

NOTE: This screenplay is for "The Thief Who Never Gave Up", the film which later became "The Thief and the Cobbler." This script dates probably from around 1980, certainly before 1984. A color sticker added in 1984 (or slightly later) changes the title of the script to "Once ..." On the sticker, Sean Connery is not listed as part of the cast, suggesting that perhaps his part (1 line) was never recorded. Although on a 1988 cast list, Connery is included.

STICKER:

Richard Williams presents

# ONCE ...

An epic fantasy filmed in  
Panimation

For worldwide release in 1988  
Produced by Richard Williams  
and Gary Kurtz

Featuring the voices of  
VINCENT PRICE  
DONALD PLEASANCE  
SIR ANTHONY QUAYLE  
SIR FELIX AYLMER  
KENNETH WILLIAMS  
STANLEY BAXTER  
CATHERINE SCHELL  
JOAN SIMS  
HILARY PRITCHARD  
WINDSOR DAVIES  
GEORGE MELLY  
THICK WILSON  
DERMOT WALSH  
MIRIAM MARGOLYES  
DECLAN MULHOLLAND  
CLINTON SUNDBERG  
and PETER CLAYTON

The Once Studio Ltd., 13 Soho Square, London W1V 6JJ  
Telephone: 01-437 4455 or 01-734 2034 Telex: 299556  
ANFILM G (c) Producers Holdings Inc 1984

END STICKER

Richard Williams Animation Ltd  
13 Soho Square, London, W1V 5FB, England

Richard Williams Animation Inc.  
3193 Cahuenga Blvd West, Hollywood, California, U.S.A.

# THE THIEF Who Never Gave Up

Screenplay by RICHARD WILLIAMS and MARGARET  
FRENCH

VOICES

ZIGZAG VINCENT PRICE

KING NOD ANTHONY QUAYLE

PHIDO DONALD PLEASANCE

NARRATOR SIR FELIX AYLMER

The COBBLER SEAN CONNERY(?) [one line

only]

The THIEF Never Speaks

PRINCESS MEEMEE CATHERINE SCHELL

PRINCESS YUMYUM HILARY PRITCHARD

The MAD HOLY OLD WITCH JOAN SIMS

PRINCE BUBBA THICK WILSON

GOBLET & TICKLE KENNETH WILLIAMS

GOPHER & SLAP STANLEY BAXTER

The MIGHTY ONE-EYE PAUL MATTHEWS

DYING SURVIVOR CLINTON SUNDBERG

MAIDEN FROM MOMBASSA MIRIAM MARGOLYES

The DWARF GEORGE MELLY

CHIEF ROOFLESS WINDSOR DAVIES

HOOK THICK WILSON

GOOLIE FRED SHAW

HOOF EDDIE BYRNE

Other BRIGANDS DERMOT WALSH

DECLAN MULHOLLAND

PETER CLAYTON

MIKE NASH

DEREK HINSON

RAMSAY WILLIAMS

Eastmancolour & Fujicolour  
P A N A V I S I O N

# THE THIEF

## Who Never Gave Up

### SEQUENCES

#### Seq. Number Seq. Heading

1	Credit Titles and Prologue	7.2	ZigZag Tells the King the Balls Were “Magicked Away”
4.1	The Mighty One-Eye Invasion	7.3	Princess YumYum Visits Cobbler at his Cell
4.2	The Great Crane	7.4	ZigZag Receives Balls from his Men
1.1/2	Prophecy	7.5	Princess VumYum Asks the King to Release the Cobbler
1.1	Introduction of Cobbler and Thief	7.6	ZigZag’s Magic Act for King
1.2	Thief and Old Lady	7.7	King Sends Daughters & Bubba to See the Witch
1.3	Thief Tries to Rob Sleeping Cobbler During ZigZag’s Rotor Carpet Entrance	7.8	Escape by Night
1.5	Cobbler Entangled with ZigZag	7.9	Amidship
2	Princess YumYum Saves Cobbler from ZigZag	8	The Desert Dock
2.1	Thief Falls in Moat and Enters Palace Piping	8.1	The Brigands Camp
2.2	ZigZag Presents King with the Maiden from Mombassa	8.2	The Cobbler Plods on - “This Little Piggy”
2.3	Princess YumYum on Swing Plays with Cobbler	8.3	Brigands Attack and YumYum Takes Over
2.4	Thief in King’s Chamber	9	ZigZag Meets the One-Eyes
2.5	ZigZag Sends for Cobbler - Princess Saved Him Again	9.1	ZigZag’s Magic Show
2.6	ZigZag’s Feet Being Fixed	9.2	Oasis
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3.1	ZigZag in Bath	10	The Desert Mountain
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3.3	ZigZag Tricks Cobbler Into Attacking Prince Bubba	10.2	ZigZag’s Alligator Ladder
3.4	Cobbler Attacks Prince Bubba	10.3	Thief and Wings
3.5	Thief and Fur Rug and MeeMee and Bubba	10.4	Cobbler Nears the Top - Brigands Stay Behind
3.6	Cobbler in Prison	10.5	Thief on Springs
3.7	ZigZag Presents Polo Game to King	10.6	ZigZag’s Alligator Sled - Gets Caught
3.8	Thief and Polo Game	11	The Witch
3.9	ZigZag Suggests King Sends Prince Bubba to Witch	11.1	Brigands Charge Home
13.4	Thief and Jewel Bottle	11.2	One-Eye’s War Games
13.6	Thief on Stocks	11.3	Brigands Run At Night
4.3	ZigZag’s Plotting Room	11.4	City Waiting
5	ZigZag and Phido at Cobbler’s Cell	11.5	Brigands Run At Dawn
5.1	King’s Nightmare	11.6	One-Eye War Machine
5.2	ZigZag is Summoned Away from Cobbler’s Cell	11.7	Brigands Sight the City
5.3	Thief Steals 3 Gold Balls While ZigZag Soothes King	11.8	The Machine Starts to Move
5.4	Messenger Arrives - Tells of One-Eye Coming	12	The Battle
6	The One-Eyes Approach Through the Mountains	13	The Dragon
7	King’s Speech to Army	13.1	ZigZag’s Death
7.1	ZigZag’s Men Sneak the Balls Downstairs	13.2	Cobbler Gets the Balls
		13.3	Victory Procession
		13.5	Gratitude
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THE THIEF  
Who Never Gave Up

SEQ. 1.

The credit-titles appear in glittering gold on a black screen. All credits are on the front of the film. There are no end credits for a reason that will become obvious. During the titles, off in the distance, a crystal ball appears.

Two multi-digitated, disembodied, ancient grey hands gesture around the ball. When the credit-titles are over the gnarled hands and the glowing crystal ball have moved up to fill the screen. An aged voice says:

IT IS WRITTEN  
AMONG THE LIMITLESS CONSTELLATIONS  
OF THE CELESTIAL HEAVENS  
AND IN THE DEPTHS OF THE EMERALD SEAS  
AND UPON EVERY GRAIN OF SAND  
IN THE VAST DESERTS  
THAT THE WORLD WHICH WE SEE  
IS AN OUTWARD AND VISIBLE DREAM  
OF AN INWARD AND INVISIBLE  
REALITY.

Inside the ball appears a series of shimmering images - mysterious, majestic, magical.

SEQ. 4.1.

Narrator:

ONCE UPON A TIME (the ball fills with light)

BEFORE REALITY AND DREAM  
WERE SEPARATED...

We are now travelling into the crucible and across a mighty crevasse where the shapes of circling vultures become clear above a cruel landscape filled with the bodies of slaughtered soldiers and animals. Towering atop an enormous mound of corpses, lit by the final rays of sunset, stands a locust-like one-eyed man.

Narrator:

... THE MIGHTY ONE-EYE  
AND HIS MONSTROUS HORDE  
OF ONE-EYED WARRIORS  
SLAUGHTERED THE FRONTIER GUARD  
OF A GOLDEN LAND.

The Mighty One-Eye is addressing his troops - a race of one-eyed warriors who encircle the base of the groaning pile of dead and dying soldiers. His standard is plunged into the pinnacle of the human mound. There is only the moaning of the dying and the harsh slap and crack of the ghastly One-Eye flag in the wind.

Mighty One-Eye:

ONE-EYES! ONE-EYES! ONE-EYES WIN AGAIN!

The One-Eye army roars in response:

ONE-EYES!

Mighty One-Eye:

THE DAY OF DEATH HAS COME TO THE GOLDEN LAND!

ONE-EYE HAS DESTROYED THE FRONTIER GUARD!

One-Eye Army:

ONE-EYE! ONE-EYE! ONE-EYE!

Vultures are landing on random bodies in the pile.

Mighty One-Eye:  
NOW WE MARCH TO THE  
GOLDEN CITY!

AND I SHALL CONQUER  
THE GOLDEN CITY!

AND EARTH AND SKY  
ALIKE SHALL BE RED WITH  
DEATH!

One-Eye army:  
ONE-EYE! ONE-EYE!

Mighty One-Eye:  
NO ONE IS LEFT ALIVE TO  
WARN THEM!

One-Eye army:  
ONE-EYE! ONE-EYE!

The camera travels away from the semi-circle of One-eyes, along the heap of corpses which is so stuck with arrows that it looks like a vast pincushion. We go towards the back of the pile.

Narrator:  
ONE MAN SURVIVED.

A piece of the pincushion begins to move, crawling slowly as if it were a porcupine with arrows for spines. Wretchedly it drags itself over to a tattered horse which sniffs at the moving pincushion, then sniffs closer. During this the ranting continues out of shot.

Mighty One-Eye:  
THE LAND SHALL BE  
BLOODY!

EVEN THE GROUND SHALL  
BLEED!  
EVEN THE STONES SHALL  
CRY OUT!

One-Eye army:  
ONE-EYE! ONE-EYE!

Mighty One-Eye:  
I SHALL TRAMPLE AND  
BREAK THEM AND NOT  
SHOW PITY!

One-Eye army:  
ONE-EYE! ONE-EYE!

Mighty One-Eye:  
I SHALL OPEN ALL VEINS!  
BLOOD SHALL FILL THE  
RIVER  
AND BONES SHALL FILL  
THE CITY!

NO MAN ESCAPES  
THE MIGHTY ONE-EYE!

One-Eye army:  
ONE-EYE! ONE-EYE! ONE-  
EYE!

With great effort, the survivor mounts the horse and gallops off into the dark.

Narrator:  
ESCAPING UNNOTICED  
HE RODE BY NIGHT  
THROUGH THE EASTERN  
MOUNTAINS  
TO WARN THE GOLDEN  
CITY.

## SEQ. 4.2.

As he disappears into the enveloping darkness, the final ray of sun leaves the bluffs and the camera swivels and, rising higher, follows the tiny figure of the horse and rider making their way through deep ravines. Travelling in a vast panoramic shot across the land, we slowly move ahead of the river, through valleys, peaks, canyons, forests, mountains. The impression is that the land falls away as when travelling in an airplane at sunset, and the effect is that of an animated Chinese/Persian landscape. Mountains with translucent snowcaps, summer thunder storms with lightning pass by as the last remaining twilight spreads into the clefts and valleys below. The sky is darkening gold now and we are in velvet blackness and deep violet with only the odd flash of burnished golden light to illuminate pieces of the terrain. Lit by early stars and the sunset's residual half-light, luminous clouds against the azure of the evening sky magically transform and change as we fly past.

The whole sequence has a feeling of live-action time-lapse photography, but the magic and breadth are what can only be achieved with animation, as we animate nature's elements. An orange crescent moon rises, becoming whiter and creates a pale turquoise glow over the land. The clear sky shines on silver surface storm clouds that pass within the valleys.

By now we have the feeling that we have travelled an entire country. The camera is slowing up as we leave the foothills of the mountains and a great plain spreads before us.

There in front of us appears a fabulous Babylon-like city - a turquoise jewel, set in starlit tranquility, girdled by a silver river, glittering with celestial reflections.

The camera slows as we approach and an iridescent pre-dawn light illumines the sleeping city.

Now the camera pulls back, revealing the peaceful tableau set still within the crystal ball, and the ancient gnarled disembodied hands surround the luminous image within the orb.

**SEQ. 1.1/2**

**Narrator:  
IN THE CENTRE OF THE  
CITY ATOP THE TALLEST  
MINARET  
WERE THREE GOLD BALLS.**

Still within the crystal ball, the City cranes towards us as the three golden balls are lit by the first ray of the morning sun.

**Narrator:  
THE ANCIENTS HAD  
PROPHESED THAT IF THE  
THREE GOLDEN BALLS  
WERE EVER TAKEN AWAY  
HARMONY WOULD YIELD  
TO DISCORD  
AND THE CITY WOULD  
FALL TO DESTRUCTION  
AND DEATH.**

The crystal ball, like an alchemist's crucible, fills with fire and brimstone, black smoke and flames, obscuring the City.

**Narrator:  
BUT . . .  
(The smoke slowly clears)  
THE MYSTICS HAD  
ALSO FORETOLD THAT THE  
CITY MIGHT BE SAVED BY  
THE SIMPLEST SOUL WITH  
THE SMALLEST AND SIM-  
PLEST OF THINGS.**

Again, we slowly enter the inside of the crystal ball, zooming deep into the city, as the sun spreads across an empty bazaar.

**Narrator:  
IN THE CITY THERE DWELT  
A LOWLY SHOEMAKER  
WHO WAS KNOWN AS  
TACK THE COBBLER.**

An old boot-sign is illuminated by the sunlight. We travel through the empty front window of a Cobbler's shop. A sunbeam falls on the Cobbler, asleep in his work clothes, amongst all his shoes and regalia. He is snoring and tapping with his hammer on an imaginary shoe. Both thumbs are bandaged.

**ALSO IN THE CITY**  
(pan down to a saddle shop.  
Above a wall a swarm of flies  
hovers in a moving halo)

**EXISTED**  
(zoom in on the flies)

**A THIEF**  
(The Thief's head comes up,  
looks both ways, and goes down  
again, behind the wall)

**WHO SHALL BE  
NAMELESS.**  
The Thief's hand darts out from behind the wall and a saddle disappears. He skitters over to the next shop - the saddle obviously inside his cloak.

**SEQ. 1. 2.**  
Early morning shadows. A rooster crows and we see a beautiful shot of cypresses in early morning, flowers against the hills, as the City is about to awaken.

In the main square of the bazaar, a little old lady, dressed in black, hobbles across the square, dragging a large bunch of bananas.

Cut to the Thief, behind a fountain, eyeing her. He sneaks up behind her and grabs at her bananas. Suddenly, a steel-grey arm shoots out of her black robe, and a vice-like grip locks onto the Thief's arm. The old lady is a martial arts expert, and with great energy and professional precision she kung-fu's him. She ties him up in knots, and then, reverting to her former self, picks up her bananas with great difficulty and hobbles off, humming quietly.

**SEQ. 1. 3.**  
Cut back to the Cobbler, still hammering in his sleep. He hits his thumbs, adjusts the tacks in his mouth, pulls a needle from his baggy pants and puts an imaginary thread through it.

Cut to the front door of his shop, looking out. We hear the buzz of flies, and between hanging boots in the doorway appears the Thief's head. He enters the tiny shop, looks around and goes upstairs.

Warily, he approaches the sleeping Cobbler, his eyes on his patched pockets. Deftly the Thief slides out the Cobbler's purse. Snap, it opens - nothing there - pulls it inside out - still nothing.

Before the Thief can shift his attention elsewhere the sleeping Cobbler rolls over, inadvertently pinning the Thief to the floor. There is the sound of distant trumpets and we cut outside to the bazaar. We hear an approaching chant.

**HAVE NO FEAR ! HAVE NO  
FEAR!  
ZIGZAG, THE GRAND VI-  
ZIER, IS NEAR!**

The few folks who are up and about are pulling back in awe as a distant procession approaches. We can't yet see the procession clearly

but we can see that its motion is complex and cyclic. There are ostrich plumes and men in black in frantic activity.

Cut back to the Thief and the Cobbler. They are awkwardly entwined, and the still sleeping Cobbler is hitting the Thief's thumbs with his tiny hammer. In silent pain the Thief pulls his hands back against the Cobbler's chest and they are trapped in a rigid embrace.

The flies are now really starting to bother the Cobbler. His nose twitches and the Thief has to scratch the Cobbler's nose for him.

Cut back to the square as the rhythmic drone comes closer.

**HAVE NO FEAR! HAVE NO FEAR!  
ZIGZAG, THE GRAND VI-  
ZIER, IS NEAR!**

Now we can just see ZigZag, the Grand Vizier, walking with a zigzagging rhythm, upon two carpets. Four crow-like men unroll one carpet in front of him so that his feet never touch the earth, while another four crow-like men, behind him, roll up the carpet he has just walked In, then rush around the front, just in time to unroll the new carpet for him to step on as the previous four roll up the carpet ZigZag has just finished with. Then they run that one around to the

front and the cycle starts all over again.

Cut back to the Cobbler and Thief. The as yet unawakened Cobbler is still trying to get rid of the flies and is bashing the Thief with his small hammer. They are even more interlocked and the Thief is in very great, silent pain.

Cut back to the procession in full swing. The chant is louder.

**HAVE NO FEAR! HAVE NO FEAR!  
ZIGZAG, THE GRAND VI-  
ZIER, IS HERE!**

The rotor carpet cycle continues and ZigZag, now clearly, visible, is the picture of total disdain. He is a very tall man with the shifting gait of a marionette. Four yes-men (known later as Goblet, Gopher, Slap and Tickle) are leading the chant and fanning ZigZag with long-poled ostrich plumes. Bringing up the rear are four mammoth eunuchs singing in castrati harmony and carrying a pink palanquin which is covered in drapes and obviously has Feminine Contents. The townsfolk are trying to see what's inside, but they aren't come too near. When they do, one of the yes-men lashes out at them with a whip. Also, shooting in and out of the eunuch's huge pantaloon legs, as if from curtain to curtain, is a

misshapen dwarf with a very deep voice. He bellows out the "recitative" clearly in basso profunda against the high pitch of the singing castrati.

**Dwarf:  
HAVE NO FEAR! HAVE NO FEAR!  
ZIGZAG, THE GRAND VI-  
ZIER, IS HERE!**

The procession is almost at the Cobbler's door and we cut again to the Cobbler and Thief, even more intertwined. The Cobbler has stitched himself and the Thief together - four arms and four legs in hopeless entanglement. As the Cobbler finally awakens, the Thief makes a desperate bid to escape. They both shoot upright and crash headlong down the stairs, out into the street, chickens flying about, dogs barking, crashing in a heap right at ZigZag's feet.

The moving carpet is late for the first time and the Cobbler is there in its place, with his tacks spilling all over the ground. ZigZag's jewelled slipper places itself firmly on an upright tack, and the dance is on. ZigZag screams in pain, trying to maintain control. The yes-men and eunuchs are powerless to help as they are also leaping about screaming in agony. The Thief immediately extricates himself and

shoots into the crowd for cover. The awestruck Cobbler doesn't know where he is or how he got there.

**ZigZag: (pointing at the Cobbler)  
SEIZE HIM! TAKE HIM!**  
(echoing their master):

**Goblet:  
SEIZE HIM!**

**Gopher:  
TAKE HIM!**

**Slap:  
SEIZE HIM!**

**Tickle:  
TAKE HIM!**

(Gong)

**Dwarf:  
TAKE HIM AND SEIZE HIM!**

**4 Eunuchs:  
TAKE HIM AND SEIZE HIM!  
TAKE HIM AND SEIZE HIM!**

Palace Guards rush forward but are also hopping on the tacks. The eunuchs scream like birds, the dwarf leaps from pant leg to pant leg, avoiding the tacks, and the pink palanquin lurches wildly around. A huge purple curvaceous female leg flails out from the curtains, indicating there is a very substantial woman inside. The astonished Cobbler stumbles this way and that, not stepping on a single tack. He is trying to pick them up but spilling more in the process.

ZigZag: (controlling himself):  
TAKE HIM INTO THE PAL-  
ACE!

(echoing their master)

Goblet:  
INTO THE PALACE WITH  
HIM!

Slap:  
THE PALACE!

Tickle:  
INTO THE ER ...

Slap:  
THE PALACE!

Dwarf:  
TAKE HIM INTO THE PAL-  
ACE!

4 Eunuchs:  
TAKE HIM AND SEIZE HIM!  
TAKE HIM INTO THE PAL-  
ACE!

Guards seize the poor Cobbler and the enormous palace doors vibrate open. Their edges are like teeth. It is a frightening bit of machinery which draws back to allow the entrance of ZigZag's procession. They march through the palace doors, still chanting.

From a safe distance, the Thief sees the palace doors open and he races through the crowd up to the entrance. Two guards silently step forward to block his path and the doors slowly close, the Thief outside.

SEQ. 2.

The throne room. Guards are in attendance and a very large, very aged eunuch stands behind the throne, fanning the King gently. The King is slumped over like a bean-bag, head lolling to the right, snoring. At the entrance Goblet, Gopher, Slap and Tickle (with castrati obligatto from the Eunuchs) signal the arrival of ZigZag.

TAKE HIM INTO THE PAL-  
ACE! TAKE HIM INTO THE  
PALACE!  
TAKE HIM INTO THE PAL-  
ACE!

Cut to a big close-up of a young beauty, giving a playful lick up the side of the sleeping King's face. He stirs.

King Nod:  
OH!

Princess YumYum: (in his ear)  
IT'S YUMYUM, DADDY.

King Nod:  
OH ... MY LITTLE.. ER .. ER ..  
PRINCESS.. ER .. ER ...  
(he looks closely at her)

Princess YumYum:  
YUMYUM.

King Nod:  
MMM... YUMYUM ... MY PET...  
(snore)

Princess YumYum:  
(in his ear again)

WAKE, WAKE, MY FATHER!  
SOMETHING'S HAPPENING  
WITHOUT!

King Nod:  
ER ... ER ... OH?

(Procession entering)

Goblet:  
INTO THE THRONE ROOM  
WITH HIM!

Gopher:  
QUICK! QUICK! INTO THE  
THRONE ROOM!

Slap:  
GET IN!

Tickle:  
YES, GET IN!

CRASH! The Cobbler is pushed stumbling into the throne room in front of the procession, tacks falling and spindles and spools spilling.

King Nod:  
WHO IS IT?

Zigzag:(stepping to the front)  
OH, GREAT KING NOD,  
HAVE NO FEAR,  
ZIGZAG, YOUR GRAND  
VIZIER, IS HERE!

King Nod:  
OH? ... IT'S YOU. ... ZIGZAG.  
.. (snore)

ZigZag:  
OH , GREATEST KING OF  
ALL THE EARTH,  
THIS LOW-BORN PERSON  
OF NO WORTH,

ATTACKED ME IN THE  
SQUARE TODAY. . .  
SHALL WE TAKE HIS HEAD  
AWAY?

The Cobbler shakes like a leaf,  
more tacks spilling onto the floor.  
The young Princess eyes the young  
Cobbler as a curio.

King Nod: (slipping back to sleep  
again)  
OH . . . UH . . . ZIGZAG. . . IF  
YOU REALLY. . . THINK SO . . .

(His eyes are fighting not to  
close)

Princess YumYum: (to ZigZag)  
BUT WHAT HAS HE DONE?

ZigZag:  
O FAIREST PRINCESS,  
NOBLY BRED,  
WORRY NOT YOUR  
PRETTY HEAD  
WITH TIRESOME BUSINESS  
OF THE COURT  
- THIS... COBBLER... IS OF  
NO IMPORT.

ZigZag pulls out an ejecting wand  
which expands into a rod which he  
puts behind the Cobbler's neck, and  
presses his face to the floor. But the  
King is soundly asleep and ZigZag  
releases his stick from the Cobbler's  
neck as he steps forward to waken  
the King.

ZigZag:  
OH, KING. . . OH, KING. . .

The Cobbler crawls forward on  
all fours, trying to pick up the tacks  
in front of ZigZag's feet. ZigZag  
falls over the crawling Cobbler.

ZigZag:  
OW! OW! THOU GREAT  
FOOL!

King Nod:(shooting awake)  
WHAT? WHAT? WHAT?

Princess YumYum:  
O LET HIM GO FATHER, NO  
REAL HARM APPEARS TO  
BE DONE.

Cut to Zigzag, with his stick  
under the cobbler's chin as he gets  
up. There is a quick exchange of  
looks between ZigZag and  
YumYum.

ZigZag:(to King)  
O FONT OF WISDOM, THIS  
FOOL, THIS FIEND, THIS  
PEASANT'S SPAWN  
- OW! (stepping on tack) HAS  
MADE THIS ATTACK  
ON ME SINCE DAWN!

King Nod:  
ATTACK? WITH WHAT?

ZigZag:  
WITH TACKS! THAT'S  
WHAT!  
THIS PUBLIC HAZARD  
SHOULD BE SHOT!

Goblet: (echoing)  
HEAR! HEAR!

Gopher:  
BRAVO!

Slap:  
SHOT DEAD!

Tickle:  
OH ... DEAD!

The Cobbler is still trying to  
clean up the tacks. Zigzag is still  
stepping on them.

Princess Yumyum:  
BUT DADDY . . . BUT...  
DADDY...

Close up of ZigZag frozen as  
YumYum interjects. Yumyum pulls  
off her shoe and breaks it.

Princess YumYum:  
... AT THE MOMENT ... I ...  
(snap) NEED . . . A COB-  
BLER.

She looks at the Cobbler, promise  
in her eyes. Both the Cobbler and  
ZigZag are astonished.

King Nod:  
MMMMM . . .

Zigzag: (to the Princess - a smile  
with all teeth)  
OF COURSE... AT THE MO-  
MENT... AT THE MOMENT . . .

(recovering himself)  
OH ROSE OF THE WORLD,  
CROWN JEWEL OF THE  
LAND  
(bows)  
YOUR SLIGHTEST WHIM IS  
MY COMMAND.

King Nod:  
COBBLER - GO WITH THE  
PRINCESS.

Exit Princess and Cobbler, the  
Cobbler following in a daze,  
bashing into things.

SEQ. 2. 1.

It is still early morning. The great spiked panels of the palace gate are opening again. A gong rings.

Dwarf's voice: (off)

**OPEN FOR THE ROYAL POLO PONIES!**

Eunuchs:

(echoing in castrati)

**OPEN FOR THE ROYAL POLO PONIES!**

**OPEN FOR THE ROYAL POLO PONIES!**

**OPEN FOR THE ROYAL POLO PONIES!**

A procession of horsemen on a string of magnificent polo ponies begins to pass through the gate. There are twenty-four horses - twelve black and twelve white. Toward the end of the line, as they are filing past, we see a rubbish collector's push-cart on two large wheels, a halo of flies hovering over the filthy can. The Thief sticks his head out, looks to see if anybody's watching, peers toward the open gate, and ducks his head back in out of sight.

With his head out of view, his two arms come over the top of the bin and, with difficulty at first, he starts pushing the wheels, like a paraplegic, trying to follow the horses.

Because the Thief can't get going fast enough, the last horses are half-

way across the draw-bridge, over the moat before the Thief, temporarily stuck at the top of a slight rise, sticks his head back out, takes aim, and propels himself very hard down the rise. The cart rolls precariously down the slope and across the bridge, following the end horses.

The Thief has his arms inside now, and we only see the cart itself, in long shot, go right across the bridge, where the horses have gone in, past the guards on either side of the gate. It goes right inside the gate ... but only temporarily, as the cart turns and goes back out of the gate, wiggling and wobbling halfway across the bridge. It stops, stuck against a plank at the side of the bridge.

Pause. The guards are watching, mystified. The two arms, after a time, come out of the bin, reach to the wheels, and give a hefty push, and the Thief dumps himself into the moat. Splash!

He can't swim, but makes a pathetic attempt. Mostly submerged, he struggles his way alongside the palace, out of sight of the guards, around a curve, where he is just able to save himself by grabbing onto the square-ended vent of a large pipe which runs up the outside of the palace wall. With great difficulty, the Thief wriggles his way inside the vent and we leave him working his way up the inside of the palace piping.

SEQ. 2.2.

Cut to the throne room - ZigZag is up close to the King, confidentially. The pink palanquin is being brought forward by the four bearer-eunuchs. It looks pretty heavy. (Whenever the pink palanquin and its contents appear in the picture, there is the constant sound of heavy, usually excited breathing from within.)

ZigZag:

**AND NOW, O GREATEST OF THE GREAT,  
TO REST YOU FROM AFFAIRS OF STATE,  
I'VE SEARCHED THE WORLD, AND BROUGHT YOU THENCE, AT NO LITTLE EFFORT, AND GREAT EXPENSE,  
A PLAYTHING FROM FAR SOUTH OF GAZA - A BOUNTIFUL MAIDEN FROM MOMBASSA!**

Through the air, ZigZag's hands trace an enormously voluptuous female shape, as he says "BOUNTIFUL MAIDEN" and, as he says "FROM MOMBASSA", he leans right into the ear of the King.

Goblet:

**MOMBASSA ...**

Gopher:

**MOMBASSA ...**

Slap:

**MOMBASSA ...**

Tickle: (giggling)

**MOMBASSA ...**

ZigZag gestures to the palanquin, and we see a dark, longlashed violet female eye, peeking through the folds.

The King, raising his head and coming out of his stupor, says:

King:

**MOMBASSA?**

At this, there is a deep chortle from inside the palanquin.

### SEQ. 2.3.

Cut to the outside of the palace, quite high up to see an elaborate system of piping, jointed and curving. We know the Thief is working his way along the inside, followed by the halo of flies on the outside. The joints and pipes are vibrating and trembling with his weight. The odd nail and screw and plaster fall loose, as he works his way ever upwards.

Cut to interior, Princess' chambers. Trees grow through the floor and birds sing. The Princess is on a swing. She swings gently in and out of the picture. The Cobbler is silhouetted against a window, cobbling furiously, when she swings up towards him, with her one little barb foot. Every time she swings out of shot, he stops working and looks lovestruck after her. And then, when the foot comes back in, he is cobbling furiously.

She is singing, obviously still amused by the oddity of the Cobbler. The Shy Cobbler is trying to measure her foot, blushing, getting up and sitting down, to get things, afraid to measure her foot, afraid to touch her, hitting his thumbs.

There is a great creaking and a large pipe falls just into view outside the large window behind the Cobbler, pulled half off the palace wall by the weight of the Thief crawling up the inside. The Cobbler and Princess are too pre-occupied with each other to notice.

### SEQ. 2.4.

Cut to the palace wall, outside the same window. We see the piping ripping loose as the Thief makes his way up. The piping doesn't quite fall off, though, and we travel upwards with the pipes to the top of the palace, where we can see the City down below. The piping leads into a turret with a single crescent-moon-shaped window. The Thief makes his way successfully up the tubing and into the base of the turret.

Cut to the King's chamber. We see a luxuriously appointed commode. A crescent-moon-shaped window shows the blue sky outside. The hole is surrounded by green silk cushioning, studded with gems. A golden sash is hanging, encrusted with large emeralds and rubies. The royal crest is on the base of the commode and an ornate toilet-paper holder holds the royal toilet paper, with the King's crest embossed on each square of the paper. Red velvet drapes, and a deep rug.

Pan left to the King's bedchamber. Straddled across the King's bed is the pink palanquin. The King is sitting on the end of the bed, poking into the quivering pink drapery, and grunting amusedly. From inside, we hear deep, husky giggles. The drapery outlines the various shapely orbs,

and we see the flash of painted toes, a hand, an ear, a thigh. . .

Pan right, back to the commode as the erotic chortling continues out of shot. Flies first appear from the bowl of the commode and hover, followed by the Thief's feet. After some squeegy sounds, the Thief's robe appears, and finally, his head. He manages to get one hand out onto the marble topping, when he is transfixed at the sight of the jewel-encrusted sash. With difficulty, he reaches up and grabs the shining sash. It pulls down a bit, and there is the sound of what can only be described as a medieval flushing.

For a moment, the Thief's head, in total surprise, stays there as his shoulders and body whirr . . . and then he is flushed away.

Cut to a top shot, looking down the dark bowl as the Thief's eyes disappear down the tube. Cut to the pink palanquin. The King's head peeps out quizzically from within the folds. He has heard the sound of the flushing. Cut to the outside of the piping against the palace walls. Very fast cuts as the Thief shoots down the inside of all the tubes, picking up momentum, like a pin ball. He shoots out of the original vent, SPLASH, right back into the moat.

SEQ. 2.5.

Cut back to the Princess' chamber. The Cobbler is shyly putting the repaired slipper on the Princess' tiny foot. He can hardly bring himself to do it, and is stopping and starting.

Princess YumYum:  
IT'S SO BEAUTIFUL. IT'S BETTER THAN NEW.

As soon as the slipper is on, a gong goes and the four huge, muscle-bound, smooth, black, shiny-skinned eunuchs fill the doorway. They are the same four eunuchs who carried the pink palanquin. Each has a large scimitar.

YumYum spreads a protective hand towards the Cobbler and steps in front of him.

Out from behind a eunuch's pantaloons pops the shrunken dwarf and in his deep basso profundo he booms out the recitative.

Dwarf:  
OH BEAUTIFUL PRINCESS YUMYUM!

He is followed up on high by the castrati barbershop quartet holding their notes in "chime" chords.

Eunuch 1: OH  
Eunuch 2: BEAUTIFUL  
Eunuch 3: PRINCESS

Eunuch 4: YUMYUM!

Dwarf: (leaping for another leg - as if it were a stage curtain)  
THE GREAT LORD ZIGZAG

Eunuch 1: THE  
Eunuch 2: GREAT  
Eunuch 3: LORD  
Eunuch 4: ZIGZAG

Dwarf: (leaping to another leg)  
SENDS GREETINGS!

Eunuchs: (all four in harmony)  
SENDS GREETINGS!

Dwarf: (leaps to another leg)  
AND BIDS YOU RETURN

Eunuch 1: AND  
Eunuch 2: BIDS  
Eunuch 3: YOU  
Eunuch 4: RETURN

Dwarf: (hops to another leg)  
THE COBBLER

Eunuchs:(all four in harmony)  
THE COBBLER

Dwarf: (hops to another leg)  
INTO HIS CARE!

Princess YumYum frowns.

Eunuch 1: IN  
Eunuch 2: TO  
Eunuch 3: HIS  
Eunuch 4: CARE

Dwarf: (hops again)  
FOR BEHEADING!

Eunuchs: (all four in harmony)  
FOR BEHEADING!

Princess YumYum is shocked. A tack falls from the Cobbler's mouth. She picks it up and sticks it back in for him.

Dwarf: (hops again)  
WHEN YOU HAVE DONE WITH

Eunuch 1: WHEN  
Eunuch 2: YOU  
Eunuch 3: HAVE  
Eunuch 4: DONE WITH

Dwarf: (hops again)  
HIM!

Eunuchs: (all in harmony)  
HYMN!

The Princess with a sly smile takes off her other slipper and snaps it in two.

Princess YumYum:  
NOT AT THE MOMENT  
(she hands the broken slipper to the Cobbler)  
NOT TODAY!

(she continues to smile at the eunuchs)

The eunuchs exit backwards, bowing. As the doorway curtain closes, we hear the same gong.

**SEQ.2.6.**

Cut to a close-up of ZigZag's head. In the background is the desert. A pyramid and a sphinx go by . . . giving the impression that he is riding somewhere. The camera pulls back and we see it is a large painting being carried by two of his yes-men, Slap and Tickle.

ZigZag is seated on a semi-throne. He kicks off his slippers.

ZigZag:  
GOPHER!

Gopher:  
YOUR COMMAND IS MY WISH, MILORD!

ZigZag: (pointing to his feet)  
BANDAGES!

Gopher runs over to an ornate Persian box with a little red cross in the centre of its design, and takes out some bandages, pronto.

ZigZag: (holding out his hand)  
GOBLET. . . GOBLET!

Goblet: (pouring wine into a goblet)  
YOUR GRACE! YOUR GRACE! YOUR PLEASURE, MILORD! AVEC PLAISIR!

Goblet promptly places the goblet in ZigZag's hand.

Gopher: (returning with bandages)  
CON MUCHO GUSTO!

Gopher stands, preparing the bandages. Goblet glares at him.

Goblet: (to ZigZag)  
YOUR GRACE!

Gopher:  
YOUR REVERENCE!

Goblet:  
YOUR EMINENCE!

Gopher:  
EMINENCE! MEMSAHIB!

Goblet:  
YOUR DIVINITY!

19.

Slap and Tickle have put the painting down and adjust bolsters and help with his damaged feet. The four of them compete in anticipating and attending to ZigZag's needs.

ZigZag: (pointing to his right foot)  
SLAP!

Slap:  
YES MASTER SIR!

ZigZag: (pointing to other foot)  
TICKLE!

Tickle:  
OH, CERTAINLY, MY LORD!  
OH, AT ONCE, YOUR HIGHNESS!  
AHAHAHA!

ZigZag:  
GOPHER!

Gopher:  
YOUR LORDSHIP. YOUR ALL-ON-HIGH. I AM AS DUST AT YOUR FEET.

ZigZag:  
GOBLET!

Goblet:  
YOUR GRACE. EMINENCE. YOUR PLEASURE, MY LORD!

ZigZag:  
SLAP!

Slap:  
OH, YOUR REVERENCE, YOUR HOLINESS, YOUR. . . YOUR. . .

ZigZag:  
TICKLE!

Tickle:  
OH CERTAINLY, MY LORD!  
OH, AT ONCE, YOUR HIGHNESS! AHAHAHA!

ZigZag:  
GOBLET!

Goblet:  
MY PLEASURE, WITH PLEASURE, EXCELLENCE!

ZigZag:  
GOPHER!

Gopher:  
YOUR REVERENCE, SIRE. YOUR WORSHIP!

ZigZag:  
TICKLE!  
MY FEET!

Tickle:  
OH!  
GLADLY, MASTER.  
(He tickles ZigZag's feet)

ZigZag:  
NO, YOU FOOL!  
OINTMENT!  
BALM!  
AHAHAHA!

Tickle:  
OH, SORRY, MASTER!

ZigZag:  
GET ON WITH IT!  
MAKE HASTE!

20.

ZigZag:  
AH, GOPHER. .

Gopher:  
YOUR WORSHIP.

ZigZag:  
. . . GOBLET. . .

Goblet:  
YOUR GRACE,

ZigZag:  
. . . SLAP. . .

Slap:  
MASTER,

ZigZag:  
. . . AND TICKLE, . . .

Tickle:  
AHAHAHAHA!

ZigZag:  
AFFECTIONS OF THE WORLD ARE FICKLE...

Goblet:  
YES!  
Gopher:  
SO TRUE!  
Slap:  
VERY TRUE!  
Tickle:  
YES!  
ZigZag:  
BUT I'M REVERED  
THROUGHOUT THE LAND.  
Goblet:  
YES, MILORD!  
Gopher:  
EVERYWHERE!  
Slap:  
CERTAINLY ARE, SIR!  
Tickle:  
OH, YOU ARE REVERED.  
ABSOLUTELY.  
(Slap and Tickle stroke him ar-  
dently)  
ZigZag: (to Tickle)  
CAREFUL WHERE YOU PUT  
YOUR HAND!  
Tickle:  
AHAHAHA!  
Goblet: (to Tickle)  
CRETIN!  
ZigZag:  
NOTICE HOW I HANDLE  
THINGS. . .  
Gopher:  
SO TRUE!

Slap:  
YES.  
VERY TRUE, THAT.  
YES!  
ZigZag:  
KNOWING ALL THE NEEDS  
OF KINGS.  
Goblet:  
OH, WISE ONE.  
Gopher:  
INDEED!  
Slap:  
WELL, YOU WOULD,  
WOULDN'T YOU?  
21.  
ZigZag:  
WELL, OF COURSE, NATU-  
RALLY! NO MATTER WHAT  
MAY CAUSE DELAY, IN THE  
END I GET MY WAY.  
Goblet:  
OH, GET YOUR OWN WAY  
ALL RIGHT, YES!  
Gopher:  
AND RIGHTLY SO!  
Slap:  
WE'RE READY TO OBEY  
TOO, SIR!  
Tickle:  
NATURALLY, HE ALWAYS  
DOES GET IT!  
AHAHAHA!

The gong goes, and the four  
eunuchs appear in the doorway.  
ZigZag looks up.

ZigZag:  
AND WHAT DID PRINCESS  
YUMYUM SAY?

Out pops the dwarf from the  
pantleg curtains and bellows deeply.

Dwarf:  
NOT AT THE MOMENT!

Eunuch 1 : NOT  
Eunuch 2: AT  
Eunuch 3: THE  
Eunuch 4: MOMENT

Dwarf: (hopping to another leg)  
NOT TODAY!

Eunuchs: (all four in harmony)  
NOT TODAY!

ZigZag:  
(forces a smile, all teeth.)  
I THANK YOU TOO MUCH!  
Fade.

### SEQ. 3.

Fade in on the outside wall of the palace.

The sun is much higher now. We move in to a close shot of the vertical piping, vibrating as the Thief inside makes his way. More plaster and screws fall loose. Precarious. The camera pulls back and we see the piping leading up high to the King's turret, the City below. Because this time the camera is back further, we see there is a T-junction in the piping leading.

### 22.

sideways off to another turret, with a large window. The shaking, tubing and the following halo of flies tell us the Thief is arriving at the T-junction. He turns left this time, away from the King's turret, and over, up and into the other turret, with the big female-shaped windows.

Cut to the inside of the big glowing sunlit windows, and we see Princess YumYum taking a bubble bath. A full-length mirror reflects her so that it almost appears there are two princesses bathing. She is extremely voluptuous, playing with the beautiful big bubbles. We hear the sound of the flies with an echo. The camera swings right, and on the floor there is a kind of shower basin grill and the flies rise through it, followed by the Thief's fingers. He eases the grill loose and up

comes his head - the grill sitting on top. He carefully puts the grill down and works himself out of the drain. He is fascinated by the lavender bubbles, which are floating everywhere, shimmering and reflecting his distorted eyes and face in every quivering bubble.

Mesmerised, he watches them disappear naturally and he pops others with his finger.

Hugging the floor he crawls across the tiles seeking the source of these wondrous things. Then he sees the beautiful head, shoulders and back of the bathing princess. But it is not the princess who has riveted his attention - it is the glittering jewel-encrusted ivory backscratcher with which she is scratching her beautiful leg and flicking bubbles around. She scratches her back with it. This is all very sexy, doubly sexy with the double image in the mirror. But the Thief only has eyes for the jewel-encrusted backscratcher. He works his way just below YumYum's eye level, alongside the tub and around to her back, and gracefully slides the backscratcher out of her hand. He ducks as she turns around and starts fishing in the water for the lost backscratcher. She has been humming, seemingly in harmony with her echo in a kind of round which we only now realise is impossible for one person alone to do. The Thief now notices that although YumYum has stopped, the mirror-

image is still humming and scratching its back with an identical backscratcher. The Thief, flat on his belly, puts his hand up to the mirror, finds there is no mirror there at all, reaches through where the mirror ought to be and swipes the other backscratcher.

### 23.

Princess MeeMee:  
**BUT WHERE IS MY  
BACKSCRATCHER,  
YUMYUM?**

Princess YumYum:  
**WHERE IS MY  
BACKSCRATCHER,  
MEEMEE? PERCHANCE  
WITHIN THE WATER?**

We see the backs of the two tubs, which almost touch each other, as the princesses in profile talk and fish around in the water for their backscratchers. The Thief is on the floor between the two tubs and is making his escape, commando-style.

Princess MeeMee:  
**MY SISTER, WHAT FOUL  
ODOUR IS HERE?**

Princess YumYum:  
(sniffing the air with distaste)  
**MAYHAP THE PIPES ARE  
BACKED UP.**

Cut to the Thief, still on his stomach, backing towards the door-curtain. As he works his way, his sleeves cover over his real hands so that the little fork-like hands on the

backscratchers appear to be his own tiny hands.

Princess MeeMee:  
(looking at herself in her tiny hand-mirror)  
**MAYHAP SOMETHING DIED**  
Cut to the little backscratcher hands, disappearing under the safety of the door-curtaining.

SEQ.3.1.

Cut to a large close-up of ZigZag's head. It is distorted. POP! - it disappears. Pullout to show other reflections of ZigZag in deeper darker colour bubbles. Pull further back and we see we are in ZigZag's bath chamber. He is in the tub (black and vultureshaped with talons for legs) surrounded by dark purplish bubbles which reflect the personality of the bather. Goblet, Gopher, Slap and Tickle rush around him, administering to his needs as before.

Goblet:  
EMINENCE.

Gopher:  
EMINENCE.

Tickle: (pouring oil into bath)  
YOUR GRACE.  
AHAHAHA!

Slap: (scrubbing ZigZag's back)  
OH, SIR SIR.  
WHAT A PRIVILEGE IT IS.

24.

Goblet: (testing the water)  
MMMMM  
SIRE.

ZigZag:  
GOBLET!  
Goblet hands ZigZag a goblet of wine.  
He drinks.

Goblet:  
A VOTRE SERVICE, YOUR  
GRACE.  
INDEED.

Gopher:  
OH, SIR SIR.

Slap:  
SIR SIR SIR SIR.

Tickle:  
AHAHAHA!

ZigZag:  
PRINCESS YUMYUM  
SEEMS QUITE TAKEN WITH  
THIS COBBLER AND HIS  
LOT. . .

Goblet:  
VERY. OH, VERY.

Gopher:  
YES.

Slap:  
TRUE. TRUE!

Tickle:  
YES. AH, YES.  
YES, INDEED.

ZigZag:  
TWICE TODAY SHE'S  
SAVED HIS BACON. INTER-  
ESTING, IS IT NOT?

Goblet:  
OH, VERY.  
OH, WISE ONE.

Slap:  
ER, YEH, YEH.

Tickle:  
I COULDN'T AGREE MORE.  
ENORMOUSLY.

ZigZag:  
IT IS NOT! (Chucks goblet  
away)  
IT IS NOT INTERESTING AT  
ALL!

Goblet: (catching goblet)  
NOT AT ALL.

Tickle:  
AHAHAHA!

Gopher:  
QU ITE RIGHT.

Slap:  
WHY DIDN'T WE SEE THAT?

Tickle:  
AHAHAHA!

As ZigZag rises from the tub, he steps into a bath-sheet held by Slap and Tickle, and accepts another goblet of wine from Goblet. Slap goes for ZigZag's robe. Tickle brings his curling iron and begins to dress ZigZag's beard, Gopher slides a chair under ZigZag as he sits down.  
25.

Gopher: (placing chair)  
EMINENCE.

Goblet: (handing him fresh goblet)  
EMINENCE.

Tickle: (curling beard)  
THERE WE ARE.

Slap:  
CHARMING.

Goblet: (drying feet) (grunt)  
THERE WE ARE. YOUR  
LORDSHIP.

NICE AND COMFY THAT,  
EH?

ZigZag has spotted a fly, which is buzzing around his head.

ZigZag:  
HE IS NOTHING BUT A PEST,  
A FLY IN MY ARISTOCRATIC  
SOUP.

Goblet:  
MMMMMMMM.

ZigZag:  
BEFORE ANOTHER DAY  
GOES BY . . .

He pulls out his cigar-like stick, flicks it, and it is a telescopic self-ejecting fly-swatter.

ZigZag:  
I'LL SWAT THE BUZZING  
NINCOMPOOP!

(on SWAT, ZigZag swats the fly)  
Tickle gives out a startled yell.

Goblet:  
WELL DONE.

Slap:  
GOOD SHOT, SIR!

Gopher:  
OH, I SAY!

Tickle:  
OH AHAHAHA!  
BRILLIANT AHAHAHA!

ZigZag's flyswatter retracts  
Snap!

### SEQ. 3.2.

Cut to the Cobbler sitting over alone in front of the window, intently working on the Princess' white slipper. He is embroidering an attractive gold pattern around the edge. We hear the sound of flies, growing louder and louder, punctuated by the odd sandal creak. The Thief appears. Looking everywhere but behind him, he backs down some steps toward the Cobbler who also has his back to the Thief. Without slipping, the Thief backs gingerly down the steps, across the room, right up to 26.

the Cobbler's back. The Cobbler lifts his head in the air, sniffing in distaste and BAM! - they touch, Back to back they grab at each other. They are in a reverse embrace similar to their first meeting in the cobbler's shop. There are several short, sharp grapplings and clinches, then the Cobbler bends down very fast and the Thief somersaults over him, landing sitting down straight in front of the Cobbler. They both recoil in recognition. Suddenly the Thief sees and grabs the embroidered slipper and runs out with it. The Cobbler after a moment of addled confusion tears after him.

They run and skid across slippery tile floors, around corners, along walls, in and out of doors, around columns and past mirrors. They go into the King's chamber and the

Thief hides behind the palanquin. The Cobbler leaps through the palanquin to get him, crashing into the King and the Maiden within. The King pokes his head out in amazement, then the Maiden's feet encircle his neck and pull him back into the curtains. Thief and Cobbler shoot through the legs of the King's huge aged eunuch guarding the door - but the eunuch is so tall and his legs so long he doesn't even notice them - only the breeze. The Cobbler, temporarily losing the Thief, passes some forty thieves-type of line jugs. The lid of the end one, unseen by the Cobbler, lifts up showing the Thief inside, then goes back down and the jug falls over with a crash. It knocks over all the others in domino fashion and jugs bounce and roll and crash down two sets of stairs. The Thief gets out, the Cobbler spots him, and they shoot down the stairs through the flying jugs, and curtains, plants, pots, rugs and tapestries, miraculously avoiding destruction. The Cobbler makes a running leap at the Thief, going around a corner, and grabs the slipper out of the Thief's hand in mid-air. The Thief spirals away, riding down a staircase handrail, sliding away below, then crashes through a stained-glass window. The Cobbler goes head-first down another set of stairs, some doors, diving between the legs of all four Eunuchs who are barring a series of four entrances.

### SEQ. 3.3.

27.

The cobbler shoots straight into ZigZag's dressing room, where he bashes into ZigZag from the back, knocking ZigZag into a sit-down fall over the Cobbler. More tacks spill again. Goblet, Gopher, Slap and Tickle surround the Cobbler to bar his possible exit. And the entrance is blocked by the huge eunuchs. ZigZag, enraged, gets to his feet. He pulls at the slipper as the Cobbler hangs onto it with both hands.

ZigZag:

**AHA, YOU'VE FINISHED  
YUMMY'S SHOE!  
YOU ARE YOUR OWN  
UNDOER.**

ZigZag is pulling the Cobbler toward himself, by the slipper, then pulls out his cigar-like stick. . .

ZigZag:

**YOU'VE SERVED YOUR  
PURPOSE,  
NOW YOU'RE THROUGH!**

On THROUGH - sproing! The stick ejects itself into a longer stick with a horseshoe-shaped end with two talons, and pins the Cobbler to the wall by the neck. The Cobbler is still holding onto the slipper, which ZigZag also grasps.

ZigZag:

**I'LL GLADLY TAKE IT TO  
HER.**

ZigZag yanks the slipper free.

Goblet, Gopher, Slap and Tickle are giggling and snorting sadistically.

ZigZag lets go of his prong stick and looks at the slipper. Goblet, Gopher, Slap and Tickle are still cackling and snorting about what will happen next to the Cobbler.

ZigZag absently draws back a curtain, which reveals a garden. He glances with Interest into it, and smiles devilishly. Then, pushing a button on the handle of his stick, the prongs retract, releasing the Cobbler from his position on the wall, and he presents the shoe back to the Cobbler.

ZigZag:

**ON SECOND THOUGHT,  
YOU TAKE THE SHOE.  
I THINK I MIGHT ALLOW**

**A LAST GOODBYE TO HER  
FROM YOU  
SHE'S IN THE GARDEN  
NOW.**

ZigZag (peers into the garden and pretends to see something awful.

28.

ZigZag:

**DEAR ME! I SEE A BEASTLY  
STRANGER!  
YOUR PRINCESS SEEMS  
TO BE IN DANGER!**

ZigZag winks at Goblet, Gopher, Slap and Tickle as the Cobbler looks, horrorstricken, out into the garden. Most of the tacks drop out of his mouth.

Goblet:  
OH MY!

Gopher:  
OH, DEAR YOU!

Slap:  
ER, YEAH!

Tickle:  
GRACIOUS!

Cut to the Cobbler's point of view. The camera zooms in on a huge, distorted, lime-green beast who has the Princess clasped in an embrace.

The Cobbler is totally confused, looks back and forth at ZigZag and his henchmen and at what he sees in the garden.

#### SEQ. 3.4.

The Cobbler suddenly jumps over the side of the balcony into the garden. There is a muffled crash of the tools and nails in his pants as he lands, The Beast looks up in alarm. The Cobbler runs straight at the Beast and starts swatting him with the Princess's slipper. The Princess is shrieking, and he then hands the slipper to the Princess, whips out his little hammer and bangs the Beast on his multi-toed feet. The Beast is blubbering and shrieking.

Beast:  
MEEMEE!  
MEEMEE!  
HELP!  
HELP!

Princess MeeMee:  
STOP IT, STOP IT! OH! STOP IT! OO!  
SOMEBODY. . .  
OO!  
OO!

The Cobbler drives the Beast across the garden and into the trees, then turns and runs back to the Princess and bows shyly before her. WHAP!  
She swats him across the face with the slipper and claps her hands, and screams.

Princess MeeMee:  
GUARDS! GUARDS! I

The two guards we saw at the gate arrive instantly and apprehend the Cobbler.

Princess MeeMee:  
29.  
TAKE HIM AWAY! AND KILL HIM AT DAWN!

Gong sounds and Eunuchs appear. I from the pantaloons.  
The dwarf leaps out

Dwarf:  
Four Eunuchs:  
Dwarf:  
TAKE HIM AWAY AND KILL HIM AT DAWN!  
TAKE HIM AWAY AND KILL HIM AT DAWN!  
TAKE HIM AWAY AND KILL HIM AT DAWN!  
(in descent) TAKE HIM AWAY AND KILL HIM AT DAWN!

The Cobbler looks desperately at the princess for a sign of compassion but there is none there. He is dragged out of the garden by the two guards. The Eunuchs follow, still chanting.

Cut to ZigZag and his minions watching.

ZigZag:  
HEHHAH HEH! MOST AMUSING. HIS CONFUSING PRINCESS MEEMEE WITH HER TWIN!  
IT IS A GENUINE AMUSION, THE CONFUSION WHICH HE'S IN! HEHHAHHEH!

Goblet:  
HOW DROLL!

Gopher:  
OH, AN AMUSION!  
A WHAT?

Slap:  
OH, ER, HEH HEH.  
YEH.  
WHAT?

Tickle:  
OH.  
YES, YES, ISN'T IT?  
AHAHAHA!

Cut to the Princess MeeMee. with trembling branches, and the huge the branches at the top.

She is in front of a large bush, eye of the Beast peeking through

Princess MeeMee:  
THERE, THERE, BUBBA, MY PRINCE. . . HONEY SWEET PET. . . DI D THE TERRIBLE MAN HURTUMS?

The eye] nods and the grotesque head comes out from the bush a little bit.

Princess MeeMee:  
NEVER MIND, BUBBA LOVE, HE IS GONE NOW HE WILL BE PUNISHED. OH MY LOVE, BUBBUMS HURT?

Beast :  
YETH.

30.

Princess MeeMee:  
DID THE AWFUL MAN HURT  
HIMS LITTLE TOES?

Beast :  
YETH (sob sob) HURT HURT  
ME, MEEMEE!

Princess MeeMee:  
THERE, THERE HONEY  
LOVE. . . MY PRINCE. . . MY  
OWN PRINCE BUBBA

Beast :  
MEEMEE, MEEMEE . . . MY  
PRINCESS

During this, the Beast is getting out of the bush in which he is sitting as if it were a large garden seat. As sections of him come out of the bush, the branches spring back into place.

While she is administering to him, and genuinely caring for him, Princess MeeMee takes a small hand-mirror and looks at herself, adjusting her hair, etc., still cooing to him, He ends up on the grass with her as she mothers him, caressing him, fondling him, kissing his hurt toes. As the love scene intensifies, peacocks walk up and spread their tails like fans, so that we only see the heads of the Beast and the Princess which disappear slowly down behind the fan-like tails. It is early evening. The sky is gold and the garden is in lilac shadows.

### SEQ. 3.5.

Cut to the Thief looking at the peacocks while we still hear muffled gurgles of pleasure. He makes his way along the garden wall until his attention is caught by a gleaming silver ornament on top of a pavilion visible just over the wall. He starts climbing the vines of red roses which cling to the wall. Though he has difficulty getting to the top, once there he is transfixed at what he sees on the other side.

In the next garden, we see an immaculate white pavilion, in front of which is a low platform on which spreads a large circular white fur rug. On the fur rug, the Princess YumYum is lying, clad in white, on a white bolster, and we can just see her gorgeous figure translucent underneath. Everything is white, like a television soap commercial. The only real colour is a pile of broken bejewelled slippers which the princess has been snapping in two. The jewelled slippers are reflected in the Thief's eyes as he peers over the wall. The princess yawns, and stretches out for a nap. All the slippers have been broken.

### 31.

We hear only the sound of the flies as the Thief makes his way down the white rose vines on the inside of the white garden. The Thief is a dung-coloured mass moving against this purity. The vines suddenly give way and he falls

to the ground with a thud. His head emerges from the ripped vine. A look at the Princess. She has not stirred. Crawling on his stomach, commando-style, he crosses the courtyard and up some steps to the platform which supports the large white fur rug in which the Princess is ensconced. She doesn't stir, and so the Thief steps onto the rug and ever-so-carefully tiptoes through it toward the glistening jewelled slippers. He delicately takes an armful of shining slippers and escapes half-way back across the rug, when there is a deep rumble. The ground starts to shake and vibrate below him. The Thief looks in all directions as huge white dogs' heads rise up encircling him. We see that the rug is made up of enormous white dogs arranged in a circle, bottom to bottom in the centre, the Thief trapped neatly at the middle, as the camera pulls back.

Cut to the next garden with the peacocks. As we hear terrible rending, snarling and ripping noises from the white garden, the peacocks are startled away and we see Princess MeeMee drying Prince Bubba's tears with a small hankie. They look up, startled at the noise next door.

Princess MeeMee:  
MY SISTER AND HER PETS!  
(MeeMee goes on drying  
Bubba's tears) THERE,

THERE, BUBBA, MY  
PRINCE.

Prince Bubba:  
THAT MAN DIDN'T THINK I  
WAS A PRINCE. HE  
THOUGHT I WAS A . . . A  
BEAST!

Princess MeeMee:  
OH, WHAT DOES HE KNOW!

MeeMee takes out a small hand-mirror and admires herself. She is always doing this.

Prince Bubba:  
BUT LOOK AT ME, MEEMEE!  
MAYBE I AM A BEAST!

MeeMee continues to gaze at her reflection as she reaches up absently and pats Bubba's cheek.

Princess MeeMee:  
NONSENSE!  
32.

Princess MeeMee:  
YOU'RE A HANDSOME  
PRINCE UNDER AN EN-  
CHANTMENT...

MeeMee puts the mirror down and smiles sweetly at Prince Bubba.

Princess MeeMee:  
OTHERWISE, WHAT WOULD  
YOU BE DOING WITH ME?

Prince Bubba :  
ARE YOU SURE?

( dissolve)

SEQ. 3.6.

Fade in on the bars of the window of a dungeon door. The Cobbler is working intently on the pile of jewelled slippers which Princess YumYum broke in two. He has a large ball and chain clamped around his ankle. On the floor is a bowl of water and a lump of bread on a plate. A few mice with beady eyes sit in a semi-circle in front of him. He breaks off little bits of bread and throws them to the mice.

We hear a horse's whinny and a loud clop of hooves close by. The Cobbler looks up to the only window, which is a slit of light with bars, towards the top of his cell. He pulls himself up, dragging the large ball and chain over beneath the window slit, and stands on the ball, holding onto the bars, and pulls himself up to look out. There are two huge horse's hooves right at the window. Sky is gold - the grass is bright green. Cut to outside the window. The Cobbler's eyes look out and the camera pulls back to reveal the elegant polo ponies.

SEQ. 3. 7.

It is early evening The royal polo ponies are going on review before the King's pavilion viewing stand. Gold sunlight and lush green grass.

Beside the King, straddled across another "Throne" sits the pink palanquin. The King, seated beside it, puts his hand in and strokes a purple knee which is just visible amongst the drapery. Between the part in the folds are a pair of tiny white mother-of-pearl

33.

opera glasses, held by a couple of purple fingers with pink nail varnish. We hear the familiar husky giggle. The King, of course, is falling asleep, ibut seems vaguely interested in the horses. Seated at his other side fis ZigZag.

ZigZag:

O, IMPERIAL MAJESTY!  
I BEG YOUR INDULGENCE  
TO LET ME PRESENT  
SOMETHING A LITTLE BIT. . .  
DIFFERENT!  
FROM FARTHEST CATHAY,  
AT MY BIDDING WERE  
SENT  
THE BEST POLO PONIES OF  
THE ORIENT.  
AS YOUR VIZIER AND SER-  
VANT, OF COURSE  
I ADORE YOU.  
IT GIVES ME GREAT PLEA-  
SURE TO MAKE PLEASURE  
FOR YOU.

SO I COUNT NOT THE EF-  
FORT THIS COST, I ASSURE  
YOU.  
THOUGH THEIR PURCHASE  
WAS COSTLY... BUT DE-  
TAILS WOULD BORE YOU.

King:

( bored) YES, YES, ZIGZAG,  
VERY NICE. . .

ZigZag stands in grandiose  
manner.

ZigZag:

(In a loud voice, proclaiming to  
the assembly)

TO PLEASE KING NOD -  
BELOVED BY ALL,  
COMMENCE THE GAME!  
IN SHORT, PLAY BALL!

Trumpets blare, startling the King  
wide awake, and amid great cheer-  
ing, whinnying and thundering of  
hooves, the game begins.

SEQ.3.8.

Cut to the Thief, his cloak shredded, running around the back of the palace and out onto the bright green of the grass and the golden sunlight. He is exhausted and very much the worse for wear. Suddenly a white, glittering sphere rolls past him and stops a few yards away on the grass. He is hypnotized by this glittering orb (about the size of a grapefruit) and he carefully approaches it. As his head and hand come right up to the ball, we hear the sudden thundering of hooves, and CRACK! the ball and the Thief go flying into the air. The Thief hits the ground as the horses disappear over a hillock and into the distance. He can't work out what has hap-  
pened, but he starts to go

34.

away in the opposite direction from the riders, when the glittering ball quietly rolls up beside him. Still fascinated, he sees it, but reckons it could be the cause of the trouble, and so he starts moving away from it. Stll rolling, the ball follows him. No matter where the Thief steps, the ball keeps follow-  
ing him. We hear thunder of approaching hooves again. The Thief breaks into a run, the ball still at his heels. up come the horses and CRACK! - the Thief flies into the air and splats on the ground again. The horses race over the hill and into the middle distance where we

see the tips of the horses and riders turn and race towards the Thief. By now the Thief has worked out what's happening, and he runs on his hands and knees into a large rabbit hole. Inside the dark of the rabbit hole, we can see only the Thief's white eyes and the screen shakes as the horses thunder past above and the sound fades away. The eyes show great relief. Then the glittering white ball rolls down into the black screen and stops at where the Thief's feet would be. In the dark we still see only the ball and the Thief's eyes as we hear the approaching pounding of hooves. Too late, the Thief sees the ball in there with him and WHACK! - amid flying sod and earth, he is shot right up into the air where his head is caught in the forked limb of a tree and his body lands on the branch as the horsemen race past below. He heaves a sigh of relief, but then the gleaming white ball drops from some upper foliage onto his head. As fast as he can go he shinnies backwards along the limb to the main trunk and down the tree - only to find the ball rolls out from behind the trunk. He runs down a hill to get away but the ball follows him in hot pursuit. Chasing the ball, of course, come the riders, and in long shot we see the Thief being bashed by the horsemen and mallets, flying up and down, hopelessly entangled in

the game. Then he shoots toward us, and away, over a hill, where we hear a splash. The camera cranes with him, and we see him helplessly floating down a fast-moving stream. We follow him as the stream enters an underground passage and, finally, out the other side, where the Thief grabs a rock at the edge of the water, and just manages to get himself out back onto land. He is emptying the water out of his only shoe when the polo ball arrives beside him. In desperation, he leaps into the stream, which of course is very shallow, and the ball follows him, and CRACK! the game has caught up with him again.

SEQ. 3.9.  
35.

Cut to the King, asleep. . . the game in full swing. Nobody seems to have noticed the Thief.

ZigZag:  
O, EVER VIGILANT MAJ-  
ESTY!

King:  
(suddenly awakened)  
OH! WHAT IS IT?

ZigZag:  
I TAKE THIS OPPORTUNITY  
TO SPEAK OUT WITH IMPU-  
NITY  
NOW THAT WE ARE  
ALONE...

Giggle from palanquin.

ZigZag:  
IT'S FOR YOUR KINGDOM'S  
UNITY,  
THE GOOD OF THE  
COMMUNITY,  
IF I TAKE A CANDID TONE...

King:  
YES, YES, WHAT IS IT, ZIG-  
ZAG?

ZigZag:  
I SPEAK OF PRINCESS  
MEEMEE . . .

King:  
MEEMEE? PRINCESS  
MEEMEE?

ZigZag:  
YES - YES, THE PRINCESS  
MEEMEE.

(clears his throat delicately)

AS ANYONE CAN SEE, SHE  
HAS ACHIEVED A CERTAIN  
. . . BLOOM. . .

King:  
(somewhat surprised)  
OH , REALLY?

ZigZag:  
LIKE THE OPENING OF A  
LOTUS!  
IT HAS NOT ESCAPED  
YOUR NOTICE, I PRESUME?

King:  
(suddenly, he is aware that he has  
been idly fondling the contents of  
the palanquin - and withdraws his  
hand from within the pink curtains  
as if he had just grabbed a red-hot  
poker.)  
OH, UH, OF COURSE. . .

ZigZag:  
IN SHORT, SHE'S REACHED  
MATURITY.  
SUCH LOVELINESS AND  
PURITY  
DEMAND INCREASED SE-  
CURITY FROM UNTO-  
WARD... ADVANCE...  
36.

King:  
WHAT!  
WHO DARES TO MAKE  
ADVANCE?

ZigZag:  
A CERTAIN... BEAST... SHE  
CALLS... THE PRINCE.

King:  
THE PRINCE! A BEAST?  
BUT WE HAVE ALWAYS  
BELIEVED THAT BUBBA IS  
A PRINCE... UNDER AN  
ENCHANTMENT...

ZigZag:  
HER LONG INFATUATION  
FOR THIS ONE OF UNSURE  
STATION  
COULD GIVE RISE TO  
SPECULATION  
IF IT BLOSSOMED TO RO-  
MANCE...

King:  
BUT IS PRINCE BUBBA NOT  
A PRINCE ???

ZigZag:  
(humouring him)  
IF YOU HOLD TO THIS CON-  
VICTION  
I WILL SPEAK NO CONTRA-  
DICTION  
TO THIS TALE OF HIS AF-  
FLICTION - WHO CAN TELL?  
IF THIS THEORY WE  
WOULD PROVE,  
AND IT REALLY WOULD  
BEHOOVE  
THERE'S BUT ONE WHO  
CAN REMOVE THIS EVIL  
SPELL. . .

King:  
AND WHO'S THAT?

ZigZag:  
IT CAN BE ACCOMPLISHED  
SOLELY BY A WITCH,  
BOTH MAD AND HOLY AND  
AS ANCIENT AS THE MOUN-  
TAIN WHERE SHE DWELLS.

King:  
AND WHERE IS THAT?

ZigZag:  
SHE IS FAR ACROSS THE  
SANDS  
WHERE THE MAGIC MOUN-  
TAIN STANDS.  
WE MUST PUT IT IN HER  
HANDS TO BREAK ALL  
SPELLS!

King:  
THEN, TO SETTLE THE  
ISSUE ONCE AND FOR ALL,  
THIS MAD AND HOLY OLD  
WITCH MUST BE SUM-  
MONED!

ZigZag:  
OH, SHE NEVER LEAVES  
HER EYRIE,  
FOR SHE'S FAR TOO OLD  
AND WEARY  
37.

ZigZag:  
AND WOULD FIND THE TRIP  
TOO DREARY NOW TO  
BEAR...  
BUT, O HEAD OF EXCEL-  
LENCE,  
IT WOULD SEEM BUT  
COMMEN SENSE  
FOR THE BEAST. . .

THAT IS, THE PRINCE TO  
TRAVEL THERE. . .

King:  
WELL, IF YOU THINK SO, I'LL  
SLEEP ON IT.

(He starts to go to sleep.)

At this point there is a burst of  
action as the polo ponies and riders  
thunder past and the game contin-  
ues. One ray of late afternoon sun  
has lit up the three gold balls on the  
tallest minaret - visible from the  
King's pavilion.

ZigZag:  
(rising to his feet)  
O WISEST OF RULERS!  
HAPPY ARE THE SUB-  
JECTS WHO LIVE BENEATH  
YOUR HAND!  
HAPPY IS THE KINGDOM IN  
THIS MILK AND HONEYED  
LAND  
WE REJOICE AT ALL  
AROUND US AS THIS BEAU-  
TEOUS EVENING FALLS  
SAFE BENEATH THE SURE  
PROTECTION OF THE AN-  
CIENT GOLDEN BALLS.

The camera goes up towards the  
three gold balls gleaming against the  
peacock blue sky.

SEQ. 13.4.

Cut to the Thief escaping out of  
dark shadows, his head poking  
again into the late sunlight. He  
looks to the right, spots an open  
doorway and runs inside. Cut to a  
long top shot of a checkered floor  
of an enormous dark hall. The  
Thief skids to a stop, looks around  
blinking and begins to sneak  
forward. Cut to a full-figure shot of  
the Thief, sneaking along the dark  
green checkered floor. Suddenly, he  
stops, in a vibrating 'take'.

Cut to a close-up of the Thief's  
head as his eyes light up with  
brilliant gleaming emeralds.

38.

Cut to a crystal bottle full of  
luminous emeralds shining in the  
darkness. The Thief approaches,  
sneaking up to the emeralds.  
Transfixed, he puts his fingers all  
over the glass and examines the  
bottle and its contents. Then he  
opens his robe and throws out all  
his loot. Brass pots, pearls, jugs,  
vanity cases, and brassware of all  
descriptions crash noisily to the  
floor. He has made room...

Next, the Thief rolls up his sleeve  
and reaches his scrawny arm into  
the bottle and grabs the largest  
emerald. He tugs at it but it is too  
big to come out of the neck of the  
bottle. In fact, the neck of the  
bottle is too thin for any of the

emeralds to pass through it. But the Thief, naturally, keeps turning and prying and pulling as the emeralds gleam in the darkness, lighting his face. He has failed to notice the arrival of the two monolithic palace guards in blue, carrying scimitars, who have glided silently up behind him, summoned by his crashing brassware. The Thief eventually looks up at them, then goes back to yanking at the emerald. He picks up the whole bottle with his arm still in it, and runs a few steps away and continues to tug. The Guards smoothly slide up beside him and the Thief, still holding the bottle, takes a few more paces away, never interrupting his ineffective tugging at the emerald. The Guards silently pick him up between them and cart him away, bottle, jewels and all - the Thief still tugging pathetically.

Fade.

### SEQ. 13.6.

Fade in on a top-shot of a palace courtyard. Twilight. Getting darker through scene. We see a platform with stocks and executioner's wooden basket in front. People are passing by the platform going about their business.

There is a wall behind the platform with a double door. Doors suddenly bang open, revealing the two Guards in blue with scimitars and the Thief (without the jewel bottle) between them. Simultaneously shout:

The Guards:  
(proclaiming) THIEF!  
THIEF!

### 39.

The people look around at them and others gather as the Guards carry the Thief over to the platform.

Cut to a close-up of the Thief's head, seen from the stocks in the foreground. He draws his head back like a turtle into his coat as he realizes what is about to happen. Cut to an overhead long-shot of the

platform as more people gather round. The Guards march the Thief up on to the platform to the stocks. Cut to a front view of the stocks, the Thief and Guards behind as one Guard lifts the top and the other Guard pushes the Thief forward. The Thief's hands are trembling violently. As they push him, indicating for him to put his hands in the slots, the Thief's trembling hands disappear up into his sleeves. Cut to a extreme close-up of the Thief's head. Slowly his eyes brighten and we see an expression on his face different from any we have seen there before. He is thinking! The Thief looks slyly up at each Guard. Cut to an under-shot of the Thief's body and head. His head and shoulders forward so that the Guards cannot see neath, he reaches into his coat and pulls out the two jewelled backscratchers he swiped from the Princesses' bath chamber. Still trembling, he shakes his long sleeves over his real hands, and thrusts out the two tiny fork-like backscratcher hands where his hands ought to be and places them in the stocks, wiggling them for emphasis. The Guard's scimitars rise. A drumroll builds. There is a gasp from the crowd. And - WHAP! WHAP! - down come the blades. Cut to the Thief's head in close-up as he mouths a silent imitation howl of pain. Cut to the little amputated backscratcher fork

hands rattling in the platform basket. The Thief pulls his tiny stump ends back in and tucks them under his arms, turns around, hobbles across the platform on his knees and down the steps into the crowd which makes way for him as he skitters away, gaining speed, getting up off his knees as he runs out a convenient exit from the square. Cut to a back alley, the Thief in the distance comes out of a small archway and races up toward us and ducks into a niche in the wall. He looks back to see that no-one is following him, and drops

### 40.

the backscratcher sticks out of his sleeves. He shudders, then stretches his arms out and, grinning, wiggles his real fingers in triumph. Then he runs down the rest of the alley and disappears up a flight of steps into the shadows. It is getting quite dark now.

Dissolve to:

### SEQ. 4.3.

Long shot of the Golden City at dusk surrounded by its glittering river. The evening light dissolves slowly through to the silvery turquoise of the noon of night.

Suddenly, an inky black diagonal shadow crosses the rooftops. The camera comes round to see what is the cause of this and we see a tall minaret with a winged vulture-like shape for its crown. The shadow is caused by the moon which is now behind the vulture-shaped turret.

As we go closer, towards a gaping mouth with stairs up the inside into what would be the gullet, the eyes of the vulture light up. They are two windows and the light streams out like searchlights into the night as the camera goes closer inside the mouth, up through the gullet, and up a winding staircase as the light gets brighter and we arrive in Zigzag's plotting room. Lit by candles and wall torches, Zigzag's lair is an alchemist's laboratory. The walls are covered with maps, the tables and corners full of alchemical equipment, flasks and beakers, old books, scientific and astrological and occult paraphernalia, astrolabes, astronomy charts. Perched on a stand-up globe is Zigzag's familiar, his pet vulture, Phido. Phido has quick and delinquent gestures and though skinny and haggard he has the swollen stomach of the starving. He does not speak but exhales bursts of air. At present, Phido is

asleep on the world globe and Zigzag is agitatedly pacing in his Zig-Zagging walk, up and down the room. Grey-greens, purples and blacks, candle light and shadows flickering.

**Zigzag:**  
**SLEEP. . . SLEEP. . . SLEEP**  
**THEY SLEEP. . . THEY**  
**SLEEP. . . THEY'RE ALL**  
**ASLEEP! BUT I AM QUITE**  
**AWAKE! EH, PHIDO?**

41.

Cut to the Vulture, snoring on the globe, on which is inscribed "The Known World".

**Zigzag:**  
**I RISE ABOVE THE HUMAN**  
**HEAP.**

He gestures out the balcony towards the moonlit city below.

**Zigzag:**  
**THE WORLD IS MINE TO**  
**TAKE!**

Leaning over the globe, Zigzag gives it a violent spin and the dozing vulture off into the wall, SPLAT! Recovering himself, he flaps dizzily back and lands on an hour-glass.

**Zigzag:**  
**EH, PHIDO?**

Phido nods in agreement, then sticks out his tongue in a silent hiss when Zigzag has turned his back.

**Zigzag:**  
**MEN ARE FOOLS WHO**  
**WALK IN DREAMS**

Cut to vulture sitting on the hour glass, seemingly passing a thin stream of sand.

**Zigzag:**  
**THEY SLEEP THEIR LIVES**  
**AWAY. BUT I, ZIGZAG, WILL**  
**REIGN SUPREME!**

**Zigzag:**  
Phido is asleep again.  
**FOR THEY ARE EASY**  
**PREY. . . EH, PHIDO?**

Zigzag fingers the back of Phido's neck. Phido jumps awake in panic, then realises Zigzag is stroking him, and he "purrs" up toward Zigzag. When Zigzag turns away, Phido hisses at him.

Zigzag flicks out his self-ejecting pointer and uses it as a sceptre.

**Zigzag:**  
**THE KING HIMSELF SLEEPS**  
**ALL THE TIME. . . A LOST,**  
**UNCONSCIOUS SOUL TOO**  
**STUPID TO SUSPECT THAT**  
**I'M**  
**(points to himself) THE ONE**  
**WHO'S IN CONTROL.**

On "CONTROL" he presses a button on his stick and, Flick! It extends to twice the length. He brandishes it in front of the vulture. Phido, trained to jump on the pointer, sighs, rolls his eyes to heaven and wearily jumps aboard. Then, with the vulture on the end

of the stick, Zigzag gestures at the maps and at the silver panorama below his window.

**Zigzag:**  
**42.**  
**CONTROL! ,CONTROL THE**  
**GOLDEN LAND!**  
**AND ALL ITS GOLDEN**  
**WEALTH!**  
**I RULE IT WITH AN UNSEEN**  
**HAND**  
**BY CLEVERNESS AND**  
**STEALTH. EH, PH 100 ?**

He has absently finished a broad gesture and the half-asleep vulture perched on the stick is poised over a large candle flame. His tailfeathers burst into flames.

**Phido:**  
**SQUA-A-A-A-A-A-WK !**

Phido leaps into the air, his arse blazing and, flapping his huge wings, wildly runs along a couple of benches over to a large black ink-pot and dips his burning end deep into the ink. Rising steam. Hisssssss. A big sigh of relief from Phido. Zigzag races across to the suffering bird.

**Zigzag:**  
**BUT THIS IGNOBLE WAY OF**  
**LIFE IS JUST A PASSING**  
**THING.**

Pluck! I Zigzag pulls a quill feather from Phido's tail, already conveniently dipped in ink. . . and steps forward to the wall.

ZigZag:  
FOR I INTEND TO TAKE AS  
WIFE

Cut to two full-figure paintings, side by side, of Princesses MeeMee and YumYum.

ZigZag:  
BOTH DAUGHTERS OF THE  
KING!

ZigZag scribes a huge “Z” across each Princesses’ body. . . scratch, scratch, lzzt. scratch, scratch, zzt. Standing back, he continues, still gesturing with the quill.

ZigZag:  
AND WITH THEM AS MY  
ROYAL BRIDES  
I’LL RULE IN PUBLIC SIGHT.  
WITH BOTH PRINCESSES  
AT MY SIDE  
TO FEED MY APPETITE!

ZigZag throws the quill, like a dart, and it sticks into the wall and quivers between the hips of the two pictures of the Princesses. He bursts into obscene laughter. Phido, still on the ink-pot, registers definite disgust. ZigZag suddenly notices him.

43.

ZigZag:  
POOR PHIDO! HOW COULD I  
FORGET?  
I FEAR YOU HAVEN’T  
EATEN YET.

Phido nods and smiles, starts to fawn and drool and purr.

ZigZag:  
FOR YOU, DEAR BIRD, A  
SPECIAL TREAT:  
FOR BREAKFAST, YOU’LL  
HAVE COBBLER MEAT!

The bird’s eyes light up and he jumps on ZigZag’s shoulder, hissing and cackling. ZigZag is also chortling and cackling amusedly as they both leave the tower, twisting and turning, snickering and flapping, down the spiral steps winding below. The camera follows them and we slowly fade to black.

SEQ. 5.

Fade in on the pre-dawn mountains. The sky is crystal blue; silvery white laced clouds edged with gold hover magically. The rim of the sun appears over the horizon and the first ray of sunlight beams across the valley, a golden streak into lilac shadow. The camera follows the ray across the top of the Golden City where it lights only the three golden balls - one - two - three. The ray is then beamed down, reflecting off the balls, and we follow it, descending into the City where it bounces off a window, angling down, ricocheting off various reflective surfaces. We follow it all the way down to the grassy ground at the edge of the palace wall to where the ray shines directly into the barred slit window of the Cobbler’s cell. Dissolve to the interior of the Cobbler’s cell. The Cobbler is asleep on the stone floor in the same position as when we first saw him sleeping at the beginning of the film. He is surrounded by shoes of all kinds. The ray of sun terminates on the Princess’ white and gold slipper which the Cobbler clutches to his breast. He is still sewing on it in his sleep and has just finished stitching the shoe to his shirt, when the sunlight wakes him up. He sits upright and discovers the Princess’ slipper is stitched to his chest. Then he recollects his state of affairs, sighs, and sadly starts to unpick the slipper from his shirt. His eyes look

left for an instant and he stiffens in terror. Cut to the door of his cell. There is a small square window hole in the door and a large yellow eyeball with a red iris is staring at him.

44.

It blinks sideways, like a camera lens. One by one the tacks drop from the Cobbler’s mouth onto the stone floor. Cut to the other side of the door where we see Phido, the vulture, staring into the Cobbler’s cell. He has stereo vision, and while one eyeball is looking directly into the cell window, Phido’s other eye is looking up at ZigZag who is holding him.

ZigZag:  
THERE’S YOUR BREAK-  
FAST, PHIDO DEAR.  
IT’S TIME TO TAKE HIM OUT  
OF HERE  
AND CHOP HIS HEAD OFF -  
MAKE HIM DEAD  
LIKE THE LOVELY PRIN-  
CESS SAID.

Cut to the Cobbler, confused, fingering the Princess’ slipper. He glares at the door. Cut back to ZigZag and Phido. In attendance are the two guards dressed in blue with their scimitars, The Royal Executioners. Phido opens his beak in anticipation and we see the Cobbler’s head through the win-

dow, neatly framed by Phido's beak.

**ZigZag:  
YOU CAN HAVE THE HEAD  
TO START,  
THEN THE NECK, AND  
THEN THE HEART.  
SUCH A TASTY LITTLE  
MAN, EH,  
MY FLYING GARBAGE CAN?**

ZigZag tickles Phido's starvation-induced belly and Phido's beak, snaps shut, blotting out the shot of the Cobbler. The vulture, dribbling slobber starts flapping his enormous wings and bashing against the door so that we can see that Phido actually does look like a flying garbage can. Cut to the Cobbler as ZigZag laughs.

The Cobbler spits a tack at the door.

**Bang!**

**ZigZag:  
WATCH HIS TACKS,  
THEY'RE NOT SO YUMMY.  
MIGHT UPSET POOR  
PHIDO'S TUMMY.**

(tickle tickle, his flap, flap.)  
Behind the thin stream of daylight in his cell, the Cobbler crouches in the dark, and the hissing vulture keeps beating his large wings against the door.

45.

**SEQ. 5.1.**

Cut to various superimpositions of vultures in the canyon where the One-Eyes defeated the Frontier Guard. Gliding vultures, and flapping vultures, landing on dead bodies, piles of dead bodies. As the various vultures land and everything is still vague, amorphous and in soft-focus the image appears of the dying survivor pin-cushioned with arrows, riding, riding. There are several images of him riding - far away, up close, blending one into the other, indicating passage of time. Things are coming in and out of focus, as in a dream. Also, very vague, behind the riding messenger, are the faces of the One-Eye soldiers and then, large, the image of the Mighty One-Eye but only just perceptible, seen through a haze. As the survivor rides and the images blend, the sound of the hoofbeats grows louder, building into a crescendo of multiple hoofbeats. POP! Cut to the King's head, as he awakens suddenly. He sits bolt upright, shotked awake and staring, frozen in fright.

**King Nod:  
ZIGZAG! ZIGZAG! GET ME  
ZIGZAG!**

(shouting)

The King's ancient manservant eunuch bangs his mighty hands together, and it echoes like a thunderclap.

**King Nod:  
GET ME ZIGZAG NOW!**

Cut to Singing Eunuch 1, framed in a doorway, calling out, beginning a [? IchiJe"] chord. The dwarf runs from eunuch to eunuch via the pantlegs.

**Dwarf:  
(bellowing) THE KING  
WANTS ZIGZAG!**

**Eunuch 1:  
ZIGZAG!**

**Eunuch 2:  
(in another doorway) ZIGZAG!**

**Eunuch 3:  
(in another doorway) ZIGZAG!**

**Eunuch 4:  
(in another doorway) ZIGZAG!**

**Eunuchs:  
(together)  
THE KING WANTS ZIGZAG!**

**SEQ.5.2.  
46.**

As the four voices reverberate in canon, throughout the palace, the camera shoots down staircases, round corners, through rooms, into passages, and ends up down in the dungeon with ZigZag and Phido. The two executioners have just pulled the Cobbler out of his cell and hold him between them. Phido is flapping frantically, ravenously. ZigZag is cackling. The echoes of the four eunuchs reach them: **ZIGZAG! ZIGZAG! ZIGZAG!  
ZIGZAG! THE KING WANTS  
ZIGZAG!**

All pleasure disappears from ZigZag's face.

**ZigZag:  
OH  
FFFFFFFFFFFFFFFFFFFFFFFFF-  
PHIDO!  
AFFFFFFFFFFFFFFFFF-FAIRS  
OF STATE!  
I FEAR YOUR BREAKFAST  
WILL HAVE TO WAIT!**

Cut to Cobbler relieved.

Cut to bird frustrated.

**ZigZag:  
(Guards)  
LOCK HIM UP, PUT HIM  
AWAY! (to Phido)  
YOU'LL EAT HIM LATER ON  
TODAY!**

The guards push the Cobbler back into the cell and lock the door. The eunuchs' singing continues: **ZIGZAG! ZIGZAG!**

ZIGZAG! ZIGZAG! THE KING  
WANTS ZIGZAG NOW!

ZigZag:  
(failing to cover his irritation,  
shouts:  
COMING, YOUR MAJESTY!  
COMING!  
COMING!

Phido, on ZigZag's arm, recoils at  
the shout.

ZigZag  
47.

impatiently sets the vulture on  
the edge of a brazier full of glowing  
coals, and Phido 'again burns his  
arse - this time on a branding iron  
in the brazier. Squaaawk! (more  
flapping, hissing and hopping).

ZigZag:  
ZIGZAG YOUR GRAND  
VIZIER IS COMING! (sotto  
voce)  
WHO DOES HE THINK I AM?  
HIS MOTHER?  
IF IT ISN'T ONE THING, IT'S  
ANOTHER!

ZigZag stamps away from us,  
down the corridor.

SEQ. 5. 3A.

Dissolve to the Thief coming  
towards us, sneaking through a  
shadowy alley. We hear the Eunuchs  
chanting in the distance. He comes  
out of the shadows into the early  
morning sunlight. He suddenly  
freezes, transfixed, staring up into  
the sky. Cut to the Thief's P.O.V.  
In the morning sun. Cut to the  
Thief's head in close-up. See in his  
eyes, the three gold balls panning  
through - one - two - three.

The three golden balls, shin-  
ing.

As he lifts his head, we cut to  
mid-shot of the Thief as he works  
his way backwards, back into the  
shadows of the alley. Cut to King  
Nod. Bolt upright, wringing his  
hands, his face wreathed in anguish.  
The eunuchs are still calling for  
ZigZag.

SEQ. 5. 38.

Eunuchs and Dwarf:  
ZIGZAG! ZIGZAG! ZIGZAG!  
ZIGZAG!  
THE KING WANTS ZIGZAG  
NOW!

King Nod:  
O DAY OF DEATH! O DAWN  
OF DISASTER! O MORN OF  
CALAMITY!  
OH!  
OH!  
OH!

48.

ZigZag:  
(entering)  
O GREAT KING NOD HAVE  
NO FEAR!  
ZIGZAG, YOUR GRAND  
VIZIER  
IS HERE!

King Nod:  
DEATH AND DESTRUCTION  
ZIGZAG! MY KINGDOM WILL  
COME TO DESTRUCTION  
AND DEATH!

ZigZag:  
BE CALM, SERENE HIGH-  
NESS!  
YOU MUST CATCH YOUR  
BREATH!  
WHAT DAWN OF DISAS-  
TER?  
WHY SPEAK YOU OF  
DEATH?

King Nod:  
I'VE HAD A DREAM! A  
NIGHTMARE! NO! A - A - A  
VISION! A VISION OF INVA-  
SION!

ZigZag:  
NOW, EXCELLENT MAJ-  
ESTY! RULER SUPREME!  
I CAN SAFELY ASSURE  
YOU A DREAM'S JUST A  
DREAM. . .

King Nod:  
I SAW IT, I TELL YOU! I  
KNOW IT'S TRUE! AN IN-  
VADING HORDE OF ONE-  
EYED MEN! AN ENTIRE  
RACE OF ONE-EYED MEN,  
AND DEATH! DEATH EV-  
ERYWHERE!

ZigZag:  
CALM DOWN, YOUR HIGH-  
NESS! INVADERS?  
ONE-EYED?  
BUT THIS IS AGAINST  
WHAT HAS BEEN PROPH-  
ESIED!  
FOR HAS IT NOT BEEN  
WRITTEN WE ARE SAFE  
FROM ANY THREAT  
AS LONG AS THOSE  
(gesturing out the window)  
THREE GOLDEN BALLS  
ARE ON THE MINARET?

SEQ. 5.3C.

49.

King's and ZigZag's point of view the camera zooms the three gold balls, up close. We hear the sound from out the window of flies buzzing. Cut to the Thief's head, with its halo of flies. The camera pulls back and we see the Thief is holding a long vaulting pole. He paces backwards. He is in the main palace courtyard and everything is in lilac shadow, except for the gleaming balls atop the minaret. The Thief takes careful aim, and begins his approach, gaining speed as he runs. Faster and faster, he nears the base of the minaret, goes past it and runs straight into a wall, pronging himself right in the stomach with the pole. silently wheezing and gasping, he hops around in terrible pain.

SEQ. 5.3D.

Cut to the faces of the King and ZigZag at either end of the scope screen, both intense and staring.

King Nod:

BUT, BUT, BUT. . .

ZigZag:

BUT HAS IT NOT BEEN  
FORETOLD  
BY THE SAGES IN DAYS OF  
OLD  
THAT AS LONG AS THEY  
STAY

(gesturing out the window)  
AND AREN'T TAKEN AWAY  
WE'RE AS SAFE AS OUR  
BALLS OF GOLD?

YES,

BUT. . . . .

. . . .

. . . . .

The King's head falls on his chest and he is asleep.

SEQ. 5.3E.

Cut to the Thief with his vaulting pole, pacing backwards for his next attempt. We see him in a long shot. The sunlight has begun to move down the minaret, although it is still very early in the morning and the Thief and the courtyard are still in shadow. He takes aim, runs, faster, faster, - the pole goes down, the Thief goes up, and vaults gracefully up to the minaret. Two things

50.

are wrong. His pole takes him only halfway up, and he hasn't got enough impetus for his feet to quite touch the minaret. His toes, like fingers, grab desperately - and futilely - and he falls back, out of frame, out of luck.

SEQ. 5.3F .

Cut to the King, starting awake. He leaps up, takes four or five hysterical paces forward, and yells:

King Nod:

O TIME OF MISFORTUNE!  
O DAY OF DISASTER!  
O EVIL, EVIL HOUR!

ZigZag:

OUR SAFETY'S ENSURED  
FOR THE BALLS HAVE  
ENDURED  
THROUGH A THOUSAND  
AND ONE, OR MORE, AGES.

THEY'RE QUITE SAFE UP  
THERE,  
SO DO NOT DESPAIR,  
REMEMBER THE WORDS  
OF THE SAGES!

The King, still standing, surrenders:

King Nod:

YES. . . WELL. . . THEN. . .

The King nods off again, standing up.

**SEQ. 5.3G.**

Cut to the Thief. Here he comes again. He takes aim, and runs. He's getting better all the time. Faster, faster. Down goes the pole, up goes the Thief, and. . . SPLAT! He hits the minaret half-way up, and slowly sinks out of sight.

**SEQ. 5.3H .**

Cut to the King, snapping awake, still standing. He begins to run forward and yells:

**King Nod:  
O ENDLESS, ENDLESS  
EVILS! O WHAT A HIDEOUS  
CALAMITY APPROACHES!**

51.

**King Nod:  
I FEEL IT! I KNOW IT!**

**ZigZag:  
NO, IT COULD NEVER BE, O  
INFALLIBLE MAJESTY!  
WHILE THE BALLS ARE IN  
PLACE  
WE CANNOT FALL FROM  
GRACE.  
JUST LOOK OUT OF THE  
WINDOW AND SEE!**

The King, addled, looks out the window, and we move in on the balls.

**SEQ. 5.3I.**

Cut to the Thief and flies. He is more determined than ever, and has more of a professional stance now, as he launches into this, his fourth attempt. He runs. Faster, faster. The pole goes down. He goes up. And head first, his nose, almost touches the wall of the minaret. Of course, he's still only halfway up, but he desperately tries to touch the minaret, balanced rigidly on the upright pole. There is a SPRONG, the pole vibrates like a tuning fork, and he rotates in a spiral down the pole toward the ground. Again.

**SEQ. 5.3J .**

Cut to the King, gazing at the balls in a stupor. He snaps out of it and mutters:

**King Nod:  
DEATH AND DESTRUC-  
TION, ZIGZAG!**

(his voice building up to a bel-  
low)

**THE PROPHECY SAYS IF  
THE BALLS ARE EVER  
TAKEN AWAY THE CITY  
WILL FALL TO DESTRUC-  
TION AND DEATH!**

(really screaming)  
**WHAT IF THE BALLS ARE  
TAKEN AWAY!!!**

**ZigZag:**  
(shouting as loud at first as the  
King his voice decrescendoing  
down to a calming reasoning level)

SEQ. 5. 3K .

52.

A WAY HAS NEVER BEEN  
FOUND TO TAKE THEM  
AWAY. . .  
WHAT FREAK OF NATURE  
COULD EVER GET  
UP TO THE TOP OF THAT  
MINARET?  
WHAT FREAK OF NATURE  
COULD THERE BE  
TO STEAL THE BALLS  
WHILE ALL COULD SEE?  
THEY'RE UP TOO HIGH,  
AND IN FULL VIEW  
AND IN THE PALACE COM-  
PLEX, TOO.

On "Freak of Nature" we cut to a medium top shot of the Thief backing up with his pole. He backs out of the picture but the pole doesn't and it keeps on travelling through the frame. We see in longshot that it is of enormous length. Just long enough this time for the Thief to be able to reach the top of the minaret. Slowly, we begin the approach. Very professional now. Faster, faster, faster - down goes the pole, and in semi-slow motion, the Thief takes off in a perfect arc, headed for the top of the minaret. Just below the dome is a small window. He goes straight through the window and out of the other side and the perfect arc continues on down. He falls into a group of buildings, RIP - he goes through a large awning. And then,

like a circus trapeze artist, he ricochets off various awnings, past shuttered windows towards the ground. He grabs through clothes-lines, temporarily augmenting his costume in mid-flight with random articles of clothing, underwear, etc. Finally he reaches a long awning which smooths his fall and glides him safely to the ground, where he skitters dizzily across the courtyard into the shadows.

SEQ. 5.3L.

Cut to the King and ZigZag. The King is asleep, standing up. ZigZag gently leads him back toward his throne. soothingly and patronizingly:

ZigZag:

He whispers  
THERE'S A GOOD KING. NO  
REASON TO FRET.

53.

ZigZag:

THERE HASN'T BEEN A  
PROBLEM THAT WE  
COULDN'T HANDLE YET.  
ZigZag, gliding the King onto a  
dais of bolsters.  
Tucking him in.

ZigZag:

IT'S NOT TIME TO GET UP,  
TOO EARLY TO RISE,  
TOO EARLY TO OPEN (tip-  
toeing away)  
THE KING'S SLEEPY EYES.

Cut to the King's eyes popping open. He lets out a mighty scream, and charges head-first off the dais, colliding head-on into ZigZag. They both splatter across the floor. The King jumps up and runs around the room hollering.

King Nod:

GREAT TROUBLE! TER-  
RIBLE TROUBLE! BLOOD!  
FIRE! DISASTER! CATAS-  
TROPHE! CALAMITY!

(as the King shouts all this, he is crashing into ZigZag, who is trying to calm the King down and getting mauled in the process.)

ZigZag:

(being battered)

SERENE HIGHNESS! CALM  
THY FEAR! SUCH THINGS  
COULD NEVER HAPPEN  
HERE! SUCH THINGS HAVE  
NEVER HAPPENED! - WELL,  
THEY HAVEN'T HAPPENED  
YET! CAN'T YOU SEE? THE  
GOLDEN BALLS ARE SAFE  
ATOP THE MINARET!!!!

King Nod:

(pulling himself together, stand-  
ing on top of the collapsed ZigZag)  
I CANNOT BUT THINK YOU  
ARE WRONG, ZIGZAG.

**SEQ. 5. 3M.**

Cut to the Thief's head with his halo of flies. He is really determined now. His robes are pulled up above his pants to allow for unimpeded leg action, and he has developed olympic style. Off he goes, slowly at first, increasing speed. Faster, faster. . . faster. . . down goes the pole, and up he goes in an impossibly graceful arc, making a perfect approach to the tip of the minaret and the balls.

**54.**

Cut to the Three Gold Balls in close-up as the Thief passes over them helplessly, grasping at thin air. He is an inch too high. Cut to a top shot of the Thief as he disappears below us into the buildings. Here he goes again, bouncing off awnings, shooting across balustrades, around corners. He goes through a series of windows, the shutters banging open and shut. Each time he comes out, he is clutching more and more potted plants. Finally he loses the lot, ricochets off another awning, and ends up on the same long awning as previously. Only this time, he's head-first, on his back gliding backward down to the ground. He shoots off the end, and runs backwards across the courtyard and collapses in the shadows.

**SEQ.5.3N.**

Cut to the King and ZigZag outside the pink palanquin in the King's bedroom. ZigZag has guided him there and he is parting a curtain of the palanquin so the King can see in (but we can't). The King, though still looking worried is becoming distracted by the contents. We hear the husky giggle of the Maiden from Mombassa, and her purple hand reaches out and chucks the King under the chin. As she draws him in from the front and the King's legs awkwardly climb aboard, ZigZag, one hand on the King's back, guides him in. The King is a big man and it's all very clumsy.

ZigZag:

**A KING CANNOT BE AT HIS BEST UNLESS HE TAKES A LITTLE REST ENJOYS FOR JUST A LITTLE WHILE A TOY. . . OR TWO. . . TO MAKE HIM SMILE.**

ZigZag makes a terrible forced smile as the Maiden from Mombassa giggles throatily from within the palanquin. The King is swallowed into the curtains.

ZigZag:

(tip-toeing away from the palanquin)  
**ZIGZAG, YOUR VIZIER, UNDERSTANDS**

**JUST LEAVE YOUR WORRIES IN MY HANDS.**

(thrusting his head out between the curtains)

**I JUST HAVE THIS FUNNY FEELING. . .**

A pair of purple hands with pink fingernails encircle the King's chest and slowly draw him back into the palanquin.

**55.**

**SEQ . 5.30.**

Close up on the Three Gold Balls and we hear the flies. We pull back to reveal the back of the Thief's head and flies, seemingly on a level with the tip of the balls. The camera does a 180 degree craning turn ending up with a front view of the Thief on a tightrope leading from a window at the top of a blue-green minaret. He is using his vaulting pole as a balance. The wind is blowing and he gingerly steps forward on the wire. Cut to a long shot where we see the tightrope wire stretched between the blue-green minaret and the old Golden Minaret with the balls. We can see clearly now for the first time that there are three guy wires leading from three smaller minarets which support the ancient Golden Minaret (which is always at an angle, like the Leaning Tower of Pisa.) The Thief is making his way along on one of the guy-wires. The wind comes in short bursts and the Thief's robe billows out. He is having great trouble balancing. We see his feet, his toes clutching at the wire like fingers. His legs shake and the wire begins to sway from side to side. Desperately, the Thief swings back and forth, balanced precariously on top of the wire. Finally, totally out of control, he drops the balancing pole. He runs along the wire, slips, falls off, catches the wire with one hand and loops himself back aboard. On

sheer momentum, he runs the length of the wire to the Golden Minaret, where he slaps his arms around it and hangs on for dear life. The wind whistles around the immobile figure of the Thief. Pan up to the Balls above him. Looking down from the Golden Balls to the Thief, we see his fingers, ineffectively grabbing around the curve of the onion dome. Slipping and sliding, he dares to look down.

Cut to a vertigo shot from the Thief's-eye view with the palace grounds, towers and courtyards swimming crazily beneath him. Desperately, he makes his bid to get on top of the onion dome. He works his hands up around the base of the dome, and, defying gravity, slipping and sliding, he kicks his way around the impossible shape. Now embracing the dome, he manages to duck-walk up to the spike which holds the balls. He pulls himself up the balls to a standing position at the top; the balls at his side. He smiles and goes into a photographic pose of triumph.

nose while he works the largest, heaviest one, off. When he gets this last one off, the weight of it almost tips him off the dome. He reorganizes the balls and finally he is able to stand, the small and medium-sized balls under one arm, and the large one under the other, like shopping bags. He stands erect against the spike, master of the situation. Very slowly, he realises he doesn't know how to get back down.

### SEQ. 5. 3P .

Cut to the palanquin. The Maiden's purple hand dangles limply from the bottom of the curtain. The King awkwardly backs out as we hear the Maiden's throaty gurgling from inside. The King is also chuckling. He moves, almost in slow motion, floating slightly.

King Nod:  
HEH-HEH, HE-HA, HO-O  
ZIGZAG? ARE YOU HERE,  
ZIGZAG?

ZigZag:  
(popping his head quietly around a doorway)  
YES, O STALLION OF THE  
GOLDEN LAND?  
YOUR FAITHFUL ZIGZAG IS  
AT HAND.

The King and ZigZag approach each other. We see their heads at opposite ends of the scope screen. Just above their eye level in the middle of the screen, silhouetted through a small window, we see the Thief with his back toward us, standing frozen at the top of the Golden Minaret. He is too stupid to have yet thought of a move. The

rest of the scene is played with this one shot. The Thief doesn't move, but his robe occasionally ripples in the morning breeze. The King and Zig-Zag never look out the window.

King Nod:  
(shaking his head to clear his thoughts)  
I'VE BEEN. . . UH . . . THINK-  
ING, ZIGZAG.

ZigZag:  
YES?  
O FONT OF WISDOM?

King Nod:  
PERHAPS WE OUGHT TO  
HAVE A TWENTY-FOUR  
HOUR GUARD ROUND THE  
MINARET?

ZigZag:  
OF COURSE, GREAT KING,  
WHAT HARM CAN IT DO?  
PERHAPS IT WILL BRING  
PEACE OF MIND TO YOU.

King Nod:  
YES. . . BETTER TO BE  
SAFE THAN SORRY. . .

Both smile at each other in satisfaction.

56.

His foot slips and he only just recovers. Back to business, and he works the balls, one by one, with great difficulty, off the spike. He puts the small and middle-sized ones between his knees and crotch, and holds onto the spike with his

SEQ. 5.3Q .

57.

(Here we see the Thief through the window awkwardly wiggling his way down to straddle the dome.)

Cut to the Thief, his back flattened against the dome, cradling two of the balls under his left arm as ballast, his right hand holding on to the spike. To free his right arm for grabbing, he manages to place the larger, heavy ball between his knees. The large ball is so heavy, he begins to lose his knee-grip on it. Grasping the spike with his right hand, cradling the other two balls with his left, he stretches with the escaping, heavier ball toward the wire. But that ball is too heavy for his knees to grip and it falls. He flails his foot out to direct it and the huge ball rolls onto the wire. Still clutching the other two balls, the Thief executes a spin and slides backwards onto the wire himself, grabbing the larger ball with his feet. He is now lying on the wire, two balls up front on his arms, and the large ball caught in his feet. He works it underneath him and perches on it. But the weight of the other two balls pulls him off the wire sideways. He now hangs

upside down with his feet around the ball on the wire. He is covered by his robes from waist to head, weighted by the other two balls. By swinging back and forth upside down, he works up enough momentum to swing back to the top of the wire, where he temporarily balances on the larger ball. He whips it into his robe's inner lining. With some fast contortions, he manages to get all three balls inside his robe lining. They hang, two on one side and one on the other. Now he is pinned to the wire as the weighted robe hangs below like a set of giant gonads. He makes an attempt to stand, but the balls start to swing from side to side with a life of their own. Arcing toward us and away from us with everincreasing velocity, the whole thing goes out of control and we get a travelling top-shot of the City swimming below, the Thief and balls flailing around more and more wildly.

58.

The Thief slips off the wire, retrieves himself with a somersault, the balls fly up towards the camera and back down again as the Thief, now hanging by his hands from the wire, jerks his legs in front of him to catch the three balls between his legs. . . the large one first in his feet, the middle-sized one between his knees, and the small one in his crotch.

SEQ. 5.3R.

Cut to a close-up of the Ball-less spike on the golden dome. The camera zooms back from the Minaret, through the window of the King's chamber. The King smokes a hookah. His head rolls lazily toward the window, eyes fluttering, slipping into sleep. They are shut for an instant, then pop open in a double take.

King Nod:

(shrieking)

**THE BALLS ARE GONE!!!!**

SEQ. 5.3S.

Cut back to the hanging Thief, two of the balls beginning to slip through his legs. Hand-over-hand, he clotheslines himself rapidly along the wire to the blue-green minaret window and swings legs and balls inside the window.

CRASH! There is an almighty smashing and ringing as the camera pans down the tower. CRASH! Through a window comes the largest ball. More crashing - and SMASH! - through another window the second ball blasts. Down further - and SMASH! little ball comes out through another window. Pan down to the ground with more banging and the front door flies open as the Thief is shot out, flat onto his face in the courtyard. Cut to a long shot of the courtyard and Palace complex. The three balls are bounding through the air and landing in rhythmic chimes, one after the other. All the awakened and half-dressed people are running into the courtyard: pandemonium. Cut to the Thief coming to, as people and the balls loudly ring. He exits backward as they rush by in all directions, unnoticed.

59.

SEQ. 5.4.

Cut to the Main Palace Gate as it opens with the teeth pulling apart. The Survivor rides towards us, past us, and across the courtyard and up the stairs into the King's throneroom, with people rushing behind.

Cut to the Cobbler, peering out through his cell, as soldiers' feet thunder past. Cut to the Survivor's horse coming to a stop in the throne-room. The Survivor, semi-conscious, in the saddle. Cut to the King, rushing through the curtains into the throneroom, followed by ZigZag, Goblet, Gopher, Slap and Tickle appear at ZigZag's side on camera left.

ZigZag:  
(stage whisper) GET THOSE BALLS! KEEP OUT OF SIGHT! BRING THEM TO ME LATE TONIGHT!

Goblet:  
YES MILORD!

Gopher:  
THY WILL BE DONE!

Slap:  
YES, MASTER!

Tickle:  
RIGHTO,  
AH HAHAAHAHA!

Exit Goblet, Gopher, Slap and Tickle. . .

The standing horse and Survivor vibrate and the horse's eyes go up to

heaven. And it faints. Its knees buckle under it and it sinks to the ground, eyes blinking. The Survivor's feet now touch the ground and he walks forward, stumbling and gasping, toward the King. It's a fair distance and the King stands frozen at one end. As he staggers the distance, guards and dishevelled courtiers hurry to attendance. In comes Princess Yummy eating a large peach, on one side of a pillar, and through some curtains on the other side of the pillar her sister MeeMee comes with her little hand mirror, Prince Bubba in tow. The survivor collapses at the feet of the King, gasps incoherently, then with a mighty effort, stands himself up from his knees, vibrating.

Survivor:  
(a last gasping shout)  
ONE. . . EYE. . . ONE EYE. . .  
IS . . . COMING!

60.

He salufes, vibrates again and expires.

SEQ. 5.3T .

King Nod:  
(shrieking in a crescendo)  
DEATH AND DESTRUCTION, ZIGZAG! MY KINGDOM WILL COME TO DESTRUCTION AND DEATH!

As the King screams, the camera pulls out above him and above the palace, above the City, above the landscape, to show a God's-eyeview of the Golden Land, with nearby mountains covered in violent approaching storms. Lightning and thunder flash and rumble.

SEQ. 6.

Fade in on dark, mountainous hills. The sky is black with thunderclouds. Lightning flashes and thunder rolls,. Up over the sound of the thunder comes the cadence of heavy drums and marching feet. Through a cleft between the hills appear black-armoured soldiers marching in close rank. The camera goes in and we see the One-Eyes advancing like a relentless swarm of giant beetles. A race of one-eyed men, purple faces, red beards, one eye open, one eye shut, forever taking aim. After infantry come huge ramps of Leonardo da Vinci-like war machinery: mammoth cross-bows the size of houses, colossal catapults, massive gear-wheels, hoists, levers, pulleys, complex parts of some enormous machine of death. Everything is on a nightmare scale: elephants, horses, camels, oxen carry more material and everything advances in efficient and relentless order. Disciplined and unstoppable, they march in cadence and the earth shakes. Medieval organs and enormous drums create a fearsome drone. We move past banners and regalia, mammoth black-draped wagons with huge wooden wheels carrying generals and other officers. Whips snap and crack as oxen pull these enormous wagons. Finally, comes the Mighty One-Eye, seated higher than the rest on a human throne of interlocking, scantily-clad women. As he lurches

along, the Mighty One-Eye gnaws at an enormous leg of roast fowl and bellows:

**Mighty One-Eye:**

**61.  
I SHALL GNAW THE  
GOLDEN CITY TO THE  
BONE AND I SHALL SPIT IT  
OUT!**

He spits out a great lump of meat and tosses the bone over the side. Then he takes a large goblet of wine and as he drinks, it spills over his face.

**Mighty One-Eye:**

**(continuing) MY FACE SHALL  
BE BLOODY WITH THE  
BLOOD OF MY VICTIMS!**

He slings the rest of the goblet of wine over his human throne bringing shrieks and bawdy giggles from the women. The Mighty OneEye tosses the goblet over the side, and roaring with laughter, slaps boisterously at buttocks and breasts squishing up and down. Thunder and lightning flash and boom in chorus to his laughter. Dissolve to:

**SEQ. 7.0.**

The Cobbler looking out of his cell window as the feet of soldiers in spurred riding boots run past. Flies buzz, the Cobbler sniffs and we pull back and see the Thief in a corner beside the Cobbler's window, pressed against a wall.

We follow the soldiers as they rush into the main courtyard, which is already filled with assembled soldiers on horseback, foot-soldiers and Generals, etc., the Golden City army arrayed in white apparel with gold trim. Their emblem is a golden sun on their breastplates. Banners are flying. Armour, swords and spears gleam in the late afternoon sunshine. The palace population - attendants, stableboys, cooks, servants, etc., look on from the archways.

There is muttering and buzzing of distress as they look up at the empty spire of the tallest minaret. A hush falls as the King appears on the balcony backed by ZigZag.

**King Nod:  
MY LOYAL GENERALS! MY  
BRAVE SOLDIERS! THE  
THREE GOLDEN BALLS  
HAVE GONE!**

The army buzzes in response.

**King Nod:  
OUR CITY FACES INVA-  
SION!**

More crowd reaction.

**King Nod:  
THE MIGHTY ONE-EYE IS  
COMING!**

At this, very great crowd reaction.

**King Nod:  
62.  
WE MUST DEFEND THE  
CITY!**

Goblet, Gopher, Slap and Tickle are tip-toeing through the edge of the ranks of soldiers. It is obvious from their hunched positions that they have the golden balls concealed beneath their robes. Tickle is hugging Slap's arse; Slap is carrying the big ball behind his back and Tickle is trying to cover it up. Goblet and Gopher lead, carrying the other two balls, followed in line by Slap and Tickle. They are trying to appear nonchalant as they make their way staggering under the weight.

**King Nod:**

(continuing)

**BE OF GOOD FAITH!  
ACCORDING TO THE AN-  
CIENT PROPHECY THE  
CITY MAY YET BE SAVED!  
TAKE UP YOUR POSITIONS  
WITH MY BLESSING!**

He succumbs to a coughing fit.  
The Crowd cheers: (Long Shot)

**Crowd:  
LONG LIVE KING NOD!  
LONG LIVE THE GOLDEN  
CITY!**

The drums begin to beat and the Army begins to parade away. As the Army is dispersing, we see Princess YumYum at one window and Princess MeeMee and Prince Bubba at another window. The camera pans down to a small door. Goblet, Gopher, Slap and Tickle are sneaking inside.

SEQ. 7. 1 .

Cut to the inside of the little door through which Goblet, Tickle, Slap and Gopher (in that order) have just entered. The four are in the dark, sneaking down stone stairs in an underground passageway... Slap, Tickle and Gopher each carry a ball. Goblet carries none, but bosses the others:

Goblet:  
QUIET! QUIET!

Gopher:  
SH!

Slap:  
SSSH!

Tickle:  
HAHAHAHA!

Goblet: (to Gopher)  
CLOSE THE DOOR, YOU IDIOT!

Gopher:  
63.  
DON'T BE SO BOSSY!

He slams the door, which bumps Slap as it passes him.

Slap:  
OOOH! OH!

He throws his ball in the air and stumbles down the stairs, bumping into Tickle.

Tickle:  
(stumbling downstairs)  
OOH HAHAHAHAHAHAHA!

Gopher:  
(catching Slap's ball)  
AARGH!

Goblet:  
QUIET!  
Tickle, still stumbling downstairs, throws his ball in the air. It flies toward Gopher, who already has two.

Tickle:  
AH HAHAHAHA OOH OH!

Gopher:  
(seeing Tickle's ball approach)  
OOH OOH OOH AH AH . . .

Slap:  
(still stumbling)  
OH OOH OH OH!

Goblet:  
QUIET!

Tickle:  
(to Gopher) ME!

Slap:  
(to Gopher) ME!

Tickle:  
(to Gopher) ME!

Gopher:  
(throwing both balls at once to Tickle)  
AARGH HA!

Tickle:  
HELP!  
He catches the first ball and throws it to Slap, as Gopher catches the third ball.

Goblet:  
QUIET!

Gopher:  
AARGH!  
(catching ball)

Slap:  
OOF!  
(catching the second ball from Gopher)

Tickle:  
OOH. HAHAHAHAHAHA.  
AAAH!

Tripping! he throws this ball, too, to Slap, who reacts by throwing the one he has to Gopher, who throws his to Tickle.

Slap:  
OH.  
WHOOOPS.

Gopher:  
OH!  
AGH!

Tickle:  
64.  
ER.  
HELP!

Falling again, he throws the ball back to Gopher, who throws his to Slap, who throws his to Tickle.

Gopher:  
Fumbling, ring:  
DONGGGGG!  
who throws his ball to smother the noise.

Slap:  
AAGH! OH. OOP!

Goblet:  
QUIET!

Tickle:  
AH. HAHAHA. HA!

Tickle drops the ball, which hits the step with a dull. To stop it ringing, Gopher throws his ball to Slap, to Tickle, then Gopher whips his robe around the ball

Goblet:  
SILENCE!

Gopher:  
AAGH! !

Slap:  
AAH. HA-HA-HA. OH. OOH!

Tickle:  
HAHAHAHAHAHA!

Gopher:  
CLUMSY FOOL!

Slap:  
SSH!

Tickle:  
OOH!  
HOHOHO!  
OH!  
AH HAHAHAHAHAHA!

Goblet:  
(to Tickle)  
SILENCE!  
All four freeze, covering the balls with their robes.

The camera goes quickly down the passageway to the King's Executioners outside the Cobbler's cell. Phido, the vulture, is pacing up and down in front of the door and the Cobbler is looking out. Phido's head and the Guard's heads jerk toward where the sound of the dropping ball came from. Back to Goblet, Gopher, Slap and Tickle,

who wave at the Guards. Tripping on each others' robes and nearly dropping the balls, they make their way further down the stairs to another corridor, hissing catty whispers at each other.

Goblet:

(to Tickle)

IF YOU HAD A BRAIN YOU'D BE DANGEROUS!

Tickle:

I DO AND I AM!  
HAHAHA!

65.

Slap:

Gopher:

OH, CLEVER!  
IDIOT WITHOUT A HEAD!

Tickle:

TAKES ONE TO KNOW ONE!  
HA HA HA!

Slap:

CLEVER.  
HUH-UH.  
VERY CLEVER!

Goblet:

MINDLESS FOOLS!

Gopher: (to Goblet)

YOU DON IT HAVE ANY BALLS!

Slap:

Tickle:

VERY TRUE!  
AHAHAHA!

Gopher: (to Goblet)

WHY DON'T YOU HELP?

Goblet:

BECAUSE I'M IN CHARGE!

Gopher:

OH, PARDON ME!

Tickle:

OH, DEAR.

OH.

AHAHAHA!

Slap:

HAR.

HAR!

Goblet:

(through his teeth)

LET ALL MOUTHS CLOSE!

SEQ. 7.2.

Cut to the King's Chambers. ZigZag pulls the drapes shut behind him as he enters, following the King. As the drapes close, the sound of the drums and the marching army is subdued.

ZigZag:

O, COMMANDER OF THE FAITHFUL!

O, CHIEF OF THE WORLD!

King Nod:

WELL, ZIGZAG?

ZigZag:

WELL! . . . I HAVE NEVER HEARD SUCH ELOQUENCE AND SUCH A GREAT OVA-TION!

YOUR ARMY IS AFIRE WITH YOUR WORDS OF INSPIRATION!

King Nod:

BUT THAT ARMY HAS NEVER YET FOUGHT A BATTLE! THEY'VE NEVER HAD TO, ZIGZAG! THE THREE GOLDEN BALLS HAVE ALWAYS PROTECTED OUR CITY!

66.

ZigZag:

HAVE NO FEAR! ZIGZAG, YOUR GRAND VIZIER IS HERE! . . .

King Nod:

YOU'RE HERE, ZIGZAG! BUT WHERE ARE THE BALLS ?!?

King Nod looks up to see ZigZag flourishing his hand to make three conjurer's balls appear.

ZigZag:

MAGICKED AWAY, MY LORD...

ZigZag shakes his head and the three balls disappear. Nod sinks to a bolster and drops his head in his hands.

King Nod:

MAGICKED AWAY! OH, NO...

ZigZag continues his very expert conjuring demonstration. As he speaks, he disappears the balls from his right hand and they reappear in his left. Then he swishes out his telescopic stick and balances the three balls on the end.

ZigZag:

OH, YOU MUSTN'T LOOK SO TRAGIC AS IF NOTHING COULD BE DONE! I AM NOT UNSCHOOLED IN MAGIC AND THE DAY MAY YET BE WON. . .

King Nod:

YOU MEAN... YOU COULD USE... MAGIC?...

ZigZag disappears the stick and the balls in a green puff of smoke which he has made by a rather obvious movement of pulling dust from inside his robe.

ZigZag:

I'LL RETIRE TO MY TOWER TO SEE WHAT CAN BE DONE...

ZigZag exits backwards into the curtains.

**SEQ. 7.3.**

Cut to the Dungeon corridor. The two Palace Executioners flank the Cobbler's cell door. Phido is still pacing back and forth. He stops, looks down at his stomach, and we hear it gurgle and rumble.

**67.**

He sighs, glances toward the Cobbler's cell door, and goes back to pacing.

We hear the boom of a big door slamming and the sound of running feet. Princess YumYum runs daintily down the passage towards us, everything a-jiggle. She is beautifully built. She looks angry as she runs and the audience can't tell if it's YumYum or MeeMee, until we see she has only one white slipper on; the other foot is bare. The vulture backs away, hissing as she comes up to the door. The Cobbler is at the window of his cell, looking out, but he draws back as she approaches.

YumYum:

(to the Cobbler)  
**DON'T BE AFRAID, MY  
BRAVE COBBLER!  
I PROMISE I WILL GET YOU  
OUT OF HERE!**

The vulture takes a little hop toward YumYum and hisses. She glances around in annoyance.

Princess YumYum:  
(to Phido)  
**GET AWAY, BIRD OF EVIL!**

Phido takes a step backwards and hisses again, sticking out his tongue.

Princess YumYum:  
**GET THEE GONE,  
WRETCHED VULTURE!**

She kicks his sore end with the point of her slipper. Phido hisses and flaps at her, but when YumYum runs at him, he turns and runs away down the corridor. She calls after him:

Princess YumYum:  
**GET BACK TO YOUR  
MASTER'S TOWER!**

Phido ... his run and takes a few more steps and stops, sulking at her. Princess YumYum stamps her foot. He turns and walks away, looking like a miniature version of ZigZag. YumYum returns to the cell door window and smiles. The Cobbler's tacks move hesitantly upwards in response, making a smile. They gaze at each other. Hold.

**SEQ. 7.4.**

Cut to ZigZag's Vulture Tower, silhouetted against the turquoise sky of early evening. The vulture is flapping up toward it. As he approaches, the lights in the tower windows go on like two eyes.

Phido

**68.**

circles nearer and flies into an eye of the vulture tower. Cut to the inside of ZigZag's Tower window. Phido zooms in and makes a long running landing, flapping his broad wings backwards to brake himself. He comes to a stop at the feet of ZigZag, who is receiving the three golden balls from Goblet, Gopher, Slap and Tickle. The three balls are on a red carpet in front of him. Phido crashes into ZigZag who shoots out his telescopic stick with fly-swatter on the end, and swats Phido on his sore bum. Keeping going, Phido hisses in pain, then takes up his position on the world globe.

ZigZag:  
**GENTLEMEN! GENTLEMEN!  
WHAT A DELIGHT!  
YOU BRING ME  
IMMEASUREABLE PLEA-  
SURE TONIGHT!  
NO DOUBT YOU WERE  
CAREFUL AND KEPT OUT  
OF SIGHT...  
WE'LL LET THIS BE OUR  
LITTLE SECRET. . . ALL  
RIGHT?**

As he says this last line, ZigZag has pressed a button on his long telescopic stick and it flicks into a stiletto, which he holds under each chin menacingly. Goblet, Gopher, Slap and Tickle respond with four desperate, toothsome grins. Phido snickers with pleasure, then his stomach rumbles. ZigZag produces a pearl necklace and snaps off four gold pearls, handing one to each of them.

ZigZag:  
**AND NOW A REWARD FOR  
EACH AND FOR ALL.!**

Goblet:  
**OH COME NOW. . .**

Gopher:  
**OOH!**

Slap:  
**OH, MASTER!  
OH.  
OH.**

Tickle:  
**AHAHAHA!**

ZigZag:  
**A MAGICAL TALISMAN,  
MIGHTY, THOUGH SMALL. . .**

Goblet:  
**OO!**

Gopher:  
**AH!**

Slap:  
**OH!**

ZigZag:  
THEY'LL BRING YOU GOOD  
LUCK...

(hands pearl to Goblet)

Goblet:  
OH, YOU'RE TOO KIND.

ZigZag:  
...AND BAD LUCK FORE-  
STALL...

69.

(ZigZag hands pearl to Gopher)

Gopher:  
OH, THANK YOU SIRE!...  
AND EACH ONE IS ROUND...

ZigZag:  
(hands pearl to Slap)

Slap:  
HEHEH.  
ROUND.  
YES.  
HEHEH.  
IT'S ROUND.  
YES!

ZigZag:  
...LIKE A REAL GOLDEN  
BALL.

(hands pearl to Tickle)

Tickle:  
GOLDEN.  
OH.  
AH.

(gasps)

Gopher:  
HEH.  
HEH. YES, ER, SO IT IS!

Slap:  
ROUND, YEAH, HEHEH.  
ROUND!

Goblet:  
BALLS!

Goblet, Gopher, Slap and Tickle  
giggle and congratulate each other,  
kissing the hem of ZigZag's robe.

Gopher:  
OH, THANK YOU, SIRE!

ZigZag:  
OH, PLEASE.

Slap:  
THANK YOU, MASTER!

ZigZag:  
OH, REALLY.

Tickle:  
OH THANK YOU! HAAAA!  
HAAAA! THANK YOU!  
THANK YOU!

ZigZag:  
OH, NO.  
OH, DON'T.

Goblet:  
YOUR GENEROSITY, MY  
LORD, IS SECOND ONLY TO  
YOUR INTELLECT.

ZigZag:  
OH, THANK YOU.

(chuckle)

Cut to Phido, whose stomach is  
rumbling. His beak waters as he  
looks at Gopher. He flies over and  
bites Gopher's hand. Gopher  
screams:

Gopher:  
YEOW! MY FINGER! MY  
FINGER! HE BIT A PIECE  
OUT OF MY FINGER!

Slap:  
HAR HAR.  
LOOK AT THAT THEN.  
HAR HAR!

Tickle:  
AHAHAHAHA!  
Phido swallows the piece.

Goblet:  
THERE, THERE!

70.

ZigZag slashes at the vulture with  
his fly-swatter. Phido guiltily flaps  
back to the globe and sulks.

Gopher:  
OH.  
OH.  
YOU BITCH!

ZigZag:  
(kindly)  
POOR PHIDO! WHAT A  
SHAME! WE'VE FORGOT-  
TEN HIS DINNER  
HE HASN'T BEEN FED!  
THAT MAN  
WHAT-IS-HIS-NAME?

WELL, WE'LL TAKE CARE  
OF THAT AFTER ONE  
LITTLE THING

NOW THAT I HAVE TH E  
BALLS, I WILL GO SEE THE  
KING!

Fade.

**SEQ. 7.5.**

Evening. Fade in on four eagle statues on a pedestal. In the middle is the Thief's head. He is trying to look like an eagle. The flies buzz in the halo above his head. Then the head shoots down behind the pedestal and the Thief sneaks along the wall, behind a guard, and he looks into the Throne Room, as we hear:

Princess YumYum:  
**FATHER... FATHER! FATHER, SOMEONE HAS IMPRISONED MY COBBLER, AND I NEED**

(waving a small bare foot under his nose)

**HIM!**

(Up to IMPRISONED, we still see the Thief, at MY COBBLER we cut to the Throne Room and see Princess YumYum waving her bare foot.)

King Nod:  
**YES, YES, MY DEAR... ANYTHING YOU DESIRE, MY LITTLE... OH, ER UH...**

Princess YumYum:  
**YUMYUM, FATHER. . . YUMYUM. MAY I HAVE THE COBBLER BACK NOW?**

King Nod:  
**YES, UH... ER...**

(raising his voice)  
**COURIERS! HAVE THE COBBLER RELEASED IMMEDIATELY!**

Princess YumYum:

**71.**

(kissing King Nod on the forehead)

**THANK YOU, FATHER!**

YumYum flounces out, following the Four Eunuchs who march in step.

**SEQ. 7.6.**

A green puff of smoke bursts through the curtains, and when the air clears, ZigZag is standing there, posed like a stage magician.

ZigZag:

**IT IS !! ZIGZAG! YOUR CHIEF OF STAFF! TO REMIND YOU OF THE SECOND HALF OF THE PROPHECY OF THE GOLDEN BALLS...**

ZigZag pulls a scroll out of his sleeve and unrolls it.

ZigZag:

**THE CITY CAN BE SAVED BEFORE IT FALLS BY THE SIMPLEST SOUL WITH THE SIMPLEST OF THINGS...**

Close-up of the scroll and ZigZag's bejewelled finger pointing out the appropriate words:

ZigZag:

**"The City might be saved By The Simplest Soul With the smallest and simplest of things."**

**CAST OFF YOUR FEARS, O BRAVEST OF KINGS!**

(letting the scroll snap shut and tossing it away)

King Nod:

**WHAT DO YOU MEAN, ZIG ZAG?**

ZigZag:

**THE WORDS OF THE ANCIENTS ARE THERE IN THE SCROLL, BUT WHO (YOU MAY ASK) IS THE SIMPLEST SOUL?**

King Nod goes to the window and looks down into the city below.

King Nod:  
**WHO?**

ZigZag:  
**!!**

**72.**

King Nod:  
(wheeling round)  
**YOU?! ?**

ZigZag:

**WHO ELSE'S EXISTENCE IS SIMPLER THAN MINE? PURE SERVICE WITHOUT ANY SELFISH DESIGN?**

King Nod:  
**WELL... ER**

ZigZag:

**THA TIS RIGHT, MAJESTY, HAVE NO FEAR! ZIGZAG, YOUR GRAND VIZIER IS HERE!**

King Nod:  
**BUT HOW CAN YOU SAVE THE CITY, ZIGZAG? -**

ZigZag:  
OBSERVE! IPSO FACTO!  
ALAKAZAM!  
COG ITO ERGO SUM!  
(electricity sparkles in the cloud)  
ABRACADABRA! ERGO  
SHAZAM!

(the cloud is getting bigger)  
LET THUNDER AND LIGHT-  
NING

(He goes into a dramatic pose)  
(green puff of smoke emerges from  
mid-air)  
GO BOOM!

The cloud of smoke is now three times the size of ZigZag. Ominous thunder bursts and lightning lights up the room, flashing from the centre of the cloud. Cut to the King, looking on, amazed. Everything darkens into mysterious colours. The cloud parts into the shape of a ring. The centre is a deep velvet blue. A silver dove flies around the inner edge, a kind of mystic fire following it. Dove and fire disappear and a sun materializes in the centre of the ring. It enlarges and is brilliant and golden. Reflected in the golden sun, ZigZag bows to the King.

ZigZag:  
FOR YOUR WEALTH OF  
INFORMATION  
IT MIGHT INTEREST YOU TO  
KNOW. . .

Cut to the King, agog.  
Cut back to ZigZag.

ZigZag:  
THE FIRST RULE OF CON-  
JURATION:  
73.

AS ABOVE  
(he gestures at the sun)  
THEN SO BELOW!

ZigZag's arms drop. From below the golden "sun" orb appear a middle-sized ball and a smaller ball, both gold. The balls begin to rotate clockwise around the "sun" and stop when they are lined up like the three golden balls. Then a transparent onion dome fades in beneath the three balls. ZigZag bows to the King, presenting him his illusion of the Three Golden Balls. Cut to the King, greatly impressed. While the cloud circle remains, the onion dome and three golden balls fade slowly pway.

ZigZag:  
AS YOU SEE, I CAN RE-  
STORE YOU  
THE GOLD BALLS, THOUGH  
THEY BE LOST.  
BUT TO CONJURE THEM  
BEFORE YOU  
COULD BE AT MY GREAT  
COST. . .  
FOR WHOEVER PLAYS  
WITH MAGIC  
HASTENS HIS APPROACH  
TO DEATH.  
HE RESULTS COULD BE  
MOST TRAGIC

I COULD BREATHE MY  
FINAL BREATH!

ZigZag sucks in his jowls, causing his face to look withered and old, and he goes into an ancient posture, all the while gasping and wheezing with great difficulty. Cut to the King, obviously being taken in. Cut back to ZigZag, recovering.

ZigZag:  
YES! I'VE KNOWN IT SINCE I  
STARTED  
I MUST RISK TH IS AWFUL  
PRICE.  
MAGIC'S NOT FOR THE  
FAINT-HEARTED,  
AND YOU, TOO, MUST SAC-  
RIFICE!

Cut to the King:

King Nod:  
ANYTHING, ZIGZAG!  
JUST DO IT!

Cut to ZigZag, very grave and dignified.  
AS MY PERIL WILI.- BE DIRE  
YOU MUST GRANT MY  
HEART'S DESIRE. . .

Cut to the King.

King Nod:  
74.  
WHICH IS?

Cut to ZigZag as he begins to conjure again. A circular rainbow forms and in the 'centre a beautiful red rose materializes as he speaks:

ZigZag:  
MY DESIRE IS SIMPLE AS A  
ROSE IS... BUT IN THIS  
CASE, IT'S TWO ROSES!

From behind the first rose, a second rose appears, joined on the same stem. ZigZag reaches into the vision and plucks the twin roses right out from thl magical display, waves his hands and the clouds disappear, and presents the roses to the King.

ZigZag:  
. . . TWIN ROSES!

King Nod:  
(looking at them quizzically.)  
TWIN ROSES. . . ?

ZigZag:  
(almost whispering)  
TWIN PRINCESSES!

The King, who has been staring at the roses, jerks his head up in disbelief. There is a strained silence which ZigZag attempts to fill with philosophy.

ZigZag:  
FATE SO SELDOM EVER  
BLESSES  
ANY MAN WITH TWO PRIN-  
CESSES

. . . (smiles encouragingly)  
King Nod, reddening as he realizes what ZigZag is asking, shakes with rage.

King Nod:  
YOU WANT MY DAUGH-  
TERS?

Close up on ZigZag, nodding as if to congratulate the King for his great power of comprehension and gazing with delight at the roses, frozen in the King's outstretched fist.

Cut to a close-up of the bright red King, trembling violently, about to explode.

Medium shot of the King and ZigZag as the King rises to his full height.

King Nod:  
( shouting)  
NEVER!

ZigZag:  
(in a small voice)  
NEVER?

King Nod:  
NEVER!... EVER!

ZigZag:  
75.  
(beginning to back away)  
OH, WELL...  
I JUST THOUGHT I'D ASK...

King Nod:  
Close-up of the King, furious,  
still shouting.  
OUT! GET OUT!

The King's Ancient Manservant steps forward menacingly. ZigZag exits obsequiously through the curtaining. Cut to the other side of the curtains as ZigZag in a fit of controlled fury, stamps away from the Throne Room curtaining toward us & away down a circular staircase, muttering through his teeth:

SEQ. 7.7.

ZigZag:  
YOU DON'T NEED ME!  
I DON'T NEED YOU!  
WE'LL SEE WHO ENDS UP  
GRIEVING  
JUST WAIT AND SEE WHAT  
THE ONE-EYES DO . . .  
I'M TAKING MY BALLS AND  
LEAVING!

Fade in on the Thief's head, coming up from behind a potted palm. We can hear the King speaking in the distance. The Thief looks to see that the coast is clear, then sneaks along a corridor toward the sound of voices.

Princess YumYum: (v.o.)  
FATHER FATHER, WAKEN!  
WE'RE HERE, FATHER!

King Nod: (v.o.)  
ER. . .UM. . .AH?

Princess YumYum: (v.o.)  
IT'S YUMYUM, FATHER!

Princess MeeMee: (v.o.)  
AND MEEMEE, FATHER!

King Nod: (v.o.)  
ER... AH... OH... UM...

Princess YumYum: (v.o.)  
FATHER  
- YOU CALLED US HERE TO  
TELL US SOMETHING...

Princess MeeMee: (v.o.)  
YOU SAID IT WAS IMPOR-  
TANT...

King Nod: (v.o.)  
(waking) YES, YES, IMPOR-  
TANT... VERY IMPORTANT...  
OH! ER YES! YES!... VERY  
IMPORTANT... A MATTER OF  
LIFE... LIFE AND DEATH...  
YES, YES...

(clears throat).

Cut to the King.  
Princess YumYum, Princess  
MeeMee and Prince

76.  
Bubba are standing before him with the four Eunuchs lined up behind him. The Ancient Manservant, always in attendance, stands behind the King.  
King Nod:  
MY DAUGHTERS. . . OUR  
CITY IS IN GRAVE DANGER.

His eyes glaze over.

Then his head jerks up.

King Nod:  
There is a long pause.  
THE THREE GOLDEN  
BALLS HAVE BEEN  
MAGICCKED AWAY...  
AND WE FACE DESTRUC-  
TION... AND DEATH...

This time, the King really falls asleep and his daughters move closer to him. MeeMee kneels at his side. YumYum, on his other side, puts an arm around his shoulders.  
King Nod wakes up.

King Nod:  
WE HAVE ONE CHANCE...  
I AM TOLD THERE IS A MAD  
AND HOLY OLD WITCH

WHO DWELLS AT THE TOP  
OF THE DESERT MOUN-  
TAIN...

The King's voice continues over as we cut to the Thief, edging his way, back flat against the wall. He turns a corner and, back still against the wall, edges away from camera and closer to the curtaining of the Throne Room.

King Nod: (v.o.)  
YOU MUST GO TO THE  
DESERT MOUNTAIN AND  
SEEK OUT THIS WITCH  
PERHAPS SHE CAN TELL  
US HOW THE CITY CAN BE  
SAVED.

Princess MeeMee:  
CAN SHE LIFT EVIL  
CURSES?

King Nod: (v.o.)  
I CERTAINLY HOPE SO. . .  
(drifting into slumber)

Princess MeeMee:  
PERHAPS SHE WILL  
CHANGE BUBBA BACK  
INTO THE HANDSOME  
PRINCE I KNOW HE MUST  
BE!

Prince Bubba:  
SHE WILL?  
SHE WILL?

Pause. No-one answers.  
(continuing)  
SAY SHE WILL!

Princess MeeMee:  
YES, SHE WILL, SHE WILL!  
77.

King Nod:  
(snapping awake)  
AH... AH... ANYTHING IS  
POSSIBLE.

Princess YumYum:  
OH FATHER... SHOULD WE  
LEAVE YOU IN THIS TIME  
OF TROUBLE?

Cut to two pillars, as the King's  
voice is heard over. Thief shoots  
from behind one to behind the  
other.

King Nod:  
(voice over)  
THERE IS NO BETTER WAY  
YOU CAN SERVE ME, MY  
DAUGHTERS. HAD I A SON,  
I WOULD SEND HIM ON TH  
IS PERILOUS JOURNEY.

Cut to YumYum.

Princess YumYum:  
I'M NOT AFRAID!

Princess MeeMee:  
NOR !!

Prince Bubba:  
I AM . . .

Princess YumYum:  
HOW WILL WE KNOW THIS  
PLACE?

King Nod:  
AT THE FOOT OF THE  
DESERT MOUNTAIN. . .

Cut to the Thief. We hear the  
King, voice over, as we see the  
Thief's head peering around a  
curtain, flies buzzing.

King Nod:  
(continuing voice over)  
... IS A GOLDEN IDOL WITH A  
PRICELESS RUBY SET IN  
ITS FOREHEAD.

At the King's mention of PRICE-  
LESS RUBY, there is a ripple effect  
in the Thief's eyes and they turn  
into rubies. In each eye, there  
appears the forehead and eyes of a  
golden idol. Cut back to the King.

King Nod:  
I AM TOLD THAT WHEN THE  
DESERT SUN IS DIRECTLY  
OVERHEAD, THE REFLEC-  
TION OF THE RUBY FALLS  
UPON A HIDDEN DOOR TO  
A PATH UP THE MOUNTAIN.

78.

Cut to a side shot of the Thief  
behind his pillar listening. There is a  
mirror beside him and he just now  
looks to his reflection, which he  
sees for the first time ever. He  
shoots back in terror. Cut back to  
King Nod

King Nod:  
MAKE HASTE! THE COURI-  
ERS WILL SHOW YOU THE  
SECRET PASSAGE TO THE

PALACE MOAT. THERE, A  
BOAT WILL BE WAITING TO  
TAKE YOU UP THE RIVER  
UNTIL YOU ARE WELL  
CLEAR OF THE CITY. . .

King Nod:  
The King's eyes begin to glaze  
over as his speech slows down.  
(continuing)  
THEN, YOU MUST CROSS  
THE GREAT... DESERT... GO  
NOW

(snore)

Cut to a close-up of Princess  
MeeMee:

Princess MeeMee:  
BUT WE HAVE NEVER  
BEEN OUTSIDE THE PAL-  
ACE... WHO WILL LEAD US?

Cut to the King, asleep. Cut to  
Princess YumYum.

Princess YumYum:  
DON'T WORRY.  
I KNOW ONE WHO CAN!

Fade.

SEQ. 7.8.

Fade in on the Cobbler's face,  
peering around the edge of an  
outside door of the Palace wall. It is  
midnight. He tiptoes out of the  
door, looks both ways, then turns  
and motions toward the door.  
Silently, the four Eunuchs tiptoe  
out into the moonlight, carrying a  
large white and gold palanquin. We  
see the faces of the two princesses  
and Bubba, peeking out from  
within the curtains. As the  
palanquin is carried, following the  
Cobbler, we see that we are at the  
moat below the Palace drawbridge.  
A beautiful, smallish oriental  
gondola is tied up, waiting, loaded  
with supplies and a camel, which  
stands intrigued by what's coming  
aboard: the palanquin, Eunuchs,  
Cobbler, etc. Cut to Zigzag by an  
iron grating. He mounts a black  
horse and gives Phido's leash a jerk.  
Phido lands on the horse's rump.  
The

79.

horse, feeling the talons of the  
vulture, jerks its head up and  
whinnies loudly in shock. There is  
the crack of a riding crop and the  
thunder of hooves. Cut to the  
Cobbler at the back of the gondola,  
leaning on a pole, about to set off  
with the drawbridge above. We can  
see above and below the drawbridge  
at once. In silhouette we see the  
horse, ZigZag and Phido, gallop  
loudly across the drawbridge. The

cobbler, four Eunuchs, the Prince and the two Princesses all stare up in surprise at the black shape of horse and riders disappearing into the darkness.

Prince Bubba:  
**WHAT WAS THAT?**

The Thief suddenly darts from the shadows and races along the mooring rope, instead of the gangplank, almost to the gondola, and falls **SPLASH!**

Prince Bubba:  
**WHAT WAS THAT?!**

Everybody looks around, but by the time the Cobbler looks back at the palanquin, MeeMee has disappeared inside the curtaining, so that he sees only YumYum smiling at him. Zoom slowly back to see the beautiful panorama of the City in the moonlight. Shadows of black clouds lend a slightly sinister appearance. The Cobbler's boat pulls into full view on the river, crescent moon and stars reflecting in the water. And in the black, shadowy part of the City streets, going at right angles to the river, is ZigZag's frantically galloping trio - ZigZag, Phido, and horse.

Dissolve to a top shot of the entire terrain, the Golden City below in the left-hand corner, the tiny boat making its way up a river winding into the desert, and ZigZag riding into the mountains. The music rises and we slowly fade.

**SEQ. 8.0.**

Fade in 1- sunrise - gold on gold. The sail on the gondola billows in the morning breeze as the boat lands at a small dock. The great Golden Desert spreads before them. The Cobbler leads the Camel down the gang-plank and the four Eunuchs bear the palanquin behind. Once ashore, the palanquin is set down and both princesses and Bubba

80.  
look out.

Prince Bubba:  
**I'M HOT!**

Princess MeeMee:  
**THERE... THERE...**

The camel turns around and, seeing Prince Bubba for the first time, starts to wheeze and snicker and he collapses onto his knees. Bubba and MeeMee disappear into the curtaining and the Cobbler turns around to see just YumYum smiling at him. The Cobbler and the Eunuchs load the Camel with provisions from the gondola.

Cut to a porthole of the gondola deck cabin. The Thief peers out, sees an anchor standing on the deck. He squeezes himself through the porthole onto the deck, and, careful to see that no-one is looking, gets the anchor inside his coat and sneaks forward. The curve of the anchor base make him rock forward and backward as he goes along, and he's brought to a stop at the moor-

ing rope. Looking around again to see that no-one is looking, he lifts the anchor and gingerly makes his way out onto the mooring rope, which is stretched taut. Two or three 8 steps along, he disappears with the anchor into the water. **Splash!** Bubba's head pops out of the palanquin curtains.

Prince Bubba:  
**WHAT WAS THAT?!**

The others all look around and see nothing. The Camel sees Prince Bubba again, and they stare at each other. The Camel begins to laugh, expelling air - wheezing and heaving. The Cobbler, with enormous difficulty, works the Camel's back legs up. Cut to the Thief, under water. The anchor is standing upright and the Thief's head, with his cheeks full of air, is stuck through the rope hole at the top of the anchor, his body kicking and struggling, floating horizontally. He hangs on to the anchor with his hands, unwilling to let go of his prize. For a moment, all is suspended as he tries to think what to do next. Cut back to the Cobbler, now pushing the front end of the Camel. The Camel begins to go backwards. Cut back to the Thief, still under water. He can no longer hold his breath, and lets the air out of his cheeks and shoots up, like a 81.

bullet, up to the surface.

Cut to the dock as the Thief bursts out of the water and, like a

sponge, lands flat on the dock. The Camel, still backing up, steps back onto the dock where he walks all over the Thief, just missing his body but squooshing the sopping wet robe. Then the Camel walks forward again and the Thief, like some sort of sea animal, slithers backwards, unseen, over the edge of the dock, into the water.

MeeMee pokes her head out of the palanquin draperies and says angrily to the Cobbler:

Princess MeeMee:  
**INCOMPETENT FOOL!  
WHAT IS TAKING SO LONG?**

Prince Bubba:  
(poking his head out, too)  
**YETH! LETH GO!**

The Cobbler turns around, sees MeeMee glaring at him, and, mistaking her for YumYum, is shocked and hurt. The Camel turns around, sees Prince Bubba a third time, and breaks up laughing. As he starts to collapse, the Cobbler dashes around, shoring up the Camel's legs. MeeMee and the Prince withdraw into the curtains. The Eunuchs lift the palanquin, the Cobbler leads the Camel, and the party sets off. The Thief behind a mooring pole squeezes the water from his robes. We slowly truck out, showing the tiny caravan moving into the enormous desert before them. The camera then travels ahead of them into the vast emptiness.

SEQ. 8.1.

Dissolvelto a tiny spot in the middle of the empty desert. The camera moves in to a colony of tattered Brigands. They have mocked-up clotheslines made of old bones and string and bits of burlap sacking for an attempt at shade. There is a central tree made of vulture bones. Forty brigands sit, hopelessly, stultified, bored. Everything is in sepia, except for the white bones and the white desert; the sun has bleached all colour out of them. They are terrible looking and monstrous, but hopelessly chicken-hearted. They have hoofhands, peg-legs, ears stitched on backwards, dents in heads, eyes missing,

82. teeth missing, scars. They are heavily muscled and covered in dust. What clothing they have is made of remnants of bygone days: half a boot, a third of a hat, a piece of a sock - all stitched together in a futile attempt.

Cut to a Brigand lying on his stomach, amusing himself by building up a pile of bones, like a house of cards, and humming to himself the tune of "Danny Boy". This pathetic drone is the music which underpins the early part of the sequence. We pull back from him to reveal Chief Roofless, the largest of the Brigands, with a slightly aristocratic beard and moustache. He has a Welsh accent;

all the other Brigands have strong Irish accents. He is drawing maps in the sand, sifting it through his fingers, muttering, to himself. Goalie, a smaller Brigand, shares his lament:

Roofless:  
AY. AY. TIMES HAS  
CHANGED, GOOLIE.

Goolie:  
AH, AND INDEED, AND  
THEY HAVE, CHIEFTAIN.

Roofless:  
MM.  
LONG AGO IT WAS ALL  
DIFFERENT.

Goolie:  
AND INDEED AND IT WAS.

Roofless:  
THINGS IS NOT WHAT THEY  
USED TO BE, YOU KNOW.

Goolie:  
NO.  
OH NO.  
NO THEY IRE NOT.

Roofless:  
MM.  
THAT IS FOR SURE.

Goolie:  
THINGS ARE DIFFERENT.

Roofless:  
AH, IT WAS... IT WAS DIF-  
FERENT THEN.

Goolie:  
AH, IT WAS.

We pull back from the Chieftain and Goolie to take in more, and eventually all, of the forty Brigands.

Brigand One:  
IT USED TO BE DIFFERENT.

Brigands join in, muttering and coughing.

Brigand Two:  
GOD BE WITH THE OLD DAYS.

Brigand Three:  
THE OLD DAYS WERE THE  
BEST DAYS.

Brigand Four:  
AYE. NOTHING LASTS.

Brigand One:  
NOTHING.

Brigand Five:  
DO YOU REMEMBER THAT  
CARAVAN FROM  
BALTHUSA?

Brigand Six:  
OCH, AYE, AND INDEED  
AND I DO.

Brigand Three:  
I REMEMBER IT WELL,  
WHEN WE STARTED OFF  
TOGETHER.

Brigand Four:  
THE FORTY OF US. BRIG-  
ANDS.

Brigand Two:  
FORTY FINE TERRIBLE  
FORTY FINE LADS.

Brigand Seven:  
INDEED, AYE. AND ALI BABA,  
LORD REST HIS SOUL.

Brigand Four:  
WONDERFUL, POWERFUL  
MAN.

Brigand Eight:  
GORGEOUS MAN.

Brigand Two:  
DEAR, LOVELY MAN.

Brigand Four:  
DID YOU EVER SEE THE  
LIKE?

Brigand Nine:  
THERE WASN IT A BETTER  
MAN UNDER THE SUN.  
83.

We move back to the bone-building Brigand, who has quite a high pile by now. He puts up the final bone, which just balances, and pulls back in satisfaction, as we hear a distant voice shouting. On the horizon beyond him a tiny speck appears. This is done as a simulation of a telephoto lens shot - the figure is running frantically forward but seemingly getting nowhere. The running figure emerges as Sgt Hook, his voice becoming more audible as he gets closer.

Sgt Hook:  
THERE'S A CARAVAN COM-  
ING! HERE COMES A CARA-  
VAN! THERE'S A CARAVAN  
COMING! A C... A CA CARA-  
VAN! A C... CARAVAN IS  
COMING! ... A

He is right up close to the lens now. We see that his hook is on his foot, not in his hand. He wheels

right, knocking over the delicate tower of bones, and slides, as if coming in to home plate, into the main group of Brigands.

Sgt Hook:  
HERE COMES A CAR-A-VAN!!!

He catches his foot-hook around the central bone-tree and spins around it. It collapses. A vulture's skull lands on Hook's head, covering his face. He sits, stunned for a moment.

Brigand One:  
I DON'T BELIEVE IT!

Brigand Two:  
AH, WILL YOU STOP GOING ON?

Brigand Eight:  
CLEAR OFF!

Brigand Four:  
84.  
WHAT D'YOU TAKE US FOR?

Brigands continue laughing and jeering.

Sgt Hook:  
IT IS!  
IT IS!  
IT IS A CARAVAN!

Roofless:  
A CARAVAN?  
Brigands mutter  
A CARA VAN?

Roofless:  
A CARAVAN?"  
A CARAVAN!!!

Brigands:  
WE'RE RICH!!!  
They begin leaping about, shouting

Brigand Nine:  
FURS!

Brigand Three:  
JEWELS!

Brigand Two:  
HORSES!

Brigand One:  
HORSES!

Brigand Five:  
HORSES!

Brigand Ten:  
FOOD!

Brigand Eleven:  
DRINK!

Brigand Twelve:  
DRINK!

Brigand Five:  
A-A-AND WOMEN!

Brigand Ten:  
WOMEN!  
Brigands laugh and cheer, some breaking into bawdy laughter, others going into a dream.

Brigand Seven:  
HAR A HAR HAR SNORT  
ARC...

Brigand Eight:  
OH

(embarrassed)  
I REMEMBER ONE NOW.  
SHE HAD...

Brigand Five:  
SHE HAD?

Brigand Two:  
AW, SHE DID AND ALL, I  
TELL YA.

Brigand Twelve:  
SILK!

Brigands leap about yelling, SILK!.. SILK!, then gradually quiet to post-orgy exhaustion.

Brigand Two:  
I'M EXHAUSTED.

Brigand Four:  
ALL RIGHT, THEN.  
BUT WHAT DO WE DO  
NOW?

Group shot as other Brigands begin to wonder the same thing.

Brigand Thirteen:  
I THOUGHT YOU'D NEVER  
ASK!

Brigand Two:  
85.  
AH, HE'S RIGHT.  
WHAT DO WE DO NOW?

Sgt Hook, who now has removed the vulture's skull from his head, grabs the Chieftain's beard.

Sgt Hook:  
CHIEFTAIN.  
WHAT IT IS IT THAT WE DO  
NOW, THEN?

Roofless:  
MAY I REMIND YOU,  
GENTLEMEN, THAT WHEN  
IN DOUBT...

Chief Roofless reaches into an old gunny sack and pulls out a huge dusty book. Scorpions, spiders and desert bugs scatter from inside the sack and the other brigands stare in religious awe, as if the Holy Grail has been produced. Several fall to their knees, heads bowed in respect.

Roofless:  
(continuing)  
CONSULT...  
(dusts off the book)  
THE BRIGANDS' HAND-  
BOOK!

Goolie:  
THE BRIGANDS' HAND-  
BOOK.

Brigands:  
AAAAH!

Brigand Three:  
THE BOOK!

Brigand Two:  
THE BOOK!

Brigand Ten:  
THE BOOOOOK!

Brigand Four:  
'TIS THE BOOK!

Brigand Fourteen:  
IS THAT THE BOOK ITSELF?

Brigand One:  
'TIS THE BOOK. . . OF  
WORDS!

Brigand Four:  
AH 'TIS, 'TIS!

Sgt Hook:  
QUIET!  
YOU FOOLS!  
HE'S GOIN' TA READ.

Brigands:  
AAAA H !

All go into a respectful silence as the Chieftain opens the book. Flies, gnats and various bugs jump out. As he fishes through the pages, he grabs a skinny tattered snake living within the book and uses it as a 'bookmark' to find his line. The snake, too, is fascinated by the words.

Roofless:  
A... ER... AMBUSH!

Brigands:  
AMBUSH.  
AMBUSH.

Roofless:  
(reading)  
B... B... BURGLARY!

Brigands:  
(reading)  
BURGLARY. . .

Roofless:  
86.  
(reading)  
C... CAR... ATTACKS ON!  
... A... VAN. ATTACKS ON...  
CARAVAN! CARAVAN.  
RIGHT!

Brigands push forward to see, making expectant noises.

Sgt Hook:  
SSH!  
SSH!  
QUIET, YOU FOOLS!

Brigand Fourteen:  
AH, HE'S GOIN', HE'S GOIN'  
TA READ AGAIN!

Roofless:  
THE... BRIGANDS... PO... PO-  
SI-SHEE-ON BEHIND... A  
ROCK!

Goolie:  
...WILL TAKE UP... POSI-  
TION...  
A ROCK?

Brigand Ten:  
A ROCK!

Brigands all look around for a rock.

Brigand Four:  
WHERE IS A ROCK?

Brigand Eight:  
WHERE?

Brigand Eleven:  
WHERE'S THE ROCK?

Brigand Six:  
WHERE IS THE ROCK?

Brigand Five:  
I DON'T SEE IT!

Brigand Three:  
I DON'T SEE A THING!

Brigand Two:  
HAVE YOU SEEN A ROCK?

Goolie:  
WHERE IS A ROCK?

Brigand Ten:  
THERE IT IS OVER THERE!

Goolie:  
A ROCK!  
AND ISN'T IT LOOKING  
WELL?

All the Brigands look at the same spot, off, and the camera zooms over to an isolated, small, technicolour, Persian rock - the only colourful thing in this sequence so far.

Roofless:  
RIGHT THEN!  
TAKE UP YOUR POSITIONS!

There is a terrible stampede, stumbling and falling, as all the Brigands steam off, cheering, towards the rock. Cut to an extreme close-up of the technicolour rock and the camera , pulls back, revealing the forty Brigands with their heads behind the rock like ostriches, their bodies fully revealed, spilling and sticking out all over the place. The snake wriggles along the ground and joins the pile.

Roofless:  
87.  
QUIET!! !

The Brigands, groaning and struggling, become quiet, shhshing each other.

Brigand One:  
SHUT UP, YOU FOOL!

Brigand Two:  
KEEP YOUR ARSE DOWN!  
KEEP IT DOWN!

The shh'shing gradually subsides as the camera pulls back into a long shot, showing the tiny rock with the mass of bodies far below in the vast desert, then pans a long way left, ending up on the Cobbler's party, , moving towards the Brigands.

SEQ. 8.2.

Cut to a medium close-up of the Cobbler's party. The Cobbler is in front, leading the Camel. He is exhausted but the Camel is cool. The Four Eunuchs, carrying the palanquin, also appear unaffected by the heat. A good distance behind, the Thief follows, more dead than alive, crawling, stumbling forward, falling on his face, crawling again, lurching forward in an erratic path. His tongue is hanging out. Obviously, he has forgotten to steal any water and he is half crazed. Even his flies droop; they sit in his hat, except when he falls to the ground - when they momentarily fly up. Cut to the inside of the palanquin. YumYum is looking out, chin in hand. Princess MeeMee is playing with the Prince's multi-toed feet. The Prince is gurgling, snorting and giggling.

Princess MeeMee:

THIS LITTLE PIGGY WENT  
TO MARKET  
THIS LITTLE PIGGY STAYED  
HOME  
THIS LITTLE PIGGY HAD  
ROAST BEEF  
AND THIS LITTLE PIGGY  
HAD NONE  
AND THIS LITTLE PIGGY  
WENT  
"WEE WEE WEE WEE"

(continuing with more toes on the same foot)

THIS LITTLE PIGGY  
CROSSED THE DESERT  
AND THIS LITTLE PIGGY  
STAYED HOME  
THIS LITTLE PIGGY ATE  
SWEETIES  
AND THIS LITTLE PIGGY  
HAD NONE!

SEQ. 8.3.  
88.

Princess MeeMee:  
(continuing)

AND THIS LITTLE PIGGY  
WAS PRETTY  
AND THIS LITTLE PIGGY  
WAS NOT!  
AND THIS LITTLE PIGGY  
WENT ALL THE WAY TO  
THE DESERT MOUNTAIN...  
AND SAW THE MAD AND  
HOLY OLD WITCH WHO  
TURNED HIM BACK INTO A  
PRINCE!

Bubba:

( desperately)  
SHE WILL? SHE WILL? SAY  
SHE WILL!

Princess MeeMee:  
YES, SHE WILL!

Bubba:

SHE WILL!  
(clapping his hands)  
SHE-WI LL -SHE-WI LL -SHE-  
WILL -SHE-WI LL !

Cut to behind the rock where the Brigands are all huddled, heads crushed together, against Chief Roofless and the Handbook, legs and bodies still sticking out in full view, still shhshing each other.

Brigand Four:

(whispering)  
THERE THEY ARE!

Brigand Two:

(whispering)  
AYE, THEY'RE THERE!

Brigand One:

(whispering)  
THEY'RE THERE!

Sgt Hook:

THEY'RE HERE, CHIEF!  
WHAT DOES THE BOOK  
SAY NOW?

Roofless:

Muttering, he searches through the Handbook.  
WHAT? OH... EM... OH, YEH...

(continuing)

HERE IT IS. THE... BRIG-  
ANDS... WILL... ATTACK... AT  
... THE... SOUND... OF...  
THE... TRUMPET!

Brigands:  
AAH.

Brigand Thirteen:  
AUTHOR! AUTHOR!  
SPEECH!

Roofless:  
RIGHT! GOOLI E!

Cut to a screen full of Brigands' heads all mashed together. The one farthest away yells:

Goolie:

RIGHT, CHIEFTAIN!

89.

Goolie, at the back of the pile, clambers over the top of the other Brigands, stepping on their heads, and gets on top of the rock. He raises a battered and bent trumpet to his lips and blows an air-filled raspberry, expelling spiders, scorpions and gnats in a cloud of dust from the bell.

**Brigand Thirteen:**  
**FOR THE MONEY IT'S RIDICULOUS!**

Cut to front view of the Cobbler, frozen stock-still, and the Prince and two Princesses looking out from both sides of the palanquin. Only the Camel rises his eyes to heaven. Further back, we see the Thief, looking like Kilroy, staring over a dune. Goolie having cleared his trumpet, blows a wild, out-of-tune, CHARGE, and there is a tremendous scuffle as the whole pack of Brigands race from behind the rock, imitating cavalry attack sounds:

**Brigands:**  
**CHA-A-A-ARGE! !**  
**TA-DA! . . . TA~DA! . . . TA-TA-**  
**TA-TA-TA-TA-TA-TA-TA-TA-**  
**TA-A-A-A-A-A! TA-TA-TA-TA-**  
**TA-TA-DA-DA-DA-TUM!**

There is a whirl of sand and arms and legs and general confusion. When the dust settles, it reveals a formation of Brigands, grouped behind Chief Roofless, facing the Cobbler's tiny caravan. They growl menacingly and unconvincingly, though they look frightening enough. Chief Roofless stares at the Cobbler, who stares back at Chief Roofless. The Chieftain stands holding his staff with his emblem in one hand. He moves his other hand to his sword. They stare at each other for a moment more,

then the Chieftain looks confused and says:

**Roofless:**  
**ER... ER...**

Another Brigand hands him the Book, and to find out what to do next, he leafs through the Handbook, muttering as he does so, until he finds the next order.

**Roofless:**  
(lowering Handbook)  
**HA-A-A-A-ALT!**

YumYum jumps angrily out of the palanquin, marches all a-jiggle up to Chief Roofless, stands with hands on hips and says:

**Princess YumYum:**  
**WHO. . . OR SHOULD I SAY,**  
**WHAT IN THE WORLD ARE**  
**YOU?**

**Goolie:**  
**OH MY GOD. . .**

**Roofless:**  
**WELL. . . I . . .**

**Princess YumYum:**  
**ANSWER ME!**

**Roofless:**  
**WELL... ER... I AM**  
**ROOFLESS! THE CHIEF-**  
**TAIN!**

**Princess YumYum:**  
**YOU ARE WHAT?**

**Roofless:**  
**I AM ROOFLESS!**

**Princess YumYum:**  
**YOU ARE RUTHLESS?**

**Roofless:**  
**NO. I AM ROOFLESS!**  
(He points to his half-removed scalp)

**Princess YumYum:**  
**ROOFLESS?**

**Sgt Hook:**  
**YES. YES. HE IS**  
**ROOFLESS!**  
(they point to their heads)

**Goolie:**  
**ROOFLESS, OUR CHIEF-**  
**TAIN!**

**Roofless:**  
**YES. I AM ROOFLESS AND**  
**THIS IS MY BAND OF BRIG-**  
**ANDS! THEY ARE RUTH-**  
**LESS!**

**Princess YumYum:**  
**ROOFLESS?**

**Roofless:**  
**NO, RUTHLESS.**

**Brigand Two:**  
**I AM ROOFLESS!**

**Brigand Fifteen:**  
**AYE, QUITE RIGHT!**

**Brigand One:**  
**YOU HAVE HER THERE,**  
**CHIEF!**

**Goolie:**  
**90.**  
**RIGHT!**  
**RIGHT!**  
**AND ISN'T HE LOOKING**  
**WELL. . .**

Other Brigands join in making encouraging noises.

**Roofless:**  
**WE ARE TERRIBLE!**

**Roofless:**  
Pan over the horrendous-looking crew.  
**MERCILESS!**  
(continuing)  
**SADISTIC!**

One sticks his finger in another's empty eye-socket.

**Roofless:**  
(continuing)  
**CRUEL!**  
Anotherl slams his hoof-hand into another's face.

**Roofless:**  
(continuing)  
**AND VICIOUS!**  
Zoom in to Roofless's teeth.  
91.

Brigands get more and more worked up, repeating Chief Roofless's boasts, grunting, rattling bones, pounding hooves, grinding teeth, growling and laughing evilly. Cut to an aerial view of an enormous blank desert, the tiny group as dots below.

Chief Roofless's voice continues over:

**Roofless:**  
(v .o.)  
**AND WE ARE THE**  
**SCOURGE OF THE COUN-**  
**TRYSIDE!**

Cut back to medium close-up of Chief Roofless and his men.

**Brigand Ten:**  
**THE SCOURGE OF THE COUNTRYSIDE!**

As the Brigands growl frighteningly, cut to MeeMee's face and the eyeball of the Prince, peeking through the palanquin curtain. The Eunuchs stand like furniture. The cobbler steps in front of YumYum, striking a fighting pose at Chief Roofless, who towers over him.

**Princess YumYum:**  
(hands on hips)  
**DON'T BE SILLY!**

**Roofless:**  
(taken aback)  
**WHAT?**

(He begins to bluster)

**Princess YumYum:**  
**YOU ARE A DISGRACE TO YOUR PROFESSION! JUST LOOK AT YOU!**

All the Brigands look at each other.

**Roofless:**  
**WELL... ER... ARGH... AH, WELL, THINGS HAS NOT BEEN TOO GOOD LATELY, LIKE, YOU KNOW. IN FACT, THIS IS THE FIRST CARAVAN WE'VE SEEN FOR THIRTY YEARS, ISN'T IT, BOYS?**

The Brigands mutter agreement.

**Goolie:**  
**AND THAT'S TRUE.**

**Brigand Three:**  
**DON'T I RECALL IT?**

**Roofless:**  
**WELL... ER... WE IS DOING OUR BEST!...**

**Princess YumYum:**  
**WELL, STAND UP STRAIGHT!**

**Sgt Hook:**  
**WE ARE!**

**Brigand One:**  
**ARE!**

**Roofless:**  
**OH, YES. YES, WE IS!**

**Princess YumYum:**  
**LOOK AT YOU! LOOK AT YOU!**  
92.

**Princess YumYum:**  
All the Brigands look down at their shoes and we see their terrible feet.

**Princess YumYum:**  
**LINE UP AND MY COBBLER WILL ATTEND TO EACH OF YOU IN TURN! LOOK AT THE STATE OF YOUR SHOES!**

**Brigands:**  
**AAAH!**  
The Cobbler immediately gets on his knees, fishes in his pants, ...and takes out a big needle. He starts stitching up the Chieftain's boots as the rest of the Brigands sheepishly fall in line.

**Princess YumYum:**  
**FALL IN, THERE!**  
(to Chief Roofless)

**I AM THE PRINCESS YUMYUM, DAUGHTER OF YOUR KING! NO PUSHING!**

**Brigands:**  
**AH! OH!**

**Princess YumYum:**  
**YOUR COUNTRY IS IN GRAVE DANGER!**

**Brigands:**  
**AAH!**

**Princess YumYum:**  
**I HEREBY DECLARE YOU MY ROYAL GUARD!**

**Roofless:**  
(to himself)  
**ROYAL GUARD... ROYAL GUARD!**

**Brigands:**  
**OH! AH!**

**Princess YumYum:**  
**SO PULL YOURSELVES TOGETHER!**

**Roofless:**  
**ROYAL GUARD, BOYS!**

The Brigands start milling about in a mangled attempt at soldiering and shouting military-type orders at each other.

**Roofless:**  
**RIGHT, QUIET! QUIET! QUIET! QUIET! I IS THE COMMANDER OF THE ROYAL GUARD!**

**Brigand Thirteen:**  
**SPEECH!**

Fade.

**SEQ. 9.0.**

Fade in on a huge red eye. The camera pulls back and we see it is the One-Eyes ghastly one-eyed flag, flapping. It is twilight, high up in the mountains. We see ZigZag dismounting in the shadows near the flag. He says to the vulture, 93.

who hops along after him:

**ZigZag:**  
**THE CAMP OF THE ONE-EYES! HOW VERY NICE! PERHAPS THEY'LL BE WILLING TO PAY MY PRICE!**

ZigZag takes the flag down. As he does it, he says to Phido:  
**THIS MAY BE USEFUL... YOU NEVER KNOW... PERHAPS AS A PROP FOR MY MAGIC SHOW!**

He tucks the flag away into his robe.

**ZigZag:**  
(continuing)  
**I'LL HAVE THESE BARBARIANS KISSING MY FEET. AND MAYBE WE'LL FIND YOU SOMETHING TO EAT! EH, PHIDO ?**

Cut to Phido, hopping along, wings hooked around his stomach, gasping. He is near starvation. Suddenly four huge shields appear, surrounding ZigZag and the vulture. Four enormous One-Eyes glare at the trapped ZigZag, their spears at his throat.

**ZigZag:**

SEQ. 9.1.

**GENTLEMEN! GENTLEMEN!  
WHAT A DELIGHT!  
TO MEET YOU ALL HERE  
ON SUCH A FINE NIGHT!**

Cut to the inside of the Mighty One-Eye's tent. The walls are lined with torches and one-eyed guards. The colours are green and black, with the purple faces of the One-Eyes, black flickering shadows from the orange flames. Pigs are turning slowly on spits and women dancers gyrate slowly to strange music. Curli-cueing smoke rises to the top of the tent, escaping through a vent. The Mighty One-Eye reclines on a human divan of scantily-clad, live women.

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He is spilling wine on them and gorging himself with a leg of fowl. Throughout the sequence, he fondles and slaps his human furniture. It looks like Hell on Earth. When ZigZag is pushed through the entrance, the One-Eye rises to his feet from curiosity, snaps his fingers, and says:

**Mighty One-Eye:  
THRONE!**

The one-eye women who were comprising his divan, jump up as he says this and re-interlock very fast, snorting and chortling, into a perfectly-trained, balletic circus-type, interlocking throne position. Seating himself on his human-throne, the One-Eye assumes a

formal manner for the benefit of ZigZag.

ZigZag is temporarily taken aback by the whole scene. It was more than he was expecting. He stares at the Mighty One-Eye and his own left eye starts to blink slightly - sort of keying himself in for the scene. Phido sees the food and, drooling, makes a run toward one of the roasting pigs. As he does so, he pulls ZigZag by the leash to the ground, flat on his face.

**ZigZag:  
OOOO!**

Phido, flapping, can't quite reach the spit.

**OOOO!  
OOOO!**

**Phido:**

Throughout the rest of this scene, Phido is rolling his eyes, trying to get near the food, drooling, gasping and suffering.

**Mighty One-Eye:  
WHAT IS THIS!**

**ZigZag:  
FORGIVE THE BEHAVIOUR  
(beginning to get up)  
OF MY WINGED BEAST. . .  
HE'S QUITE OVERCOME BY  
THE SIGHT OF YOUR  
FEAST...**

Still on the ground, ZigZag reaches out, yanks the leash, almost throttling Phido, and pulls him back.

**ZigZag:  
PHIDO!**

**Mighty One-Eye:  
UMPH!**

**WHO DARES ENTER THE  
CAMP OF THE MIGHTY  
ONE-EYE?**

The One Eye leering. He makes a burst in front of him.

**ZigZag:  
OH, MIGHTY ONE-EYE - J I  
AM ZIGZAG, THE GREAT, OF  
THE GOLDEN LAND!  
AND I WAS, OF LATE, THE  
KING'S RIGHT HAND!**

**Mighty One-Eye:  
AND. . . ?**

**ZigZag:  
I AM A MAGICIAN, A SOR-  
CERER, TOO!  
AND I'M IN A POSITION, I  
THINK, TO SERVE YOU!**

**Mighty One-Eye:  
SORCERER? MAGICIAN?  
VERY WELL... AMUSE ME!**

**ZigZag:  
95.**

guards withdraw, and ZigZag leaps to his feet, broad sweep with his arm and green fire and smoke I CONJURE DEMONS!

(swings his arm around and a glowing mini-dragon appears)

(The dragon takes its tail into its mouth and forms a hoop, which ZigZag plucks out of the smoke. The dragon/hoop bursts into flames.)

**CHARM BEASTS!  
AND BIRDS OF PREY, TOO!  
(ZigZag looks at Phido)  
PHIDO!**

On this cue, Phido jumps through the flaming hoop, his tailfeathers catching fire. As his arse bursts into flame, Phido screams:

**Phido:  
SQUAWK!!! !**

Phido runs right out of the tent, his leash charred, dragging after him. (He whips a handkerchief, out of his sleeve, shakes it once, waves it over his head and it becomes a huge One-Eye flag.) On HA-HA! ZigZag rams the end of the flagpole into the ground.

**ZigZag:  
BUT AS YOU WILL SEE  
THAT'S NOT ALL I CAN DO!  
HA-HA!**

**Mighty One-Eye:  
(GRUNT)**

ZigZag whips a pack of playing cards out of his sleeve. As he begins flicking through the deck, he says:

**ZigZag:  
96.  
I HAVE POWER OVER  
PEOPLE THOUGH THEY  
MAY APPEAR COMPLEX.  
FOR ME, THEY FALL**

(fans the cards in a wide arc)  
**LIKE PLAYING CARDS**

(over his head)  
**AND I CONTROL THE  
DECKS!**

The cards fly apart, but ZigZag deftly catches each one.

ZigZag:  
(catching the cards)  
AH! AH! OOOH! AH! HA! HO!  
HOOO!

(catching the last card)  
HA-HA!!!!

Cut to the One-Eye, his one eye slowly shuts. He appears to be considering.

Mighty One-Eye:  
MMMMMMMMMMMMMMMM  
MMMM. . .

ZigZag:  
UH... AHHA... HUM BUT ALL  
THIS IS NOTHING FOR NOW  
IN MY HAND IS THE VERY  
KEY TO THE GOLDEN  
LAND!

(holding up his rucksack surrounded by a ring of green sparks)  
ZigZag waves his great sleeve in an arc across his body, hiding the rucksack behind him.

ZigZag:  
(continuing)  
FOR NO MAN CAN TAKE IT  
NO MATTER HOW GREAT...

(pointing to the Mighty One-Eye) (bursts of green smoke and electricity)  
UNLESS HE POSSESSES  
THESE THREE BALLS OF  
FATE!

The smoke clears and the three golden balls lie gleaming on a red

carpet at the feet of the Mighty One-Eye.

Mighty One-Eye:  
HMPF! MAGIC! WHAT USE IS  
THAT I N THE FACE OF  
DEATH?

(awful laugh)  
YOU SAY YOU CAN CHARM  
BEASTS?

ZigZag, hands clasped, half-bowing, smiles broadly and nods.

Mighty One-Eye:  
(awful laugh)  
THROW HIM TO THE ALLI-  
GATORS!

Cut to the top of the tent where the smoke is rising through the vent. His own tail smoking slightly, Phido looks down, watching ZigZag being carried out. Do we detect a smile? Fade.

## SEQ. 9.2.

Fade in on the caravan, camped for the night at a beautiful desert oasis, a pool of water reflecting a crescent moon and stars, ringed by palm trees. The camel is parked next to the pool.

The camera moves in. We see the white and gold palanquin, resting on the sand. There is a white and gold tent pitched nearby with the Four Eunuchs asleep outside it. The Cobbler is sleeping in front of the door of the tent. Brigands lie all over the place, using each other as pillows and footrests, snoring and wheezing in a ragged chorus.

We hear the sound of the flies and the camera pans past the collapsed Brigands over to a sand dune where the Thief's head appears. He slowly crawls forward over the rim of the dune and starts downward toward the camp. Suddenly, the sand slides down with him and overtakes him, burying him with a hiss at the bottom. The flies hover over the mound. A couple of Brigands roll over, gouging each other, and making adjustments in their sleep. A hoof-handed Brigand by a small rock is talking in his sleep. The skinny book-marking snake comes out from behind the rock and listens to the Brigand's dream, winding himself around his arm in sympathy.

Hoof:  
OH SALOME, HEH HEH,  
WHEN I THINK OF YOU,  
SALOME  
IN ALL THAT SAND (laugh)  
EVERYTHING ...  
AND YOU DANCING JUST  
FOR ME...  
THOSE LOVELY EYES  
(laughs)  
OH, SALOME, HAVE YOU  
GOT LOVELY LEGS...  
SALOME, I DON'T KNOW  
HOW TO SAY THIS (laugh)  
I WAS WONDERING... UH,  
HUH...  
IF, UH, WE COULD MEET  
SOME TIME...  
A... GAIN... (laughs)  
UH... UH... AND...  
I WOULD BE VERY NICE TO  
YOU... UH...  
AND YOU COULD BE... UH...  
VERY NICE TO ME...  
UH... (laugh) UH... UH... UH...  
KINDA NICE IF WE COULD  
SORTA GO OUT SOME  
EVENING  
AND THE MOON WAS SHIN-  
ING... Y'KNOW... HEH...  
YOU WEAR THAT NICE  
COSTUME... (laugh)...  
REMEMBER THAT COS-  
TUME THAT YOU USED TO  
DANCE IN ... (laugh) ... AND  
THROW MOST OF IT AWAY...  
HEH,  
UH... UH... AND... AND...  
THEN WE COULD...

SORTA SPREAD IT OUT...  
(laugh)... UH... UH...  
ON THE SAND... TALK. UH...  
WE COULD TALK...  
SALOME... COULDN'T WE?  
...ABOUT SOMETHING LIKE.  
...UH...US...  
AND... UH...MAYBE WE  
COULD... KISS...  
MAYBE...(laugh) ...AH... AH...  
IT'S ALL A MISTAKE, I SUP-  
POSE...  
NEVER HAPPENED, I'M  
SURE...  
NO HARM IN DREAMING...  
(sigh)...

Behind a group of sleeping Brigands, a thin, striped, upright tent edges to a saddlebag. It disappears inside the tent. The tent moves closer to a large water jug, which also disappears inside the tent. Close up on the tent. The camera pans up it and where the little flag flies at the top, there is a halo of flies hovering. Cut back to a longer shot of sleeping Brigands in the foreground as the Thief, inside the tent, travels along stealing any objects in his path. The tent moves over to the pool of water and - SPLASH disappears into it. Cut to the bottom of the pool, the tent settled on the floor of it. There is a frantic wiggling from inside and a knife blade appears, cutting a hole in the side of the tent. We see the Thief's head, cheeks swollen with air. In desperation, he cuts another large chunk out of the side of the

tent, which floats away, and we see that the Thief and the tent are pinned to the pool floor by the stolen goods. The Thief desperately cuts the ropes as thongs holding him to his booty. Cut to the top of the pool as bubbles rise, popping at the surface. The Camel, looking at the bubbles, is laughing - wheezing and heaving. Suddenly, the Thief pops up like a cork to the surface. Like a balloon, his coat is full of subsiding air, ringing him in bubbles as he sinks back under, the air no longer supporting him. The camel can't stand it. Chuckling, wheezing and heaving, he falls over on his back, helpless with laughter as the Thief claws his

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way out of the pool onto the sand. Cut to a long shot of the camp as a golden ray of sunlight strikes the Cobbler's face. The Cobbler blinks, wakens and suddenly jumps up. He stares in the direction of the light. On the horizon, we see the Desert Mountain, clearly lit by the rising sun. It looks like a giant golden arm extending from the desert to the sky. Blinking, the light reflects on the faces of the waking Brigands.

Hook:  
(awakening)  
WHAT IS THAT?

Goolie:  
AND ISN'T IT LOOKING  
GRAND?

All awakening now.

Roofless:  
'TIS A MYSTERY... IT IS!

Brigand:  
WELL NOW WHO WOULD  
BE PUTTING THAT UP  
THERE?

Brigand:  
ISN'T THAT THE HAND OF  
GOD? DATS A SIGN NOW...

Brigand:

Brigand:  
THERE IT IS!

Brigand:  
AND THERE IT WAS. . .

Goolie:  
AND ISN'T IT LOOKING  
WELL?

Brigand:  
NOW THAT'S GRAND!

Brigand:  
ISN'T IT NOW BEGOD. . .

Brigand:  
NOW THAT'S GREAT. . .

Brigand:  
WILL YOU BE LOOKING AT  
THAT NOW?

Brigand:  
AND STOP YOUR GOING ON...

Hook:  
THAT'S A GRAND LOOKING  
SIGHT

Roofless:  
LOW AND BEHOLDEN. . .

Dissolve to:

SEQ. 9.3.

Eight alligators, lined up in two neatly-formed rows of four, jaws gaping. We hear ZigZag's voice:  
100.

ZigZag: (voice over)  
MY FRIENDS. . .

Cut back further and we see ZigZag behind a pulpit-shaped rock with the alligators lined up before him like students.

ZigZag: (continuing)  
MY FRIENDS... IT GRIEVES  
ME TO SEE YOU ALL LIVING  
THIS WAY... FED ON PER-  
SONS LIKE ME WITH  
NO MEAT!

ZigZag pulls back his sleeve, revealing a very thin arm. A few jaws snap with motor responses.

ZigZag: (continuing)  
YOU DESERVE SOMETHING  
BETTER! LIKE - THREE  
TIMES A DAY

Alligators snap their jaws: snap  
snap drool snap.

ZigZag: (continuing)  
A SUCCULENT SOMEONE  
TO EAT. . . ?

All the alligators are getting excited, jaws snapping, and even biting each other a little.

ZigZag: (continuing)  
YES...

(hands outstretched)  
WELL, I'M JUST THE FEL-  
LOW TO SEE THAT YOU  
GET

ALL THE FLESH YOU WERE  
NEVER AFFORDED...  
JUST HELP ME A LITTLE...  
AND I WON'T FORGET  
TO SEE THAT YOU ARE  
AMPLY REWARDED!

ZigZag:

(snap -snap - drool - slobber)

(continuing)

IMAGINE THE ARMS!

(snap snap)

AND THE LEGS!

(snap clamp snap)

AND THE THIGHS!

(snap drool slobber)

AND THE HIPS AND THE  
LIPS AND ALL THAT!

(snap)

The alligators are beginning to  
jump around, getting out of  
control. ZigZag signals for them to  
stop.

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ZigZag: (continuing)

AND I GUARANTEE YOU  
EACH DAY A SURPRISE  
THAT IS PLUMP, PORTLY,  
PAUNCHY AND FAT!

The alligators go mad, snapping,  
biting the air, etc.

ZigZag: ( shouting)

FAT! FAT! FAT!

Dissolve as they leap up, biting  
each other and snapping in an  
ecstatic frenzy.

SEQ. 10.0.

Dissolve to a close-up of the  
Brigands' feet, marching as the  
camera pans slowly along a line of  
them. Each foot has a shoe on it of  
some sort, inventively made out of  
old braces and sacking. The Cob-  
bler has been at work and, with  
whatever small means available, he  
has made rather stylish attempts at  
shoes. Even the peg-legs have little  
shoes on them. As they reach the  
mountain the Brigands all sing...  
different things. Still on the feet,  
the camera travels down the line  
past the Eunuchs, the Camel and  
the Cobbler, whose own shoes, of  
course, are the worst of all. He  
stops.

Cut to a medium long-shot of  
the Brigands crashing into each  
other as the long line comes to a  
stop at the base of the Golden Idol.

Brigands:

(noises of crashing into each  
other)

Cut to Prince Bubba and the two  
Princesses, looking out of the  
palanquin. Cut to the Golden Idol  
at the foot of the Desert Mountain.  
The Idol is circled by armed guards,  
protectors of the Ruby. They gaze  
indifferently at the arriving party.  
Cut to a medium close-up of the  
Cobbler, studying the whole scene.

Cut to the Desert Mountain  
from the Cobbler's point of view.  
At the base of the Mountain (which

goes straight up), there is only some  
brush and undergrowth of vines  
and small trees. The sides of the

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mountain are flat.

The Mountain is entirely made  
up of interlocking rocks shaped like  
hands.

The camera tilts upward and the  
Mountain looms above us, and into  
the noon sky. A third of the way up  
the one side, enormous pillar  
reaching mid-mountain, steps wind  
up them from the ground. But  
there is no visible way to reach it.

Cut to a sand dune and, again like  
Kilroy, the Thief appears over the  
edge. He is exhausted. Suddenly, his  
eyes widen and his pupils fill with  
the Ruby. Cut to the Ruby, gleam-  
ing in the forehead of the idol.  
There is a mystic darkening of the  
Idol and the desert as the Ruby  
begins to glow. Cut to the Cobbler,  
Prince Bubba, the two Princesses,  
and Chief Roofless, looking up.

Cut to the sun, gleaming. Cut to  
long shot of the side view of the  
Idol, facing the Mountain, the  
Caravan and Brigands down below.  
A barely perceptible ray of light  
from the sun beams vertically on to  
the Ruby. A facet of the Ruby  
glows and beams a ray of light, like  
a laser, against the Mountain wall.

During all this, there is a single  
line of eerie, high-pitched music  
indicating the sun as it reaches its  
zenith. Hidden doors in the side of

the Mountain wall slowly part,  
revealing a staircase inside. The  
Brigands whisper, awestruck;

Sgt Hook:

MAGIC!

'TIS MAGIC!

Goolie:

'TIS POWERFUL MAGIC!

Brigand:

AYE, AND INDEED AND IT  
IS!

Brigand:

IT IS THAT!

Brigand:

TO BE SURE AND IT IS!

Brigand:

ISN'T IT!

Goolie:

'TIS MAGIC FROM AN-  
OTHER WORLD...

Hoof:

(turning away)

ANOTHER TIME... ANOTHER  
PLACE...

Brigand:

(following suit)

AYE, MAYBE SOME OTHER  
TIME

Brigand:

I'LL BE MAK ING MY OWN  
ARRANGEMENTS...

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All of the Brigands begin to tiptoe away.

Princess YumYum:  
ENOUGH! PROCEED, COBBLER!

The palanquin, led by the Cobbler, moves toward the door of the Mountain. Bubba looks fearfully, one eye peeking out from behind the palanquin curtain and whimpers:

Bubba:  
I'M SCARED. . .

Princess MeeMee:  
THERE THERE BUBBA...

As the palanquin disappears into the Mountain, Princess YumYum's voice is heard, hollering back at the hesitating Brigands.

Princess YumYum:  
(voice off)  
THE ROYAL GUARD WILL PROCEED!

Roofless:  
ER... AH... THE ROYAL GUARD... WILL... PROCEED!

Sgt Hook:  
RIGHT!  
PROCEED!

Brigand:  
AYE, PROCEED THEN...

Reluctantly, the Brigands begin to shuffle in.

Goolie:  
DON'T BE LISTENING TO THE OLD BIDDY!

Roofless:  
COME ALONG NOW LADS,  
COME ON... WE MUST TRY!

Brigand:  
TRY WHOT?

Sgt Hook:  
SHE'S GOIN' IN THERE  
NOW LADS!

Brigand:  
WOTS SHE GOIN' IN THERE  
FOR? YOU GO FIRST AND  
WE'LL FOLLOW YOUS!

Brigand:

Brigand:  
AFTER YOU...

Brigand:  
NO, NO, AFTER YOU...

Brigand:  
AGE BEFORE BEAUTY!

Brigand:  
MAY THE SAINTS PRESERVE US!

Brigand:  
NOW I LAY ME DOWN TO  
SLEEP...

Princess YumYum:  
(voice off)  
COME ALONG NOW YOU  
MEN! MEMBERS OF THE  
ROYAL GUARD!  
ENTER!

Brigand:  
IT IS THE DEVIL'S CAVE  
ITSELF!

Brigand:  
AYE, THERE'S GOT TO BE  
AN OPENING SOME-  
WHERE...

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Brigand:  
GOD SPARE US...

Brigand:  
NOW YOU'LL BE GOING  
FIRST!

Brigand:  
AND WE WILL FOLLOW  
AFTER YOU YOURSELF!

Brigand:  
I'LL BE COMING AFTER  
YOU...

Brigand:  
AND WE'LL SEE YOU AT  
THE OTHER END NOW...

Cut to the Thief, who is oblivious to everyone going inside. He only has eyes for the Ruby set in the forehead of the mammoth idol. It is surrounded by silent guards. The Thief works his way around the base of the idol, searching for a way to get past them. There is none. BAM! His head hits a sign barring his path.

Cut to the Thief's head in close-up, reverberating. The sign says, "STOP". The Thief jerks his head away and bangs it on another sign, adjacent to the first. It says: "NO PRAYERS PAST THIS POINT."

(Every sign in this picture is written in English, Arabic, Japanese,

Chinese, Russian, German, French, Italian, Spanish and Swedish; the letters are writteh in the graphic style of each language.) Cut to front shot of the Thief, backing away from the guards and Idol, his eyes still focused on the Ruby. Behind him in the near distance, the last of the Brigands enters the Mountain and the doors close. The Thief backs through a turnstile, in the shape of an arrow, pointing the way out. The Thief continues backing away from us, transfixed, toward the now blank wall of the Mountain.

SEQ. 10.1.

Cut to the Cobbler's party - Camel, palanquin, Eunuchs, Princesses and Prince, followed by Roofless and his men - coming out of the tunnel onto the open steps on the side of the Mountain pinnacle. They are all agog and proceeding gingerly, the Cobbler leading. The steps are very narrow and it is only just possible to move the palanquin along. Chief Roofless and his men are flattened against the wall of the Mountain, inching along sideways, though there is at least six feet between them and the edge of the cliff.

Roofless:  
CAREFUL, MEN... DON'T  
GET TOO NEAR THE  
EDGE...

105.

Sgt Hook:  
AYE... THE EDGE...

Goolie:  
AND ISN'T IT LOOKING  
WELL!

Brigand:  
DON'T LOOK DOWN!

Brigand:  
DON'T LOOK UP!

Brigand:  
MAKE YOUR OWN AR-  
RANGEMENTS...

Brigand:  
SAINTS PRESERVE US!

Brigand:  
NOW I LAY ME DOWN TO  
SLEEP...

Roofless:  
KEEP MOVING!

Cut to the palanquin. The steps are steep and narrow and it is difficult to move the palanquin along. Prince Bubba peeks out on the cliff side.

Cut to Bubba's vertigo view of the drop. Cut to Bubba, wincing.

Bubba:  
IT'S STEEP!

Princess MeeMee:  
THERE... THERE BUBBA...

MeeMee hugs him and both disappear inside. YumYum peers out.

Cut to a long shot of the Cobbler's party climbing the steep stairs up the side of the Mountain.

Cut to an extreme close-up of the Thief's foot against the vertical side of the Mountain. Pull back, and we see the Golden Idol below and the full figure of the Thief, who is making his way up the impossible slope, like a fly climbing a wall.

Cut to a long shot showing both sides of the pinnacle, the Cobbler's party on one side, going up the dangerous stairs - the Thief, on the other side, doing it the hard way.

The music here becomes Wagnerian - Parsifal and the Holy Grail. Cut back to see the full Mountain pinnacle, except for the very top, and we see how far they have yet to

go. Cut to the Prince, peeking over the side of the palanquin, the two Princesses' heads below him. Cut to the Prince's vertigo point of view, looking down the sheer drop, a double image shifts back and forth.

Prince Bubba:  
I'M DIZZY!

106.

Princess MeeMee:  
THERE... THERE BUBBA...

Both MeeMee and Bubba withdraw back inside the palanquin, leaving YumYum looking out. Cut to a medium long-shot of the Cobbler, struggling on at the front. He looks back at YumYum, who smiles at him, and his tacks form into a smile back at her. His foot slips and he grabs the Camel's foot as he goes over the edge. The Camel, without breaking the rhythm of his pace, steps the Cobbler back onto the narrow stairs.

Princess YumYum clasps her hands to her head and withdraws into the palanquin. Princess MeeMee, frowning, pokes her head out and says to the Cobbler:

Princess MeeMee:  
CAN'T YOU FIND A SAFER  
WAY UP THIS MOUNTAIN?!

The Cobbler turns around, sees MeeMee glaring at him. His tacks droop and he walks backwards, slipping again over the side, barely managing to catch the Camel's

foot. Again, without breaking his pace, the Camel's foot pulls the Cobbler back onto the path.

Cut to a close-up of the Camel, raising his eyes to heaven.

Cut to the Thief - several shots of him slipping, sliding, working his way ever upwards. As he reaches up to claw his way another few inches we do a slow dissolve to:

SEQ. 10.2.

The steep, dark walls of a pit. We see ZigZag, in exactly the same position and size as the Thief, only he is climbing up an alligator ladder. The alligators are on top of each other, their backs against the wall of the Pit, their short legs extended like stairs, each holding on to the next by clamping his jaws on the tail of the one higher up. ZigZag makes his way gingerly past their jaws.

ZigZag:

OH! EXCUSE ME! I HOPE YOU DON'T MIND...

OH! I'M SORRY... YOU'RE VERY KIND...

WON'T TAKE LONG NOW...  
...SOON BE THROUGH...

THAT'S A GOOD FELLOW...

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ZigZag:

(continued. . .)

OH! HOW DO YOU DO!

SPLENDID! SPLENDID! OH! PARDON MY CLUTCH!

I THANK YOU...

I THANK YOU...

I THANK YOU TOO MUCH...!

SEQ. 10.3.

Very slowly dissolve back to the Thief, climbing, climbing. Several shots. Medium long-shot as he approaches a ledge above him which has two banana trees just visible atop it. The Thief slips and slides as he works his way around toward the ledge.

Cut to the top of the ledge. The flies appear, followed by one hand, then another, then the Thief's head. He drags himself up onto the flat surface, wheezing and gasping. He gets to his feet, tries to walk forward, sways dizzily around, then, determined, walks over a slight curve, past the banana trees, to the edge of the ledge, where he looks down. Zoom out and we see the tiny ledge with the Thief, three quarters of the way up the Mountain. On the other side, the Cobbler's party, tiny dots, continue to climb. Cut to the Thief's view, looking down, and we see the tiny Idol, far below.

Cut back to the Thief, hanging over the ledge. He turns his head, looks at the banana trees with their large yellow leaves, and turns back and looks again down at the Ruby. The Thief then gets up and goes to one of the banana trees and breaks a huge leaf off it. As it snaps off, he runs backwards, almost going off the edge. Little bits of rock crumble off behind him. Without taking notice, the Thief lays the leaf down on the ground and goes over and

breaks off another large leaf. The Thief inserts this second leaf into his sleeve, punching his fingers through and grabbing the ribbing of the leaf. He repeats this in his other sleeve with the other leaf. Adjusting what are clearly his "wings" now, the Thief turns around and walks resolutely to the edge. The camera cranes over the top of him and down, down, down

108.

to the Idol below, ending in a close-up of the Ruby.

Cut to the Thief's eyes in close-up, focused cross-eyed on the Ruby. He blinks. Pull back and the Thief crouches, wings folded like a fly. He spreads his wings dramatically and hops over the edge. Cut to the Thief in mid-air, hurtling downward, flapping frantically. He can't understand why it isn't working. As the increasing velocity pins his wings behind him, he nosedives head first downward.

Cut to a shot below the Thief in the distance the camera. I he zooms toward

Cut to the Thief's view of palm trees and ground rushing up at him. The stone floor around the Idol comes up to camera lens, and, about six inches from where the Thief's face would be, it pans past at terrific speed.

wings

There is a craning shot of the back of the Thief's head as his

come forward slightly, and we see him zoom past - one half inch above the spear tips of the Idol guards - and, of course, past the Ruby. Cut to the Thief's view of more stone tiles, flashing past below us. Then the palm trees rush from top of screen to bottom and we rise to the blue sky.

Cut to a medium long shot of the Thief, looping the loop. It works! Cut to the Thief, gliding. He's really flying. He is in a state of shock. He looks back at his wings and leers. He rocks slightly, testing for control. Now, full of confidence, he banks gracefully away into the distance and turns back toward us, heading in the direction of the Ruby.

Now he has things fully under control and he brings his wings forward like a breast stroker, and gives himself added propulsion, his flies breaking formation and regrouping, every time he strokes forward. Master of the situation, the Thief turns to camera and poses smugly - CRASH - he hits the side of the Desert Mountain. The wing-leaves are shattered and he's left, clutching the broken remnants, as he slides out of frame, flapping desperately.

Cut to a top-shot looking down at the Thief as he slides down the side of the Mountain, beating what is left of his wings against it.

SEQ. 10.4.  
109.

Cut to very steep steps. We are looking down the steps at the Cobbler, who is climbing with difficulty up toward us. Behind him lurches the palanquin, carried by the Eunuchs. Behind them, the Camel. And below, the line of Brigands, still flattened against the Mountain wall.

Cut to a side view of the Cobbler going up the almost vertical steps. The Eunuchs are having great difficulty lifting the palanquin. Prince Bubba is popping his head out, swooning.

Prince Bubba:  
MEEMEE! MEEMEE! ME DI  
ZZY MEEMEE! MEEMEE ME  
DIZZY!

Princess MeeMee:  
THERE... THERE BUBBA...

Prince Bubba:  
ME SICK!  
ME SICK MEEMEE!

Princess MeeMee:  
THERE... THERE...

Prince Bubba:  
ME GONNA BE SICK!  
ME GONNA BE SICK!

Princess YumYum:  
OUTSIDE!

The Camel has reached a plateau and is in the process of sitting down in sections, behind the Cobbler, who is standing quite still, gazing up. The Eunuchs, carrying the

Palanquin, halt behind him, and Roofless crashes into the base of the litter. From inside, we hear:

Prince Bubba:  
HELP!

Brigands' reactions as they crash into each other.

Roofless:  
Cut to Roofless at the rear of the Palanquin, recovering.  
AH... YOUR HIGHNESS...

YumYum sticks her head out of the back of the palanquin. Cobbler does not see the following action behind him down the steps.

Princess YumYum:  
YES, ROOFLESS?

Roofless:  
THE POOR BEAST UP  
THERE CAN'T GO ANY  
FURTHER...

Prince Bubba pokes his head out of the back end of the palanquin and says angrily:

Prince Bubba:  
CAN TOO!

Princess MeeMee:  
(poking her head out beside  
Prince Bubba's)  
THERE... THERE...

110.  
Roofless does a double-take at the sight of the twin princesses.

Roofless:  
THERE'S TWO OF YOU!  
THERE'S TWO OF YOU!

AHR, I'M SEEING DOUBLE!  
MY EYES IS PLAYIN'  
TRICKS ON ME!

Goolie:  
YER EYES ARE PLAYIN'  
TRICKS ON ME, TOO!

Brigand:  
WELL, THERE WAS ONLY  
ONE WHEN WE STARTED!  
AND NOW...

Hook:  
ISN'T SHE LOOKING WELL

Goolie:  
THE TWO OF THEM!

Brigand:  
AREN'T THEY GRAND?

Hook:  
...TOGETHER...

Brigand:  
GOD BLESS THE WORK!

Brigand:  
I NEVER THOUGHT THAT'D  
EVER HAPPEN NOW!...

Brigand:  
ALL OUR EYES IS PLAYIN'  
TRICKS!

Roofless:  
AYE! AYE! AND THE MOUN-  
TAIN IS PLAYIN' TRICKS ON  
US, TOO. LOOK UP THERE!

Brigands:  
WHERE IS IT?  
LOOK UP?  
THERE IT IS!  
THERE IS WHOT?

All look up and we see the top of the Mountain, towering above in the distance. The hand-shape is no longer palm open; it is now in the gesture of pointing to the heavens.

Cut to a long shot of the top of the Mountain: the side view of the pointing hand. The Cobbler's caravan of tiny figures are on the steps leading to the mound of the thumb. Slowly, the camera cranes to the front of the hand. Steps lead up the enormous palm and between the forefinger and thumb, there is a valley.

A thin trail of green smoke comes from the valley far above. Cut back to Roofless, the Brigands huddled behind him.

Roofless:  
AH... ER... PERHAPS ME  
AND MY MEN OUGHT TO BE  
STAYIN HERE. AH... TO  
GUARD THE WAY AGAINST  
INTRUDERS...

111.  
Brigands:  
AYE... AGAINST INTRUD-  
ERS... LIKE...  
JUST IN CASE...  
...TO PROTECT THE REAR...  
AYE, THE REAR GUARD...

Roofless:  
THE ROYAL REAR GUARD!

Princess YumYum.:  
ALL RIGHT THEN... YOU  
CAN STAY HERE AND  
GUARD THE WAY!  
Princess MeeMee:  
VERY WELL... WE SHALL GO  
ON WITHOUT YOU!  
Prince Bubba:  
YETH!  
LETH GO!  
Roofless:  
HALT MEN! ...  
(calling to Princesses)  
WE'LL STAY BEHIND AND  
GUARD THE EXIT!  
Goolie:  
WE'LL STOP BEHIND AND  
LOOK AFTER THE EN-  
TRANCE!  
Hook:  
AND WE'LL LET NOBODY  
OUT!  
Goolie:  
UNLESS THEY WANT TO  
GO IN!  
Hook:  
LET NOBODY IN LEST THEY  
WANT TO GO OUT!  
Goolie:  
WE'LL STOP HERE NOW!  
Roofless:  
AND YOU CAN GO ON IF  
YOU LIKE! BEAUTIFUL!  
HALT MEN! WE IS GUARD-  
ING GUARD THE WAY!  
THE WAY!  
ON GUARD MEN!

Brigands:  
ON GUARD!  
ON GUARD!  
Sgt Hook:  
GUARD THE WAY!  
Goolie:  
GUARD THE WAY, MEN!  
The Eunuchs lift the palanquin  
over the seated Camel. Cut to the  
Cobbler. The thin trail of green  
smoke we saw before, coming from  
the valley far above, has reached  
down to him now and the end of  
it, in the shape of a wispy hand, is  
beckoning to him to follow. He  
does so in a semi-trance.

112.

#### SEQ. 10.5.

Cut to the bottom of the Moun-  
tain near some underbrush. A tangle  
of vines moves toward us. It is the  
Thief, completely wrapped up in  
vines. They jiggle and wiggle as he  
stamps past us in a fury. Cut to a  
long-shot of the bottom of the  
Mountain, the Idol and guards and  
the underbrush and small trees  
behind the Idol.

Dissolve to the Thief, sitting  
between two small trees. He has  
fashioned the vines into two spring-  
coils, which he is fastening to his  
feet. He uses trees as a brace as he  
stands up, putting pressure on the  
coils. He works himself down into  
a crouch, lets go of the trees, and  
he's off.

At first he makes little helpless  
bounces, going off and on balance,  
gathering momentum and height  
and control from hop to hop. He  
accelerates higher and higher. He  
makes one big bounce and we crane  
with him, up and above his head.  
From his viewpoint we rush down  
to the ground and fly up into the  
air, down to the ground, up into  
the air - as if the camera were  
strapped to him.

Cut to a front shot of the under-  
brush, the Thief in the distance  
flying up toward us, disappearing  
down and reappearing with each  
bounce. He bounces right up to the  
camera.

Cut to the Thief's view, the Idol  
in the distance, the camera with

him as he touches ground again and  
flies up into the sky, hits the  
ground again the Idol closer - flies  
up into the sky again, hits the  
ground, the Idol closer yet - hits the  
ground again and up into the air  
once more.

Cut to a long-shot, side view of  
the Idol on its platform, sur-  
rounded by its guards. The Thief  
comes down - SPRONG shoots  
out the top of the frame and drops  
right on to the Idol.

THUD!

Cut to a medium close-up. The  
Thief is plastered against the Idol,  
clutching it. It is too heavy for him  
to lift and the Thief's legs on  
springs are going haywire. He is  
able to move the Idol only slightly.  
Pumping his feet like crazy, with a  
death-grip on the Idol, his kicking  
gradually becomes more feeble as  
the guards' spears slowly come in  
and encircle his neck. We leave him  
in medium long-shot, trapped,  
making pathetic little movements  
with his feet.

SEQ. 10.6.  
113.

Dissolve to afternoon in the hills. From behind a large boulder on the right, we hear two cracks of a whip and ZigZag's voice:

ZigZag:  
**MUSH!**  
**MUSH, MY HUSKIES!**

From behind the rock, eight alligators, harnessed two-by-two, their little legs scurrying very fast, appear, pulling ZigZag on a dog sled. As they run up to camera, ZigZag whisper-shouts:

ZigZag:  
**FASTER!**  
**FASTER!**

(Whip cracks twice)

Cut to an overhead long-shot of the One-Eye encampment with its terrible war machinery, tents and paraphernalia. ZigZag's alligator sled races off, away from the main compound as he makes a break for it.

Cut to a side-shot of ZigZag's alligator sled racing past boulders, rocks, at break-neck speed as clouds of dust rise and the whip cracks. ZigZag shouts - only as loud as he dares, afraid to alert the guards:

ZigZag:  
(continuing)  
**MUSH! (whip cracking)**  
**MU-UH-UH-UH-UH!**  
**MUSH!**

Cut to a medium close-up, head on, of ZigZag, dirt flying, teeth working:

ZigZag:  
(continuing)  
**FASTER!**  
(whip cracking)  
**FASTER!**

Cut to a top-shot of ZigZag's alligator sled racing from large boulder to boulder, crazily zig-zagging.

Cut to a side-shot as ZigZag swings around to the right toward a gap between two huge boulders. Suddenly, a dozen One-Eye shields fill the gap between the boulders and ZigZag, to avoid hitting the shields, swivels off to the right.

Cut to a top shot of the One-Eye soldiers encircling ZigZag and his sled as he circles, shouting:

ZigZag:  
**FASTER! FASTER! WE**  
**MUST AVOID...**

Cut to ZigZag and the sled in medium close-up. The sled comes to a stop and the alligators pant as dust settles. ZigZag says, resignedly, ending his sentence;

ZigZag:  
...DISASTER...

114.

There is a momentary pause as the surrounding One-Eyes glare menacingly. A voice booms a mighty guffaw as we pan up the largest rock and see the Mighty

One-Eye, standing at his full height on the top:

Mighty One-Eye:  
**HAW HAW HAW! SO YOU**  
**CAN CHARM BEASTS...**  
**SORCERER... HAW HAW**  
**HAW!**

Cut to a top-shot of ZigZag, looking up, daring to hope and smiling ingratiatingly. One of his eyes is flickering shut.

Mighty One-Eye:  
**YOU MAY BE USEFUL AF-**  
**TER ALL... NOW WE TALK. . .**

Dissolve.

SEQ. 11.0A.

Dissolve in to the pointing hand at the top of the Desert Mountain. Zoom in on the Cobbler and the Palanquin reaching the valley between the thumb and forefinger. The Cobbler still follows the beckoning fingers of green smoke. The smoke is coming from a three-inch urn in front of a blank wall. The Cobbler follows the beckoning fingers right to the urn and stops as the fingers dissolve and disappear into the lid of the tiny urn. The Cobbler stares at it, then gingerly lifts the tiny lid and looks in. We see an eyeball peering back at him. They both stare, then the Cobbler looks away, back at his companions. The Eunuchs have stopped and Bubba, MeeMee and YumYum peek out. The Cobbler does a doubletake at the twin princesses. MeeMee leaps out of the palanquin, all a-jiggle.

Princess MeeMee:  
**WELL! AT LAST!**

YumYum all a-jiggle, leaps from the Palanquin and goes over toward the Cobbler:

Princess YumYum:  
**WELL DONE, TACK! I KNEW**  
**YOU'D GET US HERE!**

The Cobbler is looking back and forth, from one princess to the other, amazed. He blushes and shuffles his feet. Cut to Prince Bubba, still in the Palanquin, one eye peeking out at the urn.

SEQ. 11.0B.  
115.

Cut to the tiny urn. The eyeball has risen slightly and is looking out at everybody.

Princess MeeMee:  
(to the urn)

O MAD AND HOLY OLD  
WITCH,  
GREETINGS!

Princess MeeMee:

The eyeball slowly retracts into the urn.

O MAD AND HOLY OLD  
WITCH, I AM PRINCESS  
MEEMEE OF THE GOLDEN  
CITY...

Nothing happens.

Princess YumYum:  
(stepping forward)

AND I AM PRINCESS  
YUMYUM OF THE GOLDEN  
CITY!

For a moment, nothing happens. Then, a very faint voice fades in as the ancient witch half-materializes beside the urn. A thin stream of green smoke from the urn curlicues around her. She has huge ears, like those of a mouse, and wears a white sari /nappy. She has white hair drawn into a large bun on top with a red knitting needle poking through. She is a cross between a mouse and a female Ghandi.

Witch:  
GREETINGS... GREETINGS...  
AHRHHHH... GREETINGS...

Princess MeeMee:  
WE HAVE TRAVELLED  
FROM FAR ACROSS THE  
DESERT TO FIND YOU...

Witch:

The Witch, less than half-there, fades away to nothing.

(voice fading)  
A-R-R-R-R-GH...

Princess YumYum:  
OUR CITY IS IN DANGER!

Princess MeeMee:  
WE COME TO IMPLORE  
YOU, TO BEG YOU. . .

The Witch fades in half way again, sitting on the other side of the urn now, immediately fading out to nothing.

Princess MeeMee:  
...IF NECESSARY, TO PAY  
YOU...

The Witch materializes right in front of her, fully there.

Witch:  
TO PAY ME?  
TO PAY ME?  
PAY ME?!

Princess MeeMee:  
116.  
717  
...TO REMOVE THE SPELL  
WHICH HAS BEEN CAST  
UPON ONE WHOM I KNOW  
TO BE A YOUNG AND  
HANDSOME PRINCE...

The Witch takes a good look at a very frightened Prince Bubba, then she begins to fade away again.

Witch:  
(fading)  
A-R-R-R-R-GH...  
Cut to YumYum.

Princess YumYum:  
AND OUR FATHER SAID  
YOU COULD HELP US SAVE  
THE CITY!

The Witch is almost gone, but she starts to come back in again.

Witch:  
(squinting) ARE THERE TWO  
OF YOU.  
(sees them) AH-H-H-H-H...  
ONE AT A TIME, ONE AT A  
TIME...

MeeMee claps her hands and a Eunuch places a bag of gold in front of the Witch. It spills several golden coins at her feet.

The Witch is fully materialized at this and points decisively to MeeMee.

Witch:  
YOU FIRST!

Princess MeeMee:  
O ANCIENT ONE, I WISH TO  
REMOVE FROM MY PRINCE,  
THE ENCHANTMENT...

Prince Bubba leans out of the Palanquin and falls in a heap on the ground.

Bubba:  
OW!  
MEEMEE!  
MEEMEE!

MeeMee runs to him.

Witch:  
The Witch, looking sceptically at Bubba, says:  
PRINCE?  
YOUR PRINCE?

She is fading slightly. MeeMee, her arms around Bubba says:

Princess MeeMee:  
THIS IS MY BELOVED  
PRINCE BUBBA.

The Witch fades back into full focus, stands up and walks, hands clasped behind her back, like a doctor, over to Prince Bubba. From behind her back, she produces a pink stethoscope, which she pops around her neck.

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**SEQ. 11.0C.**

The Witch puts her hand on Bubba's knee, stares at him, and she turns to Princess MeeMee.

**Witch:  
MY CHILD... IT IS OBVIOUS  
TO ME...**

The Witch pokes her finger into the Prince's stomach and tweaks it a bit.

**Prince Bubba:  
BURP!**

She pulls back, turning again to the Princess.

**Witch:  
...DAT HE IS VICTIM**

(popping stethoscope in her ears)  
**OF THE DOUBLE WHAMMY.**

She plonks the stethoscope on his chest; pulls it off. It throbs and she

**Witch:  
(continuing)  
...SPLIT INTERLINK INCAN-  
TATION WITH NEWT'S EYE-  
BALLS...**

She climbs aboard his knee and reaches for Prince Bubba's eye. She lifts it open and looks right in. His eyeball shows a silhouette of a belly-dancer bumping and grinding to jungle rhythm. She slams his eyelid shut and continues, to the Princess.

**Witch:  
(continuing) ...AND THOU-  
SAND ISLAND HEMLOCK  
SPELL!...**

The Witch jumps off the Prince's knee. leg goes spastic for a moment and she grabs it. MeeMee. When she lands, her She says to Princess meeMee:

**Witch:  
DIS IS MOST DEE-FEE-CULT  
SPELL TO LEEFT... AND  
VERY COSTLY...**

MeeMee clasps her hands again, and the Four Eunuchs place a large jewel-studded treasure chest in front of the Witch. MeeMee opens it, saying:

**Princess MeeMee:  
OH PLEASE, GREAT WITCH!**

**SEQ. 11. OD.**

Witch, gazing with delight, at the gleaming golden treasure  
**118.**

inside, says:

**Witch:  
A-H-H-H-H-H-H! FOR YOU I  
WILL MAKE SPECIAL PRICE  
AND TAKE A SPECIAL TRIP!**

The Witch winds up and runs forward, jumps in the air and lands on a trampoline in a pit, flinging her high up against the cliff where she grabs a hanging rope and swings around the pointing finger of the Mountain hland, shrieking like Tarzan as the camera cranes around with her.

**Witch:  
(shrieking)  
A-A-A-A-A-A-A-A-A-A-A-A-A-  
A!!!**

As she comes back around from the other side, she blasts through a nest of bats who flap helter-skelter all over the place. Then she flies head-long into a large gong hanging on the cliff.

**(gong):  
GOI-OI-OI-OI-OI-NNNG!!!**

She ricochets off the gong and drops into a hanging basket, supported on a tripod of three sticks over a cleft in the earth. With all her might, she tugs at a steering wheel attached to the top of a pipe leading into the cleft; finally, it turns and green gas rises through the fissure. She sniffs it.

**Witch:  
(inhaling deeply) WITH ACID  
FUMES AND GAS COM-  
BINED, I WILL START TO  
BLOW MY MIND!**

She inhales and exhales deeply. The fumes are of various shades of green and yellow, swirling in patterns, making mystic symbols which come and go as they rise. Many of these go up her nose.

**Witch:  
O GAS!  
FIRST GAS I SNIFF TO-  
NIGHT!  
I WISH I MAY - I WISH I  
MIGHT  
BLOW MY MIND OUT LIKE A  
LIGHT! (more inhaling)**

She is getting very high now. Pointing vaguely in Bubba's direction, her eyes shut and she continues:

**Witch:  
(continuing) IN YONDER  
BEAST A PRINCE IS HID-  
DEN...**

**Witch:**

SEQ. 11. DE.

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**HOW CAN, FROM HIM, THIS SPELL BE RIDDEN?**

She is swinging around in the basket and she fishes inside her sari for a match, gets one, and, reaching over the side of the basket, strikes it against the bottom of the basket. She lifts the flaming match up before her and the gas fumes surround it: BOW-WHAAA AAAAAAAM! There is an almighty explosion; everything goes into black and white and the Witch rises rapidly up high on a column of gas.

Everyone looks on, aghast.

Before the Witch, sitting on her mushroom cloud, appear three urns. She lobs them over the side at the Beast. He temporarily halfturns into different animals or parts of animals, i.e., alligator, rhino, frog, then returns to himself.

Prince Bubba:

(shrieking)

(gasp) **WOW!** (during — changes) (returning to himself) **EY AAAAAAAAH ! HELP! MEEMEE! MEEMEE!**

MeeMee embraces him. The Witch, still on her mushroom cloud, reaches within a column of gas and brings out a red-checked tablecloth, a champagne glass, and a dusty bottle of wine. There is a lot

of breaking of glass and cursing before she accomplishes this.

Witch:

**MYSTICAL ELIXIR! THE MOST ANCIENT, CELESTIAL WINE!**

She expertly pops the cork. It hits the gong out of shot and a few bats scatter. GOI-OI-OI-OI-OI-OING! The Witch pays no attention, and pours purple liquid, with green gasses rising, into the glass. She takes the knitting needle from her chignon, uses it as a wand, and the table top and glass of wine appear in front of Bubba.

Witch:

**DRINK THIS! IT OUGHT TO BRING OUT THE REAL**

(tongue tangles)  
**YOUUUFZZGRZBUB... ER... AH... SORRY... START AGAIN!**

She does the whole thing again, only this time like a television commercial.

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Witch:

**MYSTICAL ELIXIR! THE MOST ANCIENT CELESTIAL WINE. DRINK THIS! IT OUGHT TO BRING OUT THE REAL YOU!**

SEQ. 11.OF

Frightened and excited, Prince Bubba takes the glass and sniffs its bouquet as the table dissolves away.

Prince Bubba:

**MMMMMMMM! NIGH... (nice)**

MeeMee nods, smiling encouragingly. Prince Bubba sips the wine, then takes a bigger drink, then empties the glass. There is a dramatic pause and the colours deepen. His eyes widen, his body swells up and he ejects a column of multi-coloured flame from his mouth with a roar.

Prince Bubba:

**wo-ow-OWWWWWW  
WWWWWWW!**

Cut to a full shot of Prince Bubba as he begins to experience an internal earthquake, parts distorting, his colours changing - going from dark green to light green and back again. It all builds to a crescendo. The Prince flips over and when he lands, he is an enormous green frog, looking very much as he did before, except that now, he is well and truly a frog. Cut to MeeMee, shocked.

Princess MeeMee:

**WHAT HAVE YOU DONE?**

Cut to to Witch, up on her cloud. She is amazed, like a small child who cannot control herself. She bursts into hysterical laughter at the result.

Witch:

(laughing)

**AH! -HA-HA-HO-HO-HU-HU-HA-HA-  
HEEEHEEEEEEEEEEE!  
DID-DEE-WRONG-TING!**

She clasps her hands over her mouth, and, finally regaining her professional composure, peers at the label of the wine bottle with one large, suspicious eye. Prince Bubba's frog-throat suddenly expands and he gives off a great

Prince Bubba:

**CROAK!**

Cut back to the Witch, peering myopically at the bottle.

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Witch:

**...MUST HAVE BEEN A BAD YEAR...**

She tosses the bottle away, over her shoulder, and it explodes like a Molotov Cocktail, taking away a bit of the Mountain. Cut to YumYum, the Cobbler and the Eunuchs, ducking the explosion. Small rocks are still falling. Cut to MeeMee, wringing her hands.

Princess MeeMee:

**OH MY POOR DARLING!  
WHAT CAN BE DONE NOW?**

Cut to the Witch, stroking her chin and frowning.

Witch:

**MM-HMMMMM... PERHAPS...  
TRUE LOVE'S... KISS?**

MeeMee gingerly approaches the Prince, takes his frog-face in her hands, squeezes her eyes shut, and kisses him. Cut to the Witch who takes aim with a cupid's bow and arrow with a heart for an arrow-head. SPRONG-NG-NG-NG! It shoots up in an arc and lands in Princess MeeMee's derriere.

Princess MeeMee:  
OOOOOOOOOO!

MeeMee starts to vibrate as an internal earthquake overtakes her. She jiggles like mad and - POOF! seated beside the enormous frog is a delicate light green lady frog with long green eyelashes.

Prince Bubba:  
(in recognition)  
CROAK!

The lady frog pulls out a tiny hand mirror and looks at herself and gasps.

Princess MeeMee:  
(GASP)

YumYum runs up below the Witch's cloud.

Princess YumYum:  
DO SOMETHING!  
DO SOMETHING!

SEQ. 11. OG.

The Witch squints at the two frogs, puts the knitting needle/wand behind her ear, and begins to crack her knuckles thoughtfully. Small shots of lightning come from her knuckles, shorting her.

Witch:  
(knuckles) (snap snap snap pop  
snap crackle pop)  
MMMMMM... AH... LET'S SEE  
NOW... (snap pop)

122.

The Witch pulls the knitting needle from behind her ear, shakes it at her other hand, and little electrical crackles shoot out as she shorts herself.

Witch:  
(continuing)  
AH!  
MAGIC FORCES IN THE AIR!  
CHANGE THE CREATURES  
SITTING THERE INTO WHAT  
THEY REALLY ARE! AND  
MAKE SURE THEY ARE  
SIMILAR!

The Witch flails her needle/wand wildly and points it at them. Electricity crackles from her wand. Both Prince and Princess vibrate and - POOF! ~ the Princess turns into a beautiful unicorn. The Prince is still vibrating, then - POOF! - he turns into an olive-green rhino. They look at each other - the Princess/Unicorn in dismay, the Prince/Rhino bewildered.

Princess YumYum:  
OH NO!

Witch:  
A-R-R-R-R-R-R-R-R-R-GH!  
WAIT A MINUTE! WAIT A  
MINUTE!

The Witch absently scratches her head with her needle/wand and shorts herself again, sparks flying wild.

Witch:  
(continuing)  
A-R-R-R-R-R-R-R-R-R-GH!

She walks up some steps in the mushroom cloud up to an old fashioned power lever a la Frankenstein - saying:

Witch:  
FORCES OF THE UNI-  
VERSE! THINGS SEEM TO  
BE GETTING WORSE!

She pulls the lever down, and - WHOOOOOOOOOOOM! The cloud explodes and reforms as the Witch, in a gale-force wind, runs from cloud to cloud.

Witch:  
WHIRLING AIR AND RUSH-  
ING FIRE, TURN THEM INTO  
THEIR... (waving her wand)  
DESIRE!

Lightning comes out of her wand toward the Princess/Unicorn and the Prince/Rhino. They are encircled by a whirlwind of flames. When it subsides, we see a peacock and a turkey.

Witch:  
(squinting)  
HOW'S THAT?  
Princess YumYum:  
OHHHHHHH!

123.

The Turkey/Prince begins flapping his wings and gobbling:

Prince Bubba:  
GOBBLE!  
GOBBLE!  
GOBBLE!  
GOBBLE!

Witch:  
A-R-R-R-R-R-R-R-R-R-GH!  
NOT SO GOOD... NOT SO  
GOOD  
MAGIC DAY AND MYSTIC  
NIGHT  
CHANGE THEM 'TIL THEY  
GET IT RIGHT!

With animated effects, the Princess and the Prince go through a series of transformations, the Princess first, trying to lead the Prince, and the Prince following with scant success.

Princess YumYum:  
OH NO!

First the Princess turns into a Butterfly and the Prince becomes a Caterpillar. With an extra try, he makes it to Moth.

Witch:  
AGAIN!

Next, the Princess becomes a white Mouse and the Prince, an Elephant.

Princess YumYum:  
OOH!

Witch:  
NO!  
NO!  
AGAIN!

The Princess becomes a white Seal and the Prince, a Walrus.

Witch:  
CHANGE AGAIN

The Princess becomes a white Rabbit and the Prince, a greenish Kangaroo.

Witch:  
DO IT AGAIN!

The Princess becomes a Koala Bear and the Prince, a big Bruin.

Witch:  
ONE MORE TIME!

The Princess becomes a white Monkey and the Prince, a Gorilla.

Witch:  
ONE MORE TIME!

The Princess turns into a Poodle and the Prince, a laughing Hyena.

Prince Bubba:  
HAH-HAH-HAH-HAH-HAH-  
HAH-HAH-HAH!

Witch:  
(exasperated)  
CONCENTRATE!

The Princess becomes a Zebra and the Prince, a Mule.

Witch:  
RELAX!

The Princess becomes a Swan and the Prince a Duck-Billed Platypus.

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Witch:  
FOCUS!

The Princess becomes a white Cat and the Prince, an overweight Cheetah with messy hair.

Witch:  
WRONG!

The Princess becomes a Deer and the Prince, a Moose.

Witch:  
WRONG AGAIN!

The Princess becomes a white Cockatoo and the Prince, a Dodo running around with little quick steps.

Witch:  
(thoroughly exasperated)  
OH, HORSEFEATHERS!

The Princess becomes a white Pegasus Horse and the Prince becomes a broken-down plough-horse, covered in feathers. The Witch, realizing a connection between her command and their transformation, shouts:

Witch:  
(snapping her knuckles)  
I'VE GOT IT! I'VE GOT IT!  
PRINCESS!

(MeeMee turns back into herself)  
HANDSOME PRINCE!

Prince Bubba turns back into his former self, except now he has sprouted wavy blonde hair and has twinkling blue eyes.

Princess YumYum:  
(sigh of relief)

Prince and Princess look at each other. Then, Princess MeeMee throws her arms around Prince Bubba's neck and says:

Princess MeeMee:  
OH MY PRINCE! YOU'RE SO  
HANDSOME!

Prince Bubba:  
I AM?

Princess MeeMee:  
WELL... SORT OF...

SEQ. 11. OH .  
Cut to the Witch.

Witch:  
HA HA HEE!

She is crouching by the chest of gold, counting the goldpieces. YumYum, the Cobbler, and the Four Eunuchs look on. She has reverted to the attitude of a tiny child. She is also half her previous size.

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Witch:  
(counting) FOURTEEN!  
TOUSAND-AND-EIGHT!  
TWENTY-SIX!  
TEN!

Princess YumYum:  
O MAD AND HOLY OLD  
WITCH...  
Witch looks as if to say, "Oh it's nothing. . ."

Princess YumYum:  
YOU HAVE BROUGHT MY  
SISTER HAPPINESS... I  
THINK.  
NOW! MY FATHER SAID  
YOU COULD TELL US HOW  
THE CITY CAN BE SAVED!  
TELL US

The Witch looks blankly over her shoulder at YumYum and the Cobbler.

Princess YumYum:  
HOW CAN OUR CITY BE  
SAVED?

The Witch peers at them oddly.

Princess YumYum:  
**OUR CITY IS GOING TO BE UNDER ATTACK!**

The Witch becomes very serious and stops counting the money. The colours darken as she mutters to herself:

Witch:  
**ATTACK? ATTACK... AH... ATTACK... A... TACK...**

The Witch stands up. She is becoming physically much larger and more dignified. She is turning into the great witch of the old days. In a very quiet voice, she says:

Witch:  
**YOUR CITY IS IN GRAVE DANGER! SOON IT WILL BE UNDER ATTACK!**

She holds out a pointing finger, shaking so badly it points at everyone at once. Her hair has begun to blowout behind her as the wind rises. She is still enlarging, now attaining heroic proportions.

Witch:  
(voice rising) **THERE IS ONE HERE WHO CAN SAVE THE CITY!**

There is a great darkening and flashing. The Witch points into the distance as the wind lashes around her. She is like a giant.

Witch:  
(shouting)  
**GO HOME!  
NO-O-O-O-W-W-W-W!**

Cut away to a long shot of the Mountain and a blackened desert and sky. An electrical thunderstorm is engulfing the top of the Mountain with great flashing and rumbling. Cut to the Cobbler's party, hurrying away, leaving the Palanquin behind as they duck falling rocks. An earthquake begins. Cut to the Brigands and Camel, ducking rocks. They're howling

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as, from their point of view, we see boulders and pieces of the Mountain crash down toward them.

Cut to a long shot of the Mountain top. The hand at the top turns into a clenched fist and the whole Mountain looks as if it is about to take off or fall to pieces at any second.

The clenched fist then turns into a pointing hand, indicating the way home.

Cut to the old Witch, close-up, shrinking down again to her previous size and proportions, completely absorbed in counting her money which is flashing gold and shorting her fingers. Small lightning bolts shoot around at random. She takes no notice; she is again like a tiny child playing with her treasure.

Witch:  
**FIVE-TOUSAND-AND-TWO!  
TWENTY-SEVEN! EIGHT-  
TOUSAND-AND-NINE! FIVE!**

**TWENTY-TWO! SIXTEEN-  
TOUSAND-AND-TIRTY!  
TREE!...**

She is getting tinier by the second, going down to almost nothing. Shots of rocks coming unstuck and falling. Lightning shots. Shots of Brigands dodging boulders and running all over each other in terrible confusion as they race down the stairs. The Cobbler's party has by now joined the Brigands. Prince Bubba is bumping down the stairs on his bottom, like a small child.

Prince Bubba:  
(howling)  
**I WANT TO GO H-O-O-O-O-O-O-O-ME!**

Everybody runs like crazy down the shaking spiral staircase, I which is all electrified with static electricity. Everyone is getting 'shorted' all the time.

Brigands:  
**HELP!  
BEGOD!  
WE'RE DONE FOR!  
LET'S BE GONE!  
RUN!  
MEN!  
RUN!  
RUN FOR YOUR LIVES! 'TIS  
THE BIG WIND THAT NOW  
HAS CAUGHT UP WITH US!  
IT'S FIERCE! WE'LL BE ALL  
RIGHT WHEN WE CAN GET  
OUT NOW! HOW DO WE GET  
OUT HERE NOW?**

**THE WAY WE CAME IN!  
LET'S GO OUT THE WAY WE  
CAME IN TO GO OUT!**

127.  
Brigands:  
**NOW WHICH WAY DO WE  
GO?  
THE WAY YOU CAME IN!  
THE WAY YOU CAME IN  
IS OUT!  
AND OUT IS THE WAY IN!  
BUT WE'RE GOING OUT!**

Cut to the Thief, as we hear rumbling noises from above. He is walking toward us, his robe in shreds. On one foot, he still has a spring, which he tries to kick off as he stamps in anger. The spring causes him to rise and fall crazily. He is paying no attention to the noises. When a boulder lands beside him, then another and another, he barely notices.

Cut to the Mountain Doors opening as the Brigands and the Cobbler and the Camel and the Princesses, the Prince and the Four Eunuchs all tumble down, yelling. As soon as the last one is through, the Doors close.

SEQ. 11.1.

They are all rushing around, colliding into each other when suddenly they stop and look up. Everything above is totally calm.

Cut to a long shot of the Desert Mountain as it was when we first saw it, except that now the sun is setting. Perfect calm - long shadows.

Cut to the Cobbler looking up and around him bewildered, the two Princesses and the new “handsome” Prince Bubba all looking at each other as if to say ‘did it really happen?’ Obviously, it did, because of the Prince’s semi-transformation.

Goolie:  
WHAT IN THE WORLD HAPPENED?

Hook:  
WAS IT ALL A DREAM?

Brigand:  
I THOUGHT YOU’D NEVER ASK!

Roofless:  
IT’S QUITE POSSIBLE...

Brigand:  
WHAT IS IT THEN?

Brigand:  
IF IT’S NOT A DREAM. . .

Brigand:  
IT’S BEFORE WE WENT IN!

Brigand:  
AND AFTER WE CAME OUT!

Brigand:  
AND THAT’S THE BEGINNING AND THE ENDING OF IT ALL!

Sgt Hook:  
WHAT ARE WE GOIN’ TO DO NOW?

Princess YumYum:  
QUIET - YOU MEN! THE WITCH SAYS ONE OF US HERE CAN SAVE THE CITY! WE MUST MAKE HASTE AND RETURN AT ONCE!  
128.

Roofless:  
RIGHT, YER MAJESTY! WHERE ARE WE GOING? ...ER...

Goolie:  
WHERE DID WE COME FROM?!

Brigand:  
...AND WHAT DOES IT ALL MEAN?

Another Brigand:  
I THOUGHT YOU’D NEVER ASK!

Another Brigand:  
OURS NOT TO REASON WHY...

Cut to the Camel, raising his eyes to heaven.

Princess MeeMee:  
( impatiently)  
IT’S A LONG WAY BACK TO THE CITY!

Prince Bubba:  
AND WE FORGOT THE PALANQUIN!

Roofless:  
PERMISSION TO SPEAK, YER MAJESTY... ER... YER MAJESTIES...

Princess YumYum:  
WHAT IS IT, ROOFLESS?

Roofless:  
NOT MEANING TO BRAG. . . BUT IF THERE’S ONE THING MESELF AND ME MEN ARE GOOD AT!

The Brigands all grunt enthusiastically.

Princess YumYum:  
GOOD AT?

Roofless:  
MAKIN’ A GETAWAY... WE’RE GOOD AT MAKIN A GETAWAY!

Goolie:  
AYE, RUNNING! WE’RE GOOD AT RUNNING!

Hook:  
...RUNNING - AWAY!

Brigand:  
AYE!

Brigand:  
AYE!

Brigand:  
RUNNIN’ AWAY!

Brigands all grunt enthusiastically.

Roofless:  
WE’LL HAVE YOU HOME BEFORE YOU KNOW IT! MOUNT UP!

Everyone looks at the Camel. The Camel’s face takes on a “who-me?” expression.

Roofless and Hook link hands together as a  
129.

step and the Princesses get on the Camel. Prince Bubba is left standing.

Prince Bubba:  
BUT WHAT ABOUT ME?

Roofless:  
THE PRINCE, MEN, THE PRINCE...

Brigands:  
THE PRINCE? THE PRINCE, TO BE SURE... IT IS THE PRINCE HIMSELF!

Goolie:  
AND ISN’T HE LOOKING WELL!

(raspberry)  
They lift Prince Bubba piggy-back onto a particularly enormous, frightening-looking Brigand as the Prince protests.

Prince Bubba:  
BUT... BUT...

Roofless takes the Cobbler under one giant arm, like a football, and shouts:

Roofless: (shouting)  
B R IGA-A-A-ANDS! FALL IN!

All the Brigands line up shoulder to shoulder, taking various start positions like football players, swimmers, racers of various sorts. Roofless paces in front of them, the Cobbler under his arm.

Roofless:  
WHEN I GIVE THE SIGNAL  
YOU WILL ADVANCE TO  
THE GOLDEN CITY AT FULL  
SPEED WITHOUT STOP-  
PING! GET READY - GET  
SET-

GO!

Cut to an overhead long-shot. To the left, the sun is going down. Behind the Brigands is the Mountain, throwing a long shadow. In front of the Mountain is the horizontal line of the Brigands, throwing enormous shadows. When Roofless says "GO!", all the Brigands take off, running like crazy, shrieking and howling. Slow dissolve.

SEQ. 11.2.

Dissolve to close-up of flames filling the screen. and we see a standing brazier/torch. The Mighty One-Eye lies back on his throne of purple women, which is now in a reclining position. ZigZag is sitting on a large pillow

Pull back across from him.  
130.

Between them is a table which is comprised of three more women on hands and knees with their bottoms together so that their backs form the table. Across their backs is laid a leather map of the Golden Land, revealing in slight bas-relief the curves of the women under it. The Three Golden Balls stand on a spike in the foreground. ZigZag is winking and blinking, trying to give himself the appearance of being really a kind of one-eye person - sympathetic reaction.

ZigZag: (laughing)  
HUM HUM HUM HEE HEE  
AND HERE IS THE WEAK  
POINT IN THE WALL OF THE  
CITY...

He pokes a certain point of the map and evokes a giggle from under the map.

ZigZag: (continuing)  
SHALL WE TRAMPLE AND  
BREAK IT AND NOT SHOW  
PITY?

Mighty One-Eye:  
I SAY WHO LIVES AND WHO  
DIES! I SHALL MAKE AN

EARTHQUAKE! NONE  
SHALL ESCAPE!

ZigZag: (laughing)  
AND HERE...

He pokes again - again evoking a giggle.

ZigZag: (continuing)  
IS A SECRET WAY...  
UNDER THE MOAT...  
TO ENTER THE PALACE...  
AND SLIT EVERY THROAT!

Mighty One-Eye:  
THE CITY SHALL BE  
ROASTED ON A SPIT!

(demonstrating with both hands round a pair of buttocks, he shows how the army will form.)  
SMOKE SHALL FILL THE  
SKIES! AND THERE WILL BE  
A FLOOD  
A FLOOD OF BLOOD!

ZigZag:  
THEIR SOLDIERS WILL  
COWER BEHIND THESE  
WALLS...  
WHEN THEY SEE THAT WE  
HAVE THE THREE GOLDEN  
BALLS!

(ZigZag is laughing encouragingly throughout)

131.  
Mighty One-Eye:  
TOMORROW I STRIKE!

On this last line, the Mighty One-Eye smashes his fists down onto ZigZag's hands. The table jiggles and shrieks and ZigZag pulls

back his injured hands, his eye flickering and his fingers moving. He smiles.

ZigZag:  
OH OH OOOH AHA!

Cut to the Mighty One-Eye, leaning forward.

Mighty One-Eye:  
AND YOU SHALL RIDE AT  
THE FRONT! ...

Cut to ZigZag.

Mighty One-Eye:  
(continuing)  
...SORCERER. . .

Close-up on ZigZag's face as the smile falls off it.

SEQ. 11.3.

Dissolve to the middle of the night, with everything visible in the blue moonlight, a side shot of the mass of Brigands, running like crazy, dust flying - a football team in mid-charge and a Camel. Prince Bubba is being thrown, like an enormous football from one to another. Various Brigands shout, as they pass the Prince back and forth.

Various Brigands:

**MY TURN! MY TURN!  
OVER HERE!  
LET ME HAVE HIM!  
PASS HIM TO ME!  
THE PRINCE! THE PRINCE!  
KEEP GOING LADS OR  
WE'LL END UP WHERE WE  
STARTED!**

The Prince is howling and whining throughout.

Prince Bubba:

**MEEMEE! MEEMEE!  
HELP! HELP MEEMEE!**

There is a shot of the Cobbler under Boozdil's arm. They have never slowed down. They run past us and as the thunder and their stampede dies away in the distance, we hear laboured breathing and the sound of flies.

132.

Pan back and we pick up the Thief, a dishevelled wreck with bursting lungs. He still wears half a spring on one foot and it gives him a little extra bounce as he pumps his arms and falls, gets up and runs on. Slow dissolve.

SEQ. 11. 4.

Dissolve in - sunrise over the Golden City. The golden sun illuminates the Palace from the lilac shadows. The camera moves in and we dissolve to the City wall.

At each crenel of the top of the wall, a Golden City soldier stands, lit by the morning sun. The soldiers wait. We pan left to see several of them, then dissolve as we pan right along another group, and then dissolve again, and pan left along another group. We see a window with Goblet, Gopher, Slap and Tickle very worried indeed. Truck into the King's window and we see a top shot of King Nod, wringing his hands, pacing back and forth, addressing his troop commanders who are scurrying about receiving his commands. They take his commands and leave.

King Nod:

**YOU TAKE THE RIGHT  
FLANK! YOU TAKE THE  
LEFT FLANK! RIGHT TUR-  
RET! GATE! DRAWBRIDGE!  
YOU TAKE THE WOMEN,  
CHILDREN, SAFE IN THE  
TEMPLE!  
OLD PEOPLE  
MEDICAL CORPS! READY  
THE PHYSICIANS!**

All run out leaving the King alone, who looks straight up in the camera.

King Nod: (cracking)

**DEATH AND DESTRUCTION... MY CITY WILL FALL TO DESTRUCTION AND DEATH... WHERE ARE THE GOLDEN BALLS? WHERE ARE THE GOLDEN BALLS?! WHERE ARE THE GOLDEN BALLS!!!**

133.

The King suddenly stops pacing as we hear a distant rumble, the sound of an advancing army and heavy machinery. The King rushes onto his balcony.

Cut to a long-shot from the King's point of view, looking down and across the Golden City at his army, stationed at the wall. Across the river and the great plain, which is still in violet shadow, are the foothills. There is a tiny, golden gleam in the shadows.

The camera zooms forward like a telephoto lens shot to a close-up of the cleft of the last of the foothills. The Three Golden Balls rise up from the cleft into the sunlight and advance on an extremely tall pike. As the pike rises into the sky, the One-Eye emblem comes into view, hanging beneath the golden balls. It is enormous and continues to rise into the sky. Throughout this, the sound of the One-Eye army and machinery is building to a crescendo.

SEQ. 11.5.

Dissolve in to a side-shot of the massive Brigands, still running at full speed, sand flying. They are in lilac shadow, but the sky is lit up as the morning sun is just about to break on them. They are still throwing Prince Bubba back and forth.

Various Brigands:

(passing the Prince back and forth and shouting)  
**PASS HIM OVER HERE! THE PRINCE! TO ME AGAIN! THE PRINCE HIMSELF! HERE HE COMES! WELL-CAUGHT, ME BOY!**

Prince Bubba: (howling and whining)  
**HELP MEEMEE! MEEMEE!  
MEEMEE!**

Roofless: (still carrying the Cobbler under his arm, shouts)  
**FASTER!! FASTER, YOU FOOLS!!  
FASTER!! FASTER!!**

SEQ. 11. 6.

Dissolve to the Great Plain.  
On the plain, in front of the

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foothills, an enormous black war contraption is being set up. Golden Balls and the One-Eye emblem are raised above it all. The One-Eye Army in black armour, like beetles, with one yellow eye, ride Horses, Camels, Elephants, Yaks and Oxen. The soldiers look as if they're made of metal - alien - dehumanized. Everything takes place with clinical precision as a vast, interlocking machine of death is being constructed. Enormous Leonardo da Vinci-type machinery is being brought up and placed in tiers. It is like a giant, complex machine, non-human, efficient and clinical in the extreme - a combination of machinery and human phalanx - a terraced army. It is made up of things like catapults the size of houses, crossbows big enough to shoot trees, windmill-driven siege machinery, assault towers with mobile platforms, hoists, battering rams, cranking systems, springs, gears, turrets, trebuchets, mangonels, crushing and mashing machines, enormous pincers, giant scissors, ropes and pulleys, slings, spears, cranes, scaling machines, multiple cannon, boiling oil apparatus, bellows - a Hieronymous Bosch/Rube Goldberg death machine of epic construction.

Within the machinery, archers, horsemen, footsoldiers, spear-carriers, drummers, engines, all have their allotted place. Everything is black - all the One-Eye machinery and all the One-Eye soldiers, save for their yellow eyes, and the One-Eye emblem and the Golden Balls. ZigZag sits on a nervously pacing horse, isolated in front of the huge army-machine construction. The One-Eye Army is mostly within the machinery itself.

Cut to a close-up of ZigZag looking over his shoulder at the top of the hill. Cut to the Mighty One-Eye, looking down at the scene below. Much of it is so high, it is almost horizontal with him. He is sitting on all of his women with the female map-table in front of him. His standards are posted around him, and they are cracking and flapping in the morning breeze. He shouts through an enormous Tibetan horn /megaphone set on a stand down to Zig Zag:

**Mighty One-Eye:**  
**THIS IS ONE-EYE MAGIC**  
**SORCERER!**  
**HAW!**  
**HAW!**  
**HAW!**

The Mighty One-Eye gives out a great guffaw. His women-furniture join in.

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One-Eye women:

**HAW!**  
**HAW!**  
**HEE!**  
**HEE!**  
**HAW! 'HAW!**

Cut to ZigZag's black steed, rearing back and ZigZag, trying to calm the horse, smiles and nods back at the Mighty One-Eye. Cut to the ramparts of the Golden City wall. Demoralized, every soldier stands with his mouth hanging open. Cut to the people - women, old men, children, awestruck. Cut to Goblet, Gopher, Slap and Tickle, terrified. Cut to King Nod standing on his balcony with his mouth hanging open.

SEQ. 11. 7.

Dissolve to a front-shot of the Brigands all running toward us, like a head-on shot of a cavalry charge.

**Roofless:**  
**I SEE IT, PRINCESSES! 'TIS**  
**THE CITY ITSELF!.. 'TIS TWO**  
**CITIES!**

**Sgt Hook:**  
**'TIS ONE BLACK AND ONE**  
**GOLD!**

Cut to the Brigands' view, their horizon falling and rising as they run, with the top half of the two "cities" visible - one black and one gold.

Cut to a front-shot of Roofless with the Cobbler under his left arm. At his left is the Camel with a Princess leaning from each side.

**Princess MeeMee:**  
**IT MUST BE THE ONE-EYES!**

**Princess YumYum:**  
**HURRY, PLEASE!**

**SEQ. 12.0.**

Cut back to ZigZag at the front of the machine as the last pulleys, hoists and paraphernalia are being locked into place. The drums stop rolling and there is an ominous silence. Cut to the Mighty One-Eye, shouting through his horn.

**Mighty One-Eye:**

**ONE-EYES!! !**

**A-TTACK! !**

**One-Eye Women:**

(shrieking in echo)

**A-TTACK! !**

**Generals:**

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**A-TTACK! !**

Enormous horns and organs blast, one-eyed men leap on giant drums, making thunder. There is the sound of great gears starting to grind and elephants trumpeting, horses whinnying, medieval organs droning, and a low chant begins among the troops, relentless, mechanical.

**One-Eye Army:**

**A-TTACK-A-TTACK-A-**

**TTACK-A-TTACK...**

The tank-like mechanisms are being propelled forward by men walking inside huge wheel drums. Scythe-like cutters begin to lacerate the earth. Advance guards begin to whirl maces in both hands, ritualistically as they walk forward. One-Eye footsoldiers advance, carrying massive cross-bows and great spears. The sky darkens.

In front of all this, in medium long-shot, leading it all, ZigZag's horse, reflecting ZigZag's anxiety, prances wild-eyed, erratically. The enormous moving gantry of interlocking machines and men advances behind him.

Cut to a long top-shot showing the entire terrain machine advancing slowly across the plain and the Brigands, approaching the war as tiny dots, fast from the Great Desert toward the breach.

Cut to a front-shot of the Brigands running toward us.

**Sgt Hook:**

**HAVE YOU EVER SEEN THE LIKES OF THAT!**

**A Hoof-handed Brigand:**

**A FIGHT AT LAST! AND ISN'T IT LOOKING WELL!**

**Goolie:**

**( R A Z Z )**

**Roofless:**

**ONCE MORE INTO THE BREACH, BOYS!**

**Brigands:**

**CHAR-R-R-R-R-GE!! !**

Cut to the machine of death, more parts coming into launching positions. The drone, "A-TTACK-A-TTACK" relentlessly increases as the gantry slowly gathers momentum.

Cut to different sections of the machine getting ready to go into operation: pivoting assault towers,

scaling machines like fireman's ladders, catapults loaded with boulders being pulled back, fire-blowing bellows being manned, mammoth cross-bows being cranked tight - loaded with trees - battering rams moving into position, elephants dressed with spiked leg-irons moving forward, enormous pincers starting to move

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together and apart.

There is nothing of humanity in the heavily armoured soldiers, they move like automatons and chant in monotone.

**One-Eye Soldiers:**

**A-TTACK-A-TTACK-A-TTACK!**

Foot soldiers with small catapult apparatus and lances have moved past Zigzag, but he still rides above them as they make a kind of arrow in front of him.

Thunder begins as we cut to the Mighty One-Eye on the hill, dry lightning flashing in the hills behind him. Sitting on his throne of women, he bounces heavily up and down, banging parts of the human upholstery with his fists as he chants with his army. His women squeal and laugh bawdily!

**Mighty One-Eye:**

**A-TTACK-A-TTACK-A-TTACK!**

Cut to a top-shot of the entire terrain once more. The clouds from behind the foothills have spread

overhead and cast a shadow over the Golden City and the plain. From between the clouds, the sun strikes the Brigands' running formation and they run like a beam of light onto the battle plain. Cut to the Brigands coming to a halt - some sliding, some falling, some tackling each other - total confusion. From their point of view, the War Machine approaches with relentless precision.

**Roofless:**

**LADIES TO THE REAR!**

**Princess YumYum**

**ABSOLUTELY NOT!**

**Princess MeeMee:**

**INDEED!**

YumYum and MeeMee step in front forming a spearhead for the motley inept phalanx behind them.

**Prince Bubba:**

(trying to look brave)

**MEEMEE BRAVE!**

The Cobbler stands next to YumYum, and behind are the Brigands trying to look formidable. The Camel sees the odds, shakes his head, and walks away out of the line of fire. The One-Eyes come closer. The "attack" drone continues. The camera pulls back and we see the entire machine through a telescope. The telescope pans down, goes in closer and we see the huddled group of defenders - the Princesses prominent.

Cut to King Nod putting down the telescope.  
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King Nod:  
OH MY GOD!  
MY DAUGHTERS!

He bolts out the door, followed by his guards. Cut back to YumYum, MeeMee, Bubba, Cobbler and Brigands taking tiny cautious steps toward the Machine. Cut to the Cobbler, from his view the Machine comes closer, larger, louder.

Cut to the running King tearing down the streets, followed by his soldiers.

King Nod:  
OH MY GOD! MY DAUGHTERS!  
HELP ME! HELP ME  
HELP THEM!  
MY CHILDREN!

This is a longish shot, showing the townspeople joining in, carrying picks and shovels, brooms, pots and pans. The camera pulls back to reveal how hopeless the King's rescue attempt will be - they are too far away. The daughters are within minutes of being massacred.

Cut to the Princesses, YumYum shouting:

Princess YumYum:  
FORMATION MEN!

The Brigands form up into one long American football scrimmage line, in on-line position waiting for Roofless' signal.

Roofless:  
HUT-ONE-HUT-TWO-HUT -  
THREE!

On "three", the Brigands all change positions. The drone of the One-Eyes continues under.

One-Eyes: (v.o.)  
A-TTACK-A-TTACK-A-  
TTACK!

Cut to the Mighty One-Eye.

Mighty One-Eye:  
A-TTACK-A-TTACK-A-  
TTACK!

Cut to the Cobbler, suddenly apart from the others. As if in a dream he is walking towards the Death Machine in front of the line of Brigands as they again change positions at Roofless' signal.

Roofless: (v.o.)  
HUT-FOUR-HUT-FIVE-HUT-  
SIX!

The Cobbler starts in surprise as he sees ZigZag in front of the advancing Death Machine.

Close-up of ZigZag's face in some surprise as he, in turn, sees the Cobbler advancing alone towards the Machine. Cut to Zigzag's view. Three hundred yards away, we see the  
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standing Cobbler, and the Brigands switching around.

Zoom in to the Cobbler in close up. The drone continues under and the crescendo builds as they come closer and closer.

Close-up of YumYum yelling to the Cobbler:

Princess YumYum:1  
COME BACK!  
COME BACK!

Cut to the Mighty One-Eye:

Mighty One-Eye:  
A-TTACK-A-TTACK-A-  
TTACK!

Cut to the Thief, who comes reeling onto the battlefield, still a bit of spring on his foot - a shredded, gasping wreck. Suddenly, he freezes and looks up.

Cut to the black sky and the sunlight upon the Three Gold Balls, shining and glowing magically. Cut to a close-up of the Thief as his head raises up slightly, the Three Gold Balls panning past in his eyes - a similar shot to the first time he saw the balls. Cut to the front of the approaching gantry.

One-Eye Soldiers:  
A-TTACK-A-TTACK-A-  
TTACK!

Cut to the still advancing Cobbler, the Brigands still switching positions behind him.

Roofless: (v.o.)  
HUT-FOURTEEN-HUT-  
FIFTEEN-HUT-SIXTEEN!

Cut to the approaching gantry, a little closer in so we see ZigZag clearly.

One-Eye Soldiers:  
A-TTACK-A-TTACK-A-  
TTACK! . . .

Cut to the Cobbler dazed, scratching his head, and the Brigands behind him, still switching positions.

Roofless: (v.c.)  
HUT-SEVENTEEN-HUT-  
EIGHTEEN-HUT~NINETEEN!

Zoom in on the Cobbler's face, looking at ZigZag. Cut to the moving gantry and ZigZag closer in, staring at the Cobbler.

Cut to the Cobbler in close-up.

Roofless:  
HUT-TWENTY-HUT-THIRTY-  
HUT-FORTY!

The "A-TTACK-A-TTACK" chant is booming and we hear, as if in the Cobbler's mind, the voice of the narrator at the beginning of the story, echoing:

Narrator: (v.o.)  
140.  
A...TACK... A... TACK...  
A...TACK...

Also echoing in the Cobbler's mind is the voice of the Witch.  
ATTACK... ATTACK... A  
TACK... A...TACK...

Witch:

Cut to the Cobbler's face in close-up with a far-away expression in his eyes.

Roofless: (v.o.)  
HUT-FIFTY-HUT-SIXTY-HUT-  
SEVENTY!

Pull back from the Cobbler's face and he is feeling absently in his pockets. The narrator's voice in the

Cobbler's mind is becoming louder now.

Cut to the front of the moving gantry and the approaching OneEye Army and zoom into ZigZag's smiling proudly now. He looks as if he's going to personally run the Cobbler down. The One-Eye chant is deafening now.

One-Eye Soldiers:

A- TT ACK-A- T ACK-A- TT ACK! . . .

From ZigZag's point of view, we zoom across the remaining yardage to a mid-shot of the Cobbler.

Narrator:

(echoing)

A... TACK... A... TACK... A... TACK...

Witch:

(echoing)

ATTACK?

ATTACK... AH... ATTACK...

A... TACK...

Roofless: (v .0.)

HUT-EIGHTY-ONE-HUT-EIGHTY-TWO-HUT-EIGHTY-THREE!

Cut to ZigZag in front of the moving gantry -- a fast zoom in on ZigZag and horse, ready to trample the Cobbler. The Cobbler rises from his customary bent posture and we see for the first time that he is a tall man. The horse, startled by this rears up.

Zoom in to full-shot of the Cobbler. He pulls out a leather

thong, wraps it around his fingers, loads it with one tack and aims it at ZigZag.

Narrator:

(echo)

ATTACK... A TACK... A TACK... A... TACK!  
HUT-EIGHTY -FOUR-HUT - EIGHTY -FIVE-HUT - EIGHTYSIX!

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The Cobbler fires the tack SPRONG!..

It misses ZigZag but hits a shield - PING - then ricochets round the inside tubing of a huge trumpet and ricochets again, striking a visor, then a spearhead, then up to a sharp spoon-shaped pincer, and boomerangs straight into ZigZag's horse's arse. The horse rears up in pain. ZigZag's lance goes down, goosing a foot-soldier in front of him, whose drawn blade lurches forward, cutting the rope on a small catapult, which throws a small rock back over ZigZag's head into the Machine. The rock cuts through a release-rope of another machine catapult, which flings a larger rock, which cuts through the rope of another machine catapult, which flies a much larger rock back, cutting through the release-rope of four catapults further back in the machine. The four rocks fly forward, releasing one huge rock, which flies back landing on a spring mechanism, firing it up, spilling

boiling oil and landing on a massive cross-bow which fires a tree hard into the base of an assault tower, ramming the mobile platform into the enormous pincers which crush it.

Relentlessly, the machine starts to destroy itself from the inside, collapsing from within. Guns go off the wrong way, arrows shoot into their own men. Once set in motion, nothing can be done to stop it. Everything reacts on everything else - all based on momentum, gravity, and recoil. Men are flung into the air, skewering each other in a balletic dance of death. IBeliows inflate men with air. It is a symphony of self-destruction, built on chain reactions. The forward thrust of the machine starts to grind to a halt as the collapse proceeds.

On the hilltop, the Mighty One-Eye is going crazy as he sees the most powerful army ever made destroying itself from within and he can do nothing to stop it.

Mighty One-Eye:

(screaming in frustration)

ATTACKATTACKATTACK  
ATTACKATTACKATTACK!!!

Cut to the King and footsoldiers outside the City walls, stopping in their tracks as they see the devastation. In front of the destruction, the Cobbler stands, frozen as the Brigands race around doing their football routine while bits of machinery and One-Eye soldiers

drop nearby. Elephants, horses, oxen, yaks and camels stampede into the hills, causing even more pandemonium. Groups of One-Eye soldiers fly into the air, followed by groups of arrows, which prong them in mid-flight.

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We never see the blood and gore because we cut away as soldiers explode, etc. They are now professional objects of destruction, destroying themselves. Everything is entirely mechanical and balletic. In the middle of all this, the Thief appears. He is on stilts from the legs of a destroyed seige tower. He is after the Golden Balls. As the pike holding the balls is sucked down into the machine, the Thief gets one ball. Then he gets his stilts blown out from under him, falls in a heap onto a spring as a catapult goes off, firing him up into the air toward the remaining two balls. As he flies up, in the centre of the screen, two soldiers with spears come from either side of the screen and the Thief flies right between them a split second before they skewer each other and drop. The Thief picks up the second ball as he passes over and goes down into the destruction again. He flies around the centre of the machine, but he has a charmed life this time, and passes through the most dreadful chaos unscathed. He rides catapults, shoots through circus rings of fire,

flying trapezes, rides bareback on elephants, bounces off trampolines, etc.

The Thief lands on the handles of a giant bellows, just cut from its rope, and flies back up as if from a giant diving board. As he goes up, a regiment comes from each side, skewering each other just after he passes through.

The Thief grabs the third ball and disappears again into the raging mechanical inferno below, spins around turnstiles, gear-wheels missing death between pincers, shooting across the top of boiling oil, just missing blasts of fire caused by exploding bellows, etc.

Cut to a top long-shot of the One-Eye War Machine.

It is subsiding into the ground, scooping out its own hole and covering itself up with its colossal rollers and mashing and crushing machines. ZigZag has been unseated from his horse and stands helplessly at the front. The Cobbler also stands, frozen, awestruck. The Brigands are still leaping about, changing positions.

Cut to the back of the Cobbler's head and we see ZigZag from his point of view, standing in front of the smouldering, destroyed mass of machinery, mud, steam and ashes. Cut to the Mighty One-Eye, bellowing through his Tibetan horn, crazy with rage.

**Mighty One-Eye:  
MAGICIAN-A-A-A-A-A-N!  
THIS IS YOUR FAULT!  
THOSE STOLEN GOLDEN  
BALLS WERE BA-A-A-D  
LUCK!**

Cut to the Thief at the edge of the rubble. Unseen, he has the Golden Balls' cradled in his smouldering robe and is creeping back toward the City.

**SEQ. 13.0.**

Cut back to the Mighty One-Eye, still raging on the hilltop.

**Mighty One-Eye:  
MAGICIA-A-A-A-A-A-N!  
MAKE YOUR MAGIC OR I'LL  
MAKE YOUR DEATH!**

Cut to ZigZag in terror. The noise has subsided and stopped. The Brigands are standing quite still, unable to work out what has happened. The Cobbler still stands, frozen, in awe. They all look at ZigZag.

He takes off his cap, pulls it inside-out and it telescopes up to a tall point - a white sorcerer's hat with magical symbols on it. Then ZigZag pulls out and puts on white shoes with magical symbols drawn on them. He brings out a white wand, then runs around the entire destroyed army, drawing a large circle in the earth. We see this in top-shot. As ZigZag runs, he shouts:

**ZigZag:  
ASHTEROTH!  
ADRAMALEK!  
ASMODEUS!  
BAAL!  
BAELZEBUB!  
BELTHEGOR!  
LILITH!  
LUCIFER!  
MOLOCH!  
SATHANAS!**

As ZigZag finished the circle around the broken war machinery,

he draws another smaller circle within the first, where he stands himself. Cut to a medium close-shot of ZigZag full figure. He rolls his eyes back into his head and goes into incantations. As he speaks, he throws down sulphur clouds which billow forth in green smoke around him.

**ZigZag:  
(continuing)  
DEVILS OF THE LOWER  
REGIONS!  
DEMONS OF THE DARKEST  
NIGHT!  
BY THE POWER OF YOUR  
LEGIONS,  
I COMMAND THAT DAY BE  
NIGHT!**

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Everything darkens perceptibly. The green sulphur gas has entirely covered the ashes of the One-Eye War Machine in a great circle, a lake of green smoke.

Commanding the elements, he speaks again.

**ZigZag:  
(continuing) THUNDER!  
LIGHTNING!  
WIND!  
AND RAIN!**

(Thunder rolls) (A bolt of lightning strikes the edge of the circle) (The wind rises) (There is rain around the circle but not inside it) (The circle sets itself afire)  
**FIRE! WATER!**

(The rain around the outer edge of the circle intensifies) (We hear shrieking and howling but we cannot see where it comes from)

**BLOOD AND PAIN!  
BRING THE DEAD TO LIFE  
AGAIN!**

Within the circle, where the ashes of the One-Eye Soldiers lay, there is an earthquake as if the dead soldiers would come right up from the ground. Fire and smoke steam through crevasses in the earth, then a single green tentacle shoots across the ground. Then another flashes across, then, from the slits in the earth, a series of enormous tentacles leap and shoot out criss-crossing, making a live meshed grid across the army ruins. All the while, the gaseous yellow-green steam is increasing. The earth rumbles again, and a horrid pile of soft guts leaps out from the crevasses onto the living mesh. Then another large chunk of quivering entrails jumps out of the ground, followed by another, and another, larger and larger. Where the horror of the Death Machine was based on hardness and sharpness, weight and immovable resistance, this creation or creature is based on the awfulness of primaevial softness. The feeling is that of stepping on something soft and wet in the middle of the night.

It is like a slaughterhouse of steaming entrails, uncoiling and multiplying in sections, covering the entire ground, little bits uncoil-

ing from big bits, parts unsqueezing like giant toothpaste, growing, uncoiling, growing. A giant mid-section of guts splops out from beneath, swelling up. From it unboils a huge python-like neck section. It seems to have a head which is evolving and rotating as it uncoils towards us, growing and expanding. The gases roar and hiss and the creature is spreading in all directions.

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Suddenly there is an enormous roar of steam, fire and wind, and the whole apparition leaps up into the air to an enormous height like a gigantic kite or tent taking the wind. Hovering above us is a fully-formed gigantic oriental Dragon with giant wings. It cracks and snaps like an enormous tent in a gale. The Brigands are frozen in terror. Even the Mighty One-Eye is aghast. The Dragon is now even larger than the War Machine and it begins to advance toward the Cobbler. Cut to the Cobbler, resolutely glued to the spot. Close-up of the Cobbler and we hear the loop of sound in his mind again - the voice of the narrator:

**Narrator:**

**A... TACK A... TACK...**

**A... TACK.**

The Cobbler reaches down and picks up a stick, ties a tack, sharp end out, on the end, like a spear, and, as the Dragon towers over him, belching smoke and snorting fire, he steps forward to meet it. The Dragon's huge feet come toward him and he strikes it in the toe. There is a terrible hissing and yellow-green gas comes out, almost suffocating the Cobbler. The Cobbler is coughing, but he continues to strike at the enveloping Dragon. As the feet come toward him, or try to step on him, the Cobbler strikes them and they split into multiple spinning eels. All the while, parts of the Dragon are expanding and swelling.

It seems to have a sea of snake-like guts surrounding it which keep enveloping the Cobbler. He chokes on the gas and one foot of the Dragon deflates like a tent of flesh, falling on him, trapping him underneath.

He goes wild with fear and tears his way out. The Cobbler stabs another foot- more gas escapes and the foot collapses. But another foot grows out just above it, to replace the first. This new foot traps him on his back. In the ground and the Dragon leans forward. Cut to the Cobbler's point of view as the chest and head come down toward him. He sees a clearly-labelled heart on the Dragon's chest and heaves his tack-spear into it. There is an explosion. The Dragon's face goes

from horrid to weird, to goofy, to depressed. With a tremendous hissing, the Dragon is collapsing. 146.

Cut to ZigZag at the back of the deflating Dragon, pumping an old-fashioned bellows and running from pump to pump, making new growths wherever he can. But the whole edifice is caving in on itself.

The Cobbler still does not know what is happening and thinks the Dragon is falling on him - which, in fact, it is.

He is at his wit's end, running around trying to get out from under the collapsing material and noxious gas and tripping over the war debris. He finally realizes what has happened, and he turns to face ZigZag back at the tail. ZigZag is still desperately pumping, trying to look fierce. But he only looks pathetic. The cobbler is amazed.

He looks from ZigZag to the Brigands, to the shredded, collapsed balloon.

Cut to the Mighty One-Eye on the hilltop. He is shaking his fist as he screams at ZigZag.

**Mighty One-Eye:**

(screaming)

**NO MAN FAILS THE MIGHTY ONE-EYE AND LIVES!**

As the Mighty One-Eye screams, he screams so loudly that he ends in a coughing fit. Stepping back, reaching for his women-throne, he feels nothing there. He turns

around, and sees his purple women standing with their arms crossed, staring at him coldly. He stops coughing. There is complete silence for a moment as the Mighty One-Eye and his women look at each other. He realizes there are a great many of them. The women, together, take a step toward him. The Mighty OneEye turns to run but the women close in on him with a cacophony of bloodcurdling, high-pitched, vibrating trills, intent on revenge. They surround and envelop him, and though unseen by us, it is obvious they are tearing him asunder. Cut back to ZigZag who has backed up quite a distance away from the Cobbler and the Brigands. YumYum spots him.

Princess YumYum:  
THAT'S HIM. THERE!

Sgt Hook:  
THAT'S HIM! THE MAGICIAN  
FELLER...

Brigand:  
THAT'S HIM. ARGH!

Princess MeeMee:  
GET HIM! GET THE MAGI-  
CIAN!

Roofless:  
SIC HIM, BOYS!

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Brigand:  
GET HIM!

ZigZag hurls down one last green smoke bomb and disappears behind the rising smoke.

Cut to the Brigands, charging into the smoke and falling all over each other.

Brigands:  
(shouting and coughing)  
GET 'IM! GET 'IM!  
I'VE GOT 'IM!  
NO, YOU HAVEN'T!  
IT'S ME YOU'VE GOT,  
YOU FOOL!

SEQ. 13.1

Cut to ZigZag, hidden behind a rock. We see the sulphurous smoke cloud in the distance. He is leaning against the rock, catching his breath. He pokes his hat back to its normal shape and begins to walk in a hurry, muttering:

ZigZag:  
THE GREATEST WIZARD  
HAS TO KNOW  
EXACTLY WHEN IT'S TIME  
TO GO... O-O-O-O-O!

He falls into a pit. Cut to a close-up of the heads of the gaping mouths of two or three alligators. spreads

The camera pulls back fast as we see the eight alligators, lurching forward, jaws snapping. Cut to ZigZag, the alligators coming toward him. ZigZag spreads his hand's out authoritatively, his back against the wall of the pit.

ZigZag:  
MY FRIENDS! MY FRIENDS!  
ARE YOU STILL HERE?  
I HAVEN'T FED YOU YET, I  
FEAR!

Snap! We see only ZigZag's reactions from just above the snapping jaws as we truck in as the scene progresses. We also show Phido, leering down expectantly from the top of the pit.

ZigZag:  
OH!  
MY LEFT FOOT!  
(Snap!)

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ZigZag:  
(continued)  
IT'S OPPOSITE!  
I WAS VERY MUCH AT-  
TACHED TO IT!  
(Snap!)  
YOU TOOK MY LEFT LEG!  
(Snap!)  
OOO! MY RIGHT! I'M GOING  
TO LOOK AN AWFUL SIGHT!  
(Snap!)  
OH! MY GOOD RIGHT ARM!  
(Snap!)  
MY LEFT! I SEE THERE IS  
VERY LITTLE LEFT OF ME!  
(Snap Snap!)  
OH! MY BOTTOM!  
(Snap Snap!)  
OH! MY TOP! GREEDIES!  
DON'T YOU EVER STOP?!

Cut to Phido, with his beak opening wide, zooming down from above toward ZigZag's head.

ZigZag:  
YOU TOO, PHIDO, MAN'S  
BEST FRIEND...?  
As Phido's beak holds ZigZag's head like a nut-cracker around a walnut...

ZigZag:  
(disgusted)  
FOR ZIGZAG, THEN...  
IT IS... THE END. (Snap!)  
Phido's beak snaps shut. Gulp!  
and a swallow.

**SEQ. 13.2.**

Cut to the Brigands, all walking around confusedly. The smoke has cleared.

**Brigands:**  
**HE'S SKEDADDLED! HE'S  
DISAPPEARED! HE'S  
MAGICKED HIMSELF AWAY!**

**Brigands:**  
**149.**  
**(continued) AH, AND  
INDEED'N HE HAS!  
MAGICKED AWAY...  
MAGICKED AWAY... THE  
MAN WAS MAGIC! BLACK  
MAGIC! HE WAS AN AWFUL  
MAN! BESET BY SATAN  
HIMSELF!  
WHAT'S THAT THEN?**

**(Pointing to a movement under  
the Dragon)**

From the Brigands' point of view we see a lump moving under the cloth of the collapsed Dragon. Close-up on the moving lump and we see flies circling over the top of it. The lump stops for a moment - the flies buzz - and it wriggles along a little further.

**Brigands:**  
**IT MUST BE HIM! THE MAN  
HIMSELF! THE MAGICIAN!**

**Roofless:**  
**...TACKLE HIM!**

In forty flying tackles, all the Brigands converge on the lump.

Like air in a partially-filled balloon, the lump squeezes free of their weight and starts to wiggle away.

**Brigands:**  
**HE'S OVER THERE NOW!  
THERE HE IS!**

**Roofless:**  
**AFTER HIM!**  
Again, all forty Brigands converge on the lump in a flying tackle. Again, the lump squirts away. Cut to the Cobbler, crouching in anticipation of the lump which is moving his way.

**Princess YumYum:**  
**(nearby, concerned)**  
**CAREFUL TACK. HE'S  
TRICKY!**

**Princess MeeMee:**  
**(protecting Bubba)**  
**BUBBA, YOU'VE DONE  
ENOUGH  
KEEP BACK!**

Cut to the Brigands.  
**Brigands:**  
**HE'S OVER THERE! THERE  
HE IS!**

**150.**  
**Roofless:**  
**GET HIM!**

The Brigands tackle the lump once more. It shoots forward, squeezed from under them, travels along a little bit until it is under the head of the Dragon. The absurdly deflated Dragon head rises like a

goofy version of its former self and from out of its mouth shoots the Thief, running at top speed, carrying the balls in front of him, holding his robe like an apron, his scrawny legs pumping. He runs headlong into the Cobbler.  
**SMACK!**

The Cobbler's arms encircle the Thief in an involuntary reaction. The Thief pulls desperately away, and the Cobbler snatches the Balls from him. The Brigands halt in mid-pursuit when they see they are not chasing ZigZag.

**Brigands:**  
**BUT THAT'S NOT THE MAGI-  
CIAN! WHO IS IT? IT'S NOT  
HIM! LET HIM GO! LEAVE  
THE POOR DEVIL BE!**

We see the Cobbler standing among the Brigands holding the Golden Balls and far behind him, the Thief is skittering away toward the City. The Brigands react in amazement at the Cobbler holding the Balls.

**Roofless:**  
**WE'VE DONE IT MEN!  
WE'VE GOT THE BALLS!**

**Sgt Hook:**  
**HE'S GOT THEM!**

**Goolie:**  
**AND ISN'T HE LOOKING  
WELL!**

**Brigands:**  
**THE MAN! THE MAN HAS  
THEM! 'TIS THE MAN HIM-  
SELF HAS THEM!**

**Princess YumYum:**  
**TACK! MY COBBLER! MY  
WONDERFUL COBBLER!**

Cut to YumYum, running toward the Cobbler, shouting:

**YumYum:**  
**YOU'VE SAVED THE CITY!  
YOU'VE GOT THE BALLS  
BACK! I LOVE YOU!**

Cut to the Cobbler, delighted and embarrassed as YumYum throws her arms around his neck and kisses him. All the Brigands shout:

**151.**  
**Brigands:**  
**HOORAY! HOORAY!  
HOORAY!  
HOORAY FOR OUR SIDE!**

**Goolie:**  
**AND ISN'T SHE  
LOOKING WELL!  
(Razz!)**

**Roofless:**  
**ROYAL GUARD! WE HAS  
WON THE BATTLE! ESCORT  
THEM TO THE PALACE!**

The cheering Brigands lift YumYum and the Cobbler up on their shoulders and begin to march toward the City.

**SEQ. 13.3.**

Dissolve to the Palace wall, cheering soldiers at each crenel and the King at the centre crenel with his arms held out in welcome. We see a victorious procession, led by the Royal Brigands Guard, all singing different things. At their head rises Princess YumYum beside the Cobbler, who is carrying the Three Golden Balls. In the midst of the Brigands, comes the Camel carrying Princess MeeMee and Prince Bubba. Behind the Brigands, march the Four Eunuchs, followed by the Golden City Army. This is a symmetrical epic procession, passing through crowds of cheering people. Cut to the shadows. Out comes the Thief, poking his head into the sunlight and looking around. As the procession advances, he skitters across the drawbridge and into the Palace.

Dissolve to:

**SEQ. 13.5.**

King Nod, wide awake, sitting on his throne, flanked by his daughters and Prince Bubba. MeeMee is combing Prince Bubba's new blond hair. The Cobbler is laying the Three Golden Balls down in front of him. He steps back and bows awkwardly. The Brigands are lined up behind him, standing at attention and looking extremely proud with their chests thrust forward.

**King Nod:**  
**OUR CITY IS SAVED! THE PROPHECY IS FULFILLED! MY CITY OWES YOU A GREAT DEBT OF GRATITUDE, O COBBLER.**

**152.**

Princess YumYum bends to whisper into the King's ear.

**Princess Yum Yum:**

**SEQ. 13.7**

**FATHER... FATHER... I...**

(whisper, whisper)

Cut to an enormous cheering crowd of people, gathered at the base of the tallest minaret. There is a tremendous celebration, musicians, dancing, flowers, fountains. The Eunuchs chant on a platform in front of the minaret.

**Dwarf:**  
(zipping from pant leg to pant leg) **LONG LIVE THE GOLDEN CITY!**

**Eunuch 1:**

**Eunuch 2:**

**Eunuch 3:**

**Eunuch 4:**  
**LONG LIVE THE GOLDEN**

**All Four:**  
(in harmony)  
**CITY!**

They repeat their chant as the populace joins in and the symphonic soundtrack swells up. The camera pans up the minaret and at the first large window we see King Nod beside the Pink Palanquin, kissing the large purple female hand extended from inside its curtains. We hear the familiar husky giggle and the folds of the curtain jiggle. The King chortles. He is interrupted from the side. Goblet rubs his hands and bows.

**Goblet:**

**O GREAT KING NOD! HAVE NO FEAR! GOBLET, YOUR GRAND VIZIER IS HERE!**

**King:**  
**WHAT!?!**

Looking at Goblet in disgust, the King claps his hands.

**King:**  
**GUARDS!**

The two card-like guards appear.  
**REMOVE HIM... PERMANENTLY!**

**King:**  
The guards pick up Goblet and exit him.

**Goblet:**  
(pleading) **BUT I ONLY WANTED TO HELP - YOUR MAJESTY!**

**153.**

**Goblet:**  
(continued) **I WAS ONLY DOING IT FOR YOU - YOUR GRACE. I WISH ONLY TO SERVE!...**

The King chortles to himself, and the maiden's arm or foot comes out and tickles him under the chin. The King slaps the hand or foot and it is withdrawn and the King chuckles to himself delightedly - he can take it or leave it.

The music modulates to a higher key. Bells ring. Pull out slightly and pan up to another window. We see Princess MeeMee in white with

flowers round her neck and Prince Bubba sitting side by side, each holding a hand-mirror, cooing contentedly. MeeMee has a small mirror, looking at herself, and Prince Bubba has a large mirror with which he is gazing at his twinkly blue eyes and curly blonde hair. They embrace.

Princess MeeMee:  
I LOVE YOU.

At these magic words the Prince's blonde hair goes ping and implodes slightly into a more normal size man's hairdo. Princess MeeMee sees this and says

Princess MeeMee:  
I LOVE YOU!

At this, there is another magical implosion and part of the Prince's head assumes a more normal size. MeeMee sees what is happening and she exclaims joyously

Princess MeeMee:  
I LOVE YOU, I LOVE YOU, I LOVE YOU.

At each "I Love You" the Prince magically transforms further towards a normal man.

Princess MeeMee:  
I LOVE YOU! I LOVE YOU!

Now Bubba is turning into the most magnificent man imaginable. He is devastatingly beautiful. The Princess is beside herself with joy.

She was right all along. Prince Bubba, now fully aware of what has happened joins the ecstatic MeeMee. (He speaks in Warren Beatty's voice):

Prince Bubba :  
I LOVE YOU.

154.

A large choir joins the ringing bells. We pull out and pan up to a third window as the music swells, modulating to a higher key. We see Princess YumYum and the Cobbler. YumYum is also in white with flowers round her neck.

Princess YumYum:  
I LOVE YOU!

She moves to kiss him but the tacks are in the way. .

Cobbler:  
(removing the tacks from his mouth and straightening up to his full height. He is a tall man. He speaks in Sean Connery's voice.)  
I . . . LOVE YOU.

They embrace.  
Pull back and pan up past the onion dome to the Three Golden Balls gleaming in the sun, gold on peacock blue. The camera zooms rapidly back, taking in the whole minaret and part of the palace below. The words "THE END" appear in glittering jewelled letters, precious stones, as the music reaches its climax, bells ringing, voices singing - the compleat old-fashioned ending. At the side of the

screen, the Thief's head (with flies) appears. He sneaks out and puts each jewelled letter inside his coat. Then he looks around the screen for something else to steal. He starts to tug at the edge of the film frame. The soundtrack goes peculiar and sputters as he pulls the film sprockets out of the projector and the music shuts off. We see he is literally stealing the picture. The film winds up very fast and he stuffs it inside his coat, stands for a second on the white background, looks at the audience, grins, turns and runs into the distance and disappears.