

MIDDLE EARTH UNCOVERED

Written by

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SONG 1 (Chorus)

A small cohort (about 12-16?) of dwarves, in leather-plated shielding, comes marching, in serried rank, into a big cave, with their pick axes over their shoulders singing a happy, but determined, marching work song. At the same time, we see the back end of another cohort marching out of the exit at the far side of the cave.

Song 1: Dwarves' chorus (Demo audible on Music List)

The dwarves come level with the canopied dais where sits the Dwarf Lord: the usual middle aged, small, red haired and Assyrian bearded, with gold bits, fierce-looking dwarf. Next to him stands the Mine Master, hugely Assyrian bearded, too, and reading out from a parchment. The song (a simple round: 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 (Welsh accent)

MINE MASTER

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

DWARF CHIEF

(Welsh Accent) 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 a curtain, 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 work!

He smiles contentedly, hitches up one buttock, sweeps away a mound of gold coins from beneath his bottom and resits himself.

2

INT. AN OFFICE - DAY

2

Our hero, Frank, a middle-aged, pleasant, but worried-looking man, comes into his office, together with his newly arrived niece, Sharon. Frank, with tatty blonde hair, and 'Joe 90' glasses, is wearing a cheap suit, a horrid polyester washed-out greyed shirt, and a skinny lime green tie. Sharon, his niece, has shorts on and a fluorescent vest, with her hair in dyed-red bunches. She is about 20 yrs old, small, but feisty, boho and tom boyish. Sharon is wearing a small rucsac and is eternally chewing gum.

Frank hurries to his PC, turns it on and anxiously stares at the screen, while churning through the stacks of papers in his desk, 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, reading from the VDU)
 37 overnight technical
 reaction reporting slips! ...
 ughhhh ... 46 branch wayline
 complaints!? Oh, I must ...

SHARON

...Uncle Fraaank?

Frank looks up, distractedly

FRANK

Huhh?

SHARON

Do you work here, then?

FRANK

Er, yes ... Err ... It's nice having you visit, Sharon, but I'm a bit busy, at the moment. ...Perhaps you could go walking locally and then come back and meet me at teatime. I could maybe take you to.....

The door opens and a hatchet-faced, disapproving older woman in a tweed skirt and silky blouse, comes in with several pieces of paper. She delivers a rapid, monotonal litany of woes

SECRETARY

... Mr. Smith! You've got twenty two telephone messages: team 7's got lost again, team 4 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 sniffs, turns and marches out. Frank slumps in his seat and sighs.

FRANK

Huhhhhh ... I hate work!

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 great, swollen bellies, and droopy moobs, on stringy long legs and arms, with hideous clawed hands. Their clothes are filthy rags, of the loin cloth, tattered jerkin, holey vest variety.

They have considerable facial piercings and various tattoos. You can just see a bit of daylight entrance from behind one wall. They are picking noses, sleeping, gnawing on a bone and one (Goblin 2) is stabbing, experimentally, at a mobile phone.

Suddenly the mobile squawks and the goblin 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! Just you wai.....

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

GOBLIN 2

Wat's a pervert, then?

GOBLIN 1

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

One of the sleepers wakes up and sits up.

GOBLIN 2

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 ... (wail of horror) tae ruin the taste!

Goblin 5 wakes up

GOBLIN 1

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 ... Let's 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 also mystifiedly, and then Goblin 1
responds

GOBLIN 1

Aye, bit the queen disna want us
tae gai through the rift. We're
jist supposed tae be guarding it.

He proceeds to sing a rap song accompanied by the others

*SONG 2 with dance ("Glutes and Pecs": Rap style with
accompanying 'beat box' obscene sounds, eg. belching and
'arm pit farting', etc. Demo style is audible on Music
List)*

4

EXT. SANDY BOTTOMS - DAY

4

Frank is dressed in his lounge suit, with a hard hat and a
fluorescent nylon vest, 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
across a field, uphill, slowly towards some bushes and trees.

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, and mutters to himself

FRANK (CONT'D)

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

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, like!

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! (He sees their faces and teeth up close) Aghhhhhhh!

SHARON

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

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

Frank and Sharon are tied up and carried away.

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

GOBLIN 1

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

GOBLIN 2

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

GOBLIN 1

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

(Loudly worried) Pit wat if they
dinna go awa?

-GOBLIN 1

(Bawling) 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 1

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

He points to the mobile phone, on the floor.

All the goblins swivel heads and stare stupidly at it.

GOBLIN 1 (CONT'D)

An we'll get the magic wereds aff
the prisoners oe'r there!

He points to the prisoners on the floor, in a different part
of the cave

The five goblins again all swivel their heads around
(together) and stare 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 picks up a stick and waves it around. Frank thinks he is going to be beaten.

GOBLIN 5

Have ye nae rekkie wat ah kinund
back a thi?!

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

Goblin 5 scratches some patterns in the sand

GOBLIN 1

Na, na! She's nae unnerstanin' the
advanced language o' Middle Earth!
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 ta.....

Goblin 2 draws back and looks offended

GOBLIN 1

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

Goblin 1 then smiles even more ingratiatingly at Frank, thrusting his grinning face even nearer in Frank's.

GOBLIN 1 (CONT'D)

Iddy tiddy, widdy, then, didums!
Givve dada da magic number tae talk
with they Man folk, then they 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 whe.....

GOBLIN 3

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

Goblin 1 is getting a bit tired and exasperated and attempts a reasoning approach

GOBLIN 1

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. The goblins approach her gingerly.

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 across the field, 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 of one car, 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 his cab.

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

SUPERINTENDENT
(Pompous and certain)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!

SERGEANT
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!
...Right, you lot!

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.They are joined by
the Super and the CI, with their attendants.

CHIEF INSPECTOR
So you're sure, Superintendent?

The Super is looking at his phone

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,
Harry?

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

The CI sighs, looks apprehensive and draws breathe

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

The rocket fires off to the side. All police eyes follow it,
disconcertedly.

CHIEF INSPECTOR (CONT'D)
Right, well, er.. ... RELOAD
...FIRE

The rocket fires entirely off in another sideways direction
and the police eyes go with it.

CHIEF INSPECTOR (CONT'D)
Right, er ...

He looks a bit uncertain

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

Police gunner speaking to his colleague

POLICE GUNNER
What's that?

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

The gunner turns it

CHIEF INSPECTOR
RELOAD ...er, and 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, on the contrary, 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 riot police all look at each other, and then charge after him, shouting war cries, 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 senior officers. They have their guns pointed at the shrubs.

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

The Superintendent uses a megaphone, even though the goblins are only a few feet away.

SUPERINTENDENT
(Pompously and dramatically) 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 dinna she
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 1
Yer honour, I would ye understand
that we was jist defending
ourselves agin the unlawful
depridations o'the robbing
trespassers, there!

Goblin 1 points at Frank

FRANK
I'm not a robber! Telepom sent me
to track a signal which wa...

GOBLIN 1
.....Wisht!

Goblin 1 waves a dismissive hand and turns to the Super

GOBLIN 1 (CONT'D)
... Herself made the citizen's
arrest o' the thieving swine and
then told ye that on this device.

Goblin 1 waves Mr. Flauntit's mobile phone.

The superintendent puts the megaphone under his arm, beckons
Goblin 1 aside, with him and the Chief Inspector.

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

GOBLIN 1
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 1 (CONT'D)
..... there's the little
question o' damage done by this NEW
invasion o' the property o' daisunt
members o't community, such as we,
airselves.....

The sergeant tugs at the sleeve again of the Superintendent

SERGEANT
Er, Sir....
(half whispers)
(MORE)

SERGEANT (CONT'D)

Inspector Hargreaves lost his job
for victimizing certain members of
the community, Sir...sorry, Sir.

The Superintendent turns round, looking anxious, and then
suddenly smiles and does a volte face, while still trying to
appear to do the goblins a favour

SUPERINTENDENT

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

GOBLIN 1

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

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

SERGEANT

(Solicitously and unctuously)There
is, of course, community help for
dispossessed folks, such as
yourselves. Social services will
help you to move out of your cave.

GOBLIN 1

(Outraged) Nae mon is gang tae help
us oot o'air ain cave!!

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.The police
squabble and push at each other about who is going back in
the car and who is walking.The lucky ones drive away.The
vehicleless ones, miffed, start to trudge dispiritedly back
to the station.

Grabberwrack turns to his group.

GRABBERWRACK

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 WESSEX TOURIST BOARD DIRECTOR'S OFFICE - DAY

8

Mr. Flauntit, the tourist board director, is very flamboyant and gregarious. Although dressed in a suit, he has given this his own natty twists. Mr. Flauntit is just showing a confused Frank out of his office and saying goodbye, effusively. He closes the door and then turns to Mr. Jones, his assistant and two of 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! ... Not one tourist board on
this earth has discovered, not only
an unknown people, but a whole
civilization of them ... several
different races, er, species ... um
... types ... 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 Smith 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
Earth place and of how our tourist
board can exploit this magnificent
discovery! The world will be at our
door! ... I will make Great
Britain famous, again!

Song 3: Flauntit's Solo.

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's any house that wants connecting, here! ... Mutter ... mutter

Frank walks up the field, a bit nearer to the copse of bushes which are in front of the goblins' 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 spears, stones, and then goblins pursue him.

ARMOLAS

Help me, Sir! ... Help! ... 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 just behind. As they are almost reaching the car (~20 yds. away) Grabberwrack stops and shouts out to the elf, who stops and turns around to watch the goblins, while Frank goes around the car and opens his own, driver's door

GRABBERWRACK

Egh! Jimmy! ... Who's a wee faaaaiiiry, then?

Grabberwrack, copied by all of the others, flaps his hands and runs about mincingly, on his toes, squeaking.

OTHER GOBLINS

Faaiiry! Faaiiry!

ARMOLAS

(Roars back) Elf!

FRANK

Get in! Get in!

The elf resumes his dash to the car

ARMOLAS

But the goblins can get into this
cart, too!

Frank runs around the car, opens the passenger door and
ushers the elf into his, Frank's car

FRANK

Not into my cart, they can't!

Frank runs back round to his side. He starts the car up and
does a skid turn, and a skid start; driving away just as the
goblins run up and stand, looking amazed.

Goblin 5 points and stares in amazement

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 (~ 12) are industriously
picking away at the rock walls and loading the rubble into
small trolleys, which are just there, near a semi 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

(Welsh accent)...and I tell you,
you can get these little bittycoin
things on this device if you send a
coin called a pound and the
bittycoin things are worth much
more than a pound, see...

DWARF 2

(Welsh accent)Yes, but what do you
do with these bittycoin things and
where did you get that device?

DWARF 1

Well, ifan you buy enough of these,
you never have to work again, bach.

DWARF 2

Dew dew! 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. Grabberwrack!? 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!

GRABBERWRACK

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

MR. FLAUNTIT

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

GRABBERWRACK

Wat fuir?

Mr. Flauntit waves his phone and the rest of the goblins file
into the cave and engage in their usual activities

MR. FLAUNTIT

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

GRABBERWRACK

Pit oor pictures on that magic device?

MR. FLAUNTIT

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

Goblin 4 is removing body lice and eating them

GOBLIN 4

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

MR. JONES

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

GRABBERWRACK

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 fur bikini

MR. FLAUNTIT

... and providing a few pictures for your "ain hame" is what we can also help with ...

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

GRABBERWRACK

Verily!....It's a deal!

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

12

EXT. AN ELVEN WOOD/GLADE AT THE FOOT OF THE FLETTERED TREES. 12 DAY

There are eight elves (five male and three female) having a markedly vegetarian picnic, reclining on mosses around a white cloth. There is Celtic harp music playing quietly and Armolas is singing.

The male elves are taking the odd phone 'selfie' of themselves, somewhat narcissistically. There are also two goblins reluctantly waiting on them.

ELF 1 (RECEIVED ENGLISH ACCENTS)
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 as he collects some food from a side table

GOBLIN 2
Egh! Sich nasty messes! Carrots are
fuir asses..... and himiss looks

He peers at the serving platter

GOBLIN 2 (CONT'D)
wha!... like the turreds of cats
wi' the skitters!

He grabs the platter of humous and carrots, and a jug of wine.

GOBLIN 2 (CONT'D)
(Calls out,
ingratiatingly)
Er, she's jest cumin', yer honours!

Goblin 2 arrives at Elf 1's seat

GOBLIN 2 (CONT'D)
And can a be aft ... er ... 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 2 grabs it and gurns into the phone. The goblin image is tidied up by the phone's software so that the goblin morphs into looking really quite acceptable (no scars, warts, hairs; features in the normal place, etc).

Goblin 2 screeches and drops the phone staggering back and making defensive, anti-curse gestures before himself.

GOBLIN 2

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

Goblin 2 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 a large 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, further?

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 the rift ...

(MORE)

QUEEN (CONT'D)
(Suddenly) Armolas! ... Why were
you, yet again, unarmed?

ARMOLAS
A thousand apologies, majesty, I
did but follow a honey warbler. The
barrier is weak near to, as well as
within the cave mouth of that
forsaken clan, and so I escap ...

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...?

She looks enquiringly into Frank's face

FRANK
Oh! ... Oh, me? ... Er, Frank ...
your, your ... Majesty!

She smiles

QUEEN
Yes ...

She gives a bigger, and somewhat suggestive smile

QUEEN (CONT'D)
Fraaank..... 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 at the queen and bobs a clumsy curtsy,
ingratiatingly.

The queen nods at her, 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 to the aerial flet. 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 stupefied look of bliss, on his face, as they head towards his parked car, in the glade.

SHARON

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

FRANK

(Vaguely)Umm?

SHARON

The queen! ... She fancies you!

FRANK

(Musingly)She's beautiful!

SHARON

Yeh, and she fancies you, too!

FRANK

No! What?! No! What could
she see in a boring fart like me?

SHARON

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

FRANK

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

Sharon shrugs

SHARON

... yeh, well ... whatever... 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! Your mum's phoning, this evening.

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 (Reel, or gigue type. A 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).

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 four minions. He is a biggish man, in a dark suit, and has red hair with a sparse, wispy beard which only goes around under his chin, i.e. with no moustache. He has the light of fanaticism in his eye.

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!

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?!

MINION 1
Michael, Sir.

KILLIT
Any species that is not in my red
book

He waves a red text book

MINION 1
is "pernicious", and therefore, we
must cleanse the whole area around
which there could be any of this
pernicious flora.

MINION 2
But, if our spraying parks with
Pound Down turns all the plants to
black mush won't spraying Middle
Earth kill all the plants 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.

MINION 2
Tom, Sir.

KILLIT
So ... Liam, and Tim..

MINION 2
Tom, Sir...

KILLIT
...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.

MINION 3
What about the Frost eyed
spleenwort, Sir?

KILLIT
The what? (Testily)

MINION 3

The rarest fern in Great Britain,
Sir? It grows there!

MINION 1

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

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.

Jabbing his finger and speaking slowly

KILLIT (CONT'D)

If any potentially dangerous fauna
emerge from there, I want them
followed, filmed and reported on!
Do you all understand?

Killit shoots to his feet and glares at them

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 half 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

But ... er ... um, an elf maid would never...

SHARON

...What? Never have a butchers?

Sharon waggles her eyebrows. She then 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.

Two elves are standing to one side near where Sharon was standing. They are watching Sharon dive in.

Elf 1 is rummaging in its pockets for something.

ELF 1
So THIS is one of those human
females!

Elf 2 puts out his finger tips and touches Elf 1 on the shoulder, holding it there while he speaks, disapprovingly.

ELF 2
Sooo unlike our own dear queen!

Elf 1 looks at Elf 2, nods, sympathetically, wets his finger and peering into the reflection app on the mobile phone which he has withdrawn, smoothes his eyebrows.

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! Did you like
your walk? ... Have you phoned your
mother?

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 Earth. Normal men are all too plain; goblins are hideous, but elves are hot, just oh so hot ... and NONE are as hunky as Armolas! (Chorus: "They're Hot! ... They're Hot! ..., etc).

18

INT. REGIONAL OFFICE DEPT. OF ENVIRONMENT - DAY

18

The four 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. Mr. Killit stands up, leans his hands on the table 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, and am shortly to notify our seniors, in London. You, gentlemen ... er, lady, ... er and gentlemen ... will constitute the front line of this policy of 'Elimination, Extermination and, if need be, Evacuation'!

MINION 1

What? Exterminate all of them, Sir?

KILLIT

We must protect indigenous species!

MINION 2

But Sir, apparently some of these goblins are hundreds of years old, and some of those elves are a couple of thousand years old!

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 then the 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!
 (MORE)

KILLIT (CONT'D)

Double up on the spraying at Sandy Bottoms and spray over in the Middle Earth side, nearby, too, whenever you get the chance

Jabbing his finger

MR. KILLIT

... I want four men on covert watch of the rift, and immediate arrest, for biological examination, of any native ... er non-native ... whatever fauna that tries to get out of there!

19

EXT. MIDDLE-WORLD/A HIGH PASTURE - DAY

19

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

ARMOLAS

It's 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

(Laughs) I'm not really a warrior!

SHARON

All elves are! You've got a bow!
Look!

She looks around at the trees

SHARON (CONT'D)

Shoot that hole in that tree over
there.

Sharon points at a bole, a semi hole, 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'm
interested in studying BIRDS ...
and not shooting THEM, either.

SHARON

How do you study birds, then?

ARMOLAS

Books and tutors with specialist
knowledge are very rare. I am but a
poor page-squire ... I do,
however, try to draw birds which
have been killed for the table.

SHARON

Cool! Can I see them?

ARMOLAS

If you wish. I will bring them the
next time we mee ...

(shyly)

that is, if, if ... you would
kindly meet me again, lad ...er,
Sharon.

SHARON

Woa! You bet! ... Try and stop
me!!

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

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've just been told that it's a goblin entertainment device.

QUEEN

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

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, and rising, at this time.

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: Queen's Libation - 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 next to him at the big board table and has a pad and pen ready to take notes. The four others of the team sit listening with bated breath.

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, stands up and addresses his team.

MR. FLAUNTIT (CONT'D)

Right!

His team join in as interjectory or/and antiphonal chorus, coordinating their use of water glasses, pens, rulers, paper shuffling, etc.

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 three handmaidens are doing the same, but more desultorily.

QUEEN

It must be in here! When I moved back, 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 Men 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

BLUEBELL

Oh, Ma'am!...."and your globes of marble smooth, 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

... Bluebell! 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 lillies and give them together with this invitation to Armolas, our page. Tell him to give them to this Man type called Frank... ... (Nonchalantly)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 the the elven handmaidens titter, behind their hands, so the queen frowns at them, too.

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

There are four Dept. of Environment minions hiding in the bushes, not far from Sandy Bottoms copse, 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, Cooper! ... I was meaning they would make mixed babies and then there would be noxious infestation, wouldn't there?

MINION 2

What?! Noxious babies?

MINION 4

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, a fairy thing! ... At least, I
think he is!

MINION 3
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 the queen's rolled parchment with wax seal, and a very huge bunch of Madonna lillies (about four foot high). Minion 1 and his colleagues approach Armolas, from behind their bushes and Armolas smiles welcomingly at them.

The men, however, suddenly pounce. Armolas struggles 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.

MINION 1
Get his bow! ... Mind the arrows!
... Sit on his legs! ...

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

MINION 1 (CONT'D)
(Smugly knowing)Hah! This noxious
specimen is attempting to smuggle a
secret code into Old Blighty!

He rips the invitation open and reads it

MINION 1 (CONT'D)
Er...."Come and be Frank with me
and I shall sup wine from your
glances".....yes....??. Huh!..Well
....Mr. Killit's going to have fun
with this code..... AND we've got
ourselves a biological specimen of
a fairy, too!

Minion 1 pokes Armolas, who sighs and rolls his eyes.

ARMOLAS
Elf!

24

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

24

The four minions from the 'Dept. of Environment' wearing boiler suits (on back) and 'Biohazard' (front), plus caps, are walking across some elf meadows and along a track towards the elf queen's wood. Two are on the actual track and are spraying, one on each side, into the surrounding meadow and the other two are 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. Minion 1 looks a bit undecided, but Minion 2 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.

Minion 1, 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 small tables set down on each side of Armolas, with various dishes set upon them containing e.g. a big whole raw fish, a whole cauliflower, a pigs trotter, a big piece of tripe, etc.

Armolas is seated on a chair with his legs tied up. He is 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!

He points to Armolas' ears

CONSULTANT 3 (CONT'D)
 We're not here to have our public
 time wasted, you know! We
 neurologists could be earning
 700/hr, in private, instead of
 doing this stupid testing.

ARMOLAS
 But, I didn't ask...

Consultant 1 addresses the others

CONSULTANT 1
Oh, just leave it with the food
 and we'll see what it eats when it
 gets hungry. Then we can tell the
 Director of Research that we have
 done some sort of testing on him!

ARMOLAS
 But I haven't eaten in two days!
 This stuff is inedible!

CONSULTANT 1
 Ah! ... He's not phytophagous, or
 zooophagus! ... He must be
 micophagus, then!

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
 (Shouting back) Yes!....I can hear!
 These ears are fine, but your food
 is not!

Armolas rolls his eyes.

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

*Song 7 (Armolas sings a humorous, i.e. ironic song about
 how stupid Mankind are, but that he would like to study
 their birds and use some of their devices, like their
 carts).*

26

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

26

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've kidnapped!

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

27

EXT. MIDDLE EARTH/ELVES' MEADOWS - DAY

27

The elf queen emerges from her wood with two of her handmaidens. She is carrying (if possible) 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, mice and song birds.

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 wanders about picking up dead plants and birds. She then sinks down onto a rock and plucks, absent-mindedly at her harp.

Song 8: Queen Elf's lament for her meadows

28

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

28

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

The queen comes out from her boudoir, 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
Earth, or to come over here and
kill the flowers!

Sharon kicks a wood support to relieve her feelings.

The queen picks up a parchment and quill, from a small desk,
nearby. She carries them to a larger table and beckons Frank
and her guard around her

QUEEN

I think (she smiles)..... a
rescue plan is in order!

She look up at Frank

29

EXT. MIDDLE EARTH/THE TELEPOM TOWER - DAY

29

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, together with his wife.
They are behind a microphone and facing the goblins.

There are also a couple of groups of goblins (about 8-10, in
total): the Sandy Bottoms clan and Gristle's clan. They are
similar in physical appearance, but their clothing/rags are a
bit different, somehow.

Mr. Flauntit is droning on and we hear

MR. FLAUNTIT

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

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

GOBLIN 2

Wherefore did a cut they ribbon
off, then?

GOBLIN 1

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

GOBLIN 3

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

(Shot of the lower struts of the 'tower')

MR. FLAUNTIT

And now, if you gentlemen will come
 up to the front table, sign the
 field rental for the mobile tower
 and give us your fellow citizens'
 addresses: the dwarves and elves,
 etc, we can give you some of our
 marvellous devices, thank you!
 Thank you!

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

30

EXT. SMALL VILLAGE, NEAR BIGGLESWORTH - DAY

30

The Sandy Bottoms clan of goblins are sauntering into 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 to him. He roars, curses and shakes his fist at it.

The goblins peer into the village library. They ogle the young woman who comes out and make 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 grocer's door. The grocer alarmedly, and quickly reverses his 'open' sign to 'closed'.

One goblin sees the pub and beckons to the rest, pointing it out and making drinking motions. They all look up, are delighted, make the thumbs up sign, hitch up their loin cloths and head towards it.

31

INT. TELEPOM CANTEEN - DAY

31

Frank, wearing a suit, and looking harassed and shift, comes in at the door. He takes a tray and some salad and then walks down the aisle to a table at the far side. He walks past his elderly secretary, who nods approvingly at him.

SECRETARY

Nice to see you having a sensible lunch, for once, Mr. Smith.

Frank looks up, aroused from his ruminations

FRANK

What?!.....Oh.....Oh,
yes.....thank you.

He continues his walk down the aisle and two middle aged men, in suits, at a table nearby, call to him and pat one of their empty chairs.

TED

Heghhhhh....Frankie! Long time no see!

JOHN

Thought you'd taken early retirement without telling us, Frank!

Frank lowers himself, exhaustedly into a chair

FRANK

Oh, hi, Ted,...John.....No, just been too busy to eat.

TED

Frikkin' slave drivers here, mate...Frikkin' slave drivers!

Frank starts to eat his salad and his friends drink their coffees.

JOHN

Heard you'd sorted out some nuisance call to a bigwig's mobile, down at Sandy Bottoms, egh? Some homeless squatter types, egh?

FRANK

Er...yes...sort of...yes...

TED

That's not the only thing been happening round there...Peter Jackson musta been filming round here?

FRANK

Er...filming?

JOHN

Yeh, yeh, there's been people dressed as them orcs in a pub near Bigglesworth. Course they always keep their exact location a secret, but I'm going to keep my eye out....could be a laugh.

TED

Here, you coming out for a drink, tonight, then?

FRANK

Thanks, you two...I would, but I've got my young niece visiting and I've got to sort some stuff out about her boyfriend..

JOHN

....hope it's not a fight to the death, type thing....

Frank laughs, uncomfortably and smiles, sicklily

FRANK

Well...huh....sort of!

32

INT. A BIG TELEPOM TRANSIT VAN - DAY

32

Sharon is driving horribly fast (sounds of squealing tyres) dressed in her usual outfit with a boiler suit over. Frank, in Telepom boiler suit is listening in to the GPS instructions on his phone and the elf queen is looking her usual beautiful self, complete with tiara, but also wearing a Telepom boilersuit and holding the strap apprehensively.

QUEEN

(Politely, but apprehensively)Do your carts always go as fast as this, Frank?

FRANK

(Glumly)When Sharon's driving them, they do!..... Slow DOWN, girl!....Turn right, now! Now!....It's the building at the bottom, there on the left. Just park outside.

SHARON

How did you find where he is, Uncle Frank?

FRANK

I just listened in to the Dept. of
Environment switch board, down at
the exchange.

Sharon screeches to a halt and they all rebound off their
seatbelts.

SHARON

Cool! ... Just like spies, egh?

Frank jumps out of the cab, turns and instructs Sharon as she
sits there.

FRANK

Your mum's going to kill me if she
hears about this! ... Never mind!
Look, the second you see us appear,
start the engine... then move like
hot..... whatever.... when we're
all in!

SHARON

Yo, Unccy!

FRANK

OK! ... My lady, get your
men...er, elves out and follow me.

Frank heads towards the entrance and six elves, with white
lab coats over their normal clothes, follow him, together
with their queen. One elf has a quiver on his back over the
coat and is carrying a bow.

Frank points to two cameras over the door. The elf, with
devastating speed and accuracy shoots them both out. Frank
presses the button for admittance and a voice answers

VOICE

Who is it?

FRANK

It's Telepom. We're here with some
special communications equipment
for the life form being held by the
department.

VOICE

On whose authority?

FRANK

A Mr. Killit's.

The door buzzes and clicks open

VOICE

Ok. Turn right, inside and follow
the corridor to the bottom.

33 INT. GOVERNMENT BUILDING - DAY

33

Frank, the queen and the six elf guards walk quickly down the corridor to the desk at the bottom, which is situated just outside of a laboratory door. There are two policemen seated there and one of them stands up.

POLICEMAN 1

No visitors allowed to the
specimen!

QUEEN

Specimen?!

Frank quickly steps in front of her

FRANK

We have to supply and install some
important communications equipment
for use with the specimen.

POLICE 1

We have received no notice of any
visito....

Frank turns to the elves and winks

FRANK

Gentlemen! Show the officers, the
equipment.

Four elves step forward with lightening speed and nerve pinch the officers in the neck, who slump to the floor and desk.

34 INT. LABORATORY - DAY

34

They all pour into the lab. Here, there is Armolas, still tied to his chair, but with his hands free, and the three neurologists. One is waving a whole fish at Armolas, and one is writing things down in a clipboard.

Neurologist 1, who isn't holding anything, looks up and is outraged. He steps forward.

NEURO 1

It's more of these ruddy fairies!

ALL ELVES

Elves!

NEURO 1

I demand to kn..

An elf 'nerve pinches' his neck, the neuro faints and the elf catches him and lowers him to the floor.

ARMOLAS

My lady! Mr. Frank!

NEURO 2 (WITH WHOLE FISH)

Agh! ... It's the carotid sinus
traction pinch! ... You won't get
me wi....

He lays about him with the wet fish, but is disabled, tied up on a chair, and gagged with rope that the elves have brought. The other neuro, similarly defending himself with his clipboard, is also trussed. Frank unties the feet of Armolas, then he assists the queen out of the door, while the elves and Sharon help Armolas who is rather stiff.

FRANK

Run!....No killing! ... Just
ruuuuuun!

35 INT. GOVERNMENT BUILDING/HALLWAY/PAVEMENT - DAY 35

They charge out of the building and leap into the van which roars off.

36 EXT. ELVEN WOODS - DAY 36

The queen, Frank, Sharon, Armolas and the six elven bodyguards arrive at the flet trees/elven village and some female elves pour out, and down to meet them. There is wild music and they all kiss each other and start dancing. Frank stands a bit embarrassedly, until he is given a beaker of wine and a big piece of cake, which he tucks into. Sharon dances wildly and hintingly in Armolas' direction and the queen is besieged by her handmaidens who want to know the story

Song no. 9 (Dance of the elves: Chorus).

37

EXT. VILLAGE NEAR BIGGLESWORTH/OUTSIDE PUB - EVENING

37

Two big burly men throw/hustle the goblins out of the pub. The goblins are now wearing biker jackets and other odd 'Man clothes' articles, e.g. baseball cap on backwards, etc, as well as their usual rags and loincloths, etc.

PUB LANDLORD

And if Peter Jackson can't control his actors, we'll have to! It's not the sodding Prancing Pony in here, you know ...

BOUNCER

Maybe, if you wash that stuff off and act normal, like ... just maybe we'll let you come back ... later on!

The two men return inside the pub and close the door. The goblins, grumbling, squat on the grass outside of the pub. Two get bags of crisps out, make a mess of opening them, and start eating them off the grass; one starts excavating its nose; one starts rolling dice on the floor and goblin 3 plays with its phone.

GOBLIN 2

Egh! Wat's 'normal', then?

GOBLIN 3 (WITH PHONE)

I doona nae, but wat's this wight, Piotr Jackson?

GOBLIN 4 (NOSE PICKER)

A heerd tell as he is a mighty warrior o men called ... The Actor tribe!

GOBLIN 2

THEY mebbe normal, then, aye?

Pub customers exit the pub and stare at the goblins as they walk away.

GOBLIN 1

Who gives a faart for these Actor men, or the wight, Jackson!

To Goblin 3

GOBLIN 1 (CONT'D)

Come and roll the dice with me, mon!

Goblin 3 is absorbed in his phone and thumbing away. He doesn't look up.

GOBLIN 3

Nay! ... I ha' found some lucky numbers on this phone thing and I dinna need the dice now! I'll be doing all a me playing on this device, and I nay longer need to be rabbed by you scunners!

Goblin 2 blows a big raspberry at goblin 3.

38

EXT. ELVES' VILLAGE/GROUND LEVEL - DAY

38

We see Mr. Flauntit and Mr. Jones, in their smart suits, being escorted into the village by four elves. They are rubber necking and gawping. Mr. Flauntit's eyes start from his head as he approaches the queen's flet stairway and sees her descend with her handmaidens, preceded by two pages (including Armolas).

MR. FLAUNTIT

Oh, your majesty, I ...

QUEEN

... More trespassers in our realm, I see!

MR. FLAUNTIT

Oh, but, your maj....

QUEEN

... More killers come to destroy my lands!

MR. FLAUNTIT

Oh, that was just a little misunderstanding of the Environment people!

QUEEN

What? They misunderstood that I DIDN'T want my people and lands poisoned and destroyed?!

MR. FLAUNTIT

Ah, most sorry.....we will pay, er pay compensation, you kno ...

QUEEN

... How do you compensate for death?

Mr. Flauntit floats forward with his hand out about to pat the queen on the shoulder, when the guard and two pages all aim their arrows in a microsecond, at him. Two of the guards seize him tightly. He is hustled backwards away from the queen.

The queen looks around for a stool, which is immediately brought. She sits down, whereupon all of the elves immediately sit on the ground. Mr. Flauntit and Jones are pulled to the ground, while continuing to be held tightly, as they don't realize that royal protocol demands that they lower themselves.

The queen waves her hand

QUEEN (CONT'D)

Let the Man creatures go. I would know what they want.

Mr. Flauntit scuttles forward a little, keeping low, on the ground, obsequiously towards the queen, but off to one side, a little. He rubs his hands oilily. The queen does not look at him, but stares fixedly ahead at the horizon.

MR. FLAUNTIT

We have actually come to offer to you that our government would be more than willing to pay for feasibility studies and advertising, if your kingdom started to make provision for visitors.

QUEEN

I already do: friends are welcomed

The queen's eyeballs swivel to look at him, rapidly and sideways

QUEEN (CONT'D)

and evil doers' throats are cut!

Eyes forward again, she changes to a bright, ironic smile (straight ahead, i.e. not at him)

QUEEN (CONT'D)

Are you suggesting that I should allow Man strangers to trespass?

MR. FLAUNTIT

Oh, not trespassers, your royal highness, but paying guests. They could stay in your people's flets, while on ... on yoga retreats ...

MR. JONES

... We could stream video images of
your people and lands to people's
phones ...

QUEEN

...Ah yes ... These phone things!
(Deep breath)... ... You
are voyeurs. You do not understand.
(Speaking very slowly, as if to
fools) Our privacy is much more
important than mere gold to us ...

She slowly turns her head in Mr. Flauntit's direction

QUEEN (CONT'D)

...It is NOT ... for sale.

The queen rises to her feet and nods slightly at them

QUEEN (CONT'D)

GENTLEmen

Said with slight sneer on lips, before moving off up the
stairs.

39

EXT. BY A RIVERSIDE - DAY

39

Sharon and Armolas are walking along by the river. Sharon is
looking a bit spoonily at Armolas, and Armolas is prodding
his new phone. He looks down at Sharon.

ARMOLAS

Your devices are truly wonderful,
Sharon! Did you know that there is
information about birds on these
phone things?

SHARON

Uh, yeh? Doesn't surprise me...
People have whole jobs just
studying, or teaching about birds
and boring stuff ... in our world,
yunno ... I suppose it's because
there's so many of us, there's lots
of weird jobs for people to do.

Armolas looks dreamily impressed

ARMOLAS

Wonderful! ... But there are not
that many of US elves left,
however.

SHARON

Why not?

ARMOLAS

Many of us left for the far
harbours and ...

SHARON

... Why you here, then?

ARMOLAS

My clan missed the boat. They were
busy with an Art festival and would
not heed her majesty's urgings to
leave. Our original queen left and
her sister, the princess, stayed
behind to hurry her clan up ...

He shrugs

ARMOLAS (CONT'D)

We missed the boats and so made the
princess, our queen.

SHARON

Why did most of your people leave?

Armolas shrugs again

ARMOLAS

Men now rule the earth

Sharon skims a few stones into the river

SHARON

Well, you don't have to stay in
Middle Earth, you know ...
(Hopefully, but nonchalantly) You
could, er, come and study birds in
our Man world ... ?

ARMOLAS

Welllll ...

He skims a handful of stones, down the river, all at the same
time, and in the formation of a bird, too.

ARMOLAS (CONT'D)

Any elf who stayed in your world
would age at your fast speed and
die.

SHARON

But what if you have accidents,
here, in Middle Earth, or the
goblins attack and kill you?

ARMOLAS

Ahhh ... our queen heals us. She
has the power. She is our longest
lived. That is why she is our
Queen.

SHARON

Cool! ... Er ... How old are you,
then, Armolas?

Armolas laughs and ruffles her hair

ARMOLAS

Ahh ... that would be telling!

He walks away and Sharon follows him, pestering him

SHARON

No! Go on! ... Tell me!Go
on! ... How ol.....

40

INT. THE OFFICE OF THE REGIONAL DIRECTOR OF TAXATION - DAY 40

We see the writing on the door and the name of the IRD
director: Mr. Grabbit. Mr. Grabbit is at his desk and
finishing a phone call. There are two assistants sitting
facing him, sycophantically catching his every word.

Mr. Grabbit is in a grey suit and has a grey face with no
expression, cold fish eyes and a suggestion of remorseless
psychopathy to him. He is a man of few words and, when he
does speak them, they are delivered in a rapid, nasal
monotone.

MR. GRABBIT

Indeed, Mr. Flauntit. As tourist
bait they could, undeniably, be
useful. However, as an excellent
source of income for this country's
Revenue Department, these dwarf
creatures could not be bettered!
... ... Yes, yes ... We'll watch
it here. Thank you. Good day.

Mr. Grabbit puts the phone down and finds a TV news article,
on the internet, which he shows to his aides

There is a photograph of the goblins and the voiceover

PRESENTER'S VOICE

So who are these people? Are these dangerous thugs who are invading Great Britain? Has Frank Smith, the Telepom man uncovered a whole new, civilization? ... And, finally, what are we going to do with them?

Mr. Grabbit screechily croaks in an eldritch tone, to the screen

MR. GRABBIT

Tax them!

He clicks off and stares at his keyboard

MR GRABBIT

Find them! ... I want an investigative meeting with them!

MINION 1

But what are we going to do with these dwarves, Mr. Grabbit?

Mr. Grabbit looks up, smartly and zombie-like

MR GRABBIT

Get me a dwarf and I'll show you!
... ...Now!

Mr. Grabbit's aides scuttle out frightenedly

41 EXT. BIGGLESWORTH VILLAGE/MARKET PLACE - DAY

41

The five goblins are sitting around expectantly. Suddenly a pizza van pulls up and a delivery man gets out and gets out a stack of pizzas from the back. He sees the goblins and approaches them, hesitantly.

PIZZA MAN

Er, Mr Grabberrack and friends?

The goblins all leap up, grab a box each, open it, grab the pizza, throw the boxes on the floor and walk off, scoffing ... all delightfully in perfect tandem.

The pizza man is horrified at such behaviour and then angry, when he realizes he hasn't been paid. He shouts after them

PIZZA MAN (CONT'D)

Hey, that was 48 pounds!

Grabherrack throws a handful of coins onto the road behind him and carries on walking and eating.

The pizza man points at and bawls after them

PIZZA MAN (CONT'D)
Frikkin' dorks!!

42 INT. A BAR - DAY

42

Frank is sitting with his two friends, Ted and John, at a table with their beers.

TED
(With ironic indulgence) So .. uh,
let's just get this right, Frank:
you've been kidnapped by some
goblins, rescued an elf, twice, and
... the queen of the fairies
fancies you!

FRANK
Well yes!

TED
You been on the weed, mate?

JOHN
It's probably overwork ...

TED
Yes, they're frikkin' slave
drivers, here!

FRANK
No, I'm serious! And the Tourist
Board has commissioned Telepom to
put a coms tower on the goblins'
land.

JOHN
Where?

FRANK
Sandy Bottoms, but on the Middle
Earth side ...

TED
(Indulgent irony)... Middle Earth
side!

FRANK
 (Irritated) Right! I'll show, you!
 I'll show you the plans, tomorrow!

Ted and John smile, indulgently, and tip their glasses towards him, with raised eyebrows, in ironic salutation.

43 INT. DWARF CHIEF'S PALACE/HIS OFFICE - DAY 43

The dwarf chief is writing on a parchment and the connecting door to his outer office is open. He hears his three dwarf secretaries talking and repeatedly saying the name "Blue-eyed Chainey Beard".

The chief sticks his head up, listens, closes his desk drawer, which is full of gold coins, and then goes into the outer office to question them.

44 INT. CHIEF DWARF'S PALACE/OUTER OFFICE - DAY 44

CHIEF DWARF
 What is this dwarf of whom you
 speak, Danak?

Danak pulls out her phone and shows the chief a photo of the chief's consort on Instagram. SHE is clad in a chainmail bikini, has her beard and hair braided and is reclining, seductively, on some grass.

ATTENDANT DWARF
 Blue-Eyed Chainey Beard is a real
 draw for us body positive dwarves,
 on Instawham, Sire!

CHIEF DWARF
 HER?! HER!??? ...Ah ... Er,
 dwarves! You know that it is
 greatly against protocol to discuss
 any differences in dwarfdom. Talk
 of bodies, positive, or not, is
 disgusting! ... This must cease!

He walks back to his inner office, closes and leans against the door. He gesticulates with disbelief, betrayal and grief.

CHIEF DWARF (CONT'D)
 My husband! ... Soul partners for
 eighty years! ... Blue-eyed Chainey
 Beard!! ... You mean to say ...you
 were ...

Suddenly grief is changed to fury

CHIEF DWARF (CONT'D)

A female??!!

He starts to stomp up and down in a rage, biting at his lips and clenching his hands, looking for something to kill

Danak comes in

DANAK

Your appointment with Mr. Flauntit,
my lord.

Mr. Flauntit and Mr. Jones come in, all obsequious, with Mr. Flauntit offering his hand.

Danak knocks Flauntit's hand away

DANAK (CONT'D)

You bow to his highness!

MR. FLAUNTIT

(Bowing repetitively) Sorry, sorry
yes, sorry! Um, your
Highness ...?

DANAK

... NO-ONE addresses his highness!

MR. FLAUNTIT

Ah, sorry! ... Oh! Umm ... Mmm ...
Mm

Messers Flauntit and Jones (also bowing repetitively) look at each other, at a loss.

The dwarf chief is still recovering from the stunning revelation about his husband and is angry at being interrupted.

DWARF CHIEF

Oh ... what is it?!

MR. FLAUNTIT

My lord, we come from our
government to say that we would be
pleased to provide grants for
feasibility studies to see if it is
a good idea for you to build shops
to sell your wondrous gold
jewellery to our people.

DWARF CHIEF

And who would write these studies?

MR. FLAUNTIT

Oh, usually just our pet ... Oh,
um, whom you pleased, my lord?

CHIEF DWARF

And for our fifty carat gold
jewellery we would get?

MR. FLAUNTIT

Our people's money!

CHIEF DWARF

Which is made of?

MR. FLAUNTIT

Er ... brass, silver, copper, alloy
and paper ...

CHIEF DWARF

Paper?! ... (Roars) Throw them
out!!

Flauntit and Jones look horrified

45

EXT. ROCKS BY THE SEA - EVENING

45

Frank and the Queen of the Elves are walking on the beach and
then they walk onto the rocks. When the queen gets a little
unsteady, from time to time, Frank offers his hand.

QUEEN

It's no good ... It's my fault! We
need that barrier back up!

FRANK

Why is it your fault, Ma'am?

QUEEN

If I hadn't lost the wretched
password, these creatures ...
sorry...Men, wouldn't be coming in
and causing trouble!

FRANK

Does it look different with the
barrier up?

QUEEN

There is just nothing to see ...
the sea looks like the sea and your
woods look like your woods ... hum.

FRANK

What if a person ... maybe a Man
got into your land just before the
rift was sealed?

QUEEN

Then he could live for several
thousand years

She quickly looks timidly at him, sideways, but he does not
see her.

FRANK

Wouldn't that get boring?

QUEEN

Not with the one you love

Frank is embarrassed and changes the subject. He points to
the miniature chasm in the rocks ahead

FRANK

Careful when you get over there!
You don't want to hurt yourself.

He takes her hand, again. The queen smiles at him.

46

INT. DWARF CHIEF'S OFFICE - DAY

46

The chief is sitting murmuring over some parchments with his
Mine Master. There is a knock at the door and Danak enters

DANAK

Sire, there is a Man type, without,
who would speak with you.

CHIEF DWARF

(Irritable) What about, NOW?

DANAK

He and his acolytes would not say,
my lord.

The chief waves irritably

CHIEF DWARF

Oh, send them in!

The Mine Master moves respectfully a little away. Danak leans
back out a little.

DANAK

You may enter the presence!

He steps back in and off to the side.

Two dwarf guards (metal, instead of leather plating) enter. They step to the outer jambs of the door, on the inside of the room, stamp and remain on guard, holding their war (sledge)axes.

Mr. Grabbit enters, followed by two of his minions. He marches right up to the Chief Dwarf's desk (which is naturally quite low) and he sees one of the drawers full of gold coins. Mr. Grabbit goggles, goes rigid with excitement at so much gold and he has to struggle to keep his breathing slow. Mr. Grabbit offers his hand to the Chief.

MR. GRABBIT

Ah! ... Ah, er ... Er, Good morning, Chief Dwarf!

There is a loud hiss from all four servitor dwarves in the room and Danak's stentorian voice rings out

DANAK

You do not presume to touch his lordship!

Mr. Grabbit withdraws his hand, sees a nearby chair, takes hold of it and starts to sit down

ALL DWARVES

(Loudly) You never sit in his lordship's presence!

Mr. Grabbit bounds from the chair as if stung

The chief dwarf enjoying the man's discomfiture, leans back in his chair and smiles, while shaking his head.

CHIEF DWARF

(To his Mine Master) Dew, dew! Such manners, see! ...

He turns his head to address Mr. Grabbit and stops smiling

CHIEF DWARF (CONT'D)

... So what do you want off us, now, boyos?

Mr. Grabbit, a bit nettled, rouses himself.

MR. GRABBIT

As a member of Her Majesty's Revenue department, I am here, officially, to inform you and your subjects that you must render taxation payments to our government.

CHIEF DWARF

Why?

MR GRABBIT

So that we can use it for such as building roads, disposing of rubbish and going to war.

CHIEF DWARF

We do not use your roads! We do not make rubbish! We are not at war ...

He looks up at Grabbit, menacingly

CHIEF DWARF (CONT'D)

... yet!

Tax Minion 1 steps forward

MINION 1

Most gracious Sire, would you just perhaps allow us to give a little talk to some of your senior subjects and then we can explain how useful our department is to them, please?

The chief rolls his eyes and sighs

CHIEF DWARF

I can't see the point of it, myself, but, alright, then ... If you must ... you can give a little talk ... A very little talk, then.

He dismisses them with his fingers and they shuffle out backwards herded by the guards.

47

INT. MR. GRABBIT'S OFFICE - DAY

47

Mr. Grabbit is pouring coffee, at a side table, for the other two regional heads who are standing nearby and receiving their cups

MR. GRABBIT
So gentlemen, we are in accord
about what must be done?

MR. FLAUNTIT
But we must keep the Middle
Earthers on our side ...

MR. KILLIT
...whilst protecting the species of
Great Britain!

*Song 10: Trio (each Regional Head sings how he sees the
situation and proposes what they should do).*

48 EXT. MIDDLE EARTH/TELEPOM TOWER - DAY

48

Three TV crew and equipment are standing around at the base
of the tower, together with Mr. Flauntit, Mr. Jones, the
director, and the presenter.

There is a little knot of three dwarves and another of our
five goblins watching proceedings.

The presenter is a beautiful woman in a tight dress on a
bicycle. She is looking a little uncertain of herself
managing the bicycle in this dress.

DIRECTOR
Ready when you are Jenny!

The presenter, Jenny is tugging at her dress

JENNY
This dress is too tigh ...

CAM OP
... Camera speeed

Jenny looks down in dismay at her very high-heeled shoes

JENNY
And I can't WALK in these sho ...

DIRECTOR
... And 'Action'!

He waves his hand at Jenny, the presenter

Jenny looks wildly around the assembly and at her colleagues,
some of whom are, by now, on mountain bicycles with sideways
headcams, sound booms, etc., and then back to the camera.

JENNY

Well ... er, hello, world! ... I am here, today, to tell you that, on Great British soil, in a first for the whole planet, we have found an entire lost civilization of several different... er, species ... Er ... I am Jenny Kilmartin and I will be taking you, the viewers, on a bicycle ride around this astonishing Middle Earth of Great Britain.

She indicates the two gathered knots of Middle Earthlings

JENNY (CONT'D)

Here we have ...

The big TV cameras both swing around together and the Middle Earthlings, thinking that they are being shot at, flee in all directions, with alarmed cries.

JENNY (CONT'D)

... er, these retiring Middle Earthlings who ... uh, whom, we will be interviewing later in the programme. So, if you will come with me, now, we will be off to see this new land!

The presenter inelegantly mounts her bicycle and wobbles off pedalling with her high heels, with crew outriders and the production vehicle bringing up the rear, at a little distance with a camera poking out of the window.

Mr. Flauntit nods satisfiedly to Mr. Jones.

49

EXT. QUEEN'S FLET/BALCONY OUTSIDE OF BOUDOIR - DUSK

49

The Queen of the Elves and Frank are finishing a candlelit dinner, in the lateish summer evening. There is a magnificent view down over the valley below, with sight of the other flets twinkling, high up, among the trees in the half light.

There are two guards just visible, standing at the far side of the balcony and two handmaidens sitting, at the other far side. Frank is sitting facing the queen and the handmaiden waiting on them, has just cleared the dishes. They are left with the wine, in a crystal flagon, and some fruit.

The queen sits back in her chair

QUEEN

You are too far away, Frank. I
cannot see your face, properly! ...
Move your chair.

She indicates the adjacent space. Frank smiles, nervously and
moves himself and chair.

QUEEN (CONT'D)

You seem too constricted ... I
would you remove your horrid neck
cloth.

She flips the tie with her finger. Frank removes said tie.
The queen touches him under his chin.

QUEEN (CONT'D)

There, now! ... Is that not better?

FRANK

(Nervously) Yes, Ma'am

QUEEN

You may call me Alula

FRANK

Yes, Ma ... Alula

The queen smiles

QUEEN

I thank Frank. ... Now, tell me ...
Have you any wives?

FRANK

No

QUEEN

Why?

FRANK

She left me for her aerobics
instructor

The queen pouts, in disapproval

QUEEN

Ohhh Then, indeed they
will be well cursed with each
other's company Hummm ...
(slowly) Aerobeeeks.

She gets up and wanders to the railing, where she looks out.
Frank follows her.

QUEEN (CONT'D)

Do you think this tower and show thing on a phone thing idea is a good one, Frank?

FRANK

No, Ma ... Alula. I, I am beginning to think it's a bad idea.

QUEEN

They are voyeurs ... They cannot peer into my and my subjects' homes and so they will spy upon our land, instead.

FRANK

They didn't ask your permission to visit and interview pe, ... er, your elves?

QUEEN

No. ... They sow dissatisfaction amongst the young with their devices, and patronise our simplicity.

Frank looks earnestly at her

FRANK

You're not simple

QUEEN

Now YOU patronize me, and are not being "Frank".

She smiles at him, and is then serious, again

QUEEN (CONT'D)

I am not a fool, though, Frank. I have seen your devices and am well aware that your people could snuff us out like a candle... More Menkind will come and want to devour us. ...

The queen shudders

QUEEN (CONT'D)

This tower is a threat.

She moves towards Frank and he gingerly, but happily, puts his arm around her shoulders and pats her.

50

INT. CHIEF DWARF'S OFFICE - DAY

50

The chief is behind his desk with Danak standing by. Tax minions 1 and 2 are standing in front of the desk, each off to a different side. They are each turning on their large, digital screens which they have emplaced upon small portable metal stands.

Minion 3 carries in a Clavinova which he places off slightly to one side. He grabs a nearby stand chair, sits, and flexes his fingers in preparation and look up at Mr. Grabbit.

Mr. Grabbit is standing between them and slightly in front. He is rigid, trembling and goggling at, while desperately trying to distract himself from, the sight of a big pile of gold coins nonchalantly heaped upon a side table, near to some gold goblets.

Six senior dwarves are seated facing the desk, but at a little distance. They seem a little confused.

Minion 1 steps forward and addresses them

MINION 1

In line with your kind chief's permission, Mr. Grabbit, our regional Head of Taxation, has come, today, to explain to you how to pay tax to Great Britain, and then to explain what we do with this money.

Mr. Grabbit steps forward

MR. GRABBIT

Herm ... Er, thank you and good day, gentle, ... er, dwarves ... So ...

He launches into

Song no. 11: The Tax Form song.

This song is accompanied by the keyboard and screen 1 displaying the song's lyrics, with a small bouncing dot, as if to encourage singing along. Screen 2 displays photographs of the various articles mentioned in the song, some incorrect photos(maybe puns upon the words). The minions point occasionally and smile, as if to encourage the senior dwarves, in their understanding.

51 INT. QUEEN'S FLET/HER BOUDOIR - DAY

51

The queen and Frank are standing talking quietly, near the opening to the terrace and two handmaidens are standing next to a low table in the middle of some arm chairs. They are holding a couple of carafes.

The door opens and Iris appears, followed by the dwarf chief and Goblin 1

IRIS
Their lordships, my lady!

The queen steps forward.

QUEEN
You are most welcome here, my lords.

She curtsies profoundly and indicates the chairs.

QUEEN (CONT'D)
Sit and refresh yourselves

The dwarf and goblin look suspiciously and hesitatingly at Frank who is hovering, still by the terrace entrance.

QUEEN (CONT'D)
My lords, this is Frank and is a friend to our cause.

The dwarf and goblin sit down and Bluebell and Poppy Seed pour their wine.

CHIEF DWARF
This Frank is a man folk, yeh.

GRABBERWRACK
Aye ... and mebbe a traitor, an aw!

QUEEN
Do you doubt my word, my lords?!

GRABBERWRACK
Weell ... naw, naw, but happen we're just a wee bit more cautious than a young woman!

The queen laughs

QUEEN

Grabberwrack! ... Thou knowst full well that I had lived a thousand years when you were but a goblin in arms!

GRABBERWRACK

Well, trueee, pit ...

DWARF CHIEF

... I take it we are here about the Menfolk, yeh?

The queen sits down and signals to the leaders who do likewise.

QUEEN

Indeed Sires! There are the problems of this tax, this tower, and the rift in the barrier.

CHIEF DWARF

Leave me for this wretched tax gatherer ...

GRABBERWRACK

...and our laddies ha' sich a sore need o' firewood! ... and that useless auld tower just standing there!

He rolls his eyes and looks all innocence

QUEEN

(Laughing)Then I shall concentrate all of my poor powers in finding that barrier password.

The queen beckons Frank over to join them and sit down. She drinks her wine

QUEEN (CONT'D)

Frank, what think you the Man powers will do when we refuse payment, and act accordingly?

Frank looks nervously at the dwarf and goblin

FRANK

I think that there is always the possibility that they may attack you, my lady.

QUEEN

Then I shall ready my people ...

She stands up

QUEEN (CONT'D)

and my lords ... I think it would
be wise for you to do so too.

The dwarf and the goblin both stand, nod and the three of
these leaders raise their goblets and clink, in toast.

QUEEN (CONT'D)

To Middle Earth!

LEADERS

To Middle Earth!

They drink the wine

52

EXT. A BEACH - DAY

52

Grabberwrack, Gristle, another chief and their goblins,
numbering about sixteen, in all, are on the beach.

They are all armed with various rusty medieval arms

Grabberwrack is standing on a box waving his sword at them
and shouting, and Gristle and the other chief are trying to
get their goblins into three lines of four.

This line forming is very hard work for the leaders as the
goblins keep taking to squatting, vigorous scratching, nose
picking, urinating, quarrelling and examining of infestations
in their loincloths and elsewhere.

Finally the leaders have managed the formation and
Grabberwrack smiles delightedly and nods his head. He opens
his mouth to speak, when the reality TV presenter and crew
cycle into view along the beach.

All heads turn. A general "ooogh"! goes up. The goblins
become completely distracted and leave their formation,
lumbering off across the sand and starting to give chase,
like dogs to bicycles.

Jenny and her three crew, hearing the noise, look back, see
the hideously ugly goblins, cry out and speed up. So do the
goblins ... into the distance along the sand.

Grabberwrack drops his hands in dismay, and then, enraged,
dances in fury on his box.

53 INT. MR. GRABBIT'S OFFICE - DAY

53

Mr Grabbit is by himself at his desk, on the phone.

MR. GRABBIT

Have you heard?! ... Wha ? ...it's
Grabbit, Inland Revenue, here! ...
Yes, I'm very well, blah, blah ...
They've sent a message through this
little twerp, Smith, that they
refuse to be taxed!
Tower? ... What, Flauntit's? ...
...

A shot of the tower in flames

MR. GRABBIT

This is rioting and must be
estopped!... ... Yes, yes, I will
call out the riot police! ... The
army! ... You must declare a state
of biohazard emergency and we must
get this Middle Earth under control
... our control! ... Yes ...
Yes ...phone me back when you have
your men sorted!

He slams down the phone and takes a deep furious, determined
breath.

MR. GRABBIT

Our control!

54 INT. DWARF MINE/ENTRY HALL - DAY

54

The chief dwarf is sitting on his dais opposite around three
groups of four dwarves per group. The three groups' leaders
are standing at the heads of their groups, facing the chief.
Danak and the mine master are standing either side of the
chief.

GROUP LEADER 1

It's not that we won't, see! It's
that we can't, Sire!

GROUP LEADER 2

(Very elderly)My hands have been
fitted to a pick for over three
hundred years, now ... and, dew,
dew, I've forgotten, you see, the
use of the war axe!

He pulls out a hanky and blows his nose, accidentally emptying his pocket of a good handful of gold coins.

CHIEF DWARF

Well, we could just use those dwarves who are under two hundred years old, then ...

LEADER 3

Verily! ... Excepting that these young uns are the only ones nimble enough to tackle the good gold seam which is so low down, see!

LEADER 1

Our gold stocks are perilously low and we are down to only two hundred years supply ...

LEADER 2

(To leader 1) My own personal hoard now only fills three rooms and my wife is complaining, bach!

The chief raises and drops his arms, in exasperation, rolls his eyes and turns his head to one side.

Danak offers him a goblet on a plate

DANAK

Mead, sire?

55 INT. BRIGADIER'S OFFICE - DAY

55

The brigadier is on the phone.

BRIGADIER

Is that the Minister for Home Affairs? ... Ah! Brigadier Templeton of Fusilliers Division 6, Sir! Have you a moment? ... Um ... It's just that the Chief of Police for the Bigglesworth area has just requested army back up for his riot squad. ... Yes, yes ... Burning a tower or something yes, ... Ummm ... Something about dark coloured people and some hippy types ... Fairies with long hair! ... Yes, Sir ...

(MORE)

BRIGADIER (CONT'D)

I told him that this isn't an army affair, but I would just send a single platoon with a watching brief, onlyWill do!

He puts the phone down and shakes his head.

BRIGADIER (CONT'D)

Fairies!

56 EXT. SANDY BOTTOMS/JUST OUTSIDE OF THE BARRIER RIFT - DAY 56

The Bigglesworth Superintendent is pompously marching up and down in front of his 8 riot police equipped with full gear. There is a semi armoured riot car (jeep/land rover) equipped with a water canon, behind them. His chief inspector and sergeant stand nearby.

Army vehicles are arriving through the gate of the field and police, from one of the police transit vans, are unpacking gear and starting to put up two big tents with, now, the help of the other van's occupants.

Messers. Grabbit and Killit are standing with a couple of their minions a little way back, near their cars, watching with grim glee.

SUPERINTENDENT

Now listen to me, men! What we do today will be remembered by all the people of this island!

He looks around heroically, and speaks in a Churchillian voice.

SUPERINTENDENT (CONT'D)

Never has Great Britain had such a threat as this. It is up to us to hold the fort, until our army colleagues join us in the defence.

The chief inspector grabs the superintendent's sleeve as the superintendent parades past.

CHIEF INSPECTOR

Harry! The Brigadier sent to say it's not their affair, and they are only holding a watching brief!

SUPERINTENDENT

What?! ... Not fighting the invaders?... ... Cowards!

(MORE)

SUPERINTENDENT (CONT'D)
All of them! ... But we can face
this alone, Liam!

He turns to call to the men.

SUPERINTENDENT (CONT'D)
Follow me! At a walking pace!

He walks slowly through the barrier rift.

57

EXT. MIDDLE EARTH SIDE OF BARRIER - DAY

57

The Superintendent takes about twenty paces into the other side. The riot police follow him.

They are confronted with 12 elves, about 50 metres away, standing two deep (i.e. 2 x 6) with bows standing by their sides. The queen is off to the side on horseback with two guards, two handmaidens, and Frank and Sharon, armed (medievally).

The superintendent halts and so do his police. He turns to the chief inspector

SUPERINTENDENT
Blimey! A load of fairies!

SERGEANT
(Interrupting) We don't use that,
that word, Sir!

The super looks back to the lines of elves. One elf is discussing battle plans with his arms around the shoulders of two other elves. One of these listeners nods, walks back to his line place and flicks out his long, golden hair.

SUPERINTENDENT
Well they look like a bunch of
fairies to me!

The super turns to his men and starts to point

SUPERINTENDENT (CONT'D)
Cha!!

His warcry is cut off by a terrible hail of arrows that appears out of almost nowhere. The armoured car, with water canon, which has followed them through, has four flat tyres and the big bowser on the back is stuck full of arrows and is leaking in big spouts, all over.

SUPERINTENDENT (CONT'D)

(Shouts)

Regroup! Regroup!! ... Back behind
the rift!

The super and his men turn and flee back through the rift, to
ululations of delight from the elves.

58

EXT. MIDDLE EARTH/JUST INSIDE THE BARRIER - DAY

58

The following day

There is a small field's width beyond the rift and then there
are two semicircular ditches and banks. Beyond this, there is
a stockade fence of sharpened tree trunks.

We see a goblin team dragging logs to the stockade and
dwarves furiously digging the ditches. Some elves have set up
a training area, nearby, and are practising sword play and
archery.

Nearby, the queen is sitting on a log, talking with her
allies.

QUEEN

In the end, we have not enough
Middle Earthlings.

CHIEF DWARF

Fear not, Ma'am, I have heard from
four mines to the north. They are
on their way.

QUEEN

Oh, thank goodness!

GRABBERWRACK

Aye and werred has gone out to the
clans ... We ha' eighteen enraged
clans coming ta keep these Man
creatures oot a our ain hame.

QUEEN

(Cheering up) Splendid! ... Even
better!

FRANK

And my Telepom engineers are
coming, too, your majesty.

QUEEN

What is their mode of attack,
Frank?

FRANK

Ah, it's innocuous, but
devastatingly effective.

A team of goblins march past pulling a big log with chains. These are followed by a line of dwarves carrying heavy buckets of water. They sing

Piece no. 12: Goblins' & Dwarves' working song - a powerful, dogged marching 'rocky' song.

59 EXT. SANDY BOTTOMS/POLICE CAMP - DAY

59

There is now quite a camp at Sandy Bottoms. There are two big white police tents, and three army tents. Another one is a Red Cross tent. There are a couple of armoured cars, a troop carrier and a couple of army land rovers with soldiers milling around, carrying things. There is the water canon car, and also a police van and two, or three white and black police cars, as well as some civilian vehicles. There are riot police, tax and environment minions milling about. Two of the latter have hazmat suits on.

There is some undermining going on by the barrier and two scientists in white coats holding instruments up to it. Two Police snipers (labelled on back) are cosying down and loading their guns, on either side of the encampment.

Greenpeace (four to six of them) are occupying two trees hanging two banners protesting against the spraying of biocides on Middle Earth.

"Is it not enough that you poison our world?"

"Do you have to poison their world, too?!"

60 EXT. MIDDLE EARTH/NEXT TO BARRIER - DAY

60

Frank is walking proudly along by the rift, on Middle Earth side. He is accompanied by Ted and John.

TED

I wouldn't have believed it if I
hadn't seen it, Frank, but the boys
are all here: even team seven ...
and the wusses didn't get lost this
time!

Camera pans round to the preparing battle filed, with six striped (plastic?) Telepom tents, half open, with cheery men with mugs of coffee who wave at Frank.

JOHN

Telepom won't miss the tents for a few days.

TED

Frikkin slave drivers! ... And each tent hides a bloody great hole and miles of cabling for tying the buggers up!

John holds up a big handful of comms fibres

JOHN

We're going to nobble their comms, as well.

FRANK

Well done, guys! Well done!

61 EXT. MIDDLE EARTH/ TELEPOM TENTS' FIELD - DAY

61

A news crew (presenter, cam op and sound boom with recorder) are standing in the rift, waving a white flag and gesturing to Frank.

Frank is walking nearby, inspecting the Telepom 'tent holes' with the queen, the dwarf chief and Grabberwrack. The group sees the news crew!

GRABBERWRACK

(Pointing))

Thir trying it awn again, the jawbs! I'll ...

He grabs his sword and starts to leave, but Frank grabs him

FRANK

No, no! I've called these people in. They could be good allies.

Frank sets off across the grass followed by the others.

DWARF CHIEF

COULD be, yeh!

FRANK

They're here to get our side of the story and tell other people how badly we are being treated.

QUEEN

What? ... Kind and interested people who want to help us?

The presenter is shouting to Frank because she has seen him

PRESENTER'S VOICE

Yoo, hoo! Frank! Frank Smith, isn't it?

Frank waves and then looks back to the queen

FRANK

Well, actually, nosy, self interested people who want to make money out of us ... but, in this case, the end could be the same.

Frank comes up to the crew, who are already shooting him

FRANK (CONT'D)

Yes ... I'm Frank Smith. Are you Miss Delayney?

ISABELLE

Ooh, call me Isabelle. Thanks for your call. We're here to put you on TV and online.

FRANK

Thanks for coming.

ISABELLE

Well, we're here to get both sides of this war.

She looks at the queen

ISABELLE (CONT'D)

Are you the elf queen, then, your majesty?

The queen nods stiffly.

FRANK

And these allies are the Chief of the goblins, Chief Grabberwrack and his lordship, Chief xxtrsrtxxzzthuehgthsgghh, the head of the dwarf community.

Both dwarf and goblin bow stiffly. Isabelle does an awkward bob curtsey in her short, tight dress.

ISABELLE

Now people, tell me everything. The IRS say that you refuse to negotiate anything with them and have attacked our government's equipment and been rioting ...

62

EXT. SANDY BOTTOMS/FIELD NEXT TO BARRIER - DAY

62

A little later. The news crew, Frank and Sharon re-emerge, through the rift from Middle Earth, and there is a gasp as the police, tax, and environmental people, etc, see that there are others coming through too.

The superintendent raises his hand, and shouts

SUPERINTENDENT

Wai ...

The police snipers, thinking that the superintendent has just given the order to fire, stiffen into action and do so. One of them hits Frank, who falls to the floor, unconscious.

SHARON

Uncle! ... Uncle!!

Sharon grabs what was in Frank's hand, a white handkerchief on a stick, and waves it furiously

SHARON (CONT'D)

(Bawling) You frikkin tossers! ...
We were coming to negotiate for the
Middle Earthlings.

Sharon throws down the flag, sits down next to Frank, hauls Frank's upper body onto her thigh/lap and tears open Frank's shirt. We see a large bullet wound, spurting blood, rhythmically and copiously, from his upper chest.

The two trees of Greenpeace demonstrators start shouting and holding up their phones

GREENPEACERS

Boooooooo! Boooooo! Hissssssss! Police
brutality! Killers! We got you on
camera! Killers! Police brutality!

The demonstrators jump down, and they, and the news crews run towards Frank

SUPERINTENDENT

(Roars) Guns down! Guns down! ...
Keep the citizens away!

The riot police form a cordon and stop the demonstrators and other news crews from getting near. Isabelle and her crew, however, are nearby, and continuously shooting.

Sharon, cradling Frank, now bawls out for the queen

SHARON

Alula! Alula! ... It's OK, Uncle
Frank! ... You'll be OK! You...
Alula! Al ...

Alula and two of her handmaidens come running through the rift. The queen pauses, see the knot around Frank and runs up to them.

SHARON (CONT'D)

Can you do humans, as well, your
Majesty?!(Sniffs)

QUEEN

Frank!

The queen kneels by Frank's side. She puts both hands on top of each other and just hovers them over Frank's wound. She starts chanting quietly and then the chant rises to a high, keening, eerie voice which rises into the air and floats away across the fells.

The sound, eventually, suddenly stops abruptly, leaving echoes which rebound around, and the queen arises from her kneeling. She steps back and slowly, gracefully, and tiredly up. She sighs.

QUEEN (CONT'D)

It is done.

MR. KILLIT

WHAT have you done?

The queen smiles gently and ironically, shakes her head

QUEEN

Oh! ... It's far too primitive for
your 'advanced civilisation' to
understand.

Frank suddenly gasps and then sits up, coughing. He looks around.

FRANK

What happened? Where am I?

Sharon quickly moves his shirt and looks for signs of an injury. There isn't any. She rubs his shirt over the site of the erstwhile injury. The wound is gone.

SHARON

Uncle Frank! You're OK! ... You're OK!! ... Yehhhh!

Sharon hugs and rocks him wildly. Ted stands, gawping over the group.

TED

It's a frikkin miracle!

Ted turns to the demonstrators and news crews, waving his arms.

TED (CONT'D)

It's OK! ... He's alive! ... The queen sorted it! ... It's a frikkin miracle!

Sharon and the Superintendent help Frank to his feet and over to the First Aid tent, with Ted and John following.

Suddenly, the Superintendent stops and looks back

SUPERINTENDENT

Where ... where's the quee ...

He looks around, but the queen and her maidens have gone.

63

INT. OFFICE OF MINISTER OF DIVERSITY - DAY

63

The minister, his aide, and his friend, the governments' Head of PR, Shelley, are horrifiedly watching the shooting of Frank, on the internet news.

MINISTER

Goodness grief! ... Did I just see the police shoot an unarmed civilian, Shelley?

SHELLEY

Either it's my imagination, or Bigglesworth region tax department and its rotweillers, the local police, are making war, literally, on groups of nice young men and dark coloured people, down there.

MINISTER FOR DIVERSITY
 (Faintly)
 Shooting people of colour and ...
 and rainbow communities?!

He recovers himself and roars at his aide

MINISTER
 Get me the Home Office!!

The Minister grabs his mobile and starts furiously texting.
 His aide grabs the landline and starts furiously, quietly and earnestly talking to the operator.

SHELLEY
 Well, speaking as the PM's PR, the
 only thing now, between us and a
 complete Labour Party takeover, is
 a lot of sackings and even more bum
 lickings!

She gets up, snatches her handbag up, and races off.

64 EXT. MIDDLE EARTH/BEHIND STOCKADE - EVENING

64

There are three fires around which, we see the goblins in a group, in the distance, either eating, sleeping, or playing dice. The dwarves are a little further away, around their own fire, rolled in their blankets and sleeping. The elves (about 8) are gathered around their fire. The queen and Frank, Sharon and Armolas sit together, with them. They sing

*Song no. 13: We Go to Our Sleep - an antiphonal song
 with Armolas as soloist and elf choir response.*

65 EXT. MIDDLE EARTH/FIELD NEAR BARRIER - DAY

65

Frank and Sharon are standing in the rift space looking out at the Sandy Bottom field with the army, police and local government encampment.

SHARON
 Uncle Frank, do you think they
 really wi ...

Suddenly the two speakers on sticks, in the police-occupied field blare out

SPEAKERS

Attention! Attention! All units
return to base for transportation
back to Biggleswade ... All units
return to base!

A big cheer goes up from the Greenpeace demonstrators in the trees, and now also the new ones, around at the bottom of the trees, as well.

Civil servants, army, and riot police start assembling at a couple of the big tents and there is much bustle.

FRANK

(In amazement) They're withdrawing!
... They're leaving!
They really are ruddy well leaving!

Sharon throws up her hands and dances a jig

SHARON

Yeh, yeh, yeh, yeh! We ... eee
won!!... Weeee wooon! ...

She abruptly stops

SHARON (CONT'D)

Oh! ... We've got to give Armolas
the news!

She tears off across the Telepom tent field and Frank,
follows, smiling.

66

EXT. MIDDLE EARTH/A TRACK ENDING IN A GLADE - DAY

66

Armolas is walking along with Sharon. He is carrying a rod
with lots of fish threaded on it.

ARMOLAS

Sharon, I have decided to live in
your world, if they will let me.

SHARON

Yeh! ... Oh, great! Awesome! ...
You can come and stay in my flat!

ARMOLAS

Well, that is very kind of you,
Sharon ... I gratefully accept ...
for a short while. But I must find
work, however, and then I can pay
my way... I want to study your
exotic birds...

SHARON
 (Nodding earnestly) ...Yeh! Yeh,
 there's LOADS a pigeons round our
 place!

67 INT. - DAY

67

Tableaux

Frank in his office, looking lovingly at a photograph he has taken of the queen.

Sharon, alone in her bedroom, looking moonily at a phone photo of Armolas

The queen throwing all of her possessions out of her bedroom drawers and gesticulating to her handmaidens, frantically looking for the password

Armolas opens a present "from Sharon". He pulls the tee shirt on over his shift. It says "I'm birding you!" He looks confused for a minute and then shrugs and smiles and puts on another piece of this new clothing called a baseball cap ... backwards. He looks at himself dubiously in the bronze mirror ... He looks a wally.

68 EXT. QUEEN'S FLET/TERRACE - EVENING

68

Frank and the queen have just finished dinner. They are alone with no guards or maidens.

The queen gets up and slowly moves towards the guard rail and Frank puts his cutlery together and starts to move, but then the queen turns round and looks at him.

QUEEN
 Frank, how do men propose marriage,
 in your world?

Frank freezes stock still

FRANK
 Er, well ... Uh, they must ask them

QUEEN
 How?

FRANK
 Well, I suppose if they are the
 romantic sort ...er, down on their
 knees.... but not usually.

QUEEN

But what if the woman be many
degrees above the station of the
man?

FRANK

Well, I, er ... She, er ...
(Coughs) Well, I thi ...

The queen kneels down

QUEEN

Well, I believe that I must do as
they, then ... Frank, will you
have me as your wife ... please?

She looks up at him

FRANK

What, ME, your WIFE?

QUEEN

No, Frank ... ME, YOUR wife.

Frank still sits at the table and his mouth is open, in
astonishment. Alula gets up.

FRANK

Me ... husband?

The queen is getting a little tried, here and so she attempts
pointing

QUEEN

Yes, Frank...You, husband: me,
wife!

Frank suddenly leaps to his feet and hurls himself on Alula,
swinging her off her feet and around and around.

FRANK

Oh, Alula! My own Alula! ... Yes!
Yes! Yes ... Pleeeeeeez!

He kisses her a big smacker. She finally pulls herself away
gently and smiles back at his radiant face, holding it
between her hands.

Messers Killit, Grabbit and Flauntit are lined up in front of
the Minister for Diversity, and Shelley. They look chagrined.

MINISTER

With the references I would be giving you, you would never be able to get jobs in the private sector, so I'm taking pity on you all! ... You, Grabbit, are doing database entry in Scunthorpe water payments department.

GRABBIT

(Gasps) Not, Scunthorpe!

MINISTER

You, Flauntit, are with the new Welcoming Team giving out flower necklaces at Heathrow airport.

FLAUNTIT

Flower necklaces!

MINISTER

And you, Killit, are emptying the environmentally efficient dog bins in the Royal parks!

KILLIT

(Weakly) Poop scooping?!

MINISTER

That's all!

He looks disgusted

MINISTER (CONT'D)

Dismissed!

He waves his fingers, dismissively, in contempt

The three ex HOD's look aghast.

70

EXT. MIDDLE EARTH/ANOTHER FIELD - EVENING

70

The sun is starting to set and some (40?) Middle Earthlings are just finishing a picnic, on white tablecloths set in a circle. The queen and Frank sit together, on big cushions and Sharon and Armolas sit over on the other side.

The queen leans in to Frank, but suddenly, a small green child runs across in front of them and drops a bit of paper. The queen picks it up, reads it and grins

QUEEN

Oh!Well ... my gift to you, my
husband, is ... the barrier
password.

FRANK

Oh, you've found it!

The queen waves the bit of paper and nods delightedly

QUEEN

You must tell Sharon and Armolas
that they must depart tomorrow, for
the rift will be mended then, at
sunset.

Frank smiles, takes her hands and kisses them both.

Suddenly five goblins burst into the middle of the circle.
They have acquired long, blonde wigs, each, and they sing a
scurrilous, satirical song, pretending, in Bee Gee falsetto
voices, to be "fairies" who are rescuing their kidnapped
friend.

The 'victim' (also with long, blonde wig) sits gagged in a
chair while the ('elf-disguised') goblins, in white coats,
prance around him waving a big, raw fish, clipboard and
stethoscope, while making (finger waving) 'wing flapping'
motions.

*Song no. 14: "And he was sighin' and squawking" (Bee gee
disco style)*

The goblins are booed, and food-pelted off 'stage'.

Then the queen, smiling, stands up, takes Frank's hand, and
leads him through an opening, in the leafy trellis screen,
behind. All of the party follow them.

71

EXT. STONE CIRCLE/INTERIOR- EVENING

71

The sun is lowish, now.

The queen leads Frank out of the trellis entrance and into
the arena of the stone circle. She walks through to the far
side and gestures for her subjects all to join hands. They
all join hands and the music starts for the big circle dance.
They all start swaying, and stepping, slowly.

(The queen starts to sing with a beautiful clear, high
voice?) a song than starts slowly, and the sound soars away
over the hills. (The wedding guests join in the chorus?).

Song / piece no. 15: Wedding Dance.

The camera watches them dance, as the music speeds up and they pick up tempo (like the Kalamatiano, but instrumentally and harmonically Celtic).

Final shot: drone rises above the stone circle, and keeps rising, up from the hill, in the setting sun.