

ELVES, ETC.

Written by

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SONG 1 (Chorus)

A cohort (about 40) of dwarves comes marching, in serried rank, into a big cave, with their pick axes over their shoulders singing a determined, marching work song. (Pastiche of Hall of the Mountain King... Lots of Hi Ho's).

The dwarves come level with canopied dais where sits the Dwarf Lord: the usual middle aged, small, red haired and bearded, fierce-looking dwarf. Next to him stands the Mine Master reading out from a parchment. The song (the sort that can go on for ever) stops, with a double stamp, and a fierce and proud 'eyes left', from the cohort.

The mine master reads aloud

MINE MASTER

My Lord! Cohort 9 mined 18 figgins
of gold, yesterday! They delved
deep and braved the damps, Sire!

DWARF CHIEF

It is good!

He nods approvingly to the cohort. The cohort raise their picks and deafeningly shout

COHORT

Kazad Hai!

The dwarves then double thump the wooden ends of their long picks, 90 degrees to the ground: dumm, dumm!

The dwarf chief nods approvingly, again, and the cohort does 'eyes centre' and marches away.

The mine master bends confidently towards the chief.

MINE MASTER

Not as good as cohort 4, My Lord,
but Cohort 9 does, however, have
five trainees to teach, Sire.

They both look up at the sound of more approaching marching feet.

DWARF CHIEF.

Then they have done well, indeed.

MINE MASTER

Yes, Sire. Thank you, Sire. Excuse
me, Sire.

The Mine Master bows deeply, and walks backwards, vanishing behind the throne. The Chief leans back comfortably, in his chair and then has a little crane forward at the next approaching cohort, before relapsing, easily. He sighs happily.

DWARF CHIEF
Hahhhhh. I love my work!

He smiles contentedly

2

INT. AN OFFICE - DAY

2

Our hero, Frank, comes into his office, together with his newly arrived niece, Sharon. Frank is wearing a cheap suit, horrid polyester washed out grey shirt and skinny lime green tie. Sharon has shorts on and a fluorescent vest, with her hair in dyed-red bunches. She is about 22 yrs old, small, but feisty, boho and tom boyish. Sharon is wearing a small rucksack and chewing gum.

Frank hurries to his PC, turns it on and anxiously stares at the screen, while churning through the stacks of papers with his hands, and snatching at and scrutinising 'posts'.

Sharon strolls around, picks items up to look at them and reads the notices on the wall.

FRANK
(To himself) Ummm. ... 37 overnight
technical reaction reporting
slips! ... ughhhh. ... 46 branch
wayline complaints! Oh, I must.

SHARON
Uncle Fraaank?

Frank looks up

FRANK
Huhh?

SHARON
Do you work here, then?

FRANK
Er, yes. Err. perhaps you
could go walking locally and then
comeback and meet me at teatime,
Sharon. I could perhaps take you
to.

The door opens and a hatchet-faced, older woman in a tweed skirt and silky blouse, comes in with several pieces of paper.

SECRETARY

Mr. Smith! You've got twenty two telephone messages: team 4's got lost, team 7 can't find the main splicing cable....oh, and you've got to go up to Sandy Head...Area Chief said. There's been nuisance calls and he wants them traced. The calls are to the Regional Tourist Board Director's wife...and he's not pleased....a...a..

She inspects her papers

....a Mr. Flauntit.

She turns and marches out. Frank slumps in his seat and sighs.

FRANK

Huhhhhh....I hate my work!

3

INT. GOBLIN'S CAVE - DAY

3

Five goblins are sitting around the remains of a fire, at the back of a cave. They are medium sized, hideously ugly, with foul teeth and bad alopecia. Their bodies are of big bellies, and droopy moobs, on stringy little legs and arms, with hideous clawed hands. Their clothes are filthy rags. You can just see a bit of daylight entrance from behind one wall. They are picking noses, sleeping, gnawing on a bone and one is stabbing at a mobile phone.

Suddenly the mobile squawks and the goblin holding it drops it and scuttles a little away, regarding the phone with apprehension. We hear a cultivated outraged woman's voice.

WOMAN

I know that you're there, you horrid little man! Don't try your heavy breathing thing with Drylene Flauntit! You've stolen my husband's phone...haven't you?! Well, the police are going to come and arrest you and you will be locked up, you disgusting little pervert!

One of the goblins comes over and gingerly stabs at some more keys as the phone lies there, on the ground. At last, the voice stops.

GOBLIN 1
Wat's a pervert, then?

GOBLIN 2
Dinna fash! The old hag canna find us.... (Pointing at the mobile) It's a Man hag, that!

One of the sleepers wakes up and sits up.

GOBLIN 1
Yeh, but wat's a pervert?

GOBLIN 3 (NOSE PICKER)
Egh, it's one of them as puts their puir wee bodies in the stream for to wash the protective dirt aff!

GOBLIN 4 (EX-SLEEPER)
Ayeee.....an them perrrrverts also dinna ken the reet way with food, an they put good meat where the fire can consume it first, to ruin the taste!

Goblin 5 wakes up

GOBLIN 2
Och, nawwww.....a pairrrrvert, just be ilk ane an 'em that busk up their cockononie just to go down t' tavern and quaff!

Goblin 3 picks up the mobile

GOBLIN 3
Still, pairverrrts, or no, it's a pretty wee thing.....Lets hie awa through the rift and keep us een skinned lessen we see anither such precious, as has been lost!

GOBLIN 5
Wicht.....its wah sich leiten kens the biggin o' it, well, a weerly bitten sclaroup an eer t' a gin widdershins skeerlin

(The subtitles say: Really, gentlemen, it's quite obvious to all but the uninitiated that that device is designed to communicate with the outer Man World)

All of the goblins pay acute attention to this and nod enlightenedly, but mystifiedly, and then Goblin 2 responds

GOBLIN 2

Aye, bi t...

He proceeds to sing a rap song accompanied by the others

SONG 2 with dance ("Pecs and Glutes": Rap style with accompanying 'beat box' obscene sounds, eg belching and 'arm pit farting', etc.) The goblin sings of the thinning of and the new rift in the Middle World barrier, because the Elf queen has forgotten the password which keeps the barrier strong. He sings that they, the goblins, are strong warriors, whose muscles will repel all invaders. (Goblin 2 adds that their muscles will attract all the pretty Mankind maids which they have seen on the Mankind devices).

4

I/E. GOBLINS' CAVE AND VICINITY - DAY

4

Frank is dressed in a smart suit with a hard hat and a fluorescent jacket and Sharon is dressed as we last saw her. Frank is looking at a small electronic device, in his hand which is beeping and has a screen. They are walking uphill, slowly towards some bushes.

FRANK

Now after this, Sharon, I really must get on with some paperwork, so I will drop you off on the High Street in Bigglesworth and you can do some shopping until tea time. It's..Ah! Up there!

He points to some bushes, ahead,

FRANK (CONT'D)

Yes, yes...the signal is fixed and sector'd, it's....

Frank sets off up the hill and Sharon trots along with him.

SHARON

Er, but like,.... how... Er, can it be coming from some bushes?

FRANK

Perhaps Mr. Flaunt it dropped his phone and...

SHARON

....the bushes have been making rude phone calls with it!

Suddenly, as they draw near, the bushes erupt and five goblins rush out and grab Frank and Sharon. Frank is paralysed with terror by their appearance and behaviour, but Sharon fights back before being dragged into the mouth of the cave behind the bushes, with Frank.

FRANK

Agh! Agh! Aghhhhhhh!

SHARON

Get off me, yer ugly scozz' eads! Get OFF me!

She kicks one in the groin, it doubles up and causes general hilarity amongst its friends.

Frank and Sharon are tied up and carried away.

5

INT. GOBLINS' CAVE - DAY

5

Frank and Sharon are dragged into the cave and dropped onto the ground nearish to the fire, while the goblins discuss tactics.

GOBLIN 2

I told ye! Now the rift is opening, there'll be rich pickings fur the ransoming of unwary Man folk!

GOBLIN 1

Aye, bi t hower ye going tai make the demand? And what if the Man folk come and attack, tae rescue their ki th?

GOBLIN 2

Hush yer speerings, yer great gaberlunzie!.... It's simple! Ye tell them tae leave the Elf florins at a certain place, then go awa!

GOBLIN 4
Pi t wat i f they dinna go awa?

GOBLIN 2
I f they dinna go awa, they dinna
get they prisoners!

GOBLIN 3
Hegh! Gristle and his gang can gie
us a hand wi t' any fighting,
mebbe?

GOBLIN 2
Keep the wite out o' it! Gristle's
clan can bide i' their ain thorn
coverts..... This is our ain claim!
..... We demand the monies o' t'
Man folk, on that device, ower
there.

He points to the mobile phone they found.

All the goblins turn and stare at it.

GOBLIN 2 (CONT'D)

An we'll ask the prisoners fuir the
magic wereds.

The five goblins all turn around and look at the gagged
prisoners lying behind them. Frank stares terrifiedly back
and Sharon glares hostilely at them.

Goblin 5 goes over to Frank and Sharon, removes Frank's gag
asks him a question

GOBLIN 5
Hoots, Sassenachs! Wa yeer weerlie
brae to ganging bra and wittering a
branle tae loup us all?!

(Subtitles: Sir, would you kindly give us the magic word for
initiating the use of the Man device?)

FRANK
(Insane with terror)
Wah...wah...wa..

GOBLIN 5
Have ye nae rekkit wat ah kinund
back a thi?!

(Subtitles: Perhaps I could elucidate with a diagram?)

GOBLIN 2

Na, na! She's nae unnerstanin' the
advanced languages of Middle World!
They Man pipples, they's famed fuir
they stupidity! Theysen have tae be
treated like they babbies!

Goblin 2 turns and smiles at Frank with all of his horrid
teeth. Frank nearly dies of terror.

FRANK

Don't eat me! I don't taste
nice....don't eat us, no, no....

Goblin 2 looks 'put out'

GOBLIN 2

Wisht, hinny! Wat would I be
wanting the eating of herself fuir?
Ta scrawny wattles wad pit me off
my ain vittles!

Goblin 2 smiles even more ingratiatingly at Frank, thrusting
his grinning face even nearer in Frank's.

GOBLIN 2 (CONT'D)

Iddy tiddy, widdy, then, didums!
Givve dada da magic number tae talk
with tae Man folk, then tae can
come and ransom theysen.

FRANK

D D ...ddd...dd...d..

Sharon has been working her gag loose against the side of an
old chest. She suddenly frees it.

SHARON

Let him alone, you swinish gits! Go
on! Aren't you big, brave bullies,
picking on a little man who is tied
up! You all make me sick! And when
the cops come they're gonna rip you
apart...and I'm gonna help them.

GOBLIN 3

I fekkins! Ta maids are worsen than
tae Man folk. Verily, sicken a lass
wid pit the fear o dyin' in
Gristle's clan!

Goblin 2 is getting a bit tired and exasperated and attempts
a reasonable approach

GOBLIN 2

Lassie! Gi us the magic wereds, sae
we can ransim ye and then ye can
gae hame!

SHARON

Oh, give the phone here, you
morons...I'll do it!

She holds out her bonds to have them untied.

6 EXT. SANDY HEADS/BOTTOM OF THE FIELD, BELOW COPSE WITH CAVE 6
ENTRANCE - DAY

Two police cars with light and sirens, followed by a big police van screech to a halt on the road by the gate. A policeman gets out, rushes to open the gate and then gets back in the car. The vehicles roar through the gate and tear up the hill to within a hundred yards of the copse with the goblin cave entrance, where they come to an abrupt halt.

A uniformed superintendent gets out followed by his inspector and sergeant. The two latter follow their super over to the van, where the super confers with the chief inspector from the van who has just got out of the cab.

CHIEF INSPECTOR

(from van)

Don't you think we should have
informed the flying squad and
waited for anti-terrorist back-up,
Harry, before rushing up here?

SUPERINTENDENT

Liam, regional HQ wouldn't have
issued us with tear gas and rocket
launchers if it thought we weren't
prepared to use them. No terrorist
kidnappers operate on Harry
Graham's

Points to himself

SUPERINTENDENT (CONT'D)

patch and get away with it!

CHIEF INSPECTOR

But I thought the flying squad and
the Anti-Terrorist branch were just
using our offices as their regional
arsenal dump....I mean, we've never
been given actual training.

SUPERINTENDENT
You can't get it wrong, Liam! Point
and pull! Point and pull!

INSPECTOR

Don't worry, Sir. I'll be look out
for Community hazards, Sir

Superintendent walking around to the back of the van

SUPERINTENDENT

What? Oh, yeh!

He bangs violently on the back of the van

SUPERINTENDENT (CONT'D)
Form ranks! Form ranks!.... Right,
Chief Inspector...deploy your men!
Assume formation!

Ten police in full riot gear, and another four from the other
car pour out of the van, jog in synchrony up the field a bit,
and assume two nested semi circles. The interior semi circle
has 6 men and the outer semi circle has 8. Two men in the
inner circle have a rocket launcher which they position ready
on the ground, with its steadying legs out.

CHIEF INSPECTOR
So you're sure, Superintendent?

SUPERINTENDENT
The GPS signals correlate with the
coordinates of the site above us,
Chief Inspector. Fire at will!

CHIEF INSPECTOR
But what about the prisoners, Sir?

SUPERINTENDENT
Oh, just fire near the cave: not on
it!

CHIEF INSPECTOR
Right, men....LOAD.....FIRE!

The rocket fires off to the side.

CHIEF INSPECTOR (CONT'D)
Right....RELOAD.....FIRE

The rocket fires entirely off in another sideways direction

CHIEF INSPECTOR (CONT'D)
Right... recalibrate!

Police gunner speaking to his colleague

POLICE GUNNER
What's that?

POLICE COLLEAGUE
Oh ... just ... turn that knob,
there, Fred!

Gunner turns it

CHIEF INSPECTOR
RELOAD..... FIRE

The launcher fires the rocket straight up into the air. The policemen all watch the pretty rocket flare as it ascends into the air

ALL POLICE
Ooohhhh!

and then the rocket turns, at its peak, and descends.

The policemen's faces all turn to horror, as they realize that they are now the targets.

ALL POLICE (CONT'D)
AGHHH!!!

They scatter. There is an explosion as the van is demolished.

The chief inspector stands stricken with horror at the damage, but the superintendent is not fazed. He is rather heartened by the beginning of the offensive.

SUPERINTENDENT
Right! Regroup up the hill! Tear
gas at the ready! Gas grenades into
the copse ahead! FIRE!

The superintendent shouts "fire" as he starts running toward the copse, as if charging into battle. The police all charge after him, and start lobbing gas grenades into the copse, ahead.