

BLACK SCREEN, all we hear is the somber haunting VOICE of a YOUNG MAN.

YOUNG MAN (V.O.)

It was in the waning years of the kingdom when the Knights of the Realm amassed their forces to overthrow the evil King Hederick. For twenty years Hederick had hoarded his kingdom's wealth while his subjects went hungry. Only pestilence, famine, and government corruption grew. In one swift attack the Knights beat the King's forces back to the mountain fortress at Cragenmore. Desperate, the King used the Tome of Black Arts to summon Mortok, arch devil of the underworld. Descending upon the Knights Mortok cloaked himself in the image of a King's guard and with the Knights brokered a truce. A false one. A contract for their souls. In the aftermath the King has regained his crown and the Knights, thirty fleshless husks, remain locked in the Well of Lost Souls.

NAGGING FEMALE VOICE (V.O.)

Matthew! I told you to fold these clothes!

CUT TO:

INT. DINING ROOM - EVENING

5 male teens sit around a dining room table. The table is covered with papers, books, multi-sided colored dice, and upright folders with pictures of wizards, dragons, and battle scenes. MATTHEW O'BRIEN, a nerdy 16 year old with glasses thicker than a Tiffany storefront window, sits at the head behind an especially tall and picturesque folder. Around the table are a GOTH (JAKE BRIGHTMAN), a FAT BOY (DENNIS BOCCIPPPIO), a CURLY HEADED BOY (PHILIP LEEDS), and a tall LANKY BOY (DON KNOWLSON). Everyone is eating some kind of junk food except the CURLY HEADED BOY who is flipping through a large book.

MATTHEW

Ahh shit. I'll be right back guys. Here, the sage gives you this scroll.

Matthew throws a piece of paper at the center of the table and walks off. Jake and Dennis reach for it at once. Jake wins.

DENNIS
What does it say?

PHILIP
(leafing through book)
Bard, page 34. Half elf. Half
orc.

JAKE
Eh, it's another map. Here.

DENNIS
Is it a map of the Tomb?

DON
Hey Jake, are there any more Oreos?

PHILIP
(writing on a piece of
paper)
Monk, Barbarian, dwarf, half orc.
How many hit points does a Monk
get?

JAKE
Not here. Check the kitchen. And
get me a Dr. Pepper.

DENNIS
Eight hit points. Hey, grab me a
Dr. Pepper too. Any more pizza
rolls in there?

PHILIP
If I'm a half orc, what's stronger,
a Barbarian or a Knight?

DON (O.S.)
There are no more pizza rolls my
friend.

DENNIS
A Barbarian is better.
(to Don)
Are there any more goldfish?

PHILIP
Rogue. Maybe a rogue half orc?

JAKE

Philip, will you shut up about the half orc?

PHILIP

Me shut up? You shut up! If it wasn't for you I wouldn't even have to reroll a brand new character.

JAKE

Hey, it wasn't my fault you slipped into that pit.

Don returns with a few Dr. Peppers and hands them out.

DON

No goldfish.

PHILIP

You told me it was safe! You were supposed to check for traps! You gave me the nod when it wasn't even safe! Friggin pit. Poisoned spikes.

JAKE

(cracking open the Dr. Pepper)

I never gave you the nod. Besides, who failed his saving throw for the poison? Check the mirror, bub.

PHILIP

Well I'm going to be a Barbarian half orc, and kick your ass when I come back into the game. What the hell is a half orc anyway?

DENNIS

It's half human, half orc. Player's Handbook, page 17, I think third paragraph in the second column.

JAKE

Jesus Dennis did you memorize every book?

DENNIS

Can I help it if I was blessed with a photographic memory?

PHILIP
(reading from book)
"the unnatural offspring of an orc
and a human".

DON
Or a human female and an orc male.

PHILIP
Why would a woman do an orc?
They're disgusting. Did you see
the picture of them in the monster
manual?

DENNIS
Yes, much nastier than in first
edition rules under the Dark Falcon
campaign.

JAKE
Exactly. They're built like bears.

PHILIP
That's disgusting.

JAKE
Yeah. And if you do play the half
orc barbarian, then your mom did an
orc.

MATTHEW
(walking back in)
Guys, my mother is right upstairs.
Can you keep it down?

INT. DINING ROOM - LATER

The game over, the boys stand around the table packing up
their books and papers.

DENNIS
Is everyone going to the Ren Faire
tomorrow?

JAKE
Of course.

PHILIP
I'm going.

MATTHEW
Yep.

DON

Not me. I have to study for the
Chem mid term on Monday.

JAKE

Come on. I'm supposed to read
Hamlet by Wednesday but you don't
see me chickening out.

DON

Yes but unlike you I'm actually
going to study.

Jake collects some of the books and papers from the table and
puts them into a blue backpack.

EXT. BRIGHTMAN HOME - NIGHT

Jake gets out of Philip's car and walks up the short driveway
past a beat-up car on jack stands. He stops at the car long
enough to kick it, then goes to the front door.

INT. BRIGHTMAN HOME LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Jake walks into the room, sets his backpack next to a
computer desk and sits down at the screen, which is in
starflight simulation screensaver mode. He moves the mouse.

The screen immediately turns a very annoying bright pink. In
sparkling fancy script across the top of the screen we read
MALIBU BAMBI'S DREAM VACATION. At the bottom of the screen
are three animated toy doll figures in a Ferrari.

JAKE

(to himself)

Nina, learn to close your stuff.

Jake closes the program and reflexively moves the mouse to a
particular spot on the screen. A spot devoid of the icon
Jake was expecting. He clicks on a few menus but doesn't
find what he needs.

JAKE (cont'd)

Oh come on!

(beat)

Nina! Nina! Come here!

NINA BRIGHTMAN (8), in pink feet pajamas and holding a box of
Cheezits, runs into the living room.

NINA

Jake, you have to fix my program!

JAKE

Nina, what happened to Demon Knight? It's gone.

NINA

I don't know. You have to fix my program! Bambi's surfboard doesn't click right and the ocean doesn't make any noise. I installed it all by myself!

JAKE

(blankly staring at the screen)

I was almost done. One more quest.

NINA

Mommy left a note for you before she went to bed. Fix the program Jake. Please please please.

JAKE

Ok. Ok, ok, ok. I'll fix it. You know if I was born just thirty years ago I wouldn't have to deal with this computer.

NINA

What about typewriters?

JAKE

Ok then. Eight hundred years ago. I wouldn't have to fix a quill.

NINA

What's a quill?

INT. JAKE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Posters of knights in armor and other medieval scenes cover the walls in Jake's room. Hanging from his door is a flag with a large coat of arms. A medieval flail, a spiked metal bolus on a chain, hangs from a shelf.

Jake sits up on his bed next to a few textbooks and notebooks. In his hand is a note. "Jake, Sunday we fix the car. No more excuses. Love, Mom."

JAKE

I need a vacation.

Jake leans back and opens a Chemistry text. A bookmark falls out and we see that the bookmark is a tarot card - THE MAGICIAN.

EXT. OUTSIDE RENAISSANCE FAIRE - DAY

Jake and Philip, wearing clothing vaguely resembling renaissance garb and Birkenstocks, wait near a ticket booth. Behind them we see a line of people buying tickets, many of whom are dressed in similar outfits. Beyond the ticket booth is a colorful blur of festival activity.

JAKE

Where is that fat bastard? Do you know what time it is?

PHILIP

(pulls out a cell phone
from a pouch at his belt
and reads the screen)
It's quarter after. They're only
fifteen minutes...
(he spots something in the
distance)
There's Dennis.

Jake looks towards Dennis and immediately begins to laugh.

JAKE

What was he thinking?

Dennis joins them, dressed in an oversized shiny green shirt, green striped pants, and cap with yellow feather.

DENNIS

Sorry I'm late.

PHILIP

What happened to Matt?

DENNIS

He couldn't make it. I think he
had to cut the lawn.

JAKE

(laughing under his words)
Where did you get that shirt? You
look like a gay Robin Hood.

DENNIS

This, my friend, is one hundred
percent silk. That is quality
material.

JAKE

Yeah well how about those pants?
Your legs look like watermelons.

DENNIS
Do you really want to discuss
fashion or would you like to
actually enter the faire?

Philip takes a candid picture of Dennis and Jake.

PHILIP
I already got the tickets. You
guys better make Matt pay me back
for his.

EXT. INSIDE THE RENAISSANCE FAIRE - DAY

Dennis and Philip stand in the Faire in front of colorful
shops crowded with people. Some of the people are dressed in
period clothing but most are in jeans and t-shirts. Dennis
is eating half an orange topped with orange flavored ice.
Jake runs up and sticks Philip in the back with something
sharp. Philip reacts.

PHILIP
Ouch!

JAKE
Check it out. An Excalibur letter
opener. Only five bucks.

He pokes Dennis with it.

DENNIS
Watch the shirt!

The boys walk through the Faire.

PHILIP
(looking at program)
Guys, at one o'clock is the life
size chess game. There's a
Shakespearean play at three.

JAKE
Screw the play. I'm not wasting
two hours watching that crap. The
chess game sounds good.

DENNIS
Is there a map in that thing?

JAKE
Dennis, stop eating that orange and
look at some of these breasts!
What are these things? Teddys?

DENNIS

Corsets.

JAKE

Women should wear them today.

PHILIP

They're probably uncomfortable.

JAKE

But they look so good. I was born about five hundred years too late.

DENNIS

Sure. Plague, famine. They were good times.

JAKE

No I mean can you imagine having our knowledge and being back there? We'd rule the country in a month. There were no guns. No cameras. No security devices. You could break into anywhere. And we could dazzle the poor rubes with the wonders of science and technology.

DENNIS

Think of what you would have to give up. Cars. The internet.

JAKE

I'm fed up with cars. And as the ruler of my own country I could live without the internet.

DENNIS

There would be no porn.

JAKE

Oh. That's a sacrifice. But one I'd begrudgingly make. As a king I'd have the real thing. Corsets for all of my kingdom!

DENNIS

By definition I don't think you could be a king. Kings had to be born into the royal family. Divine Right for the monarchy, remember?

JAKE

So I'd be the President.

DENNIS

You already said you would seize power through your knowledge of science and technology. That's not a democracy that's a dictatorship. But due to your corset policy, a benevolent one.

JAKE

A benevolent dictator. I could do that.

DENNIS

Just remember, the first part of dictator is dick.

PHILIP

(looking at program)
I don't think this map is right.
Where are we?

DENNIS

Let me see that. Is there a food court in that thing?

EXT. RENAISSANCE FAIRE, MYSTIC'S ROW - DAY

The boys walk past fortune teller booths and magic shops. Philip is grappling with a ridiculously large turkey leg in one hand and a large cup of Pepsi in the other. Dennis and Jake are eating pieces of meat on wooden skewers. Jake approaches a person at one of the booths.

JAKE

How much for a tarot card reading?

PSYCHIC

Twenty five dollars. Palm readings are ten.

JAKE

(to Philip and Dennis)
You guys have twenty I can borrow?

DENNIS

I'm almost out.

PHILIP

I have five.

Jake looks around and sees another booth that lists tarot readings. He walks up to it and reads the sign in the front. TAROT READINGS - \$25. Jake scans the other booths but none show any signs of offering tarot readings.

JAKE
Philip, look in that program of
yours. Are there any other places
that give tarot readings?

PHILIP
(to Dennis)
Hold my Pepsi.
(to Jake)
Ummm. Nope, just those two.

DENNIS
Get your palm read.

JAKE
Palm read? They just make shit up
for that.

DENNIS
And tarot card readings are any
different?

JAKE
Of course. With cards there's an
element of chance. And they look
cool. Ever see the Death card?

PHILIP
(pointing with his turkey
leg)
Jake, check it out, that place does
tarot readings.

The three boys turn to face a SMALL HUT, slightly off the
beaten trail, back a ways from the rest of Mystic's Row. A
small plume of smoke rises from its roof. In front of the
curtained entrance is a sign TAROT READINGS - QUESTIONS
FULFILLED.

PHILIP (cont'd)
(checking his map)
It wasn't on the map.

The boys walk towards the hut.

JAKE
(looking at Philip's
turkey leg)
Do you even know what's in that
thing?

PHILIP
Turkey.

JAKE

No way is that a turkey leg. That would have to have been like a four foot turkey. That's all processed meat and the floor scraps that they legally couldn't put into hot dogs.

PHILIP

Do you have to ruin it?

JAKE

I'm just looking out for your health. You're eating the particle board of meats.

PHILIP

Thanks.

They reach the hut and walk inside.

INT. PSYCHIC'S HUT - DAY

Immediately inside the hut is a waiting area - two worn wooden chairs in front of another curtain. A single candle burns on a stand.

JAKE

Hello?

(beat)

You guys see a bell or anything?

PHILIP

Go inside.

JAKE

You don't just barge into a psychic's inner sanctum. Then you piss her off and she gives you a bad reading.

PHILIP

Knock.

JAKE

On the curtain?

Jake taps the curtain a few times, finding nothing firm behind it. He looks down and knocks on one of the chairs.

OLD WOMAN (O.S.)

Patience, dear boys.

PHILIP

How did she know we were boys?

DENNIS

She obviously heard our voices.

JAKE

And smelled that thing you're eating. No girl would eat that.

Philip throws the remains of the turkey leg out of the hut. An OLD WOMAN enters. Her costume, a multi layered long flowing gown, is one of the more realistic looking ones and from the wear and tear on it she's been doing this for a long time.

OLD WOMAN

How may I help you?

JAKE

How much do you charge for a tarot card reading?

OLD WOMAN

Everyone else charges twenty five.

JAKE

I know. How much do you charge?

OLD WOMAN

Just as I was closing my shop. Come inside. We will work something out.

She turns and walks through the inner curtain. Jake shrugs at his friends and follows her.

DENNIS

What a waste of time.

INT. INNER ROOM OF PSYCHIC'S HUT - DAY

Jake and the old woman sit on ottomans on opposite sides of a low table. A small fire burns in a corner behind the woman. Candles and crystals line the table surrounding a number of tarot cards laid out. All but one of the cards is turned right side up.

OLD WOMAN

(pointing to a card - THE FOOL)

Does this card resonate with you?

JAKE

Thanks for the compliment.

OLD WOMAN

Do you have a question you want answered?

JAKE

Shouldn't you already know that?

OLD WOMAN

Do you want me to read your mind?

JAKE

Definitely not.

OLD WOMAN

Then what is it you want? Why did you come here?

No response from Jake.

OLD WOMAN (cont'd)

Jake?

Jake looks at her with surprise. Did he tell her his name?

JAKE

I know what I'd like.

OLD WOMAN

Go on.

JAKE

I wish I was born five hundred.
No. Eight hundred years ago.

She taps the one card still face down.

OLD WOMAN

Would you like the final outcome?

JAKE

Yeah sure.

Jake casually reaches for the final card. As he touches the edge a high pitched SHRIEK leading to a SONIC BOOM rips through the air around them, shaking the hut and knocking over several candles. Molten wax from one of the candles pours over the last card. Jake jumps back from the table.

PHILIP (O.S.)

What was that?

DENNIS (O.S.)

Jake, are you alright?

Jake rushes to the curtain. Philip and Dennis are getting up from the two chairs.

INT. PSYCHIC'S HUT - EVENING

JAKE

I'm fine. What the hell was that, a jet?

DENNIS

That had to be flying damn low to make that much noise.

JAKE

Yeah, there's nothing like a low flying jet to really add to the ambiance of a Ren Faire. Fuck, just as I was about to get my final outcome too. I'll be right back.

Jake pulls the curtain aside to reenter the inner room and finds:

INT. INNER ROOM OF PSYCHIC'S HUT - EVENING

It is empty. The remains of a fire smolder in the corner.

JAKE

What the...?

Jake walks around the tiny room, poking at the curtains on each wall. Nothing.

JAKE (cont'd)

Guys, come on in here.

The boys enter.

DENNIS

What?

JAKE

She's gone.

PHILIP

Did she take your money?

JAKE

You idiot. Forget about the money. Actually no.

PHILIP

That's pretty weird, but at least you got a free reading out of it.

JAKE
She never turned over the last
card.

PHILIP
What do you want to do? We can
still catch part of the chess game.

JAKE
(engrossed in thought)
Maybe there's a back door to this
place.

PHILIP
Jake? Want to hit the chess game?

JAKE
(breaking away from his
thoughts)
Yeah. Ok, let's go.

EXT. MEDIEVAL FESTIVAL - EVENING

The boys walk out into an area of wooden booths and festival
participants. Everyone there is in dingy woolen medieval
period clothing. Where before it was bright mid-afternoon it
now looks to be near sunset.

DENNIS
(looking up)
Why is it so dim? There aren't any
clouds.

JAKE
(noticing long shadows)
How long were we in there? Look at
the sun. What time is it?

PHILIP
(checking his cell phone)
Two thirty.

JAKE
This isn't Mystic's Row. Do you
smell that?

DENNIS
I think so. It smells kind of
like...

JAKE
Shit.

PHILIP

And lots of it. Why does my cell phone say it's only two thirty?

DENNIS

Are you getting a signal?

PHILIP

(checking his phone)

No signal.

DENNIS

The phone's not synchronizing properly so the time is off.

PHILIP

Let's go back to the parking lot.

JAKE

Wait, let me ask this guy something.

Jake walks up to a man in cleaner than average woolen clothing.

JAKE (cont'd)

Excuse me sir, do you know what time it is?

MEDIEVAL MAN

What do you mean by that?

JAKE

Do you have a watch? I just want to know the time.

MEDIEVAL MAN

The watch is at the gate. Where else would he be? Is there trouble?

JAKE

Can you drop the act? Our cell phone doesn't work and...

MEDIEVAL MAN

I need to pack my things. It's sundown. The watch is that way.
(he points)

The boys walk in the direction of the watch.

JAKE

Damn, did you smell that guy?
These actors take the Ren Faire a
little too seriously. Try some
antiperspirant.

PHILIP

(looking at the map)
None of this matches the map.

DENNIS

That's because they're packing up
for the day.

EXT. MEDIEVAL FESTIVAL - EVENING

The boys approach what seems to be a gate at one end of the
festival. A dirt path leads from the festival to a hill in
the distance.

DENNIS

Now we just have to find security.

A well dressed older couple walk by, a BALDING MAN and a
PLUMP WOMAN, followed by a STOCKY MAN.

DENNIS (cont'd)

(to the couple)

Excuse me, do you know where the
security office is?

The balding man is surprised and speechless.

DENNIS (cont'd)

I know you're supposed to keep up
the Renaissance act but my friends
and I really need help.

PLUMP WOMAN

This is why I despise these
festivals.

The woman pulls the balding man away from the boys and
continues walking. The stocky man walks with them.

PHILIP

(to Dennis)

Guys, you need to know the lingo.

(to the couple)

That's a fine bit of rump you have
there my saucy wench. What say we
roll ourselves in the hay a bit?

In a flash the stocky man turns, lifts Philip by his shirt collar, and violently pushes him into a nearby wooden post. Jake and Dennis are completely surprised.

STOCKY MAN
Careful how you speak!

PHILIP
I was kidding! I'm sorry! I was kidding!

BALDING MAN
Thomas, let him go.

The stocky man drops Philip. The balding man looks over the three boys carefully.

BALDING MAN (cont'd)
(to Dennis)
Are you his lord?

DENNIS
Lord? Me? No. We're looking for a...

BALDING MAN
Constable!

A CONSTABLE lumbers out of a nearby tent, then sees the balding man and quickly walks over.

BALDING MAN (cont'd)
(pointing to Philip)
This man is a stranger to our city and is behaving suspiciously. He is to be held until his pledge can be confirmed. Yarmouth charter chapter six.

CONSTABLE
Yes sir.

The constable grabs Philip roughly by the arm and leads him towards the dirt path beyond the gate.

PHILIP
Hey! Let me go!

JAKE
Whoa whoa! We're not a part of this act! We're visitors. We bought tickets!

CONSTABLE

Unless you want to join your
friend, I suggest you mind your
manners.

Jake grabs the constable's arm.

JAKE

We were just here for the Faire and
are going to go home now.

The constable puts his hand to a knife at his belt.

CONSTABLE

As I said, mind yourself or you'll
be subject to resisting justice.

The older couple and Thomas walk towards the path to the
hill. The Constable follows, strong-arming Philip.

JAKE

What the fuck was that?

Jake and Dennis follow about 50 paces behind. As they climb
the hill, they see the top of a structure rising in the
distance. It vaguely resembles a lighthouse. They run to
the top of the hill and stop dead in their tracks.

EXT. WALLED CITY - EVENING

Rough stone walls rise up from the grass to a height of 30
feet. Stone battlements line the top. Arrow slits are cut
into the wall every 20 feet. A dirt road winds from the hill
to a gate in the city's wall. What looked like a lighthouse
is the closest of several stone towers around the city.
Philip is being led into the city gate.

JAKE

What is that?

DENNIS

Jake.

JAKE

What?

DENNIS

Turn around.

He does. From the top of the hill we have a panoramic view
of the Medieval Festival. It's not very big, consisting of a
few tents and booths which are being dismantled. Surrounding
the festival in all directions is rolling grassland as far as
the eye can see. No paved roads. No parking lots. No cars.

JAKE
Oh shit. I did this.

DENNIS
What did you do?

JAKE
I wished for this. In the tent I wished to be born eight hundred years ago. We're there.

Jake turns and watches as Philip is led past the gate and disappears beyond the walls of the city.

JAKE (cont'd)
We have to go back to the psychic's hut.

DENNIS
What about Philip?

JAKE
Philip will be ok for the time being. That Faire may be gone in an hour.

INT. PSYCHIC'S HUT - EVENING

Jake and Dennis rush into the hut, shouting.

JAKE
Hello! Are you in here?

OLD WOMAN (O.S.)
Back so soon?

The old woman emerges from the inner curtain.

JAKE
Where are we?

OLD WOMAN
You were granted what you wanted.

JAKE
We need to go back. How do we get back?

OLD WOMAN
Simple. Complete your reading. Come with me and turn over your final card.

JAKE

Now?

OLD WOMAN

If you wish.

JAKE

I do.

OLD WOMAN

What of your friend?

JAKE

(looking towards Dennis)

What? Does he have to do something too?

OLD WOMAN

The other. Don't you want him returning as well?

JAKE

Philip? What? He has to be here in the hut?

Jake paces.

JAKE (cont'd)

(to the woman)

Wait here. We'll be right back.

OLD WOMAN

The festival is closing.

JAKE

Can you wait for us?

OLD WOMAN

Until midnight.

Jake and Dennis turn to leave the hut. As they reach the door she speaks.

OLD WOMAN (cont'd)

Boys?

The boys stop and turn to her.

OLD WOMAN (cont'd)

You will need money to get into the city. Not dollars. Goodbye.

She steps through the inner curtain.

DENNIS

Local currency is going to be a problem.

JAKE

(looking Dennis up and down)

I have an idea.

EXT. WALLED CITY - DUSK

Jake and Dennis approach the gate of the city. As they get closer we realize that Dennis is no longer wearing his green shirt. In its place is an ill-fitting corset, showing off his bountiful gut.

DENNIS

We could have sold something of yours you know.

JAKE

These people have probably never seen silk in their lives. We got good money for that shirt.

(beat)

I think.

DENNIS

Once we get in that city I want to buy a shirt.

JAKE

The Faire was closing. We're lucky that women's shop was even open. Not to mention finding anything in your size. And we need to get Philip out. We'll worry about a shirt after Philip.

As the boys enter the large stone entrance they are stopped by a GUARD just inside the gate.

GUARD

Your business here please?

The guard notices that Dennis is wearing a corset.

GUARD (cont'd)

From the festival? Jesters?

JAKE

Yes, we're festival folk! Ha ha!

GUARD
Have you any merchandise to sell?

JAKE
Should we?

GUARD
(annoyed)
Are you bringing any merchandise
into the city?

JAKE
Oh no, nothing.

GUARD
(looks at them carefully)
One shilling each.

JAKE
(holding coins)
Shillings are the silvery ones?

Jake pays and the two boys walk past the guard. After a few steps Jake returns to the guard.

JAKE
Where's the jail?

EXT. CONSTABLE'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Jake and Dennis stand outside a weathered wooden door.

JAKE
No, you go inside. You're the one
who they thought was a Lord.

DENNIS
Back when I had my shirt. Now I'm
a Medieval transvestite. If I go
in there they'll probably give me
life.

JAKE
Ok, ok. I'll go. Just do me a
favor while I'm gone.

DENNIS
What?

JAKE
Don't get picked up for
prostitution.

INT. CONSTABLE'S OFFICE - NIGHT

The constable who arrested Philip sits at a low wooden chair. He eyes Jake suspiciously.

CONSTABLE
No visitors allowed.

JAKE
Oh, I'm not here to visit.

The constable leers at Jake menacingly.

CONSTABLE
Then why are you here?

JAKE
For Phillip. You have my friend here.

Jake looks around the miserable room for some sign of where Phillip may be, not paying attention to the constable.

CONSTABLE
If you want to pledge his surety it's ten shillings.

JAKE
What's that?

CONSTABLE
Ten shillings!

JAKE
Oh, I see how it's played.
(Jake leans in to the constable)
How about five?

CONSTABLE
I don't barter with criminals. I said ten and ten it is!

JAKE
Alright, alright. Here you go.

Jake counts out ten silver coins and hands them to the constable.

JAKE (cont'd)
(winking at the constable)
Take your lady out for a nice dinner. Maybe you'd like some new clothes. Or a trip to the public bath.

The constable walks off with a large key ring. We hear the sound of a metal door squealing open and:

PHILIP (O.S.)
I didn't do anything! I really
didn't. My uncle is a lawyer!

A moment later the constable returns with Philip who is scared and dirty. Jake grabs him and pulls him to the exit.

CONSTABLE
Be back in three days to see the
Portman.

EXT. CONSTABLE'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Jake and Philip run headfirst into Dennis who's been eavesdropping at the door.

PHILIP
Dennis!

DENNIS
Philip.

Philip stares at Dennis awkwardly.

PHILIP
What are you wearing?

DENNIS
We had to get you out of jail.

PHILIP
You and the constable?

JAKE
Wow, I hadn't even thought of that.
We could have saved 10 shillings.
(to Philip)
I'll tell you what happened on the
way. Right now we have to get back
to that festival.

EXT. WALLED CITY - NIGHT

The three boys rush away from the city and over the hill leading to the festival. Jake and Dennis stop at the crest.

PHILIP
Why are you stopping? Come on!

An empty field lies before the boys. The festival is gone.

DENNIS

Oh no.

JAKE

She promised! She promised she'd wait! She said until midnight!

Dennis looks up at the night sky, scanning it for something.

JAKE (cont'd)

Damn it!

DENNIS

It's past midnight.

JAKE

How can it be past midnight? The sun just went down like two hours ago.

DENNIS

Geography. We're not in the United States anymore, Jake. By my guess we're in northern England which is, on a map, about fifty five degrees north latitude. And the arctic circle...

PHILIP

(getting it)

Of course. The arctic circle like in Alaska where the sun doesn't even set in the summer.

DENNIS

The arctic circle is at sixty six degrees. Judging by how warm it is right now it's summer and we are pretty far north. Sunset was probably ten thirty pm.

JAKE

(sitting down)

So Dr. Science, what you're saying is that we're too late. We're screwed.

DENNIS

Pretty much.