

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 rucsac 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 'post its'.

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 Bottoms ... 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

SECRETARY (CONT'D)

... 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, pairverrrrts, 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 scla roup 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, bit...

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. Flauntit 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 fuir the
ransoming of unwary Man folk!

GOBLIN 1

Aye, bit hower ye going tai make
the demand? And what if the Man
folk come and attack, tae rescue
their kith?

GOBLIN 2

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

GOBLIN 4

Pit wat if they dinna go awa?

GOBLIN 2

If 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 rekket 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 BOTTOMS/BOTTOM OF THE FIELD, BELOW COPSE WITH CAVE 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 (V.O.)

(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 semicircles. The interior semicircle
has 6 men and the outer semicircle 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
Ooohhhhh!

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.

7 EXT. JUST OUTSIDE THE COPSE COVERING THE CAVE MOUTH - DAY 7

Half of the police tear into the bushes wearing gas masks and the other half wait outside, with the officers. They have their guns pointed at the shrubs.

Three of the goblins stagger out of the bushes coughing and retching, followed by offices dragging and carrying the other two goblins and the two prisoners: Frank and Sharon.

Superintendent using megaphone, even though the goblins are only feet away.

SUPERINTENDENT
Come out with your hands up! We
have you surrounded! Keep your
hands in the air!

The rescuing police are untying Frank and Sharon.

SUPERINTENDENT (CONT'D)
Throw down your guns, now!

Goblins look at one another and shrug

GOBLIN 1
Wat's a guuun?

GOBLIN 2
A doona nae

SUPERINTENDENT
Take your guns out of your
holsters!

The goblins all shrug and look mystified

CHIEF INSPECTOR
(To the Superintendent)
Try "weapons", Harry...

SUPERINTENDENT
Throw down your weapons!

GOBLIN 2
Ah! Wherefore did she not sae? The
wazzock!

Goblins throw down ridiculous quantities of medieval weaponry concealed about their bodies, everywhere: from armpits to groins. These are such as knives, small spears, morganstars, cross bows, etc, etc.

SUPERINTENDENT
Right, you ugly morons, you...

The inspector tugs on his sleeve and half whispers in his ear

INSPECTOR
Sir, you mustn't be uglyist, with
members of the community!

Superintendent regards the goblins with disgust

SUPERINTENDENT

Well they are the ugliest, dirtiest
pile of thugs I ever saw!

INSPECTOR

It could be congenital, Sir.

SUPERINTENDENT

What? Not washing?

GOBLIN 2

Yer honour, I would ye understand
that we was jist defending
ourselves agin the unlawful
depridations o'the robbing
trespassers, there!

FRANK

I'm not a robber! Telepom sent me
to track a signal which was coming
out of a cave, in Sandy Bottoms.

GOBLIN 2

Wisht! Herself made the citizen's
arrest o' the thieving swine and
then told yis on this device.

The superintendent puts the megaphone down, beckons Goblin 2
aside, with him and the Chief Inspector. The superintendent
takes the mobile off the goblin.

SUPERINTENDENT

So what was that about a ransom of
Elf florins, then, me lad?

GOBLIN 2

Hoots, mon, that were een the cost
of the damage the robbers had done
to ower ain sitting room wi' their
invasion! ... and noooooo

He raises his eyebrows and looks accusingly at the
Superintendent

GOBLIN 2 (CONT'D)

..... there's the little
question o' damage done by this new
invasion o' the property o' natives
such as we.....

The inspector tugs at the sleeve again of the Superintendent

INSPECTOR

Er, Sir....
 (half whispers)
 Inspector Hargreaves lost his job
 for victimizing native, indigenous
 communities, Sir...sorry, Sir.

Superintendent does a sudden volte face while still trying to
 appear to do the goblins a favour

SUPERINTENDENT

Er, well, just this once, Mr...er,
 Mr...?

GOBLIN 2

Grabberrack, yer honour

SUPERINTENDENT

Yes,...er, Mr. Grabberrack, we'll
 overlook the citizen's arrest thing
 and just warn you not to be phoning
 people up about ransoms and such
 like.

CHIEF INSPECTOR

Also, you should find employment
 and not squat on Conservation
 property.

INSPECTOR

There is, of course, community help
 for dispossessed indigenes, such as
 yourselves. Social services will
 help you to move out of your cave.

GOBLIN 2

Nae mon is gang tae help us out
 o'air ain cave! We were here the
 first of aw!

SUPERINTENDENT

Well,yes....well....er, bid you
 good day, Sir.

The superintendent walks away with Frank and Sharon, and his
 officers. He rounds up the policemen who walk, somewhat
 embarrassedly back to the two remaining cars.

Goblin 2 turns to his group.

GOBLIN 2

Howt lads! We'll een get us a
 closer look at this Man world, bye
 and bye.

The goblins all nod interestedly and turn back to their cave.

8 INT. THE REGIONAL TOURIST BOARD DIRECTOR'S OFFICE - DAY 8

Mr. Flauntit, the tourist board director, is very camp and, although dressed in a suit, has given this his own natty twist. He is just showing a confused Frank out of his office and saying goodbye, effusively. Mr. Flauntit closes the door and then turns to his aides, clapping his hands in ecstasy.

MR. FLAUNTIT

Do you realise, gentlemen, what our region has just found on its own land? ... Gold, gentlemen! ... Gold! No-one else on this earth has discovered, not only an unknown indigenous people, but a whole civilization of them ... several different races of them.

MR. JONES

Ian, we only have the hearsay of The Telepom man.

MR. FLAUNTIT

The police superintendent of the region saw them, too!

MR. JONES

But he didn't see these elves and dwarves that Frank heard the goblins talking about.

Mr. Flauntit proceeds to walk up and down, rapidly, and wave his hands about.

MR. FLAUNTIT

I need ideas! Ideas of how we can find out more about this Middle World place and how our tourist board can exploit this magnificent discovery! The world will be at our door!

Song 3: Barber shop quartet re. buying the goblins' help to discover more, and setting up a reality TV show.

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

Frank is walking around, half way up the field, with a folded map and a box which beeps, in his hand. He is muttering to himself, anxiously and irritatedly.

FRANK

It's just asking for it: doing some mapping, right here! ... I mean, why do they want to know the exact cables' positions, anyway? ... It's not as if there is any house that wants connecting, here! ... Mutter ... mutter

Frank walks up the field, a bit nearer to the copse of bushes, in front of the cave, while listening to the beeps and scribbling things on his map.

Suddenly, a young man, with long, blonde hair, and dressed in medieval woodland/elven clothing leaps from the bushes and tears down the hill towards Frank, while arrows, and then goblins pursue him.

ELF

Help me, Sir! Please, Sir! Have you a horse?

FRANK

Er, er....No!er, but I've got better.....come on!

Frank beckons, and runs down the hill, towards his car, the elf running alongside. Frank opens his passenger door.

FRANK (CONT'D)

Get in! Get in!

ELF

But the goblins can get into this cart, too!

FRANK

Not into my cart, they can't!

Frank starts the car up and does a spin around turn, and a skid start; driving away just as the goblins run up and stand, looking amazed.

GOBLIN 5

Eeza bin birling mony a nicht sin
awa winna draw a thrapel un carriad
draw nacht daw!

(Sub title: I want one of those! Now!)

10

INT. DWARVES' MINE - DAY

10

All of the dwarves we can see (~ 40) are industriously picking away at the rock walls and loading the rubble into small trolleys, which are just there, near an open cast mine entrance.

Two dwarves, however, are not working, but are sitting down, near the entrance, and looking at what turns out to be a mobile phone.

DWARF 1

...and I tell you, you can get these little bittycoin things on this device if you send a coin called a dollar and the bittycoin things are worth much more than a dollar...

DWARF 2

Yes, but what do you do with these bittycoin things?

DWARF 1

Well, ifan you buy enough of these, you never have to work again, see?!

DWARF 2

Not work?! Are these things like gold, then?

DWARF 1

I tell you, these bittycoins are better than gold,see. We can give up the working and just drink and dance till the end of our days....we just need to find out how to buy them, see!

DWARF 2

If you bought this device from the goblins, maybe they, themselves, will be buying the bittycoins.

DWARF 1

Tush, bach, they be far too thick to work out things with coins.Gold is wasted on them!

The Mine Manager comes along and dwarf 1 quickly hides his phone.

MINE MASTER

Well, boyos, I hope you're not
slacking, now! Cohort six will fail
its quota and you'll all miss your
bonuses.

DWARF 2

Yes, Master! We're coming, Master!

They hurry after him, into the mouth of the mine.

11 INT. GOBLINS' CAVE - DAY

11

Mr. Flauntit, Mr. Jones, and two other minions, are
tiptoeing cautiously into the cave, while waving two white
flags.

MR. FLAUNTIT

Yoo, hoo! Mr. Grabberrack!? Are you
there? Yoo hoo!.....Anyone?

MR. JONES

Anyone there?

He madly waves his flag and nearly takes a junior employee's
eye out.

JENKINS

Ow! Sir!

MR. JONES

Sorry, Jenkins ... nerves!

JENKINS

Well, I don't get paid to get
attacked by thugs ... or by my
bosses. This is stupid!

Mr. Flauntit is nosily exploring the goblins belongings

MR. JONES

(Anxiously)

There's no-one here, Ian, we might
as well go ho...

There is a noise at the entrance and the goblins enter and
freeze

GOBLIN 2

Hah! Muir robbers!

All of the goblins grab their weapons

MR. FLAUNTIT

No, no!

He waves his flag

MR. FLAUNTIT (CONT'D)

We have come in peace to parley
with you!

GOBLIN 1

Oh, aye! Tae steal fra us, ye mean!

MR. FLAUNTIT

No, I have come to offer money if
you will let us into Middle World.

GOBLIN 2

Wat fuir?

MR. FLAUNTIT

Well, we would like to draw
pictures of this place and put
these pictures on people's devices

GOBLIN 2

Pit pictures on that magic device
ye took aff us?

MR. FLAUNTIT

Yes, you see putting pictures on
that device is our job.

GOBLIN 4

Aw, we've hearde of these jawb
things and we dinna think that much
o' them!

MR. JONES

Yes, but we can offer you some more
of these devices, for yourselves, if
you will let us into the Middle
World.

GOBLIN 2

Aw, but..... the dwarf chief and
the elf queen willna be happy, if
we let ye in ... 'Sides, as weel
... we're braw warriors and canna
be bought wi sich baubles.....

Mr. Flauntit drops open a poster of a very buxom model with
long hair and a bikini

MR. FLAUNTIT
 ... and a few pictures for your
 "ain hame"

All of the goblins mouths drop open and they stare at the poster

GOBLIN 2
 Done deal!

He shakes hands while staring at the poster, as well.

12 EXT. A GLADE AT THE FOOT OF THE ELF TREES. - DAY 12

There are eight male elves having a markedly vegetarian picnic, reclining on mosses around a white cloth. There is Celtic harp music playing quietly. The elves are taking the odd phone 'selfie' of themselves, somewhat narcissistically. There are also two goblins waiting on them.

ELF 1
 Here! You goblin creature! More wine!

ELF 2
 And I'll have some more carrots and humous, while you're there!

Goblin 1 talks to himself

GOBLIN 1
 Egh! Sich nasty messes! Carrots are fuir asses..... and himiss looks

He peers in the bowl

GOBLIN 1 (CONT'D)
 wha like the turreds of cats!

He grabs a bowl of humous and carrots and a jug of wine.

GOBLIN 1 (CONT'D)
 (Calls out)
 She's jest cumin', yer honours!

Goblin 1 arrives at Elf 1's seat

GOBLIN 1 (CONT'D)
 And can a be aft, after a ha' served ye at the nicpik?

ELF 1

Yes ... WHEN we have finished!....
Let this be a lesson to you, you
thieving peasant!

Elf 2 leans across to Elf 1 and shows him an app on his
mobile phone, which Elf 2 is simpering into the camera of

ELF 2

(Drawling) Gideus! You really must
see this app thing! It makes one
better looking than one normally
is!

He preens and then passes it over, but Goblin 1 grabs it and
gurns into the phone. The goblin image is tidied up by the
phone's software so that the goblin look really quite
acceptable (no scars, warts, hairs; features in the normal
place, etc).

Goblin 1 screeches and drops the phone staggering back and
making defensive gestures before himself.

GOBLIN 1

Ayeeee!! Evil demons! The device
has evil demons in it which made me
ugly ... ohon! Me bonny face! ...
Ruined by the foul device!

Goblin 1 rushes off to seek consolation from goblin 3 also
waiting on the elves. The elves all laugh.

13

EXT. ANOTHER WOODLAND GLADE - DAY

13

Frank, Sharon (in their weekend, casual clothes) Armolas (the
rescued elf) and four elf guards are waiting at the foot of a
giant tree down which the elf queen and four elf maidens are
descending via an enormous staircase.

The queen approaches the party who bow low before her.

QUEEN

How now, Armolas! You bring
foreigners, uninvited to my realm?

ARMOLAS

Your royal highness, forgive me! It
was I who ventured out and was
rescued by these Man kind.

QUEEN

You broke our decree and damaged
the barrier?

ARMOLAS

Saving your presence Ma'am, I did
but flee the pursuit of my enemies,
the Sandy Hill goblins who sought
to kill me.

The queen looks pensive

QUEEN

Ah, yes! The barrier is waning, at
that spot ... so you broke through.

ARMOLAS

The barrier is weak near to, as
well as within the cave mouth of
that forsaken clan, but....

The queen is looking at Frank: an admiring up and down look,
with a slight smile to herself.

QUEEN

....But, you were rescued by this
Goodman...?

FRANK

Oh! Oh, Frank, your Majesty!

She smiles

QUEEN

Yes..... I hope that you are.

The queen swivels her eyes hard right, to Sharon, and then
back at Frank, when she indicates, with a finger, in Sharon's
direction

QUEEN (CONT'D)

And this ... your concubine?

FRANK

Oh, NO, your Highness! She is my
niece ... my sister's child ...

Sharon has been ogling Armolas and the elf warriors. She
hastily looks up and bobs a clumsy curtsy, ingratiatingly.

The queen takes Frank's arm and leads him towards the
staircase.

QUEEN

Well, my Frank friend. It seems we
may owe you a life ... You will
take wine with me.

They start up the staircase. Frank and Sharon are a little overawed and the court follows.

14

EXT. A TRACK ENDING IN A GLADE - DAY

14

Frank and Sharon are walking across the field from out of the nearby wood. Frank is walking with a stupified look of bliss, on his face, as they head towards his parked car, in the glade.

SHARON

Well! ...You're in there, Uncs!

FRANK

(Vaguely)Umm?

SHARON

The queen! She fancies you!

FRANK

(Musingly)She's beautiful!

SHARON

Yeh, and she fancies you, too!

FRANK

No, no! What could she see in a boring toad like me?

SHARON

Beats me!... But all that twining arms to drink wine, stuff! ... And she wanted to put some flowers in your hair!

FRANK

I'm sure it's just the custo...

SHARON

... yeh, well. I'm just dropping down Sandy Bottoms village. Gotta nip down to Sack n' Slave for some stuff. I'll get the bus back, later, Unccy.

She turns to go

SHARON (CONT'D)

See ya!

FRANK

OK, see you later, Sharon! Don't be late for supper!

Frank stands there musing.

FRANK (CONT'D)

"Later"! Later ... anything could happen! Now, I am in love with the Queen of the Fairies! ... Later, she could be in love with me!....?

Song 4 with dancing (Jig, or hornpipe. Song in which Frank shows how his life is changed by the discovery of another world and the finding of a woman who finds him attractive. Maybe he could leave his work? Maybe have a family?).

15 INT. OFFICE OF REGIONAL DIRECTOR OF THE ENVIRONMENT DEPT. 15
DAY

The title of the man and his name, Mr. Killit, are on a door which we walk through.

Mr. Killit is standing at a board table around which are seated his eight minions.

MR. KILLIT

Have you all read the memorandum regarding the xenofoms found in Sandy Bottoms? I tell you, gentlemen, that this could be the single greatest challenge to our defences since the last war!

KILLIT MINION 1

But, Sir ... if these species were here before ours, then, aren't WE the invaders?

KILLIT

Are you saying that the species we have been protecting are the wrong ones, Gavin?!

KILLIT MINION 1

Michael, Sir. Any species that is not in my red book

He waves a red text book

KILLIT MINION 1 (CONT'D)

is "pernicious" and therefore we must cleanse the whole area around which there could be any of this pernicious flora.

KILLIT MINION 2

But, if our spraying parks with Pound Down turns all the plants to black mush, and the ponds to algae filled sludge pools with dead fish in them, won't spraying Middle World kill all the natives there, too?

KILLIT

There will be inevitable collateral damage, but we must keep our eyes pinned on our aim. Besides, the fauna, there, are also xenofoms, and potentially dangerous to us, as well, Michael.

KILLIT MINION 2

Tom, Sir.

KILLIT MINION 1

So, Liam, and Tim..

KILLIT MINION 2

Tom...

KILLIT MINION 1

Yes ... Species differentiation is most important, so I want you to get a couple of men down to Sandy Bottoms and get spraying that whole area around the copse there, with biocide.

KILLIT MINION 3

What about the Maidenhair spleenwort, Sir?

KILLIT

The what? (Testily)

KILLIT MINION 3

The rarest fern in New Zealand, Sir? It grows there!

KILLIT MINION 1

Don't bother me with details. We are in the business of protecting the environment! Now go and protect!

KILLIT MINION 3

You mean kill the spleenwort, Sir?

KILLIT

Yes, if the species is in the way
of our protecting work! The one
gives way to the needs of the many,
you know! ... And put a covert
watch on that barrier rift area. If
any potentially dangerous fauna
emerge from there, I want them
followed, filmed and reported on!
Do you all understand?

ALL MINIONS

Yes, Sir!

16

EXT. A TRACK ENDING IN A GLADE - DAY

16

Sharon is walking from the track, off across the meadow,
towards the wood which she and Frank left, recently. As she
comes up to the trees, she starts pushing the air with her
hands, as if pushing at an invisible wall, and suddenly, she
tumbles forward.

Sharon picks herself up and looks around. She is in the
golden woods of the elves. Sharon smiles and rambles off
along a path, towards a largeish pool. In this pool, she
sees, from a distance, a naked young man with golden hair,
swimming and diving under. It turns out, upon closer
inspection, to be Armolas. Sharon spies Armolas' clothes hung
on a tree, and she sits down next to them.

SHARON

Hey! Armolas!

Armolas, turns, sees a woman, and dives under. He emerges a
little further away.

ARMOLAS

(Shyly)

Er ... good day, mistress!

SHARON

D'you wanna go a walk, then?

(Armolas looks around, rather apprehensively and then smiles
shyly at Sharon)

ARMOLAS

Um ... yes ... that would be very
pleasant.

SHARON

Come on, then!

ARMOLAS

But

(awkwardly)

... er, um ... you have the
advantage of me, Mistress!

SHARON

You WHAT?

ARMOLAS

I am naked!

She shrugs

SHARON

I don't mind

ARMOLAS

An elf maid would never...

SHARON

...What? Never have a butchers?

She gets up and shrugs off her rucsac

SHARON (CONT'D)

Bet she'd never do this, either!

Sharon dives in, in her vest and shorts. Armolas looks
amazed.

17

INT. FRANK'S HOUSE/SHARON'S BEDROOM - DAY

17

Sharon is walking into her bedroom, carrying her rucsac.

Frank shouts from downstairs

FRANK

Is that you, Sharon?

SHARON

Yeh, it's me, Uncle Frank!

FRANK

Dinner won't be long, dear! Did you
like your walk?

SHARON

Oh, yehhh!

Sharon hurls her rucsac across the room and puts on a dvd.
She dances and sings along to it

Song 5: Funk/disco style. In it, Sharon dances and sings that the men are very different in Middle World. Normal men are all too plain; goblins are hideous, but elves are cool, just oh so cool ... and NONE are as hunky as Armolas! (Chorus: "They're Cool! ... They're Cool! ..., etc).

18

INT. REGIONAL OFFICE DEPT. OF ENVIRONMENT - DAY

18

The eight minions of Mr. Killit are streaming into his office carrying folders of paper and looking very serious. Mr. Killit is sitting at his desk: his usual fanatic, choleric self.

MR. KILLIT

Come in, gentlemen, oh...and
lady! Come in and hear the news!

They all sit around the board table and Mr. Killit leans on his hands and stares at them.

MR. KILLIT (CONT'D)

Well people, you will be pleased to know that I have acted in anticipation of an invasion of alien species. I have drawn up a plan of action, am shortly to notify our seniors, in Wellington, and you, gentlemen ... er, lady, ... er and gentlemen ... will constitute the front line of this policy of 'Elimination, Extermination and, if need be, Evacuation'!

KILLIT MINION 1

What? Exterminate all of them, Sir?

KILLIT

We must protect indigenous species!

KILLIT MINION 2

But they were indigenous before we were, Sir. Apparently some of these goblins are hundreds of years old, and some of those elves are a couple of thousand years old!

KILLIT

That doesn't make them indigenous! They must have come here, from somewhere else, a little time ago!

MINION 3

But if their grandads were here and they were even older, that makes them even more indigenous, Sir.

KILLIT

(Getting irritable)

These various new species are not on my list and constitute, therefore, Grade 1 Biohazards!

MINION 1

So....

(dimly)

"Evacuate and eliminate" them all?

MR. KILLIT

No! Just the people in Sandy Bottoms!

MINION 2

Won't we get done for murder, Sir?

KILLIT

What?!

MINION 2

Well, my aunty lives in Sandy Bottoms and if my mum hears we've been exterminating...

KILLIT

....No, you idiot! Just exterminate the non-natives!

MINION 2

But, Aunty Bertha was born in Blackpool! She's a non-native!

KILLIT

(Beginning to lose it)

Oh, just evacuate them!

MINION 1

I don't know where we'll put them all, Sir!

MINION 3

And there's finding them all jobs and separate provision for royalty, too!

MINION 2

No! There's no royalty in Sandy Bottoms! My aunty would have heard of it!

KILLIT

(Roaring)

Royalty?!

MINION 3

The Queen of the elves, Sir? And the elves and goblins don't work, apparently

MINION 4

... and the dwarves only use pickaxes: not power tools.

KILLIT

(Roaring) Am I surrounded by imbeciles?! ... Go back to your cubicles and READ my document! Double up on the spraying at Sandy Bottoms and spray over in the Middle World side, whenever you get the chance ... I want four men on covert watch of the rift, and immediate arrest, for biological examination, of any native ... er non-native fauna that tries to get out of there!

19

EXT. MIDDLE-WORLD/A HIGH PASTURE - DAY

19

Sharon and Armolas are walking across a field. Sharon is in her usual tee shirt and shorts and Armolas in his usual elven woodland costume.

ARMOLAS

It is good of you to walk with me, Mistress.

SHARON

I'm not your mistress: I'm Sharon ... just Sharon! Like you are just Armolas.

ARMOLAS

Then would Sharon let me take a picture of her as my talisman?

He gets out a mobile phone

SHARON
What's a talisman?

ARMOLAS
A good luck charm which you carry
with you

Sharon poses and Armolas takes a picture.

SHARON
Can I have one of you posing like
an elven warrior, then?

ARMOLAS
I am not really a warrior!

SHARON
All elves are! You've got a bow!
Look! Shoot that hole in that tree
over there.

Sharon points at a bole, left where an old branch has dropped
off. Armolas turns with deadly swiftness and hits the bole,
with an arrow.

SHARON (CONT'D)
Wow!

ARMOLAS
No! That was a poor shot. A good
marksman would have hit the centre.
I am several sithmas out. No... I
am interested in studying birds:
not shooting them.

SHARON
Do you study birds, here?

ARMOLAS
Our books are very rare and
precious. Tutors with specialist
knowledge are also very rare. I am
but a poor page-squire and cannot
afford their services. I do,
however, try to study birds which
have been killed for the table. I
draw them in charcoal.

SHARON
Cool! Can I see them?

ARMOLAS
If you wish. I will bring them the
next time we mee ...
(MORE)

ARMOLAS (CONT'D)

(shyly)
that is, if you would kindly meet
me again, lad ... Sharon.

SHARON

Woa! You bet! Try and stop me!!

She grins up at him, punches him on the shoulder and pinches his bottom. Armolas flinches in surprise, and then stops himself and smiles, awkwardly.

20

EXT. A FIELD - DAY

20

Frank is supervising the unloading and beginnings of the erection of a steel girder tower. The elf queen is watching him and four of her hand maidens stand near.

QUEEN

... and the goblins have given Man
folk permission for the erection of
this device?

FRANK

I believe so, Ma'am.

QUEEN

And it....?

FRANK

Oh, I have just been told that it
is a goblin entertainment device.

QUEEN

And it will not harm the trees and
woods of Middle World?

FRANK

I don't believe so, my lady ...
Will you sit?

The queen shakes her head.

QUEEN

(Pretended scolding) You know, I am
interrupting my libation for you!

FRANK

Your what?

QUEEN

I pour a libation of wine from my
gold cup to give thanks for the
sun's setting, in the evening ...
and rising, in the morning...

Frank is bending down fiddling with some wires in a couple of
boxes on a camp table.

FRANK

Oh! Sorry!

The queen smiles and then she sings and her maidens sing
wordless backing.

Song 6: a song about her woods, meadows and trees. A la Enya,
with synthed strings, 'celestial voices', lots of echo, etc.

21 INT. OFFICE OF REGIONAL TOURIST BOARD DIRECTOR - DAY 21

Mr. Flauntit is sitting at his desk, talking on the phone.
Mr. Jones, his assistant is sitting facing the desk and has a
pad and pen ready to take notes.

MR. FLAUNTIT

Yes, Mrs. Montague....indeed....we
are all systems go, at this end.I
am just about to put our plan into
action.....thank
you....yes.....thank you.
Goodbye...yes I will.....

He puts the phone down.

MR. FLAUNTIT (CONT'D)

Right!

Song 7 (Song about Mr. Flauntit's big plans, re. how he is to
gain entry to Middle World and set up a reality TV programme.
He sings of how this will be the biggest ever coup for NZ
public relations.He sings of how he will get everyone
involved, from the PM to the rugby team to Peter Jackson).

22 INT. ELF QUEEN'S BEDROOM/BOUDOIR - DAY 22

The queen is hurrying about the rooms, opening drawers and
cupboards, looking under furniture, opening small ornamental
boxes, looking for something.Her four handmaidens are doing
the same, but more desultorily.

QUEEN

It must be in here. When I moved, I just had my guards dump everything in here and you maids tidied it all up!.....Iris, you were in charge, where did you and the girls put everything?

IRIS

Ma'am...where we are supposed to put your various items and I....

QUEEN

...yes, yes, but where did you put that piece of parchment that had the barrier password on it?

IRIS

I...I don't remember seeing a bit of...

QUEEN

Well, if we can't find it, I can't set the spell and seal the barrier properly. These Man folk are now coming into our realm and building things...

Iris sees a piece of parchment upon a chest, picks it up and reads aloud

IRIS

Oh... "No stars in sky can mirror forth as the light in Guilden's eyes"...oh,oh, sorry, Ma'am!

The queen looks a little abashed.

Another handmaiden pounces upon a piece of parchment and reads aloud

HANDMAIDEN

Oh, Ma'am!...."and your globes of marble I would feign run my hand over.."

The queen rushes across the room and snatches the piece of parchment out of the maid's hand

QUEEN

... Lily! That will do! ... that isn't the parchment we are looking for!

The queen goes to her desk and writes a note

QUEEN (CONT'D)

Look! Iris, go pick some of the day lillies and give them together with this invitation to Armolas, our page. Tell him to give them to this Man type called Frank. Apparently, this Frank is usually to be found just near the barrier rift, on mankind's side.

She seals the invitation with wax and then hands it to Iris, who curtsies and smiles a small secret smile

IRIS

Yes, Ma'am

The queen frowns at Iris' smiling and all of the handmaidens titter, behind their hands.

23

EXT. SANDY BOTTOMS/SOME BUSHES NEAR THE GOBLINS' BUSHES - DAY

There are five Dept. of Environment minions hiding in the bushes, not far from and watching the bushes near to the goblins' cave entrance. They are all wearing boiler suits with Dept. Environment printed on them. One is using binoculars, one is eating his sandwiches, one is playing with his phone and the other is just staring at nothing.

MINION 2

This is a right waste of time! I mean, if you were an elf, would you want to come and live in Bigglesworth?

MINION 3

Yes, but if they did, they might want to mate!

MINION 2

Not with me, they wouldn't!

MINION 3

Well, no-one in their right mind would, with you, Jenkins! I was meaning they would make mixed babies and then there would be noxious infestation, wouldn't there?

MINION 4

What?! Noxious babies?

MINION 5
I'm not spraying babies!

MINION 3
(Ruminatingly)
No..... the department would
probably just gas them and..

MINION 1
(Urgently)
There's one there!

MINION 4
What?! A toxic baby?

MINION 1
No, an elf thing! At least I think
he is!

MINION 5
He's a specimen, he is
(Hisses)
Quick get him!

Armolas is stepping from behind a tree, near to the goblin cave bushes. He is carrying a folded parchment with wax seal and a very huge bunch of Madonna lillies (about four foot high). Mr. Jones and his colleagues approach Armolas, from behind their bushes and Armolas smiles welcomingly at them.

The men suddenly pounce and there is a great deal of thrashing around of the lillies with people getting them into their mouths and eyes and the lillies getting thrashed to bits.

JONES
Get his bow! ... Mind the arrows!
... Sit on his legs! ...

They are all now sitting on Armolas and Jones pulls out the parchment

JONES (CONT'D)
Hah! This noxious specimen is
attempting to smuggle a secret code
into Godzone!

He rips the invitation open and reads it

JONES (CONT'D)
Er...."Come and be Frank with me
and I shall sup wine from your
glances".....yes....??. Well
....Mr.
(MORE)

JONES (CONT'D)

Killit's going to have fun with
this code....AND we've got
ourselves a biological specimen,
too!

Jones pokes Armolas, who sighs and rolls his eyes.

24

EXT. THE MEADOWS AROUND THE QUEEN ELF'S WOOD - DAY

24

There are a dozen men in 'Dept. of Environment' boiler suits (on back) and 'Biohazard' (front), plus caps, walking across some elf meadows and along a track towards the elf queen's wood. Two, Jones and Jenkins, are on the actual track and are spraying, one on each side, into the surrounding meadow and the other ten are each spread out in a long line either side, also spraying from back-worn canisters.

The line of sprayers reaches the woods and a couple of the men shout and indicate to ask if they should go into the woods. Mr. Jones looks a bit undecided, but Jenkins tugs on his sleeve, looks very worried, shaking his head vehemently. Several of the other men also shake their heads to say that they feel they shouldn't.

Mr. Jones, thus calls the line to turn around. They turn around and resume spraying on the way back. They walk off.

25

INT. A DEPARTMENT OF HEALTH LABORATORY - DAY

25

There are various tables set down each side with various dishes set upon them containing e.g. a whole raw fish, a whole cauliflower, a pigs trotter, etc.

Armolas is seated on a chair in a surgical gown and three consultants are examining him: one his hair, one his ear and the other listening with a stethoscope to Armolas' heart.

CONSULTANT 1

It's obvious the creature is doing
this to himself ... they do, you
know!

CONSULTANT 2

What?

CONSULTANT 1

The ears, of course! Those aren't
normal, for a start!

CONSULTANT 3

(To Armolas) Well, you had better not go bothering our health system, you've only got a disability ... we're not here to have our public time wasted, you know! We neurologists could be earning \$600/hr, in private, instead of doing this stupid testing.

ARMOLAS

But, I didn't ask...

CONSULTANT 1

....Oh, just leave it with the food and we'll see what it eats when it gets hungry. Then we can say to the Chief medic (yunno, Dr. Poorme with the million a year expense account) that we have done some testing on him!

CONSULTANT 2

The creature has probably only left its lair and invaded our country in order to get away from its wife....they do, you know!

CONSULTANT 1

(Pointing) FOOD!

ARMOLAS

Yes....I can hear! These ears are quite good!

Armolas rolls his eyes.

The consultants sweep out and leave Armolas alone with the food.

Song 8 (Armolas sings a humorous, i.e. ironic song about their testing of him).

27

EXT. ON A RIDGE, IN THE TELEPOM TOWER FIELD - DAY

27

The Telepom engineers are half way through putting up the tower for the reality TV show designed by the Tourist Board. There are five men working on it and Frank is at the bottom, in a suit with a fluorescent vest over it and a helmet. He is holding a clipboard and talking to a friendly dwarf.

An engineer from a lower strut swings himself down and addresses Frank.

ENGINEER

Eh, Frank, did you hear about the kerfuffle, earlier?

FRANK

What kerfuffle?

ENGINEER

They arrested an elf! Stan saw them!

FRANK

Who's 'they'?

ENGINEER

Department of the environment! Stan says they' going to do vivisection on 'im! That's 'orrible, that is!

FRANK

Whaaat?! This is terrible! I've got to go home and find out who they have kidnapped!

Frank drops his clipboard and hurries away, leaving the dwarf and engineers staring.

28

EXT. MIDDLE WORLD/ELVES' MEADOWS - DAY

28

The elf queen emerges from her wood with two of her phandmaidens. She is carrying a Celtic harp, and laughing and talking with her maids who are carrying cushions. She suddenly sees, with horror, that all of the meadows are brown, crunchy and dead.

The queen steps out into the meadows, leaving her maidens looking equally shocked, by the wood. The queen examines the dead plants.

QUEEN

(To herself) The dwarves would
not...the goblins could
not.....It must be
Mankind!...Oh!....

She puts her hands to her mouth with horror. She then sinks down onto a rock and plucks, absent-mindedly at her harp.

Song 9: Queen Elf's lament for her meadows

29

EXT. QUEEN'S FLET/EXTERIOR DECKING - LATE AFTERNOON

29

Frank steps up onto the queen's flet, with Sharon, preceded by four elf warriors. Another four come up after them and array themselves around the edge.

The queen comes out to meet them and takes Frank's hands.

QUEEN

You received my invitation!

FRANK

No! I didn't get any invite! I'm here because I have just heard they arrested poor Armolas, this morning...

QUEEN

... and they killed my meadows!

SHARON

They're a pile of utter tossers! They kill anything that's different ... an ... an ... Armolas is different, inee?!

QUEEN

We must act!

FRANK

How did they get him?

QUEEN

I sent my young page with an invitation for you to come to a supper with me, here. It seems that not only do they consider my land dangerous, but my poor subjects, as well.

SHARON

Yeh, well, it's a bit ruddy strange that they still don't mind invading you to build a tower in Middle World, or to come over here and kill the flowers

Sharon kicks a wood support to relieve her feelings.

The queen beckons her guard around her and smiles

QUEEN

I think a rescue plan is in order!

30

EXT. MIDDLE WORLD/THE TELEPOM TOWER - DAY

30

There is a little group around the tower, which has a big, red ribbon tied around the 'doorway'/ bottom of the ladder. There are Mr. Flauntit, Jones, Jenkins and the Bigglesworth mayor, in a smart suit and a chain. They are facing the goblins.

There is also a couple of groups of goblins (about twenty, in total): the Sandy Bottoms clan and Gristle's clan. They are similar in physical appearance, but their clothing/rags are a bit different.

Mr. Flauntit is droning on and we hear

MR. FLAUNTIT

Mnu, mnu ... mnu ... glad to be
here ... drone, mnu, mnu

Mr. Flauntit leans over and cuts the red ribbon, on the tower. Goblin 1 of the Sandy Bottoms clan leans over and whispers at goblin 2

GOBLIN 1

Wherefore did a cut they ribbon
off, then?

GOBLIN 2

She's prably a wee bit short at
hame o the bonny ribbon for his
locks.

GOBLIN 3

Wisht, nawwww ... she'll be for
tying up the builder as has done
sich a terrible jawb o the
buildin.. He's left the claddin
aft!

MR. FLAUNTIT

And now, if you gentlemen will come
up to the front table and give us
your fellow citizen's addresses, we
can give you some of our marvellous
devices, thank you!

He waggles a mobile phone and the goblins charge up to the front.

31

EXT. BIGGLESWORTH VILLAGE - DAY

31

The Sandy Bottoms clan of goblins are arriving in the village along a lane.

They are looking around themselves with boggling eyes and slack-jawed amazement. One, which is too near the road, leaps a mile when a car comes quickly past, pipping its horn, very near him. He roars, curses and shakes his fist.

The goblins peer into the village library. They ogle the young woman who comes out and made loud, lewd hur, hur, hur-type noises at her with accompanying gestures. When she looks back and sees them, she squeals with horror, at their appearances and runs away. They bawl laughing.

They press their noses on the glass of the grocers door. He alarmedly, and quickly reverses his 'open' sign to 'closed'.

One goblin sees the pub and beckons to the rest, pointing it out. They all look delighted, hitch up their loin cloths and head towards it.