

"Knights of New Jersey"
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 Faire actors stroll across a shaded path. Intermixed with the lords, ladies, peasants and wizards, are Playtrons (Faire patrons who come dressed in costume) and Mundanes—a mix of suburban families, couples-making their way into the main entrance.

Off to one side, we encounter a man in his late 20. 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. Sadly, he's not having a great day. He's wearing half a suit of armor and is having a terribly difficult time putting on the rest of it with one hand while his other holds a cell phone into which he is barking.

SIR ROBERT

Godammit. Come on, Tommy-pick up,
pick up... You better not be late
this time.

Sir Robert looks at the phone. Shakes his head.

SIR ROBERT

Voicemail. Again. Fuck! (Crap!)

He puts the phone away as a man dressed as a Monk walks by.

SIR ROBERT

Sorry.

The Monk hurries off.

SIR ROBERT

Why am I the only Knight in 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. There's the five minute
warning.

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, gasps for breath and then 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...

SIR ROBERT
 That's not what I meant. Dammit
 Tom, 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 douchebag covered.

SIR ROBERT
 And we're fighting Lord Reston,
 Tom. He's got like five wins this
 season. And he's huge. I need to
 be properly prepared instead of
 sweating my ass off waiting for
 you.

SQUIRE TOM
 Lord Reston? Give me a freaking
 break. You totally got him, Bob.
 He's fat. He's old. He's like a...a
 hungover sloth on a treadmill.
 Plus, he smells like mead-farts.

Sir Robert eases up, and cracks a smile. Squire Tom holds up Sir Robert's sword: fierce, although the blade is blunted for safety.

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.

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."

SIR ROBERT
Exactly. It's a commitment, Tommy.
And not just to me, but to all of
our fellow Rennies. Not to mention
the Mundanes who paid admission.

SQUIRE TOM
Yeah, no, I know, you're right. I
was late. But we had an emergency
with our Scottish IT team that took
forever. And the Parkway coming
down here was insane. A goddam
parking lot. Is Bon Jovi playing
tonight or something?

SIR ROBERT
I don't know. I don't follow
sports.

SQUIRE TOM
Well, thank God the Uber driver
knew a short cut. But: I am truly
sorry, my Lord. I shan't let it
happen anon.

SIR ROBERT

Alright. Okay. But this fight is a big one for us and-

SQUIRE TOM

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

SIR ROBERT

Again? What is it with you and the Game of Thrones fans?

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 Manga 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 are the custodians of living history, not some made up fantasy world with White Walkers or whatever. 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 Mundanes with them, that's not such a bad thing, is it? Bigger audiences, more tickets-

SQUIRE TOM

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

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

SQUIRE TOM

I mean, it's bad enough having to deal with the Mundanes and their "is that armor real? Do you ever

(MORE)

SQUIRE TOM (cont'd)
 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 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.

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 blunted and made for performing here at the Faire. We don't want 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. It's perfect for a two4-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. Imagine, kid, looking down and literally seeing your own guts lying in a steaming pile on ground.

The boy is aghast.

SQUIRE TOM

Pretty cool, huh?

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

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, ah, 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. Executioner Randy! 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 Game
of Throners hell. Nice. But did
you see that chick? The bottle
blonde?

SQUIRE TOM
You mean Daenerys, "The Mother of
Dragons"?

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
halberty? We've got like a minute
left here.

EXECUTIONER RANDY
So let me ask you guys a question.

Randy puts his hand on his hips, preening. He's attempting
to show off his biceps, but 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. It's 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
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, when in fact it's precision that's required for a clean cut. But I do think a bit more beefcake will help my interpretation. My goal is: muscular without being husky.

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.

EXECUTIONER RANDY

Whoa. She's beyond Playtron.
That's true nobility right there.

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.

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. Indeed, our ways can be confusing and perhaps even hostile to those unfamiliar with our local customs.

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 the differences that separate our tribes are dwarfed by the values that we both hold dear.

RANDY

(To Squire Tom)

Did he say Dwarves?

SQUIRE TOM

Oh, Jesus. Is that midget Tyrion Lannister here? Or is he going full Hobbit on us...

DAENERYS

Your words have the ring of truth, 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.

SQUIRE TOM

Yeah, uhm, so anyways, your Motherness, but pardon us because 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 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 against his duffel of gear, 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. Right. Love you too.

(to the boys)

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

Sir Robert and Squire Tom are slow to respond.

WIZARD KRAKES

Judging by your sour demeanors, I take it that victory was not thine mistress on the fields of glory today?

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

Ahh, yes. Lord Reston. I would has't bethought you would have beaten Lord Reston. That gent must weigh nearly 20 stone. And certainly he is well past the spring of his youth.

SQUIRE TOM

I concur, Wizard. Plus, 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.

SQUIRE TOM

Thee art truly a knight of honor, Sir Robert.

WIZARD KRAKES

Still, a most foul villainy has befallen you and the, ah, fruit of your loins. 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, ah, southern regions.

SQUIRE TOM

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

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

SIR ROBERT

What the hell, Tom?

SQUIRE TOM

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 Krakas, you keep a look out.

WIZARD KRAKES

On it.

Krakas 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.

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 5th 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 third one in
a month.

CLERK

Yeah. 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 Krakas and Robert.

CLERK

Odd. I wonder what that's about?

WIZARD KRAKES

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

(MORE)

WIZARD KRAKES (cont'd)
 your services deficient 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.

WIZARD KRAKES
 Quick, man, sit back down. They're
 upon us.

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 only.

DAENERYS

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

WIZARD KRAKES

That's as may be, your Grace, however the rules are very clear on this matter and I must ask you and your, ah, entourage 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, er--I mean, not "your Mother," as in 'your mother', your Grace, but Mother as in...

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

CLERK

Not "your Mother," your Grace, but THE Mother--the Mother of Dragons, if I'm not mistaken.

The Clerk bows low. Daenerys nods her head at him.

CLERK

I am the County Clerk and Right Hand to the Lord Mayor, your

(MORE)

CLERK (cont'd)
 highness, and it is my great
 pleasure to welcome you to our
 beloved land, although I fear it as
 the Wizard has spoketh--these
 grounds are off-limits for our
 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 great.

As Lord Reston blunders up to the group. He's half out of
 his Rennie garb, wearing bit of armor and a modern t-shirt.

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.

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

LORD MAYOR
 (to himself) Fucketh. (Oh shite).

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
 Now hold on, 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.

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 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.

LORD MAYOR

Well, that was positively medieval,
Squire Tom. 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. Even if it's means punching
someone in the balls. 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

Goddammit!

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 the pain in your, uhm, your-

SIR ROBERT

My balls?

CLERK

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

SIR ROBERT

Thanks for checking in. 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.

CLERK

So I was wondering, did the Mayor say anything to you or Squire Tom?

(MORE)

CLERK (cont'd)
 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've seen
 your balls, you know, when the
 dragon woman was there. They're
 real. That's a fact.

SIR ROBERT
 So...?

CLERK
 Yeah. Uhm: did the Mayor say
 anything to you about looking to
 replace me as the County Clerk?

Sir Robert lets the moment hang.

SIR ROBERT
 No. Said nothing to me. But I
 wouldn't worry about it. You make
 a great Clerk, by the way.

CLERK
 Thanks. Okay. I've got a tendency
 to get a little paranoid about
 things. Turns out I don't always
 pick up on "normal" social cues...
 At least that's what Sarah say.
 Said. We broke up.

SIR ROBERT
 Oh. Sorry about Sarah. Hadn't
 heard.

CLERK
 Yeah, no, why would you? But I
 really do like being the Clerk.
 And being part of the whole Ren
 Faire thing. It was Sarah that got
 me into it. I though it was kinda
 weird at first but now--I wouldn't
 want to lose it. You know it's

(MORE)

CLERK (cont'd)

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, yeah, there is something special that happens here when we come together as friends and work towards a common goal.

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

SIR ROBERT

You know it's like this door opens just a crack 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 what the Mundanes think is normal...

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 pretty awful.

CLERK

-Oh yeah. Leprosy. Non-potable water. Open sewers. Tuberculosis. A literal class system-

SIR ROBERT

Yes. Right. Okay. People died young and there was probably shit and puke all over place, whatever. But the values those people lived for, and fought 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

(MORE)

SIR ROBERT (cont'd)
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.

CLERK
See you tomorrow?

SIR ROBERT
I'll be here. Living the dream.

The Clerk walks off and Sir Robert shuts the trunk.

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? Really?

DAENERYS
Definitely. I mean, that's exactly
how I feel. That part about
creating something new with your
friends? 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
Well, you do have a tongue made of
silver, 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.

SIR ROBERT
 Hilly. I like it.

DAENERYS
 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. 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/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.

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

KONJ: LAST TIME ON KNIGHTS OF NEW JERSEY

Note: these are a series of flash cut scenes that to be used at the the intro of each webisode.

We see Wizard Krakes talking on his cell phone.

WIZARD KRAKES

No, it's behind the shellfish.
Next to the clam sauce. What? No,
I did NOT put the Kimchi next to
the Kombucha.

We see Lord Mayor talking with Randy the Executioner.

LORD MAYOR

They obviously don't know who
they're tangling with. I've paid
my dues here. I was a Tavern Boy.
A Town Crier. Hell, I was even a
Wood Elf. Once. But there's no
way in hell I'm going back to Fairy
Towne. No way.

EXECUTIIONER RANDY

I feel you, brother.

We see Sir Robert and Squire Tom are talking.

SIR ROBERT

I can't believe it: Sir
Grindlestiff. Gone. He's been
here at the Faire for like decades,
right?

SQUIRE TOM

Oh yeah. Sir Grindlestiff is O-U-T.
Word is he messed with the funnel
cake vendors. Not smart. Those
guys will take you down
bing-bang-boom. They're worse than
face painters.

SIR ROBERT

Shame. I still remember the way he
could swing a mace.

We see Daenerys talking to her boys.

DAENERYS