodding dutifully.

EXT. TOWN SQUARE  NIGHT

CUT to cut in the square. There is a slight wind whipping around the pathetic group of town COUNCILLORS waiting to surrender. Beside them huddled round a fire are LUCIEN, NEGUY and the other GENERAL in their underwear - though they still have their swords dangling round their long johns. They look up at the lighted window, hopefully.

INT. BANQUET HALL  NIGHT

CUT back to the room.

NAPOLEON

Louis XIV... 5 foot 3... Henry of Navarre... called Henry the Great... 5 foot 2½... Charles I... a dumpy little 5 footer... squat little chap...
NAPOLEON is getting more slurred, RANDALL surreptitiously opens the map on his knee below the table. He whispers to STRUTTER. We hear NAPOLEON droning on in the background ever more slowly.

NAPOLEON
Charles Martel, 5 foot 3...
Saladin ... 5 foot 1, same as me ...
Attila the Hun, 5 foot 1½ ...

RANDALL points out of window, STRUTTER nods.
NAPOLEON is very drunk now. Wind problems rack his body ...
CUT to KEVIN, wide-eyed, but a little saddened, PAN round faces of DWARVES.

NAPOLEON
Voltaire ... 5 ... 3 ... Cyrano de
Bergerac ... 5 ... 3½ ... Tamburlaine
the Great ... 4 foot 9! ... and three
... quarters ...

As we come on to RANDALL, there is a thud, RANDALL looks up.
NAPOLEON has finally hit the table and passed out.

OG
(with genuine admiration)
Wasn't he interesting ...

KEVIN looks rather sad, WALLY makes a grab for the brandy.
RANDALL smacks his hand sharply.

RANDALL
There's no time for that ... I've checked the map ... there should be a time-hole outside ... you go and check it Strutter ...

STRUTTER
Right.

RANDALL
(checking with map again)
Now ... the hole's here till 12.00 o'clock ... only ... after that we're trapped ... so move it!

STRUTTER disappears through the door.

RANDALL
Vermin, Fidget ... the tapestry ...
Continued

FIDGIT
(turns to look at it)
Yes ... it's superb isn't it ...
Early 16th century?

RANDALL

Get it.

FIDGIT

Oh ... 

The BANDITS spring into action ... FIDGIT leaps on VERMIN'e shoulders, O6 on FIDGIT's and pulls down the tapestry. They start to load the spoils into it.

EXT. TOWN SQUARE NIGHT

CUT to the square. STRUTTER, in his ridiculously ill-fitting uniform with long drooping tails emerges from a doorway. GUARD shouts "Attention!" All the SOLDIERS in the area snap to attention - including the reluctant undressed GENERALS. Making his way across the square with as much dignity as possible STRUTTER reaches the spot where the hole should be. He checks the town hall clock. Taking an unexploded cannon-ball he rolls it toward the hole. It disappears.

He smiles in satisfaction and looks up.

CUT to the town hall clock. A minute to midnight. He starts to walk back across the moonlit square with as much speed, and dignity, as he can muster.

INT. BANQUET HALL NIGHT

Back in the banqueting room. The walls have been stripped bare and all the treasure gathered into the tapestry. O6 goes across to the sleeping NAPOLEON, takes the rings off one hand, then reaches for the other hand which NAPOLEON has tucked in his tunic, and removes it. It turns out to be gold and very precious. They unscrew it and drop it in the swag bag.

STRUTTER enters in agitation.

STRUTTER

Thirty seconds!

This galvanises everybody.

RANDALL

You found the hole?
Continued

STRUTTER

Yes!

RANDALL

Let's go...

FIDGIT pull the swag.

FIDGIT

How are we going to...

RANDALL

(to KEVIN)

C'mon... don't just stand there.

They start to leave it out. KEVIN takes one last regretful look at his pissed boro.

INT. STAIRCASE NIGHT

The GANG drag their swag down the stairs.

EXT. TOWN SQUARE NIGHT

The GUARDS shout attention as STRUTTER appears at the doorway. All the SOLDIERS stiffens to attention.

STRUTTER

About turn!

All the SOLDIERS turn away. From the doorway comes the GANG dragging their swag. They make their way through the ranks of SOLDIERS' backs. One of the undressed GENERALS gets suspicious and sneaks a backwards glance. He begins to shout orders to the TROOPS when he sees what's happening. The GANG breaks into a run. SOLDIERS make chase. The town hall clock reads only seconds from the deadline. The GANG madly races for the hole and, just as the clock strikes, disappears. Pursuing SOLDIERS leap for the spot but, nothing happens. The GENERALS in the underwear madly shout orders but the GANG and the goodies are gone. Pursuing SOLDIERS leap onto a growing pile of bodies where the hole was.

TIME/SPACE

The GANG and their bag of swag tumble through blackness, distorting, twisting, reforming as they fall.

EXT. FOREST ROAD DAY

CUT TO a coach and pair flying through forest. The style is mediaeval. Inside this burrey conveyance, sit a well-dressed YOUNG MAN and a breathless YOUNG WOMAN. They are frightfully British.
PANSY
Sir Vincent, you came for me!

VINCENT
Good Mistress Pansy, I could not
have ridden faster; 4 horses have
I exhausted this day from Nottingham.

PANSY
The crazy way you leapt up to my
chamber; so full of manliness.

VINCENT
I could scarce restrain the rushing
of my feet. These 12 long years
have been like chains that bound me.

PANSY
And the personal problems?

VINCENT
Much, much better. Now I eat only
vegetables. Oh, my dearest, nothing
can keep us apart now.

PANSY
It really is better is it?

VINCENT
Yes, honestly. Provided I don't
worry too much or become over-anxious.

PANSY
(his lips finally closing,
on his for the first time
in their 18 year old
courtship)
Oh Sir Vincent ... you need have no
worries now.

VINCENT
Aaaagh!

With a rending crash 6 Dwarves and Kevin, and a jangling bag
of Napoleonic swag, drop from the heavens, splitting the roof
of the coach.

PANSY screams.

PANSY
(screams)
Bandits! Oh my God!!

WALLY
We've landed!

They flail about in the coach - arms, legs, gold objects
flying everywhere.
Continued

VINCENT

Oh God, my problem!

With a ripping of fabric, the DWARVES and their booty fall through the back of the coach.

EXT. FOREST ROAD DAY

The DWARVES, swag and all fly out of the now madly swerving coach and tumble in a heap onto the floor of the forest glade.

The coach swings out of control, does a figure of eight, then topples over...

The DWARVES lie surrounded by the gold and Renaissance masterpieces of their Napoleonic booty scattered amongst them. VINCENT and PANSY climb out; they're looking a little hattered and terrified of the GANG.

VINCENT
My money.. quick! We must escape!
Help!

PANSY
(grabbing two hags of money)
Try not to become over-anxious, Vincent.

VINCENT, looking extremely over-anxious, grabs PANSY, takes one look at the supine gang, and runs away up the track.

The DWARVES suddenly become aware of their success.

WALLY
We did it! We did it!

PIDGIT
We did it...

They pull themselves up and gambol about dancing round their booty all talking at once in breathless excitement.

STUTTER
Fantastic... eh?

WALLY
Unbelievable...

OG
We're the greatest...
STRUTTER
(sadly)
He used to work with us...

WALLY
(emotionally)
One of the best.

ALL
(nodding thoughtfully)
Yeh, yeh...

RANDALL
(breaking the mood)
You want to join us?

KEVIN
Can we really go anywhere... at anytime?

RANDALL
You name it. If it's down here...
(tapping map impressively)

KEVIN
How?

RANDALL
Because... this used to belong to the Supreme Being

KEVIN
Yon stole it?

RANDALL
Well sort of... yon see, he was our employer...
(disbelief from KEVIN)
... we helped to make all this -
... (he indicates woodland - KEVIN looks round duly impressed)
He'd to the big stuff... good and evil, night and day, men and women, - and we did the trees...

KEVIN
(looking around at the sylvan glade this idyllic medieval afternoon)
That's not bad...

RANDALL
Exactly... but did we get a thimbleful of credit?
Continued

RANDALL
Hang on! Hang on! He's a kid ... he's not one of us.

FIDGIT
He knows an awful lot, Randall.

WALLY
And he's bigger than any of us.

STRUTTER
We always need another pair of hands, Randall ... especially with Horseflesh gone ...

They all pause ... something painful has just been mentioned.

KEVIN
Horseflesh?
Revised 6.5.80

Continued

The GANG shakes heads, all except VERMIN who's eating.

RANDALL
Oh no ... all we got was the sack ..
for creating the Pink Bunkadoo.

KEVIN
The Pink Bunk A Doo ?

RANDALL
Yeah ... lovely tree, Og designed it ..
six hundred feet high, bright red ..
and smelt terrible ..

VERMIN helches loudly, OG pours wine over his head. VERMIN
growls. The two of them have a playful punch-up.

RANDALL
Well, as a disciplinary measure we
wars sent down to the Repairs Department.
You see, he'd just created evil and was
having a bit of a problem with it, so
the fabric of the Universe was sort of
botched up to he quite frank. You see
Kevin ...

(He becomes serious and
confidential)
... there are holes in it ...

KEVIN
Holes ?

RANDALL
Yes ... holes in Time and Space.

KEVIN
Cor!

RANDALL
That's where this comes in .. it's
the map of all the holes ... see ...
once we had the map we knew we were onto
a winner. Why repair the holes ?
Why not use them ... to get stinking rich ... ?

WALLY
Yeah ... here's to being stinking rich!
Here's to crime!

He raises his bottle. The others echo the toast and hold
out the goblets, or in some cases anything they can find ...
helmets, shakos, hoots, etc.
FIDGIT
And here's to Kevin ...

STRUTTER
Yeah ... Kevin ...

CG
(confused)
Yeah ... stinking Kevin ...

ALL
Kevin ... Kevin ...

KEVIN looks round with a flush of excitement, then delves in his bag and produces his camera.

KEVIN
Hey! Hold it there!
They all stand glasses raised ... RANDALL with the map. Various mutters and jokes from the group.

KEVIN points the camera.

KEVIN

Smile ... !

This instruction has awful and truly grotesque effects - a wondrous selection of leers and grimaces, as they all try to look their best. The photo is taken. Much cheering. They all cluster round the camera.

Suddenly there is an ear-splitting scream from up the track. ... it's PANSY.

PANSY

Help! Robbers! ...

OG

That's us ... !

Another scream - 'Help!'

RANDALL

Someone's in trouble - come on!

The band pick up their swag and run off up the track.

EXT. - FOREST GLADE - DAY

CUT TO the DWARVES and KEVIN arriving at a glade just in time to see that VINCENT and PANSY have been tied to a tree and a group of EVIL MEN are stripping them of their money, bracelets, his fine jacket, etc.

The DWARVES look on in admiration from the cover of some trees.

STRUTTER

Now those are our sort of people!

The ROBBERS finish their deprecation and make off with much evil chucklings and spitting at the feet of VINCENT and PANSY.

WALLY

Yeah ... not bad are they?

RANDALL

Come on!

The DWARVES emerge from their hiding place as PANSY cries one last desperate 'Help!'
Continued

PANSY
(to VINCENT)
At last! Someone's coming!

The DWARVES rush past them and off in pursuit of the ROBBERS.

PANSY
Help! I say! I say! My fiancé
and I would care for some help.

VINCENT
Oh no ... I can feel it ... I can
feel the problem again.

PANSY
Don't worry about anything.

VINCENT
Fruit ... I must have fruit.

There is a thunderclap. It starts to rain on them. Quite
heavily.

38 EXT. ANOTHER PART OF THE FOREST DAY

The DWARVES are following the ROBBERS as stealthily as they
can, but they lose them. Then KEVIN stops and points.

KEVIN
Look! There's their camp!

Sure enough there is noise and the smoke from cooking fires.

RANDALL
(pleased)
Good lad ... Kevin ... right, let's
get in there.

WALLY
What? In the camp?

RANDALL
Yeah ...
(indicates hooty)
They're thieves in there ... they could
give us a few tips where the action is
around here.

FIDGIT
I don't like it ... let's go home.

RANDALL
Don't be so wet! Come on ...
RANDALL walks authoritatively off. They haven’t gone a pace before they tread all unawares upon carefully laid snares and within an instant they are all whisked up on ropes and left dangling upside down from the branch of a tree. As they swing (somewhat chastened by this turn of events) we see a group of most extraordinarily desperately scarred and evil MEN in rough mediaeval garb emerge from the ambush. They approach the dabling DWARVES ... 

RANDALL
(to WALLY hanging beside him)
Leave this to me, Wally.

WALLY
(suddenly scared stiff)
What do we do?

RANDALL
Just treat them right ... that’s all.

RANDALL’s upside-down POV of the revolting ROBBER as he approaches.

RANDALL addresses him.

RANDALL
What do you want, you tatty old scumbag?

ROBBER LEADER
(spits out viciously)
Your business ... gobface?

RANDALL
Robbers ...

ROBBER LEADER
Villainous robbers ... ?

RANDALL
The worst ...

ROBBER LEADER
Stop at nothing?

RANDALL
Nothing ...

ROBBER LEADER
Steal the cup from the beggar’s hands ...

RANDALL
Of course ...
ROBBER LEADER
Testb from blind old ladies ...

RANDALL

Rather!

ROBBER LEADER
Toys from babies ...

RANDALL

Whenever we can ...

ROBBER LEADER

Right.... let them down ...

The GANG are lowered rather sharply to the ground. They pick themselves up.

ROBBER LEADER

You looked a horrible lot, but we can never be sure.

RANDALL

Thanks, brother ...

The GANG begin to gather up the swag. The ROBBERS are mightily impressed ... all except one who is eyeing KEVIN suspiciously.
ROBBER 3
Hey! Look at this one ... He looks a bit clean to me.

FIDGIT
No ... no ... it's a skin complaint ...

ROBBER 2
He looks a bit honest too.

ROBBER LEADER
Is he?

FIDGIT
Honest! ... him? ... oh ... no ...

As ROBBER 3 approaches threateningly, RANDALL motions to WALLY and after a bit of subtle eyework, WALLY slips unobtrusively round behind ROBBER 3.

ROBBER 3
(leering threateningly
ever nearer to Kevin)
Nice fresh face ... eh ... doesn't look as though that little face has known much evil ... eh?

KEVIN looks very frightened. The OTHER ROBBERS turn to see what's going on ...

ROBBER 3
(who is like all of them, scarred and
grubby of countenance)
I think this happy little visage ought to look a little more lived in ... eh, boys ... ? I mean rogues should look like rogues, I say ... 

A tension mounts ROBBER 3 reaches for the dagger that hangs in a small sheath at his side. As he does so, WALLY, with well-practised skill, removes the dagger swiftly and quite unnoticeably from the sheath.

ROBBER 3 grabs the dagger but finds himself holding thin air. He turns with a frown to see where it is. WALLY slips deftly to the other side of him and as he's turned away slips the dagger into KEVIN's hand:

KEVIN
(ingeniously)
Is this yours ... ?

He holds the dagger out. There is a pause, then everyone roars with laughter ... ROBBER 3 looks very pissed off. He grabs his knife back and takes a swipe at KEVIN.
ROBBER 3

Little thief ... !

Much laughter. OG and FIDGIT exchange a smile, the atmosphere is back to cordiality.

ROBBER LEADER

Come on ... we'll take you into the camp ... eat ... drink ... meet our leader ...

ALL

Our leader ... our leader ... !

RANDALL

(a little anxiously as they move off)
You're not ... the leader ?

ROBBER LEADER

Me ... no ... no ... I'm just sort of a front man, you know ... no ... you haven't seen nothing till you've seen him ...

RANDALL looks a little unnerved.

RANDALL

(guardedly)

Oh ...

ROBBER LEADER

(sinisterly)

Don't worry ... he'll like you ... when he sees what you've stolen ... you'll be blue-eyed boys ... Come on!

RANDALL is a little chuffed by this and allows himself a look of modest pride. The GANG follows, dragging their swag...

EXT. BANDITS' HIDEAWAY DAY

A few rough tents as of a nomadic band. Many more evil looking CHARACTERS are there, fighting and having spitting competitions ... all rather unpleasant. One MAN arm-wrestles ANOTHER and his arm comes off, much laughter. He drops arm onto a pile and shouts:

ARM WRESTLER

Come on you lot ... I like a challenge!

The GANG enters the compound amid shouts of "Who's this?" etc. and are marched up to the main tent ...
ROBBER LEADER

"Wait. I'll tell him you're here..."

He goes into the tent. A pause, then a tall rather well-meaning chap in Lincoln Green appears. KEVIN registers him immediately, his eyes light up and his mouth falls open.
ROBIN HOOD
(approaching Randall, hand extended. He looks and speaks rather like the Duke of Kent)
Hello, I'm Hood ...

KEVIN
(nudging Fidget)
It's Robin Hood!
The DWARF BANDITS look rather unimpressed by this lean and stooping twit.

ROBBER LEADER
(yelling at them)
Say ... "Good Morning" ... you scum!

Such is the intimidating force of his yell that they all immediately mouth their Good Mornings ...

ROBIN
Robbers I gather ... ?

RANDALL
The best ...

ROBIN
Oh, jolly good ... we need chaps like you all the time ... Struck lucky have you?

RANDALL
(over his shoulder)
Strutter, Wally ... ?
The two of them come forward with the haul and lay it down. They drop the edges of the cloth and stand around it. RANDALL eyes ROBIN HOOD with defiant pride.

ROBIN
I say! This is all wonderful ... What an incredible haul ...

RANDALL positively glows. KEVIN looks very chuffed and hopes he will catch his hero's eye.

ROBIN
... I mean I've been in robbing for years ... but I've never seen anything like this ... and you acquired all this by yourselves ... ?
Continued

The DWARVES nod, fit to burst.

ROBIN
Well .. what sort of period is this ... Roman?

WALLY
Napoleonic, sir.

ROBIN
I beg your pardon?

RANDALL
Er, yes, ... Roman, sir.

ROBIN
Some of it's solid gold.

RANDALL swallows ...

RANDALL
Yes it is nice, isn't it.

ROBIN
Absolutely ... thank you very very much.

The grins turn to puzzled frowns from all bar OG, who is still grinning beitifically.

ROBIN calls to a dark-browed NEANDERTHAL THUG.

ROBIN
Migel? Will you get the poor in please ...

MIGEL goes off.

ROBIN
Now let me see ... 

He starts to sort through the treasure ... throwing the objects onto various piles.
ROBIN
That's good ... that's good ... that's good.

He picks up a Titian nude.
That's no good....

He flings it away onto a bonfire and picks up a Rubens.
That's no good...

He throws it away and picks up a Tintoretto.
That's no good ....

He flings the priceless Tintorettos onto the fire with a splintering and ripping of canvas.

ROBIN
That's good ... oh this will be such a help in our work.

RANDALL
Er excuse me ...
ROBIN
Do you want a receipt ... ?

RANDALL
That's ours, we stole that ...

ROBIN
I know, and believe me the poor will be terribly grateful ...

ROBBER LEADER
Yes specially with Christmas coming up, Robin ...

RANDALL
Look! ... that belongs to us ...!

ROBBER LEADER and TWO HEAVIES block RANDALL's path as he starts forward.

The GANG's protests die in their throats as they see NIGEL organizing a line of poor PEASANTS who are each given one of the GANG's treasures.

ROBBER LEADER
(whacking 1ST POOR MAN on head)
Say 'thank you' ...

1ST POOR MAN
(clutching solid gold bust of Emperor Tiberius)
Thank you.

2ND POOR MAN
(filing past)
Thank you ...

ROBIN
Will you stay and help us in our work ... There's so much to do ...

KEVIN's eyes light up ...

KEVIN
Oo, I'd like to stay.

ROBIN turns to him.

ROBIN
And who are you?
This is a great moment for KEVIN. He's just about to say something to his hero, when RANDALL pulls him away.

RANDALL
Come on ... we're leaving!

They turn away and with as much dignity as possible, RANDALL leads his MEN off. Some of them cast longing glances back at the rapidly re-distributing wealth.

ROBIN
(calls)
Thank you!

RANDALL
(between gritted teeth
and without turolog)
If he says "thank you" ooce again,
I'll kill him ...

EXT. FOREST GLADE  EVENING
A fork of lightenig cracks across a darkening, wild,
forbidding sky. Rain pours down. The atmosphere is
suddenly very different. It is dark and dangerous.
and a storm is brewing... the GANG are strung out single
file. They have to shoot to make themselves heard as they
struggle back.

As they emerge into a glade there are VINCENT and PANSY,
soaked to the skin, still lashed to the tree. EX-MONKS
are robbing the couple of their last belongings.

The DWARVES ignore the wretched COUPLE.

RANDALL
We are not a charity organisation ...
We're thieves!

KEVIN
We could at least have stayed and talked
to him

VINCENT
(pathetically)
Excuse me! Excuse me !

PANSY
Don't worry about a thing, darlig.
KEVIN
I'll never get a chance to meet
Robin Hood again ...

RANDALL
Stop moaning! He's obviously a
dangerous man, unbalanced if you ask
me ... giving away what isn't even bis!

KEVIN
That's what Robin Hood always did ...
I knew that ...

RANDALL
(savagely)
Of course you knew it all ...
Continued

STRUTTER

Leave him alone, Randall...

40A EXT. ROCKY STREAM EVENING

RANDALL turns on the others. Confrontation in the rain...

RANDALL

Well, it makes me sick! Anyone who's always right makes me sick.

FIDGIT

That's why you get on with yourself so well....

RANDALL

Watch it.

WALLY

Horseflesh wouldn't have got us into this.

RANDALL

Horseflesh is dead.

STRUTTER

Give me the map, Randall, I'm taking over...

You're not.

RANDALL

I am.

STRUTTER

Give it to him.

FIDGIT

Give it to me ... I'm taking over!

WALLY

Leave it!

RANDALL

I'm taking over.

FIDGIT

ALL

I'm taking over!

Punches are thrown, as they all try to grab the map, they fall into a fight. KEVIN tries unsuccessfully to part them, but they are into a full-blooded punch-up. KEVIN suddenly stops aware that the rain has lessened. He stands aside from the fighting BAND. A cold wind blows suddenly. KEVIN looks a little frightened. The wind increases. The DWARVES fight. THE PICTURE WOBBLERS.
INT. EVIL GENIUS' GROTTO NIGHT

We PULL BACK to reveal that the GANG's image is now seen to be in a watery pool somewhere in a dank, dripping stone chamber. Canibalistic symbols are just visible on the massive stone columns from the slimy floor. In heavy sinister shadows a black shape stands watching. This is EVIL (Arthur G. Evil). Behind him is a cluster of shapes: MR. BAXI-BRAZILIA III, BENSON, ROBERT and CARTWRIGHT, and two SMALL UNIDENTIFIABLE SHAPES.

Evil laughter from them all.

EVIL

So these are the sort of people the Supreme Being has conjured into existence.

Laughter from behind.

Look at them... I wouldn't trust them to wipe their own noses...

Laughter. Encouraged by the ready sycophantic response he half turns to a monstrous assistant, BAXI-BRAZILIA III.

Would you...

B.B.III

No... no sir... much too difficult for them.

Laughter.

EVIL

(bitterly)

What sort of 'Supreme Being' creates such riff-raff?

B.B.III

(joining in the banter now, unaware that EVIL is unpredictably moody)

He couldn't even finish you properly, could he, Evil One?

EVIL turns sharply. Eyes blazing. He raises a hand.

There is a sharp report, a crack and a hiss and the hapless B.B.III ends up in a little smouldering pile.

EVIL

Don't ever speak to me like that.
No-one finishes me! I am Evil, Evil existed long before good. I cannot ever be "made" and I cannot ever be "unmade"...! I am all powerful.
CARTWRIGHT
(helpfully)
But why, in that case, are you unable
to escape from this place?

EVIL whips round, raises hand, zaps CARTWRIGHT horribly.
He twists, writhes and screams hideously, and dies.

EVIL
Good question. Why do I let the Supreme
Being imprison me here in the Fortress of
Ultimate Darkness when I am all powerful?

THE SMALL DARK SHAPE
(urgently)
Sir ... Sir ...

EVIL
Because I will not be created on
his terms ... to fit neatly into
his world-plan ... a hit of good,
a hit of evil ... a few sheep ...
a few crows. No! No ...
that's not the sort of world real Evil
should be seen dead in.

THE SMALL DARK SHAPE
(more urgently)
Master ... master ...

EVIL
(with supreme and sibilant
scorn)
What sort of soft brain creates little
wriggly fish ... and birds with pink legs ...

ROBERT
(uncomprehendingly)
... Yeah ... it's terrible really ...

THE SMALL DARK SHAPE

Master!

EVIL
(warming to his theme)
And what does he call those slimey black
things ... ROBERT

Slugs?
EVIL
Slugs! That's it.
(almost incoherent with contempt)
He "created" slugs. He decided that there should be upon the face of this earth small, sticky, slimy, sightless, inedible black lumps. They can't speak, they can't hear, they can't operate machinery. I mean are we not in the hands of a lunatic? Mmm?

Much heavy nodding from his intellectually minimal subordinates.

EVIL
... I mean, I would have started with lasers ... I mean that would have been 6 o'clock on Day One.

ROBERT
I can't wait for the new technological dawn.

HORSEFLESH (THE SMALL DARK SHAPE)
(pointing excitedly into the pool)
Sir ... sir ... the Map!

EVIL
(dramatic moment)
The Map ?!!

HORSEFLESH
Those are the ones who have the Map!

EVIL
(suddenly impressed)
Them! Are you sure?

HORSEFLESH
Oh yes, great and Evil One ... I worked with them ... I know ...

EVIL
If you are wrong, Horseflesh, my revenge will be slow and unpleasant. I will turn you inside out over a very long period...

HORSEFLESH
That is the map sir ...
EVIL
Very well then. They must be brought to our fortress. What motivates such "human" detritus as these?

HORSEFLESH
Greed sir...

EVIL
Greed yes ... Benson ... show me the weakest brained of this scruffy band...

BENSON
Yes ... Master...

He turns to a wheel. EVIL turns and etare into the pool ... the picture closes in on OG as BENSON turns the wheel. They're all wet and cross.

EVIL
Stand by for mind control.

EXT. ROCKY STREAM EVENING

RANDALL
(to KEVIN)
All right ... all right ... we'll go to the future...

KEVIN
Great ... it'll be brilliant ... honestly.

RANDALL
It can't be worse than this. Everyone agree?

All nod ... except Og.

OG
No ... I got an idea...

They all turn to the usually amiable, taciturn and innocently dim little OG.

RANDALL
Who said that?

OG
(his mouth moves strangely, as if his brain is being manipulated by an outer force)
I got an idea forming ... in my head.
STRUTTER
You haven't bad an idea for thousands
of years...

OG
(continuing)
There is a place where we could find
the greatest thing a man could want...
the goal of everybody's hopes and
dreams...

RANDALL
What are you talking about?

OG
The Most Fabulous Object in the World...

They all look interested.

WALLY
That sounds good!

STRUTTER
Yeah.

RANDALL
(breaking in)
Hold on!!! We want hard cash, not
some airy-fairy crock of gold nonsense...

STRUTTER
It might be worth a try, Randall.

42A INT. EVIL GENIUS' GROTTO NIGHT

EVIL
They're hooked ... greedy little fish.

42B EXT. ROCKY STREAM EVENING

OG's strange voice does have a sort of hypnotic effect on
the DWARVES. KEVIN notices this.

KEVIN
(quickly)
No ... no ... let's go into the Future...
and see all the things they haven't
invented yet ... Everything'll be
new and brilliant ... ! Robots and
laser beams and -

CUT FROM CLOSE UP of KEVIN to
43 INT. EVIL GENIUS' GROTTO NIGHT
EVIL in his lair.

EVIL
Who is this?

HORSEFLESH
I don't know, Evil One, I've never seen him before...

EVIL
He is stronger than the rest, who is he?

HORSEFLESH
I don't... know...

EVIL
I'm losing them... I'm losing them...
He's breaking the thoughtwaves...

44 EXT. ROCKY STREAM EVENING
Back to the DWARVES... the wind has started again. The elements are getting angry... the sun is just sinking below the horizon.

OG (still in his strange voice)
Come with me...

KEVIN
Please... let's try the future...
I know we'll find everything there...

OG
No... no...

RANDALL (to KEVIN)
You'd better be right... come on...

44A INT. EVIL GENIUS' GROTTO NIGHT

EVIL
Damn... damn... the human element...
KEVIN
(shouting against the wind)
Where's the hole?

RANDALL
(trying to hold the fluttering map steady)
It's over there ... see those two heeches ... next to that glow...
well, the one oo the right...

STUTTER
(looking up)
Glow?

FIDGIT
It's HIM!

WALLY
He's found us again!

FIDGIT
We're done for!

RANDALL
Quick, make for the hole!...
Make for the hole.

The glow comes swirling towards them. The wind howls. Trees and hushes are ripped up and thrown through the air, as the GANG dodges and weaves towards the hole. KEVIN is well ahead of the others. The glow begins to coalesce into the shape of the SUPREME BEING.

KEVIN reaches one of the holes.

KEVIN
C'mon!

He helps the others dive into the hole and then, taking one last look back at the fearsome shape of the SUPREME BEING, he dives into the hole and is gone.
EXT LONDON 2076 DAY

The CAMERA PANS DOWN through an amazingly sleek, crystalline futuristic building. Transport tubes silently zip people across the open spaces. Greenery tumbles from balconies. This is Utopia incarnate.

Suddenly there is a crashing of glass off screen. A gigantic arm and leg fall into shot. The CAMERA PULLS BACK to reveal a jumbled heap of DWARVES and KEVIN lying in the middle of what we can now see is an elaborate architectural model. It is in a large glass cage around which stand several curious PASSERS-BY. A glittering sign above the case announces "Yaur City in the 2080's". "Forward with the Progressive Party". As the GANG scrambles out of the display case and dashes for cover, we see the real world.

It is a grim, grey, metallic landscape of tubes, conduits, and rusty steel supports. This world looks much like a gas works. The few PEOPLE on the street all wear identical metallic nose guards. They all push metal supermarket shopping carts with little or nothing in them. A few neon signs splutter and try to stay glowing. Steam escapes from broken pipes and the add electrical connection shorts and sparks unattended by any caring technician. Litter blows around.

Having decided that they have not been followed, the GANG slowly emerge from their hiding place and stand silently taking in this technological wilderness.

RANDALL
Oh this is marvellous. I'm glad we came here.

KEVIN
It can't be all like this.

KEVIN steps a PASSER-BY who has a model dump truck on a lead. He seems to be taking the truck which is loaded with a brown substance out for a walk.

Excuse me... where is this please?

PASSER-BY
(staring at him uncomfortably)
What are you doing?

KEVIN
What?

PASSER-BY
(indicating nose incredulously)
Why aren't you wearing your shield?

The truck is scuffling around OG's feet - emitting little beeps.
Continued

KEVIN
We haven't got one...

PASSER-BY
Are you mad?

RANDALL
Look, we just want to know where we are...

PASSER-BY looks at RANDALL and takes in some amazement as he sees that he, too, has no nose-guard.

PASSER-BY
(flustered)
What?

KEVIN
Just tell us what city this is, please...

He looks up and down the street furtively.

PASSER-BY
London... this week, Tokyo next week...
       (he starts to go, pulling truck away with him)

KEVIN
And what year is it?

PASSER-BY
What year? What year?... Er, just a minute...

He reveals an enormous wrist watch calculator and presses buttons... the dumper truck is back snuffling around OG's feet... after much ado...

The year is 1806.

RANDALL
No it isn't.

PASSER-BY
(hangs it a bit)
No, that bit never works very well.... I can tell you how many days your grandmother's been alive if you tell me how tall she is?
As he has been talking the dump truck has deposited its load of brown mush right on OG's foot.

KEVIN

(trying to attract PASSER-BY's attention)
Have they got rocket... out to the planets?

PASSER-BY

Huh?

RANDALL

(pushing KEVIN back)
Never mind that. Can you tell us where the banks are?

A siren starts up...

SHOUT OFF

Oh!

PASSER-BY

Oh, oh.

He vanishes.

OG

(noticing muck on shoe)

Oh... heh!

The MAN is gone... two UNIFORMED MEN with nose guards rush up. They wear clear plastic Bobby helmets inside of which blue revolving lights flash. From the speakers on their chest equipment the siren sounds. Before the DWARVES can do anything, the UNIFORMED MEN shout "Get 'em." They grab OG who has been trying to shake the muck off his foot, and ram him up against the wall, then bang him on the nose quite sharply. OG holds his nose, and yells.

RANDALL

Come on! Back to the hole!
He runs off.

UNIFORMED MEN

And the others!

One MAN runs and grabs RANDALL, and hits him on the nose. OTHER UNIFORMED MAN grabs VERMIN and lines him up.

OG kneels behind him and VERMIN pushes. MAN falls... but grabs VERMIN with his foot... they line him up.

Suddenly PASSERS BY come fleeing past. The helpful PASSER BY shouts: "Fire!"

The POLICE are poised in mid-strike, when a glowing hall of brilliance comes round the corner towards them. They take one look and drop the DWARVES, who they're holding half way up the wall. The glow materialises.
The POLICE are poised in mid-strike, when a glowing ball of brilliance comes round the corner towards them. They take one look and drop the DWARVES, who they're holding halfway up the wall. The glow materialises.

The wind begins to roar.

**FIDGIT**

He's followed us!

**RANDALL**

Come on! Let's get out of here!

**KEVIN**

(in anguish as he runs)

I'm sorry ... I thought it would be better than this ... 

**FIDGIT**

I want to surrender ... 

The others drag him along.

**RANDALL**

(reading map)

There's a hole over there ... under the clock ...
Continued

The wind howls. Signs crash down. Debris flies. KEVIN is already sprinting for the hole beneath the clock. It is a huge digital clock with flip-over numbers. It detaches itself from the wall and crashes to the ground. The numeral panels flapping madly around cause the clock to leap and clatter in the path of the GANG. KEVIN avoids the tangle and rushes ahead. The swirling glow behind them coalesces into the shape of the SUPREME BEING. His voice rings out:

SUPREME BEING
Stop! I demand you stop!

In the distance we see KEVIN freeze. He looks back in horror.

KEVIN
There are two holes! Which one? Which one?

FIDGIT
(screaming)
Just go!

SUPREME BEING
Do not defy me! Return the map!

KEVIN takes one last despairing look and jumps. As he does so we hear RANDALL scream out.

RANDALL
Not that one, Kevin!

EXT. MAGNIFICENT LANDSCAPE  DAY

A pitched battle is in progress on a high barren plain. The sun burns down on distant mountains. A huge WARRIOR - his head and shoulders covered by the rotting head and neck of a bull firmly held in place by heavy leather
straps - smashes away with a great club at a helmeted
GREEK WARRIOR who defends himself with shield and spear.
The BULL-HEAD is the stronger. Dust swirls as they rage
back and forth until at last the helmeted WARRIOR is
struck down. As he lies on the ground, the BULL-HEAD
raises his club for the death blow. But as the club is
about to descend KEVIN suddenly appears on the fallen
WARRIOR's chest. The BULL-HEAD hesitates, stunned by this
sudden interruption. The helmeted WARRIOR grabs this chance
to recover his spear and thrust upwards. The bullheaded
WARRIOR crashes to the ground dead. KEVIN, who has been
thrown to the side, struggles to regain his senses. The
helmeted WARRIORS is kneeling over the dead bull-head.
Slowly he turns his attention to KEVIN. He looks terrifying.
He starts to approach the BOY. KEVIN tries scrambling away -
afraid for his life. The GREEK WARRIORS reaches out and grabs
hold of KEVIN's clothes. KEVIN cringes.

GREEK WARRIOR
Where did you come from?

KEVIN
(terrified)
... ER ... I'm ... not quite sure ...

GREEK WARRIORS
Who sect you? The Gods ...?

KEVIN doesn't know what to say ...

GREEK WARRIOR
Zeus? Athena? Apollo ...?

KEVIN, rather out of his depth in this Greek mythology shit,
just stands there speechless.

GREEK WARRIOR
(revealing his helmet
revealing himself to be
someone other than Sean
Connery - who it turns
out we can afford)

Well you're certainly a chatty little
'think ...

He bends down and retrieves his robe ...

KEVIN
(looking at him in
amazement, he says,
almost to himself)

I don't believe it.

Continued
GREEK WARRIOR
(turns and straightens)
Don't believe what?

KEVIN
Er ... I didn't believe the way you ... the way you killed him ...

GREEK WARRIOR
(his face clouds)
Yes ... but it has to be done ... sometimes ...
(be begins to cut off the bull's head from the fallen warrior)

KEVIN
No ... No! I meant it was such a good shot ... you got him right in the ribs!
(with relish)
I bet you've killed lots of people ...
The GREEK WARRIOR smiles a little distantly ...

GREEK WARRIOR
Hey! The Gods must have given you a name ...

KEVIN
Who ... me?
The WARRIOR looks round, with a smile. In every direction there is just desert and emptiness.

KEVIN
Oh ... yer ... yes ... Kevin ...

GREEK WARRIOR
(with a hint of bemusement)
Kevin?! D'you want a helmet Kevin?

He holds out his magnificent helmet.

KEVIN
Oh ... oh yes ... yes, please ...

KEVIN holds out his arms to receive the massive helmet, but the GREEK WARRIOR approaches and drops it over KEVIN's head ...

GREEK WARRIOR
(laughing)
It's yours ... Continued
KEVIN
(a muffled, tinny voice from inside)
What? Mine?

GREEK WARRIOR
You don't want it?

KEVIN
(from inside)
Oh yes...yes please...You really mean I can have it...

GREEK WARRIOR
...On condition that you carry it back to the city for me...

KEVIN finally pulls it off.

KEVIN
No...I can't, really...I er...
I must wait...
(be looks skywards, briefly)
(lamely)
I'm with some friends...

The GREEK WARRIOR makes an elaborate play of scanning the desert wastes. He smiles, puzzled.

KEVIN
They'll be meeting me here soon...
You see if I lose them I may never be able to get back...

GREEK WARRIOR
Get back...where?

KEVIN
Er...I'm not sure...

The GREEK WARRIOR shakes his head.
. GREEK WARRIOR shakes his head, smiles, and turns.

    GREEK WARRIOR
    Well ... take this at least.

KEVIN looks quizzical as the WARRIOR slings a skin bag off his shoulder.

    GREEK WARRIOR
    Water ... you'll need it.

He takes the helmet back, swings his white horse round and pulls himself up. He stops.

    GREEK WARRIOR
    Whoever you are ... thanks ...

He gives him a last look, turns, and spurs the horse.

    KEVIN
    (suddenly deciding)
    No ... no ... I'd like to come please. Please!

The GREEK WARRIOR reins in his horse at the last minute, grins, leans down and pulls KEVIN up onto his fine white stallion. He turns and gallops away.
50 EXT. LOOKOUT TOWER DAY

A GREEK LOOKOUT stands on an ancient tower. Mountains stretch away in the distance. A great braze horn hangs from a massive tripod. The LOOKOUT is husily polishing the horn. On noticing a distant cloud of dust, he interrupts his labours and peers into the distance. He seems to recognize the RIDER on the white horse. Putting his lips to the horn he lets sound a hooming blast.

51 EXT. COUNTRYSIDE DAY

The resonating vibrations from the horn reach the GREEK WARRIOR and the BOY. KEVIN’s eyes light up. There in the distance stands the city ... a great mud-brick, towering affair. ... Mighty impressive!!

52 EXT. CITY STREETS DAY

The hustle of everyday Mycenaean city life is interrupted by the appearance of the WARRIOR and KEVIN on horseback at the far end of the street.

The populace begin to clamour and cheer as they ride up the street.

KEVIN
(shouting)
You’re a-hero!

GREEK WARRIOR
(smiles)
The warrior we killed was a great enemy of the city ... Many thought they wouldn’t see me back here ...

The welcome builds as they wend through the streets.

KEVIN
(shouting over the noise of the crowd)
Where are we going?

GREEK WARRIOR
To the palace ... We must report to the King ... .

KEVIN
King ...! We’re going to see a King!

Continued
GREEK WARRIOR
He owes me some thanks!

EXT. PALACE DAY

They reach the gate of the palace. CROWDS form up on either side. They dismount. On a balcony above the gate is a throne, and standing next to it are a QUEEN (CLYTEMNESTRA) and three leading GREEK CITIZENS. The WARRIOR is welcomed by TWO OFFICIALS at the gate. HE BOWS. They bow. Then they lead off - up a flight of steps inside the gate. Again the WARRIOR beckons to KEVIN to follow him. KEVIN does a real "who ... me?" and tries to hack away ... The GREEK WARRIOR grabs him by the arm.

INT. PALACE STEPS DAY

He leads him up the steps.

KEVIN
(to Greek Warrior)
Which one is the King?

GREEK WARRIOR
He hasn't arrived yet. Everyone has to wait for him.

EXT. PALACE BALCONY DAY

They reach the balcony at the top of the steps. CLYTEMNESTRA and her THREE BUDDIES from the Justice Department smile warmly. The crowd falls silent. KEVIN looks round expectantly. The WARRIOR turns to the CROWD and raises the bull's head. Noticing KEVIN has shrunk back he whispers loudly to him and motions with his head for KEVIN to stand next to him.

GREEK WARRIOR
You saved my life, remember.

Then with a mighty fling, he throws the bull's head into the crowd.

GREEK WARRIOR
(continued)
The enemy is dead ... long live the freedom of the city.

Great horn booms out.

CROWD
Hail the King! Hail the King!

KEVIN
(tugging WARRIOR's sleeve)
The King! He's coming!
A great, spitted roast ox is brought in. Oohs and Ah's.
A shaven-headed brute of a MAN (Amos Beefcake by name)
raises a golden sword, and splits the ox in two. To the
delight of the AUDIENCE, fruit tumbles out - mangoes,
pears, little peaches, oranges, etc. As they sit, KEVIN
is still lost in sheer delight and pleasure.

KEVIN
You really mean I shall stay here
forever...

AGAMEMNON nods with a smile.

AGAMEMNON
(suddenly serious)
In return, you must promise to re-
member all I taught you. Choose
your friends with care, and never -

His speech is interrupted by a drum roll and flourish of
tambourines. The KING turns and smiles ...

AGAMEMNON
Now ... enjoy yourself ...
(he claps his hands)

All heads turn as the ENTERTAINERS appear. They are three
MASKED FIGURES with false horse heads jutting from their
middles ... like mounted riders. They cavort about the
hall to the sounds of drum and pipe. People laugh. Some
clap ... general enjoyment. KEVIN is in 17th heaven.
Suddenly they come apart. Each FIGURE becomes two SMALL
FIGURES - one masked, the other horse-headed. In all there
are SIX TINY FIGURES. KEVIN has a sudden attack of horror,
which is quickly confirmed when the FIGURES start dancing
around him. One by one they lift their masks so that only
he can get a glimpse of their faces. They are none other
than the DWARVES. They all wink knowingly at him. KEVIN
doesn't know what to do. Madly the DWARVES cavort around
him - whispering their pride in his wonderful scheme.

RANDALL
Good work, Kevin ... very good
work.

FIDGIT
Sorry we took so long to find
you ...
They try to pull him up from his throne. He clings to it, but the CROWD, loving the DWARVES’ antics, encourage the BOY to join in. The BOY looks to AGAMEMNON, but he too is encouraging the BOY to enjoy himself and to relax. The BOY is lifted from the throne and bundled into the middle of the great hall and on to a platform.

STRUTTER
We make a good team, eh ... you set it up ... we come in just at the right moment.

The DWARVES seem to be preparing a wondrous magic trick for they have gathered together all the riches they can manage - even to the extent of asking the AUDIENCE for jewellery - which is freely given by the happy expectant AUDIENCE. One of the DWARVES is anxiously eyeing his watch. The BOY desperately tries to escape - he knows what is about to happen. The AUDIENCE is howling with laughter. The KING is enjoying the spectacle immensely. But the DWARVES hold
Continued
the BOY firmly. They think he is trying to go back for more booty. Unfortunately time is up. Reaching down, the DWARVES lift up a ring of cloth that encloses them and the riches. The CROWD holds its breath. The cloth collapses. The BOY, the DWARVES, and the goodies are gone. The CROWD applauds madly.

EXT. TITANIC DAY
An ocean liner, circa 1912. Steaming along in stately fashion...

EXT. TITANIC DECK DAY
TWO COUPLES in period costume, cigarette holders, etc., wander by. Another YOUNG COUPLE - he in white flannels, cravat - she in tuxedo gear - come TOWARDS CAMERA and, leaning on the rail, they stare out to sea. The music plays in the background. They've just met and they are in love.

He turns to her adoringly...

VINCENT
At last... we're alone.

PANSY
Isn't it glorious?

VINCENT
Oh Pansy... Pansy, look at me...

PANSY looks up shyly...

VINCENT
Do you love me?

PANSY
Of course I do, darling, apart from that silly little crumb on your nose...

She makes to brush it off. He stops her.

VINCENT
No Pansy! It's not a crumb.

PANSY
Oh, Vincent, I'm sorry... I'm terribly terribly sorry.

VINCENT
(dramatically)
It's... It's... all right, Pansy.

There is a pause.
Continued

PANSY

Is it ... is it ... a pimple?

VINCENT

(bravely)

No ... no ... it's not a pimple ...

PANSY

You mean it's a sort of wart.

VINCENT

No.

PANSY

Oh God it's not ...

VINCENT gravely but bravely nods yes.

VINCENT

Oh, God ...

PANSY

Yes.

VINCENT

Oh God ...

PANSY

Don't worry ... Don't blame yourself ...

They stare out to sea ... there is a pause ...

PANSY

Surely nowadays ... they can -

VINCENT

Don't let's talk about it, Pansy ...

PANSY

Vincent

(she puts her arm onto his)

... Vincent. It makes no difference to me you know ... It makes no difference the way I feel about you at this moment ...

VINCENT turns to her, his heart beating passionately, but as he turns the light does rather catch it. PANSY has difficulty not looking at it.

VINCENT

Darling Pansy ... that's the nicest thing anyone's ever said to me ...
COUPLES in evening dress, cigarette holders, etc., wander by. In the background waltzing COUPLES are seen in silhouette through the hallroom windows as an orchestra plays. Somewhere OUT OF SHOT. We TRACK WITH COUPLES and pick up KEVIN in the foreground staring disconsolately out to sea. He is dressed in smart, new period clothes. Behind him, in a row of deckchairs, recline the GANG dressed to the nines, tuxedos and bow ties. They are glittering with gold rings, flash wristwatches and pomaded hair. Each of them smokes a fat cigar. Champagne bottles are being emptied. We TIGHTEN IN ON THEM.

VERMIN is speaking to a WAITER.

VERMIN

6 plates of caviar please ... oh ...
(be turns to the others)
Anyone else want any?

WALLY

No I'll stick to the quail's eyeshalls, thank you. Caviar makes me throw up.

RANDALL throws WALLY a sharply disapproving glance.

WALLY

(quickly, apologetically)
Sorry ... sorry, Randall.

OG burps loudly, they all turn on him.

RANDALL

(calling out to KEVIN)
Cheer up, Kevin! Kings aren't the only ones with money.

KEVIN

The money wasn't important.

RANDALL

And you know why, Kevin, he was stuck in ancient Greece and he didn't have anything to spend it on.

KEVIN

You make me sick!

Much mock horror amongst the reclining DWARVES, then laughter. RANDALL, after an exchange of looks with the others, gets up and approaches KEVIN, very niftily picking a champagne cocktail off the tray of a WAITER bending low to the next table as he does so. He leans on the rail beside KEVIN in avuncular fashion.

RANDALL

(munching on his cigar)
I've got something to tell you Kevin ...
VINCENT
Don't say any more ... Pansy ...
let's treasure this moment ...

There is the sound above them as of a V-2 rocket descending ...

He takes her by the hand, she unable to resist another look
at the thing on his nose, and leads her to a seat a little
back from the rail.

VINCENT
Pansy ... there's something I must
say ...

PANSY
Say it! Say it! Vincent.

VINCENT
Pansy will you -

Suddenly, with a cry and a shriek six DWARF BANDITS, KEVIN,
and all the Creek gold treasures, rip through the awning
over their heads and fall on top of them. She screams.
He shouts. There is pandemonium. Shouts of "My hairpiece!
Save my hairpiece ..."

WALLY
Where the hell are we?

VINCENT
Pansy ... have you seen my hairpiece ...?

PANSY
Aargh! Someone's bitten me ... 

She rushes off crying. VERMIN looks up grinning, toupee
sticking out of mouth. VINCENT
It wasn't me, darling ... I've lost
my teeth ...

He rushes off after her.

Panth ... Panthy I love you ...

This pathetic specimen rushes off très distrait.

EXT. TITANIC DECK NIGHT

The same part of the deck where the DWARVES hit VINCENT and
PANSY.
KEVIN looks round but can see nobody. He looks back to the WARRIOR to see ONE of CLITEMNESTRA's Big City Banker PALS laying a crown on the WARRIOR's head. Suddenly the drachma drops and young KEVIN realises what we've all dug at least 5 reels earlier - that his Soul Buddy in the warrior suit is THE MAN.

LEADING CITIZEN
Hail King Agamemnon!

KEVIN's jaw drops way down to his fibia.

CROWD
(ANSWERING)
Hail King Agamemnon!

AGAMEMNON looks down at KEVIN and winks with a broad grin.
KEVIN looks up to him. Reassured. This is KEVIN's greatest moment so far... (but read on, Great Moment Spotters)...

CROWD
Hail... Agamemnon.

INT. PALACE DAY

CUT to a frieze depicting a naval battle in Greek times. It depicts quite juicy scene of carnage.

PULL OUT to reveal they are on the wall of a room in Agamemnon's palace. KEVIN is peering at it with interest.

KEVIN
There's a man getting out in half here. It must have been a brilliant battle...

AGAMEMNON sits at a table: he is reading a scroll and discussing with an ADVISER, he seems pre-occupied and deeply bugged by the vagaries of destiny.

AGAMEMNON
All four are to receive summary executions today... if she wishes to see me, I shall be at the courts in the afternoon.

ADVISER bows and leaves. At the door AGAMEMNON calls him:

AGAMEMNON
I still rule this city, Thersites. Tell the Queen that.
Sir ...

He bows and leaves. AGAMEMNON starts to unroll a scroll with caual designs thereon.

KEVIN
I wish I'd been in the Trojan Wars ... seen Priam and Hector ... and all those javelins flying and swordfights ...

AGAMEMNON looks up from his work. He smiles.

KEVIN
Will you show me how to sword-fight ...? Please ...

AGAMEMNON
Come here, I'll show you something much more useful ...

KEVIN crosses to the table. AGAMEMNON pulls over a couple of goblets and motions to KEVIN to fetch another.

AGAMEMNON
Bring one of those ...

KEVIN puts the goblet on the table. AGAMEMNON turns two upside down, then puts a round red paperweight under the third and turns it upside down. He juggles them around.

AGAMEMNON
Now ... where is it?

KEVIN
(after some consideration)
That one ...

KING turns it up, nothing there. KEVIN shakes head and points to the next. KING turns it up, shaking there, with a sigh of resignation KEVIN turns up the other ... it's not there. AGAMEMNON grins and produces it from KEVIN's ear.

KEVIN
Kings aren't supposed to do things like that!

AGAMEMNON laughs and gets up.
AGAMEMNON and KEVIN accompanied by GUARDS walk through a garden along the base of the towering walls of the city. FRUIT PICKERS and GARDENERS are at work.

KEVIN
But I thought King Agamemnon was always fighting... he was a warrior.

AGAMEMNON
(face clouds)
Mmm... but when you're not fighting that's the good time... that's when you have time to learn things... like how to use one of these...

AGAMEMNON pulls his knife from its sheath. It's very simple but beautiful. He hands it to KEVIN.

KEVIN
and I'll be able to kill Trojans...
(he starts to mock stah at a FRUIT PICKER)

AGAMEMNON
(bellowing)
No!
(he grabs the knife from Kevin's hand, cutting himself in the process)
Don't ever do that... never in fun.
(noticing blood on his hand he calms down)
There are better uses like... or...
slicing apples...

KEVIN
(a little scornfully)
Slicing apples!

AGAMEMNON picks up a couple of apples from a pallet... throws them to one of the GUARDS, and indicates with his head to the GUARD to throw them. The GUARD tosses an apple up; quick as a flash AGAMEMNON's blade whips through the air and impales the apple and embeds it in the trunk of a tree. There is a pause. then it falls neatly in two halves onto the ground. KEVIN's jaw drops. AGAMEMNON goes across, picks up the apple halves, takes a bite of one, and tosses the other to KEVIN. He grins broadly as KEVIN examines the apple in cautious wonderment.

AGAMEMNON
Do you like apples?
KEVIN

Mmm ... yes ...

AGAMEMNON pulls his knife from the tree, and holds it out to the BOY.

AGAMEMNON

Then it's yours.

57A DELETED

58 EXT. PALACE BALCONY EVENING

In the dying rays of the evening sun the PEOPLE of Mycenae go about their business - donkeys laden with baskets pass past playing CHILDREN. The CAMERA PULLS BACK to reveal KEVIN leaning over the edge of the balcony, taking a Polaroid picture. He then turns and takes a snap of AGAMEMNON who is discussing something with one of his officials. KEVIN turns back to the view over the city and watches the picture develop.

KEVIN

You know ... I never ever want to go back.

AGAMEMNON

Don't you want to see all your friends again?

KEVIN

(grimaces)

No ... no ... thanks ...

AGAMEMNON

Don't you want to be in your own home ...

KEVIN

(less convinced, but after a moment's pause)

... No ...

Continued
Continued

AGAMEMNON
... to be with your own father ..., your own mother.

KEVIN looks down at his half-finished Greek writing, looks up and out of the window, over the city, to the flourishing plain and in the distance the glittering blue sea, he looks back to AGAMEMNON:

KEVIN
... No ...

AGAMEMNON
Then ...

KEVIN
I can stay!

AGAMEMNON
No more questions. To bed, and sleep well. I may have a surprise for you tomorrow ...

KEVIN stands eagerly.

KEVIN
What sort of surprise?

AGAMEMNON
Wait till tomorrow ...

They shake hands solemnly. KEVIN suddenly frowns.

KEVIN
It won't ... It won't suddenly go away ..., all this, will it ...?

AGAMEMNON
I said ... no more questions ...
(but he smiles)

KEVIN smiles and runs off. At the door he waves, then reaches behind his ear and produces - the red paperweight with a grin of triumph.

AGAMEMNON
That's good!

KEVIN leaves a great big proud, happy smile and throws hall to AGAMEMNON.
59  INT. KEVIN'S ROOM MORNING

KEVIN's room in the castle at Mycenae, next morning. KEVIN wakes. The sun is streaming through. A marvellous day, a superb, clear blue-skied, gentle-breezed, soft, sweet-smelling Mediterranean morning, the like of which only exists in the minds of half-crazed Englishmen writing in Kentish Town, NW5, in January.

Continued
Continued

Slowly KEVIN's eyes focus on the room. His expressions
suddenly changes. Thers towering over him are two priests
in terrifying-looking masks. One of them holds in his
hands a blindfold that he thrusts down towards the
CAMERA. Blackmese.

INT. PASSAGEWAY DAY

The PRIESTS lead KEVIN, blindfolded, along a passage.
Much activity is going around them ... Preparation for some
important event.

KEVIN
What are you doing ... where are
you taking me?

HEAD PRIEST
These are King Agamemnon's instructions.

INT. PALACE COURTYARD DAY

KEVIN is led out into a brilliant sunlit courtyard.
ATTENDANTS fuss around him. He is lifted up. The
blindfold is removed. He finds himself mounted upon a
magnificent horse with beautiful gold wings rising from
its breastplate. A rich robe has been put around KEVIN and
on his head is a gold headdress. The horse canters around
the courtyard. The ATTENDANTS bow. One of the COURT
OFFICIALS motions to KEVIN to guide the horse through the
doorway into the Palace Hall. KEVIN does so.

INT. PALACE HALL DAY

KEVIN enters the hall on his magnificent winged horse.
There is the entire court assembled. AGAMEMNON motions KEVIN
over to the royal throns. Next to it is a smaller throne.
KEVIN is seated on it. Then he is showered with wondrous
golden gifts. AGAMEMNON rises and raises up his hand for
silence.

AGAMEMNON
I have decreed that this boy shall
remain here with us in our city.
Furthermore, hear ye all now and let
it be known abroad that he shall be from
this day forward my own son. Heir to the
throne of Mycenae!

KEVIN can hardly believe it. AGAMEMNON turns to one of his
ADVISERS who gives him a gold-leaf crown which AGAMEMNON
lays on KEVIN's head. Around his waist is strapped a
beautiful gold knife. He grasps him by the arm, and presents
KEVIN to the PEOPLE.

AGAMEMNON
Now let the banquet begin ...

Cheers, applause, food is brought in, followed by wine.
PANSY
(she smiles re-assuringly)
I'm sure that at night one could
hardly see -

He tenderly puts his finger on her lips, and smiles deeply
into her eyes ... Despite all her upbringing, her education,
hers preparation for polite society she cannot help registering
an instinctive sniff and a grimace as the top of his finger
comes into contact with the base of her nose.
Go away!

RANDALL
It's about this map!

KEVIN
(hitterly)
The map! I don't understand you, Randall. You have something like that map - something really brilliant, that gives you all this power, and you're just wasting it.

RANDALL
(a little indignantly)
I don't call this wasting it...

(he nods around at the liner, the champagne and all the trappings)
... I mean this isn't all had eh...
This isn't all had at all...

KEVIN
Why couldn't you leave me... where I was happy...

RANDALL
(looking around with exaggerated caution, then speaking close and confidentially to KEVIN, his eyes suddenly alight with enthusiasm)
Because you're going to be a lot happier when you hear what we've got planned...

(he leans even further in)
I was having a close look at the map last night, and you know what I found...

(impressiv pause)
Og was right...

(another impressive pause)
... the Most Fabulous Object in the World... it does exist.

He looks at KEVIN impressively, waiting for a reaction that doesn't come. KEVIN just shakes his head wearily. RANDALL puts his glass on the rail, and eyes an elderly VICAR who happens to be taking the air right beside him, with such malevolence that he moves rather quickly away. RANDALL then produces the map.
RANDALL
(urgently, excitedly)
We've been looking in all the obvious places ... hut ... look.... down here ...
the Time of Legends ... it's sort of outside time as we know it ... giants,
wizards, all that ... here in the middle of the Time of Legends - the Fortress of
Ultimate Darkness - and inside the Fortress of Ultimate Darkness - the Most Fabulous
Object in the World.

Someone walks by. RANDALL hastily puts the map away.

KEVIN
The Time of Legends! It doesn't exist.

RANDALL
It does exist ... if you believe in it
Kevin. If you really believe in it.
Otherwise Horseflesh wouldn't have put it on the map.

KEVIN
T ... ch.
(hes turns away dismissively)

RANDALL
(after a quick glance at the
other DWARVES who are now singing
drunkenly and occasionally
whistling at a hit of high-class passing
tail)
You know, you and me have a lot in
common, Kevin ... we like a risk ...
we like an adventures ... well this is
it, Kevin. This is the Ultimate
Adventures. None of your namby-pamby
Time Holes to mess around with here ..
This is the Big One! We stake all ..
we win everything.

KEVIN
I've just lost everything ... because of
you lot ... 

RANDALL
All right!...I know how you feel ...
But there's no hurry yet ... just
think about it though ... and remember
Kevin ... whatever you think of me, I did
get you all this.
Continued

RANDALL
(heckons)
Waiter!

CUT TO TWO WAITERS. One looks over to RANDALL.

RANDALL
(expansively)
More champagne.

WAITER
Of course sir...  

He walks briskly off, revealing a large sign "S.S. TITANIC" behind him and his colleague.

RANDALL
And lots of ice!
Continued

At that moment there is a rending crunch ... screams off, a moment's pause, and then the deck tilts at a 45° angle and the BANDITS still holding cigars and champagne glasses slide gracefully out of sight. VINCENT & PANSY slide by.

PANSY
Say it Vincent! Say it ... 

EXT. TITANIC SINKING NIGHT

CUT TO SHOT of the liner, tilted up and sinking. Shout, scream, call of "Abandon Ship!" Horns and hooters going.

EXT. SEA NIGHT

CUT TO the SIX BANDITS & KEVIN all hanging forlornly onto the big wooden sign "S.S. TITANIC" - this is about eight feet long, and can accommodate them all. Piece of iceberg float by. FIDGIT is hysterical.

FIDGIT
I want to go home ... I can't stand it. You'll get us all killed Randall!

RANDALL
Shut up Fidget! I didn't know we were going to run slap-bang into an iceberg! It didn't say on the ticket "get off before the iceberg!"

STRUTTER
I suppose it's silly asking where the ... the rest of the loot is ...

RANDALL
(slightly hysterically)
It's safe ... Strutter ... absolutely safe in a specially locked strong-box ... Here is the key ... 017 ... As soon as they raise the Titanic I'll be the first one on board. Stop eating this plank, Vermin ... 

VERMIN is nibbling the end of the spar on which their life depends.

FIDGIT
(forlornly)
Help! Help!
Help!

These pathetic cries hang on the night air.
The evil wind blows over the floating spar. OG's eyes glaze.

OG
(in his strange voice)
Now is the time to begin our quest for the Most Fabulous Object, Randall.

RANDALL
OG's right! We've still got the map. Let's go.

WALLY
What? ... Randall, we're in the middle of the Atlantic Ocean!

RANDALL
It doesn't matter where we are, we've just got to believe in it.

FIDGIT
You're crazy.

RANDALL
You've just got to trust me.

FIDGIT
That's the problem!

RANDALL
Trust Horseflesh! He made the map... he wouldn't have put the Land of Legends on if it didn't exist!

STRUTTER & WALLY
You could be right!

FIDGIT
You're crazy!

RANDALL
(screaming over the storm)
We must try!

No!

KEVIN

RANDALL
Abandon plank!

He does so, then STRUTTER and WALLY, and OG, beaming because he doesn't know what's going on. FIDGIT looking terrified.

FIDGIT
I can't swim!
Continued

He slips off the plank. Only KEVIN remains clinging on. He looks on in horror as FIDGIT gurgles and thrashes in the water. KEVIN has to help him.

KEVIN
I'm coming, Fidget! I'll save you.

So KEVIN lets go of the plank ... it drifts away. All the DWARVES are starting to panic and scream and thrash about.

KEVIN
Randall! You're mad!

But at that moment a whirlpool forms and travels towards them faster and faster. They can't stay afloat, they're being sucked down ... mocking laughter mixes with their screams.

INT. EVIL GENIUS' GROTTO DAY

The EVIL GENIUS is gloating over their desperate plight.

EVIL
(laughing in a deep and sinister laugh)
Suddenly I feel very, very good.

BENSON
(understandingly)
I'm sorry, master.

EVIL
Now we have them ... Robert!

BENSON
(with malevolent excitement)
Can I bring them in, Master?

EVIL
Yes, Benson, bring them in to the Time of Legends.

BENSON attends to his equipment.
CUT TO boiling watery surface. The water is buoiching, itself up. With a great whoosh it spits out one of the GANG - high into the air. He arks through the mist and theo splashes back into the sea. Whoosh - two more DWARVES catapult out of the sea and fly through the air. Another and theo another make their appearance. Whoosh. Splash. Whoosh. Splash. Spluttering and thrashing about in the water they become aware of a change in their appearance. Their black eveing dress has somehow changed colour - they are now dressed all in white. They look around a bit dismayed.

FIDGIT is struggling, theo suddenly eases. They all look round a bit fearfully.

FIDGIT
Hey! I can swim...

OG
(pointing into the distance)
Look...

There in the mist-shrouded distance is a strange evil-looking boat languidly listling its way across the sea.

FIDGIT
(frightened but hopeful)
A friendly boat?
Continued

RANDBALL
(with half-hearted
optimism)
Yeah ... probably. Hello!
Hello!

INT. OGRE'S CABIN DAY

CUT TO twitching of a horrid, hairy, clawed hand lying on
a dirty pillow in a darkened cabin. It opens and closes
with animal-like snores. A door opens and a FIGURE
enters the cabin. A window is opened and a shaft of
light falls upon the hand. With a start the hand
awakes. It stretches and then proceeds to scratch
around in the bedclothes. A WOMAN is preparing a
potion by the window of the low-ceilinged cabin.

MRS. OGRE

Morning dear.

A distant cry for help.

OGRE

What was that?

MRS. OGRE

What ... dear?

OGRE

I thought I heard a noise ...

MRS. OGRE

No ... it's your nerves, dear.

The owner of the hand, a horrifyingly ugly OGRE,
climbs out of bed grumbling and whining.

OGRE

... Ooh ... snrrrgh ...
(and various other
subhuman mumblings and
grunts)

His WIFE comes across and gives him a draught. He
drinks it. And shakes head ... she hands him a
jar of cream.

MRS. OGRE

And the ointment for the leg ...

He takes it and rubs it on, occasionally wincing with
the effort. She goes to the side and starts to prepare
a steaming draught.
OGRE
Oooh ... aagh ... oohh ...
(he really is in bad shape)
I grew too fast when I was young,
that was the problem....

MRS. OGRE
(bringing over the steaming potion)
And ... inhale!

She holds an inhalant in front of him.

OGRE
(moaning)
I can't inhale, it's bad for my back.
MRS. OGRE
It's good for your throat, dear,
come on . . .

With some wincing he moves across. Sniffs through one
nostril, then another.

OGRE
I wouldn't have these sore throats
if I wasn't an ogre . . .

MRS. OGRE
You've been overdoing it, that's all.

He puts his leg up and she starts to apply ointment to the
knee very deftly.

OGRE
You try being hasty and terrifying
when you can only get one hour's sleep
a night because your back hurts and
you daren't cough in case you pull a
muscle.

MRS. OGRE
(tenderly, reassuringly)
You're horrible, dear . . .

OGRE
You're just saying that.

MRS. OGRE
(she holds out a glass)
Gargle!

He knocks back the mouthwash (gargle) and gargles (mouth-
washes) with a roaring, rumbling appalling roar . . .
CUT TO misty sea. The DWARVES and KEVIN are swimming towards the boat. They're suddenly transfixed by the unearthly sound of the gargler (mouthwasher).

STRUTTER

What's that?

RANDALL

I don't know.

FIDGIT

Come on!

They then try to swim the other way, frantically ...

CUT BACK to the boat. OGRE picks up a large net and lumbers out of the door. Just as he is about to go out, he catches sight of himself in a mirror. He stops and puts his face close to the glass.

OGRE

(despondently)

Look at those spots!

MRS. OGRE

You'll grow out of them, dear...

She husies herself at the medicine chest.

CUT TO him emerging onto the deck of the boat, which we now see is on the misty sea.

OGRE

(hitterly)

That's diet that is. All this bloody fish ...

CUT TO DWARVES swimming like mad.
The OGRE starts to get his net ready, grumbling the while.

OGRE
There used to be a time when you could be sure of catching old boots, cans, hatracks, boxes, ...
now it's prawns all the bloody time ..
Anti-pollution!
(be spits into the sea)

He burls the net out wincing as he does so. It splashes in the distance.

There is a cry... the net stiffens and pulls. He hangs on ... more sbrieks ..
OGRE (shouting into the cabin)

Wife!

31 INT. OGRE'S CABIN DAY

MRS. OGRE
(grinding up dried
severed feet in a
meat-grinder)
What d'you want dear ... the foot powder?
OGRE
No ... come out here and help me ... quick!

She puts down the mortar and pestle and hurries out.

32 EXT. OGRE'S BOAT DAY

He's trying to pull the heavy net in despite lumbar problems. Noise and struggles from the net.

MRS. OGRE
What's in there ... ?

OGRE
(grinning)
I don't know but it's not prawns
.. come on!

MRS. OGRE
Leave it to me ... dear, please ...

She grabs the net and with easy superhuman strength, heaves the net out, making it all look extremely easy .. inside the net are the DWARVES and KEVIN, packed inside with lots of fish.

MRS. OGRE stands back and admires them.

MRS. OGRE
Oh aren't they lovely!

The crushed up, hedragged and shivering DWARVES are somewhat encouraged by this kindly LADY. They smile weakly up at her.
MRS. OGRE
We can have them for breakfast!

OGRE
(eyes lighting up)
You mean - eat their boots!

MRS. OGRE
No dear ... Eat all of them!...
every bit ... that's what ogres
do, dear...

OGRE
(his eyes lighting up)
Yes ... yes!
Of course ...

MRS. OGRE
We could have them grilled..

OGRE
(doubtful)
Yes ... yes ...

MRS. OGRE
Or minced with a side salad?
- No you don't like salads, do you ...

OGRE
Nothing in them ...

MRS. OGRE
I know - fondue!...
We haven't had a fondue for years..
we'll need the big pot and skewers..

She makes to hustle off.

Panic reactions from the DWARVES throughout this.

OGRE
(after her, anxiously)
What shall I do ... dear ... ?

MRS. OGRE
(aside, to him)
Terrify them ...

OGRE
What about my back?

MRS. OGRE
You don't have to jump around, just
shout horribly .. and leer at them ..
you know .. like you used to do.
MRS. OGRE disappears... muttering cheerfully... "Oh this is wonderful"

OGRE

Right...

A little less than convinced, OGRE goes back to them and goes into a very unconvincing OGRE routine - lots of grimaces, evil "HA! HA! HA!s" and close peerings into their faces.

OGRE

Now... let me see what we have here...
Ha! Ha! some tasty little morsele eh?
Goo!

He winces in pain as he kneels down and starts to open the net and retrieve the terrified DWARVES... He grabs FIDGIT
and puts him into a cooking pot. FIDGIT screams. OGRE winces ...

OGRE

(manfully)

Eh eh! Eh ... Fee! Fi! Fo!

Fu - ow.

A really bad spasm hits him just as he grabs KEVIN.

KEVIN

(terrified)

D ... d ... does your hack ... er ...

hurt?

(trying one final shot)

I know a cure for bad hacks ...

OGRE

Bad back? Me? An ogre?

Ha, ha ... oh!

KEVIN

What you need is stretching.

OGRE

Stretching?

KEVIN

A man stretched my father once, and he never had any trouble.

OGRE

Ha! Ha!

KEVIN

We could do it for you.

OGRE

Certainly NOT! Ow!
INT. OGRE'S CABIN DAY

MRS. OGRE is cheerfully preparing some vicious looking knives and long skewers, making sure they're the right length for each DWARF. She is singing her fondue song. She whistles happily... suddenly she hears a sharp groan from outside... she looks up.

EXT. OGRE'S BOAT DAY

The OGRE is flat out, stretched on deck. KEVIN and RANDALL/WALLY have one arm each, FIDGIT and STRUTTER one leg, OG and VERMIN the other...

KEVIN
And heave...

They pull the OGRE apart.

OGRE

ARGHH!

(then he smiles)

That's better! That's better!

That's wonderful...

INT. OGRE'S CABIN DAY

MRS. OGRE
Are they in the pot yet? ar?

EXT. OGRE'S BOAT DAY

OGRE

Yes, just about...

KEVIN and RANDALL

And one more for luck... Heave!

(he winks at Randall)

One two...

They start to swing the OGRE to the right, then they swing the OGRE to the left...

KEVIN and RANDALL

... right... left... right...

OGRE

Hey... what's going on...?

KEVIN

Left... right... left... right...

... and over!

OGRE

Aaaaargh...!
They swing the yelling OGRE overboard, he disappears into the viscous oily sea.

MRS. OGRE
(shouting from inside)
What's going on?

KEVIN
(to GANG)
Quick! Get in the pot!
FIDGIT
(in high alarm)
Get in the pot!

OGRE
(surfacing)
Is this part of the cure?!

87 INT. OGRE’S CABIN DAY

MRS OGRE, running her finger along the edge of the knife.

MRS OGRE
Are you alright dear!
(no reply)
Winston? Winstoo!

88 EXT. OGRE’S BOAT DAY

She runs out of the door and up on to deck. She looks round, can’t see anyone. She crosses to the deck rail. and sees him.

MRS OGRE
Winston! What are you doing in the water .. ow!

At that moment the large black cooking pot behind her begins rocking back and forth and then with a lurch it flips over supported by 7 pairs of feet and waddles speedily across the deck and pushes her backside tippiog her over into the water.

Then the pot is lifted off revealing the DWARVES and KEVIN. They peer over the side.

89 EXT. MISTY SEA DAY

MRS OGRE
(spluttering from the water)
I’ve never had a meal treat me like that before! Winston ... we must stop them.

OGRE
Oh! My back is wonderful .. I’ve never felt so free ...

MRS OGRE
Winston! Get after them!
OGRE
I can cough! At last I can really cough.

He gives a mighty cough of such force that a huge noise shatters the atmosphere, and the sail fills with wind and the boat is borne away ...  MRS. OGRE
There goes our fondue!

90  EXT. OGRE'S BOAT  DAY

KEVIN
(as the boat careers out of shot)
Quick! The rudder!

He and RANDALL make a grab for the rudder as the boat sails away.

CUT TO a shot of the boat fairly moving along. They look back. Dim sounds of the OGRE sneezing and coughing recede into the distance.

90A  EXT. OGRE'S BOAT  DAY

Later. STRUTTER and RANDALL are at the rudder. OG and KEVIN are lashing sail to the boom. VERMIN has a huge box of fish and hands some out, raw, to KEVIN, WALLY and FIDGET.

WALLY
(turning down a raw fish and clambering up a ratline)
How're we doing, Randall?

RANDALL is peering ahead through a telescope. The boat is making good progress, but it's still rather unreal.

RANDALL
Just fine, we're on the right course! So long as this wind keeps up there's not much can go wrong ...

Suddenly the boat lurches violently from side to side. FIDGET, KEVIN, OG and VERMIN and the fish are all thrown on top of each other and they slide and slither in a heap against the port rail.

RANDALL
Strutter! Keep the rudder straight!

STRUTTER
It is straight!
At that moment, the boat lurches wildly to starboard and they are flung onto the other rail.

**STRUTTER**

I didn't do a thing, honestly...

**RANDALL**

Drop the sail!!

WALLY grabs an axe and chops through the main line - the sail crashes down onto the deck. The boat is swaying around most unpredictably...

**RANDALL**

All hands to the tiller!

All seven of the GANG clamber up to the bridge and grab hold of the tiller in an attempt to keep the vessel steady, but it still goes off course.

**RANDALL**

(desperately)

Hang on! Hoag on! Keep her steady!

The boat seems to rasp and stops swaying.

That's better... that's better...

But there is a strange sound of rushing water, followed by an eerie silence.

**WALLY**

(the ooe ooeet the hows)

... er... Randall... Randall...

I think there's something you should know...

---

**EXT. MISTY SEA  DAY**

We cut to outside and see that the boat is actually rising up, out of the sea and into the sky... It's resting on the head of an underwater GIANT...

**EXT. OGRE'S BOAT  DAY**

The DWARVES watch open-mouthed, as the deck sways... They are swaying around... C.U. RANDALL's amazed look... Quite suddenly he's galvanised into action. He gives the command.
Continued

RANDALL

Below decks!

PULL OUT to reveal that they've already gone. KEVIN is holding the door open...

KEVIN

(beckons impatiently)

Come on!

EXT. MISTY SEA DAY

As the tiny figure of RANDALL slides down the pole, the GIANT's head glides swiftly through the sea.

INT. OGRE'S CABIN DAY

RANDALL rushes in to the huddled gang.

EXT. MISTY SEA DAY

The GIANT continues on his way unaware of the activity in the cabin. Somewhere in the distance is heard a baby's cry.

EXT. TROLL'S HOUSE DAY

CUT TO a tumbling down cottage at the edge of the sea. Outside sits an unhappy TROLL. From inside comes the fearsome cry of a BABY. Continually popping in and out of the door to rail at her husband and to scream at the BABY is a nagging TROLL WIFE. In the distance can be seen the GIANT's head making its way across the sea toward the TROLL's cottage. As they squabble in the foreground, the GIANT rouses insomitably out of the sea, looming large and larger—his upper portions disappearing into the clouds. With each massive footstep the cottage shudders but the TROLLS, too immersed in their petty arguing, fail to notice. The GIANT, in turn, completely unaware of the existence of the TROLL family, manages to step directly on their house—just as MRS TROLL rushes inside to silence the BABY. With a mighty crunch and crash most of the house is flattened and both MRS TROLL and the BABY are silenced for good. The TROLL—without noticing the cause of the sudden peace and quiet—breathes a sigh of relief.

TROLL

Ah, that's better.
REVISED 6.5.80

INT. OGRE'S CABIN DAY

The GANG are desperate to find a way to stop the GIANT taking them too far off course. They start tearing up the floorboards of the cabin.
EXT. GIANT'S HEAD DAY

Ae cloude swirl round his head, the GIANT continues on bis way, but he becomes aware of a slight discomfort somewhere on top of his skull.

INT. OGRE'S CABIN DAY

The GANG have ripped up a section of the floor exposing a bit of the GIANT's bald head. OG has a eledge hammer and is hitting the GIANT's skull as hard as he can in a pathetic attempt to knock him out.

KEVIN, realising the futility of this, decides to do something stronger. He clamberes up the stepe to the OGRE's medicine chest and there, amongst all the remedies, finds a great jar of sleeping potion. Making his way to the kithchen, he grabs a bellows with a particularly long snout on it and fills it with the potion. Back at the GIANT's exposed pate, he squirts a bit of the potion into the air - like a doctor with a hypodermic needle of serum, and with a mighty jab injects the potion into the top of the GIANT's head.

EXT. GIANT'S HEAD DAY

The GIANT reacts to the injection as if he has just been bitten by a mosquito. He shifts the boat on his head.

INT. OGRE'S CABIN DAY

The GANG are thrown violently to one side as the boat shifte. Recovering, KEVIN peers out of a window.

EXT. GIANT'S HEAD DAY

The potion ie taking effect. The GIANT is having difficulty keeping his eyes open.

EXT. MISTY WOOD DAY

The GIANT slumpe. He pushes over a tree as he slowly settle down on the ground. He removes the ship from his head and dozes off.

INT. OGRE'S CABIN DAY

The GANG is toppled into a corner of the cabin as the boat comes to rest on its side. Slowly they regain their sensee. Peering outside, they see the GIANT asleep. They scramble out of the cabin.
104 EXT. MISTY WOOD DAY

The GANG scramble off the boat. In the background the GIANT snores. They rush away.

105 EXT. MISTY PLACE DAY

The GANG runs through the swirling mist until they are completely obscured from sight in the swirling mist.

106 EXT. ROCKY LANDSCAPE DAY

The mist clears, revealing the GANG collapsed and lost and exhausted in a mysterious and eerie place. Strange rock forms loom up around them.

KEVIN
We're not getting anywhere, Randall, we're nowhere near the Most Fabulous Object in the World...

RANDALL
(taking out the map)
We're not far away.

FIDGET
Let's go back - before it's too late.

RANDALL looks up, then back, and shakes his head. He folds the map up ... PICTURE WOBBLE ...

107 INT. EVIL GENIUS' GROTTO DAY

BENSON
They are lost ... master ...

EVIL GENIUS
Let me see ... let me see, Benson ... Yes ...

The DWARVES are wandering about wearily trying to find a way out.

Yes ... but they are so near to me now ... that I can guide them to me.

The PICTURE is SLOWLY CLOSING on OG.

... I must try to help them along the ... way.

108 EXT. ROCKY LANDSCAPE DAY

CLOSE ON OG looking very wide-eyed and scared.
Wrapped in the webs are several cocoon-shaped handles, and in these handles, bound tightly, their mouths gagged, are several young, handsome blond KNIGHTS. Their eyes are filled with silent terror.
(smiling at the mesmerised KEVIN)
So you're looking for the Most Fabulous Object in the World...

Ripple of surprise amongst the GANG.

RANDALL
How did you know?

MYRTLE
That's what they all come this way for.

MAISIE
Poor lost boys.

MYRTLE
We take them in and care for them.

They laugh rather evilly together ... The eyes of the KNIGHTS look even more imploring ... MYRTLE crosses her legs revealing 2 more pairs of legs beneath her skirts. KEVIN's eyes bulge at this sight ... and then she crosses one of these pairs of legs.

KEVIN'S

MAISIE
They like it here ... they always want to stay ...

KEVIN's eyes meet the imploring, straining terror of the KNIGHTS.

RANDALL
Is it far away?

The LADIES exchange a very brief, rather foreboding glance.

MYRTLE
Oh no ... not far away...

KEVIN's hands grasp his Greek knife.

They go on knitting.

RANDALL
Can you tell us where?

KEVIN lunges forward, knife up-raised, to try to free the KNIGHTS.
But he is caught, by the legs. He looks down. They're
emmeshed in spider web. He slashes at the web, and as
he does so his arm and face is grabbed by another piece
of webbing. He's trapped.

MYRTLE
(to MAISIE)
Now I don't think we can tell them
if that's how they're going to behave..

KEVIN
(angrily, desperately)
You can't keep them in here like
that!

RANDALL
(rushing forward and
restraining KEVIN)
No! Kevin, come back...

KEVIN
No... I'm not going to...
(he raises the knife)
You can't leave people to die just
because of your greed! I tell you
Agamemnon would be...

As he lunges forward, knife upraised, RANDALL quite
casually and sharply knocks him senseless with a karate
chop to the neck. This impresses MAISIE greatly and
eternally to look at RANDALL with new eyes.

MAISIE
You're... very manly...

RANDALL
(to MYRTLE)
I'm sorry... you were about to tell
us how we find the Most Fabulous Object...

MAISIE
(looking at the little band
rather unhealthily)
Do you want to stay and be our boyfriends?

MYRTLE
Maisie... you don't mean that...

MAISIE
I like all men, Myrtle.

MYRTLE
We only want nice ones dear... now
get out!
MAISIE
(with mounting excitement)
Can we have a party?

MYRTLE
Go away, get out.
RANDALL
(banging towards the
door)
Er ... which way?

MYRTLE
(nastily, hurriedly)
Follow the pointing fingers.

MAISIE has got up and crossed to a rather old-fashioned
crushed gramophone. She lifts the arm and settles it on
a record.

RANDALL
The pointing fingers?

MAISIE
It's party time....

Very cool, intimate, jazzy party music, bluesy saxophone fills
the little lair. As they hear it, the eyes of the LADIES'
VICTIMS almost pop out in terror.

MYRTLE
Go...! Quickly ... leave us alone!

MAISIE
(approaching the DWARVES)
Come along ... there's plenty to do
at the party.

Dragging the senseless KEVIN, they retreat out of the cave.

EXT. CAVE DAY

The GANG rush out of the cave dragging KEVIN. They scramble
out of shot.

EXT. BAND FOREST EVENING

CUT TO gnarled root. The GANG stumble into shot and collapse.

KEVIN
(slowly coming round)
Where are we?

RANDALL
I'm not sure exactly.

KEVIN
Did we save them?

RANDALL
No, we saved you.
KEVIN starts to struggle angrily.

RANDALL  
(pulling out map)  
We've got to find the pointing fingers.

FIDGIT  
(who has been looking above them)  
Oh, oh!

WALLY  
(looking up)  
I think we have.

CUT TO their P.O.V. Great hand/trees rise all around them, their fingers/branches reaching for the sky.

FIDGIT  
Let's get out of here ... I don't like it ...

RANDALL  
(getting up)  
No, we must be close now ... c'mon.

The GANG make their way through this strange forest of gigantic hand/trees. Horribly gnarled and twisted roots form the bases of these unpleasant growths. In the distance a WOOD CUTTER is chopping down a hand/tree. With each blow of the axe the hand writhes in agony. They pass several fallen hands clawing at the ground. This is a truly awful place. The GANG stop. Some of them start to shiver. Even VERMIN has lost some of his bounce.
FIDGET
Let's go back ... Now ... 

RANDALL
We can't ... we've got to go on.
Follow the pointing fingers.

KEVIN
It's a trap!

STRUTTER starts as a huge hand/tree comes crashing down near him. They are all in a highly nervous, almost hysterical state after their recent experiences.

STRUTTER
I'm not going any further ... no-one knows what the hell we're supposed to be doing.

OG
Yes! Yes! ... Yes!

OG has suddenly become very agitated. He is staring over their shoulders and pointing at something behind the group. They turn around. There, visible through the gap created by the felled tree, is a massive turreted citadel.

RANDALL
(grabs map - looks at it excitedly)
The Fortress of Ultimate Darkness!

OG
Yes, but that's not it.

RANDALL
What?

OG
(looking high into the sky)

Look!

The CAMERA PULLS BACK from the citadel to reveal that this massive structure is merely the gatehouse to an unbelievably immense building that stretches in every direction, farther than the eye can see. Slowly the CAMERA TILTS UP. Higher and higher the vast construction rises until it disappears into the clouds - a solid wall across the sky ... well almost solid, for the massive facade is split by a gaping black crack that widens grotesquely as it reaches for the unseen heights. It is the most forbidding place imaginable. The GANG stands there awestruck. One by one even the most sceptical faces brighten with a mixture and the thrill of imminent wealth. Only KEVIN's face reflects deep disquiet. As they stand abreast the rise a cool wind licks at their clothing. A ripple.
Continued

RANDALL
(awesomely impressed)
We're there!

INT. EVIL GENIUS' GROTTO SUNSET
There is a great deal of activity.

HORSEFLESH
Brilliant ... Evil One ...

EVIL
It was a close-run thing.
The boy was dangerous. He doesn't respond to greed ... Is everything ready?

ROBERT
(fiddling with strange, unpleasant devices)
Yes master ...
Then let them approach ... poor, pathetic wretches...

He laughs.

OG's eyes are shining. No-one wants to make the first move. KEVIN reacts, with an anxious look around him, to the strange wind. The wind drops. OG leads off. With a last exchange of glances, making it clear that greed has won the day, the GANG descend the hill towards the citadel. In the background a hand/tree crashes to the ground. KEVIN heads off after the GANG.

High up on the face of the citadel is a window from which BENSON observes the approach of the GANG. As he looks down the CAMERA TILTS down the face of the gatehouse until it comes to rest on the DWARVES, far below, crossing the drawbridge.

The enormous portal engulfs the GANG as they hesitantly enter the citadel.

The GANG creeps through the vast deserted entrance hall. Everything appears to be in a state of decay. There is no sign of life anywhere. This is a place of death. The floor is thick with dust undisturbed for centuries. As they make their way they leave behind a trail of footprints in the powdery floor-covering. Cautiously, one of the DWARVES shouts hello. No answer. Just the echoing sounds of his own voice. The GANG begins to pluck up courage. The place is obviously deserted.

The light from the entrance leads them to a great pile of rubble in the centre of the hall. As VERMIN clamber up it he spots a skeletal arm sticking out of the debris. Ever hungry, he grabs it, but it seems to act as a switch - setting off a great rumbling and shaking. Dust and masonry fall from the heights. A column near the terrified GANG crashes down as a great jagged shaft of light races across the floor of the hall and up the wall. Looking in the direction of the light, the GANG see that it is pouring forth from a gigantic crack that has opened up in one of the walls. A siren song swells. The GANG rush towards the light, scrambling through the mammoth opening.
Coming out the other side of the crack the GANG stops awe-struck. What they see is truly amazing - a dazzling apparition, the reflected auras of which at first just blinds our acquisitive little BAND; They look again straining and rubbing their eyes in the unaccustomed light and the image coalesces into a beautiful perspex transparent gleaming dream kitchen. And there beside it with teeth, suit, hair and eyes all gleaming with an unearthly radiance, is the QUIZ SHOW COMPARE - manic grin frozen on his face. Music plays. The COMPARE's manic grin suddenly animates. His arm goes out to welcome them.

COMPARE

And here they are! The winners of the Most Fabulous Object in the World. The Answer to All Their Problems ... and yours ... is here!
For them ... Tonight!

CUT TO wide shot of an infinitely huge black space broken by the occasional shaft of light. A gleaming pathway in the shape of a complex maze zigzags across this space - the sides of the pathway pluming into unseeable depth from which the occasional wisps of smoke rises. On the far side of the maze the pathway ends in a square island platform rising above the abyss. Stairs ascend from the platform and at the top of them stands the Dream Kitchen. The COMPARE stands halfway up the stairs. Music crescendoes. The DWARVES are delighted but mesmerized.

DWARVES

Hey! Oh ... look! Hey! Up?

The AUDIENCE applause propels them forward.

KEVIN

No!

But it is too late to restrain the dazzled GANG. With cries of delight they rush forward to claim the thing they're told everybody wants. KEVIN is unable to restrain them.

As they rush desperately around the maze, the COMPARE is joined from behind by KEVIN'S PARENTS, madly grinning and arrayed in glittering outfits. KEVIN is stunned. He doesn't know what to do. His parents urge him forward. He holds back. The DWARVES career madly through the maze. It's like a nightmare to KEVIN - the parents continue to beckon. The DWARVES have now reached the foot of the stairs and stop breathlessly. The COMPARE and KEVIN'S PARENTS beam down at them. As the deliriously excited DWARVES make their final atavistic bid for ultimate grasped.

COMPARE

Yes, it's all yours.
The Most Fabulous Object suddenly disappears and in the place of the COMPERE and KEVIN’S PARENTS stand the EVIL GENIUS and ROBERT and BENSON. The GANG shriek and turn to run but, with a deafening rumble and clang a sturdy iron cage descends around them trapping them inside. Helplessly they grab at the bars. KEVIN turns and runs for the door, only to run straight into the black folds of one of EVIL's hideous henchmen, a towering, animal skulled, black robed creature who begins to move towards the distant platform. KEVIN struggles with no effect. EVIL mounts the steps and turns. His mocking, triumphant laugh echoes through the halls ... suddenly a tiny figure races up from one side and leaps agilely towards the cage. The EVIL GENIUS' laugh fades as he watches HORSEFLESH race for the cage. He reaches the cage and breathlessly and with a mighty key he unlocks the cage door ... and enters. The hapless DWARVES are amazed.

RANDALL
(who can hardly believe it)
Horseflesh ... ?

HORSEFLESH grins. Then suddenly all the other DWARVES crowd around HORSEFLESH, all for the moment forgetting their peril, talking at once, touching him to make sure he's real.

STRUTTER
Horseflesh ?

WALLY
(jubilantly)
You're alive ... you old villain!

VERMIN
We've had some great meals.

FIDGIT
You're supposed to be dead!

OG just grins happily and looks at HORSEFLESH.

RANDALL
Did you find the Most Fabulous Object?

WALLY
We used your map, it was right.

HORSEFLESH
(to RANDALL)
Yes ... it's here all right.
They're still driven by a hysteria of greed, despite their incarceration - and for a moment we too have forgotten about EVIL, so happy is this reunion of the bandits.

HORSEFLESH
You've got it, Randall ... you've got it in your hands.

RANDALL, momentarily uncomprehending, looks down at the map.

RANDALL
What? ... the map ...?

HORSEFLESH
(his smile turning a little cold as he sneers)
Of course ... stupid!

HORSEFLESH grabs the map, and before they know what's happened, he's darted out of the cage and clanged the door shut. He holds the map up, eyes blazing with savage triumph.

HORSEFLESH
... this is the Most Fabulous Object in the World ... you had it all the time!

He gives on last grin. The EVIL GENIUS cackles with rich and echoing laughter. Again RANDALL rushes for the bars. The door's locked fast.

RANDALL
(desperately)
Horseflesh ... ! Horseflesh ... !

But HORSEFLESH is bounding away, grinning, up the steps towards EVIL. He throws himself down at EVIL's feet, the map held out towards him.
HORSEFLESH

The map! Evil One ... the very map I promised you, is yours ...

EVIL looks at it, holds it, feels it, his eyes burning with a fearful delight.

EVIL

You have done well, Horseflesh, very well ...

HORSEFLESH's face creases into what could almost he taken for an expression of ashamed pride, his eyes glow with success.

EVIL

... You have lied, deceived and cheated for the greater glory of evil, you have served me faithfully and fearlessly in my quest for the Supreme Power and now before us all you shall receive your just reward ...

He turns to HORSEFLESH, raises his hands, a cracking flash of light encircles HORSEFLESH and he falls with a scream backwards into the darkness. But before he disappears from sight in the black depths of the abyss, he explodes with a mighty roar, and then another, and another. Bits fly high into the air bursting into more and more elaborate display of pyrotechnics. Roman candles shriek. Spluttering bits of material bounce near the cage and then shoot off into the air to burst into amazing showers of flames. The DWARVES are both horrified and amazed. Finally with a final glorious starburst that sends bite of phosphorescence raining down on the entire assembled crowd, HORSEFLESH is no more.

Everyone pause, stunned.

EVIL

(breaking the silence)
So perish all who dare to presume upon the powers of the only true Evil One ...

CUT TO rat crawling down heavy rope which supports the great metal cage in which KEVIN and the rest of the GANG sit deconsolately around - their legs dangling through the bars that make up the bottom of the cage. The cage is now hanging high above the abyss into which HORSEFLESH was hurled. Some distance away are two similar cages. However their occupants are crumpled SKELETONS in agonising poses. No-one speaks for a while. They are just alone with their failure, and the occasional rat crawling down
the hauser supporting the cage. Suddenly there is a loud squeak. VERMIN holds something. It wriggles.

VERMIN

Rat, anybody?

No-one takes up the offer.

VERMIN

(muttering to himself)

Might be the last meal we'll get...

He disconsolately opens his mouth, but we CUT TO STRUTTER before anything really revolting can happen. STRUTTER stares at the floor. Eventually he sighs.

STRUTTER

Well... that's it, then...

WALLY

It's all over.

FIDGIT

... How could we have been so stupid?

OG

(thoughtfully)

I dunno...

A pause.

CUT TO a photo of Greece. Some idyllic scene taken by KEVIN's polaroid. He's looking at it with tears in his eyes... KEVIN sorts through two more polaroids. Pictures of Mycenae and AGAMEMNON which bring back intolerable memories for him. Then at the bottom of the pile he comes across a photo of the DWARVES in better times, flaunting their wares in Sherwood Forest. He passes it over and onto another Greek scene. A pause. Then he quickly goes back to the group photo. He stares at it; then he rummages hurriedly in his bag and produces a magnifying glase. He applies it to the photo, looking, not at the faces but focussing... on the map that they are proudly holding up. He peers more closely. Yes, the details are visible.

KEVIN

Hey!

All the DWARVES turn. They'd almost forgotten him. KEVIN clambers to his feet, and across to the DWARVES.

KEVIN

Look at this!
They gather round the photo, he holds the magnifying glass.

FIDGIT
  Good one of Wally ...

KEVIN
  No look ...
They look closer.

KEVIN
D'you see what I see?

Grunts of incomprehension from the disillusioned band.

KEVIN
The map!

RANDALL
(impatiently)
We can see it's the map... but what use is it to us now...

KEVIN
Look closer...
the Time of Legends... see...?
See the Fortress of Ultimate Darkness?

RANDALL
Yes...

KEVIN
Well, look... right below it...

Suddenly RANDALL lets out a low whistle of amazement.

RANDALL
That's a hole?

KEVIN
Yes... look!

RANDALL
But look at the size of it!

KEVIN
Exactly!

RANDALL
It must lead anywhere...

KEVIN
Everywhere...

STRUTTER
What?

RANDALL
Look... we've just found the biggest hole in the Universe and it's practically right underneath our feet.

(getting up)
Kevin... you're a genius... Come on you lot... shift...
FIDGIT
(in alarm)
We'll never get out of here!

OG
(springing into action)
Want a bet?

RANDALL
That's it Og ... we'll show 'em
we can do something right ...

They work well and go into action methodically ... OG is
already studying the lock ... he grabs KEVIN's bag and
rummages through. OG's eyes light up. He roots out
the knife the Greek King gave him. KEVIN tries to stop
him, but realising it's for the cause, he reluctantly
lets OG take it.

OG slips it into the lock, and with much heading and twisting,
which from KEVIN's reaction we see is giving him heart-
failure ... the door swings open.

OG hands KEVIN his knife back with a grin of thanks. The end
of the beautiful Greek blade is now twisted like a corkscrew.

RANDALL enatches the knife out of KEVIN's hands and hands it
to FIDGIT who scrambles up the outside of the now swinging
cage. With the knife he begins to cut off strands from the
supporting hauser. He drops them down to WALLY and STRUTTER
who start to braid them. Somewhat later they have woven a long
thin rope. The hauser holding the cage is extremely frayed.
The GANG is definitely working against time - with each
movement of the cage another of the few remaining strands of
the hauser snaps. Tying the rope around STRUTTER's waist they
lower him down below the cage. Slowly they begin to swing him
back and forth, with each swing he arcs further out. The
hauser continues to part with these exertions. At last
STRUTTER has gained enough momentum and with a final swing
he reaches the neighbouring cage. He clings to the bars as
WALLY is tied to the rope. Pulling it taut and checking his
angle of attack, WALLY leaps from the cage. Gracefully he
arcs under STRUTTER's cage and sweeps over to the next cage.
The moment he has firmly grasped ite hausers, STRUTTER lets go
and swings under WALLY and onto solid ground at the edge of the
abyss. A cheer goes up from the rest of the GANG.

STRUTTER attaches the rope to a stone column. The other end
is attached to the cage, and after WALLY has untied himself
from the middle of it, the rope is pulled taut.

One by one, the GANG slides down the rope to the ground.
WALLY checks his positioning and fearlessly lets go of the
cage and drops toward the rope. Expertly he catches it but
the jolt on the rope snaps the hauser holding the cage, and
the cage and rope plummet into the abyss. WALLY disappears
as well. Panic from the GANG. MADLY they pull on the rope.
Up it comes ... and, surprise, WALLY is dangling on the end.
Relief all round.
RAN\ldash DALL wipes his brow, his eyes shine with relief and triumph.

RAN\ldash DALL

We've done it!

KEVIN

Now all we need is the map ...

What?

KEVIN

We must get the map.

RAN\ldash DALL

Don't be a fool, we know where the hole is, let's get out of here ...

He makes to go, KEVIN grabs him.

KEVIN

Evil've got the map ... Randall!

RAN\ldash DALL

Damn right ... the last thing we want to do is see him again ... come on, quick!

He makes to go, but KEVIN holds him firmly back.

KEVIN

Don't you see? That's all he wanted. So long as he has the map he can destroy the world. We'll never get away from him.

RAN\ldash DALL groans wretchedly.

RAN\ldash DALL

(slowly, with tremendous agonized feeling)

Can't we ever do anything right?

KEVIN

Yes ... we could save the world if we got the map back.

A moment of decision. Exchange of looks. Tension has replaced euphoria.

WALLY

(slowly)

I ... I wouldn't mind having a hash at doing something good for once. I'm so rotten at being had.
KEVIN
(to STRUTTER)
Strutter?

STRUTTER nods a little unsurely.

Og?

Og nods with his usual eagerness, though he hasn’t the first idea about what’s going on.

KEVIN.

Vermin?

VERMIN
(nods)
I’ll stay with Og.

KEVIN

Fidgit?

FIDGIT
(pathetically)
All right... I’ll come with you...
So long as I don’t have to be brave...

RANDALL
But... look... he’s only a kid...

STRUTTER
You just said he was a genius...

All turn to look at RANDALL. His face takes on an air of bitter resignation.

RANDALL
Oh... all right... all right...
but after this... I don’t ever want to see any of you lot ever again - right?
(they all nod vigorously)
Well come on then! If we’re going to get killed, let’s go and do it properly.

INT. CITADEL CORRIDORS  DAY

The GANG makes their way stealthily through the dank corridors. They duck into the shadows to avoid EVIL’S HENCHMEN who make their rounds. As the HENCHMEN pass, the GANG follows them. Rounding the corner they are confronted by an extraordinary sight... another infinitely vast interior space with massive circular column-like structures that disappear far above and far below them. The GANG is standing in the gaping maw of a gigantic stone gargoyle. A pathway descends around the edge of the huge column they are standing in. Bridges crisscrosses
119 Continued

the distances between other columns. Far below them a bridge leads to another gargoyle mouth that appears to be the entrance to the EVIL GENIUS grotto.

120 INT. EVIL GENIUS' GROTTO DAY

EVIL and his two slavering ASSISTANTS are poring over the map. Around them are scattered various evil appurtenances, including skeletons, etc. EVIL is moaning with quiet pleasure ... his most personable lump, the drooling attendant, BENSON, is beside him ... BENSON thinks and speaks, and indeed exists, with difficulty.

EVIL
Oh ... Beneon ... I feel the power of evil coursing through my veins, filling every corner of my being with the desire to do wrong ... I feel so bad Beneon ...

BENSON
Good ... good ...

EVIL
Yee it is good - for this is the worse sort of hadness I am feeling ...

BENSON
Kill me! Kill me! Master ...

EVIL
Not yet Beneon. We have work to do ... no less a work than to overthrow creation itself. We will remake man in our image not his, we will turn the mountains into sea ...

121 INT. ENTRANCE TO EVIL GENIUS' GROTTO DAY

The GANG arrive outside the door. KEVIN peers through the keyhole.

EVIL
(continued, from inside)
... and the sea into fire and the fire into a mighty rushing wind that will cover the face of the earth and wipe clean the scourge of woolly thinking once and for all.
122 INT. EVIL GENIUS' GROTTO DAY

BENSON
(trying, with considerable
effort, to equal his
master's passionate
sense of mission)
We can make ... beans into peas ...

EVIL
Oh Benson, dear Benson ... you are
so mercifully free of the ravages
of intelligence ...

BENSON
You say such nice things, master ...

EVIL
Yes ... I'm sorry ... now Benson ...
I'm going to have to turn you into
a dog for a while.

BENSON
Thank you master ...

There is a flash.

123 INT. ENTRANCE TO EVIL GENIUS' GROTTO DAY

The GANG reels back.

124 INT. EVIL GENIUS' GROTTO DAY

Sure enough, a black drooling MONGREL now sits on the table
with the map, where BENSON used to be.

EVIL
Guard the map!

DOG barks in acquiescence.

EVIL turns to the pool through which he has watched the
DWARVES arrive here.

EVIL
Robert, we must plan a New World
together ...
   (ROBERT grunts)
... but this time we will start
properly. Tell me about computers.
ROBERT
(a lurking bulk, who is
almost as limited as BENSON
in his grasp of the basic
essentials of language)
A computer is an automatic electronic
apparatus for making calculations or
controlling operations that are expressible
in numerical or logical terms.

INT. ENTRANCE TO EVIL GENIUS' GROTTO DAY

Outside the door KEVIN beckons the others to enter. They
slowly push the door open.

INT. EVIL GENIUS' GROTTO DAY

EVIL is getting frighteningly excited.

EVIL
And fast breeder reactors?

ROBERT
Fast breeder reactors use a fast
fission process for the generation of
fissile isotopes . . .

The GANG tiptoes in. The DOG barks. They freeze and
back into the shadow.

EVIL turns.

EVIL
Quiet Benson! ... Show me more,
Robert ... show me more ... show
me subscriber trunk dialling. I
must know everything.

The DWARVES move forward, again the DOG barks. KEVIN stops,
almost beside a skeleton. Suddenly he has an idea,
stealthily he reaches for a skeleton's leg ... picks it up
and flings it into a corner of the room. BENSON the DOG
runs after it.

OG and VERMIN race forward to the table. OG leaps on
VERMIN's shoulders, grabs the map (which is rolled up, like
a scroll). He tosses it to RANDALL, who catches it and
throws it to KEVIN.

KEVIN
(bisses)

Quick!
He holds the door as they turn and race out. The scuffling makes EVIL whip round from his screen... he registers the map has gone... and screams:

Stop!

EVIL
But they are all out of the door and safely away, except for OG who slips as he makes for the door. The EVIL GENIUS, eyes blazing, fires his fingertip rockets by bending back his mandarin fingernails in rapid succession. OG hurts into a blazz of tiny explosions.

INT. ENTRANCE TO EVIL GENIUS' GROTTO  DAY

The flash of light from inside illuminates VERMIN as he hurls himself out of the door and joins the others. A second later OG emerges. He is, however, only OG from the waist downwards. Above that he has been changed into a pig.

Quick reactions of OTHERS looking horrified ... but there's no time to be lost. From inside we hear a shriek of malevolent anger ...

INT. BRIDGE TO EVIL GENIUS' GROTTO  DAY

EVIL After them! Stop them by every mean in my power!

From the mouth of the gargoyle entrance a gigantic fireball vomite forth ... just as the gang clear the bridge.

INT. CITADEL CORRIDORS  DAY

The GANG rush back the way they came. Behind them the sound of distant footsteps thunders through the halls. The GANG races on. Wind begins to howl around them. Strange swirling lighting begins to illuminate the place. Suddenly, in front of them, the stone flooring begins to burst apart. From under the floor rises a horrific GHOUL. Another section of the floor bursts open. Another GHOUL appears. Terrifying. The GANG detours. With these howling apparitions blocking their way to the dungeon KEVIN denuide they must separate.

KEVIN
Randall! You go and get help ... go down the hole ... go wherever you can and bring back whatever you can!

RANDALL
Aren't you coming?

KEVIN
No I'll stay and draw them away ... (he holds up the map) ... This is what he wants. It may delay him.

RANDALL
On your own?
129 Continued

KEVIN
No I'll take one other ...

OG
(rather pathetically
grunts and looks im-
ploringly at Kevin)

KEVIN
Yes, Og and me will stay ... try
and get help ... quick!

130 INT. CITADEL CORRIDORS DAY

KEVIN and OG dodge through the corridors. Firehalls whirl
past them. Baying enieter SHAPES crash after them. The
evil forces get closer and closer.

131/132 DELETED

133 INT. GREAT HALL DAY

KEVIN and OG charge through a doorway and discover themselves
in a colossal hall. The floor and one sloping stone wall
are coloured in a gigantic chequerboard pattern. Great stone
blocks are piled up in odd formations. A large section of the
ceiling has collapsed and light streams in from this jagged
opening high above. In the centre of this pool of light
stands EVIL. Behind the BOY and the DEMI-PIG are EVIL'S
FORCES. They are trapped. EVIL gazes smugly at KEVIN.

EVIL
You are a very troublesome little
fellow - so troublesome that I should
teach you one of my special lessons ...

Some grunts of knowing laughter from his HENCHMEN.

... how could
anyone waste their time creating
something so ... inferior ... let's
do a bit of 'creating' ourselves,
shall we Robert?
(he looks at KEVIN)
What do you think? Half donkey,
half warthog, half caterpillar,
half chicken ...? Or perhaps
just a back tooth in the mouth
of a starving sewer rat ...

More knowing laughter. EVIL suddenly stops grinning. He
looks hard and terrifying and straight into KEVIN'e eyes.
KEVIN grabs a torch from a nearby column and holds the map beside it. The EVIL GENIUS snarls .. KEVIN has the initiative again.

KEVIN
Call off those .. creatures .. or I destroy the map for ever ..

EVIL
Don't be so ..

KEVIN
Call them off!

EVIL
Very well! I have no need of them.

The GHOUL and the HENCHMEN disappear in a hall of fire. EVIL's face hardens into truly disturbing nastiness.

EVIL
Do you realize who you are dealing with boy?

He starts to advance slowly and remorselessly on KEVIN.

I have the power to destroy anyone I want, in any way I want as fast as I want. I need no help from anybody, for I am Evil. Give me this map and I will spare .. some .. of your life ..

KEVIN
N .. no! No!

EVIL puts his hand out. A shaft of light flashes and curls on to OG .. OG turns into a total pig. KEVIN looks horror-struck. EVIL is advancing.

EVIL
Give me the map!

KEVIN
No!

EVIL is close, quick as a flash his arm goes up. KEVIN screams and clutches his face; when he looks he sees EVIL leering in triumph, map held aloft, and about to do something very nasty to KEVIN. He advances, KEVIN hurst himself to the floor. EVIL turns and is about to crush him when suddenly there is an almighty crash. KEVIN thinks he's dead and instinctively shuts his eyes tight. But when he opens them he sees the EVIL GENIUS has frozen with arm upraised and is staring behind KEVIN. Nothing
Continued

less than a huge Sherman tank crashes its way through the wall with RANDALL at the controls.

KEVIN is amazed. From another doorway a cry of "Kevin!" and a group of mounted fully-armoured KNIGHTS led by STRUTTER gallop up to KEVIN's side. A strange whining noise announces the arrival of a strange futuristic laser gun device. Descending on anti-gravity pads from above their heads, WALLY is manoeuvring it into position. From somewhere else in the dark recesses of the hall comes gunfire and a POSSE of American COWBOYS gallops up, whooping and hollering as they do. VERMIN rides with one of them. KEVIN whirls round unable to take it all in. Finally to the clatter of a horse-drawn chariot, FIDGIT arrives. He stands in the chariot next to the GREEK KING. Behind them at a dog-trot are a company of GREEK ARCHERS.

KEVIN cannot believe it. He rushes to AGAMELNON's chariot and embraces him.

AGAMELNON

(grimly)
Now I will teach you to fight ...

EVIL looks around the assembled FORCES with an amused and disdainful smile.

EVIL
So this is the best that the Supreme Being can do?

CHIEF COWBOY
Is that the hohunk who's causing all the trouble? Well we won't have no problem there ... come on guys ... we'll finish this dude before breakfast ...

COWBOYS
Yeesir!

Before KEVIN can stop them they charge off towards EVIL. Lassos whirling they bear down on him with mighty whoops and hollers. Great fun this. A lariat snakes out and lassos the EVIL GENIUS with ease. Another encircles him. And then another. The EVIL GENIUS does nothing. The COWBOYS tighten the slack on the ropeee. They surround him. He can't move.

COWBOY LEADER
(shouts back to Kevin)
See, no problem, sonny. You can call your men off! We'll bring him in - aaaaarghh!

At that very moment he is whipped off his horse. So are the other COWBOYS. The EVIL GENIUS has begun to spin. Faster and
faster he spins. The COWBOYS hold on for dear life at the end of their ropes. Higher and higher they spin. Faster and faster whirs the EVIL GENIUS. The GANG looks on in horror. From the centre of the red whirling SHAPE that is the EVIL GENIUS comes an arm with a vicious-looking knife. It hesitates for a moment, and then, slices. The ropes part and the COWBOYS sail through the air... right through the window opening high in the wall. One of them arces right over the heads of KEVIN'S FORCES and is gone. The COWBOYS are all dead. The EVIL GENIUS has stopped spinning and laughs. The GANG is stunned into silence. KEVIN is angry.

He summons the KNIGHTS and deployes them in a great semi-circle around the EVIL GENIUS. At the BOY's signal they charge. Their mighty horses shake the ground with their pounding hooves. Deadly lance point directly at the EVIL GENIUS as the KNIGHTS cannon towards him. Calmly he removes from the folds of his robe a gas mask. Securing it in place he throws his arms upwards. From the sleeves of his costume great jets of thick black smoke shoot skywards. The KNIGHTS are practically upon him when a curtain of black smoke descends around them. Obscured from view, the KNIGHTS can be heard to be wreaking the most awful vengeance on the unfortunate EVIL GENIUS. The BOY and the DWARVES wait expectantly. Suddenly all is quiet. And then, from the depths of the black smoke appears a horse -- galloping riderless away. A second horse appears. Also riderless. Then another. And another. The BOY and the DWARVES etand aghast at the smoke life revealing a tangled mass of KNIGHTS -- all impaled on each other's lances. They form a terrible free-standing sculpture. The EVIL GENIUS stands next to his work smiling smugly.

Angrily, the GREEK KING ordere his ARCHERS forward. They rush into position and, drawing back their bows, let fly a deadly shower of arrows. As the arrows course across the sky the EVIL GENIUS swirls his red robe around him with a defiant sweep. Pulling back, we can see he has turned himself into a giant red pincushion -- complete with giant thimble, needle and thread. The arrows thump into the soft pincushion. Drawing in a huge breath, the EVIL GENIUS expels the pincushion. And then, with a great grunt, he expels the arrows from the pincushion -- sending them flying back to where they came from. Everyone runs for cover but to no avail. The ARCHERS are wiped out to the last man. KEVIN orders the tank and the laser gun to open up on the EVIL GENIUS but the EVIL GENIUS is able to control the machines. The DWARVES can't stop them from being turned on KEVIN and the others. The machines have gone berserk. The GANG is caught in the crossfire. The tank rumbles towards them. KEVIN slips and is about to be crushed under the tracks when the GREEK KING rushes out and snatches him away in the nick of time. But in so doing the GREEK KING is cut down by the laser gun. He is hurled along the ground with a cry.
The EVIL GENIUS laughs wildly at this. But the GREEK KING has landed just below the EVIL GENIUS and unnoticed by the EVIL GENIUS he reaches for his knife, and is about to fling it on the unprotected back of the EVIL GENIUS, when KEVIN sees the danger and screams:

KEVIN

No!

The EVIL GENIUS whips round to see AGAMEMNON pull himself up, and make to throw the knife as the roof above him crumbles, burying him beneath the rubble.

KEVIN looks back at the smoking pile of rubble. His eyes fill with tears that pour uncontrollably down his cheeks. Through it all his anger returns. Defiantly he confronts the snarling figure of EVIL triumphant. The GANG cowers in absolute terror. There is nowhere else to run. It is the end. The figure of EVIL seems to swell, the leer becomes terrifyingly ugly. The eyes burn down. He begins to glow as he summons all his terrifying power. The DWARVES look helplessly for cover but all is destroyed. The GANG screams.

Then suddenly, from somewhere behind them a gigantic bolt of lightning splits the air and strikes the EVIL GENIUS dead centre. He turns to carbon. A perfect charcoal replica of his former self - petrified for ever. KEVIN and the DWARVES spin around to see who or what it was that saved them. Lo and behold, it is none other than the SUPREME BEING. The DWARVES are at once elated and at the same time terrified. The SUPREME BEING has finally caught up with them.

PANDALL

(prostrating himself on the floor and urging the others to do the same)

Get down! Get down!

Then the SUPREME BEING suddenly, before their very averted eyes, metamorphoses from his glowing radiant impressive long white-flowing bearded self to a rather ordinary bureaucrat in a not very well-fitting suit.

He shakes himself. He seems to be tired and irritable. He's not unlike Alec Guinness playing George Smiley, but quite unlike Dirk Bogarde in "The Spanish Gardener".
SUPREME BEING
(with distaste)
Oh ... I hate having to appear like that. It really is the most tiresomely noisy manifestation. Still - rather expected of one, I'm afraid.

RANDALL
(heckoning to the others to prostrate themselves)
Get down ... get down ...

But RANDALL is on his knees.

RANDALL
Oh Great One, Supreme Being ... Creator of the Universe, without Whom we would he mere scarab beetles on the dung heap of -

SUPREME BEING
(looking around at the chaos)
What a dreadful mess - is the pig with you?

The GANG nods.

Right, better sort him out first.

He looks briefly in OG's direction. OG changes before their very eyes from pig to OG.

OG
(sadly)
Oh, I was enjoying that.

SUPREME BEING
(fussily)
If there's one thing I can't stand it's mess ... Come on, pick all this stuff up ... 

RANDALL
Oh yes sir ... of course sir ... (he scrambles to his feet and starts to clear up)(to others)
Quick ... oh sir ... oh Great One ... we can explain everything honestly we didn't mean to steal the map ... we didn't mean to run away ... we ... (he recovers map from debris)

SUPREME BEING
What do you mean, you didn't mean to steal the map?
RANDALL.
(haplessly, dusting map off)
Well it just sort of...

SUPREME BEING
(grabbing map from Randall)
Of course you didn't mean to steal the map... I gave it to you... you silly man... and this...
(indicating a particular hit of filth on the floor - Randall rushes to pick it up - the others are all cleaning)
D'yon really think I didn't know?

RANDALL's mouth falls open.

RANDALL
Mmm?

SUPREME BEING
I had to have some way of testing my handiwork... I think he turned out rather well, don't you?

What eir?

RANDALL

SUPREME BEING
Evil! .. Turned out rather well - mmm?

RANDALL
Oh... er yes.

SUPREME BEING
I was a little worried to start with...
I thought he'd just given up...
resigned himself to being imprisoned here.
But in the end I was jolly pleased with him... he really gave you a very bad time, didn't he? ... whose are these?

(he holds out KEVIN's original clothes)

KEVIN
Mines, eir.

SUPREME BEING
You really are an untidy boy...

(he hands them over, then holds out pad and pen)

Sign here.
KEVIN signs. SUPREME BEING checks signature and puts book away.

WALLY

You mean you knew what was happening to us?

SUPREME BEING

Well of course ... I am the Supreme Being ... I'm not entirely dim.

RANDALL

No sir, no sir ... of course ... it's just that we ...

SUPREME BEING

I let you make the map ... then I let you acquire it ... I chased you as slowly as I convincingly could ... quite honestly there were times when I nearly gave up the whole test. Evil was doing very little ... you were being rather wet ... Now I want his remains placed in here ... right away.

Be indicating a very solid steel drum. The DWARVES set to picking up the charcoal figure of EVIL.

ALL

Oh yes sir ... right away sir ...

KEVIN

You mean, you let all those people die just to test your creation?

SUPREME BEING

Yes ... you're rather a clever little chap ... I was rather pleased with the way I made you ...

KEVIN

But why did they have to die?

SUPREME BEING

You might as well say why do we have to have Evil ...

RANDALL

Oh we wouldn't dream of questioning ... 

KEVIN

Yee, why do we have to have Evil?

SUPREME BEING

Ah ... I think it's something to do with free will ... Oh do be careful!!
The DWARVES in their haste have dropped the figure of EVIL. It breaks into several pieces.

SUPREME BEING
Don't lose that stuff ... that's concentrated Evil ... one drop of that could turn you all into hermit crabs..

RANDALL
Sorry sir! Sorry ... so ... we ... we can have our jobs back then ...

SUPREME BEING
Well I think I'll haveto ... you certainly were appallingly bad robbers ... In fact I may have to give you a promotion ... seeing as you've helped me out. (he looks at them) Undergrowth department?

They all nod. "Oh yea".

RANDALL
Thank you ... thank you ... 

SUPREME BEING (indicating drum of EVIL hits) Is it all there? (DWARVES nod)

Right ... come on then ... back to Creation. I mustn't waste any more time ... Everyone'll think I've lost control again ... put it all down to evolution ...

FIDGIT

Sir ...
SUPREME BEING
(testily)

Yes ...

FIDGIT
What about my friend sir ..
can he come with us..

SUPREME BEING
No, I'm afraid not ... He must carry
on the fight ... come on, hurry ...

FIDGIT
But sir ... he deserves something ..
without him ...

SUPREME BEING
Oh yes .. but he's got to carry on
the fight ..

He transmogrifies.

KEVIN
Hey ... please ... don't leave me. ...
please ...

Rushing wind noise.

DWARVES
Bye Kevin ... bye Kevin ...

KEVIN
Don't leave me ... don't leave me.

Smoke from the vanishing SUPREME BEING begins to swirl around
him.

134 INT. KEVIN'S BEDROOM DAWN

KEVIN wakes up in his bed - smoke is all around him.

KEVIN
(half-asleep)
Don't leave me ... please ...

Smoke is billowing into the room ... and the door is being
hashed down. FIREFRANG rush in.

FIREFRANG
Come on ... come on.

KEVIN
What happened? What happened?
134 Continued

As the FIREMEN drag him out of the room, they crush KEVIN's cheque board lying half folded on the floor. On the cheque board rests a toy tank, laser gun and a variety of toy cowboys, knights, and archers. It looks to be a close copy of the Great Hall.

135 EXT. KEVIN'S HOUSE DAWN

KEVIN is dragged out of the smoking, sparking interior of his house. His MOTHER is frantically trying to go back in to save some prize appliance - FIREMEN restrain her. KEVIN's FATHER is trying to explain to another FIREMAN how the blaze began - something to do with the auto-toaster wire getting connected to the semi-heat speed cooking over - they are all hustled out of shot. NEIGHBOURS rush from their houses.

136 EXT. HOUSING ESTATE PARK DAWN

The INHABITANTS of the flaming, exploding housing estate cluster in the early morning light - their hair in curlers, dressing gowns clutched about them, the odd rescued gadget in their arms. The housing estate is engulfed in a holocaust of smoke's flames as these good folks huddle amongst themselves as to who is to blame for the disaster.

KEVIN separates himself from the petty acquisitive consumer-oriented crowd. A faint smile actually appears on his face. Then he notices he still has his satchel around his neck. He dips into it and pulls out his Polaroid - as he does a couple of pictures fall out onto the ground. He takes a picture of the demise of the housing estate and turns and walks off towards the rising sun. A slight breeze flips the fallen photos over as they lie on the ground. We close in on one of them. It is the picture of the GANG in Sherwood Forest. Over this we hear the sound of the DWARVES' marching song.

137 EXT. HILL DAWN

Over the hrow of the hill marches KEVIN to the beat of the DWARVES' marching song. In the distance behind him can be seen the smoke from the consumed estate. As he rises over the ridge we see he is not alone. There strung out behind him is the GANG heartily singing their song. We pan with them as they march across the hill until we face the morning sun. As it blazes into the lens KEVIN and the GANG march straight into it as the song crescendoes toward a magnificent finale. CREDITS ROLL.
Credits begin to roll. Over this the sounds of the DWARVES MARCHING SONG begins to crescendo towards a magnificent finale:

Hey-ho, nonny-nonny noh
Yum Tum Tiddle-eye tot
Po fum Tra la la-la lee
We are a nasty lot

Tiddle-eye toh tum
Rum tikki tikki toh
We'll all be stinking rich
With a castle or two
And a mountain view
And a private cricket pitch

Hey-ho, nicky-nocky nam
Yum tum tikka eye-lay
Wham! Bam! Grab it if you can
Who says crime doesn't pay...

With our horrible looks,
And our mean little eyes
And our hearts as hard as rock
Oh! We strike terror everywhere
We go.

THE END