

GEARLOCKED REALMS

written by BRYAN HUNT

FADE IN.

EXT. SPACE.

The infinite blackness, dotted with bright specks.

V.O. ELVEN QUEEN

Our worlds were never completely separate.

EXT. STONEHENGE. NIGHT

A drunken peasant stumbles along singing to himself while his flagon of alcoholic beverage sloshes left and right.

V.O. ELVEN QUEEN

There were always 'thin' spots and 'thin' times where travel occurred.

There is a flash of light and the peasant has disappeared.

Silence dominates.

V.O. ELVEN QUEEN

Though often that came with unwanted consequences.

There is another flash of light and the peasant tumbles out of it onto the ground. He is older. His hair is grey and his beard is long and grey, though he wears the same clothes and carries the same flagon.

The peasant notices his grey beard and examines his old and weathered hands

PEASANT

(saddened)

Oh.

He then notices his flagon is still half full and takes a long drink of it. As he finishes, he lifts the flagon revealing his beard is dripping with it. He grins.

INT. WORKSHOP. NIGHT.

A man works feverishly on a device of some sort. It is filled with gears and cogs and steam piping. His brow is sooty but he tinkers away anyway. Yellowed paper plans sit on the desk next to him.

V.O. ELVEN QUEEN

It was Mr. Babbage that figured out a way to stabilize the way between our realms. He was a mere human, but with a mind for such things.

INT. COUNCIL CHAMBER. DAY

The chamber is organic in nature. The very walls and table seem to be grown rather than constructed. Papers and pens lie strewn about on the living table.

Elves and men sit in chairs that still show signs of growth in leaves and flowers.

One man in a top hat and suit and one elf in grand attire stand in front of each other.

V.O. ELVEN QUEEN

We admired his mind, yet perhaps not his race.
You Topsy's are always tinkering and inventing
and flitting about with no real patience to accept
the growth of things and no real thought to the
consequences of 'making'

The top-hatted man grabs the grand elf's hand and gives it a firm shake. The elf looks confused, then nods, slightly, looking at his hand like it may need to be washed.

V.O. ELVEN QUEEN

Still, you were friendly, or so it appeared. So
we agreed to the portals.

EXT. FAE TOWN. DAY.

A large sign worded 'Topsy Town' dominates.

Dwarves and elves and gnomes walk on the sidewalk near it. In front of the sign everything is organic in nature and clearly grown in this town. Behind the sign construction appears like Victorian England. There are pubs and apartments and carriages with humans milling about.

V.O. ELVEN QUEEN

Soon we had human districts in our towns

EXT. TUNGUSKA VALLEY. DAY

Elves and dwarves work in tandem with organic machinery to grow buildings.

V.O. ELVEN QUEEN

And while such integration was not suited to us, you generously gifted us a patch of valley to grow our own town. It was remote enough for our likes and we cherished it for the gift it was. We called it 'Caer Vale.'

INT. ELVEN BEDROOM. DAY.

An elven woman stands in front of a mirror. It is clearly an elven mirror as it has water as its base reflective material, not glass. She adjusts her Victorian dress. A pocket watch falls loosely from her belt. She nods to herself as she admires herself in the mirror.

V.O. ELVEN QUEEN

So, for a time, we mingled. Our advisors urged us against it. But we mingled anyway and there appeared to be much happiness and progress as a result.

On the grown table in the room, a picture of a human sits prominently with a flower growing out of the table right near it.

INT. LIVING ROOM. CAER VALE. DAY.

A man looks at a picture in the back of his pocket watch as he checks the time. The picture is of the elven woman. In his other hand he holds a newspaper.

He smiles.

His suit is clearly a Victorian style, but the vest looks clearly of elvish influence being grown out of cedar.

He puts the newspaper down. The headline states 'Care vale - Tunguska Portal Opens Today!'

V.O. ELVEN QUEEN

And for a time it remained. But it didn't last.

INT. TESLA'S WARDENCLYFE LABORATORY. LONG ISLAND. NIGHT.

A work desk is in the foreground. The window behind it shows a giant tower of copper and steel. Wires spider-web the entirety of it. Metal knobs dot the copper dome at the top of it.

There is a sound of a punch. A man flies back into the work desk. Papers fly up. The man is NIKOLA TESLA. He rubs his face where it has just been punched.

He holds his hands up and shakes his head in disagreement.

V.O. ELVEN QUEEN

We suspect there were whispers higher up.
Whispers that disliked our conservative
sustainability and thought.

EXT. ELVEN STREET. DAY.

The Elven woman walks along in her Victorian outfit, smiling and singing to herself.

EXT. STREET. CAER VALE. DAY

The man, stops at a street vendor selling potted flowering plants. He picks a purple lily and pays the vendor.

INT. TESLA'S WARDENCLYFE LABORATORY. LONG ISLAND. NIGHT.

V.O. ELVEN QUEEN

Dark whispers. Dark whispers always lead to
dark deeds.

Two U.S. soldiers flank Tesla who is still shaking his head no.

Their commander snaps his fingers. One of the soldiers raises a
gun to Tesla's head.

EXT. ELVEN STREET. DAY.

The elven woman walks up the street. At the end a large Babbage
portal is surrounded by a red ribbon. An elf stands with
ceremonial scissors to cut the ribbon. A crowd is assembled
watching.

The ribbon falls. A switch is flipped and Caer Vale can be seen
on the other side.

EXT. STREET. CAER VALE. DAY.

The crowd erupts in applause as the portal shimmers to life.

The man cheers in joy, nearly uprooting the lily plant as his
hands shoot to the sky in celebration. He fumbles to recover the
plant.

INT. TESLA'S WARDENCLYFE LABORATORY. LONG ISLAND. NIGHT.

Close on an instrument panel. There are 'Lat' and 'Lon' dials
along with many small switches and one large knife switch.

A hand adjusts the dials, and flips a few small switches.
Machinery begins to hum.

Widen to reveal Tesla, tears streaming down his face.

The soldier with the gun pushes it forward into Tesla's temple in emphasis.

Close on the knife switch being thrown.

EXT. ELVEN TOWN. DAY.

The elven woman looks at the portal with scrutiny. She spots the man with the purple lily in the crowd on the other side of the portal and waves vigorously.

EXT. STREET. CAER VALE. DAY.

The man sees the elven woman waving on the other side of the portal. He smiles and holds his free hand up to his heart.

INT. TESLA'S WARDENCLYFE LABORATORY. LONG ISLAND. NIGHT.

Tesla stands looking out the window, his hands in gripping the hair on his head.

Outside the window, the tower pulses electrical energy into the ground.

The commander nods.

EXT. CAER VALE. DAY.

For a second the city is seen.

Then, where the city was, it is replaced by a silver cloud of an explosion arced with electricity and fire.

V.O. ELVEN QUEEN

And whispers end in darkness. Our advisors were right. Mingling leads to destruction. We should have heeded their words. Never again shall this be.

The arcs of fire and electricity roll outwards revealing a nearly pristine landscape.

EXT. STONEHENGE. NIGHT.

A drunken man stumbles along holding a beer. He sings to himself as he stumbles into the circle.

V.O. ELVEN QUEEN

Never again.

There is a flash of light and the man has disappeared.

EXT. BOSTON. DAY

SUPER: Boston, 1933

One man, CHANCELLOR ULRICH, in formal attire stands at the open door of a taxi cab as he talks to another, KARL, standing nearby. The street and sidewalk are bustling with activity

V.O. ELVEN QUEEN

We thought we had closed all the Babbage portals, but he was crafty, that one. There were ways and he had ensured it...

Chancellor Ulrich takes off his hat in anticipation of entering the cab

CHANCELLOR ULRICH

(German accent)

I can trust this task to you Karl? It is unlikely the dwarf and the giant have any information, but see what you can find out.

KARL

(German accent)

Yes, chancellor

CHANCELLOR ULRICH

That leaves me to find the girl. And Karl?

Karl nods showing his attention

CHANCELLOR ULRICH
(continuing)
Remember, this is vital to Germany.

KARL
The relic belongs with us, so we can keep it
safe. I have no doubt we will recover it.

The chancellor gets in his cab. It speeds away.

Karl checks his pocket watch, then slips on a cap and goggles.
He mounts a motorcycle, kick starts it to life, performs a U-
turn and speeds off in another direction.

EXT. OUTSKIRTS OF BOSTON. COUNTRY ROAD. DAY.

Karl speeds along on his motorcycle. In the distance, the
brightly coloured tents of a circus are prominent

INT. BIG TOP. CIRCUS OF THE GREEN EYES. DAY

The circus is abuzz with animals and performers walking this way
and that. They are clearly preparing and rehearsing a
performance and not open to the public.

Karl speaks with a random carnie.

The carnie nods and points. Karl shakes his hand vigorously and
walks off in that direction.

INT. BIG TOP. CIRCUS OF THE GREEN EYES. CLOWN DRESSING ROOM. DAY

In front of a lighted mirror, a dwarf, MORGEN, sits applying
makeup. A giant of a man, ROLLY, sits on a countertop nearby.
His muscled bulky nature is defied by the gentle way he sits
atop the counter.

MORGEN
(applying eye makeup)
I am just saying, even were I in the temperament
to court a girl, Rolly, there are probabilities

to overcome. Finding a girl my type of wee, or in your case, your type of gargantuan, proves infrequent. Finding one, also, with minimal gender related insanity as well, is nigh impossible.

Rolly sighs

ROLLY

Too many restrictions, Morgen. Love looks not with the eyes, but with the mind. And therefore is winged cupid painted blind.

Morgen laughs and hits the table. A bottle of paint pills and he quickly rights it.

MORGEN

It's a fancy quote. You suggest I entertain regular sized ladies. Fair game, I suppose, but I am looking for not just a rigorous mind-loving but for certain...um...

(moving hands to mimic carnal acts)
logistical compatibilities. Some things are only capable with similar sizes.

ROLLY

(sighing)

If a mind is driven by appetites, a mind shall only be consumed. I posit recreation and affection are different beasts.

MORGEN

You suggest two women. Capital idea! Let it never be said that...

The tent flap is opened and Karl peeks in. He looks at Morgen and then over at Rolly, taking in his size.

MORGEN

Shows tomorrow. Come back at noon. Back stage is off limits

Karl raises his finger in the air.

KARL

Ah, well see, I am not a patron. I came
looking for you

Morgen and Rolly look at each other nervously. Both seem to
tense up.

MORGEN

Yes...well...what is this regarding? Child
birthday party perhaps? Rolly here can juggle.
Even goats! Whole goats he can juggle.

KARL

No, well...how to I put this. It has come to me
that the two of you are not quite from here.

MORGEN

Same could be said for you, my good Kraut.

Karl winces slightly.

ROLLY

(quietly)

Morgen...thine barbed tongue flays both friend
and foe

KARL

Right. Well...do we agree that your 'not quite
from here' is further away than my 'not quite
from here'?

Morgen and Rolly share another tense look.

Morgen holds out his clenched fist.

MORGEN

Look, friend, if it's the gnomes that sent
you, it could have been anyone that lifted those
gold bars. I mean just because I was there when
it happened

(unfurling one finger)

and just because only Rolly could have lifted that
sledge

(unfurling another finger)

and just because I bragged about it to some
ogre hussy
 (unfurling another finger)
...actually...that does look quite bad. It wasn't us.

Karl looks confused.

MORGEN
 (realizing)
Or...not about that. Ok. You are here for an
autograph then?

KARL
 (shaking his head)
No. No. I am looking for a particular device.
The sort one would seek if he wanted to travel
to a 'not quite from here' place.

Beat.

Rolly clears his throat.

MORGEN
Look...friend...
 (extending his arms wide)
When Rolly and I said 'not quite from here' we
meant Canada. Ya...Canada. That's what we were all
about. If that's what you are seeking it is only
a train voyage away.

ROLLY
 (nodding)
Might I suggest Saskatoon. It is as lovely to
say as it is to behold. Oh, the very majesty of
the open prairie, writhing with the wind...

KARL
 (interrupting)
Yes, well, sorry to have bothered you.
 (nodding)
Good day.

Karl leaves through the tent flap.

Morgen and Rolly audibly exhale.

ROLLY

Quick thinking there.

MORGEN

I had to do something. Best to stay simple
circus folk, am I right?

ROLLY

If the crudeness and quickness of your mind
were to race, I am not sure which would win.

(beat)

Do we follow him?

Morgen grabs his jacket.

MORGEN

Umm, yes! He had the look of someone that had
a second option on where to find the device. I
didn't even know there was a device but if there
is, we don't want a portal opened that the gnome
mafia can use.

(looking back at Rolly)

Saskatoon?

Rolly shrugs as he stands up.

EXT. BLACKWOOD MANOR. DAY

Karl's motorcycle rides up the lane and stops beside a grey car.

Chancellor Ulrich steps out of the car.

KARL

No luck, Chancellor. They either didn't know or
wouldn't say.

CHANCELLOR ULRICH

Well, I was more fruitful. I have the girl.

KARL

Have? I thought you needed a device, not a girl.
Did she not have it?

The Chancellor walks to the rear of the car. Karl follows.

CHANCELLOR ULRICH

There was an unexpected complication

He opens the trunk. Inside, gagged, is BABBS, an early 20s girl with a prosthetic arm.

EXT. BLACKWOOD MANOR. FIELD. DAY

In the foreground, a stone circle sits within the field.

Karl hurries along behind Chancellor Ulrich who is forcing Babbs along while holding her by her good arm. Babbs mumbles incoherently beneath her gag.

KARL

It's just...well...it's kidnapping. Why do we need to kidnap in the name of Germany? You said she would give you the device.

CHANCELLOR ULRICH

We do whatever Germany needs. And in this case, it needs this girl in this field on this day. Why, you ask? Well, you do not need to know. Mind your place.

KARL

Apologies chancellor. I know you mean best. We mean to protect the world from this device. Kidnapping just seems so ...violent.

As they approach the stone circle, the wind starts to pick up.

The Chancellor shoves Babbs into the circle roughly. She hits her head on one of the stones.

In the background, three figures walk towards Karl and the Chancellor

CHANCELLOR ULRICH

Sometimes violence is needed for greater peace, Karl

The air starts to crackle with electricity. Babbs arm contains a few gears and such. They start to spin. She is limp on the ground, unconscious.

The three figures, MORGEN, ROLLY, and the OWNER of the Blackwood Mansion reach the circle.

OWNER

I say, these fellows said they noticed some trespassers on my land. I daresay they were correct. What is your business here?

Chancellor Ulrich pulls out a gun and points it at the homeowner. The owner visible cowers back.

CHANCELLOR ULRICH

Stand back. We only need to be here a moment or two.

KARL

Mein Chancellor?

Morgen looks at Babbs on the ground and at the visible electricity arcing across the stones.

MORGEN

Easy now, Gunter. We just cannot allow you to...

The Chancellor points the gun on Morgen now.

As he turns, Rolly punches him hard. The gun flies into the field.

The Chancellors face visibly shimmers. Then it changes to the face of a creature with blue-green variegated skin and tentacles protruding from the lower portion of it like a beard.

The wind really whips around the stone circle now.

CHANCELLOR ULRICH

You've seen me. Death for all then.

The chancellor pulls out a giant whip that glows yellow with electricity.

He cracks it once and it burns right through the owner. He falls to the ground dead.

MORGEN

RUN!

A portal coalesces and opens in the background.

Morgen dives forward as the whip cracks towards him. It grazes across his cheek, wounding him as he dives and rolls.

MORGEN

Into the portal!

KARL

In there? Are you crazy?

The chancellor turns to look at Karl menacingly. He raises his whip.

KARL

Right. Into the portal then.

The whip cracks and misses Karl by mere inches.

Karl, Morgen, and Rolly run towards the portal. Rolly stops briefly to scoop up Babbs. As they enter the portal there is a flash of light and then nothing.

The wind and electricity are gone. The Chancellor and the dead owner are all that remain in the field.

CHANCELLOR ULRICH

Damn.

EXT. FAE DIMENSION. FIELD. NIGHT

The four pop out into a field.

KARL
(looking around)
Where...?

Eleven cavalry ride hard towards their location in the background

MORGEN
(pointing to the elves)
We aren't out of it yet.

ROLLY
To flee or not to flee, that is the question

MORGEN
Where to go, where to go.

KARL
Think of something fast!

A rope ladder drops from the sky

MORGEN
Ok...up...You first Rolly

Rolly starts to climb, with Babbs slung over his shoulder.

The elves get closer.

MORGEN
Now me. No offence Kraut, but I barely know you
and you were good buddies with squid-face there.

Morgen starts to ascend.

Before Karl can get to the ladder, it is pulled up and the elves are on him.

Spears are pointed at him in all directions. He puts his hands up.

ELVEN WARRIOR
(calmly)
Not a muscle moves.

INT. ELVEN PALACE.THRONE ROOM. DAY.

Light streams though many coloured panes grown of plant matter.
The tall pillars are trees grown in cultured art.

KING ELARIUM THE THIRD sits on a vine covered throne. An adviser
sits on the left in a lesser chair, while CHANCELLOR VESTRUM
sits to the right.

A line of supplicants stretches out the throne room doors.
Second in line is RAYWYN, a member of the royal household, in
greens and leathers that border on both formal and functional.
RAYWYN's ears are noticeably less pointed than the other elves.

The KING and CHANCELLOR VESTRUM whisper between each other.
CHANCELLOR VESTRUM nods.

CHANCELLOR VESTRUM

(towards current supplicant)

It is decided that farmer Pawrys will be given
three medium horned shag beasts from the kings
own stock to replace the ones the royal scouting
party consumed on their way through the bairn
lands. Is this agreeable.

SUPPLICANT PAWRYS

(nodding)

Yes, your grace!

CHANCELLOR VESTRUM

I am not a grace. I am simply a chancellor. The
kings advisor.

SUPPLICANT PAWRYS

Yes, your eminence.

CHANCELLOR VESTRUM

Nor am I that. I am not a grace, though I am
graceful. I am not an eminence, though I am
immanent. What do you make of that?

Pawrys simply nods and leaves.

CHANCELLOR VESTRUM

(motioning to the exiting Pawrys)

He has the makings of a politician, that one.

(to the crowd)

Next. His glory recognizes Raywyn, of the house Leander, the king's own household, first of her name.

RAYWYN steps up to the raised podium.

RAYWYN

My dearest King Elarium, third of his name, of the house Leander, protector of the realms of light, defender of the woodland graces, and champion of the fae...

CHANCELLOR VESTRUM

(interrupting)

Need I remind you, Raywyn, you should address your concerns to myself and I will discuss with the king as need be. Lest we overtax his eminence. I shall blame your topsy blood for any...

RAYWYN

(interrupting)

My dearest King, your puppy is making noises again. I address you directly. We share a house in name, though I do not know my place within it...

CHANCELLOR VESTRUM

(interrupting, sighing)

This again...

RAYWYN

(reasserting herself)

I know you are my elder, but am I a daughter, grand-daughter, distant cousin, or grand-niece thrice removed? I seek only to know where I come from, my King. Can you not divulge my parents to me either here or in private? I implore you, beloved King. I only seek to know where I come from.

The King looks saddened. He opens his mouth to speak, then closes it and sighs. He turns to CHANCELLOR VESTRUM

CHANCELLOR VESTRUM

I count this as the 37th time you have asked for this during these sessions. It should be enough that the good King recognizes you as family. You should put trust in your King that if he does not tell you, there is good reason.

RAYWYN

(to the King)

But I do trust you. If I but knew the reason that I cannot know, perhaps I would not need to ask.

CHANCELLOR VESTRUM

That seems the very opposite of trust, my lady. Sometimes exposing the reason will also expose the very thing behind the reason. You ask for the impossible.

RAYWYN

(to the King)

So Vestrum can know the reason, but not I? Why is that?

KING ELARIUM

Child. Some pathways lead to darkened alleyways where one cannot find their way out. Then the villains come with their blades. My very words and lack of words has always been to keep safe one who is of my blood.

RAYWYN

Kept from others, I understand. But why would...

She is interrupted by the royal guard entering with KARL in chains.

GAURDSMAN

Majesty. We caught this topsy in a field near Corra. He and others came out of nowhere. There

was a flash and they were there.

KING ELARIUM

(to himself)

A portal?

GAURDSMAN

There were others with him that escaped by airship.

The King and Chancellor whisper with each other.

CHANCELLOR VESTRUM

What is your name?

KARL

Huh? Karl. It's Karl.

CHANCELLOR VESTRUM

Karl. Where were you headed?

KARL

Where? I was escaping the thing...I mean I don't even know where I am now.

CHANCELLOR VESTRUM

You were escaping from somewhere, but you do not know where that is? Lies. Were you and your friends headed to the circle in Kestra? Wasn't that the truth?

KARL

Kestra? I do not know...

CHANCELLOR VESTRUM

LIES! Who were your accomplices?

KARL

I do not know. I swear...

CHANCELLOR VESTRUM

LIES! Either you were escaping with them or you were escaping from them. Either way you know something of them...Look, the King can be merciful or just, but not both. Just tell us...

Raywyn turns and hurries out of the throne room.

V.O. ELVEN QUEEN

Answers were not to be had that day. Neither
for her nor for the Chancellor.

EXT. TOPSY TOWN. AIR DOCKS DISTRICT. DAY

SUPER: 3 months later.

A woman walks through the air docks district in a dark cloak with the hood concealing her face well. Various individuals stroll the streets - mainly dwarves and gnomes, but the occasional elf or ogre as well. All are dressed in Victorian garb with accessories of goggles or gears.

Airships dot the skyline, anchored to buildings and loading platforms.

The buildings are in stark contrast to the elven organic construction. These are brick and mortar.

The woman turns into a darkened alley. It is so dark, she can barely see.

V.O. ELVEN QUEEN

And desperate people look for answers in
desperate places.

The darkness is shattered by a gnome lighting a cigarette.

The woman recoils slightly.

RAYWYN

Are you Frello?

FRELLO

Could be...

RAYWYN

I need a job done...

Raywyn whispers to the gnome furiously.

Frello whistles to himself.

FRELLO

A doozy m'lady. I know just the woman for the job. It's going to take some time though.

EXT. COUNTRYSIDE. DAY

SUPER: 3 months later

A lovely day in the Fae realm. Blue sky, rolling hills, and several clouds dot the horizon.

The ARTEMIS, an air ship, explodes into view. As an Air Ship, the Artemis is unique. It has two balloons that are smaller than usual airship balloons, and between which rests an organic looking cabin that clasps each balloon from the side. The front of the cabin looks very birdish and predatory, while the back houses a giant rudder. On the outer side of each balloon there are small winglets with elevators and glass turrets.

INT. ARTEMIS. BRIDGE. DAY

BABBS stands at the control center of the ARTEMIS, which contains many gears, pulleys, levers, and dials. Her long, dark rough jacket compliments her caramel-coloured skin. She wears a Victorian style corset that looks more armor than fabric. A musket hangs on a belt on her hip, while a leather satchel hangs on the opposing.

Out the front glass windows, the countryside zips along.

BABBS pulls a lever forward to not much effect.

She quickly turns to a panel on the side and flips a knife switch. Electricity hums in the panels to each side of her.

BABBS

(seemingly to no one)

Morgen...

INT. ARTEMIS. ENGINE ROOM. DAY

MORGEN and ROLLY sit idly on a banged-up couch. ROLLY reads a magazine, while MORGEN is listening to something nearby.

On a small platform near the couch, steam sprays upwards. In the steam is a visual recreation of BABBS on the bridge.

BABBS

(continued)

...I need riser shifted into the bow ballonet
for altitude. Get Rolly on the bellows. We need
to be above the few clouds we have for cover.

Morgen stands.

MORGEN

You hear that? Not even a please. I mean who
voted her captain anyway?

Rolly puts down his magazine, sighing.

ROLLY

Leadership lies in the feet and not in the
tally, one would say. Those willing to step to
the front take both the glory and the barbs.

MORGEN

You suggest since we do not care for glory,
she can be out front? Seems cowardly of us,
though cowards live longer than heroes - tis true.

ROLLY

Or perhaps like water, we settle in the pools
most shaped to us.

MORGEN

So since I am sarcastic and good with gears,
the engine room is for me. And since she is
smart and charismatic, hers is more a captain's
role?

ROLLY

I know she has a quick smile, a mind
overflowing with ingenuity, and a left arm
that I could not beat in an arm wrestle.

The steam comm comes on again.

BABBS

(over the comms)

Are you sleeping down there? Or drunk?
Honestly.

MORGEN

Or perhaps it's that she sings so sweetly.
Her overflowing mind conjured those cursed
steam comms...so it cannot be that.

ROLLY

Its affection. Right you are Morgen! There
are two sources of power: Fear and Affection.
Affection being a thousand times more effective
and persistent.

Morgen blinks.

ROLLY

We like her...so we don't mind her being in charge.

Morgen nods.

The steam comm springs to life again.

BABBS

(irritated, on the comm)

Guys? Really...drink after the job.

MORGEN

(sighing)

Best be at it then. I can feel the persistence
in that affection of hers

Rolly walks to the bellows and begins to work them. In. Out. In
Out. Whoosh. Whoosh.

INT. ARTEMIS. BRIDGE. DAY.

Close on another couch on the bridge. An old man lies passed out on it. His in and out snoring parallels the whoosh-whoosh of the bellows.

BABBS remains at the controls. The engines lurch forwards suddenly.

BABBS
(to herself)
Bout time.

She pulls the lever forward again and the ARTEMIS begins to rise.

INT. ARTEMIS. CARGO HOLD. DAY

BABBS, ROLLY, and MORGEN stand near the moon window looking down at an elven complex below.

Morgen now sports goggles and a brown dwarf sized trench coat. Rolly has a mask that covers his eyes.

MORGEN
So, let me get this straight. One, we get paid for this gig. Two, we get to steal any fancy bits we come across. Three, the elves look like morons as a result. Three good things and no downside. Something's rotten with this.

BABBS
Morgen, seriously, do you always have to be a dark cloud?

MORGEN
Nah, it's like this though. I have noticed a balance in life. Not a perfect balance, mind you, but a makeshift one. Some good things come with some bad things, and so on. So, if you told me that I was likely to stub my toe really badly on this mission or that I would get a really bad rash or

a gem I find turns out to be cursed, I would be all for it. But with three good things and no bad things...it just feels wrong. It gets my dwarf radar going.

ROLLY

What my tiny friend is trying to say is that ideals only happen in portraits and planning.

BABBS

Nothings ever perfect. I get that.

(Morgen)

So if I told you I would give you a good solid slap if this caper goes off without a hitch, would it make you feel better?

MORGEN

Loads. Though why do you have to use a word like caper. It makes us seem like the bad guys.

BABBS

We are breaking into a secure elven government complex, stealing a document and whatever else is shiny and not tied down. Check, check, and check. We are the bad guys.

MORGEN

I prefer 'Plucky Adventuring Opportunist.'

BABBS

Fine

(to Rolly)

And what's with the mask?

ROLLY

It protects my identity.

MORGEN

Rolly, we are the only Dwarf/Half Giant thief team in the realm. I do think may know you from that alone.

BABBS

Plus your shirt has your name on it.

Rolly looks down and smiles.

ROLLY

It's my good luck shirt. Maybe I just like the air of mystery the mask gives me. I mean, what if I meet a nice half giantess down there?

MORGEN

During a caper?

Rolly nods

MORGEN

In an elven complex?

Rolly nods.

MORGEN

(shrugging)

Fair enough.

BABBS

Ok, we drop in 5.

MORGEN

Stupid elves. They never expect an attack from above. They don't have airships, so they don't look up. Ridiculous.

EXT. COUNTRYSIDE. DAY

Three figures can be seen descending a rope latter from the ARTEMIS floating gracefully in the sky to the elven complex below.

INT. HALL OF RECORDS. DAY.

Three elven guards patrol up and down the hallway. Their walking is dead quiet. Subtle music and chanting can be heard in the background.

Quietly three drills can be seen burrowing through the hallway wall and then retreating. One is at a low height, one at medium, and one very tall.

The drill holes are soon replaced with eyeballs.

MORGEN

(whispering)

Rolly, how many do you see?

ROLLY

(whispering)

Two. Captain, and you?

BABBS

(whispering)

Only two.

MORGEN

(whispering)

I see two as well, but what if my two are different than your two. What if there are four? Or six?

ROLLY

(whispering)

My two have pointy ears and armour, if that helps.

MORGEN

(whispering)

They ALL have pointy ears and armour. They're bloody elves.

ROLLY

(whispering)

Alright, well one of mine looks wistful while the other is melancholy

MORGEN

(no longer quite whispering)

Well what the hell does 'wistful' look like?

BABBS

(whispering)

He probably looks like me about now.

One of the guards stops and turns in their direction.

ELVEN GUARD 1

Is someone there? Identify yourselves

ROLLY

I think he heard you.

MORGEN

Bloody elves and their ears. That's why I prefer robbing gnomes

BABBS

This is going sideways quick. Flyz?

MORGEN

Agreed. Flyz. I will pick up stragglers.

The Elven guard draws his bow and points it at the wall.

ELVEN GUARD 1

Alright, I definitely hear you. Out of there. Right now.

The other guards draw their bows as well.

ELVEN GUARD 2

No weapons or we shoot. Hands held high.

BABBS

(loudly)

Fine. I give up. I am coming out. Don't shoot.

Babbs emerges around the corner with her hands held high. She has her fists clenched around something.

ELVEN GUARD 1

Ok, stay where you are. What do you have in your hands?

BABBS

Oh, nothing really.

ELVEN GUARD 2

Well, drop it then.

BABBS

I would not advise that.

ELVEN GUARD 1

I would advise it. Or arrows fly.

BABBS

Ok...since you asked so nice...

Babbs smirks and opens her hands. In each hand are two miniature steam powered flying devices connected by a wire. As she opens her hands, they fly towards two of the elves. They reach them about head height before the elves can react. The wire catches them on the face and they wrap around and around the head until the wire is used up. There is a small electrical noise at that point and both elves drop.

The third elven guard is unaffected. And angry.

ELVEN GUARD 3

Get on the ground NOW!

BABBS

Ok. Ok. You must let a girl have her fun though.

As Babbs drops to the ground you see Morgen behind her. He had been hidden by her long dark cloak. Morgen draws Babbs musket and fires.

A net emerges from the musket with black metal balls at the edge of it. A wire tethers the net back to the gun. The net hits the third elven guard and he topples to the ground.

ELVEN GUARD 3

If you think a puny net and tricks like this
will keep me down, you had better rethink...

Morgen presses a button on the musket and with an electric sound, the black balls on the net constrict together with

magnetism. The net cinches up such that the guard cannot even move. He murmurs on the floor trying to speak.

MORGEN

Oh, I am rethinking. I am rethinking how no one ever believes me when I say there are more than two. Definitely more than two. Still though, the flyz are much improved. Remember how they made that guy twitch on the Stammpert job?

Rolly comes around the corner.

ROLLY

Now is not the time for reminiscing, my friend.

Rolly walks over to the elf. The elven guard looks up at him bug eyed, murmuring loudly. Rolly squats down beside him, holding his head between his giant hands.

ROLLY

I hope your folk have good headache medicine.

Rolly squeezes. There is a crunching noise. The elven guard goes limp.

ROLLY

Whoopsies. That was a bit hard I guess. I really abhor violence. It only begets more violence, you know?

Babbs and Morgen just look at Rolly and then at each other.

ROLLY

I guess, unless the last violence renders the violent parties unviolent by means of previous violence. Such is the case here.

Silence.

BABBS

Can we go then?

ROLLY

Indeed.

In the background, Morgen is ripping a golden candle holder off the wall and stuffing it in a sack.

BABBS

Haul them around the corner. We leave no evidence.

INT. HALL OF RECORDS. OFFICE ROOM. DAY.

The three walk around an office room looking for booty. The sacks they carry are already pretty full of treasure.

Morgen lowers his goggles. From his POV, everything looks blue until he looks at a desk. One drawer has a red lump in it.

He takes off his goggles and opens the drawer. Inside are some gold coins.

MORGEN

Booty.

INT. HALL OF RECORDS. LINEAGE ROOMS. DAY.

The three walk down the hall looking for the right room from their paper instructions.

Babbs stops suddenly. She looks at the door and then at the paper.

BABBS

This is it. 23.

She tries the door.

BABBS

Locked.

Morgen rubs his hands together.

MORGEN

Time for my nimble dwarf digits to work their mojo.

He pushes Babbs out of the way and pulls out his lock picks.

He tries and fails

MORGEN

This ones tricky...takes a little finesse

He tries again and fails.

MORGEN

Almost. There seem to be many tumblers. Give
me a moment.

Babbs pushes him out of the way. With her left arm (the
prosthetic), she grabs the lock and rips it to shreds. The door
opens.

MORGEN

Well, sure that's one way. No class though.

INT. HALL OF RECORDS. ROOM 23. DAY.

All three are looking through record files.

Babbs looks at one small delicate scroll.

BABBS

Got it.

She opens a compartment on her prosthetic arm and puts in the
scroll.

INT. HALL OF RECORDS. LINEAGE ROOMS HALLWAY. DAY

They exit room 23 and head back the way they came.

BABBS

Ok. Back to the Artemis. Quick and cat like.

They head down the hallway quiet like, but Morgen stops.

MORGEN

Hold up. How did I not see this gorgeous creature on the way in?

In front of him is a giant ruby set in the artwork of the wall.

BABBS

Morgen. There is no time.

MORGEN

'All the treasure we can find is ours to take'.
I beg to differ. We have the time. Look at the thing...it's like a grape fruit.

BABBS

Fine. Make it quick though.

Morgen takes out his blade. He tries to pry the ruby out. No luck.

ROLLY

Perhaps if we...

Rolly tries to muscle it out. It doesn't work.

BABBS

Should we try the dissolvent?

MORGEN

No ,we don't want to damage it. What about you're arm?

BABBS

Perhaps, but...

As they were arguing, they failed to notice the elven guards coming upon them. Suddenly, there are arrow tips at their necks. A good dozen guards circle them.

ELVEN GUARD

Don't move!

MORGEN

(to himself)

Stealthy damned elves...

(whispering to Babbs with gritted teeth)
Captain...time for that charm of yours...

BABBS
Say, we were looking for the washrooms and got
lost, you boys wouldn't happen to...

ELVEN GUARD
Silence.
(to other Guards)
Take them to the brig.

INT. ELVEN COMPLEX BRIG. DAY.

Babbs, Morgen, and Rolly are thrown in a cell with a very
unshaven KARL.

KARL
(sarcastic)
At last, my rescue party has arrived.

Morgen turns to Babbs.

MORGEN
Say captain, a word about that balance I was
talking about...

INT. ELVEN PALACE.THRONE ROOM. DAY.

Again a line a supplicants streams through the throne room. KING
ELARIUM sits on the throne with CHANCELLOR VESTRUM on a lesser
seat to his right.

RAYWYN is once again in line.

The back doors burst open and two guards enter walking directly
towards the King. As they pass RAYWYN, bits of their chatter can
be heard

ELVEN GUARD 1
...Hall of Records...caught the thieves...

RAYWYNs eyes go wide at hearing this. She steps out of line, turns, and heads for the doors. A tall elven woman follows her.

On the dais, CHANCELLOR VESTRUM squints his eyes as he watches her leave.

INT. ELVEN COMPLEX BRIG. DAY.

Morgen bangs on the prison bars.

MORGEN
Guards! Guards!

An elven guard enters the room.

ELVEN GUARD
What is it, Dwarf?

MORGEN
I think I'll have that ale now.

ELVEN GUARD
Ale? What kind of establishment do you think you are in?

MORGEN
A pretty shoddy one if you don't serve ale.

ELVEN GUARD
(incredulous)
No. No, there is no ale to be had.

MORGEN
Oh.
(beat)
I guess wine then for me.
(to Rolly)
What about you?

ROLLY
I'll take a wine too

MORGEN
(to Guard)
Make that two wines. Say, do you have a desert
cart?

INT. BRIG HALLWAY. DAY

RAYWYN strides swiftly down the corridor. Her dark trench coat ripples behind, exposing a sword at her hip. Her elven nurse/advisor KRIADNE follows quickly after.

As she approaches the main brig door, she is stopped by two guards.

ELVEN GUARD
Halt!

RAYWYN
Greetings. I have come to inspect the brig.

ELVEN GUARD
No one enters the brig without authorization.

RAYWYN
Oh. Of course. It is by King Elarium's wishes that I, a minor member of his household, be taught the operations of the royal elven facilities. Today's rotation was to be the brig. A messenger was supposed to be sent earlier. Did she not arrive?

ELVEN GUARD
I have been at this post all day. No messenger.
We *will* need that authorization.

RAYWYN
Fine, fine. You may send for it. I'll let you know, however, Chancellor Vestrum is exceedingly grumpy today.

The guard pauses and then opens the door

ELVEN GUARD
(gesturing Raywyn inside)

This way then.

INT. ELVEN COMPLEX BRIG. DAY.

An Elven Security officer escorts RAYWYN and KRIADNE into the heart of the prison

Morgen stands at the bars, still talking to the elven guard. Karl stands at the bars as well, fascinated by the exchange going on.

ELVEN SECURITY CHIEF

And that brings us to the main holding facility.
We had several Prisoners brought in just today.

ELVEN GUARD

(to Morgen)

For the last time, we do not have any 'Bundt Cakes' on special.

MORGEN

Look, I realize that. I am only asking that perhaps you could whip something up. In the spirit of hospitality, you know?

ELVEN SECURITY CHIEF

(whispering to Raywyn)

This one is proving problematic.

Raywyn steps closer to the bars to inspect Karl.

RAYWYN

They don't look especially tough
(whispering to Karl)
Grab me.

ELVEN SECURITY CHIEF

(to Raywyn)

I must ask you to step
away from the bars

KARL

(whispering)

What?

RAYWYN

Like this one.

(whispering to Karl, winking)
Grab me!
(to Security Chief, turning around)
He just looks like a scrawny sort of topsy.

SECURITY CHIEF
You cannot underestima...

Karl grabs her, but more like he was dancing with her. One hand on her shoulder and one on her hip.

Raywyn screams.

RAYWYN
(whispering)
More menacing, you idiot.

KARL
Right, of course

Karl grabs her around the neck.

KRIADNE
He's got her! By the gods, no! Do something.

The Elven Guard and Security Chief raise their bows and aim them at Karl.

ELVEN SECURITY CHIEF
Release her now!

RAYWYN
(whispering to Karl)
Threaten me

KARL
(whispering to Raywyn)
I am not comfortable with that. I am not an angry person

ELVEN SECURITY CHIEF
Now, Topsy scum!

RAYWYN

(whispering to Karl)
Just do it!

KARL
Lower your bows or I will get ... angry.

The elves remain in the same stance. They look at each other befuddled.

RAYWYN
(whispering to Karl)
Do better. Think of the worst thing possible

KARL
Lower them or I shall inflict my ...umm... my lederhosen upon her.

KRIADNE
(gasping)
No! Dear gods not his lederhosen! Listen to him.
This is a member of the King's household!

The security chief hesitates, then lowers his bow. Then he motions for the guard to do the same.

They do so.

ELVEN SECURITY CHIEF
Ok, prisoner, what do you want?

RAYWYN
(whispering to Karl)
You want to be released

KARL
Release me...

RAYWYN
(whispering to Karl)
And your friends

KARL
And your friends...I mean... *my* friends.

BABBS

Hey, we aren't his...

MORGEN

(interrupting Babbs; understanding)

Yes...yes we are. Old chums we are. He's vicious this one. Don't make him lederhosen the lot of you. It's an ugly business.

ROLLY

(catching on)

Like that time he lederhosed that valley ogre. The poor fellow was oozing fluids for a fortnight.

ELVEN SECURITY CHIEF

What exactly is...

KARL

(interrupting, yelling)

Don't make me do it!

KRIADNE

(hysterical)

Just listen to him. We must save her.

ELVEN SECURITY CHIEF

If we release you, you will free the girl?

BABBS

As soon as we are clear, he will let the girl go. You have my word.

The security chief sighs and then motions to the elven guard.

The elven guard gets his keys and unlocks the prison door. He moves backwards.

Carefully Karl comes out still holding Raywyn by the neck. The others follow him outside.

RAYWYN

(whispering to Karl)

Tell them to get on the floor.

KARL

Now get down. On your bellies.

The security chief and guard lie down on their bellies.

Rolly, Babbs, and Kriadne back out of the room. Babbs and Rolly grab their belongings as they leave.

Karl follows them holding Raywyn

Morgen grabs a mug on the desk and takes a drink.

MORGEN

Ya, I knew it.

The guards look up quickly.

Morgen exits.

EXT. COUNTRYSIDE. DAY

The ARTEMIS still hovers with her rope ladder down.

Six figures ascend.

Elves shoot arrows at them as they do so.

An arrow shoots past Morgen

MORGEN

The winch would be handy about now.

Babbs hits a switch on one of the rungs as she passes and the winch whirrs into motion. The ladder raises with it allowing them to ascend double time.

INT. ARTEMIS. CARGO HOLD. DAY

The entire group stands panting and out of breathe after the climb. Morgen is bent over leaning on the wall panting quite hard.

Raywyn catches her breath first.

RAYWYN

(authoritative)

Alright. Take us back to topsy town.

BABBS

Excuse me?

RAYWYN

We cannot linger here.

BABBS

Look sister, I appreciate you springing us,
but I don't know you. Why shouldn't I drop you
right back here. I mean the elves will be
chasing us to get back a member of their
household.

KRIADNE

This is Raywyn, of the royal house Leander, first of
her name.

Babbs rolls her eyes.

BABBS

And I am Babbs, of the fancy...captaining, of
the foofity-foof.

Babbs bows in mockery.

KRIADNE

(hissing)

How dare...

Raywyn holds up her hand to silence Kriadne.

RAYWYN

I am your employer.

Babbs moves to face Raywyn.

BABBS

Ah, now that makes sense. Still, this is my

ship.
 (to Morgen)
Morgen, take us up.

Morgen starts to walk towards the bridge to carry out the order.
Rolly heads to the engine room.

Raywyn plants her fists on her own hips in defiance

 RAYWYN
Is it now? Where did you purchase it?
 (to Morgen)
Morgen, take us to Topsy Town.

Morgen, stops, turns, and holds a finger up into the air about to say something.

Babbs stares down Raywyn

 BABBS
 (confidently)
It is my ship in that I am the captain. I am running it for the man that owns it. On this ship, the only authority is mine. Got it?
 (to Morgen)
Take us up.

Morgen shrugs

 MORGEN
She is the captain.

He heads to the bridge.

 BABBS
Not that I have to explain to you, but we are going up to altitude to get out of range of those arrows. If one punctures one of the balloons, we are pretty much toast. Ok with you, Princess?

Raywyn nods.

 BABBS
Now let me show you where you can rest while I

do the captainy things I do.

Babbs opens the compartment on her arm and retrieves the scroll from room 23. She tosses it to Raywyn.

INT. CHANCELLOR VESTRUMS OFFICE. DAY.

An elven soldier enters. The chancellor sits at his desk. A pile of nuts sits in front of him.

ELVEN SOLDIER

They have escaped.

CHANCELLOR VESTRUM

The thieves?

ELVEN SOLDIER

And the one that came through the portal.

The soldier fidgets.

The chancellor cracks a nut with his fist.

CHANCELLOR VESTRUM

Why do I feel like there is more you need to say?

ELVEN SOLDIER

There is. Raywyn was taken hostage.

The chancellor looks furious. His fist clenches more and the nut turns into dust.

CHANCELLOR VESTRUM

Damnation. Are we in pursuit?

ELVEN SOLDIER

We have lost them. They left via airship. We could not pursue.

CHANCELLOR VESTRUM

This is horrible. And now I have nut dust all over my desk.

He rests his forehead in his hands.

CHANCELLOR VESTRUM
Wait. Was Kriadne with her?

ELVEN SOLDIER
Yes sir.

CHANCELLOR VESTRUM
(sighing, nodding to himself)
Perfect. You are dismissed.

The elven soldier salutes and leaves.

Chancellor Vestrum wipes his arm of nut dust as he walks to close the door.

CHANCELLOR VESTRUM
Damned nut dust.

He walks back to his desk, opens a drawer and pulls out what looks like a hand held mirror with pure darkness where the mirror should be. As he picks it up, it starts to energize with a green halo around it.

CHANCELLOR VESTRUM
(into the mirror)
Number 42, are you there?

This mirror springs to life. On the other end, there is a blue/yellow amphibian looking face with Cthulhu like tentacles protruding from it.

NUMBER 42
42 here. I am aboard the vessel.

CHANCELLOR VESTRUM
Excellent.

INT. ARTEMIS. BRIDGE. DAY.

Babbs is at the controls.

The old man still lies slumbering on the couch.

Raywyn strides up holding the scroll in her hand.

RAYWYN

(shaking the scroll at Babbs)

You can't just send me to my room. I paid for this and I want to be taken to topsy town.

BABBS

Are you even going to read that?

RAYWYN

What?

BABBS

The thing that nearly got me a lifetime in an elven jail. Are you going to even look at it before you make demands?

Raywyn goes to speak, then stops.

She opens the scroll and reads it.

RAYWYN

(whispering to herself)

Daughter of Cerwyn, daughter of Elarium. It cannot be. Who is Cerwyn?

(to Babbs)

Change of plan. Take me back to the palace.

BABBS

Can't do that either. They will be looking for us in Topsy Town and they will shoot me on site at the palace. I've got somewhere else in mind.

RAYWYN

Where then?

BABBS

There is a place I have used..

She is interrupted by the steam comm.

MORGEN
(on steam comm)
Captain. You may want to come down here.

INT. ARTEMIS. ENGINE ROOM. DAY.

Rolly sits on the couch with Karl.

Morgen stands next to a device that has a small steam boiler and a rotating dish.

KARL
...had no idea Ulrich was one of those monsters

Rolly nods

ROLLY
Ah, there are things known and there are things unknown, and in between are the doors of perception.

BABBS and RAYWYN come striding up.

MORGEN
Ah, Captain. You know that thing I thought you were stupid to make. You know the one that detects field changes?

BABBS
You mean my baby that you are standing in front of.

MORGEN
Yes well...it started to ping. Loudly

The dish on it is centered on one direction. The pining is loud and persistent.

BABBS
It shouldn't be like that unless the source is close.
(to Rolly)
Rolly could you?

Rolly stands and walks over to the device.

ROLLY

That which doth not kill us, likely gives us
aches and pains

Rolly picks up the device, big as it is.

The other four follow as Rolly carries the device the direction
the small dish is pointing.

INT. ARTEMIS. CREW QUARTERS. DAY

Rolly puts down the device. It is still pinging wildly.

RAYWYN

(whispering)

It's only Kriadne in there. She wouldn't have
any..

Babbs puts her finger to her lips to silence Raywyn.

Then she points to Rolly and to the door.

Rolly steps to the door. Babbs signals 1-2-3 with her fingers.

Rolly kicks the door in on '3'

Behind the door, Kriadne is quickly morphing from cthulu looking
monster to her elf appearance. It's a swift change - barely
noticeable. The mirror communication device is in her hands,
which she quickly puts behind her.

BABBS

What the....

KARL

She is one of those things...like from before...

Everyone looks at Karl.

KRIADNE

I am one of what, dear?

KARL

No..no...don't you all look at me like that.
She looked like the tentacle beast from
before the portal...that used to be Chancellor
Ulrich....

BABBS

I saw something, but I am not sure what. And
what was she holding?

Kriadne pulls out a hair brush.

KRIADNE

Just a hair brush.

KARL

No look, last time, Rolly punched the Chancellor
and it revealed it's true form.

ROLLY

That's a lady, though. Brutes and folly are fast
friends, they say. And don't get me started on
how folly rhymes with Rolly.

Beat.

KARL

Fine, I will do it myself.

Karl strides towards Kriadne.

He winds up.

MORGEN

Oh. This is not going to be pretty.

All four stand in shock.

Karl punches her.

Nothing happens.

Kriadne tears up.

BABBS

Nothing happened, Karl. What is this proving?

KARL

Wait. Wait. Rolly punches harder than me.

RAYWYN

Look, stop punching my...

BABBS

You are one twisted
little...

Before they can finish, Karl has taken a running swing at her.

This time, when he hits, her face shimmers and becomes that of the Cthulu humanoid.

MORGEN

I knew it. Not pretty.

Karl jumps up and down in victory, rubbing the one hand he punched with.

KARL

See? See? I was right. People always blame the German for being violent. Am I right?

Kriadne transforms before their eyes into a green/yellow variegated skinned monster, with Cthulhu like tentacles protruding from her face and chin.

With one hand she rubs her face where she was punched. With the other, she wields a whip seemingly made of green electric energy.

She looks angry.

Karl runs for the door.

KARL

Why do I have to be right all the time?

INT. ARTEMIS. CREW QUARTERS. DAY

The wall on either side of the door explodes open as the electro-whip cracks out at Karl.
Karl dives through the opening of the wall as it explodes and rolls out of it.
Morgen dives to the side.

RAYWYN
Kriadne! What the...

KRIADNE
Apologies, but I cannot let any live that have seen

RAYWYN
Well, in that case...

Raywyn draws her sword.

Kriadne strides through the door opening and cracks her whip towards Karl again.

Karl tries to get up, stumbles, then runs away. The whip gives him a nasty cut on the arm and hits the wall of the ship, creating a person sized opening in the ship's hull.

Babbs lets loose some Flyz. They buzz up to Kriadne, but she deftly destroys them with her whip.

BABBS
Morgan, patch that hole.

MORGEN
On it.

Rolly grabs Kriadne from the back as Raywyn circles to the front. She whips backwards, searing a wound in Rolly's back.

Rolly screams in pain releases Kriadne, dropping to the floor.

Kriadne elongates her arm to shoot it out to punch Morgen as he works.

MORGEN
(rubbing his jaw)

Ow! Can you guys keep her occupied while I
keep the ship from flying apart? Just a wee
favour...

Raywyn engages Kriadne with her sword. She is able to parry the
whip strokes one after another, though the jolt of electricity
it gives her clearly pains her.

BABBS
(to Raywyn)
I have a plan. Can you hold her?

RAYWYN
(gritting her teeth)
I think so.

On the next whip strike, the sword is ripped from Raywyn's
hands.

Raywyn backs away quickly.

RAYWYN
Holding her? Not so much. Pissing her off? Lots.

BABBS
Crap. Crap Crap.
(to Karl)
Karl. Open the moon door.

Kriadne raises her whip to strike Babbs

Babbs holds her prosthetic arm up to protect herself.

BABBS
(wincing)
No...

The electro whip does not strike her though. It is deflected by
the magnetics in her arm.

BABBS
(realizing)
That wasn't a 'no' of defeat, monster. It was
more of a victory cower.

Kriadne keeps whipping Babbs, but Babbs deflects every time.

INT. ARTEMIS. CARGO HOLD. DAY

Babbs backs into the cargo hold with Kriadne still whipping her and she deflects every blow. The odd deflection hits a wall and burns it.

Karl is working furiously to get the moon door open.

Raywyn has caught up with her sword.

BABBS
(to Raywyn)
We need to get her out that door. Can you
coax her with your sword?

Raywyn nods.

Kriadne suddenly spins towards Raywyn, and unleashes a furious barrage of blows on her. She parries each one but it leaves her shaking with electrical discharge on the floor.

RAYWYN
(incoherent)
I...cannnnnnoo.....flech...

Raywyn passes out.

Karl gets the moon door open. The ladder spills down as well.

BABBS
Karl, can you...

Kriadne elongates her arm and punches Karl out with it. He is completely unconscious. She turns back to Babbs

BABBS
(under her breath)
Just you and me, eh?
(to Kriadne)
So...I know we don't know each other well, but

if you could gift me a favour and jump on out that door, I would appreciate it.

KRIADNE

Fool! There is no defeating me. Your puny wea...

At that moment Rolly tackles her through the moon door.

BABBS

No!

EXT. ARTEMIS. LADDER. DAY

Rolly clings to the ladder.

Kriadne tumbles down towards the ground in freefall in the background.

ROLLY

Guys? Our prime purpose in life is to help others. I am one of those 'others' they speak of at the moment. Help! Guys?

INT. ARTEMIS. CREW QUARTERS. DAY

Babbs, Morgen, Rolly, Karl, and Raywyn sit around a circular table. Rolly is bandaged on his back, and Karl on his arm. Raywyn is holding her head in her hands. All slump down in shock.

In the background, the old man is snoring in a chair fast asleep.

MORGEN

Ok, are we going to talk about this?

ROLLY

I know! She wrecked my lucky shirt!

MORGEN

Lucky? You got cut badly right where your lucky shirt was.

ROLLY

And if I wasn't wearing it, I may have been cut in two.

KARL

What are those things, even?

MORGEN

You think we know? The first one we ever saw was your good friend...

BABBS

And I have never seen one.

Raywyn looks at the wall.

She shudders.

BABBS

Raywyn?

RAYWYN

Yes. Yes I have.

INT. ELVEN PALACE. RAYWYNS BEDROOM. NIGHT.

A little half elven girl, dark hair, sleeps in her carved wooden bed. Clutched in her hands is a small elven doll.

RAYWYN V.O.

I remember the first time I saw one of them.
It is as clear now as it was then. How was
this clouded from my mind for so long?

There is a large thumping noise. Some dust falls from a shelf.
It lands on the girl's face. Her eyes squeeze shut a bit in
irritation but do not open

INT. ELVEN PALACE. KING'S STUDY. NIGHT.

King Elarium lays passed out on his desk. A pile of papers surrounds his head.

At one end of the room, a humanoid character with blue green variegated skin and cthulu like tentacles protruding from its lower face wields a giant whip with appearance of being made of yellow electricity. His arms are also tentacle like with suckers on the underside of them.

At the opposite end of the room is a cloudy nebula of purple and gold light. It pulses with light as it talks.

GLOWING CLOUD

I cannot allow you to discover the location
of the professors work, you dastardly demon!

The Tentacle Menace/CHANCELOR VESTRUM cracks his whip at the glowing cloud.

CHANCELOR VESTRUM

I gave you another shot just for being cliché
and saying 'dastardly'. I would have done it to
the balls but you are all ball really ...so...

INT. ELVEN PALACE. RAYWYNS BEDROOM NIGHT.

More dust falls on Raywyn's face with the whip crack.

Her eyes flutter open.

INT. ELVEN PALACE. KINGS STUDY. NIGHT.

The glowing cloud shoots a ray of light towards the
Chancellor/Squidface

GLOWING CLOUD

There is a 70% chance you use the professors
work to create strife between the lesser races.
A 20% chance you use it as a weapon against the
human realm. An 8% chance you use it against the
elves themselves blaming the lesser races or
humans. And a 2% chance of unforeseen evil

deeds. Absolutely 0% chance of benevolence.

INT. ELVEN PALACE. CORRIDOR. NIGHT.

Raywyn walks sleepily through the corridor, dragging her elven doll as she goes.

INT. ELVEN PALACE. KINGS STUDY. NIGHT.

CHANCELLOR VESTRUM

0%? You wound me, my luminous comrade. I had plans to use it for both scrapbooking and a vegetable garden as well.

His whip cracks and the cloud disperses down the middle to avoid the strike.

INT. ELVEN PALACE. CORRIDOR. NIGHT.

Raywyn winces as she walks and squeezes the doll close to her chest.

INT. ELVEN PALACE. KINGS STUDY. NIGHT.

The glowing cloud disperses and reforms in another area of the room.

GLOWING CLOUD

What sort of vegetables though? Brussel sprouts are 75% likely. You know the King's bowels cannot handle that! Vile! Gastrointestinal Monarchy Succession is the most insidious kind, you blackguard!

Raywyn sneaks into the room in the background, hiding behind the post.

RAYWYN V.O.

It was then I saw him. It was Chancellor Vestrum. Well, it was something wearing his clothes, but it

was all green and blue and covered in tentacles.
I was immobilized in fright.

CHANCELLOR VESTRUM

I do wish you had more than one channel here.
While I quite enjoy our sparring sessions, I wish
we could discuss other things like good recipes
for gnome pie or off colour pixie jokes. But no,
it is always evil and dastardly with you. Which
puts me squarely in the maniacal laugh corner.

(laughs maniacally)

See?

The chancellor cracks his whip at the golden cloud again. It
misses and hits a pillar instead. A scream is heard.

The glowing cloud rushes to the site of the scream. The
chancellor lowers his whip and does the same.

She has a gash down the side of her face, covering her eye. The
eye is ruined.

GLOWING CLOUD

Princess Raywyn. This is horrible.

CHANCELLOR VESTRUM

Princess? Hardly. She has half topsy blood.

GLOWING CLOUD

Still. Despite her part human heritage we
predict there is a 3% chance of her inheriting
the throne. We must fix this. She must never know
about our struggle here.

CHANCELLOR VESTRUM

We could just...

(makes slicing motion across his neck)

GLOWING CLOUD

No, no! That sort of thing gets noticed. More
chance of us getting discovered at the very least.
Princesses with slashed throats tend to arouse
suspicion.

CHANCELLOR VESTRUM
(nodding)
Fine. How do we fix her?

GLOWING CLOUD
Well, we have to work together...

Things fade to black.

RAYWYN V.O.
That is all I can recall. The memory horrifies
me. And yet I know there is more. If only I
could remember...

INT. ARTEMIS. CREW QUARTERS. DAY

Babbs, Rolly, Karl, and Morgen sit stunned as Raywyn finishes.
She holds a hand to her eye.

MORGEN
What was he doing to the King?

RAWYN
No idea.

BABBS
And who was the professor they were talking about.

Raywyn shrugs.

Karl squints his face up.

KARL
I worked for the German government. The
chancellor I worked for was also one of these
squid faces. He had the ear of those in charge,
so to speak.

RAYWYN
You worked for one of these creatures?

KARL
I didn't know he was what he was.

RAYWYN

It's a similar pattern though. Chancellor Vestrum pretty much makes all the decisions for the King. One thing I always found odd was that Vestrum always advocated policies and ideas that those who were not elves were lesser and not to be trusted. It is doubly odd now that we find he is not an elf at all. How was it with your chancellor?

KARL

To quote him "All that are not German are enemies of Germany"

MORGEN

And he clearly wasn't really German either, so why sow those seeds?

ROLLY

Simple. When wolf fights wolf, badger gets the meal

Silence

ROLLY

What I mean is that if you distract people from the problems of the world by getting them to hate each other...If you can get them focused on that...well...you can pretty much do whatever you want and it won't even be noticed.

BABBS adds a large spoonful of honey to her tea. She stirs it.

BABBS

Makes sense. But what are they up to that they do not want people to know about?

MORGEN

We have no way of knowing about that. But we know we wouldn't like it. And that is enough for me to want to stop it.

(to Babbs directly)

And would you like some tea with your honey?

BABBS

Hey, you fight off a squid-faced beasty and tell me you don't need a little pick me up.

RAYWYN

Does anyone else fit the pattern?

MORGEN

Hmm...well I know Rain Hammerhelm among the dwarves Was advocating a 'Dwarves first' approach and had the ear of those in charge there. Same with Snello the wise with the gnomes.

RAYWYN

Why have one attached to me though? I am not a powerful in any way.

BABBS

Maybe you are more than you know. Or maybe they simply felt the need to spy on you. Are you a trouble maker back home?

RAYWYN

Not really. I mean I disagree with the elf only policies and I pry into my heritage. Vestrum doesn't like that, I know. But why? I mean the scroll you stole says I am daughter of Cerwyn who was daughter of the king. I have never even heard of her. Why is that dangerous information?

KARL

The why is not important. What is important is that you know it threatens them. You threaten them. What worries me more is that these things could be anyone. Any one of us could be one of these things.

RAYWYN

Well not likely Rolly or yourself. Your injuries would have betrayed your disguise. That just leaves the rest of us. How do we know?

ROLLY

I hate to say that violence is the answer, but...

INT. ARTEMIS. CREW QUARTERS. DAY

SUPER: 5 minutes later.

All five sit at the table. Morgen, Raywyn, and Babbs all hold their heads in agony.

KARL

I think we can agree that none of you are squidies.

RAYWYN

Did you have to punch so hard?

BABBS

Hey sister, you punched me hard too.

MORGEN

OK, ok. Let's just move on here. What we know is that these things have infiltrated the highest ranks in both worlds and are whispering into the right ears to sow dissent among the people so that their actions will be hidden. We know they want some professor's research. And we know Raywyn is somehow a threat to them.

Nods all around.

MORGEN

So what do we do with this?

BABBS

You know what? I can't think of this right now. I know my ship is damaged. I know we cannot go anywhere civilized as they are looking for Raywyn. We need to head to the Haedstra mountains. We can have shelter there while we repair.

KARL

But surely we must...

BABBS

(interrupting)
No matter what we 'must', we need a working
ship first. Let's figure it out after that.
(to Morgen)
And Morgen
(pause)
Full steam.

EXT. COUNTRYSIDE. DAY.

The ARTEMIS changes course and flies into the distance.

INT. CHANCELLOR VESTRUMS OFFICE. DAY.

There is a knock on the door.

CHANCELLOR VESTRUM
Enter.

Kriadne enters looking quite beat up.

CHANCELLOR VESTRUM
What happened?

KRIADNE
I...

CHANCELLOR VESTRUM
First close the door. Lock it.

Kriadne closes the door and bolts the latch.

CHANCELLOR VESTRUM
Let us be ourselves, number 42.

Kriadne nods.

Their meld from their disguises into their natural appearances.
Kriadne/Number 42 looks very bruised and battered.

CHANCELLOR VESTRUM

Now report.

NUMBER 42

We were aboard the airship Artemis. They had some sort of gadget that could detect our communication. They discovered me. I tried to kill them, I really did, but they pushed me out of the hold in their ship.

(Crying)

I had no choice.

Chancellor Vestrum gives her a hug.

CHANCELLOR VESTRUM

I am sure you did your best. And did Raywyn discover her heritage?

NUMBER 42

I presume so.

The Chancellor sighs.

CHANCELLOR VESTRUM

We will need to deal with this. First, let's get you right, ok?

Number 42 nods, taking a big sighing sob.

CHANCELLOR VESTRUM

Fresh pixie juice?

NUMBER 42

That would be nice.

The chancellor pulls out a jar full of pixies. He opens the lid and pulls out a handful. Their cries are deafening for a moment until he puts them in the juicer. He presses a button and the pixies are jucified. He pours it out into two glasses.

They both sip theirs.

NUMBER 42

Mmm. That is good. What's your secret?

CHANCELLOR VESTRUM

Pixies never a day old. Wash them in mint and vinegar.

Number 42 nods.

CHANCELLOR VESTRUM

(continuing)

So airship Artemis, all who saw you need to die. Raywyn knows and likely needs killing as well. Does that sum up?

NUMBER 42

Yes.

Chancellor Vestrum puts an arm on her shoulder.

CHANCELLOR VESTRUM

You have unused vacation days. I suggest you take them now. Leave me to take care of this. I mean one cannot conspire to rule the worlds if one is not rested, right?

Number 42 nods.

NUMBER 42

How will you track her now, though?

CHANCELLOR VESTRUM

I have another way. Trust me. Now off with you. Rest.

They change back into their elven disguises and Number 42/Kriadne leaves

CHANCELLOR VESTRUM

(to himself)

A better question is, how do I fight an airship when all I have is elves? Hmm.

EXT. HAEDSTRA MOUNTAINS. DAY.

The Artemis hangs delicately in the air in the Haedstra mountains.

INT. ARTEMIS. CREW QUARTERS. DAY

Babbs, Rolly, and Morgen patch the hole in the ship that the whip caused.

MORGEN

(whispering)

This job ended up going pretty dark. Have you thought that if we dropped the elf somewhere, it may be better for our health. I mean it is her they want. Not that I am suggesting it, mind you, but did it at least occur to you?

BABBS

Of course it occurred to me. It wouldn't matter. They assume we know things now. Things that are better silent.

ROLLY

Besides, altruism makes for peaceful dreams.

Raywyn walks up with a load of wood in her hands.

RAYWYN

Where do you want this? It's the pieces that exploded out from the room where that thing was.

Karl is in the background, picking up pieces of wood.

BABBS

Oh...uh...thanks. The big ones you can leave with us. We might be able to use it to fill the hole.

Karl looks stunned for a second and then drops the wood completely.

BABBS

(continuing)

The small ones bring down to the boiler in the engine room.

RAYWYN
Understood

KARL
(loudly)
Eureka!

BABBS
What?

KARL
Holes. Don't you see?

MORGEN
Not following at all, chum.

KARL
They talked about the professors work.
Chancellor Ulrich was **also** looking for a
professors work. Babbage. He was looking for
Babbage's technology for portals. Or Holes.

RAYWYN
But Vestrum was always vocally against the use
of the portals.

KARL
For the common people, yes. But I bet personally
his kind wanted the use of them. It makes sense
though. If the common people are able to use them
it inspires cooperation and unity - the very
opposite of the division they wish to create.

MORGEN
I am sick of this! I have been a thief all my
life, but I only stole
(unfurls one finger)
For food
(unfurls another finger)
Or for coin to live
(unfurls another finger)
Or because I am good at it. Well that last is

not such a good reason. But this all seems like such a larger theft and con. Like a theft of harmony that could be. Theft of who knows what else they don't want entire worlds to know about.

RAYWYN

But what can we do, he has the elves firmly under his grasp. Even if I went back, I could not convince them.

MORGEN

You know who he doesn't have under his thumb?

RAYWYN

Who?

MORGEN

The dwarves, the gnomes, the pixies, the giants.

KARL

The Germans?

MORGEN

(to Karl)

Yes, if we can get you back to your world.

(to all)

Basically the other 99%. Then you could convince.

ROLLY

Then we battle forth with rage and fear and courage.

BABBS

Agreed. This is not a fight we can win. This is not even a fight we can hurt them with. But we can certainly be the rock in the shoe of their footsteps of 'progress'

KARL

Yes!

RAYWYN

Indeed we can!

MORGEN

(sarcastic)

We will give them discomfort! Hooray.
(jokingly)
Like some sort of enema of justice.

EXT. TOPSY TOWN. AIR DOCKS. DAY.

In the background, airships are tied up to docks behind the Victorian style buildings.

Air crews of dwarf, gnome, giant, human etc are lined up in front of this with their hands behind their heads.

Chancellor Vestrum and a large contingent of elves stand across from them. The elves have bows drawn and aimed at the crews.

CHANCELLOR VESTRUM

We are taking possession of your ships. We need your crews to fly them. Is everyone here ok with that?

HUMAN AIRSHIP CAPTAIN

Of course, we mind, you pointy eared bastard!
You can't bloody have our...

CHANCELLOR VESTRUM

Three arrows. Kneecap.

Three arrows fly from the elven troops all go straight through the man's kneecap.

He wails in pain and falls to the ground screaming.

CHANCELLOR VESTRUM

Now, does anyone else mind?

No one speaks up.

ELVEN CAPTAIN

(whispering to the Chancellor)
Why didn't you just kill him?

CHANCELLOR VESTRUM

(to captain)

If you kill someone you have a moments terror.
This way I have their terror until his lungs give out. Besides, I can always kill him later.

(to the crowd)

Now can anyone tell me where the Artemis likes to hold up when times are tough? A shady stop, so to speak.

No one speaks up.

CHANCELLOR VESTRUM

(pointing between 4 captains, one of which is a giant)

Ok then. Eeny, Meeny, Giant, Moe, who shall it be?
Hmm what the hell. 4 arrows. Giant. Groin.

GIANT

Whoa! Whoa! Wait! I may know something.

CHANCELLOR VESTRUM

(to the giant)

Good for you! It takes a big man to admit that
(to the elven captain)
See what I did there?

INT. ARTEMIS. BRIDGE. DAY.

Raywyn, Rolly, Karl, Morgen and Babbs stand around the control console on the bridge. The old man slumbers snoring loudly on the couch nearby. Babbs pulls a couple of knife switches on the console.

BABBS

The repairs seem sufficient. So the plan is to meet with the dwarves on the plain of Risteus. We will talk to them first. How do we know they won't shoot us out of the sky?

MORGEN

Well, I have some ideas there. I know their signalling and codes. I should be able to indicate

our intent. If we get one of Rain Hammerhelms factions, though, we might be in for a cannon ball buffet.

RAYWYN

(interrupting)

What's that?

BABBS

(squinting out the front windows)

What?

RAYWYN

Those things out there? Birds? Other ships?

Babbs pulls out her spyglass and extends it.

BABBS

Airships. Gods your eyes are crazy good. Dozens of them. The Dauntless, the Veritas, the Delphi. It's like someone turned out every ship in Topsy Town. But why?

ROLLY

Surprises come in only two flavours: Grins and Betrayals.

BABBS

Agreed. Either they are here as friends, or the elves have commandeered them to track us down. Surely the other pilots would not have betrayed us.

KARL

Perhaps they were not given a choice. What do we do?

BABBS

We wait. We do not yet know what flavour of surprise this is. In the meantime, Rolly and Morgen be prepared in the engine room. We may need to move quickly.

EXT. HAEDSTRA MOUNTAINS. DAY.

Several dozen air ships approach the Haedstra mountains. The Artemis can be seen in the distance. The largest airship, the Dauntless, looks much like a pirate ship with a giant balloon above it.

EXT. DAUNTLESS SHIP DECK. DAY.

Elven Soldiers dot the ships deck with their bows at the ready.

Chancellor Vestrum and the Elven captain stand near the bow. The Giant ship captain approaches them.

GIANT CAPTAIN

That's her. The Artemis.

CHANCELLOR VESTRUM

(to the Giant)

Very good.

(to the captain)

Send in two of the smaller ships first. We don't want to spook her and she will likely think them friendly.

INT. ARTEMIS BRIDGE. DAY.

Babbs watches with her spyglass.

Two ships approach, but are still a distance out.

BABBS

Are you friend or foe? Come on. Show me something.

Karl squints to see anything.

RAYWYN

There. By the rear rigging.

Babbs shifts her spyglass.

BABBS

Archers. Maybe six or seven. Elven. That's the Rainmaker though. Captain Zarlo. I know him. He's a friend.

RAYWYN

Captain Zarlo is likely not in control here.

KARL

The flavour is definitely betrayal.

BABBS

(slow realization)

Yah. Yah. I think you are right.

(to Karl and Raywyn)

Strap the old man in. Then get to the turrets.

Karl and Raywyn hop to it.

Babbs switches the flip for the Steam Comm.

BABBS

(into the steam comm)

Morgen. Kindly load the magno-net into the bow cannon. It seems our visitors are not the happy sort.

She turns off the steam comm.

BABBS

(to herself)

Ok Artemis girl, let's show them a few tricks.

EXT. ARTEMIS. DAY.

The Haedstra mountains loom in the background. Two ships approach the Artemis.

Karl and Raywyn appear through trap doors on the top of the cabin. They start scrambling over each balloon to get to the winglet turrets.

EXT. RAINMAKER DECK. DAY.

Captain Zarlo sees the two scrambling to the turrets and says nothing - whistling to himself instead.

One of the elven soldiers spies it, though.

ELVEN SOLDIER

Dead ahead. They are making for the turrets.
Fire.

They arm their bows and let loose a volley.

EXT. ARTEMIS. RIGHT WINGLET. DAY.

Karl stops short as three arrows stick into the winglet ahead of him.

KARL

Whoa!

He then surges ahead and dives into the turret.

He buckles himself in and talks into the gramophone looking device next to him.

KARL

I am in the right turret.

INT. ARTEMIS. LEFT TURRET. DAY.

Raywyn enters the left turret. She moves close to talk into the gramophone comm.

INT. ARTEMIS. BRIDGE. DAY.

RAYWYN O.S.

(from gramophone comm)

I am in the left turret.

She pulls down two knife switches.

BABBS

Fire arrows at me, will they?

EXT ARTEMIS. DAY.

From a single panel near the nose of each balloon, they open up and rotate and expand to form a parabolic shield in front of the balloons.

INT. ARTEMIS. BRIDGE. DAY.

BABBS
(into gramophone comm)
Fire at all targets.

EXT. ARTEMIS. RIGHT WINGLET TURRET. DAY.

Karl spins his turret and fires a harpoon at the RAINMAKER. It deflects off the bow.

INT. ARTEMIS. BRIDGE. DAY.

BABBS
(to herself)
Now, who wants some sunshine?

Babbs pulls on a pulley.

EXT. ARTEMIS. DAY.

The parabolic shields contract and focus.

The sun can been seen reflected in the shields.

EXT. AIRSHIP WINSTON. DAY.

A circle of light on the bow of the WINSTON goes from a large 20 foot diameter down to a pinpoint.

Smoke starts to form from the focused sunlight. Then flames.

CREW MEMBER
Fire! We are on fire!

INT. ARTEMIS. BRIDGE. DAY.

Out the window, fire is consuming the WINSTON. It is listing downwards, losing altitude.

Babbs caresses the control console.

BABBS
That's my girl.

EXT. RAINMAKER DECK. DAY.

Crew members are frantically running to and fro.

CAPTAIN ZARLO
Rise! Rise!

EXT. DAUNTLESS. DECK. DAY.

In the distance a plume of smoke can be seen from the WINSTON as it loses altitude. RAINMAKER ascends.

ELF CAPTAIN
It appears the Winston is on fire.

CHANCELLOR VESTRUM
Fine. Fine. She may know some tricks, but we have numbers and tactics. While they are distracted, send in two more to circle around her backside. Use ships with bow turrets. They will be the hammer. We will be the anvil.

ELF CAPTAIN
As you command.

INT. ARTEMIS. BRIDGE. DAY.

BABBS
(into Steam Comm)
Stern, Starboard ballonets now!

EXT. HAEDSTRA MOUNTAINS. DAY.

As the RAINMAKER RISES, the ARTEMIS DESCENDS slightly and turns to the left.

Two more airships can be seen circling around.

INT. ARTEMIS. ENGINE ROOM. DAY.

BABBS
(on the steam comm)
Now shift to Bow and port! Now! Now!

Rolly and Morgen rush different directions.

EXT. HAEDSTRA MOUNTAINS. DAY.

The ARTEMIS spins right and starts to ascend. It comes up quite vertical alongside the RAINMAKER.

INT. ARTEMIS. BRIDGE. DAY.

Babbs is hanging on to the console as the ship is too vertical. Small items that were not attached to anything fly by her. The old man snores comfortably strapped into the couch.

BABBS
(into the gramophone comm)
Now would be the time for accurate shooting.

INT. ARTEMIS. RIGHT WINGLET TURRET. DAY.

Raywyn spins the turret downwards and fires.

EXT. RAINMAKER. DECK. DAY.

A harpoon shoots through an elven archer and carries him off the ship.

INT. ARTEMIS. RIGHT WINGLET TURRET. DAY.

Karl. Spins the turret.

KARL

This time. This time.

He fires.

EXT. RAINMAKER. DAY.

The balloon is pierced by the harpoon. It starts to descend slowly as gasses escape from the balloon.

INT. ARTEMIS. RIGHT WINGLET TURRET. DAY.

KARL

Yes!

INT. ARTEMIS. BRIDGE. DAY.

Babbs is still holding onto the console

BABBS

Whoo! Two down.

(into steam comm)

Even us out and keep the bow. Two coming in from the stern. We need to rise into the cloud cover.

EXT. RAINMAKER. DECK. DAY

As the Rainmaker descends, Captain Zarlo salutes the Artemis.

EXT. DAUNTLESS. DECK. DAY.

ELF. CAPTAIN.

The Rainmaker is down.

CHANCELLOR VESTRUM

She's craftier than I gave her credit for. Send
four ships down either side as pincers. We will
get her yet.

EXT. HAEDSTRA MOUNTAINS. DAY.

The Artemis rises as the MAELSTROM and VIPER approach.

INT. ARTEMIS. BRIDGE. DAY.

BABBS

(to herself)

Dang. The Maelstrom.

(into Steam Comm)

More altitude. We need to keep out of range
of those bow turrets.

EXT. MAELSTROM. DECK. DAY.

An elf stands near the bow turret mechanism, with a crew member
within.

ELF SOLDIER

Fire!

The harpoon fires, trailed by the rope it is attached to.

EXT. HAEDSTRA MOUNTAINS. DAY.

The harpoon hits the left winglet of the Artemis as she ascends
into cloud cover.

The viper turns to get a different approach on the Artemis.

INT. ARTEMIS. BRIDGE. DAY.

BABBS

We are hit.

(into gramophone comm)

Raywyn. There is a knife in your turret. I need you on the wing cutting that rope.

EXT. DAUNTLESS. DECK. DAY.

In the background, the Artemis is ascending into a cloud while the harpoon tethers it to the MAELSTROM.

CHANCELLOR VESTRUM

What the blazes is she doing? We have her.

What possible good will the cloud cover gain her.

EXT. ARTEMIS. LEFT WINGLET. DAY.

Raywyn exits the left turret with the knife just as another harpoon slams through the glass enclosure of the turret where she just was.

She looks back in horror and then moves slowly towards the winglet where the harpoon and rope are protruding.

She starts to cut.

INT. ARTEMIS. ENGINE ROOM. DAY.

BABBS

(on steam comm)

On my mark, shift to stern ballonets and move ballast forward as much as you can.

MORGEN

(rubbing his legs)

She's a mad woman. I'm getting a cramp from all this running.

BABBS
(on steam comm)
Mark.

INT. ARTEMIS. BRIDGE. DAY.

The image in the glass window starts to shift, pointing downwards towards the MAELSTROM.

Babbs grins maniacally.

BABBS
Got a tiger by the tail, you did.

EXT. ARTEMIS. LEFT WINGLET. DAY

Raywyn continues to cut as the ship tilts downwards.

RAYWYN
(to herself)
Had to find out who my parents were...

Raywyn hurriedly cuts the rope.

INT. ARTEMIS. RIGHT WINGLET TURRET. DAY.

Karl laughs to himself as he fires another harpoon.

EXT. VIPER. DECK. DAY

A harpoon solidly thunks into the deck near the bow turret.

INT. ARTEMIS. BRIDGE. DAY

Babbs flicks a switch.

EXT. ARTEMIS. DAY.

The 'Beak' of the Artemis opens. A serrated spear point juts out from it.

EXT. ARTEMIS. LEFT WINGLET. DAY.

The rope falls away just as the wing is becoming too vertical to stand on. Raywyn instinctually stabs her knife into the winglet and hangs on as the Artemis descends.

EXT. DAUNTLESS. DECK. DAY.

The Artemis can be seen in the background descending out of the cloud.

CHANCELLOR VESTRUM

There she is, I knew she couldn't stay up there
for long. What is she...

(realizing)

No!

INT. ARTEMIS. BRIDGE. DAY.

Babbs lets loose a war cry.

EXT. ARTEMIS. DAY.

The Artemis crashes straight into the Maelstroms balloon, piercing it with the spear point. Raywyn clings desperately to her knife.

The Maelstrom plummets uncontrollably to the ground.

INT. ARTEMIS. BRIDGE. DAY

BABBS

(into steam comm)

Level us out.

Babbs pulls a few knobs and levers.

The ship begins to level out. The rear of the VIPER is directly ahead.

BABBS

Bet you like that propeller of yours, huh

Babbs throws a switch.

EXT. ARTEMIS. DAY.

Magno-netting shoots out of the beak of the Artemis and tangles in the propeller of the VIPER. It makes an electric sound and cinches up. The VIPER is dead in the water.

EXT. DAUNTLESS. DECK. DAY.

CHANCELLOR VESTRUM

No! No!

(sighing)

We will get them in the pincers

INT. ARTEMIS. RIGHT WINGLET TURRET. DAY.

KARL

(into gramophone comm)

Four ships coming up from the left.

INT. ARTEMIS. BRIDGE. DAY.

MORGEN

(on steam comm)

Might I suggest we head into the mountains to avoid the mass of ships approaching?

BABBS

Capital Idea.

Raywyn enters, panting and out of breath.

RAYWYN

Not a fan of...well...

(pointing to the wing)

all that. Let me just say that.

BABBS

Why aren't you in the turret?

RAYWYN

That turret is gone.

BABBS

(incredulous)

Gone?

RAYWYN

Non-existent.

EXT. HAEDSTRA MOUNTAINS. DAY.

The Artemis heads for the mountains, but the two wings of the pincers are going to get to her first.

EXT. DAUNTLESS DECK. DAY.

The dauntless bears down foward slowly towards the ARTEMIS, but still a ways away. The ships in the pincers can be seen coming together ahead of the ARTEMIS.

CHANCELLOR VESTRUM

We have her now.

INT. ARTEMIS. BRIDGE. DAY.

BABBS

Crap. We aren't going to make it.

(snapping her fingers)

Yes we are.

(to Raywyn)

Strap yourself in.
 (on grammaphone comm)
Karl, listen to me..

INT. ARTEMIS. RIGHT WINGLET TURRET. DAY.

BABBS
 (on grammaphone)
On your left and right are two levers.
Pull the left level now!

Karl pulls it. The rope attaches mechanically.

KARL
Done.

BABBS
 (continuing)
Pull the right lever when I ask. When I say fire,
hit the ship closest to you.

KARL
Ok

BABBS
And Karl...don't get killed.

KARL
Good plan.

INT. ARTEMIS. ENGINE ROOM. DAY.

BABBS
 (on steam comm)
Move the igniters into position theta.

MORGEN
 (to Rolly)
Is she mad? Position Theta? That will likely
kill us.

Rolly shrugs.

MORGEN
(into steam comm)
Captain, I think that's a very bad idea.

BABBS
(steam comm)
It is most definitely a horrible idea. But it
is our only idea. When bad ideas are the only
ideas, they are the best ideas.

MORGEN
(to Rolly, resigned)
Position Theta.

Rolly spins some wheel valves.

BABBS
(Steam comm)
On my mark, open it up.

Morgen sighs

MORGEN
(to Rolly)
You know my motto. Live small, die large.

INT. ARTEMIS. BRIDGE. DAY.

Raywyn is finishing strapping herself in. Babbs turns to confirm
this. Then she puts her face back in the steam comm.

BABBS
(to herself)
Let's show them something new.
(on steam comm)
Light it.

EXT. ARTEMIS. DAY.

At the rear of the ship, the balloons open up, gas shooting straight into the repositioned igniters. It creates a jet of flame behind the Artemis that propels it forward very fast.

It flies past 3 of the ships on the right, with arrows and harpoon sailing by the Artemis. Several stick in.

Behind the ships is a large wall of mountains with one canyon being the only lower spot.

INT. ARTEMIS. RIGHT WINGLET TURRET. DAY

BABBS
(on gramophone)
Now Karl.

Karl fires the harpoon. The rope uncoils after it as it sticks into the ship on his right.

As the rope tightens, it causes the Artemis to swing around the lead ship.

BABBS
(on gramophone)
Nice shot. Now release!

Karl hits the other lever. The rope releases. The Artemis shoots towards the mountains at an uncontrollable rate. She is free of the pincers.

EXT. DAUNTLESS. DECK. DAY.

In the distance, the Artemis escapes. The lead pincer ships scramble not to run into each other

CHANCELLOR VESTRUM
Well. That was unexpected.

The chancellor turns and punches the elf captain. He falls to the ground.

Chancellor Vestrum offers him a hand up.

CHANCELLOR VESTRUM
Sorry, I get a might cranky when I lose.

INT. ARTEMIS. BRIDGE. DAY.

The mountain canyon terrain flies by at an alarming rate. Babbs struggles to maintain control at the console.

BABBS
(into steam comm)
You can cut it any time

INT. ARTEMIS. ENGINE ROOM. DAY

Several valves creak in pressure in the engine room. Rolly and Morgen rush this way and that to keep on top of it.

Morgen stops to go to the steam comm.

MORGEN
(into steam comm)
No can do captain. The flame is too far up
the spigot....

INT. ARTEMIS. BRIDGE. DAY.

MORGEN
(on steam comm)
If we stop it now we will likely explode.

BABBS
(into steam comm)
Understood.
(louder)
We ride it out then. Like being chased by
the paparazzi.

The Artemis visibly descends as it shoots through the mountain valleys.

EXT. ARTEMIS. DAY.

The Artemis gets lower and lower, its balloons more and more deflated.

It bounces off a patch of land and careens forward onto a valley bottom.

The Artemis crashes onto the ground skidding sideways and ploughing up a furrow of earth.

It finally comes to a rest.

INT. ARTEMIS. BRIDGE. DAY.

Babbs leans against the control console. Steam rises from many of the pipes and equipment in the ship.

BABBS
(stroking the console)
That's my girl. That's my good girl. Thank you.

The old man does one giant snort/snore.

EXT. ARTEMIS, DAY.

The trap door opens on the top of the Artemis. Babbs, Raywyn, Morgen, and Rolly emerge from it.

Dwarves surround them. One of them holds Karl already. All of them wield crossbows.

DWARF COMMANDER
(authoritative)
Don't even twitch.

EXT. MOUNTAIN PASS. DAY.

A group of dwarves lead Rolly, Morgen, Raywyn, Karl, and Babbs as prisoners on a steep mountain path.

Morgen slows a little. The dwarf behind him pokes him with his crossbow. Morgen stumbles forward

MORGEN

Hey. There is no need for that. I am also a dwarf, if you didn't notice.

DWARF GUARD

We know who you are Morgen Swiftaxe. You are a thief. That is all.

MORGEN

All? I am also a decent accordion player I will have you know.

The guard shoves him forward again.

MORGEN

(to himself)

Brotherly love.

INT. DWARVEN HIGH COUNCIL. DAY.

A series of regal looking dwarves sit at a high table as Raywyn talks to them. Babbs and the rest speak intermittently.

ELVEN QUEEN V.O.

They were told. All of it.

Some of the dwarves nod as Raywyn speaks.

EXT. GIANT STUMP. DAY

Many giants stand around a stump of a humongous tree.

In the middle stands Raywyn, hands on hips speaking to the giants as if she were their physical equal. A giant close to her looks down upon her.

ELVEN QUEEN V.O.

And not just the dwarves. The giants.

INT. GLEAMING CAVERN. DAY

The cavern gleams with many jewels. Many gnomes sit around a polished stone table. All wear tailored suits. Two guards at the door have Tommy Guns.

Babbs sits at the table discussing with the gnomes

ELVEN QUEEN V.O

And the gnomes. And all the so called 'lesser' races. The information flowed like bitter wine and was received like such as well. Not all believed them. And not all agreed on what to do. But all agreed to a gathering of all the free folk to decide on a course of action.

EXT. PLAIN OF RISTEUS. DAY.

Thousands gather on the plain for the gathering. Dwarves, Giants, Gnomes, Pixies, Humans, and every creature you can think of in between.

Babbs, Rolly, Morgen, Raywyn, and Karl stride through the crowd.

A giant stops them.

GIANT

(to Babbs)

You the one from A-mare-Eeka?

BABBS

I am.

GIANT

I just wanted to say that your sports team 'The New York Giants' doesn't offend me at all.

BABBS

(sarcastic)

Well, I am happy about...

GIANT

I'm a big guy, you know. Water off the giants back. Besides I started my own sports team called the 'Dunhill Pasty Little Apes'

BABBS

Hilarious

An ogre steps in.

OGRE

You really should be more considerate though. None of us likes to be stereotyped. Take ogres, for example. You might think us ugly barbarians that only ravage the land and steal and pillage.

Everyone stands transfixed.

OGRE

(continued)

But that's a stereotype. I mean, I also want to be a sous chef

(picking his nose)

I'm quite good at it too.

MORGEN

I know what you mean. Dwarves are supposed to be

(unfurling one finger)

short,

(unfurling a second finger)

sarcastic,

(unfurling a third finger)

and quick tempered. Hmm. Come to think of it, that is pretty accurate. Take my aunt Judith, for example...

Drums start to beat in the background.

RAYWYN

That's our cue. We have to go.

MORGEN

But my Aunt Judith...

RAYWYN

(interrupting)
Will still be a story after.

EXT. PLAIN OF RISTEUS. STAGE. DAY.

A panel of gnomes, dwarves, ogres, giants and other creatures sits on the stage with our five heroes.

A seemingly empty podium stands in the middle of the stage.

The crown murmurs and chatters.

O. S. YELNO THE GNOME
Quiet Down.

Drums beat to accentuate his order.

The front row looks confused.

After a few audible steps, Yelno appears at the podium. Yelno sports a top hat and half of a pair of goggles in monocle fashion.

YELNO THE GNOME
Quiet Down.

The drums beat again.

The crown silences.

YELNO THE GNOME
Ok. Ok Free folk. Ok Ogres and Pixies and Giants.
Ok Dwarves and Brownies and Gnomes. We have come
Here to discuss the information that Raywyn of
house Leander, an elf, has brought to us. And, of
course, what to do with it.

The crowd erupts in protest.

RANDOM OGRE
Why should we listen to an elf?

RANDOM DWARF

Elves are not to be trusted!

RAIN HAMMERHELM stands from his seat on the stage.

RAIN HAMMERHELM

Why indeed? The elves have brought us nothing
but ire.

Many murmur in agreement with him.

Yelno simply waves his hand to calm people.

YELNO THE GNOME

Look, we do not need to agree with her.
Agreement is something we must decide on. But
we will listen to her. She has come to us at
great personal risk. Small minds need to agree
with things they listen to. Greater minds are
open to entertaining thoughts without such
agreement. Let us be greater minds, shall we?

Rolly nods in agreement on the stage.

The murmuring dies down.

Yelno motions to Raywyn

YELNO

Raywyn...

Raywyn makes her way to the podium as Yelno steps down.

RAYWYN

Thank you. I have come to tell you how an
unseen threat has been setting all species against
one another for their own political gain.

RAIN HAMMERHELM

(interrupting)

It's not unseen. It's elves. We all know it.

RAYWYN

Thank you for your input, Rain, though it is not

your time to speak. It is not simply the elves,
though this problem runs through my people as well.
I believe it a hidden menace rooted in each race.
I will tell you what I have seen, and you can
judge for yourself. It started when I hired the
Artemis...

EXT. PLAIN OF RISTEUS. BACK OF STAGE. DAY.

Morgen shifts uncomfortably in his chair.

MORGEN
(whispering)
This is never going to work.

ROLLY
(whispering)
Why? There are eyes and ears to soak up truth here.
Is your faith in that so evasive?

MORGEN
Oh, I have faith in folks to hear and see, just
not the truth. Truth is hard on the ears and
blinding to the eyes. Truth is like a ragged and
raucous raven belting his song. Lies are much
sweeter and more comforting. And Rain Hammerhelm
spins those well. He keeps interrupting our elf.
I want to punch him.

ROLLY
For the sake of the greater peace, of course?

MORGEN
That too.

ROLLY
I like that raven bit. Can I use that?

EXT. PLAIN OF RISTEUS. STAGE. DAY.

Raywyn still talks at the podium

RAYWYN

...and so it should be plain to see that they have set us against one another. What we do not know is why. But I know that by working together, we can discover this as well as foiling whatever plans they are crafting. Thank you.

There is no applause as she finishes.

Yelno steps back to the podium

YELNO THE GNOME

Thank you Raywyn. Now we have Rain Hammerhelm with a rebuttal.

Yelno steps down as Rain takes the podium.

RAIN HAMMERHELM

It's a great story she has, but it is only that. It is a fairie tale - no offence to the fairies in the audience. Those of you that are not dwarves may not know me, but I have long fought the tricksiness of the elves. This is simply one more of their tricks to put us further into submission. It's a brilliant story. I give them that, but a story is all it is. You know I speak the truth. Our entire history backs me up. The only people she has to back her up are a thief, a half breed, a cripple and a topsy.

Babbs jumps to her feet

BABBS

Listen to his words. He only uses the words of division, not unity. I am the cripple he speaks of. I have only one arm, but I have a mind for thinking and a voice for talking. Do we not all? Can you not see that Raywyn tries to unite us, while Rain tries to divide? Who is he working for? Ask yourself...

RAIN HAMMERHELM

(interrupting)

More lies! It is not yours to speak here,
cripple. Were you a dwarf, you would have been
tossed into the snow to die.

BABBS

(growling)

Come a little closer so I can beat you with my
one arm.

YELNO THE GNOME

People. People. Let's take the tone down.

EXT. PLAIN OF RISTEUS. BACK OF STAGE. DAY.

MORGEN

(to Rolly)

See?

ROLLY

(whispering)

Perhaps the tone should go up, not down.

MORGEN

Rolly, I am astonished. I mean you are a
pacifist.

Rolly raises an eyebrow.

MORGEN

(realising)

Oh, because Rain might be a ...

Rolly nods.

MORGEN

(continuing)

And if we...

Rolly nods.

EXT. PLAIN OF RISTEUS. STAGE. DAY.

Rain Hammerhelm continues to speak.

RAIN HAMMERHELM

I ask you, when have we ever benefitted by
listening to...

Out of nowhere, Rain is hit over the head with a chair. Hard.

He falls, shimmering out of a dwarven guise into a tentacle
monster.

MORGEN

...from listening to you. When have we ever
benefitted from listening to you?

YELNO THE GNOME

SECURITY!

Security guards rush onto the stage.

Morgen runs away from them still holding the chair.

MORGEN

Look at him.

They chase him in circles on the stage. Rolly trips one of them
on their way past.

Rain Hammerhelm starts to rise again, rubbing his head and
morphing back into a dwarf.

Morgen whacks him with a chair again as he passes.

MORGEN

Use your eyes, dummies. Look at him.

The security guards slow and look at Rain/Tentacled monster.

Then they stop.

YELNO THE GNOME

Security. Take that thing into custody.

MORGEN

(to Yelno)

Thank you.

(to the Audience)

Now, do you see? This is no dwarf. This is
a manipulator of dwarves.

The guards restrain Rain Hammerhelm.

The audience is atwitter with dialogue.

MORGEN

(continuing)

Is this not what Raywyn was talking about? Can
you forget your bias for her pointy ears and
listen to her words and see with your eyes?

YELNO THE GNOME

It is hard to see this, but harder not to. What
do we do?

MORGEN

You can start by thinking of anyone in positions
of power, in any race, arguing for division. Then
hit them with a chair.

A brightly dressed gnome sneaks off the stage in the background.

YELNO THE GNOME

I hardly think that sounds like wisdom.
Practically, what can we do?

Karl rises in the background and walks to the podium.

KARL

(to Yelno)

May I?

YELNO THE GNOME

The meet recognizes Karl from...

KARL

Germany

YELNO THE GNOME

Karl from Germany. Where the heck is that?

Karl steps up to the podium

KARL

Germany is in a whole other world. But I have seen these things first hand. Their silky whispers lead to evil. They sow dissent and encourage division. When I came here, they were on the verge of war because of it. I do not know why they want the wars and division... but I do know that it hurts us and benefits them. So what do we do? We resist the division. We work together. We embrace that which they oppose. Is that not the only sane option?

CROWD

Yes!

KARL

Do you want to live in fear? Do you want to lose those you love in pointless wars and conflicts?

Raywyn stands up.

CROWD

No!

KARL

Then we need to stop them, on this world and mine. That means opening the portals again. That means me going back to my world. We know they are opposed to the portals. We know that they do not want you working together. We know that they do not want our worlds working together...probably because together we can stop them. But isn't that worth it? Is this not worth a fight?

The crowd erupts in cheers.

CROWD

Yea!!!

Morgen winds up and gives Rain Hammerhelm/Tentacle Beast a swift kick.

The crowd erupts in cheers.

As the crowd cheers, Yelno walks over to where Raywyn is standing.

YELNO

(quietly)

This is all well and good, but weren't all the portals closed. If we presume there is still one available, do we know where to look?

RAYWYN

(smiling)

Actually we do. The circle at Kestra. The Chancellor told me himself.

INT. CHANCELLOR VESTRUMS OFFICE. DAY.

Chancellor Vestrum sits at his desk holding up the dark mirror communication tool. It glows with a green halo. In the mirror, the brightly coloured gnome can be seen.

SNELLO THE GNOME

When he was uncovered, I snuck away. I needed to report this to you.

CHANCELLOR VESTRUM

You were right to. These are bad tidings.

SNELLO THE GNOME

What will we do? I know discovery means death, but we cannot kill all of them.

CHANCELLOR VESTRUM

Can we not?

SNELLO THE GNOME

Well, I think it might be noticed.

CHANCELLOR VESTRUM

Ah, number 17. There is a reason you are number 17. You think too much inside the box. I simply whisper to the king about an army amassing for war on the planes of ...where are they?

SNELLO THE GNOME

Risteus.

CHANCELLOR VESTRUM

Right, on the planes of Risteus. And they are marching to the circle of Kestra. I will tell him we need to battle them there. He will see the need for that.

SNELLO THE GNOME

Kestra?? How can we be sure?

CHANCELLOR VESTRUM

They need that portal. A certain german has a patriotic need to go home.

SNELLO THE GNOME

They have some airships. Ground battle will be difficult.

CHANCELLOR VESTRUM

(sarcastic)

Airships? Oh goody. Well, good thing I kept mine too.

Snello the Gnome just looks perplexed.

CHANCELLOR VESTRUM

(continuing, sarcastic)

Plus my dad can totally beat up their dad. Really...

(air quotes)

...'Snello'...

(continuing)

...we don't win because we have better toys. We win because we are better at using our toys. Yadda, yadda, yadda. Got it?

Snello nods. The dark mirror communicator goes shuts off.

CHANCELLOR VESTRUM

(to himself)

No let's see...

(official sounding)

Your highness, it seems your granddaughter has figured out her parentage and has raised an army on the planes of Risteus to depose you. Oh, and they are marching to take the circle at Kestra to allow a human army to join them from the other side.

(he puts a tentacle up to his ear)

What's that? Destroy them all? Well, if you think it best, sire.

(to himself)

Yup. Perfectly delicious.

INT. PLANNING COUNCIL CHAMBER. DAY.

Raywyn, Rolly, Babbs, Karl, Morgen, along with several dwarves, gnomes and other creatures around a giant map table. In the middle of the table, the circle of Kestra can clearly be seen.

RAYWYN

(gesturing to the Kestra circle on the map)

Ok, so giants flanking, and main ground units right up the middle. But Karl is going to need to be on the ground right here.

MORGEN

Not just Karl. I think Babbs too.

BABBS

What? Why?

MORGEN

When we came through last time your arm gears went all 'whirry' just before the portal opened. Maybe it opened the Portal...maybe it was the wind ...but it gives us the best chance.

Babbs turns to Rolly

ROLLY

It's stirring in its veracity.

BABBS

Ok fine, but we have to count on the squiddies being there too. One or more of them. We cannot fight them one on one.

A gnome brings out a metallic shield with four big black nodes on it.

GNOME COMMANDER

That's why we cooked up these. From your story, we figured the magnets in your arm held the electro whips at bay. This should do the same.

The gnome commander flips a switch on the shield and it hums to life, electricity arcing between the nodes.

BABBS

Groovy. So if I am on the ground, who captains the Artemis?

All heads turn to Morgen slowly.

MORGEN

I am flattered.

(putting one foot up on a stool)

Captain Morgen. What do you think? And if you make any jokes about 'big shoes to fill' I will know you are a bunch of racists.

(beat)

However, if you hold off on that joke to spare my fragile dwarf feelings, you are also a bunch of racists.

(laughing)

Bloody racists everywhere.

Everyone laughs.

ROLLY

When one is a turnip at every turn, such

turned turnips should turn up their turns
without tarnish.

Everyone looks at Rolly in confusion.

ROLLY

(sigh)

If I am to be a racist regardless, I shall
wear it with pride.

(he looks on to blank stares)

It makes me the bigger man. That, and my giant
mother.

Everyone laughs.

RAYWYN

(putting people back on track)

Ok, back to the plan. We have to figure on
ground forces preventing us from just walking up
to the circle. And we have count on the
Chancellors acquired air ships preventing our
approach. How do we get our people to the circle?

The dwarven captain smiles.

DWARVEN CAPTAIN

I may have something for that. It has a few
kinks, but you are canny folk. Very canny.

EXT. FIELD. DAY.

In the background, several giant contraptions with 4 horizontal
rotors (like drones) and 4 vertical pillar towers sit. In the
middle of each contraption is a peddling device.

Scattered between the contraptions are many hang gliders.

A group of 10-12 dwarves in leather jackets, leather caps, air
goggles, and an array of throwing axes strapped to their bodies
approach ROLLY, BABBS, MORGEN, KARL, RAYWYN, and the DWARVEN
CAPTAIN. Each of their jackets has 'DSC' on it in dwarven
lettering.

The leader of the dwarves has even more throwing axes on his uniform than the rest as well as various tools, a hammer, a small array of knives, and an unlabelled black satchel.

KRAUG BLACKWING

(extending his hand)

We're the Dwarven Sky Corps, first division.
Sergeant Kraug Blackwing, at your service.

Raywyn shakes his hand.

RAYWYN

A pleasure.

KRAUGBLACKWING

We are ready for action. We are veritable death
from above. Unseen, unheard, and unthinkable until
we drop into action and our axes fly. When axes
are done, there are fists

(punching in the air)

Huah! And Feet

(kicking in the air)

Hya! And when those fail, we have our teeth and
our wits and by the stone-faced gods we will bloody
well mock the enemy into submission.

(to his squad)

Boys! Dwarven Air Corps.

DWARVEN AIR CORPS

(answering)

Hu-AH!!!

They all salute.

DWARVEN CAPTAIN

(meekly)

There is one small problem.

KRAUG BLACKWING

One. Yes. Teensy it is. None of us have the legs
to pedal the thing.

MORGEN

Hmm. Well I know this good Sous Chef.

BABBS
(understanding)
And a major baseball fan as well.

Kraug Blackwing looks confused.

EXT. HILLS OF KESTRA. DAY

A massive build-up of armies dots the landscape. On one side, there is the tightly regimented elves with 15 or so airships above them. On the other, the less organized free folk with the ARTEMIS floating above them flanked by the two Rotax-Copters.

V.O. ELVEN QUEEN
Sometimes there is a difference between good and important. Sometimes important and sad are better bedfellows. Such are battles. Such is this battle. It was important, definitely. Yet battles are never good. Lives are lost and hearts are broken on edge of sword and point of arrow. Sadness reigns, yet also does importance. And such was the day in the hills of Kestra.

EXT. ROTAX-COPTER 1. DAY.

The Giant who made the baseball comments pedals the copter merrily. Hanging off the pillars on hang gliders, upside down, are Karl, Babbs, Kraug Blackwing, and 5 other dwarves from the Dwarven Sky Corp.

GIANT
This battle is so big it reminds me of my uncle Hugh. Last name Mungus. Get it?

KARL
(looking nauseous)
I think I may be sick.

BABBS
(cheery)
Just ride it out, sauerkraut

KRAUG BLACKWING

It's glorious. And we are the 'us' in glorious.

EXT. HILLS OF KESTRA. FREE FOLK GROUND TROOP ARMY. DAY

A commander lowers his hand and the troops start marching.

Most are dwarven with battle axes, or gnomes with tommy guns, but ogres and pixies are intermixed with them. Here and there are dwarves riding big mechanical spiders.

In the distance, a group of giants is also on the move.

EXT. HILLS OF KESTRA. ELVEN ARMY. DAY

A green flag is waved and the archers ready their bows.

INT. ARTEMIS. BRIDGE. DAY.

Morgen stands by the control consol. To his left is MARY WINCHESTER, a topsy, in Victorian garb, a dress, corset, top hat, and goggles.

In the background, the old man sleeps on the couch, already strapped in securely.

MORGEN

(to himself)

Feels a little odd to be here.

(to Mary)

Ok Mary, let's dole them out some pain.

(into Steam comm)

Engine Room on the ready?

INT. ARTEMIS. ENGINE ROOM. DAY

Rolly stands ready with two gnomes in business suits beside him. The gnomes look extremely surly and have their arms crossed.

ROLLY
(into Steam Comm)
Ready here. Look Morgen, I have serious
reservations about the Gnomes...

MORGEN
(on Steam Comm, interrupting)
No time for that.

INT. ARTEMIS. BRIDGE. DAY.

MARY WINCHESTER
(into Gramophone Comm)
Turrets check in.

INT. ARTEMIS. LEFT WINGLET TURRET. DAY.

A dwarf mans the left turret.

TURRET DWARF
Left Turret. Checking In.

INT. ARTEMIS. RIGHT WINGLET TURRET. DAY.

A pixie mans the right turret.

TURRET PIXIE
Right Turret. Checking in.

INT. ARTEMIS. BRIDGE. DAY

MORGEN
Mary. Signal the airships coded as follows:
Cast off your pointy eared oppressors. Join the
real fight.

Mary nods and starts using a signalling mirror to message.

EXT. DAUNTLESS SHIP DECK. DAY.

The flashing from the Artemis can be seen from the Dauntless. Chancellor Vestrum stands alongside the Elven Captain and the Giant Captain of the Dauntless.

CHANCELLOR VESTRUM

What's that flashing there?

GIANT CAPTAIN

Oh...um...probably just sunlight glinting off her view port.

CHANCELLOR VESTRUM

Oh. Fine.

(to Elven Captain)

Send the Rainmaker, Delphi, and the Veritas up the middle ahead of us. Split the rest to attack from flanking positions.

The elven captain nods.

EXT. RAINMAKER SHIP DECK. DAY.

Captain Zarlo sees the flashing from the Artemis and smiles to himself.

ELF SOLDIER

Orders from the captain. Full speed ahead.

EXT. ROTAX-COPTER 2. DAY

The Sous Chef Ogre peddles the Rotax-Copter, but not as cheerfully as the giant does in the other. The copter has Raywyn and 7 dwarven sky corp bad-asses in hang-gliders upside down on the pillars

RAYWYN

They are moving. Make for the Dauntless.

DWARVEN SKY CORP SOLDIER

We need altitude to launch. You need to peddle faster, Sous Chef.

SOUS CHEF OGRE
Must you always Dwarf-splain things to me?

He peddles harder. The copter rises.

INT. ARTEMIS. BRIDGE. DAY

MORGEN
Here they come.
(to Mary)
Be a dear and open our forward shields.

Mary nods and pulls down two knife switches.

EXT. ARTEMIS. DAY.

From a single panel near the nose of each balloon, they open up and rotate and expand to form a parabolic shield in front of the balloons.

EXT. ROTAX-COPTER 1. DAY.

GIANT
...so he says 'I'm not bald, it's a gnome over'.
Get it?

Many dwarves groan.

KRAUG BLACKWING
Alright. Squad 2. Take the Delphi. Drop!

One dwarf drops off each pillar on their hang glider and soars downward, flipping right side up as they do.

GIANT
Ok...so an Elf, a brownie, and a blue-eyed pixie
walk into a tavern..

EXT. RAINMAKER SHIP DECK. DAY.

ELVEN SOLDIER
Captain orders even more speed.

CAPTAIN ZARLO
(nodding)
As you wish.
(to the crew)
Raise the forward spinnaker. The "Round" one.
Not the "Pointy" one. And hold it.

EXT. DAUNTLESS SHIP DECK. DAY.

In the background, the RAINMAKER can be seen with its spinnaker being raised

CHANCELLOR VESTRUM
What's going on there?

ELVEN CAPTAIN
It's a spinnaker to give more speed.

EXT. RAINMAKER. SHIP DECK. DAY.

Crew members hold lines of the billowing spinnaker behind each elven crew member.

CAPTAIN ZARLO
Alright crew, tie off the spinnaker.

Each crew member wraps the rope in their hands around the neck of an elf in front of them a few times. They let go. The spinnaker flies off the ship with all the elves dangling to it.

EXT. DAUNTLESS. SHIP DECK. DAY.

CHANCELLOR VESTRUM
Is it supposed to do that?

EXT. RAINMAKER. SHIP DECK. DAY

CAPTAIN ZARLO
Signal the Artemis that she has a friend.

EXT. HILLS OF KESTRA. FREE FOLK ARMY. DAY

Army marches forward. Arrows take down soldiers as it does.

INT. ARTEMIS. BRIDGE. DAY.

MORGEN
Ah, the Viper wants a round 2.
(into Steam Comm)
Rolly, Move ballast back and raise stern ballonets.

INT. ARTEMIS. ENGINE ROOM. DAY.

ROLLY
Ok, you on the ballast, you on the ballonets.

The gnomes look at each other and don't move a muscle.

ROLLY
Well move.

GNOME 1
We're on a break

GNOME 2
We're union.

Rolly sighs.

ROLLY
(to himself)
What remains but leisure is always toil
(into Steam comm)
Morgen...the gnomes...

INT. ARTEMIS. BRIDGE. DAY

MORGEN

Deal with it Rolly. And it's Captain Morgen

INT. ARTEMIS. ENGINE ROOM. DAY.

Ropes lead from Rolly's muscular arms to different parts of the engine room. Tied in each rope is a frowning gnome. Rolly pulls one and releases the other to shift the ballonets.

EXT. ROTAX-COPTER 2. DAY.

DWARVEN SKY CORP SOLDIER

Squads 3 and 4. Take the dauntless. Drop now.

All hang gliders drop.

Wind batters at Raywyn as she holds onto her glider.

RAYWYN

I am not sure elves were meant to fly.

DWARVEN SKY CORP SOLDIER

Ride the sky. Yaaaaa!

EXT. DELPHI. SHIP DECK. DAY.

Dwarven Sky Corp squad 2 skids to a landing on the Delphi ship deck. The dwarves roll out of their landing and jump up to fighting stances.

An elf blocks the way of a dwarven soldier.

ELVEN SOLDIER

You are too puny to be worth a fight.

The dwarf hits a button on his pant leg and mechanical legs extend making him as tall as the elf.

He slugs the elf

DWARF SKY CORP SOLDIER

Not where it counts.

(to the other dwarves)

Sky Corp! Maneuver 8!

He hits the button and the legs retract. Every dwarf grabs a throwing axe and throws them at the lines holding the balloon to the cabin, severing them. The cabin starts to plummet as the balloon rises.

The dwarves dive towards their gliders, grab them and soar off as the rest of the Delphi falls.

INT. ARTEMIS. BRIDGE. DAY.

The Viper looms in the Artemis forward view port lower than the Artemis. The Artemis is tilted downwards towards her.

Morgens hands hover over a pulley

MORGEN

If you can't stand the heat.

EXT. ARTEMIS. DAY.

The parabolic forward shields focus the sun.

EXT. VIPER. DAY.

Light focuses and unfocuses on the Vipers main balloon.

INT. ARTEMIS. BRIDGE. DAY.

MORGEN

Huh. Babbs made that look so simple.

(snapping his fingers)

Next.

MARY WINCHESTER

(into Gramophone Comm)

All turrets fire.

INT. ARTEMIS. RIGHT WINGLET TURRET. DAY.

The pixie struggled to pull the turret firing lever.
Unsuccessfully.

INT. ARTEMIS. LEFT WINGLET TURRET. DAY.

The dwarf fires, but the harpoon goes wide.

He pulls out a flask and takes a drink.

EXT. HILLS OF KESTRA. ELVEN ARMY. DAY.

They release a last volley of arrows as the free folk army
reaches them.

In unison, they drop their bows and unsheathe their swords.

A group of gangster gnomes in suits let loose with their tommy
guns

The Delphi drops out of the sky landing where the armies are
clashing, killing elf and free folk alike.

EXT. ROTAX-COPTER 1. DAY.

GIANT

...If that's my bowtie, why are her wings moist?
Get it?

KRAUG BLACKWING

Babbs, Karl. Drop. Squad 1, hit the Veritas.

Babbs, Karl, Kraug and the remaining dwarf drop off the rotax-
copter.

Babbs squeals in delight, smiling as she drops.

KARL
(whispering to himself)
Don't look down...don't look down.

EXT. DAUNTLESS. SHIP DECK. DAY.

The Dwarves land on the dauntless and roll to attention.
Battleaxes come out.

Raywyn makes a less spectacular entrance, skidding to a halt on the deck in front of the Chancellor.

CHANCELLOR VESTRUM
Raywyn. Good to see you. And here I thought
I was going to have to come fetch you.

Raywyn dusts herself off and pulls out her sabre and magno-shield (though does not yet turn it on)

RAYWYN
Save it. I know what you are.

CHANCELLOR VESTRUM
Handsome? Brilliant? Enigmatic?

The chancellor brings out his electro whip, yet stays in elf form.

Raywyn turns her magno-shield on. It hums to life and crackles electrically between the nodes.

EXT. ROTAX-COPTER 2. DAY.

The dwarves land on their towers again.

The Sous Chef ogre continues to peddle. Arrows are flying near him.

DWARF SKY CORP SOLDIER
Peddle. Peddle. We need to get higher.

An arrow grazes the ogre.

SOUS CHEF OGRE

Ow. That triggers me! I demand safe spaces for
Ogres.

DWARF SKY CORP SOLDIER

Shut it!

SOUS CHEF OGRE

(to himself)

Ugg. Evidence of the dwarf-triarchy

INT. ARTEMIS. BRIDGE. DAY.

MORGEN

Really? No sunspot. No Harpoons. I have to do
everything myself.

Morgen flips a switch

EXT. ARTEMIS. DAY.

The 'Beak' of the Artemis opens. A Spearpoint juts out from it.

INT. ARTEMIS. ENGINE ROOM. DAY.

MORGEN

(on Steam Comm)

Full speed ahead, down the forward ballonets

Rolly fans the furnace with his foot on the bellows as he yanks
one of the ropes

GNOME 1

(in pain)

Yeeeahdhsd

ROLLY

Workers unite!

EXT. ARTEMIS. DAY.

The Artemis speeds down and pops the Vipers balloon with its spearpoint beak. It starts to plummet downwards.

INT. ARTEMIS. BRIDGE. DAY.

MARY WINCHESTER

Yes!

MORGEN

(smugly)

Make all the little prick jokes you like

EXT. HILLS OF KESTRA. DAY.

Free folk army clashing with elven army

Giant army flanks from the side, tossing elves to and fro with their huge clubs.

EXT. VERITAS. SHIP DECK. DAY.

Kraug Blackwing drops from his glider, rolls on the deck, laughing.

He throws two axes at two separate elves and kicks another off the ship before running and jumping off the other side to catch his glider again.

EXT. ROTAX-COPTER 1. DAY.

Kraug lands his glider on the copter once again.

GIANT

Did you hear about the Dwarven Axe Sculptor?

KRAUG BLACKWING

No.

GIANT

He died of an 'Art' attack.

KRAUG BLACKWING

Hilarious. Up! Up!

EXT. DAUNTLESS. SHIP DECK. DAY.

Elves and Dwarves battle it out on the ship. Crewmembers aid the dwarves as they can. Several dwarves and elves lie dead on the deck.

Raywyn duels with the Chancellor. She solidly deflects most of his whip cracks, but has trouble landing a hit with her sword as the chancellor is viper quick.

As Raywyn backs away from his attack, she hits a bit of rigging and stumbles. His whip cracks and slices across her cheek just as she rolls away. As she comes up, she spins and slices her sword at the back of his ankles.

He yells out and his form shimmers into the squiddie form.

Rather than be seen, he jumps over the side.

As Raywyn looks over the side, she can see he has flattened himself to catch the wind and fall slowly.

RAYWYN

Well that's new.

She runs to grab her glider and flies off the side of the Dauntless

EXT. KESTRA CIRCLE. DAY.

A group of elven soldiers stands guard in front of the circle.

BABBS flies down and her glider knocks a soldier to the ground as she lands.

KARLs glider skids across the ground ungracefully.

He stands up and doubles over as his Nausea gets the better of him. An elfen soldier runs towards him

Babbs punches out the elf near her with her prosthetic arm.

Karl vomits on the ground twice. The elfen soldier raises his sword to lop off Karls head as he is puking.

Babbs blocks it with her magno-shield.

BABBS

Get up. There are too many for just one of us to handle.

EXT. HILLS OF KESTRIA DAY

Armies clashing. Giant army comes in from the other flank.

EXT. KESTRIA SKY. DAY.

The RAINMAKER circles another airship and fires.

The ARTEMIS comes up behind the MAELSTROM

EXT. DAUNTLESS. SHIP DECK. DAY.

The last elf falls.

CREW MEMBER

The ship is free!

The dwarves bow and run to their gliders, soaring off the ship.

GIANT CAPTAIN

(rubbing his hands together)

Alrighty Crew. Bring us about! Aft cannons fire on the Carrington. I always hated that ship.

EXT. KESTRIA CIRCLE. DAY.

Babbs and Karl fight with the elven soldiers to get closer to the circle.

Chancellor Vestrum lands nearby rolling into a stance.

Raywyn is close behind. She drops from her glider when it is just above the ground and rolls out of it, coming up with her sword in hand. She has to spin quickly to catch the Chancellors electro whip with her Magno-Shield.

She counters with a slash at the chancellor's face which he easily avoids.

CHANCELLOR VESTRUM

You fool. You have no idea what is going on here.

She blocks another whip strike.

RAYWYN

No? Why don't you tell me?

CHANCELLOR VESTRUM

You think somehow I am the big bad? You have no idea.

She strikes at him with her sword. He swerves to the side.

RAYWYN

Then who is?

CHANCELLOR VESTRUM

Well for one...

He pulls out a piece of what looks like pure darkness and throws it on the ground nearby.

It opens up into a giant piece of darkness and huge writhing tentacles come pouring out over 25 feet in the air.

INT. ARTEMIS. BRIDGE. DAY.

As the Artemis circles, the giant tentacles can be seen from the view port.

MORGEN

Whoa.

MARY WINCHESTER

What is...

MORGEN

Giant frikkin tentacles. That's what.

(sighing)

Ok. Ok. Signal the Rainmaker that I have a plan

EXT. KESTRIA CIRCLE. DAY.

A tentacle bends down and grabs an elf soldier just as he was going to strike Karl from behind.

Karl blocks the sword strike in front of him and hits back with his own.

The elven soldier taken by the tentacle screams as he rises in the air.

A tentacle comes down behind Babbs and reaches for her. She turns and punches it. It retracts.

The elf that was grabbed gets tossed in the air and is flung down into the middle of the pit. There is a crunching noise.

RAYWYN

What even is that?

The chancellor strikes with a whip. Raywyn deflects, but it knocks her to the ground.

CHANCELLOR VESTRUM

One of the elder lords of shade and misery. You like?

INT. ARTEMIS. BRIDGE. DAY.

MARY WINCHESTER

The Rainmaker says 'What do you mean by
counter swirly?'

Morgen sighs.

MORGEN

Look. Tell him to use a rope harpoon. Tell him
to do what I do but from the other side.

EXT. KESTRIA CIRCLE. DAY.

Babbs punches out the elf she was battling.

A tentacle grabs Karl and lifts him up.

KARL

Ahh. Help.

Babbs runs to help but is met by the elf Karl was battling.

As Raywyn gets up, she spins and slices her sword through the
tentacle that is grabbing Karl.

Karl plummets to the ground, still attached to the tentacle. A
new tentacle grows in rapidly where the old was cut off.

RAYWYN

(noticing)

By all the steamy hells.

CHANCELLOR VESTRUM

Pretty cool, right? You didn't see that coming.
No one every does.

Raywyn manages to slice at him and hit this time.

INT. ARTEMIS. BRIDGE. DAY.

MORGEN

(into Steam Comm)

No! No! Full speed and stern ballast. Yes I mean it.

(to Mary)

Ok, you tell this to my no good cousin in the left turret. 'Look idiot, no more drinking, shoot at the ground when I say. Don't fail me or Aunt Judith will hear about it'

Mary nods.

MARYH WINCHESTER

(into gramophone comm)

Prepare to fire rope turret

MORGEN

(shrugging)

Close enough.

EXT. KESTRIA CIRCLE. DAY.

Karl unwinding himself from the tentacle.

Raywyn and Chancellor duelling. He clearly has the upper hand.

CHANCELLOR VESTRUM

Why fight? Death is so much easier.

Babbs duels with the last elven soldier.

INT. ARTEMIS. BRIDGE. DAY.

Close on Mary Winchesters mouth.

MARY WINCHESTER

(into gramophone comm)

Fire.

EXT. KESTRIA CIRCLE. SKY. DAY.

The Artemis fires a rope turret on one side of the tentacle beast as the rainmaker does the same on the other. They begin to circle oppositely.

EXT. KESTRIA CIRCLE. DAY.

Karl runs towards Babbs and knocks out the soldier she is fighting by knocking it out with his magnoshield.

Raywyn increases her resolve and fights harder. In a quick slash she cuts off the Chancellors arm.

RAYWYN

Ha!

His arm regrows rapidly.

CHANCELLOR VESTRUM

I know that trick too.

INT. ARTEMIS. BRIDGE. DAY.

MORGEN

Easy. Easy.

The Rainmaker is very close on their screen.

MORGEN

(into Steam Comm)

Port Ballonets now please.

EXT. KESTRIA CIRCLE. SKY. DAY.

The Artemis and Rainmaker scrape each other on their circling, only slightly, but splinters fly anyway.

The ships continue their circle and fly off in opposite directions. The ropes cinch and cut all the tentacles.

EXT. KESTRIA CIRCLE. DAY.

CHANCELLOR VESTRUM

Well that's no fun.

Immediately, new tentacles shoot up, this time about 50 feet in the air.

CHANCELLOR VESTRUM

That's better.

INT. ARTEMIS. BRIDGE. DAY.

MORGEN

(seeing the new tentacles)

Noooo.

EXT. KESTRIA CIRCLE. DAY.

Babbs and Karl run for the circle. The gears on Babbs arm start to whir to life. Energy crackles in the circle.

BABBS

Karl, it's happening!

As the Chancellor and Raywyn duel, a new tentacle grabs her and picks her up. It holds her politely in front of the chancellor.

EXT. KESTRIA CIRCLE. DAY.

Kraug Blackwing soars near the circle. He pulls out his black satchel and lights a fuse.

EXT. KESTRIA CIRCLE. DAY.

The circle crackles with energy as Babbs and Karl watch. A portal coalesces.

Raywyn is held tight. The tentacle squeeze and she drops her sword and shield

CHANCELLOR VESTRUM

Goodbye princess. I truly didn't wish it to
end like this.

He raises his whip.

EXT. KESTRIA CIRCLE. DAY.

KRAUG BLACKWING

I have been wanting to try this.

He drops the satchel. It sizzles with fire as it drops.

EXT. KESTRIA CIRCLE. DAY.

The satchel drops into the blackness. There is silence. Then a
giant explosion.

Babbs is blown out into the grasses.

Karl is blown into the circle. The tentacle Raywyn was held in
is blown clean off and goes flying through the air.

The chancellor is blown backwards.

There is a second explosion.

When the fire and dust clears, the stone circle is a smoking
ruin.

No tentacles. No functioning circle.

Close on Babbs lying unconscious on the ground. The chancellor
can be seen limping away in the background.

EXT. HILLS OF KESTRIA. DAY

Bodies litter the landscape. Many of the free folk roam the
battle site tending to the wounded. The free folk have clearly
won.

V.O. ELVEN QUEEN

It was a victory, but victories are painful things. Victories come but only with sacrifice. They come with smiles but also with tears.

EXT. KESTRIA CIRCLE. DAY.

Rolly, Morgen, Babbs, Kraug Blackwing, Mary Winchester, and several others stand near the still smoking ruin of the circle. Rolly holds up a much battered and bruised Babbs.

MORGEN

Are they? I mean did they?

A single tear flows down Babbs cheek.

BABBS

I don't know. The portal was forming and then the explosion...

V.O. ELVEN QUEEN

Yes the tears. But tears are not final. There are never endings as every ending is yet a new beginning.

EXT. STONEHENGE. NIGHT.

V.O ELVEN QUEEN

As I said, our worlds were never truly separate.

The circle crackles with electricity and a portal forms.

Karl and Raywyn fall out of it. Raywyn is still tangled in the tentacle.

The portal closes.

Karl dusts himself off.

KARL

Raywyn. Raywyn. I think we did it.

Raywyn moans on the ground.

Suddenly rifles are pointed at Karl.

BRITISH SOLDIER

Look gents. The commander was right. We found
ourselves a kraut spy.

Karl puts his hands up.

FADE OUT.