

Villager 1: Think it's in there?

Villager 2: All right. Let's get it!

Villager 1: Whoa. Hold on. Do you know what that thing can do to you?

Villager 3: Yeah, it'll grind your bones for it's bread.

Shrek sneaks up behind them and laughs.

SHREK: Yes, well, actually, that would be a giant. Now, ogres, oh they're much worse. They'll make a suit from your freshly peeled skin...

Villagers: No!

SHREK: They'll shave your liver. Squeeze the jelly from your eyes! Actually, it's quite good on toast.

Villager 1: Back! Back, beast! Back! I warn ya! (Waves the torch at Shrek.)

Shrek licks his fingers and extinguishes the torch. The men shrink back away from him. Shrek terrifies the mob with a frightening roar, his spit extinguishing all the remaining torches.

SHREK: (Whispering) This is the part where you run away.

The men drop their torches and pitchforks and flee as fast they can.

SHREK: And stay out! (looks down and picks up a wanted poster. Reads.) "Wanted. Fairytale creatures."  
(He sighs and drops the paper on the ground.)