

"Knights of New Jersey"

A comedy web series where The Office meets Medieval Times

by Mike Hadley

An Original Comedic Web Series

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EXT. SHEMLOCK RENAISSANCE FAIRE - AFTERNOON

A beautiful wooded glen in central New Jersey. The sounds of a lute and a recorder flutter through on a light breeze as a gaggle of Renaissance re-enactors (or interpreters, as they prefer to be called) stroll across a shaded path. Intermixed with the lords, ladies, peasants and wizards, a mix of suburban families are making their way into the main entrance.

Off to one side, a man in his late 20s is struggling mightily. He's wearing half a suit of armor and is having a terribly difficult time hard putting on the rest. This is SIR ROBERT. His face is sympathetic, he's handsome in an offhand way, and he is in fact the Hero of our story.

SIR ROBERT

Godammit! Never on time. Never on time. Why am I the only Knight in all of Arden Dale whose Squire is never on time?

Sweat is pouring off of Sir Robert as he attempts in vain to clasp the back-plate of his armor to the front. In the distance, a trumpet blows.

SIR ROBERT

Oh, great. On in ten minutes.

Sir Robert turns. In the distance, a man is running towards him, shouting. This is SQUIRE TOM, a chubby 25-year-old with a scruffy beard, dressed in a tunic and leggings.

SQUIRE TOM

(Shouting as he runs)

Sorry, boss! I'm here! We'll make it! I'm here!

Squire Tom puts down a large duffel he's been schlepping and immediately gets to work, proficiently helping Sir Robert finish gearing up.

SQUIRE TOM

Okay, let's see... Backplate looks good. Let me get the pauldrons set properly...

SIR ROBERT

Well?

SQUIRE TOM

Left and right upper vambraces look good...

(CONTINUED)

SIR ROBERT

That's not what I meant. You know we can't be late again. The Mayor's already put us on notice.

SQUIRE TOM

Don't worry about the Mayor. I've got that d-bag covered.

SIR ROBERT

And we're fighting Lord Reston, you know? I need to be properly prepared.

SQUIRE TOM

Lord Reston? Give me a freaking break. You totally got him, Bob. He's fat and way out of shape. He practically telegraph's every move. He's like a hungover sloth on a treadmill.

Sir Robert eases up, and cracks a smile. Squire Tom holds up Sir Robert's sword: it would be fierce, except for the foam and duct tape wrapped around the blade.

SQUIRE TOM

Besides, once he gets a taste of The Doombringer, he'll cry so hard he'll rust out his pauldron.

Squire Tom proffers the blade to Sir Robert.

SQUIRE TOM

Because: "When the shining steel is swung-

No reaction from Sir Robert.

SQUIRE TOM

Come on, Bob. "When the shining steel is swung...

Sir Robert acquiesces.

SIR ROBERT & SQUIRE TOM

"His fate shall be doom!"

The two men smile a moment and then get back to finalizing the details on Sir Robert's gear.

(CONTINUED)

SIR ROBERT

But you were late. Again.

SQUIRE TOM

Yeah. No, I know. "A proper squire is to be first and last attentive to the needs of his Lord, putting them above his own in all things...etc." But the Parkway was insane. A goddam parking lot. I think there's a Bon Jovi concert tonight or something. Or maybe a Giant's pre-season game?

SIR ROBERT

Alright. Okay. Just don't let it-

SQUIRE TOM

Plus I got into it with the Game of Thrones bozos in the parking lot.

SIR ROBERT

Again?

SQUIRE TOM

Why don't they just read the sign: it's a Renaissance Faire. An actual historical period. This isn't comic-con or some bullshit.

Squire Tom kneels down behind Robert to adjust the Poleyns, which cover Sir Robert's kneecaps. His head is the same height as Sir Robert's ass.

SQUIRE TOM

We're the custodians of living history. Actual things that happened to actual people. Not some made up fantasy world. I mean, Westeros: where the hell is that? Can someone, anyone, take out a map and put their finger on Westeros? No. They can't, can they? Can they?

SIR ROBERT

No. They can't. But Tommy: if someone is willing to pay admission to the Faire, and they bring more contempors with them, that's not such a bad thing, is it? More audiences, more ticket-

(CONTINUED)

SQUIRE TOM

-More turkey leg sales? Big whoop.
And thanks for not letting one rip.

Squire Tom stands up and move back to Sir Robert's front.
Almost done.

SQUIRE TOM

I mean, it's bad enough having to deal with the contempos and their "is that armor real? Do you ever take a shower?" Crap. But Game of Boners isn't even real. I mean really: can you imagine putting that much time and effort into emulating something written by a guy who looks like a Hasidm on a river boat and who gets off on killing all his main characters? I mean, Ned Stark was an honorable man! He did not deserve to die like a common criminal!

A ten-year-old BOY walks up to the pair whilst Squire Tom is in mid-rant.

BOY

Excuse me?

Sir Robert steps forward ceremoniously.

SIR ROBERT

Yes, my good man? I am Sir Robert of Arden Dale. How might I be of service?

BOY

Where's the bathroom?

Sir Robert and Squire Tom exchange a look.

SIR ROBERT

(deflated)

Second right after the dunking pond. If you pass the fire breather, you've gone too far.

BOY

Okay. Thanks Sir Robert.

SIR ROBERT

Very well.

(CONTINUED)

Our heroes get back to work. The boy heads off-and then turns back.

BOY

Hey: is that sword real?

Sir Robert and Squire Tom exchange another dispirited look.

SIR ROBERT

Well, this one is sheathed for battle. We don't someone to really get hurt, right?

The kid nods. Squire Tom opens up his duffel, however, and pulls out a magnificent, gleaming broadsword.

SQUIRE TOM

But if you want a taste of reality, check this monster out. Hand-forged by a master swordmaker in Albania, following a dry-wet-dry process and annealed in Bavarian coal drum for over six months. The serrated blade here along the lower edge is perfect for a double-handed torso attack. Slices open the rib cage from here-

He pokes the boy's Adam's apple and swipes his hand down.

SQUIRE TOM

-All the way down, ripping open the entire abdomen. The stomach, liver and entrails, no longer constrained by the abdominal wall, explode out and down, forming a slippery, bloody pile on the ground. Imagine, kid, looking down and literally seeing your own guts in a steaming pile. Your vision starts to blur and your knees buckle and you fall to the ground. And that far off buzzing sound in your ears? As your life ebbs away you realize it is in fact the sound of your own screams.

The boy is aghast.

SQUIRE TOM

Pretty cool, huh?

The boy puts a hand over his crotch and runs off to the bathroom.

(CONTINUED)

SQUIRE TOM

Enjoy your stay, kid! And don't
crap your pants!

SIR ROBERT

Jesus, Tom. Was that really
necessary?

SQUIRE TOM

Just trying to enhance my
historical interpretation for the
lad.

A shirtless man in a black executioner's mask, boots and leggings walks up, sporting a massive double-sided axe. Unlike the stereotypical medieval executioner with a massive chest and hubcaps for biceps, EXECUTIONER RANDY weighs about ten pounds after a big lunch.

EXECUTIONER RANDY

Sir Robert, Squire Tom.

SQUIRE TOM

Hey, hey. If it isn't the kiss of
death himself. How's it hanging,
Randy?

They hug it out.

EXECUTIONER RANDY

Oh you know, same old, same old.
The daily grind.

(He hold's up his axe)

Just trying to get a head.

SIR ROBERT

Nice. But we're in a bit of rush
here Randy.

EXECUTIONER RANDY

Right, right.

Despite the hint, Randy doesn't move along.

EXECUTIONER RANDY

So Tom I saw you representing in
the parking lot. Giving those
Throners hell. But did you see that
chick? The bottle blonde?

SQUIRE TOM

You mean Daenerys, "The Mother of
Dragons"?

(CONTINUED)

EXECUTIONER RANDY

Yeah. That's the one. She could "mother" my dragon any time, day or night.

SQUIRE TOM

As if.

SIR ROBERT

You almost done with the halbert? We've got like a minute left here.

EXECUTIONER RANDY

So let me ask you guys a question.

Randy throws up his fists, showing off his biceps. Sadly, Olive Oyl's got him beat.

EXECUTIONER RANDY

Whaddya think? Notice a difference?

There's a pause as the boys consider their response.

EXECUTIONER RANDY

Been working out at the gym. Got a free trial membership but I've been over there every chance I get. You know, trying to bulk up for the role...

SQUIRE TOM

Oh yeah, brother, those guns are definitely starting to pop.

SIR ROBERT

Completely. You're not in Conan the Barbarian territory yet but I see a noticeable improvement.

EXECUTIONER RANDY

Thanks, Man. It's a popular misconception that executioners were these huge, muscled behemoths, because in fact it's precision that's really required for a clean cut and not so much brute strength. But I think a bit more beefcake will help my interpretation. My goal is: muscular without being husky.

(CONTINUED)

SIR ROBERT

You're on your way then.

EXECUTIONER RANDY

Nice. Thanks, man. Oh. Yeah, one more thing: the Lord Mayor's looking for you guys.

SIR ROBERT

Oh, great. Is this about Tom in the parking lot with the Game of Thrones crew?

EXECUTIONER RANDY

He didn't really say, actually.

SQUIRE TOM

It's not about the Throners. Trust me.

EXECUTIONER RANDY

Speaking of which, a couple of them are heading this way.

Indeed, a couple of fierce looking warrior-types walk up to the boys, dressed in full Game of Thrones regalia. They carry spears, sport vaguely Greco-Roman war gear and are providing an escort for a pretty young peroxide-blonde dressed in flowing robes. This is Daenerys, the Mother of Dragons.

The Warriors stop for a moment, sneering. Sir Robert puts a gloved hand on Squire Tom's shoulder.

SIR ROBERT

(under his breath)

Easy, Squire Tom. Our real battle awaits.

The air is thick with tension, each side waiting for the other to make a move. After a moment, the Throners turn and continue down the path.

SIR ROBERT

Wait!

The Throners turn, ready to pounce.

SIR ROBERT

My lady. I would have words with thee.

Daenerys considers for a moment.

(CONTINUED)

DAENERYS

And who presumes to address the
Mother of Dragons?

Sir Robert clears his throat.

SIR ROBERT

It is I, Sir Robert of Arden Dale.
If I might have a word with your
Grace...

Sir Robert gestures off to his right. Daenerys looks at her
guards, indicating they can relax and walks over to Sir
Robert.

SIR ROBERT

By your garb and you manners, I can
see you are strangers to this
realm. I presume our ways can be
confusing and perhaps even hostile
to those unfamiliar with our local
ways.

DAENERYS

'Tis true, Sir Robert.
(She looks over at Squire Tom)
Some seem to misunderstand our
intentions.

SIR ROBERT

It is most unfortunate. For in
truth, Arden Dale welcomes all who
seek to know its pleasures-even
those from other lands. My lady, I
would wager much that the
differences that separate our
tribes are dwarfed by the values
that we both hold dear.

SQUIRE TOM

(To Executioner Randy)
Wait a minute. Dwarves? Oh, Jesus.
Is that midget Tyrion Lannister
here? Or is he getting all Lord of
the Rings on us

DAENERYS

Your words have the ring of wisdom,
Sir Robert. But as in everything,
it is actions that matter most and
I--

The sound of a trumpet blowing can be heard. Sir Robert and
Squire Tom exchange looks.

(CONTINUED)

SQUIRE TOM

Uhm, pardon me, your Motherness,
but Sir Robert and I need to be
moving along here.

SIR ROBERT

I have a battle to fight. Avenging
the honor of the house of Landrith
against the nefarious Lord Reston
who-

SQUIRE TOM

-Boss, we gotta run.

DAENERYS

I shall hope our paths cross again,
Sir Robert. If you're fighting
skills match the power and
dexterity of your words, I've no
doubt you will emerge the victor.

Sir Robert bows.

SIR ROBERT

My lady.

Daenerys tips her head as she and her entourage walk off.
The boys hastily grab the rest of their gear.

EXECUTIONER RANDY

Wow. That was awesome. She's
beautiful. You were incredible. I
got half a chub just watching the
two of you.

SIR ROBERT

I think I'm in love.

SQUIRE TOM

I think I'm gonna vomit.

The boys scramble off toward their destiny.

FADE OUT: END OF WEBISODE 1

EXT. BEHIND THE MAINSTAGE, SHEMLOCK FAIRE -- AN HOUR LATER

Sir Robert and Squire Tom are splayed out on the grass behind the main stage. Sir Robert leans against a watering trough, tenderly touching a nasty bruise on one cheek.

SIR ROBERT

Godammit.

SQUIRE TOM

You want me to get something for that? There's plenty of ice in that cooler over there.

SIR ROBERT

Godammit. Godammit. Godammit. I had that bastard. I was up three strokes until the last thirty seconds.

SQUIRE TOM

You had him smoked. No question.

A WIZARD, name of Krakes, walks by, talking on a cell phone.

WIZARD KRAKES

...No, no, it's on the second shelf. Next to the rooster sauce. By that leftover Lebanese food. Okay. Greek. Right. Whatever.

The Wizard stops and considers the boys.

WIZARD KRAKES

(into phone)

Hey listen, I gotta run.

(to the boys)

Sir Robert. Squire Tom. Pray tell, how did thee fare on the field of honor?

(to phone)

Love you, babe.

SIR ROBERT

What?

WIZARD KRAKES

How'd it go today?

Sir Robert and Squire Tom are slow to respond.

(CONTINUED)

WIZARD KRAKES

Judging by your sour demeanors, I take it the heavy chains of defeat have shackled both your bodies and your spirit.

SIR ROBERT

I had that bastard, dead to rights.

WIZARD KRAKES

Which bastard in particular are you referring to? There are so many.

SIR ROBERT

Reston.

WIZARD KRAKES

Ah, yes. Lord Reston. I would have thought you would have had the better of Lord Reston. He appears to weigh nearly 20 stone and is well past the spring of his youth.

SQUIRE TOM

He fights dirty. Got a punch in on Sir Robert's balls.

WIZARD KRAKES

Punch to the balls? God's mercy, that man is a toad. And isn't that illegal, not to mention completely lacking in chivalry?

SQUIRE TOM

Only if the judge calls it. Reston's so big, it was hard to catch.

WIZARD KRAKES

What about the bruise on your cheek?

Sir Robert spits.

SQUIRE TOM

That was...my bad. Yeah, turns out the door to the stable opens in, not out, like any sensible door.

SIR ROBERT

We'll call it an honest mistake.

(CONTINUED)

SQUIRE TOM

You are truly a knight of honor,
Sir Robert.

WIZARD KRAKES

Still, a most foul villainy has
befallen you and the fruit of your
loins have suffered, Sir Robert.
Perhaps treating your wounded pride
with a salve or unguent
might...alleviate your bruised...

Both Sir Robert and Squire Tom stare at the Wizard.

WIZARD KRAKES

No. I suppose not. Well, from mine
own experience a good soaking in
some iced water might improve the
outlook in your southern regions.

SQUIRE TOM

Hey, you know that's a thought.
There's that chest full of ice...

Squire Tom pick up a cooler, walks over to the trough Sir
Robert is leaning against and dumps in the contents.

SIR ROBERT

What the hell, Tom?

SIR ROBERT

I think the Wizard here has a
point. C'mon, up on your feet.

WIZARD KRAKES

It would do you well, Sir Robert.

SIR ROBERT

(getting up reluctantly)
What if somebody walks by?

SQUIRE TOM

I'll cover for you. And Krakes, you
keep a look out.

WIZARD KRAKES

On it.

Krakes walks over to one end of the yard and keeps a
watchful eye, and then whips out his cell and begins
texting. Sir Robert looks both ways and gingerly lowers his
drawers. Slowly, carefully, he leans against water trough
and then gently eases his bottom into the water.

(CONTINUED)

SIR ROBERT
Oh, God. The cold, the cold.

WIZARD KRAKES
Take heart, the pain should
diminish.

SIR ROBERT
Yeah, and so will my nuts.

SQUIRE TOM
Well just try and think of it as an
annealing process, like those sword
makers in Albania. After this,
your balls should be rock hard.

SIR ROBERT
Why would I want that?

The LORD MAYOR of Arden Dale approaches. Tall, thin and quite taken with himself, the Lord Mayor is accompanied by his obsequious CLERK.

CLERK
Take Heed, the Lord Mayor
approaches and would have words.

Wizard Krakles rushes in and joins Squire Tom as they move to cover up Sir Robert. Both stand tall and bow in deference to the Nobleman

WIZARD KRAKES
My Lord.

LORD MAYOR
My dear Wizard. Squire. And, ah...

The Mayor peers behind them. From his seated position, Sir Robert waves his hand in exaggerated deference-and nearly loses his balance.

SIR ROBERT
My Lord.

WIZARD KRAKES
Sir Robert suffered a wound in the
tourney, my Lord. His, ah, knee
cap, I believe.

SQUIRE TOM
Patella. Patellas, actually. Both
of them. The pair.

LORD MAYOR

That Reston is a brute, is he not? Still, he continues to win. Whereas the house of Landrith does not. I believe for the 8th time in a row? Perhaps it may be time to consider another occupation here in Arden Dale, Sir Robert. As it happens, we just lost our fire breather.

WIZARD KRAKES

Again? That's like the 3rd one in a month.

CLERK

Another beard burner. Why a man who blows fire would sport facial hair is beyond me.

WIZARD KRAKES

'Tis the fumes, I believe. Turns their brains to jelly.

LORD MAYOR

That's as may be. But my point is this: all of us are merely players here at Arden Dale. The enjoyment of our guests is our guiding light, and our roles and positions are not written in stone. Which brings to mind another issue...

The Mayor looks at Squire Tom.

SQUIRE TOM

Right. Yes. Perhaps we should parley over here, my Lord?

The two walks off and the Clerk begins to follow.

SQUIRE TOM

In private.

Deflated, the Clerk turns back to Krakkes and Robert.

CLERK

Odd. I wonder what that's about?

WIZARD KRAKES

Well as my Lord has stated: roles and positions come with no guarantee. Perhaps he has found

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

WIZARD KRAKES (cont'd)
your services deficient of late and
is auditioning another?

CLERK
What? No. Ridiculous.

The Clerk, worried, steals a sidelong glance at the Mayor and Squire Tom.

WIZARD KRAKES
I'll tell you what's ridiculous:
behold.

The Game of Thrones posse approaches. Sir Robert is mortified, given that his breeches are down to his shins and his ball sack is dangling in a trough of ice water. He stands to run, but the Mother of Dragons is almost upon him. He sits back down.

SIR ROBERT
Oh God. The cold. The cold.

Krakes moves to shield Sir Robert, and bows with a great flourish.

WIZARD KRAKES
Apologies, good people, but none
are permitted passage in this area.

A husky Thrones lieutenant steps forward.

LIEUTENANT
Who dares command the Mother of
Dragons?

WIZARD KRAKES
It is I, Wizard Krakes, First among
the necromancers of Arden Dale.
And, well, you shall not pass!

Daenerys steps forward, bristling.

DAENERYS
And why is that, First Wizard?

WIZARD KRAKES
Well, you see, ah, your ladyship,
this is a backstage area. Guests
are kindly asked to stay within
specified areas. This area is for
performers. And technicians.
Deliverymen and the like.

DAENERYS

I seek one such performer: he is known to me as Sir Robert. I was sure I saw him enter.

WIZARD KRAKES

That's as may be, your Grace, however the rules are very clear on this matter and I must ask you now, and your group, to return to the main space, which you'll find just up the path to your left.

DAENERYS

Is that where I shall find Sir Robert?

WIZARD KRAKES

That is an excellent question and I'm sure the answer is to be found within.

DAENERYS

What? What does that mean?

WIZARD KRAKES

My most humble apologies if my words cause confusion, your Mother, --I mean, not your Mother, as in 'you mother', uh, like unto a bad mother, which clearly you are not one bad mother...

As Krakes prattles on, Daenerys's posse senses insult and edges in close to Krakes. The Clerk attempts to broker peace.

CLERK

Not one bad mother, not three bad mothers, but one wonderful mother--the Mother of Dragons, if I'm not mistaken.

The Clerk bows low.

CLERK

I am the County Clerk and Right Hand to the Lord Mayor, your highness, and it is my great pleasure to welcome you to our beloved land, although I fear it as the Wizard has spaketh--these grounds are off-limits for our

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CLERK (cont'd)
guests and royalty such as
yourself.

Clerk puts an arm on the Queen's shoulder to guide her in the right direction. The Lieutenant growls. Offscreen, a bellowing voice can be heard heralding the approach of none other than Lord Reston, Sir Robert's nemesis.

SIR ROBERT
(to himself)
Oh bloody hell.

As Lord Reston blunders up to the group, we can see that he's changed from battle gear into his work clothes: black khakis and a polo shirt, complete with a name tag. Turns out, the fearsome Lord Reston works for Best Buy.

LORD RESTON
Sir Robert? Sir Robert? I would
have words with thee...

Squire Tom and the Lord Mayor, who have been engaged in an intense discussion off to the side finally turn their attention to the escalating conflagration.

SQUIRE TOM
Reston? You gotta be shitting me.

Squire Tom turns and marches toward the crowd.

LORD MAYOR
Fucketh.

SQUIRE TOM
Alright, Reston. That's enough.
(holds up his fists) You can have
words with these...

The Queen and her posse make way and form a circle.

LORD RESTON
Now, you have every right to be
angry, young Squire. In truth, I
have to come to make amends with
Sir Robert.

Squire Tom keeps marching towards him.

SQUIRE TOM
Oh, you'll be amended, you fat
ferret of a man.

LORD RESTON
Put simply, my good man, I've come
to apolo-

With that, Squire Tom roundhouses Lord Reston right in the balls. Boom. Reston goes down like an anchor at low tide.

LORD RESTON
-gize.

As Reston writhes and clutches his nuts, the Queen and her posse back further away.

LIEUTENANT
That ain't right.

Reston begins to howl in pain like a stuck pig. Sir Robert steps out from behind Wizard Krakes.

SIR ROBERT
Enough! There shall be no more
violence today!

The crowd steps further back, as they are both awed by Sir Robert's command and the fact that his leggings are down by his shoes and his privates are on full display.

SIR ROBERT
Jesus, Tom. If we've learned
anything today it's that it's not
right to go around punching people
in the balls.

SQUIRE TOM
Yeah, well... You hear that,
Reston? Not cool a puncha ballso,
capisce? And uh, bro?

Squire Tom indicates Robert's trousers, which are down on the ground.

SIR ROBERT
Yes, Tom. I know. So?

SQUIRE TOM
So nothing. Whatever.

SIR ROBERT
Reston, you okay?

Reston's still writhing on the ground, clutching his gonads. Deanerys steps forward.

(CONTINUED)

DAENERYS

Sir Robert. I thought you were here. Indeed, it seems I have encountered more of you than I expected.

LIEUTENANT

(snidely) Or less, by the looks of it.

SQUIRE TOM

Hey! You gotta account for shrinkage. His stones have been soaking in ice cold water-and it's all because of this guy, right here!

He indicates Reston, still writing on the ground.

LORD RESTON

I said I was sorry.

DAENERYS

I must admit that I find your customs strange and unusual, Sir Robert. Perhaps it is best if I leave you to them.

With that, Deanerys turns and proceeds from whence she came, her posse in tow. There is a pregnant pause as Sir Robert fully absorbs the humiliation the lingers in the air like a rotten egg.

SQUIRE TOM

Well, at least you really got her attention.

SIR ROBERT

Don't even!

SQUIRE TOM

Right.

They turn their attention to Reston. Sir Robert leans over and helps him up.

SIR ROBERT

C'mon, Reston. I've got just thing for a punch to the balls.

As Sir Robert heads off to the ice trough, the Lord Mayor comes over to Squire Tom.

(CONTINUED)

LORD MAYOR
Well, that was positively medieval.

SQUIRE TOM
Horrific.

LORD MAYOR
You know, I could have you banned
for what you just did.

SQUIRE TOM
I know. That was stupid. But
sometimes, you just gotta do what's
right. So: you still want that dime
bag of Mendocino Kush or not?

LORD MAYOR
Can you make it two? The Bergen
County Witches Coven meets next
Tuesday.

In the distance, Lord Reston can be heard, screaming.

LORD RESTON
Oh God. The cold! The cold!

FADE OUT: END OF WEBISODE TWO

EXT.SHEMLOCK PARKING LOT--DUSK

Sir Robert stands next to the open trunk of his '97 Honda Celica, packing away his gear. He sighs. He's dressed in jeans and a Joe Jackson t-shirt. Just another guy in a Jersey parking lot. A pair of court jesters, each sporting a back pack, walk by, laughing. Sir Robert catches their eye. Suddenly, they get solemn, exchange professional nods. As they walk further away, they break out in laughter. Yeah, they're laughing at Sir Robert. He shakes his head.

SIR ROBERT

Fuck!

He slams the car trunk down. There, suddenly, stands the County Clerk.

SIR ROBERT

What do you want?

CLERK

Oh, hey, man. Nothing. I just-that was a pretty wacked-out scene back there. You handled it well, though, man. Truly. Respect.

Sir Robert just looks at him.

CLERK

So, okay. Well, I hope your, uhm, your-

SIR ROBERT

My balls?

CLERK

Yeah. Them. I hope they're feeling better.

SIR ROBERT

Thanks for checking in with me on that. If you'd like, you can sign up for my twitter feed and get the latest updates. Hashtag bob's balls.

CLERK

Okay. Well. Yeah.

The clerk turns to leave. But then turns back.

(CONTINUED)

CLERK

So I was wondering, did the Mayor say anything to you or your Squire? Not about the big balls controversy, but about me? Not that your balls are big-or small. I mean, I'm sure your balls are big, from a metaphorical point of view but--

SIR ROBERT

Are you saying I have metaphorical balls?

CLERK

No. No. Of course not. I have seen your balls, you know, when the dragon woman was there. They're real. That's a fact.

SIR ROBERT

So...?

CLERK

Yeah. Uhm: am I gonna lose my position as County Clerk? Did the Mayor say anything to you? Or to Squire Tom?

Sir Robert lets the moment hang.

SIR ROBERT

No. Said nothing to me. And I'll ask Tommy, too. But I wouldn't worry about it. You make a great Clerk, by the way.

CLERK

That's a relief. It's strange but this role has come to mean a lot to me, you know? Especially since Sarah and I broke up.

SIR ROBERT

Sorry. Hadn't heard.

CLERK

Yeah, no, why would you? But you get my point, right? I mean, I've only been doing this for about two years. In fact, it was Sarah that got me into it. Seemed silly at first but suddenly it's not just a

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CLERK (cont'd)
hobby. It's kinda like, real life is what you do while you're waiting to come back here, right?

SIR ROBERT
Well, I wouldn't go that far. But I would say that there is something special that happens when a group of people come together, puts aside their day-to-day differences, and work towards a common goal.

Unbeknownst to Sir Robert, a couple of interpreters catch wind of what he is saying and stop to listen.

SIR ROBERT
The door to reality opens just a bit, and you can see that the world can be a little brighter and a little better. We don't have to be ground down by the limitations that pass for normal life...

A few more folks stop and gather to listen.

SIR ROBERT
I mean, the point of Arden Dale is that we can create our own vision of the way things should be, could be, right?

The Clerk nods in agreement, as do the others in the crowd.

SIR ROBERT
And yeah, maybe life in the real middle ages was in fact horrible. People died young and there was probably shit and puke all over place. But the values those people lived for, and fought for, and even died for, those values gave their lives meaning. And that's what I'm after. I want to live in a world where loyalty, courage and honour still matter. And I believe that we create that world, every time we put on a costume, lace up our boots and pick up a sword.

The small crowd that has gathered breaks into spontaneous applause. A couple of them clap Sir Robert on the back as they drift off.

(CONTINUED)

CLERK

See you tomorrow?

SIR ROBERT

I'll be here. Living the dream.

The Clerk walks off. Sir Robert gets out his keys and moves around to the front of the car.

VOICE (OFF CAMERA)

Hey.

Sir Robert turns. There stands Daenerys. Only now, she is dressed in jeans and a simple white top. Somehow, she's even lovelier.

SIR ROBERT

Hey.

DAENERYS

I heard what you said. That was, well, it was amazing.

SIR ROBERT

Yeah?

DAENERYS

That's exactly how I feel. That's what got me into this whole scene in the first place. I wanted to find a place where I could be the best version of myself.

SIR ROBERT

I'd say you found it.

DAENERYS

You have a noble heart and an abundance of courage, Sir Robert.

SIR ROBERT

Actually, it's Bob. Bob Gundy. Nice to meet you...

DAENERYS

I'm Megan Hill. My friend's call me Hilly. But you can call me Megan Hill.

SIR ROBERT

Hmm.

(CONTINUED)

DAENERYS

JK. You can call me Hilly too. So listen, I don't know if you're doing anything tonight Bob Gundy, but I have a friend who's crazy into brewing mead. He's having a little get-together to crack open a fresh keg or whatever it is they brew mead in.

SIR ROBERT

It's a keg.

DAENERYS

Of course. I knew that. Just testing you. But so anyway...

SIR ROBERT

I would be honoured to join you, my lady.

DAENERYS

Great. And I'd be happy to ride with you, if you like. Can you open the door?

SIR ROBERT

Sure.

DAENERYS

Hey. I said: can you open the door?

Robert blinks. Daenerys/Megan/Hilly has vanished. In her stead, on the other side of the car, stands Squire Tom, dressed in civilian clothes.

SQUIRE TOM

Hey, Bobby, you okay? I said: can you open the door?

Sir Robert sighs as the last of his reverie floats away like a dandelion seed on the summer breeze. He clicks the key fob, the car barks, the doors open, and the men get in the car.

SQUIRE TOM

You up for dinner? I'm starving. How about that diner by exit 131?

SIR ROBERT

You know, I'm not feeling too hungry. I think I'm going to call it an early evening.

(CONTINUED)

SQUIRE TOM

Okay. Make sense. This has been a big day.

Sir Robert puts his seatbelt on and starts the car. Squire Tom fiddles with stereo. A Celtic-metal song begins to blast. Sir Robert instantly turns the music off.

SIR ROBERT

No music.

SQUIRE TOM

What? Okay. Sure.

This is going to be an uncomfortable ride. Sir Robert pulls the car out of the lot and heads towards the exit. He shakes his head as he once again reviews the day's events in his mind. Squire Tom points to another car passing them on the left.

SQUIRE TOM

Look at those lame-o's.

Sir Robert looks. The Throners and Daenerys are in an open-air Jeep. Daenerys, still in her royal robes, catches Sir Robert's eye. She smiles. A friendly wave. Sir Robert waves back. He drives on.

SIR ROBERT

You know, I'm actually feeling a bit peckish. That diner sounds pretty good.

SQUIRE TOM

Atta boy.

We cut to a wide shot of the car, as it drives away from us. Celtic-metal begins to blast out the windows as we fade to black.

END WEBISODE THREE: FADE TO BLACK