

QUEST FOR THE WIZARD ANTHZIBAAR

By Benet Simon

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TITLE: SKALDON THE DEDICATED IN . . .
QUEST FOR THE WIZARD
ANTHZIBAAR!

(1)

EXT. VILLAGE - DAY

LARGE FRAME. SKALDON, a mighty, muscle-bound questing hero in chainmail and a horned helmet, rides his war horse through an adoring town with a double-headed battle axe strapped to his back. The sun shines, he's happy and whistling.

Two YOUNG WENCHES gaze at him adoringly as he passes. Smiling PEASANTS give him a double thumbs up.

A MINSTREL with a mandolin, dressed in a court jester's outfit, cavorts alongside the horse singing the praises of Skaldon.

Skaldon's mighty horse is heavily laden, and from somewhere - possibly there's someone very small behind him? - a VOICE comes from the back of the horse.

MINSTREL: SING A SONG OF SKALDON! NO
SLACKADAY, LACKADAY HE!

VOICE (OFF): ARE WE NEARLY THERE YET?

(2)

EXT. TOWN SQUARE - DAY

Skaldon rides past a stone statue of himself looking heroic. Adoring Merchants salute him, rich LADIES try to give him the glad eye. Astounded URCHINS point and gasp.

MINSTREL: SLAYER OF THE DRAGON YULBINAR,
TO RESCUE THE (no longer) MAIDEN
ANGELIE!

(3)

EXT. MOUNTAIN TRAIL - DAY

Skaldon rides up a mountain trail, supremely confident. Unseen, a pair of eyes look out of the darkness beside some shady rocks. The Minstrel keeps pace.

MINSTREL: SAVIOUR OF PYTANG, HERO OF THE
DIAMOND STEPPES -

VOICE:

ARE WE NEARLY THERE YET?

(4)

EXT. MOUNTAIN TRAIL - DAY

The Minstrel gets an arrow in the side of his head.

MINSTREL:

HE - **URGHK!**

(5)

EXT. MOUNTAIN TRAIL - DAY

A group of swarthy BANDITS leaps from behind the rocks to descend on Skaldon, who reaches for his battle axe.

SKALDON:

BANDITS!

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(1)

EXT. MOUNTAIN TRAIL - DAY

LARGE FRAME. Dismounted, Skaldon cuts off five bandit heads in one swipe of his double-headed battle axe. With his spare hand he uses one bandit to smash two more into the ground. His horse kicks the last bandit with its back legs.

(2)

EXT. MOUNTAIN TRAIL - DAY

Skaldon is poised for more action, but there isn't any. He's surrounded by corpses.

(3)

EXT. MOUNTAIN TRAIL - DAY

Skaldon rides his horse away from the carnage, an "oh well" looks on his face.

SKALDON:

HUH. THOUGHT THAT WAS GOING TO BE
A THING.

VOICE:

ARE WE NEARLY THERE YET?

(4)

EXT. SWAMP - NIGHT

Skaldon rides a narrow trail through a marshland with wailing zombie ghosts under the surface of the swamp.

VOICE:

ARE WE NEARLY THERE YET?

PAGE THREE

(1)

EXT. SNOWY MOUNTAIN - DAY

Seen from above, a determined Skaldon struggles up a mountain with his horse on his back. He is high above the clouds, which can be seen miles below him in a vertical drop.

VOICE: ARE WE NEARLY THERE YET?

(2)

EXT. BLASTED LANDSCAPE - NIGHT

Skaldon plays a wooden version of Connect 4 with the Grim Reaper, smugly making a winning move, much to the Reaper's dismay. Behind him, his horse watches the game with a smile.

VOICE: ARE WE NEARLY THERE YET?

(3)

EXT. INN - DAY

Skaldon addresses what appears to be a very tiny model village perched on the back of his saddle. He has lifted a glass lid on the village to address it, and wags a vast finger at it. A passing FARMER raises an eyebrow at this weirdness.

SKALDON: TINYFIED PEOPLE OF PYTANG! I AM
SWORN TO FIND THE WIZARD WHO
CURSED YOU TO YOUR SMALLNESS

AND I SHALL FORCE HIM TO UNDO HIS
EVIL BUT **PLEASE . . .**

(4)

EXT. TINYFIED PYTANG VILLAGE - DAY

Looking at the tiny village at their level and scale, the people of Pytang were clearly gnomes to begin with. The backs of a group of them are assembled beneath the giant, annoyed face of Skaldon. Gnome boys and girls play in the foreground, village life continues.

SKALDON:

FOR THE LOVE OF ALL THAT IS GOOD,
BRIGHT AND FLUFFY, WILL YOU LET ME
QUEST IN PEACE?

(5)

EXT. TINYFIED PYTANG VILLAGE - DAY

The same group of villagers, seen from the front now. A gnome MAYOR with a mayoral chain listens as one of his associates whispers in his ear.

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(1)

EXT. TINYFIED PYTANG VILLAGE - DAY

The tiny gnome Mayor holds up placating hands while his associates all nod.

MAYOR: WE SEE WHAT YOU'RE SAYING.

SKALDON: THANK YOU.

(2)

EXT. PLAINS - DAY

Relieved, Skaldon looks down at the tiny village, individual people almost invisible.

MAYOR: YOU HAVE OUR SYMPATHY.

SKALDON: IT IS APPRECIATED.

(3)

EXT. TINYFIED PYTANG VILLAGE - DAY

The Mayor hods up a single finger as his companions nod.

MAYOR: BUT THERE IS JUST ONE QUESTION WE
FEEL REQUIRES AN ANSWER.

(4)

EXT. PLAINS - DAY

Skaldon drags his hand down his face, loosing his cool.

SKALDON:

OH, DEAR GODS.

(5)

EXT. TINYFIED PYTANG VILLAGE - DAY

The Mayor shrugs and his cohorts all lean towards Skaldon, look politely inquisitive, all eyes on Skaldon.

MAYOR & ASSOCIATES:

ARE WE NEARLY THERE YET?

PAGE FIVE

(1)

EXT. DESERT - DAY

Skaldon gasps in the heat, leading his horse behind him.

VOICE:

ARE WE NEARLY THERE YET?

(2)

EXT. CASTLE COURTYARD - NIGHT

Skaldon battles a horde of Dark Elves charging at him from all sides.

VOICE:

ARE WE NEARLY THERE YET?

(3)

EXT. MOUNTAIN RIVER - DAY

Skaldon wades across a river so deep only his nostrils are above the torrent, holding his alarmed horse high above his head with one hand while battling an octopus-like monster with his axe in the other.

VOICE:

ARE WE NEARLY THERE YET?

(4)

EXT. WINDING ROAD - DAY

It's pouring with rain, but Skaldon looks surprised and delighted at something he sees.

VOICE:

ARE WE NEARLY THERE YET?

(5)

EXT. WINDING ROAD - DAY

Skaldon raises his fists in victory, ecstatic.

SKALDON:

YES! YES WE ARE NEARLY THERE! FOR
NINETY-NINE DAYS AND NINETY-NINE
NIGHTS I HAVE QUESTED BUT NOW,
FINALLY, AT LONG, LONG LAST!

RIGHT.

SKALDON: BUT . . . BUT . . . NINETY-NINE DAYS
NINETY-NINE NIGHTS . . .

(5)

INT. WIZARD'S TOWER - DAY

The same framing as in the last picture, only now Skaldon looks alarmed, his eyes pin pricks, as the voice comes once again from his saddle, in tiny, barely heard letters.

VOICE: ARE WE NEARLY THERE YET?

PAGE SEVEN

(1)

INT. WIZARD'S TOWER - DAY

Skaldon looks to the wooden shelves lined with gourds, holding his chin thoughtfully. Each gourd has a little label on it.

SKALDON: HMMM . . .

(2)

INT. WIZARD'S TOWER - DAY

Looking out from the shelves themselves as Skaldon scans the shelves while using a

vast finger and thumb to balance tiny pince nez spectacles on his nose.

SKALDON: ELASTICISM . . . ESCTACY . . .
DINSINTEGRATION
DEVIANCY . . . **AHA!**

(3)

INT. WIZARD'S TOWER - DAY

In his vast palm, Skaldon brandishes a tiny gourd in front of the wizard, pointing at it with his spare hand.

SKALDON: **THIS! I REQUIRE THIS!**

WIZARD: THAT ONE'S A GROAT, MATE.

(4)

INT. WIZARD'S TOWER - DAY

Skaldon looks pious and instructive, the wizard unimpressed.

SKALDON: I KNOW NOT OF FINANCE. I DO
GREAT DEEDS AND THE LAND
PROVIDES.

WIZARD:

WELL, I DON'T KNOW ABOUT
THAT, BUT SINCE I HAVE A DOOR
TO FIX, I DO GOTTS THIS WOOD
NEEDS CHOPPING.

(5)

INT. WIZARD'S TOWER - DAY

Skaldon strikes a mighty pose, shouting to the cosmos and brandishing his axe. The panel is filled with him.

SKALDON:

**NAME YOUR TREE, WIZARD,
AND BY SANTHO'S BEARD, IT
WILL BE CHOPPED!**

(6)

INT. WIZARD'S TOWER - DAY

The wizard lights his scraggly roll-up using a flame coming out of the tip of his finger, while his free hand casually points to a substantial looking wood, more like a forest, of huge trees that can be seen out of the window. Skaldon looks shocked.

WIZARD:

NOT TREE, WOOD. THAT WOOD
OVER THERE.

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(1)

INT. WIZARD'S TOWER - DAY

Skaldon is shocked and outraged.

(1) (cont.)

SKALDON:

FOR ONE LITTLE POTION!?!

THAT'S OUTRAGEOUS! THAT'S -

(2)

INT. WIZARD'S TOWER - DAY

Skaldon buries his face in one enormous hand, distraught. The wizard is very smug.

On the saddle on his horse by the door, the tiny voice rises once again.

VOICE:

ARE WE NEARLY THERE YET?

(3)

EXT. STRIPPED PLAIN - EVENING

LARGE FRAME. Skaldon, panting and sweating, exhausted and held up by leaning on his axe as the sun sets behind him. There are large, neat piles of firewood for as far as the eye can see. He has one hand extended and the smug, satisfied wizard is in the process of putting the potition in it.

(4)

CU ON POTION:

The potion rests in Skaldon's hand. The label attached to the gourd reads "POTION OF DEAFNESS"

(5)

EXT. MOUNTAIN TRAIL - DAY

Skaldon rides his horse along a mountain trail, smiling serenely. A speech bubble comes from the back of his saddle, but it's EMPTY.