

BROTHERS OF BERRLARIUM PILOT

Written by

Chris Lee

Based on, If Any

Address
Phone Number

INT. BERRLARIUM PALACE HALLWAY - MORNING

Morning light cascades through tall stained-glass windows. Along the walls hang torches and portraits of Bangod, a BURLY deity who looks like Jesus, but on P90X.

JACOB LAVARIAN(18, tan Pacific Islander look, wears a hooded robe) and ALVIN "AL" CANES(17, a tortoise, wears a "Sticky Barley" shirt) struggle to push a large cake down the hall.

AL
(wheezing)
Oh man. Give me strength, Bangod.

JACOB
Quit it. We're almost there.

AL
Perhaps I'm ill with munchies. Ah
some sustenance!

Al snatches a FLY that buzzes by and EATS it.

JACOB
Thought tortoises only ate veggies.

AL
Dude...low blow. You know I
couldn't keep up with the diet.

JACOB
Relax Al, you're not fat, but that
ain't muscle in that shell.

They round a corner.

AL
Hey it ain't me. This thing weighs
more than Bangod's fertility sack.

JACOB
I had to encase the insides with
Marwodium steel so the troll
couldn't break out.

AL
Damn, Marwodium's a three day trip.
That's a lot of work for a prank.

JACOB
It's a lot of work to be king, not
to mention his impending nuptials.
Surprise Stripper Troll Cake isn't
just a prank.

(MORE)

JACOB (CONT'D)

Think of it as a test to see if
he's ready. We can't let the future
king grow soft.

AL

Ah yes. For a soft king will
hesitate to flog heretics. Shall
we?

Jacob carefully removes a LATCH at the top of the cake. He
looks at Al and they nod at each other.

They BUST through the door and into--

INT. HECTOR'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

A regal looking room in a chaotic mess.

HECTOR(17, muscle-bound, never without sword and armor,
except this time) is caught naked, masturbating to a scroll.

JACOB

Great foal fister!

AL

Duuuuude!

Hector jumps out of his seat, throws a SOCK away, and
awkwardly shoves them out of his room.

HECTOR

THY MOTHER'S CARRION ORGY W-W-W-
WHAT'RE YOU DOING! This is my room!
Has thou not heard of knocking!?

INT. BERRLARIUM PALACE HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

The door shuts behind Jacob and Al. They look at each other
incredulously while trying not to shit laughter bricks.

JACOB

Looks like flogging and being soft
won't be an issue.

Then a huge CRASH and ROAR from inside Hector's room.

HECTOR

Oh come on!

END TEASER.

ACT I

EXT. PANDA'S GARDEN - MORNING

In an empty patch within a bamboo forest, the boys sit and smoke a joint. Lethargic PANDAS saunter through, some pausing for a drink from the turquoise creek.

AL

I don't know why you wouldn't just wait until tonight.

HECTOR

I was nervous.

JACOB

So you figured you'd drain the bang-vein? You know lots of grooms are nervous on their wedding day.

HECTOR

Yeah sure, but how many have never seen their bride? What if she's boring? Or worse what if she's taller than me? What if she's got a weird knee? Or horns!?

JACOB

I'd think you'd want a horny bride.

AL

Calm down Hector. It's a big day. Everyone's busy with the ceremony. Just sneak into her tent. Get to know her with some conversation and light refreshments.

Zoom out to reveal a PANDA sitting in their smoke circle chewing on bamboo. Hector waves the joint in front of the panda...It SNEEZES on the joint, drenching it in mucus.

HECTOR

Bamboo over grass huh?

EXT. CEREMONY GROUNDS - NOON

Near a cliff, hundreds of people hustle and bustle in preparation for the wedding. Tents, pavilions, boiling caldrons, and skewered boars.

No one notices the boys who stand outside a white tent that is just FUCKING BEDAZZLED with flowers and ornaments.

HECTOR

I don't know. Isn't it bad luck for the groom to see the bride before the wedding?

AL

It'd be bad luck to spend the rest of your life with a cankerous haggle-foot you can't stand to be around.

Hector sighs and walks into the tent.

JACOB

I can't wait to see his face when she turns out to be a haggle-foot.

AL

If your brother has to marry a haggle-foot, I can only imagine what the king will give you.

INT. BEDAZZLED TENT - CONTINUOUS

Hector creeps through a throng of silks with the bride's BLONDE HAIR at the end of this plush tunnel.

He grabs a curtain and wipes sweat from his forehead. Then his hands, armpits, and crotch, all while never letting his sight off the hair.

As he gets closer, the fabrics form more of a hallway. Roses line the fabric walls. Hector picks one off and keeps going.

Finally he's within talking distance. A spacious, pillowed, luxurious room with gold flakes littered about.

Hector accidentally CRUNCHES a dead leaf. Lily, 16, gracefully indignant, pretty, but not sexy, turns around and sees the ROSE in his hand.

LILY

Hey you can just leave it with the others.

Hector's completely smitten by her beauty. He looks to the ground on his right to see dozens of thick bouquets of CHERRY-BLOSSOM ROSES. His speech is a bit shaky.

HECTOR

Um, my princess, I'm actually Hector. The prince. (beat) Uh, how about some light refreshments?

LILY
(dead serious)
Prince Hector?. Gosh, you're really
not supposed to be in here. If any
of the chamber maids catch you in
here we could be flayed alive.

Hector starts to leave.

HECTOR
Yeah I uh, I don't know what I was
thinking--

LILY
Hold on! Stay. I was only jerking
your leg off. I'm not a fan of
rules either.

HECTOR
(worried)
Umm...I think the expression is
pulling your leg. I don't think
anyone jerks their leg. Especially
me. No siree I never jerk anything.

LILY
But you're a jerk for telling me
what to say and how to say it.

Hector's nerves die down a bit. She's got the fierceness of a
rabid kitty and Hector digs it.

HECTOR
Not even married yet and we're
already having marital woes huh?

LILY
The only woe here is how short you
are. Were you born without knees?

Hector walks up to her. She throws on her heels and stands.
He's taller by half a head. They stare each other down.

HECTOR
No, but I was born without a mother
to brush my *perfect blonde hair!*

CLOSE UP: Hector's SPLIT ENDS.

LILY
And you think I was? Nope! No
mother nor a kingly father to give
me a schnazzy McFaffy inheritance!

HECTOR

The only thing I inherited was a desk job signing scrolls!

LILY

Better than spending your whole life being groomed to marry some short, loathsome, spoiled *jerkoff* who hasn't the slightest idea of what being alone feels like.

Hector looks her in the eye. Then down to his feet.

He raises his arms. She flinches and closes her eyes, ready to be hit, but when she opens them, she finds herself clutched in Hector's bear hug.

HECTOR

I don't know loneliness like you do, but I do know everyone needs someone. Luckily, I've got my boys. Up until now I thought they were all I really needed, but everything you said was spot on.

Lily closes her eyes.

HECTOR (CONT'D)

I've got nothing to complain about and I needed you to help me realize that. Look this whole thing isn't fair for you. I'm out if you are. Our fated lives are an endless slow moving river leading to a meager rain puddle, but I don't mind splashing in a puddle if I'm doing it with you.

A beat. Lily sighs relief.

LILY

I thought that endless river of taur-dung would never end.

HECTOR

Alright...I'll let them know the wedding's off.

He turns to leave. Lily grabs his arm.

LILY

Wait. I'm just pulling your leg.

They smile at each other.

HECTOR
Wow I just realized I don't even
know your name.

LILY
It's Lily.

EXT. CEREMONY GROUNDS - MINUTES LATER

Jacob and Al jump to their feet to greet Hector.

JACOB
Well? What was the beast like?

AL
Booming breasts? Or plateaued pecs.

HECTOR
Hah. Al, I don't even remember.

Hector literally bounces away, imaginary pogo stick style.

AL
Well he's got a spring in his step.

Jacob contemplates this like he's disturbed by it.

JACOB
Yeah. He does.

INT. KING'S HALL - LATER

A vast hall with long flowing tapestries lining the walls. In the middle is a sculpture of Bangod battling Lucifigus(horned, tailed, winged demon).

KING LAVARIAN, 40, Zeus-like, sits on a throne made of golden leaves. An advisor hands him scrolls.

Jacob enters and walks towards the king.

The king struggles with the current scroll. Looks at it right-side up, upside down, slanted, then signs it anyways.

KING
Next time, less words and more
pictures. You know I can't read.

JACOB
My king, I bring news!

KING
Speak, Jacob.

JACOB
I was with Hector when he decided
to sneak into the bride's tent.

KING
He what?!?!?!?!?

JACOB
I urged him not to. However, the
endeavor proved quite harmless and
he emerged from the tent anew.
Content with the arrangements and
eager to wed.

KING
Oh? Well that news is the Bangod's
Knees! And are you ready Priest?

JACOB
The will of Bangod shall be ever
present between them. Er, I mean,
between their holy union.

KING
Superb! That'll do.

The king returns to the scrolls.

JACOB
Um, father, if I could just ask one
more thing?

The king waves him on without looking.

JACOB (CONT'D)
Lately I've been wondering when I
will be wedded to a chosen
princess. I abstained from
inquiring on my 17th birthday, but
now Hector is 17 and...and well I'm
18 so I wondered--

KING
--Jacob, Jacob, my boy.

The king gets up. He's monolithic. He approaches Jacob and
puts his hands on his shoulders.

KING (CONT'D)

Don't concern yourself with matters of matrimony. It will distract you from your fidelity to Bangod.

JACOB

But I am your son.

KING

And Hector is my *legitimate* son. Yes, you are my son Jacob. Yet unlike Hector, you do not possess my blood.

JACOB

Obviously! I know I'm adopted, but have I not served you well?

KING

Yes, but *how well* are you willing to serve? Hmmm? Technically, it's not incest.

The king fondles his own crotch. Jacob's completely shocked.

KING (CONT'D)

(cackles)

Ahaha relax my boy. 'Twas but a joke. Hohohoho, thou should find a lake to gaze upon thine own face.

JACOB

Father please.

KING

That is enough. Perform your duties well today and we shall speak again. Now I must wax off the hair upon my knees.

The sound of BELLS as Jacob exits.

EXT. CEREMONY GROUNDS - SUNSET

Humans, elves, dwarves, talking farm animals, etc. gather on a cliff overlooking a vast ocean. They are all lined up in make shift rows facing an altar. Humans up front.

At the altar stand Hector in his dashing tuxedo armor and Jacob in priestly attire.

JACOB

Still nervous?

HECTOR
More anxious than nervous.

JACOB
Well, don't touch yourself.

Lily gracefully walks down the aisle in a long wedding gown.
It takes twenty little girls to carry the ends of the dress.
Two little flower girls sprinkle gold FLAKES and DIAMONDS.
Lily's face is veiled and everyone gazes in awe.

When she reaches the altar, Hector unveils her and the two
stand side by side, smiling.

Her beauty stuns Jacob. He's at a loss for words.....

HECTOR
Jacob? Hey buddy. You there?

Hector reaches to nudge him, but Jacob slaps his hand away.

JACOB
Don't. I know where that hand's
been. (re:audience) Dearly beloved,
we are gathered here today to
witness...You know what, we've all
wasted enough time here today.

The king and Hector raise their eyebrows questioningly.

JACOB (CONT'D)
If there is anyone here who thinks
these two should not be together,
please speak now or forever hold
your peace.

Silence.

JACOB (CONT'D)
Don't worry take a second to mull
it over in your heads.

KING
What in the nine hells are you--

JACOB
--Just want to make sure this
marriage is *legitimate*.

HECTOR
Cut it out Jacob.

JACOB

Don't be shy now. Anyone? Anyone at all?!

In a blur, something SNATCHES UP a screaming Lily and flies into the sky.

HECTOR

Lily!

JACOB

Oh. Well, there ya go.

Streaks of LIGHTNING fly from ominous clouds and strike the grounds as a giant reddish putrid-fleshy AIRSHIP emerges from the clouds. The winged demon carries Lily to the ship.

AT THE BOW

The being from the sculpture earlier stands triumphantly. With veined bat WINGS, HORNS and SPIKES everywhere, black FANGS, and glowing GREEN EYES, the monstrosity before us is none other than LUCIFIGUS MAXIMILLIONAIRE MAXIMUS.

The demon drops a struggling Lily into Lucifigus' arms.

LUCIFIGUS

Cower before me citizens of
Berrlarium! Bangod's line of
descendants shall be severed today
and the era of Lucifigus
Maximillionaire Maximus shall reign
forevermore!

On command, hordes of demons fly out from the airship and swarm the citizens who all break into battle.

AT THE ALTAR: The king finds Hector.

KING

The cycle has begun again. Quick,
we must eradicate him now before
his power grows!

Hector rips off his Tuxedo armor to reveal his normal armor. It's really just a different color. Reds and browns, etc.

HECTOR

(reaches into his pants)
Ahh the most important part of me
can finally breathe...

...and pulls out his sword!

Hector runs towards the cliff and leaps towards the airship.

Just as he gets airborne, a giant TENTACLE smacks him back down. A huge Kraken like monster with butt cheeks for a face rises up. The cheeks open up and we hear a DEATH METAL ROAR

KRAKEN
WHAT'S CRACKIN' !!!!!

Jacob and Hal come to Hector's aid.

HECTOR
I've got to get Lily back. Can you
handle this?

JACOB
You must protect the people Hector!

Without hesitation, Hector leaps up and uses the winged demons as floating stepping stones to reach Lucifigus.

Jacob throws up a magical shield as the Kraken launches a fireball that WEARS away at the shield.

AT THE BOW: Lucifigus and Lily see Hector coming.

LILY
Hey Maximum Muscle Hair. Here comes
my hubby. Enjoy.

BACK ON THE GROUND: The citizens watch Jacob STRUGGLE.

ON HECTOR: Closer to Lily. He sees Jacob about to break.

ON JACOB: Just when Jacob can hold no more, Hector throws the STRIPPER CAKE, BLOCKING the fireball and SINKING the Kraken.

HECTOR
(helping Jacob up)
Marwodium steel. The second hardest
thing this morning.

A CACKLE grabs their attention. They watch as Lucifigus' airship slowly retreats.

HECTOR (CONT'D)
And it appears the first has all
but gone with that ship.

END ACT I

ACT II

EXT. CEREMONY GROUNDS - DUSK

CARCASSES from both teams litter the grounds, wounded MOANS and agonizing ROARS follow Hector and Jacob as they walk.

JACOB

Hector, wait! There are more pressing tasks than saving Lily!

HECTOR

What could be more pressing than saving my bride?!

JACOB

The kingdom's just been ravaged. We need to regroup, recover, rebuild. We must make sure the citizens of Berrlarium are okay.

A THRONG of CITIZENS stops in front of them.

CITIZEN #1

We would like to show our gratitude with this solid gold knee pad.

It takes four people to hand it to Hector who graciously accepts it and then tosses it up and down with ease.

CITIZEN #1 (CONT'D)

I have a son who would've most assuredly grown up without a father if it weren't for you, Hector.

CITIZEN #2

I am a blacksmith and we would soon be unarmed and defenseless if it weren't for you, Prince Hector.

CITIZEN #3

(kittens in his arms)

I've just adopted several litters of abandoned kittens and they would've had no one to feed them if it weren't for you, Prince Hector.

SEXY FEMALE CITIZEN

I was dying, but now I'm not! I would like to offer you a personal gratuity.

JACOB

(tongue-twisted at "er")
Oh come on! I'm one who loosened up
the bottom feeding monster for
Hector to take it down. Er. That
sounded weird. I didn't mean loosen
like that, but, well not but with
two T's, just one--

HECTOR

--We thank you for your gifts and
will do all we can to destroy the
demon, Looming Feces.

Hector pulls Jacob away and they continue walking.

JACOB

What a load of taur dung. Standing
next to you is like standing next
to a royal prince. No one sees me.

HECTOR

Regardless, it seems everyone is
doing okay. I'm going after Lily.

INT. KING'S HALL - MOMENTS LATER

Hector stands firmly in front of the king while Jacob hangs
back. Officials and villagers occasionally pester the king
about the reconstruction of the village.

HECTOR

So when you say no, what exactly
are you saying, father?

KING

Hector, there are more important
things than rescuing a damsel.

HECTOR

What about stopping the demon, Maxi
pad Flare?

KING

There is nothing in all of
Berlarium, that can stop flaring
caused by a maxi pad. Trust me.

The king goes to Hector and lays his hand on his shoulder.

KING (CONT'D)

Now that the cycle has begun, you
must begin your reign as king.

(MORE)

KING (CONT'D)

I may soon pass and there must
always be a descendant of Bangod
seated upon this throne.

HECTOR

And what of your future daughter?
What of the woman I love?

KING

(campy-wise)

If you truly love her, then set her
free. True love always returns.

HECTOR

So then, I should set her free from
the grasps of the demon--

KING

--No no, fog blocks your vision. I
meant that Jacob will fetch Lily
while you pick out a royal steed.

Jacob's ears prick up at this.

HECTOR

Father, I must retrieve her.

KING

I will hear no more discussion! You
are excused from the hall!

Hector nods and leaves without another word.

Jacob is about to follow when--

KING (CONT'D)

Jacob I need you to do me a favor.

JACOB

More disposal of a harlot's
physical form, my king?

KING

With all the cadavers laying about
I could do that in broad day light.
No, I need you to fetch another
bride for Hector.

JACOB

My liege? You mean Lily?

KING

No. I need you to fetch another
bride from the Oracle.

JACOB

But my clumpstrudel, will another
bride work? I believe he is in love
with the bride called Lily. Besides
the selection process takes months.

The king pulls out Hector's CRUSTY SOCK. Jacob grimaces.

KING

(sniffs it)

Look at this. Look how it stands,
smells. Yes..Hector's erect
receptacle for his erection
ejections. It's clear that he is
not truly in love, but is eager to
begin the mating ritual. A new
bride will suffice. Let us placate
his urges.

The King hands Jacob a slip of parchment.

KING (CONT'D)

You will find the Oracle here. No
questions. Your eyes only.

INT. SHIRLEY TEMPLE - NIGHT

Jacob walks between a row of cylindrical cases containing
floating MARASCHINO CHERRIES. Some are half-mutated with
human ligaments. Around him are stone walls with archaic
paintings and carvings. He SCRATCHES his butt occasionally.

Jacob pauses to look at one case that has BLONDE hair.

ORACLE (O.C.)

Ornamental amalsithisis. The final
stage of the process. A slight
garnish if you will.

Jacob looks to the ORACLE(early 30s, Jon Hamm-handsome, white
tux, black vest and bowtie) and a cloaked MILLIE next to him.
There are several other brides standing with the Oracle.

ORACLE (CONT'D)

Welcome to the Shirley Temple! You
must be Jacob. You can call me the
Oracle. Or Ricky or Richard.
Whatever is easy for you to orate.

JACOB

I'll stick with Oracle.

Jacob looks at Millie. She's identical to Lily in every way, but speaks with less life.

JACOB (CONT'D)

L-Lily?

MILLIE

No my name is Millie. When shall I be wedded to Prince Hector?

ORACLE

Orthodox origination period originally takes over three weeks, but the king said ASAP. So there might be a few errors, but nothing you can't fix ordinarily.

Oracle SQUEEZES a breast and we hear a HONK.

MILLIE

(close eyes for second)

My name is Lily. When shall I be wedded to Prince Hector?

JACOB

Incredible..Say Oracle. If you can just make them, how about giving me one as well? I mean she doesn't have to be gorgeous like a lily, but don't stick me with Ellie the elephant.

SHOT: A decrepit LUMP of flesh that breathes. Ellie has very very really advanced Elephantiasis.

ORACLE

Or you may do as originally ordained and leave with no ordeal. A princess is only for a prince.

JACOB

Well what if I just take--

Jacob reaches for one of the several brides, but the Oracle snatches his hand, the one that Jacob's been using to scratch his butt. The bug-eyed Oracle SNIFFS it. LICKS it.

ORACLE

A preordained organism of prophecy! Taken from the Orient and forced to lament. Void of affection and forced to perfection.

Jacob YANKS his hand away.

ORACLE (CONT'D)
Be weary young Jacob. You will soon
have to decide whether to save the
kingdom OR yourself!

Jacob stares fearfully at the Oracle before grabbing Millie
and hightailing it out of there.

EXT. ROYAL STABLES - SUNRISE

Hector, Al, and King stroll through stables.

KING
One of the most important kingly
matters to tend to is the royal
steed. A king must be wise in his
choice for the steed for who the
king surrounds himself with is
indicative of a king's abilities.

The king GLARES at Al who scratches off his DRIED REPTILIAN
SKIN and sprinkles it into the joint he's rolling.

KING (CONT'D)
You see in front of you twelve of
the most majestic pure bred horses
in all of Berllarium.

Hector walks past the horse. Some have GLOWING YELLOW EYES.

Others breathe FIRE from their nostrils as they PAW at the
ground with their CLEATED horse shoes.

They get fiercer and fiercer until he gets to one darkened
cage with a lone CENTAUR who glares at Hector.

KING (CONT'D)
Well my son? Which steed shall you
choose?

HECTOR
I choose the centaur.

Everyone reels back in shock.

KING
That is forbidden! A king cannot
ride a being of a sub species.
Besides this one is a criminal.

HECTOR
What is his crime?

KING

For looking at a chamber maiden
with eyes of lust.

CENTAUR

I'm literally hung like a horse and
you think I was the only one doing
the eye loving?

AL

Silly chamber wenches. Always after
the animal D.

KING

Silence! Both of you!

HECTOR

Father, I have made my choice and I
choose the centaur.

The centaur stands. Now in the light we see his sculpted, but
scarred physique.

CLOPNELLIUS

My *name* is Clopnellius and you must
be delusional to think I would let
you rub your fertility sack along
my back all day.

KING

Hector please, let us return to the
royal steeds.

HECTOR

(re:Clop)

So you would choose imprisonment
over royal service?

CLOPNELLIUS

I'd let a mad cow plow me from
behind before I help foal fisters
of your kind. Besides, you haven't
the will nor the thighs to clutch
me.

HECTOR

Then I'll make you a wager. If I
can ride you by day's end then you
are the Prince's royal steed.

CLOPNELLIUS

And if you're a weak kneed teat?

HECTOR

Then my first task as king will be
to replace the horses of the royal
calvary with centaurs.

KING

Hector, you cannot be serious!

HECTOR

You kept me from rescuing Misa in
order for me to rule the kingdom.
Well, *I'm* beginning my reign now
with a royal steed that's never
been seen before.

KING

This heresy will forever tarnish
the image of the throne! One by one
you will lose the support of the
people.

HECTOR

If that's the case then I'll win
them over. All at once. Come
Clopnellius, let us wager within
the Colosrectum. (Colossal Rectum)

Hector looks to a giant BUTT-shaped arena.

The cheeks OPEN up like the roofs modern-day stadiums. LIGHT
pours in and illuminates the masses of crowds already
gathered. FAINT CHEERING can be heard.

CLOPNELLIUS

Oh how I have dreamed to be ridden
within the rectum of the colossus.

END ACT II

(CONT'D)

(CONT'D)

ACT III

EXT. COLOSRECTUM ARENA - NOON

Hector WOBBLES to and fro on the back of Clopnellius. There's no cohesion between the two and Hector's holding his hands up like he's riding a bull until finally...

He FALLS into MUD.

And AGAIN into A PILE OF JAGGED BONES.

And AGAIN into A PIT OF LIONS.

And AGAIN into a PIT OF POOP produced by the PIT OF LIONS.

The crowds CHEER and BOO in a frenzy.

HECTOR
(panting)
It's...impossible.

CLOPNELLIUS
Oh the prideful pubris of a prince.
Do you know of Sir Bangelot?

HECTOR
Yes. A master of the lance who was
the first captain of the royal
cavalry.

CLOPNELLIUS
And the only human to ever ride me.
He likened the task of riding a
centaur to riding one's lover, that
one's thighs clutch the centaur
like they clutch his lover's supple
hips. Perhaps thou has never bean
with a woman.

Hector whips out his SWORD and brandishes it at Clopnellius.

HECTOR
Of course I have! The issue cannot
be with my thighs. It must be my
hands. With this sword in my hand,
I should be able to succeed now.

CLOPNELLIUS
Hah! Come then and heave your non-
heaving thighs upon me and ride!

Hector hops onto Clop and they WHOOSH off.

EXT. FOREST PATH NEAR COLOSRECTUM - AFTERNOON

Jacob and Millie walk along a path towards the colosrectum. They pass through a garden that includes lily flowers.

JACOB

It's just that he's not fit to rule ya know? I'd forgo food and water to protect and lead the kingdom, but he can't let go of a girl. It's always him. And now I've finally got something over him, but if I tell him the truth about Lily then he'll stay here and claim the throne.

MILLIE

I thought brothers help each other. And even if you don't like him, it's not your role to be king.

JACOB

We're not really related. I'm adopted by the King.

MILLIE

And I'm not really Lily, but it's the role I've been given.

Jacob stops in his tracks.

JACOB

You...you know?

MILLIE

Of course.

JACOB

But I heard you call yourself Lily in front of the Oracle.

MILLIE

Comply or die. You think Ellie developed elephantiasis on her own? The Oracle experimented on her after she failed the test.

Jacob is nonplussed. Millie keeps walking, grabbing a LILY and putting it in her hair.

The silence is broken by the growing CHEERS from the colosrectum.

EXT. COLOSRECTUM ENTRANCE - LATER

The dusty sandy arena of the colosrectum has become a make shift obstacle course. Trees, chasms, tunnels, walls, etc, all a putrid-feces shade of BROWN.

Jacob and Millie stand at ground level and watch.

JACOB

So you're okay with this?

MILLIE

Everyone has to do what they don't want to. It helps knowing you're not the only one.

JACOB

Are you kidding me? You're to be wedded to the future king. What awful thing do you have to do?

MILLIE

(checking out Hector)

He's got small knees. I wouldn't want to do him. Yours aren't bad though.

Millie smiles at Jacob who can't help, but be attracted.

COLOSRECTUM ARENA - CONTINUOUS

Tree branches RUSH at Hector's face as he slashes each one aside. They make a SPLATTER sound each time they're slashed.

CLOPNELLIUS

Your swordsmanship trumps that of Sir Bangelot oh puny human.

HECTOR

I'm not that puny.

CLOPNELLIUS

Oh, but you are. Trust me. You're riding bare back, remember?

As Hector looks down he gets SMACKED by a branch.

CLOPNELLIUS (CONT'D)

Sir Bangelot would've evaded that.

HECTOR

You say you were his noble steed,
but how come in all the portraits
he's on a horse hmm?

Clop picks up speed heading for a CHASM.

CLOPNELLIUS

Because he was dumb enough to
believe that I forced his lover's
hand when the truth is that she
instigated the infidelity. What a
fool to believe her lies!

Clop LEAPS forward and Hector FLIES off, both SUSPENDED in
air and SILHOUETTED against the sun.

Hector FLIPS and SPINS in the air, beautifully landing
perfectly back onto Clop's back by accident. The crowd ERUPTS
in cheer and applause.

HECTOR

Hah! Well I "fooled" you, didn't I?

CLOPNELLIUS

You landed betwixt your legs quite
hard yet you feel no pain. Perhaps
there is nothing there to damage.

HECTOR

Perhaps what lies betwixt is made
of Marwodium steel. Not even a
troll could smash these.

Clop heads towards a tunnel. As he runs forward he slowly
edges up the sides until he's upside down.

CLOPNELLIUS

Haha! Then show me that thine
thighs have clutched a woman!
Clutch me! Clutch me hard and long
Prince Hector!

Hector begins slipping off.

CLOPNELLIUS (CONT'D)

Harder! Clutch me harder I say!

Hector's losing grip as Clop nears the end of the tunnel.

CLOPNELLIUS (CONT'D)

How weak! Sir Bangelot was not
wrong. If you have bean(been) with
a woman then this should be easy.

Clop flies out the tunnel and LAUNCHES Hector forward into the dirt in front of the King's area of the colosseum. Hector lays prostrated as Clop trots up to him. The crowds BOO and JEER.

CLOPNELLIUS (CONT'D)
Perhaps you prefer swords to sheaths. Which I'm completely okay with. No discrimination here.

Hector jumps to his feet.

HECTOR
NO! That's enough speculation! I love the wenches. My equipment is working fine, thank you very much and it's not my thin little thighs or my hands. It's not my fertility sack nor a case of pubris.

Everyone looks on, eager to hear what he has to say.

HECTOR (CONT'D)
I lied about having been with a woman. I'm...a virgin.

Everyone GASPS.

HECTOR (CONT'D)
I am a charlatan, a fraud and a disgrace to Bangod. Come Clopnellius. Bring your wife, bring your kids. Bring your fellow centaurs. I am a man of my word.

Clopnellius NEIGHS loudly and stops Hector.

CLOPNELLIUS
Wait! I was wrongly accused and made a shameful servant by a lie. Just now I saw courage, strength, but more importantly I saw truth. We all have flaws, Hector. Like me, most centaurs are species-confused. You are an honorable man.

SHOTS: Overly sentimental faces in the crowds. TREMBLING LIPS, WATERING EYES.

Clop places a hand on Hector's shoulder.

CLOPNELLIUS (CONT'D)
As such, I would be honored to be your royal steed.

Clop and Hector clasp hands in a THUNDEROUS handshake that ROCKS the arena.

The crowds ERUPT with CHEERS, WHISTLING. Multiple ROSES and BRAS are thrown onto the field accompanied by cries of "I want you Hector!"

A set of large wooden double doors CREAKS open. A large litter carrying the king comes through. One of the four litter carriers BUCKLES under the weight. The king FLICKS him away and holds the litter up himself.

The chants continue.

COLOSRECTUM ENTRANCE

Jacob and Millie start walking towards Hector, King, etc.

COLOSRECTUM ARENA

The king steps down from the litter.

HECTOR

Well father, are you not pleased?

KING

The people are enchanted by your bravery and I as well.

The king puts a fatherly arm around Hector and draws him in.

KING (CONT'D)

(aside)

But between you and me, this whole virgin thing simply won't do. The sock knitters can't keep up with just how much you uh how much your feet *tend to sweat*, understand?

The king spots Jacob and Millie approaching.

JACOB

(re:Hector)

That was quite impressive brother.

KING

Impeccable timing, Jacob. Ah, and the bride! Perhaps some privacy should be granted.

The king waves his hand and the crowds begin to DISPERSE with boos of "aww" and "lame."

Hector walks up to Millie. With each exchange Hector's eyes narrow more and more with suspicion.

MILLIE

We watched from the side Prince
Hector.

HECTOR

Oh Bangod even that last part?

MILLIE

Of course, my prince. Not only did
I find your confession to be
shamelessly courageous, but also to
cause within me a frightful, but
inviting stir of my loins.

Jacob shakes his head to himself. Annoyed with her act.

KING

Oh my my, the rapport between you
two. Why it's got even my loins
stirring! Come Jacob, Clopnellius,
let us leave these two to their own
makings.

King, Jacob, and Clop prepare to leave.

HECTOR

Uh you can drop the act Lily. No
need for formalities.

MILLIE

Forgive me, Prince Hector, but my
parents raised me this way. As such
it is hard to--

--Hector whips out his sword and brandishes it as her throat.

HECTOR

STOP RIGHT THERE. Lily told me she
had no parents. Not only that she
didn't treat me like anything other
than another kid.

KING

That's awful! How dare she!

HECTOR

(re:King)

It's what I loved about her!

Everyone's on pins and needles. Should they tell the truth? Jacob looks to the King who looks back to Jacob who looks to Lily who looks only at the sword at her throat.

HECTOR (CONT'D)
Brother Jacob! It's clear what
trickery has occurred here!

The tension is so palpable you could grab it with a thumbless mitten made out of oil covered ice.

HECTOR (CONT'D)
Lucifigus Nasty Pus has fooled us
with this doppelganger!

He swings and SLICES her head off. Clean, painless.

The LILY from her hair lands softly in front of Jacob.

Jacob loses it. He lunges at Hector, SOCKS him in the face, and grabs him by the collar.

JACOB
WHAT PLAGUE INHABETH YOUR MIND AND
SOUL HECTOR?! WHERE IS THINE
REASON?!

The king nervously butts in to keep the secret safe.

KING
UH YES WHERE IS THINE REASON?!
Certainly we could've interrogated
her for more information on where
the real Lily is.

Jacob looks at the king with anger and confusion. The king motions with his pupils and slight head tilts: *come on follow my cue.*

Jacob begrudgingly releases Hector.

HECTOR
My bad brotha. I guess you wanna
find her just as bad as I do.

JACOB
Yeah sure.

KING
What a tragedy my son. Jacob, you
must find the demon once again and
rescue the real Lily this time.

HECTOR

No! It is not Jacob's duty to find my bride. Father, I understand that Berrlarium needs me, but there is someone out there who needs me more. Come Clopneilius. Let us find Al and begin our search.

The king moves to stop Hector, but Hector whirls around and points his sword at the King.

HECTOR (CONT'D)

And don't even think about trying to dissuade me father. I've had enough of your manipulation.

Hector and Clop leave the arena.

JACOB

What in the name of Bangod was that taur-dung just now?!

KING

Calm yourself, Jacob. Her life was of no real value. A fake.

JACOB

You didn't talk to her! I don't care that she was made in a test tube. She was a living breathing human being!

KING

We cannot cry over spilled blood. I see without fog a more urgent matter. Hector has never brandished his sword at me before. I fear that his sense of duty and of right and wrong is becoming poisoned by his passion. This Lily will certainly drive him mad. You must accompany him, Jacob. Make sure he is steady.

JACOB

Why should I help either you or Hector?!

KING

It behooves you to help the kingdom, Jacob. Save your brother from his pleasurable madness. For if he becomes lost, you may have to step in and rule Berrlarium.

Jacob looks down solemnly, finally given a chance at the family heir, but at what cost?

EXT. BERRLARIUM OUTSKIRTS

Hector, Al, and Clop prepare for the journey, packing supplies and checking equipment.

Al grabs at one of the flies hanging around Clop's tail and eats it.

AL

Hey you know these aren't bad.

CLOPNELLIUS

I delicately season them with bits of my flatulence.

JACOB (O.C.)

Well, let's not let you do any of the cooking then.

Jacob greets them with a packed horse.

HECTOR

I take it you're not going to stay and help Father with the kingdom?

JACOB

I'd rather keep my brother safe. Can't let you go off getting killed now. Who would rule the kingdom if that happened?

HECTOR

(without hesitating)

Hah well obviously you would brotha.

Jacob's caught off guard. Hector puts a hand on Jacob's shoulder.

JACOB

You're kind, Hector. But you know you didn't have to kill that girl.

HECTOR

I understand you feel guilty, but it is not your fault. You've never met the real Lily so you couldn't see through this clone's disguise. It is my fault, Jacob.

(MORE)

HECTOR (CONT'D)

But when you meet the real Lily,
you'll see why there's no one or
anything that could ever replace
her.

JACOB

You know I haven't met the real
Lily, but I think I already know
what she's like.

Hector leans in close, with a hostile look.

HECTOR

Are you trying to say you've bean
with her?

JACOB

(sarcastic)

That's eeeeexactly what I'm saying.

Hector slaps him on the back.

HECTOR

Hahah if that's your way of saying
you find her attractive then thank
you, brotha.

Jacob smiles slightly. The other two chuckle.

They start to move away. Jacob lingers. He reaches in his
pocket and pulls out the LILY from Millie's hair.

JACOB

(to himself, diabolical
tone)

You're welcome. Brother.

END ACT III

(CONT'D)