



BILLY, DON'T BE A HERO

EPISODE 302

V. 6/13/22

Written by

Steve Conard

The Roleplayers

Bryce Bebop, Lexi the First,  
Meagan Karimi-Naser, Rich Kaalaas

Based on CHALDEA by

Peter Adkison

EXT. DBU NECROPOLIS - DAY

The four NEARLY DEPARTED: Archibald, Bahati, Cass, and Saoirse look great--*better than great*--positively alive.

1                                   ARCHIBALD                                   1  
This illusion is impressive.

2                                   BAHATI                                   2  
How do I look?

3                                   SAOIRSE                                   3  
You're beautiful. Don't let anyone  
tell you otherwise.

The two ladies touch hands affectionately.

4                                   CASS                                   4  
The dead should not speak, their  
words smell of rot.

5                                   ARCHIBALD                                   5  
Too bad the illusion doesn't mask  
the scent of your dungbung.

6                                   CASS                                   6  
Why do you think I'm staying up  
wind of you?

They slowly move past and peruse centuries of ancient tombs.

7                                   ARCHIBALD                                   7  
Might've been nice if Tenacious  
gave us a hint where this witch  
lives.

Cass points.

8                                   CASS                                   8  
That spooky tower, too obvious?

In the distance--the tallest structure in the cemetery  
FLASHES GREEN.

Sudden PSYCHIC PAIN lances through the Bard's skull. The  
others look. Share in the FLASHING GREEN PAIN.

9                                   ARCHIBALD                                   9  
Look away. Look away.

They quickly turn their gaze.

10 CASS  
Let's exhaust search options  
elsewhere, first. 10

11 BAHATI  
Yeah, yeah. Good idea. 11

12 SAOIRSE  
This dark forest looks inviting. 12

In the opposite direction of the green pain tower, stands a  
FAIRY TALE FORBIDDEN FOREST.

A SWARM OF BLACK BIRDS circle high above like vultures over a  
corpse.

13 BAHATI  
Witch. Forest. Omen birds. 13

14 ARCHIBALD  
Cliché, right? 14

15 CASS  
What are the chances of finding a  
candy cottage? 15

The Nearly Departed stand on the edge of a lonely dark wood.

16 ARCHIBALD  
One of you should scout ahead, so I  
don't run into anything. 16

EXT. CEMETERY - DARK FOREST - LATER

The Nearly Departed stroll slowly along a narrow path,  
through a sea of tall timbers. The overgrowth pushing aside  
tombs, mausoleums, and architectural wonders.

Saoirse who leads the troops, stops and wipes her brow.

17 SAOIRSE  
This place positively sweats  
ancient. 17

The sudden clatter of FALLING STONES catches Archibald's ear,  
his head swivels to the rear--

A SMALL SHADOW FORM darts behind a tombstone.

18 ARCHIBALD  
We're being followed. 18

Everyone spins, nerves and weapons at the ready.

All remains quiet... motionless.

19                               ARCHIBALD (CONT'D)  
Behind the sepulcher.                               19

20                               BAHATI  
What's a supple cur?                               20

21                               CASS  
Sep·ul·cher: a small room or                               21  
monument, cut in rock or built of  
stone, in which a dead person is  
laid or buried.

Looks of wonderment react to Cass' textbook definition.

22                               CASS (CONT'D)  
What? My uncle is a monumental                               22  
mason.

Their attention slowly turns back to the *shadow figure*--  
a YOUNG BOY peeks out from behind a stone.

23                               SAOIRSE  
Hey, Billy!   23

Beat.

24                               SAOIRSE (CONT'D)  
Don't play coy, we see you.                               24

A RED SCARF BANDANA slowly pokes up from behind the stone,  
followed by a bundle of enthusiasm and pep.

25                               BILLY THE KID  
Oh, hey!   25

26                               SAOIRSE  
You following us?   26

27                               BILLY THE KID  
What? No. I'm just... just                               27  
walking casually.  
                              (whistles, kicks a stone)  
28                               Casually strolling along.                               28

29                               BAHATI  
Where you going?   29

30                               BILLY THE KID  
Where you going?   30

31                                   BAHATI                                   31  
Looking for a friend.

32                                   BILLY THE KID                                   32  
Looking for a friend? I'm looking  
for a friend. What a coincidence.

33                                   SAOIRSE                                   33  
Yeah? What friend?

Cass casts CHARM PERSON on the kid Billy.

34                                   CASS                                   34  
You our friend, Billy?

Billy blows a raspberry fart.

35                                   BILLY THE KID                                   35  
Always. Of course. Duh.

36                                   CASS                                   36  
Thought so.

Billy ambles close, smiling broadly.

37                                   BAHATI                                   37  
                                 (wary, searches for  
                                 accomplices)  
Bongo Billy with you?

38                                   BILLY THE KID                                   38  
No. I don't need a chaperone.

39                                   ARCHIBALD                                   39  
Where is she?

40                                   BILLY THE KID                                   40  
Bongo Billy is off doing Bongo  
Billy stuff.

41                                   SAOIRSE                                   41  
And your, referee? That fella in  
black and silver.

42                                   BILLY THE KID                                   42  
He's gone. Went home.

Saoirse studies the youthful boy intrigued by his cherub  
innocence and the potential danger that lies therein.

43                                   SAOIRSE                                   43  
Really?

44                                   BILLY THE KID                                   44  
I never liked him. He's scary.

45                                   SAOIRSE                                   45  
We're heading someplace scary and dangerous.

46                                   BILLY THE KID                                   46  
Danger? My hometown is Danger.  
Daingerfield.  
                                  (conspiratorially)

47                                   BILLY THE KID                                   47  
You looking for the witch's house?

48                                   ARCHIBALD                                   48  
You know where it's at?

49                                   BILLY THE KID                                   49  
Yes um' uh-huh. I can show you.

50                                   BAHATI                                   50  
You've been there?

51                                   BILLY THE KID                                   51  
Oh sure, uh-huh. I know the path.

Billy runs ahead, arms beckoning.

52                                   BILLY THE KID (CONT'D)                                   52  
Hurry, follow me.

Saoirse jerks her head to the others.

53                                   SAOIRSE                                   53  
Anyone trust this goblin operative?

54                                   ARCHIBALD                                   54  
A dragon shapeshifter more like it.

55                                   BAHATI                                   55  
He's just a child.

56                                   CASS                                   56  
Is he? Really?

57                                   BILLY THE KID                                   57  
Guys. What are you waiting for?

58                                   SAOIRSE                                   58  
Figurin' if we can trust you.

59                                   BAHATI                                   59  
'Member last time, when you and  
your goblin pals, tried to kill us?

BILLY THE KID  
 60 Kill you? 60  
 (laughs)  
 61 That's silly. Aren't you already 61  
 dead?

CASS  
 62 You gonna lead us into a trap, 62  
 Billy?

BILLY THE KID  
 (laughs)  
 63 I'm just a kid. Believe the name. 63

And with that, the kid named Billy scampers down the path, rounds a corner and disappears into the trees.

EXT. THE DARKER DARK WOODS - LATER

Billy and the four friends mosey slowly along a dark trail. Their undead grunts and footfalls barely register as sound in this supernatural silent sanctuary.

Towering picket trees sway ever-so-slightly to get a better vantage of the new comers below.

ARCHIBALD  
 (off foreboding trees)  
 64 Deathly quiet. Exactly what you'd 64  
 expect from a necropolis forest.

Bahati nods at Billy.

BAHATI  
 65 And ghosts, I'd wager. 65

BILLY THE KID  
 66 Ghost? Ohhh, yeah. I like that. 66  
 (sotto)  
 67 Billy the Ghost Kid. 67

The boy suddenly stops sharp, spider senses on high alert.

BILLY THE KID (CONT'D)  
 68 Uh-oh! 68

Quick as an Aimian duelist, the boy pulls his slingshot and hurls a stone striking--

A GIANT SPIDER.

BAHATI  
 69 GOGGA SPIDERS! 69





74                                   BAHATI (CONT'D)                                   74  
                                   Hey little buddy, the venom got you  
                                   down?

Her attention on the boy, she doesn't see--

An enormous set of wet venomous fangs chomp into her neck.

75                                   BAHATI (CONT'D)                                   75  
                                   Ewww, rude. You got that in my  
                                   eye.

She topples over.

76                                   BAHATI (CONT'D)                                   76  
                                   Sorry... B-b-billy.

ON CASS, he takes in the horror. Billy and Bahati down, the others bleeding from venom infected wounds.

He uncorks VICIOUS MOCKERY.

77                                   CASS   77  
                                   Pathetic really. You can't even  
                                   kill a de-composing bard.

AT THE SAME TIME

A spider jumps and lands on Bahati--it's bulbous body twerks spasmodically preparing to cocoon her.

Saoirse CHARGES!

78                                   SAOIRSE   78  
                                   Arghhh.... Get away from her.

She rams the spider in the side with a bone jarring crunch unleashing an ear-piercing caterwaul from the arachnid.

79                                   SAOIRSE (CONT'D)                                   79  
                                   Kiss my go-to-hell.

Saoirse stands defensively over Bahati and Billy as the critter crawls away to lick its wounds.

Archibald protects himself in frost ARMOR OF AGATHYS.

80                                   SAOIRSE (CONT'D)                                   80  
                                   We could use some offensive punch,  
                                   chomrádaí.

81                                   ARCHIBALD   81  
                                   Only if I'm alive.

He blinks away exhaustion, staggers and catches himself.

82                               ARCHIBALD (CONT'D)  
                               You know, being as we're already...                               82  
                               dead. Spider poison really  
                               shouldn't affect... us.

Breathless. Archibald FALLS TO ONE KNEE.

83                               ARCHIBALD (CONT'D)  
                               (gulping air)  
                               I'm really... *really*... bushed.                               83

He keels over and...?

84                               SAOIRSE  
                               Cass, Archibald is down. You okay?                               84

85                               CASS  
                               I've been better.   85

OVER YONDER

Cass fends off a spider. HEARS A MOMENTOUS CLICK & CLACK.  
 Glances up from the immediate action and observes--

ECU ON CASS FACE - His eyes widen in horror.

86                               CASS (CONT'D)  
                               Something wicked this way comes.                               86

WIDE DOWN ANGLE

An ARACHNID HORROR the size of dinosaur squeeze's passed  
 trees, pushing the timber out of it's way.

Behind it follows a vast colony of smaller spiders, a retinue  
 of servants, attendants, soldiers, and drones.

ON OUR HEROES

Saoirse and Cass remain resolute, standing protectively over  
 their fallen comrades, waiting for the colony to wash over  
 them like a tidal wave upon the shore.

Finally, the beast lumbers to a stop.

87                               ARACHNITHROPE  
                               (hissing whisper)  
                               *Sleep.*   87

A spell grips Saoirse inducing slumber. She collapses,  
 leaving--

CASS ALONE. He gazes about apprehensively. Surrounded. One man against an arachnid army.

88 ARACHNITHROPE (CONT'D)  
Deep. Sleep. 88

89 CASS  
No thank you. Me and my friends-- 89

90 ARACHNITHROPE  
SLEEP! 90

91 CASS  
Oh... OHHHH... got'cha. Sleep. 91  
(sotto)

92 Okay, ace. Let's see how you act 92  
your way out of this one.

He stifles a yawn with an exaggerated stretch.

93 CASS (CONT'D)  
I'm exhausted. Plumb tuckered out. 93  
I could sleep for a week.

He slowly and gently lays down in the fetal position.

ECU ON CASS' FACE - peeking through clenched fingers.

94 CASS (CONT'D)  
(sotto)  
Bloody hell. 94

He feigns sleep, snoring very loudly.

FADE TO BLACK:

A VAST OPAQUE WHITE - LATER

Eerie silence shifts to incoherent shuffling, muffled voices and heavy breathing.

ECU ON CASS' FACE - EYES AWAKE and ALERT

95 CASS  
Top of the morning to you laddie. 95

A WHITE TAPESTRY tightly covers his face.

Beyond his personal claustrophobic hell, he can hear muffled voices but can't make out any words.

He struggles to move. Can't. Gripped in a vice of iron.

CASS (CONT'D)

96                   Archibald? Saoirse? Bahati, are                   96  
                          you there?

PULL WIDE ON SPIDER COCOON and STILL WIDER ON A SPIDER CAVE

Cass is gift wrapped, tied, and bowed.

As are the others. Five cute cocoons attended to by spiders.  
LOTS AND LOTS OF SPIDERS, mountains of webbing and--

AN ARACHNITHROPE -- LORD OF THE COLONY.

ARACHNITHROPE

97                   You may speak.                   97

Suddenly all five cocoons wiggle, the fresh morsels inside  
awake and alert.

ARACHNITHROPE (CONT'D)

98                   Why are you in my home?                   98

All five speak at once.

NEARLY DEPARTED

99                   Hey!/release me/Get me outta here/I                   99  
                          have to pee.

SAOIRSE

100                  Hey, hey! EVERYONE. Stay calm. I                   100  
                          can get us out of this.

BAHATI

101                  Don't eat us. We've expired.                   101  
                          You'll get the shits.

SAOIRSE

102                  We work for the witch, Orddu Fab.                   102  
                          You know Orddu Fab?

ARACHNITHROPE

103                  You are not one of the witch's dead                   103  
                          things.

ARCHIBALD

104                  You bet we are! Dead and wretched.                   104

CASS

105                  Decayed and nasty! Yuck!                   105

SAOIRSE

106                  We're on a special mission. A                   106  
                          quest. Searching you see, for her  
                          son. Have you heard?

107                   ARACHNITHROPE                   107  
The dead are everywhere.

108                   BAHATI                   108  
We know. Searching for Brân's  
skull.

109                   ARACHNITHROPE                   109  
You are in cahoots with the Billy  
Club? I don't like the Billy Club.

110                   CASS                   110  
No one likes the Billy Club.

111                   BILLY THE KID                   111  
Hey!

112                   BAHATI                   112  
Oh hey, Billy. You feeling better?

113                   BILLY THE KID                   113  
Yes, thank you.

114                   ARACHNITHROPE                   114  
I too work for Orddu Fab. Do her  
bidding. Protect her home. You  
should not have come here.

115                   ARCHIBALD                   115  
By waylaying us, you are  
interfering in her business.  
Release us now!

The Arachnithrope makes a horrendous scoff/laugh sound.

116                   ARACHNITHROPE                   116  
My brood think you tasty morsel.  
Orddu Fab has many dead minions,  
she will not miss you.

117                   SAOIRSE                   117  
A powerful spell makes us appear  
tasty, but we are rancid dead meat,  
I assure you.

118                   ARACHNITHROPE                   118  
You do not look dead.

119                   BAHATI                   119  
Look closer. Use your nose. Our  
funk will persuade you.

The Arachnithrope moves closer to inspect the cocoons, each one-by-one.

120 ARACHNITHROPE  
Hmmm? You are protected by illusionary sorcery. But not from Orddu Fab. 120

121 ARCHIBALD  
I am a powerful wizard. 121

122 ARACHNITHROPE  
(scoffs)  
You are a warlock, hardly the source. I sense something... *else*. 122

123 ARCHIBALD  
Stop delaying us. 123

The giant spider stops. Peers down at Billy like a dog would a steak.

124 ARACHNITHROPE  
Hmmm... Billy Club Sandwich. Tasty meat treat. 124

125 BILLY THE KID  
Uh-oh, guess what day it is? 125

We hear the distant THRUM OF BONGO DRUMS.

The spider jerks its head up, listening intently.

126 ARACHNITHROPE  
(to his minions)  
Get me those drums. 126

The Arachnithrope heads for the exits followed by his minions, kinetic determination in motion.

Two heartbeats later, the spiders are gone--

SAOIRSE'S COCOON EXPLODES

The Warrior performs a perfect superhero landing.

127 SAOIRSE  
No prison can contain me. 127

She grabs her halberd from the cave floor and cuts her friends free.

A MOMENT LATER

The Nearly Departed nervous and anxious peer into the dark recesses of the cave as they gather their scattered belongings.

128 CASS  
Everyone accounted for? 128

129 BILLY THE KID  
I forgot to say... 129  
(whispers)  
130 there are spiders in these woods. 130

131 SAOIRSE  
We need to talk about improving 131  
your communication skills.

132 BILLY THE KID  
I'm a kid. I get preoccupied. 132

133 ARCHIBALD  
Can we go please? 133

They run for the exits.

Bahati tosses a FLAMING TORCH.

KA-VOOOM! The webbing, cocoons and the remains of thousand  
banquets go up in a hellish holocaust bonfire.

134 BAHATI  
Burn in hell you bloody bastards. 134

EXT. CAVE ENTRANCE - DAY

The Nearly Departed exit the cave at a dead run just ahead of  
roiling clouds of thick oily black smoke.

135 BILLY THE KID  
We're very close. Her house is-- 135

He scans the skies. The spiraling flock of black birds much  
closer now.

136 CASS  
Whoa! Slow down there big fella. 136  
Might there be anything else you  
forgot to mention, Billy?

137 ARCHIBALD  
Focus on anything that might be 137  
dangerous.

138 BILLY THE KID  
Just the guardian. 138

He runs.

## NEARLY DEPARTED

(in unison)

139                                   Guardian?                                   139

EXT. EDGE OF THE FOREST - DAY

They catch up to Billy at the edge of the woods, leading into a GRASSY FIELD.

In the distance. A dilapidated SHACK.

Billy ducks behind bushes and rocks. He motions to the others to do likewise.

He points.

140                                   BILLY THE KID  
Orddu Fab's house.                                   140

141                                   SAOIRSE  
You mentioned, a guardian.                                   141

142                                   BILLY THE KID  
Goblins say it's gore 'em. A gear  
thumb. Gollum?                                   142

143                                   ARCHIBALD  
A golem? You mean a mechanical  
monster?                                   143

144                                   BILLY THE KID  
A flesh monster.                                   144

ON QUEUE - a monstrous skeletal biped monstrosity appears from the backside of the house.

145                                   BILLY THE KID (CONT'D)  
It's neat, huh?                                   145

146                                   BAHATI  
That's not the words I'd choose to  
describe it.                                   146

147                                   BILLY THE KID  
If it gets ahold of you. Hey  
player. Game over! Billy Three-  
Nuts' leg is over there, his arm  
over there, his head over there,  
his nuts...                                   147

148                                   SAOIRSE  
We get the idea. Anyway around it?                                   148



149 BILLY THE KID  
Sure. Sure. Its slow. Like the village idiot. 149

150 CASS  
It's dumb? We can out smart it? 150

151 BILLY THE KID  
No. The village idiot has a club foot. Walks with a limp. Very slow. 151

152 BAHATI  
(cuffs Cass)  
Slow, like you. 152

153 ARCHIBALD  
Anything else? 153

Billy stands.

154 BILLY THE KID  
It follows a path. It'll round the house over there-- 154  
(points)

155 We run that way, to the back of the house to the storm cellar. 155

156 BILLY THE KID (CONT'D)  
Ready? He's almost gone. 156  
157 One-potato, two-potato-- 157

158 CASS  
Just go! 158

They move. Hyper Zombies. Quick across the field.

EXT. THE WITCH COTTAGE - BACKSIDE - DAY

The long sprint to the back of the house should have had them tired and out of breath. But being dead has it's advantages.

Up close the house is even in worse shape, in disrepair and falling apart.

Black birds spiral like a vortex about the house, squawking madly and making a terrible racket.

159 ARCHIBALD  
What's with all the damn birds? 159

160 CASS  
Blackbirds are bad juju. Linked to the Otherworld and harbingers of death. 160

161 BAHATI  
Don't care. Get in the house. 161

Billy approaches a STORM CELLAR, angled down beneath the house.

He opens the door and enters. The others follow.

STORM CELLAR - CONTINUOUS

The basement is far, FAR LARGER than the rickety shack above would imply and a HOARDERS PARADISE.

It's double stuffed with furniture and an immortal lifetime of accumulated crap'ola.

The group take a beat to absorb the immensity.

162 BILLY THE KID  
I guess she ain't home. 162

At the center of the room is a LARGE SLAB, and on it--  
A HEADLESS SKELETON.

163 SAOIRSE  
At least Brân's home... mostly. 163

Billy runs to a TRAVEL TRUNK.

164 BAHATI  
Billy, no. Don't touch nuthin'. 164

Too late. He tosses it open and begins rifling through moth eaten clothing and personal effects.

165 SAOIRSE  
I just want to window shop these potions over here. 165

Saoirse turns her attention to shelves containing a collection of dust covered apothecary bottles.

166 CASS  
I'd avoid touching the green glow. 166

Cass and Archibald slowly make their way to the center of the room, their attention on the skeleton and a low phosphorus green mist hovering over it.

167 ARCHIBALD Not unless we want bad things to happen. Bad juju, right? 167

168 CASS I reckon it's mostly intact. 168

169 ARCHIBALD Don't look at me. I failed Musculoskeletal Anatomy. 169

Bahati joins them.

170 BAHATI We should count the bones. 170

171 ARCHIBALD You count. 171

A soft feminine voice with an Aimian lilt permeates the room.

172 AIMIAN VOICE (O.S.) *Skeleton, Skeleton, what do you know? Phalanges are bones in your fingers and toes.* 172

Saoirse spins on Billy.

173 SAOIRSE What did you say? 173

174 BILLY THE KID Wasn't me. I can't throw my voice. 174

175 AIMIAN VOICE (O.S.) *Skeleton, Skeleton, what do you see? A skull that protects my brain for me.* 175

Hands on weapons, everyone scans the room nervously.

176 BAHATI Is it... her? 176

177 ARCHIBALD It's coming from over there. 177

They wearily approach a weapons rack and sword being gripped by two fists hanging on the wall.

178 AIMIAN VOICE (O.S.) *Skeleton, Skeleton, why do you groan? I have two-hundred and six bones.* 178

Archibald studies the sword with his ARCANÉ PERCEPTION.

179                   ARCHIBALD                   179  
It's definitely the sword.

The sword vibrates almost imperceptibly in its cradle.

180                   BILLY THE KID                   180  
I'd stay away from that sword.

181                   AIMIAN VOICE                   181  
Hello, again, Billy. The boy  
bandit king, who died as he lived.

182                   SAOIRSE                   182  
Holy shite. A talking sword.

183                   AIMIAN VOICE                   183  
I'm only responsible for what I say  
not for what you understand.

184                   SAOIRSE                   184  
What's your name?

185                   AIMIAN VOICE                   185  
What's in a name? That which we  
call a rose by any other name would  
smell as sweet.

186                   BAHATI                   186  
Your name is, Rose?

187                   AIMIAN VOICE                   187  
I am the renowned Poet Laureate.  
Beatrice Bon de Plae Gerise.

Everyone gathers close, gawking at the talking sword.

188                   SAOIRSE                   188  
Beatrice, are you allied with the  
witch, who lives here?

189                   BEATRICE                   189  
Which witch?

190                   SAOIRSE                   190  
Orddu Fab?

191                   BEATRICE                   191  
Oh, no, no chérie. She doesn't  
take time to enjoy the simple  
things in life.

192                                 BAHATI  
                                   Like what?                                 192

193                                 BEATRICE  
                                   Do you wish to hear a poem?                                 193

They all nod in agreement, taken in by the mystical talking blade.

194                                 SAOIRSE/BAHATI/CASS  
                                   Yes!   194

195                                 ARCHIBALD  
                                   No. Stop faffing around.   195

196                                 BEATRICE  
                                   Calme for the poet.   196

The room goes eerily quiet, the lights lower and a magical SPOTLIGHT shines down upon the sword.

197                                 BEATRICE (RECITES) (CONT'D)  
                                   Once upon a midnight dreary, while   197  
                                   I pondered, weak and weary,  
                                   Over many a quaint and curious  
                                   volume of forgotten lore--While I  
                                   nodded, nearly napping, suddenly  
                                   there came a tapping,  
                                   As of someone gently rapping,  
                                   rapping at my chamber door.  
                                   'Tis some visitor,' I muttered,  
                                   'tapping at my chamber door--  
                                   Only this and nothing more.

A smattering of applause from everyone except--

198                                 CASS  
                                   I graduated from the bardic college   198  
                                   in Dorsang, and I'm not claiming  
                                   plagiarism per se, but I might have  
                                   heard that once or twice.

199                                 BEATRICE  
                                   It's an original composition.   199

200                                 CASS  
                                   (sotto)  
                                   True, just not yours.   200

201                                 BAHATI  
                                   Have you always been a sword?   201

The sword rattles in its cradle and when she speaks again, we can hear the heavy burden weighing on her voice.

202 BEATRICE It's a long tedious tale. 202  
 (sighs)  
 203 It was the best of times; it was 203  
 the worst of times--

204 BAHATI  
 Maybe just a quick synopsis? 204

205 SAOIRSE  
 The high points. 205

206 ARCHIBALD  
 What are you doing here? 206

207 BEATRICE  
 Reciting poetry. 207

A reckless chagrin ricochet from face to face.

208 ARCHIBALD  
 Besides that? 208

209 BEATRICE  
 The Morrigan are the jailers of the 209  
 soul in this filthy prison, and its  
 only deliverer is death.

210 BAHATI  
 Did the witch curse you into the 210  
 sword?

211 BEATRICE  
 I am the greatest curse. 211

212 ARCHIBALD  
 Forget the damn babbling blade. 212  
 I'm taking the staff.

Archibald removes a tall dark pole from the rack and returns  
 to inspect Brân's remains.

213 ARCHIBALD (CONT'D)  
 We're here to investigate bones. 213

They all turn their attention back to the skeleton.

214 ARCHIBALD (CONT'D)  
 It looks like it's all there. 214

215 BEATRICE  
 Listen and learn. I can tell you 215  
*many things* about this place.

216	SAOIRSE That would be a pleasant change.	216
217	ARCHIBALD Start with... (Points finger accusingly)	217
218	Is that bastage, Brân?	218
219	BEATRICE Oui. 205 bones present. Except the head. The witch is mad furious to find it.	219
220	ARCHIBALD Stonking. We have what we came for, let's roll.	220
221	BEATRICE What about me?	221
	Saoirse grabs the hilt and yanks it off the wall.	
222	SAOIRSE You're coming with me, wordplay.	222
	Golden light dances along the rune carved blade transforming the sword into--	
	A RUDIMENTARY CHILD'S TOY.	
	Saoirse stares gobsmacked at the imitation blade in her hand.	
223	SAOIRSE (CONT'D) Beatrice, what happened?	223
224	CASS It's just a cheap theatre prop.	224
	Archibald giggles.	
225	ARCHIBALD All that glitters is not gold.	225
	Beatrice scoffs outraged.	
226	BEATRICE The tongue is sharper than a two- edged sword.	226
	Saoirse feigns dueling swordplay.	
227	SAOIRSE I can't stab anything with this.	227

228 BEATRICE  
Stab? Oh, no, chérie. I don't  
stab. I perform. 228

229 BAHATI  
You have anything else in your  
repertoire, besides poetry? 229

Saoirse's arm suddenly jerks as if controlled by a puppet  
master, pointing the sword.

230 BEATRICE  
You see that charcuterie plate?  
Bring me the wine bottle, monsieur. 230

Cass moves to a table filled with wine and cheese. Picks up  
a wine bottle and reads the label.

231 BEATRICE (CONT'D)  
Yes, that. Open it. 231

He uncorks the bottle.

232 BEATRICE (CONT'D)  
Now, pour the spirit liquid over  
me. 232

233 CASS  
This can't get any weirder. 233

Saoirse nods and holds out the blade. He pours a pale ruby  
liquid on it.

234 BEATRICE  
Slow. Oh yes. More, more please. 234

Beatrice quivers and squeals with orgasmic ecstasy, taking  
Saoirse along for the ride. She smiles impishly.

235 BEATRICE (CONT'D)  
Oh, thank you. That was simply  
divine. It's been so long. 235

Cass takes a nip from the bottle.

236 CASS  
It's just wine. 236

237 BEATRICE  
Not just wine. It's Dijon Cuvée  
Pinot Noir '24. 237



238                                   ARCHIBALD                                   238  
                                   We got us a regular sommelier,  
                                   here.

239                                   BEATRICE                                   239  
                                   And now the cheese, s'il vous  
                                   plaît.

Saoirse understands the implication and places the comical  
 dull blade to the cheese.

240                                   BEATRICE (CONT'D)                                   240  
                                   For the love of cheese.

Immediately, a flood of delighted moans of pleasure erupt  
 from the sword.

241                                   BEATRICE (CONT'D)                                   241  
                                   Bleu de lay Pompidon.

Suddenly, an ANGRY RAT pokes it's head up from behind the  
 cheese raising a clenched fist and squeaking loudly.

242                                   SAOIRSE                                   242  
                                   Rat!

243                                   BAHATI                                   243  
                                   Kill it.

244                                   BILLY THE KID                                   244  
                                   No. Wait. That's Billy Vermin.  
                                   He's a senior fellow in the society  
                                   of spies. He'll have news.

Billy and the rat quickly converse, in squeaky screechy fast-  
 paced rat-speak as the others look on mystified by the  
 confab.

A couple of odd squeaky beats later.

245                                   BILLY THE KID (CONT'D)                                   245  
                                   The witch is comin'.

Archibald pinwheels his arm.

246                                   ARCHIBALD                                   246  
                                   Alright. Everyone out.

They run to the stairs, up and out.