

HEROINES FOR HIRE

Pilot  
"The Rusty Nipple"

Written by

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FADE IN:

EXT. OUTSKIRTS OF THUDD - NIGHT

A dirt road leads past a dingy hand-painted WOODEN SIGN. A blind old CENSUS TAKER in filthy medieval garb sits on a log next to the sign, a weathered BAG next to him.

ON THE SIGN

Which reads, "Welcome to Thudd. Population: 335."

EXT. OUTSKIRTS OF THUDD - BACK TO SCENE

The Census Taker cocks his head as a SCREAM splits the night, accompanied by SOUNDS OF A GOBLIN ATTACKING. A SEVERED LIMB goes flying past the beggar, splattering him with blood.

CENSUS TAKER

Damn goblins.

He roots around in his bag by feel, and pulls out a WOODEN SQUARE which he places onto the sign by feel.

ON THE SIGN

Which now reads, "Welcome to Thudd. Population: 334."

FADE TO:

EXT. THE RUSTY NIPPLE TAVERN - ESTABLISHING

A dingy sign, much of its paint worn off, hangs on rusted chains outside of a weathered wooden door.

The door SLAMS open as MONTOYA, the rough-hewn but handsome eyepatched owner/bartender of the Rusty Nipple, ejects SULLY, a surly drunkard.

MONTOYA

The tip jar isn't a piss pot,  
Sully.

SULLY

I can make water wherever I want.

To prove it, Sully starts to UNLACE his pants.

MONTOYA

You want me to go get Judy, and you  
can tell *her* that?

At the mention of Judy, Sully blanches, suddenly sober.

SULLY

I'll, uh, just make it here then.

Sully pees himself.

MONTOYA

Good. Just not in the bar.

INT. THE RUSTY NIPPLE TAVERN - CONTINUOUS

The interior of the bar isn't much nicer than the exterior. Though well-lit with torches and lanterns, the furniture looks like it's crudely built from abandoned logs.

Desiccated animal heads sporadically decorate the walls.

Over the bar itself, an impressive BATTLE AXE hangs on a plaque emblazoned with, "HANDS OFF THE BARMAIDS."

The PATRONS of the bar look like they fit right in. Men of disreputable demeanor, up to no good or down on their luck. The occasional woman who was ridden hard and put away wet.

A few of the patrons have HOOKS instead of hands, including a bleary-eyed FEMALE PATRON. One of them, DELBERT, has hooks for BOTH hands.

Looking right at home with the clientele is the impulsive and short-tempered JUDY, a fur-clad barbarian and barmaid.

Judy tries to gently remove an empty tankard from the iron grip of an unconscious DRUNKARD. Judy gets less and less gentle until finally PUNCHING him on the arm.

DRUNKARD

(startled awake)

Yah!

JUDY

(sweetly)

Are you done with that?

The Drunkard nods, and Judy takes the tankard.

BEAT.

Judy CLEARS HER THROAT and holds out her hand. The Drunkard begrudgingly digs a copper out of his coin purse and hands it to her.

JUDY (CONT'D)  
Only one copper?

DRUNKARD  
I's sorry, I's hasn't worked in  
three months.

Judy pockets the coin and walks off, MUMBLING to herself.

JUDY  
(under breath)  
Maybe if you ever left the tavern  
and looked for a job, you'd tip  
better.

Judy brings the empty tankard to Montoya, who pours an ale from behind the bar. He hands the ale to CORALINE the barmaid, a Middle Ages "girl next door."

Coraline WINKS at Montoya and blow him a kiss as she takes the beer and goes off to serve a customer.

JUDY (CONT'D)  
(watching her go)  
Tt.

Montoya spit-cleans the tankard.

MONTOYA  
(oblivious)  
What?

JUDY  
Let's just say Coraline's working  
really hard to get a tip...and I  
don't mean these pathetic scraps.

Judy tosses a paltry handful of coppers into a mostly-empty glass jar labeled, "Tips." The coppers PLUNK into a small pool of URINE at the bottom of the jar.

Judy shoots Montoya a questioning look.

MONTOYA  
Don't ask.  
(beat)  
Look, you know how rough things  
have been around here since the hut  
and hovel market went belly up.  
(MORE)

MONTOYA (CONT'D)

A lot of people are out of work,  
and it's not like His Majesty has  
done a lot to help us common folk.

JUDY

The rich keep getting richer, and  
the poor keep taking it up the  
backside. Though at least that's  
something His Majesty has in common  
with the working class.

MONTOYA

(looking around nervously)  
Do you know how much trouble we'd  
get in if the wrong person heard  
you say that?

JUDY

Hey, I'm not judging. Whatever you  
do in the privacy of your own  
bedchamber is cool with me.

MONTOYA

That's all well and good, but the  
last guy caught repeating rumors...

JUDY

(interrupting)  
Facts.

MONTOYA

...*Rumors* was hung.

JUDY

Oooh, I bet His Majesty enjoyed  
that.

MONTOYA

Hung by his neck?

JUDY

Hmmm. Probably still enjoyed it,  
just not in the same way.

MONTOYA

Where's your sister? I haven't  
seen her all day.

JUDY

Up in our room practicing. She's  
got an interview with the Dean of  
the School of Magic.

MONTOYA

A job interview? Huh. I could finally start charging you two rent.

JUDY

Whoa, hey, what's your hurry to spoil a good thing here?

MONTOYA

Hmmm, I don't know...being able to actually turn a profit?

INT. JUDY AND ALANTHIA'S ROOM - SAME TIME

The tiny room sports two twin beds. ALANTHIA, the studious and virginal wannabe mage, sits on her bed on her side of the room, which is kept very neat and tidy. The other side of the room (Judy's) is a total mess.

Alanthia holds a SPELLBOOK in her lap, and is clutching a wooden STAFF that has a very new-agey CRYSTAL embedded at the top. A PIECE OF PAPER lays on a metal plate on the nightstand.

ALANTHIA

OK Alanthia, you can do this.

Alanthia looks at the TABLE OF CONTENTS of the spellbook.

ALANTHIA (CONT'D)

Let's see....Feathers, flotation of. Festering wounds, causing. Festering wounds, curing. Here we go...Fires, starting. Page 63.

Alanthia flips to the correct page. Mouthing the directions as she reads the page, she points her staff at the piece of paper.

ALANTHIA (CONT'D)

Maché...flambé!

Nothing happens. She re-reads the directions, going through the physical motions.

ALANTHIA (CONT'D)

(under breath)

Place paper on non-flammable surface...point staff or wand at target...and...

BEAT

ALANTHIA (CONT'D)  
Maché...**flambé!**

Nothing.

ALANTHIA (CONT'D)  
**Maché...flambé!**

Still nothing. As if it would help, Alanthia takes out some reading glasses and re-reads the directions. Engrossed, it takes her a moment to notice the room is getting SMOKY.

ALANTHIA (CONT'D)  
Oh my gosh!

We pull back to reveal that Judy's pillow is ON FIRE. Alanthia flips back to the table of contents in the spellbook.

ALANTHIA (CONT'D)  
Festering wounds, curing. Fires,  
starting. Fires, extinguishing.  
Page 65.

As Alanthia flips to page 65, we:

CUT TO:

INT. THE RUSTY NIPPLE TAVERN - LATER

Judy serves at a table.

JUDY  
Let's see, that's one ale for  
you...

Judy puts the tankard down in front of a PATRON WITH A HOOK HAND, who flinches when Judy gets near.

JUDY (CONT'D)  
And a bottle of whisky for you.

Judy serves DELBERT, who (if you recall) has two hooks for hands. He cringes even more when Judy gets near.

JUDY (CONT'D)  
(pointedly)  
Need a hand, Delbert?

Judy uncorks the bottle and pours a glass. As she does so, Delbert tries to lift up Judy's skirt with a hook.

Judy pours the whisky onto Delbert's lap.

JUDY (CONT'D)  
 I don't think you can afford to  
 lose any more body parts. Do you?

Delbert and his companion quickly shove coins at Judy.

JUDY (CONT'D)  
 Much appreciated.

A bell JINGLES offscreen.

ANGLE ON THE FRONT DOOR

Where stands an IMPRESSIVELY BEARDED STRANGER wearing  
 academic robes. The stranger takes a seat at an open table.

BACK AT THE BAR

Judy lights up.

JUDY  
 Finally, some class in this joint!

Judy hustles over to the table. Coraline has gotten there  
 first, but Judy muscles her aside.

JUDY (CONT'D)  
 Welcome to The Rusty Nipple. May I  
 take your order?

IMPRESSIVELY BEARDED STRANGER  
 Yes, do you have a wine list?

JUDY  
 Uh, sure. Hold on.

Judy writes on her order pad, and tears off the top sheet,  
 placing it in front of the stranger.

ANGLE ON THE SHEET

Which reads, "Red."

IMPRESSIVELY BEARDED STRANGER  
 I'll just take an ale.

JUDY  
 Coming right up.

As Judy turns to leave, the stranger PATS HER ASS.



IMPRESSIVELY BEARDED STRANGER  
Thanks, sweetheart.

ZOOM IN ON JUDY'S EYES

As they angrily narrow. Everything goes red. She looks towards

THE BAR

As we zoom in on

THE BATTLEAXE

Hanging over the bar. The screen goes black.

We hear the sound of an AXE CHOPPING, followed by a SCREAM.

INT. THE RUSTY NIPPLE TAVERN - LATER

The stranger is gone. Judy wipes blood up from the table. Some is splattered on her, too.

Alanthia enters from upstairs. She has some smudges on her face and clothes, as if from a fire.

JUDY

Hey, how did the practice go?

Alanthia COUGHS. A CLOUD OF SMOKE comes out of her mouth.

JUDY (CONT'D)

Still can't get that fire spell to work, huh?

ALANTHIA

I've got the fire-making part down, it's the aim that's a little off.

Judy wrings out the bloody rag into a bucket.

ALANTHIA (CONT'D)

Who tried to feel you up this time?

JUDY

Wasn't even one of our usuals. This guy actually looked respectable... was dressed real nice and everything.

ALANTHIA

Men are all the same. That's why I just don't bother with them.

Montoya comes over.

MONTOYA

(to Alanthia)

I don't know, some of them might surprise you if you gave them half a chance.

Montoya looks pointedly at Alanthia, who is oblivious.

JUDY

Yeah, they'll surprise you alright. With a hand down your bodice.

ALANTHIA

I'm so nervous! I had to use up every favor I could to get this interview.

JUDY

You'll be fine. Just...maybe stay away from fire spells. Or conjuring. No levitation, either. Oh, and definitely no fortune telling! That poor girl's never going to get out of therapy.

ALANTHIA

(looking around)

Has the Dean shown up yet? I asked him to meet me here.

JUDY

(wink wink nudge nudge)

Loosening him up with a little ale. Smart.

MONTOYA

So what does this guy look like?

ALANTHIA

Let's see, average height, middle-aged, probably wearing his Dean robes...

Judy shares a guilty look with Montoya.

ALANTHIA (CONT'D)

...and he has this really impressive beard.

Judy shares a guilty look with Montoya.

DERRICK (O.S.)  
Miss? We're ready to order.

JUDY  
Oh thank god...  
(off Alanthia's look)  
...that they're ordering. They  
look like good tippers.

Judy hustles off.

ANGLE ON CORNER TABLE

DERRICK, a handsome but arrogant Paladin, sits in hushed conversation with two of his companions, the slightly dim fighter BIDDLE and the scurvy thief GORF.

Coraline is at their table about to take their order, but Judy again muscles her aside.

JUDY  
Hi, welcome to The Rusty Nipple.  
Can I take your order?

DERRICK  
Just a moment.

Derrick turns back to his companions. Judy listens in.

DERRICK (CONT'D)  
So all we have to do is get to the tower, kill the evil wizard, rescue the girl, and collect the reward. Easy.

BIDDLE  
That doesn't sound easy at all.

GORF  
I'd have to agree with Biddle, boss. Wizards are notoriously difficult to kill.

BIDDLE  
Especially evil ones.

DERRICK  
Have either of you ever killed a wizard?

GORF  
Well...no.

Biddle, meanwhile, takes a long BEAT to consider this.

BIDDLE

Uh...no?

DERRICK

So how do you know it will be difficult?

GORF

That's a very good point, that is.

DERRICK

Then it's settled. Don't worry boys, we pull this quest off, we'll be set for life.

Judy GASPS excitedly. Derrick and his companions look at her suspiciously, and she immediately turns the gasp into an exaggerated COUGH.

JUDY

(pounding her chest)

Sorry, had a little something stuck there. So, what can I get ya?

FADE TO:

INT. THE RUSTY NIPPLE TAVERN - MORNING

A morose, inebriated Alanthia sits alone at a table, with a tankard of ale. Coraline and Montoya prepare to open.

Alanthia tries to take a swig but nothing is coming out. She confusedly looks at:

THE INSIDE OF THE TANKARD

Which is clearly empty.

BACK TO SCENE

Alanthia blearily raises a hand to get Montoya's attention for a refill, but he doesn't see her.

ALANTHIA

Fine. I just get it myself.

Alanthia tries to stand up but fails miserably, sitting down hard next to her chair. Struggling to get back up, she finally returns to the seat.

She looks longingly from the full cask at the bar to her empty tankard.

ALANTHIA (CONT'D)  
Gotta do everything around here.  
Stupid beer.

She takes out a wand and points it at the tankard, having some difficulty focusing thanks to her drunkenness.

ALANTHIA (CONT'D)  
Aviné reboucher!

The tankard magically refills!

Alanthia, a happy smile on her face, takes a long sip, leaving a foam moustache on her lip.

Judy enters, tying on her apron.

JUDY  
Wow, and I thought I drank early.

ALANTHIA  
I like beer.

JUDY  
(wiping off foam  
moustache)  
I know, sweetie.

Alanthia hugs Judy.

ALANTHIA  
(crying)  
I'm sorry for setting your bed on fire!

JUDY  
(patting her)  
That's all right. I hardly sleep there anyway.

ALANTHIA  
I really wanted that job.

JUDY  
I know.  
(beat)  
And I'm sorry I chopped off the Dean's hand.

ALANTHIA  
That's right...I'm supposed to be mad at you, aren't I?

JUDY  
Yeah, I guess you are.

ALANTHIA  
Then...I'm mad at you. Meh!

MONTOYA (O.S.)  
Judy!

JUDY  
Duty calls, sis. You going to be OK?

Alanthia hazily shakes her fist at Judy.

ALANTHIA  
Meh!

INT. THE RUSTY NIPPLE TAVERN - BACKROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Montoya signs an invoice for the muscular OLAF whose face we can't see as of yet. Judy enters.

JUDY  
What's up, boss man?

MONTOYA  
Olaf's dropping off this month's ale. Can you watch things while I go to the bank?

JUDY  
Sure, no problem.

Olaf turns around. He's stunningly handsome, and tosses his flowing locks back as he flashes a dazzling smile at Judy.

JUDY (CONT'D)  
(turned on)  
No problem at all.

INT. THE RUSTY NIPPLE TAVERN - LATER

Alanthia is still at the same table, but now the bar has a few patrons. Coraline tries to take the tankard away from her, but Alanthia yanks it back and GROWLS at her.

Montoya enters.

MONTOYA  
I'm back with the till. Where's Judy?

CORALINE

I think she's still helping out the brewer's son.

MONTOYA

Why's he still here? It shouldn't take that long to unload a few casks...

(realizing)

Oh, no...

Montoya starts to make his way towards the back room when a SCREAM sounds from offscreen. Montoya and Coraline dash towards the back room.

Alanthia is about to follow, but she PASSES OUT instead.

INT. THE RUSTY NIPPLE TAVERN - BACKROOM - CONTINUOUS

Montoya and Coraline burst into the back room to find Judy, a sour expression on her face, putting her clothes back on. A pants-less, WHIMPERING Olaf lies in a fetal position nearby.

JUDY

Um...this isn't what it looks like.

Coraline's eyes are drawn to *something* on the floor offscreen. Her eyes go wide as she points.

CORALINE

Is that his...?

Olaf shifts, and we see he's covering his crotch with two bloody hands.

OLAF

You crazy bitch!

JUDY

OK, I guess it is what it looks like.

Montoya FAINTS.

INT. THE RUSTY NIPPLE TAVERN - LATER

Judy and a hungover Alanthia sit meekishly at a table while an angry Montoya paces. Alanthia nurses an icepack.

MONTOYA

You've really gone and done it this time, Judy.

(MORE)

MONTOYA (CONT'D)

Not only did I have to pay for  
Olaf's healer, but he and his  
father will never sell to us again.

JUDY

Hey, in my defense, he was being  
very insulting.

Coraline brings an appreciative Alanthia a drink.

CORALINE

Hair of the dog.

ALANTHIA

(groaning)

Ugh.

MONTOYA

Really? Please, enlighten me. Tell  
me what could he, a proper young  
brewer's son, have to say that  
would warrant you ripping off his  
manhood?

JUDY

He said I had child-bearing hips.

MONTOYA

Wha..buh...how is that an insult?!?

JUDY

He might as well have called me  
fat!

CORALINE

It's true. No woman wants to be  
told she has big hips.

MONTOYA

Don't you chime in, too.

JUDY

How would you feel if he called you  
"distinguished?"

MONTOYA

Pretty good, actually. Like I was  
a lord or something.

JUDY

Really? 'Cuz it's just code for  
old.

Montoya looks to Coraline for confirmation.



CORALINE  
 (nodding)  
 Ancient. Doddering. Senile.

MONTOYA  
 I get the picture!

JUDY  
 Look, I'm really sorry Montoya.  
 What can I do to make it up to you?

MONTOYA  
 Well unless you can magically find  
 me another brewer somewhere near  
 Thudd, there's nothing you can do.  
 We're out of ale.

JUDY  
 Shit.

MONTOYA  
 And with no ale to sell, and this  
 being a tavern, we're out of  
 business. Which means...Judy,  
 you're fired.

INT. JUDY AND ALANTHIA'S ROOM - LATER

Judy and Alanthia pack their belongings.

JUDY  
 I don't see why we have to move.

ALANTHIA  
 With you out of a job, and me not  
 even able to get a job, we can't  
 afford to pay Montoya the rent.

JUDY  
 So? We haven't been paying the rent  
 as it is.

ALANTHIA  
 Yes, but now he's probably going to  
 have to sell the bar. And guess  
 what? Our room is part of the bar.

JUDY  
 I hadn't thought of that.

ALANTHIA  
 That's your problem, Judy!  
 Sometimes you just don't think. Why  
 did you even sleep with that boy?

JUDY

Oh please. Did you see how hot he was?

ALANTHIA

Aaaaah! You just jump into things without thinking! All the time!

JUDY

And you never jump into things. Take Montoya for instance.

ALANTHIA

What do you mean?

JUDY

Well, if you took Montoya, I bet he'd let the two of us stay.

(beat)

For instance.

ALANTHIA

Pfft. No. Him? Pfft. No, we're just friends.

JUDY

And there's you, not jumping.

ALANTHIA

Ugh, this isn't getting us anywhere. We need to figure out what we're going to do.

JUDY

I'm fresh out.

ALANTHIA

I've got an idea.

EXT. MADAME CLEA'S - ESTABLISHING - DAY

A pavilion-style tent stands in the woods. In front of the tent is a SIGN which reads, "Madame Clea's - Fortunes Told."

Underneath reads, "The future guaranteed to happen or your money back."

INT. MADAME CLEA'S - SAME TIME

Alanthia and Judy sit at a table which holds a CRYSTAL BALL. Alanthia is excited and hopeful; Judy is openly skeptical.

JUDY  
I can't believe we're spending the  
last of our money on this.

ALANTHIA  
Shhh!

Madame Clea enters. She is colorfully dressed, with a large  
head wrap. She sits opposite our heroines.

MADAME CLEA  
Ah, Alanthia. So good to see you  
again. Did you bring your frequent  
fortune card?

Alanthia pulls out a much-used CARD and hands it to Clea, who  
PUNCHES a hole in the card and hands it back.

MADAME CLEA (CONT'D)  
Just one more visit and you get a  
free toad in the hole!

JUDY  
(to Alanthia)  
You've got a problem.

ALANTHIA  
Shhhh!

MADAME CLEA  
So why have you come to see me  
today?

JUDY  
You're the fortune teller,  
shouldn't you know?

Alanthia KICKS Judy under the table.

JUDY (CONT'D)  
Ow!

MADAME CLEA  
I see...much upheaval in your life.  
Perhaps...a journey?

JUDY  
Yeah, a journey out of here. Come  
on, Alanthia.

Judy grabs Alanthia's hand. Suddenly, the light dims in the  
tent but grows bright around Clea. Clea's eyes roll up in  
her head and her voice takes on a SUPERNATURAL TIMBRE.

MADAME CLEA

Destiny calls blood to blood. When the unbreakable is shattered, then siblings must answer the call or kingdoms shall topple.

JUDY

Whoa, nice special effect.

Judy lets go of Alanthia's hand and the room returns to normal.

MADAME CLEA

Uh...what just happened?

JUDY

What just happened is my sister never getting the final punch in her punch card. We're leaving.

Judy drags Alanthia out of the tent. Alanthia hurriedly drops some coins for Clea on the way out.

ALANTHIA

Thanks for the fortune?

MADAME CLEA

(calling after)

What fortune? I haven't given it to you yet!

INT. THE RUSTY NIPPLE TAVERN - LATER

Alanthia, Judy and Montoya sit at a table in an otherwise empty tavern. Coraline brings four tankards of ale.

MONTOYA

Well, here it is, the last of the stock. The Rusty Nipple!

EVERYONE

The Rusty Nipple!

They all CLANK tankards and drink. The drinking continues throughout.

MONTOYA

(to Alanthia)

So what's next for you?

ALANTHIA

I don't know. I just really thought my life would be more...

CORALINE  
Glamorous?

MONTOYA  
Exciting?

ALANTHIA  
Established.

JUDY  
Great. Out of money, out of a place  
to live, and now I'm out of beer.

Judy SLAMS down the empty tankard.

ALANTHIA  
Here.

Alanthia pulls out her wand and touches it to Judy's tankard.

ALANTHIA (CONT'D)  
Aviné reboucher.

Judy's tankard magically FILLS WITH ALE.

ALANTHIA (CONT'D)  
Instead, here I am, a magic user  
that can't really perform magic.

Everyone goggles at Alanthia.

BEAT.

ALANTHIA  
What?

CORALINE  
Seems like magic to me.

ALANTHIA  
Oh, that? Pfft. Just a parlor  
trick.

MONTOYA  
I don't suppose you could do that  
trick on a larger scale?

INT. THE RUSTY NIPPLE TAVERN - LATER

The bar is packed with customers. Coraline serves ale. A  
BANNER proclaims, "Grand Re-Opening!"

Montoya pours a beer for Alanthia and a grousing Judy.

JUDY

I still can't believe you're not giving me my old job back.

MONTOYA

And I can't believe I'm not kicking you out on your ass. Just be thankful I'm letting you keep your room.

JUDY

Great. What am I supposed to do with myself now?

A metaphoric lightbulb goes off over Judy's head as she sees Derrick and his companions enter the tavern.

ALANTHIA

I'm just glad I could help.

MONTOYA

I sense a but.

ALANTHIA

...but I feel like I'm spinning my wheels here in Thudd.

JUDY

Know what you need Alanthia? Some on the job experience. Builds skills and confidence.

ALANTHIA

How am I supposed to get that? No one will hire me.

JUDY

Oh, I've got an idea...

ANGLE ON A CORNER TABLE

Where Derrick, Biddle and Gorf strategize over a map.

FADE TO:

INT. CASTLE - NIGHT

Judy, in ass-kicking armor and barbarian furs, and Alanthia, in sorceress-supreme robes, make their way down a corridor. They're at high alert.

ALANTHIA

Our informant said this would be  
like taking candy from a baby.

Suddenly, a massive club-wielding OGRE appears at the end of  
the corridor. It SNORTS and paws at the floor like a bull.

JUDY

That's one ugly baby.

Judy hefts a deadly-looking, ornate axe.

JUDY (CONT'D)

You ready?

ALANTHIA

(prepping her staff)  
Let's do this.

Judy and the Ogre both charge simultaneously, each letting  
out a vicious BATTLE CRY.

Alanthia gestures elegantly with her free hand, traces of  
light following her fingers. Her staff GLOWS with an  
increasing intensity until:

ALANTHIA (CONT'D)

Électrocuté!

A massive BOLT OF LIGHTNING slams into the Ogre, freezing it  
in place. Smoke rises from its singed fur as...

Judy swings her axe, DECAPITATING the beast! Its head goes  
flying down the corridor.

Judy and Alanthia do a celebratory CHEST SLAM.

JUDY AND ALANTHIA

Boom!

Suddenly, the eyes on the Ogre's head SNAP OPEN. The head  
speaks with the scenery-chewing VOICE of an EVIL WIZARD.

EVIL WIZARD

Judy and Alanthia, you may have  
defeated my guardian, but even now  
my moment of triumph approaches!  
As soon as the eclipse becomes  
total...

CLOSE ON JUDY AND ALANTHIA

We can still hear the Evil Wizard DRONING on about his plans  
in the background.

ALANTHIA  
Quick, while he's monologuing.

BACK TO SCENE

Judy and Alanthia run down the corridor past the Ogre's head.

EVIL WIZARD  
...which is when the whole kingdom  
shall know that I am the one who  
defeated...hey, where are you  
going? Come back! Don't you want  
to hear about my three-point plan  
for world domination? I prepared a  
power point demonstration...

INT. EVIL WIZARD'S CHAMBERS - MOMENTS LATER

The EVIL WIZARD, looking very Ming the Merciless, is holding a sacrificial knife over what we can only assume is a beautiful, bound FEMALE SACRIFICE. However, much of the identity of the woman is obscured.

Judy and Alanthia BURST IN, looking ready for action.

JUDY  
Not so fast, Evil Wizard!

EVIL WIZARD  
Judy and Alanthia!

The Evil Wizard moves aside, revealing that his sacrifice is actually MONTOYA wearing a chainmail bikini with a long-haired wig.

MONTOYA  
My heroes!

JUDY AND ALANTHIA  
Heroines!

EVIL WIZARD  
Whatever!

The Evil Wizard casts a WHAMMY SPELL on our heroines, SLAMMING them spread-eagled and immobile up against the wall. They struggle, but to no avail.

EVIL WIZARD (CONT'D)  
Just like all you women, you're  
running late as usual.  
(MORE)



EVIL WIZARD (CONT'D)

And your tardiness will cost you  
your friend's life, leading me to  
dominion over this realm! But why  
don't you, heh, *hang around*, and  
watch my ultimate victory?

Alanthia locks eyes with Judy...this shit ain't over.

Alanthia looks down at Judy's axe, then back to Judy.

Judy's eyes grow wide with realization, and a smirk comes on  
her face. She lets go of the axe, and it drops to the floor.

Alanthia closes her eyes and chants under her breath. The  
axe starts to SHAKE as if some invisible force was moving it.

The Evil Wizard raises his sacrificial dagger over Montoya.

EVIL WIZARD (CONT'D)

And now...ultimate power!

JUDY

Hey...evil dude!

The Evil Wizard deflates, turning a withering glare on Judy.

EVIL WIZARD

What?!?

JUDY

Did you used to be a good wizard,  
but took an arrow in the knee?

EVIL WIZARD

Do you mind? I'm trying to make a  
demonic sacrifice here. And just  
for the record, no, I've never  
taken an arrow in the knee. Isn't  
that meme kind of played out  
anyway?

JUDY

How about an axe in the chest?

EVIL WIZARD

No, I've never taken a...

Alanthia's eyes POP OPEN. Judy's axe goes flying across the  
room, burying itself in the Evil Wizard's chest with a  
satisfying THUNK.

EVIL WIZARD (CONT'D)

I stand corrected.

He DIES. Judy and Alanthia suddenly fall to the floor, released from the stasis spell.

They rush over and cut Montoya free. Montoya tearfully collapses into Alanthia's arms.

MONTOYA  
I was so afraid!

ALANTHIA  
It's alright. I'm here now.

Judy has meanwhile discovered a large WOODEN CHEST.

JUDY  
Hey, look what I found!

She pours out the contents of the chest at their feet...gold coins, gold goblets, gold jewelry...basically, lots of GOLD.

Amidst the riches, Judy and Alanthia strike a heroic pose, reminiscent of a Frazetta Conan painting. Montoya is at their feet, playing the role of adoring cheesecake.

ALANTHIA (O.S.)  
Judy.

JUDY  
Did you say something?

ALANTHIA  
No, I'm just posing here.

ALANTHIA (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
Judy!

INT. JUDY AND ALANTHIA'S ROOM - MORNING

A groggy Judy, tousled hair going every which way, cracks open an eye as Alanthia shakes her awake.

JUDY  
Aw man...I was having the best dream.

ALANTHIA  
Come on. It's past noon, and we need to figure out how we're going to pay our bills.

INT. THE RUSTY NIPPLE TAVERN - LATER

Alanthia and a glum Judy sit at a table. Alanthia pores over a copy of "The Thudd Tymes Classifyds." Derrick and his companions drink at a table in the background.

ALANTHIA  
OK, what about shepherd?

JUDY  
I'm allergic to wool. Next.

ALANTHIA  
Um...scullery maid?

JUDY  
I don't even know what a scullery is! And what about you? Why do I have to be the sole breadwinner in this family?

ALANTHIA  
(sputtering)  
Well I'm, you know, very busy with my studies.

JUDY  
Right. Well, Montoya won't give me back my old job, but I bet he'd hire you as a barmaid.

ALANTHIA  
I'm not really the barmaid type.

Judy GLARES at Alanthia.

ALANTHIA (CONT'D)  
(quickly)  
Besides, he's already given the job to Delbert.

ANGLE ON DELBERT

At the bar, struggling with his two hook hands to pick up a drink order from Montoya.

BACK TO SCENE

JUDY  
I still think we should go with my idea.

ALANTHIA

Becoming adventurers? We're hardly qualified.

JUDY

Are you kidding? I'm good with an axe, you're good with...well, you're getting good with...

(beat)

...you know some magic. We'd be great!

ALANTHIA

I admire your enthusiasm, but...no.

JUDY

So you're just going to decide for both of us?

ALANTHIA

One of us has to be adult about this.

JUDY

Oh I'll show you adult.

Judy sticks her tongue out at Alanthia, enthusiastically FLIPPING HER THE BIRD with both hands as she backs away from the table.

ALANTHIA

(to self)

I rest my case.

ANGLE ON DERRICK'S TABLE

Derrick, Gorf and Biddle's conversation is broken by the arrival of Judy, who pulls a chair out from under a nearby patron and pulls it over to their table.

JUDY

Heya. I'm Judy.

DERRICK

Say, weren't you the barmaid that was eavesdropping on us the other day?

JUDY

Former barmaid. But now I'm ready to do what I was born to do...be an adventurer like you.

A long BEAT as Derrick, Biddle and Gorf look at Judy. Then they break out in uproarious LAUGHTER.

ANGLE ON ALANTHIA

As Montoya joins her at her table. Behind them, we can see (but not hear) Judy in furious discussion with Derrick and his companions.

MONTOYA  
Siblings, huh? Can't live with  
'em...

ALANTHIA  
Aren't you an only child?

MONTOYA  
Um...so what's going on with you  
and Judy?

ALANTHIA  
Oh, she's got this crazy idea that  
we should become adventurers.

In the b.g., Judy makes chopping gestures as if with an axe.

MONTOYA  
What, like slay the dragon and  
rescue the princess type  
adventurers?

ALANTHIA  
I know! Crazy, huh.

MONTOYA  
Yeah, that is pretty crazy.

ALANTHIA  
I've tried talking her out of it,  
but nothing gets through.

MONTOYA  
So stop trying. Let her think that  
you're willing to give it a shot,  
but tell her you want to do a trial  
run first. Test your skills.

ALANTHIA  
I get you. And when she sees that  
this adventuring thing is too  
difficult...

In the b.g., Judy defeats Biddle at arm wrestling.

MONTOYA

...she'll give up, and you can go  
back to working on your magic.

ALANTHIA

I like it. But we need to find  
something difficult but not too  
dangerous. After all, I don't want  
either one of us getting hurt.

Alanthia and Montoya both think furiously. They got nothin'.

Coraline brings Alanthia a fresh ale.

CORALINE

Maybe you could do something about  
that goblin flasher that keeps  
popping out of the bushes.

MONTOYA

Hey, that's not bad.

ALANTHIA

It's not exactly heroic though.

CORALINE

Honey, you'd be my hero. I'm  
getting real tired of having to  
look at his tiny green dingus.

In the b.g. an angry Judy tosses a drink in Derrick's face.

ALANTHIA

Well, Judy does have experience  
dealing with dicks.

Judy rejoins Alanthia. She can barely contain her  
frustration.

JUDY

Aaagh! That...he...aaagh!

Judy grabs Alanthia's fresh ale and drains it, **SLAMMING** it  
back down on the table.

ALANTHIA

Use your words.

JUDY

That guy said that women couldn't  
be heroes. That we weren't built  
for it.

CORALINE

That dick!

ALANTHIA  
How'd you like to prove him wrong?

JUDY  
I thought you said you didn't want  
to be an adventurer.

ALANTHIA  
Let's just say I'm warming to the  
idea.

Alanthia winks at Montoya.

Judy strides to the bar, and grabs the AXE from its placard.

JUDY  
So, what do we have to kill to get  
a drink around here?

EXT. WOODS - LATER

Judy and Alanthia patrol the woods. Judy is excited and  
alert.

JUDY  
Any sign of him yet?

ALANTHIA  
No, you?

JUDY  
No.

BEAT.

JUDY (CONT'D)  
Guess we'd better keep looking.

ALANTHIA  
Right.

They poke at the bushes.

FADE TO:

EXT. WOODS - LATER

**SUPER:** Later

Judy is less excited and alert.

JUDY  
So I said to him, "that's not a  
knife, THIS is a knife."

ALANTHIA  
But that's an axe.

JUDY  
Never mind.

FADE TO:

EXT. WOODS - LATER

**SUPER:** Even Later

Judy and Alanthia THUMB WRESTLE.

JUDY AND ALANTHIA  
One, two, three, four, I declare...

FADE TO:

EXT. WOODS - LATER

**SUPER:** Much, Much Later

Alanthia collapses on a park bench.

ALANTHIA  
Ugh, can we just give up? We've  
been out here for hours.

The bushes STIR behind Alanthia.

ALANTHIA (CONT'D)  
We're never going to find that  
Goblin.

JUDY  
Um, Alanthia...

The Goblin pops up behind Alanthia.

REVERSE ANGLE ON ALANTHIA

As the Goblin FLASHES her, holding his cape wide like a  
trenchcoat! Alanthia's eyes widen with horror, but she acts  
instinctively.

ALANTHIA  
Pétrifier!



A blue glow shoots from Alanthia's staff, enveloping the Goblin who FREEZES RIGID, still holding his cape open.

Judy moves in to investigate.

JUDY  
Wow, way to go Alanthia!

Judy pokes the Goblin.

JUDY (CONT'D)  
This guy's frozen stiff.

Judy's eyes travel south of the border.

JUDY (CONT'D)  
And I do mean stiff. Hey sis, I don't suppose the next time I have a guy over...

ALANTHIA  
No.

JUDY  
Not even a little...?

ALANTHIA  
No.

INT. THE RUSTY NIPPLE TAVERN - DAY

Judy and Alanthia have a celebratory drink with Montoya and Coraline. Judy wraps an arm around Alanthia's shoulder.

JUDY  
My girl never hesitated! Just whipped out her staff and froze that Goblin right in mid-flash.

ALANTHIA  
I didn't even think. The moment I saw it behind me, I just reacted.

MONTOYA  
But did you really have to bring him back to the bar?

JUDY  
It's our first trophy! Besides, he's useful.

ANGLE ON THE PETRIFIED GOBLIN

Who is being used as a coat rack. A cloak dangles from his  
(not visible) petrified penis.

BACK TO SCENE

ALANTHIA

This actually felt really good.  
Satisfying. I think I might like  
being an adventurer.

JUDY

Yeah, wasn't so hard, was it?

ALANTHIA

No Judy. It was very hard.

BEAT. They burst into LAUGHTER.

Coraline leans into Alanthia.

CORALINE

Say, Alanthia, I don't suppose the  
next time I have a guy over...

ALANTHIA

No. Just...no.

FADE TO BLACK.

THE END