

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, accessorised 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 my work!

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

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 visiting 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

He turns to his PC's screen and the corporate screensaver pops up: Telepom (with logo)

I LOVE MY WORK

Followed by an emoji which smiles and winks at him

Frank sighs.

3

INT. GOBLIN'S CAVE - DAY

3

Five goblins are sitting around the remains of a fire, at the back of a cave.

They are medium sized, hideously ugly, with foul teeth and bad alopecia. Their bodies are of 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 Celto/Nordic tattoos.

You can just see a bit of daylight entrance from behind one wall.

The goblins 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 lock  
you 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

(Glasgow accent) Wat's a pervert,  
then?

GOBLIN 1

(Glasgow) 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)  
 (Glasgow) 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)  
 (Glasgow) 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 as 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 wi  
 ower bodies of brawn and great  
 strength.

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 ....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, Uncle Frank?

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 carried away.

5

INT. GOBLINS' CAVE - DAY

5

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 around the fire.

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! 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, slack-jawed, 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 and recoils.

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' the  
 Greenlands! They Man pipples,  
 they's famed fuir they stupidity!  
 ... Theysen have tae be treated  
 like theys 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 ! 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. He walks  
 over to Sharon 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 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, 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....

The sergeant tugs at the sleeve again of the Superintendent

SERGEANT

Er, Sir....

(half whispers)

Inspector Hargreaves lost his job  
for victimizing certain, er,  
certain vulnerable 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

Grabberack, yer honour

SUPERINTENDENT

Yes,...er, Mr. Grabberack, 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.... 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 plump, but light on his feet. He 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 Greenlands place and of how our tourist board can exploit this magnificent discovery! The world will be at our door! ...

*Song 3: Flauntit's Solo - Memo re. Elves*

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? ... ... 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!)

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 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 The Greenlands

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 FLETTED 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 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!....  
And 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! 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 Mankind.



QUEEN

You broke our decree and damaged  
the barrier, further?

ARMOLAS

I did but flee the pursuit of my  
enemies, the Sandy Hill goblins who  
sought to kill me, My....

The queen looks pensive

QUEEN

....Ah, yes! ... The barrier is  
waning, at that spot ... so you  
broke through the rift ...  
(Suddenly) Armolas! ... Why were  
you, yet again, unarmed?

ARMOLAS

A thousand apologies, majesty, I  
did but follow a honey warbler. The  
barrier is weak ...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 to go back up the tree.

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, Uncy!

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?...My own wife got bored of me!

SHARON

Beats me!... But all that twining  
arms to drink wine, stuff! ...

(MORE)

SHARON (CONT'D)

And she wanted to put some flowers  
in yer 'air!

FRANK

I'm sure it's just the...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, Uncy.

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 the Greenlands 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, smooths 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 drawn up a Memo of action regarding these elves..... These alien invaders! You, gentlemen ... er, lady, will constitute the front line of my 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! Double up on the spraying at Sandy Bottoms and spray over in the Greenlands 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. THE GREENLANDS/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. 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 ...

(MORE)

ARMOLAS (CONT'D)

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 The Greenlands?

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!

Song no.....

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 zoophagus! ... 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. THE GREENLANDS/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 the  
Greenlands, 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. THE GREENLANDS/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, we can give you some of  
our devices, 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 shifty, 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.THE GREENLANDS/ 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 The Greenlands, 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 The Greenlands, 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.....

Fade Out

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. Gabbit'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!

Grabberrack 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! The Tourist Board  
has commissioned Telepom to put a  
coms tower on the goblins' land.

JOHN  
Where?

FRANK  
Sandy Bottoms, but on the  
Greenlands' side ...

TED  
(Indulgent irony)...Greenlands'  
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. THE GREENLANDS/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 Greenlanders 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. THE GREENLANDS/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 hidden Greenlands, of Great Britain.

She indicates the two gathered knots of Greenlanders

JENNY (CONT'D)

Here we have ...

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

JENNY (CONT'D)

... er, these retiring Greenlanders 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 and comes to stand besides 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! ...

(MORE)



GRABBERWRACK (CONT'D)  
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 The Greenlands

LEADERS  
To The Greenlands!

They drink the wine

52

EXT. A BEACH - DAY

52

Grabberwrack, Gristle, another chief and their goblins,  
numbering about twenty, 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 four lines of five.

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 Greenlands place 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?

The dwarf chief looks up

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 ... I told him  
that this isn't an army affair, but  
I would just send a single platoon  
with a watching brief, only .....  
...Will 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 16 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! 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 mounted 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, quietly) 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. THE GREENLANDS/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  
 Greenlanders.

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 lorry, 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. THE GREENLANDS/NEXT TO BARRIER - DAY

60

Frank is walking proudly along by the rift, on The Greenlands' 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! ... Anyway, 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. THE GREENLANDS/ 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 fire. 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  
 Greenlanders!

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! Booooo! 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 footage.

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 ... 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. THE GREENLANDS/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. THE GREENLANDS/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. THE GREENLANDS/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

Montage

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.

69

INT. MINISTER OF DIVERSITY'S OFFICE - DAY

69

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. THE GREENLANDS/ANOTHER FIELD - EVENING

70

The sun is starting to set and some (40?) Greenlanders 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.