

# *The Chosen Boy*

Lordo, The Chosen Boy (Joel) - An ugly, skinny, stupid, talentless boy who has been chosen to be the chosen boy.

Brian Winchester, The Merlin (Charles) - A merlin from across a distant pond who has a magical pen.

Swoggle Cherrypopper, The Goblin Rogue (TJ) - A real rat bastard rogue who is a horny klepto.

Cedar Playfair, the Elvish Blademaster (Elliott) - An elf who has a 20-foot masamune. It's Sephiroth's sword. It's heavy and he pulls it behind him cause it's too long.

Beagle Barnswallow, the Dwarvish Bard (Jesse) - Bard who can't remember the words to his shitty songs. He is also a vampire.

Vizhu Peetsu, The Gunmetal Dragon (Branson) - He's a dragon who likes to eat virgins. He lives on top of Castle Daleburg which is on a big rock near the village of Daleburg.

Extra Characters:

- The Janitor (TJ)
- Dandysuckle (Renee)
- The Young Crone (Charles)
- Sledge the Merchant (Branson)
- The Mother (Margie)
- Oaf 1 (Elliott)
- Oaf 2 (Jesse)
- Oaf 3 (TJ)
- Bandit Leader
- Oswald the Walleyed Bandit
- Birdman Leader
- Birdman 2

[Once upon a time, there was an Old Crone and she said this...]

CRONE: When upon the night so black there blows an ominous wind, and upon the blood moon, which is in the sky when the cold wind blows, and looks cool cause its red like blood, upon the night of the 20th of May, betwixt the signs of the bull and the twins, by which I mean Taurus and Gemini, cause this is the olden days when we still believe in that stuff, on the cusp

of energy, and there will be a village ruled by a dragon who demands virgins, and maybe he has sex with them, I'm not really sure, it's just a rumor, but, be that as it may, there will be a village, and it will be a very fortuitous and star-crossed day when the stars are all in the sky, and like I said there's the blood moon up there, and underneath that bloody moon there shall be a crazy event... the birth..... of THE CHOSEN BOY.

[lightning strikes, music swells]

CRONE: This very chosen boy will be so chosen that no other chosen one before this chosen one was chosen quite like this. There is a good reason why this chosen boy got chosen for something, and we'll tell you about it later. Anyway if you can't tell yet, this is a fantasy world from back in the past, in the olden days. But to us, we're used to living in the olden days, cause it's the only days we know. And it's really important to us, that the chosen boy should be born under the blood moon on the night of the cusp of energy, which like I said, lies betwixt the bull of Taurus and the twins of Gemini. Oh, did I mention that the blood moon is the Moon of Zardor? Also, we call our planet GlaxoSmith Five. But that isn't very fantasy-like, is it? So we won't mention it very often. You honestly don't even need to know or remember that, all you need to know is that this boy was chosen. This chosen boy will be known as the chosen boy by the birthmark that says chosen boy in a sick Old English font across his back shoulder area, and also the number 1 is on his back too. By that I mean that his back looks like a hockey jersey, except with Derrick Rose's number on it. Anyway, that is how you will recognize the chosen—

GRANDSON: Grandma! Shut up! It's bad enough I'm in this shitty house eating this shitty gruel, I don't want to hear about your prophecies again.

CRONE: I'm almost finished!!!! Anyways.... What I was about to say was, his name is, THE CHOSEN BOY!

[lightning strikes again, music swells]

[Idyllic music comes in, of the morning type, birds-a-chirpin', etc. You know the drill. This ain't your first rodeo. The image fades and fades and gets blurrier until the screen is just filled with soft yellow light, and then we see a boy. Really more of like, a guy, really.]

MOTHER: Lordo? Wake up, Lordo! It's your birthday!

LORDO: Huh? Oh, good morning Mom. What time is it?

MOTHER: It's already 13:25! Time to wake up!

LORDO: Danggit, I slept through more than half of my birthday! That's not an auspicious beginning to my 33rd year on this earth.

MOTHER: It's your birthday, Lordo, you can do whatever you want, homie! You were born under the bloodmoon betwixt the bull of taurus and the twins of gemini on the cusp of energy on this very day of the 20th of May.

LORDO: That I was. Anyway, what did you get me for my birthday?

MOTHER: Here you go. Go ahead and open it! Click X to interact with items and people.

LORDO: What the fuck are you talking about?

MOTHER: If you want to invert the controls, you can do so in the settings menu.

LORDO: Are you feeling okay? Did a wizard do a memory wipe spell on you again?

MOTHER: Do you want to skip the tutorial?

LORDO: Seriously, you're freaking me out right now...

MOTHER: OK then. Why don't you click X to interact with your gift.

LORDO: Um...Okay.... Fine.... Here goes nothing!

[LORDO clicks X, opens the gift, and he finds a bunch of stuff in there. There is like, 5 potions, 50 gold, and some adventuring gear, which includes some leather armor that just screams "lvl. 1," and a wooden sword.]

LORDO: Oh Homie!!!

MOTHER: It's some basic adventuring gear! This is what all the great adventurers start with!

LORDO: That's so sick. I can't wait to go on my adventure! It's so fun being the chosen boy.

MOTHER: Well, let's not be crazy. It's not conclusive. It's like, just because you have a disgusting birthmark on your back that is the words 'CHOSEN BOY' right in the middle of your shoulders and also you have a number 1 underneath that in a way that looks sort of like a hockey jersey, it doesn't prove you're the chosen boy.

LORDO: But it's exactly as the old crone described!

MOTHER: Well, she's like 35. That's barely crone age. At best, she's like, the world's youngest crone. So we don't even know how good her prophecy is.

[Just as THE MOTHER explains to LORDO that he may or may not be the Chosen Boy a serendipitous rap-rap-rap happens upon thine Chosen Boy's very door.]

LORDO: Is that someone a’rapping upon the door?

BRIAN: Yes, it is !!! Brian Winchester the Merlin of this very village of Daleburg, a-rap-rap-rapping upon thine door!

LORDO: Brian the Merlin! I’ve seen you around town while I’ve been growing up these past 33 years. What brings you here?

BRIAN: Well as you know, in this village, you become a man at age 34. So now that you’re 33, I just wanted to check out your birthmark that says Chosen Boy. Cause, if it’s true that you’re the chosen boy, then there’s a really important task for you to do.

MOTHER: Let him down softly, Brian. He’s really invested emotionally in being the Chosen Boy. There’s no way ever it could be my son, even though he’s the only person in town who doesn’t have a walk cycle. Some people just have that “it” factor, you know? And Lordo don’t have it. I love the boy but he just doesn’t have the stuff. This kid sucks!

BRIAN: OK well. Let’s pop that shirt off and let me get a look at that sucker. I’ll see if it’s the real deal.

LORDO: OK.

BRIAN [with disgust]: Oh. Oh my god. Yo. This is it. This is the chosen boy.

MOTHER: This sounds like the beginning of an okay adventure. Nothing to write home about, but worth maybe a story in a bar or something.

BRIAN: Quickly, we must away to the town square to let the peasantry be aware that thou art in fact the fabled Chosen Boy of legend.

LORDO: Huh? Wassup?

BRIAN: Let’s just go to the center of town and tell everyone about this stuff that is happening.

[We see them go to the town square, there’s a bunch of peasants there, walking in predictable patterns and talking about the wheat harvest or whatever. Some of them have bowl cuts and are crosseyed and are talking about their favourite dirt mounds. In the middle of the square, there’s a raised platform that’s usually for executions or the auctioning of goats or virgins. But today, it was going to be where they announced about the Chosen Boy.]

BRIAN: Everybody of the town, we have long awaited the arrival of the chosen boy. Anyway he’s been here for 33 years, but now he’s ready to really do his thing. Please, everyone check him out, his name is LORDO. He may not be the best boy, but he’s simply the most chosen boy.

He's not very handsome. Skinny. (shrugs, peers at audience) SKINNY. Short. A little short. Not the sharpest tool in the shed either. Wishy washy. WISHY - WASHY. Never seen him around a hot girl before. Stinky. STIIIIINNKKYYYY.

LORDO: Come on man...

BRIAN: Anyway, the old crone would be happy to know that the prophecy has been fulfilled.

CRONE: I'm only 2 years older than the Chosen Boy. I'm not that old.

BRIAN: Whoa. Did you make the prophecy when you were two? That's wild. Anyway, let us all join together and—

[Suddenly, the sky darkens and a large shadow is cast upon thine very village of Daleburg.]

OAFISH PEASANT: Wha da fu?

OAFISH PEASANT 2: Me no know.

OAFISH PEASANT 3: Oi, we under attack we is.

[From above, the evil dragon Vizhu Peetsu appears, who is of gunmetal in color. They wouldn't know he was gunmetal colored back then because it was the past before guns, but you know that color from the present. Actually, if you are listening to this, that means you are from the future. So maybe guns are colored different for you now. Basically it is the color of a stealth bomber. He flies in directly from Castle Daleburg.]

LORDO: Oh snap!

BRIAN: Aahhh shit. I forgot about this guy. It's Vizhu Peetsu, the dragon who rules over our town from his castle way up high upon the rock.

CRONE: We've suffered under the lash of this Dragon for years now. 35 years, but who's counting? Maybe this boy can—

[The massive dragon VIZHU PEETSU lands suddenly and the resulting shockwave makes the entire village tremble. VIZHU roars, turning his attention to the town square.]

VIZHU: What the fuck are you guys doing? I said you had to clear all of your stupid peasant announcements with me. You guys are constantly wasting time. Last week you tried to have that donkey shit festival and, let's be honest, it was fucking unsanitary.

BRIAN: Sorry, I forgot to ask you. I smoke A LOOOOOOTTT of silly wizard weed, and it makes me stupid. Heh, I mean, while we're on the subject, wanna toke? It makes you feel stupid and has no downsides.

VIZHU: Nah, I'm good bro. I'm more concerned with how I had only one simple demand after I took over this shit hole of a village, and you are failing to deliver me virgins.

CRONE: Vizhu Peetsu... the evil dragon who rules from Castle Daleberg. You are a fiend that robs this village of its virgins. We scarcely have any virgins left. I might be the only one.

[Everyone laughs]

VIZHU: Damn you're still alive? You're so old as fuck!

[The peasants and denizens of Daleburg are shaking in their proverbial boots at the Gunmetal Dragon. Most of them have shit and pissed their trousers in fear. It stinks. A lot. Everyone smells it, but they all feel sort of guilty and self-conscious, so no one says anything.]

OAF 1: Have mercy big lizard!

OAF 2: I have soiled my worst doublet!

OAF 3: I'm going to hold my breath so it can't see me.

VIZHU: Enough! This brattle bores me! I am tired of having to come down here and threaten you stupid and dirty people. I need those VIRGINS I asked for. Like, 2 maybe 3 if I wanna be bad. Where are they?

[The villagers begin to murmur rumors to each other about how the dragon probably fucks the virgins, which is super weird and gross.]

VIZHU: I'm sorry, hold up, I'm sorry, what? What the fuck are you fucking dirty apes doing speculating about anything I fucking do with your patchy beards and your constantly soiled doublets? You think \*I\* would FUCK these things? You fucking seriously believe I would spend my time fucking you nasty little chicken nugget people? Look at me. Look at you. I could fuck whoever I wanted in the entire fucking universe. I would NEVER fuck you. You could NEVER make me cum. There is a secret nest for horny dragons outside of Daytona Beach where they not only lez out, but they also get freaky with their big tongues and do nasty shit. The kind of shit that makes you wanna nut. I'm like, Oh My God, she's doing some shit to my shit and I don't even know what she's doing and I'm just like, head back, beer in hand, loving every second of it. Understood?

[5 seconds of silence pass]

OAF: Well what you do wit em?

OAF 2: He's probably shaggin em!

VIZHU: You think I'm rogering slags for the goofs? Please. I eat them.

OAF [turns to OAF 2]: Is that better or worse?

OAF 2: Me no know.

LORDO: Am I still the Chosen Boy oooooo...?

VIZHU: SHUT THE FUCK UP!

BRIAN: No wait. He makes a good point. I think he's the chosen boy, cause he's gonna stop you and save our village. And end the evil tyranny of your evil reign.

VIZHU: Chosen Boy... you wouldn't happen to be a virgin would you?

LORDO: Are you trying to fuck me?

VIZHU: I would never fuck you. No one should ever fuck you. You should have listened to my disgusting speech about the Daytona Beach dragons. I heard what the other guy said. You. are. STINKY. (reading the letters individually) S T I N K Y.

BRIAN: Hey man. This is kind of awkward but, we don't have any virgins right now. You ate all the ones we had, and the rest stopped being virgins cause of fucking. But like I can smoke you out instead. I got this Cali shit, my cousin grows it out there, it's like a really heady wizard high. It's called silly wizard weed and I really like it.

VIZHU: Look, I get it. I eat - EAT, NOT FUCK - a ton of virgins. So, I get it. I'm a reasonable guy. But surely you must see this from my point of view as well. You guys were good early on. I got a virgin a day for a couple months. That rocked. But now, let's face it, you guys are not only sending me not virgins and telling me they are virgins, but frankly, and I hate to say it like this, but you are sending me straight up sluts. Like, seriously guys. Like face down ass up SLUTS. And I tell you what, I'm trying to eat these sluts and it is stringy and gamey and they are all gristle. And they stink because of what YOU did to them. And I'M the one holding the bag on all these fake virgin hard-bodied crazy fucking sluts. It is just not right. So maybe you guys could cool it on the sluts and send me, you know, if you can't get virgins, get like... Floozies max. Once around the bend is good too, honestly. Whatever you got. I'm reasonable. But if a virgin shows up, send em my way.

BRIAN: Alright well. I bet we can find you a virgin by nightfall. Cause there's this forest over there. And they have a lot of faeries who are very prude and chaste of loyalty true. So I bet we can find one for you that has never fucked or sucked on anybody.

LORDO: Hey that ain't bad... Don't mind if I could get in on that action too.

BRIAN: Yeah that's what I was thinking. Cause if you're the chosen boy, I bet somehow that will help us out eventually. But we need some adventurers...

VIZHU: OK well I'm going to breathe my dragon breath on you and go away. But you better have me a nice virgin by nightfall or I'm gonna start killing everybody.

[VIZHU starts breathing fire everywhere, really getting into it and rearing his head back, shooting some into the air, sweeping back and forth with it, really making a meal out of it, really indulging himself. The peasants all start to scatter, but LORDO and BRIAN and a few hardier adventurers start to hold their ground.]

BRIAN: Iptus Facto Remorium!

[BRIAN raises his famous Merlin Pen and writes a spell out in the air as blue light begins to form the shape of a shield.]

BRIAN: This is my wizard pen. I use it to do my wizard stuff like casting spells and signing my rent check.

LORDO: Don't just save us! Save the rest of them!

BRIAN: Oh man, that's such a Chosen Boy thing to say. I got a good feeling about you, Chosen Boy. But, nah. I'd like to save those guys but my stomach hurts a little bit so this is all I got. But I think they can defend themselves. Let's look at them now and evaluate their different skills as they all individually respond to this unique problem of fire being sprayed everywhere.

[BRIAN and LORDO see a man nearby. He is short of stature, but thick of girth... he's a fucking dwarf, like not a short person, but like the fantasy race or ancestry of a dwarf. Whatever. Anyways, he walks up with a cool mauve solidbody Jazzmaster complete with tremolo bar, Fender V-Mod II Jazzmaster Single-coil pickups, a deep C maple neck, a rosewood fingerboard, a Gloss Polyurethane body finish, and a 9.5" radius, whatever that means. As the flames seemingly overwhelm him, he emerges unscathed and he is playing a sick riff when he approaches

[Someone sing the riff of RHCP's can't stop]

LORDO: Ohhh, HOMIE! And whoms't might you be?



BEAGLE: Pretty sick right? My name is Beagle Barnswallow, the Dwarvish Bard, and I go around playing my shitty songs for whoever will listen. They aren't great, but they are my songs and I'm going to stick with them.

LORDO: Righteous.

BEAGLE: Hey, are you some kind of Chosen Boy or something?

LORDO: Yeah actually, it turns out I am.

BEAGLE: Oh man. I'd love to sing a song about you. It won't be good, but it'll be something. It'll be fun. It might make you feel pretty cool. Whoa, the dragon is coming back around! Get down!

VIZHU: That's right. Here comes another volley. Things are about to... HEAT UP!

LORDO: He's going right at that guy - look at the size of that sword!

[VIZHU flies down to a horizontal glide and starts blasting fire breath at mysterious warrior, he remains stationary and calm as the dragon approaches. He is a despondent elf about 6'2 who is wearing one of those flag things attached to his back and pulling along a 20 ft long Sephiroth sword. He looks super cool and as the dragon approaches, he hoists his large sword and starts spinning it. It looks like he is trying to dispel the flames before he reaches him, but instead he takes off like a helicopter from the big sword and dodges all the flames nimbly.]

LORDO: Wow that sword is big!

CEDAR: Uh huh.

LORDO: How big is it?

CEDAR: It's like 20 feet.

LORDO: That's crazy. Glad to have ya aboard. By the way, what's your name?

CEDAR: Aboard what? I just walked up here carrying my family's heirloom sword.

LORDO: I dunno. I was hoping Brian would explain to me soon. But it seems like we're trying to get some adventurers to play and have fun with us so we can stop the dragon.

CEDAR: Brian? Who the fuck is that? Anyways, I'm Cedar Playfair, the Elvish Blademaster.

LORDO: Right on. Right on... Gnarly, dude. Did I mention that I'm a Chosen Boy?

CEDAR: A chosen boy? Or THE chosen boy?

[LORDO looks to BRIAN to see if he answers first because he isn't quite sure, but BRIAN is not paying attention and just exhales a big plume of silly wizard weed.]

LORDO: I'm THE Chosen Boy.

CEDAR: Oh. Say no more. Sounds pretty interesting to go on a quest with The Chosen Boy. Seems kind of weird that you are middle-aged though.

LORDO: Nah, in this town you become a man at 34. I've still got a whole year to do my thing.

CEDAR: Whatever. Hey look, looks like the dragon wants to come back one more time. I bet it is the last.

[VIZHU circles back around to the town square. He hasn't killed anyone yet because they keep doing cool moves and he is getting pissed. He sees a small figure amongst the fleeing crowd, barely three feet tall, and dives down towards him.]

VIZHU: Looks like things are about to HEAT UP. Wait. Already said that one. Looks like it's out of the frying pan and into the FIRE!

[VIZHU blasts his classic fire breath at the sole tiny figure. The tiny lone figure throws off his cloak dramatically to reveal armor as black as night armed with dozens of small daggers. As the dragon unleashes his fire breath, the sole tiny figure deftly darts into a crowd of peasants. As the fire melts the flesh from their bones and leaves their skeletons standing up looking like a bunch of dumb dead pussies, the sole tiny figure begins to cackle shittily. He drops his cloak and reveals his small, pointy green face. He is clearly a nasty goblin.]

SWOGGLE: Oh yes. Another easy win for the nasty fucker. Time to rob these dead dumb people.

[SWOGGLE starts going through all of the dead peasants pockets. He finds a rubber band, some jacks, and a bent paper clip. He opens 3 wallets and gets a total of 7 flies. He also takes some guy's pelvic bone for some reason.]

SWOGGLE: I love being nasty!

[LORDO and BRIAN watch this from some distance away and begin to approach. The dragon has flown off back to the castle, satiated in his destruction. As LORDO and BRIAN near SWOGGLE, he greets them with two of his fingers splayed out and he is putting his long weird snakelike tongue through them and pretending to lick. He is doing the pussy eating gesture that we all know and love.]

LORDO: Nice moves. All the rest of the guys that survived wanted to join up with me on a quest. I'm kind of the Chosen Boy around here. Interested?

SWOGGLE: Heheheheheheh. What do we got here. Looks like you guys are gathering a party. I'm interested. A little about me. I'm a nasty little rock hard moron with sticky fingers and I absolutely adore pulling on my fucking rodney. So what's up? Am I in? If I'm in you should shake my hand.

[LORDO reaches towards SWOGGLE to shake his hand and SWOGGLE pulls out a very small knife. Like comically small. SWOGGLE thrusts the little knife into the palm of LORDO's hand.]

LORDO: Fuck!

SWOGGLE: Gotcha! You need to never trust anyone. That's my first lesson to you.

LORDO: Thank you so much for teaching me. I'm kind of new to this.

BRIAN: OK well. These warriors shall do nicely. This looks like a well rounded adventuring party for us to quest with. I'm really excited to go play in the forest.

LORDO: But I don't know the first thing about adventuring!

BRIAN: But you are the chosen boy. I think you'll do juuuuuuuust fine. Besides, you have the power of my wizard's pen at your disposal.

SWOGGLE: Yes, and you have my nasty little Rodney!

CEDAR: And my 20 foot long Sephiroth sword!

BEAGLE: And my mauve solidbody Jazzmaster complete with tremolo bar, Fender V-Mod II Jazzmaster Single-coil pickups, deep C maple neck, rosewood fingerboard, Gloss Polyurethane body finish, and a 9.5" radius!

BRIAN: All of those things will be very useful in our quest. I believe we should go to this crazy forest I know. I say it's crazy because it's so tricky. It'll mix you up and get you feeling super stupid because it is constantly tricking you. That's why they call it the Tricky Forest. They got some virgin faeries there, they also have something else we might need. I know a guy who hangs around there who gets these crazy icicles that never melt and can puncture the tough dragon scales. Basically it sounds like the perfect thing to stab a dragon with.

LORDO: It sounds fun to play in the forest. I think we should do it.



[5 second pause]

SLEDGE: Anyway, the name's Sledge. I'm the local merchant here next to the Tricky Forest. If you're in the market for snake rope, bungle chunks, tiny twisted pieces of wire, +2 greataxes, little bits of lint, always-burning candles, hubris humps, vorpal swords, cooney corn, balls of dung, stinky fish, crumbs...

SWOGGLE: What kind of crumbs?

SLEDGE: Just CRUMBS. If you're in the market for any of that shit, or pretty much anything else, I'm your guy. I am the premier dealer of sucker shrimp, ugly worms, sections of fifty feet of rope, juggle jumpers, adventuring abacuses, tarnished tumblers, cursed plate armor, sick dogs... Oh hey, Brian. How's it hangin'?

BRIAN: Oh hey, Sledge. Things are good on my end, my man. How's the missus?

SLEDGE: She's dead. Stepped on a puddle in the forest that was actually an incredibly acerbic pile of slime and dissolved right then and there in front of me. But hey, ya win some and ya lose some. What can I do ya for today, Brian? You haven't been around these parts for some time. Looking for more of those bangin' boom shrooms? I'm doing a two for one special!

BRIAN: Oh snap! Yeah I'll take two then. Look. I'm a little low on scratch right now, but I can smoke you out. This silly wizard weed I just got from my uncle in Toronto is crazy. You know how most silly wizard weed is blue? Well this stuff is green.

LORDO: Don't we have more important things to be worried about right now?

BRIAN: Wow that's just a dead ringer for what the Chosen Boy would say. I guess you're right. Sledge we've got a bit of a dragon problem over at Daleburg.

SLEDGE: Ran out of virgins?

BRIAN: Ran out of virgins.

BEAGLE: Our wizard friend here told us that you might be willing to sell us a never-melting-icicle, with which we may slay the dread lizard. And I will now try to persuade you to aid us in this endeavor by playing you a song upon mine very Jazzmaster.

[He begins to sing "Emit Remus" by RHCP, but fucks up the lyrics half way through and kind of mumbles.]

BEAGLE: The California animal is the bear, hmm hmmm hmmm.....

SLEDGE: Wow, that fucking sucks.

BEAGLE: ... I know. I warned you. I warned you all.

LORDO: It was weirdly derivative of multiple genres and just lazily constructed.

SWOGGLE: Clearly uninspired and quickly thrown together. Like you were just trying to cash in a check or something. Not nasty enough for my taste.

CEDAR: Yeah, no passion at all. Just made for a car commercial or something.

BEAGLE: Alright, damn...

SLEDGE: Soooooooooo with the never-melting-icicles. I'm fresh out. Sold the last one I had to a zombie jackal who was coming through last week. Dude was a freak. I usually get mine from the cave in the middle of the Tricky Forest though. You should be able to find some there. Would you like to see my wares regardless? I've been working on a cryptic rhyme that I say before I unveil my goods to adventurers.

CEDAR: That's ok I thi—

SLEDGE:     There once was a merchant who lived in underground  
              He had a big belly from beans that were brown  
              He sold mostly trash  
              Had a permanent rash  
              And no one liked having him around

CEDAR: Wow that's way better than Beagle's lyrics.

BEAGLE: I might steal that if it makes people like me more.

LORDO: Is there a hidden message to that limerick? Is that about you?

SLEDGE: Hey, nice observation. Looks like we got ourselves a Chosen Boy on our hands. Sharp as a tack and quick as a whistle. A little stinky though. Not much meat on those bones.

BRIAN: Oh, totally. We've been over this.

BEAGLE: Kind of has a bad attitude too.

CEDAR: I thought he'd be at least six feet tall.

LORDO: Alright, geez...

SWOGGLE: I actually think he could stand to be nastier. And stinkier. But to each their own.

BEAGLE: Clearly, that's your thing, Swoggle. I mean, if the whole world was nasty, you would just be normal.

SWOGGLE: Oh no. I'd still be nasty.

BEAGLE: No, I'm saying like comparatively. Relatively speaking, --

SWOGGLE: Nope. I'm fucking gross. I got this thing I've been doing with my earwax that--

SLEDGE: Fellas. It's great to sit here and chat, but I've got wares to peddle. I wanted to also say, though, that I expected the chosen boy to be a little smarter. Be that as it may, let me know if you want my wares so I can get on with my day. I found this weird ass frog that I will sell to you at a discount. 90% off. Please take this frog off my hands.

LORDO: Hmm... 90% off what?

SLEDGE: Money, dummy.

LORDO: How much money is what I'm asking?

BRIAN: (nudging LORDO) What do you want the frog for?

LORDO: I don't. I'm just trying to understand what this guy is trying to do. Just in general. He lives in a hole in the ground for Christ's sake.

SLEDGE: Whatever you got. I'm going to be honest. I just need a win. It's been awhile since I had a win.

LORDO: I'll give you one gold for it.

SLEDGE: Whatever. Here's the frog. He's pretty weird if I gotta say so myself. No returns.

[LORDO takes the frog and throws it into his backpack and closes it]

SLEDGE: Well, I guess that's that. Another win for Sledge. Back to hole unless you guys want some beans or you want to buy some string or, whatever.

CEDAR: I think we are okay.

SLEDGE: The hole doesn't look like much. I'll be the first one to say that. But it's a lot of room down there and it is nice and cool and full of worms.

[SWOGGLE's eyebrows raise and he licks his lip a little.]

BRIAN: Alright well. We better hit the dusty trail that leads right into that tricky forest. We've got a fairy to abduct, and an icicle to pluck, and a dragon to kill, and a chosen boy to follow.

LORDO: I don't feel like I've been leading anyone at all.

BEAGLE: You're too skinny.

SWOGGLE: And stupid.

CEDAR: Bad breath. (Does the motion with his hand like something stinks in front of him).  
Stinky.

SLEDGE: Alright well. I hope nothing bad happens. Have fun playing in the forest! Just look out for the Carpark Gang.

[The party had already left and didn't hear any of his warnings about the Car Park Gang. Also, as they are all walking away, you hear them muttering about all of the flaws of the Chosen Boy and how they did not expect him to have so many weaknesses.]

[The party heads through a narrow hillside passage and turns a corner to see the majesty that is the Tricky Forest. It is big as hell and green as fuck. The sunlight in it looks so good and there are flowers and toads and all kinds of shit like that.]

LORDO: I hope we don't get lost in this spooky forest.

CEDAR: Oh how brave of you, Chosen Boy. Don't worry, my 20 foot sword is always dragging behind me. It makes a Hansel and Gretel kind of path in the dirt that we can always follow back home. Like if Hansel and Gretel ate dirt instead of candy. These two people I know.

BEAGLE: Maybe we wouldn't get lost if we chopped down all of the trees in the forest so we could see the forest more better.

SWOGGLE: I want to eat a rat that I find.

BRIAN: (Exhales a bunch of silly wizard weed) That plan sounds good to me.

LORDO: What plan? The rat?

BRIAN: Chilling, you?

LORDO: Not too much, whuddup with you.

BRIAN: Chilling.



SWOGGLE: (even louder this time) I want to eat a rat that I find!

[An ominous squawk pierces through the forest, followed by a squirty fart noise. It is quickly followed by other squawks and squirt farts.]

SWOGGLE: Sounds like my type of scene here.

LORDO: What is that noise?

BRIAN: I just assumed that squirty fart was you, chosen boy. Cause of how you are in general. Just sort of a general loser.

LORDO: Damn you guys are really just laying into me now. Being the Chosen Boy sucks.

CEDAR: STINKY!

BRIAN: OK but who was it actually? Oh I see. It's these guys. They look like some birdmen.

[A flurry of feathers descend from some overhead tree branches and land in front of the party. You can tell that they practiced this move because some of them hit cool poses when they land. They are brandishing stupid and impractical weapons like flails, morningstars, crescent blades, some kind of double sided Darth Maul type sword. One guy has a big rock.]

BIRDMEN: HALT!

LORDO: We stopped when you did your drop move already.

BIRDMEN: We are ROBBERS! Fuck you!

[They all assume battle poses.]

LORDO: I don't think you understand who you are talking to. I'm some kind of crazy Chosen Boy I need you to get out of my way.

BIRDMEN: (murmuring amongst themselves) Chosen Boy? Him? Hmm. I don't know. Hmm. He's too stinky.

[The leader of the BIRDMEN step forth.]

BIRDMAN LEADER: You are no Chosen Boy. I have never even heard of that prophecy. That's like a C tier prophecy. Get out of here with that stuff. We can do this the easy way or the hard way. Give me your stuff.

LORDO: Without my stuff... I need my stuff to accomplish my quest.

BIRDMAN LEADER: Your stuff or [In the middle of talking the leader of the BIRDMEN takes a real quick shit on the ground. It is white and gross and he tries to kick some dirt over it with his talon real slickly] or your life.

LORDO: Hold on man, that's... don't do that.

BIRDMAN LEADER: Do what?

LORDO: You shit right in front of us.

BEAGLE: Yeah, that kind of threw me off too.

BIRDMAN LEADER: I did? I didn't even notice.

BRIAN: You kicked dirt over it. You noticed.

BIRDMAN L: It's all instinct. Don't tell me how I operate. Don't tell me how my own body works. I didn't try to shit. It just came out.

BIRDMAN 2: It's our cloaca-

BIRDMAN L: Don't TELL them about our shit.

LORDO: Okay, fine. It's not a big deal but--

[One of the BIRDMEN shit while LORDO is talking]

LORDO: Okay. Okay. It's just hard to concentrate.

BIRDMAN L: Why?

LORDO: Because you keep shitting.

BIRDMAN L: No I didn't.

LORDO: The other guy.

BIRDMAN 2: I did.

BEAGLE: So you do admit that you can tell when you shit?

BIRDMAN 2: I mean (looks around at the other BIRDMEN. The LEADER seems pissed) I can tell a little.

BIRDMAN LEADER: Stop! You're ruining this whole thing! That's why the only weapon is a big rock!

[Two of the other BIRDMEN start shitting too]

BRIAN: Maybe we should just wait on fighting until you guys get it all out of your system. Because this is insanely immature. Just try to shit for a second.

[All of the birdmen shit at the same time except the leader.]

BIRDMAN LEADER: Don't listen to what they tell you to do! I'm the fucking leader! Fuck this! This entire interaction is hurting my self-confidence. ATTACK!

[The BIRDMEN all charge towards the party, weapons held high.]

[The birdman with the flail approaches SWOGGLE, swinging it menacingly in the air. SWOGGLE turns around and puts his little butt in the air.]

SWOGGLE: Could you flail me on my slimy butt a little? I'm a bad widdle boy. Time for my spanking.

[The birdman is kind of put off by this, and he doesn't really want to do it anymore. In this moment of hesitation, SWOGGLE jabs his dagger into the birdman's neck, drags it down, and cuts off his little chicken breasts. He puts one of them in his pocket in case he wants to eat some raw bird later.]

SWOGGLE: Looks like your bird is cooked. Or I mean, it's still raw, but I might cook it later. In either case, you are now dead.

[The BIRDMAN with a darth maul type of sword comes running at BEAGLE. BEAGLE raises his Jazzmaster and deflects the first blow. They skid away from each other, and both turn to charge again.]

BEAGLE: Good thing you have feathers - because I am about to blow you away!

[BEAGLE begins plucking away a shitty riff on his Jazzmaster. It is very out of tune. The BIRDMAN with the darth maul type sword hesitates as he tries to understand what is happening. BEAGLE keeps plucking away but nothing is happening.]

BEAGLE: Hold on. Hold on. Let me tune it. You had to time to get ready but I didn't so you should let me tune it.

[BEAGLE tunes it and goes mi mi mi mi do so re mi la la do]

BEAGLE: One second.

[BEAGLE starts fidgeting with the guitar and after a moment the BIRDMAN stops waiting and rushes forward to attack. He slices horizontally with the back end of the blade and catches BEAGLE on the arm. He drops his Jazzmaster and rolls to the side.]

BEAGLE: Shit! I'm only a simple Bard, and he has disarmed me of my weapon. I hope nothing bad happens.

[The BIRDMAN rushes forward again against the unarmed BEAGLE. The BIRDMAN leaps into the air to perform an aerial strike. It looks like a direct hit, but right before BEAGLE sidesteps with unnatural speed and seizes the BIRDMAN by the neck. Fangs sprout from his mouth and he bites into the BIRDMAN and begins draining all of his blood incredibly rapidly. Within 5 seconds, the BIRDMAN has been turned into a desiccated corpse and BEAGLE tries to wipe the blood from his mouth without anyone noticing.]

SWOGGLE: Holy cum! Did you just suck that guys blood?

BEAGLE: What are you talking about?

SWOGGLE: You just drank that bird's blood, man! What are you!

BEAGLE: No I didn't. I used a spell. (burps a little)

SWOGGLE: Listen kemosabe, no judgement here. I've drank more than my share of weird stuff. I honestly think it is cool that you are a vampire. I don't know if you noticed this, but I'm a little bit of a brown onion.

BEAGLE: I used my guitar to drain the guys blood.

SWOGGLE: Okay. Where did the blood go?

BEAGLE: I don't think we should talk in the middle of the battle.

SWOGGLE: Alright. You're the boss.

[The birdman with the big rock is running toward CEDAR, trying to get close enough that he can throw the rock at him effectively. However, he is not being very careful, and he trips over CEDAR's 20 foot long sword.]

CEDAR: Hah, I've got you right where I want you!

[CEDAR lifts his sword just a little bit, like 1 foot in the air, and brings it down upon the fallen birdman, chopping off his head and sending feathers flying.]

CEDAR: It looks like your bird is cooked.

SWOGGLE: I already did that one.

BRIAN: Wait I've got one. Hey Cedar. It looks like your sword is pretty mighty. But you know what they say. My wizard pen is mightier than the sword.

[BRIAN takes his wizard pen and writes the word "THUNDERBOLT" in the air, and then a big thunderbolt comes down from the sky aiming at the birdman with the morningstar. However, the thunderbolt hits the tree above him instead, and breaks off a big branch, and the branch falls on the birdman's head, killing him instantly.]

BRIAN: Hah. Looks like the branch doesn't fall far from the tree. That works, right?

LORDO: Uh oh. Here comes the last one.

BIRDMAN: Heheheh! I'm the one with the crescent blade! Or maybe it's called a sickle? You know, the weird one that's shaped like a half a moon or whatever. I'm going to kill you with it!

LORDO: Oh man. I hope my wooden sword is up to the task!

[LORDO and the birdman cross blades, and the wooden sword instantly snaps in half. The Birdman lunges at LORDO and pins him against the ground, with his crescent blade right around LORDO's neck.]

LORDO: Could this be... the end... for the Chosen Boy?

[Out of nowhere, a 20 foot sword appears and chops off the Birdman's head.]

LORDO: Who did that? Whose 20 foot sword was that?

[Standing exactly 20 feet away, we see CEDAR wielding his powerful blade. It was his blade all along!]

CEDAR: Hah. It was me, Chosen Boy.

[Then, SWOGGLE comes over and jabs his dagger into the dead birdman's ribs.]

SWOGGLE: I've got your back, Chosen Boy!

[Next, BEAGLE appears and simply starts stomping on the corpse.]

BEAGLE: Chosen Boy! I do this for you!

[Lastly, BRIAN writes “thunderbolt” in the air again, and does the same move as before, and once again he accidentally hits a branch, and the branch falls on the dead birdman’s dessicated corpse.]

BRIAN: Chosen Boy! When I saw you in trouble, I started writing “thunderbolt” as fast as I could, but it took me a little longer than the rest of the guys.

LORDO: Thanks everyone for saving me. I wasn’t so sure about being the chosen boy at first. But Beagle, when I saw you stomping on that corpse for my sake, I realized something. It doesn’t matter who is the best fighter, or who racks up the highest kill count, or who uses the most thunderbolts. It’s about our teamwork and camaraderie. Even if you guys are better fighters than me, I am more chosen than you, so we all have something to offer.

[With the evil birdmen felled, the party continues venturing into the Tricky Forest.]

BEAGLE: For a tricky forest, our path has been pretty straight forward.

BRIAN: Yeah I’ve been here so many times, I have the path memorized to the fairy den.

SWOGGLE: Where to next?

BRIAN: I dunno, I forget.

LORDO: Maybe we should head over to that den of fairies over yonder.

BRIAN (sarcastically): OK. I guess let’s just all do what the chosen boy says.

[We see a fairy den appearing before them. There’s lanterns filled with pollen, and there’s some mushrooms that are glowing, and there’s some faeries living in a tree. There’s a eeny weeny teeny bikini on the ground. There’s some empty beer cans on the ground, like real cheap beer. There’s a tiny Ford F-150 with some faeries chilling in the bed. And all the faeries are wearing jean shorts that are really short and frayed in the crotch area. The room smells like the kind of Victoria’s Secret perfume that a woman with a Chucky from the Rugrats tattoo would be wearing inside of an Applebee’s in the Florida Panhandle. You know what I mean.]

CEDAR: There’s no way we are finding a virgin here!

LORDO: Maybe one of the real young ones?

BRIAN: Yikes. OK, chosen boy. Pull yourself together.

SWOGGLE: Heheheheh. That's fucking disgusting Chosen Boy. That's the kind of nasty shit I say when I'm rubbing my hard orange rocket.

BEAGLE: Wait... it's orange?

SWOGGLE: Yeah... when I want to FUCK.

CEDAR: Hey, Lordo. You're the Chosen Boy right? You gotta go talk to them.

LORDO: Geeze I dunno fellas. What would a girl like that want with a guy like me?

BRIAN: Do I gotta do everything around here? Here. Watch a pro.

[BRIAN walks over to a fairy who's drinking a Budweiser in the truck bed and has a Brenda Warner haircut. You know, Kurt Warner's wife? Just google it.]

BRIAN: You come here often? Heh. No need to answer. The name's Brian. I'm basically a Merlin. When I'm not doing spells with my wizard pen, I'm hitting the pen. My vape pen, that is, full of silly wizard weed. You ever smoked it before? No need to answer. Just put this on your lips and inhale it.

DANDYSUCKLE: You're coming at me with a lot right now. And I like that. I'm gonna do this silly wizard weed and see what it's all about.

BRIAN: Basically you suck on the pen and then you blow some wacky shapes with the smoke, like elephants or rings. Watch me. [slurp slurp slurp] AAAAHHHH. You see that? I made a purple dragon out of smoke. Now. Don't bring up dragons cause we've got a problem with one right now.

DANDYSUCKLE: You brought it up.

BRIAN: Be that as it may, why don't you hit this shit.

DANDYSUCKLE: Here goes nothin'. [slurp slurp slurp] Aaaaahhhh!!!!!!

[As she exhales, she blows a sort of smoke triptych, one part that shows a sexy beach party with people getting freaky, the second one is a nightclub, but imagine if there was a nightclub where instead of dancing, everyone was getting head, and then lastly, the third part is the famous Jesus dinner, which is not well known on this planet.]

BRIAN: Not great. But you'll get the hang of it.

SWOGGLE: There's some wild nasty stuff going on in there.

[SWOGGLE starts rubbing himself over his pants and he doesn't seem to mind that everyone notices.]

SWOGGLE: Do you like to party, fairy?

DANDYSUCKLE: Oh yeah. My name is Dandysuckle by the way.

SWOGGLE: I'm Swoggle. I'm kind of like if James Bond liked to fuck.

BRIAN: Yeah and I'm Brian. I'm kind of like if James Bond liked to smoke weed.

BEAGLE: I'm just Beagle.

CEDAR: I wasn't going to introduce myself but everyone else did so I'm Cedar.

LORDO: And I'm Lordo, the chosen—

DANDYSUCKLE: Well I'm always down to try new things. Anyone else have something for me to smoke?

SWOGGLE: Well I got this crazy orange thing...

BRIAN: So speaking of partying and being crazy and smoking shit, you ever had a boyfriend, sweetheart?

DANDYSUCKLE: Honey. This Ford F-150 has driven around the forest more times than you think.

BRIAN: Alright. Alright. Are you a virgin?

DANDYSUCKLE: Oh yeah. I mean I've done some hand stuff. You know. Up and down, back and forth.

BRIAN: But not like, too much hand stuff right?

DANDYSUCKLE: Nah I mean... I haven't taken the plunge with my shit down there. Not that business is closed or anything, but if you are some kind of sexy fairy that lives in a Tricky Forest there isn't a lot of beefcake studs to wrangle and ride like the fuck machines that they are. Do you know what I mean?

BRIAN: Oh yeah. Yeah. I know. I hope it doesn't sound like I'm coming onto you, cause I'm not. As it so happens, we actually know this crazy beefcake fuck machine pure pleasure rod who only exists to give women carnal pleasure. Is that something you might be interested in?



DANDYSUCKLE: Hey there's a first time for everything. Including getting wild and freaky with a damn psycho sex god who will rip this shit UP!!!!!!

SWOGGLE: It's getting pretty weird in here. Can I grab your boobs?

BRIAN: Whoa, come on. We're traveling with the Chosen BOY here. Let's keep it PG 13.

LORDO: Now come on, I've had sex before. It was with the old crone. She was a junior when I was a freshman. It was actually kind of a big deal in school, when I told everyone about it.

BEAGLE: I think we are getting off track here. We're making Lordo have to lie about having sex. We should stop embarrassing him. He's already so stinky.

DANDYSUCKLE: I was wondering what that smell was.

CEDAR: He's a smelly boy alright, but he's also our Chosen Boy. Listen, would you want to meet the aforementioned fuck machine that Brian told you about? He's a real looker.

BEAGLE: Yeah, and what was the other thing in our plan? Something about a bicycle?

CEDAR: Icicle.

BEAGLE: Icicle!

DANDYSUCKLE: Oh those never-melting icicles over there in that frozen cave? One time, a dragon walked right into one, and it killed him instantly.

ALL: Pretty good.

DANDYSUCKLE: But that has nothing to do with any of this.

BEAGLE: Nah, I mean. That's great. Let's grab one just in case, before we head back to that fuck machine.

[The party walks around looking at the icicles, arguing about which one has the best shape for stabbing. SWOGGLE is pointing at ones that look like penises and saying those ones look good.]

SWOGGLE: Hey Lordo! Come over here and look at this one!

LORDO: Wassup? Okay I'll be right there.

[LORDO looks over a small ledge at a bunch of icicles that look kind of like penises, just kind of, and as he shrugs he feels a tiny dagger entering his thigh.]

LORDO: Fuck!

SWOGGLE: Gotcha! I told you! I Fucking told you you fucking IDIOT! Don't TRUST ANYBODY! I'm hell on wheels and I'm built to fucking JACK OFF! I feel like GOD!

CEDAR: Here's a really long one, let's use this. Can someone else carry it though? My sword is so big that I can't carry the icicle.

DANDYSUCKLE: I got a crazy magic chest we can put it in for safe keeping.

BEAGLE: What's crazy about it?

DANDYSUCKLE: It's shining like gold on the outside. And the inside is goat leather with a killer sound system in it, if someone wants to play music for the icicle.

BEAGLE: I got all the music covered. I've been singing my shitty songs all over for a long time and I haven't gotten better. It is what it is. I've plateaued as an artist and I accept it because it is all I am.

SWOGGLE: You are also a vampire. I saw you drink that Bird's blood.

BEAGLE: I can't hear what you just said because I'm so excited about our adventure. We should hurry forward and no one should ask me any questions at all about my past or origin.

[With that, the party leaves the Tricky Forest and returns to the village of Daleburg to confront the dragon. But when they arrive, they see a group of six bandits wielding clubs and slamming them badassedly into their open palms. They have green bandanas. Five are crosseyed and one of them is incredibly wall-eyed.]

BANDIT LEADER: Oi! Who the fuck are you? This is our town now!

LORDO: Stand aside you slimy crosseyed bandit fuck, for I am the Chosen Boy!

BANDIT LEADER: Oi, you think you're the chosen boy do ye? I don't even know what that fockin means!

LORDO: It means... Well... I'm not sure what it means either. I was hoping Brian would explain it eventually. Be that as it may, I am going to save this town from you, or the dragon, or any combination of ne'er-do-wells that stand in our way.

BANDIT LEADER: Oi! You couldn't possibly save anyone. You're what? 5'7" soaking wet? I can smell your breath from here! Stinky!

LORDO: Oh man you guys too, huh? Wow, maybe I'm not the Chosen Boy after all...

BEAGLE: Small hands.

CEDAR: Freckles. He's got a lot of freckles too. Didn't expect that.

BRIAN: No sense of humor.

BANDIT LEADER: Oi! Enough with this bullocks! The Weird Eye gang is takin over this wee hamlet and makin it our own!

BEAGLE: The Weird Eye gang? Why are you called that?

BANDIT LEADER: Oi! On the account that were all optically divergent. We were gonna be called the Cross Eye gang since most of us are cross eyed. But Oswald over here is as wall eyed as a bloated catfish on the bank of the Thames.

OSWALD: 'Ello, mate.

BANDIT LEADER: Oi! Let's rob these blokes blind bruvv. Let's show them that—

CEDAR: Everybody duck!!

[CEDAR lifts his sword to prepare for a big 360 degree swing, and all the heroes duck, as well as one of the crosseyed bandits.]

CEDAR: Not you! I meant the heroes!

[The crosseyed bandit stands back up, and with a whoosh of his 20-foot sword, CEDAR swings his mighty blade and swiftly decapitates all six of the bandits.]

CEDAR: Hah. They should have kept their eye on the prize. But now these bandit ruffians can see that the only thing that's been stolen here, was their lives.

BEAGLE: That's right.

BRIAN: Yo. Now that the bandits have been vanquished, it's time to confront the evil dragon whose name I can't think of right now.

SWOGGLE: Vizhu Peetsu?

BRIAN: Nah, I think that's a different one.

LORDO: I'm pretty sure that's the one.

BRIAN: Alright well. We need an insurance policy, in case the icicle doesn't work.

BEAGLE: I thought that's why we got the virgin?

DANDYSUCKLE: Whassup?

BRIAN: Can you go out of earshot for a minute Dandysuckle? This is guy stuff.

DANDYSUCKLE: Yeah I need to take the edge off with a few Marlboro Reds anyway. I'll go stand over there for a while and suck 'em down two at a time.

BRIAN: Great. Great. Anyway, if the dragon eats Dandysuckle, he'll just ask for another virgin tomorrow. So we need a better backup plan.

SWOGGLE: I kind of already made my own plan on the sly.

LORDO: I'm the Chosen Boy. I should be the only one making plans.

BRIAN: But you are bad at it.

LORDO: Yeah, but --

BEAGLE: You're also kind of stinky.

SWOGGLE: Can I say my plan? Basically, I think we should poison Dandysuckle so that when the dragon eats her, he dies. Also, I already poisoned her, but don't tell her.

CEDAR: Wussup? When did you poison her?

[Harp music signifying a flashback begins to play.]

SWOGGLE: Dandysuckle you are straight up a bubble butt Instagram baddy.

DANDYSUCKLE: I don't know what any of that means but it sounds flattering.

SWOGGLE: Can I do finger stuff with you?

DANDYSUCKLE: Heck, I'm not one to say no to a good time. I'm game to throw some fingers back your way hot shot. But where? We left my Ford F-150 in the forest.

SWOGGLE: Heheh. Just follow me behind that tree. [quietly] Little does she know I put some poison on my finger...

DANDYSUCKLE: Wussup?

[The harp pulls us out of the flashback]

SWOGGLE: After that, you can imagine what happened. It was freak nasty and I had my tongue wagging in the air the whole time. My nipples damn near cut through my fucking armor.

LORDO: You think the Dragon will be able to tell?

SWOGGLE: Who cares. My life is a permanent vacation with no rules and no strings attached.

BRIAN: OK, let's call Dandysuckle back here and go to the castle. That dragon is about to taste his last meal... But he doesn't know POISON is on the menu.

DANDYSUCKLE: Wussup?

[Cut to the interior of an incredibly large and dusty castle. We see a lone human with a broom and a mop, sweating buckets as he struggles to clean the large castle alone.]

JANITOR: All day I tediously toil in this big big castle. But somebody's gotta clean it. It ain't much, but it's honest work. Who can say that nowadays. This stone floor isn't going to mop itself. Except on the third floor, which is magical and does mop itself regularly. I wish there were glass windows in this castle, or at least screens over the windows. Cause leaves and dirt and stuff is always blowing in here and my job never ends. Oh well. Also I'd like to see the sky again. Been a couple years. This dragon works me to the bone. But it's better than turning into bones of a skeleton, if he were to use his fire breath on me. Listen to me. A crazy janitor, yammering on, when I got so much work to do! Oh my god! I'm never gonna get this castle done! Ahhh well. It's a weird job but I'm a weird guy and I'm doing it for an important reason. I hope that one day the dragon will let me ride on his back. I hope someday I have the courage to ask.

[Back outside the castle, the party arrives.]

LORDO: I can see the dragon up there, but I don't think he sees us yet.

BRIAN: Let's just throw rocks at him till he notices.

SWOGGLE: Take this, you nasty worm!

[SWOGGLE hurls a rock, and it sails through the castle window. Somewhere inside, we hear the JANITOR yowling in pain.]

JANITOR: Yoowww!! Got me!!!!

CEDAR: Keep going! We'll get his attention eventually.

[After another dozen or so rocks all go sailing through the same window, nailing the janitor repeatedly on his proverbial noggin]

JANITOR: HOOOO!!!! Mama! Got me again! Ruth! My dead wife Ruth! Even though I'm still a pretty young guy! I'm comin' for ya! Cause these rocks are gonna do me in!

[finally one rock goes over and taps the dragon.]

VIZHU: Ah man. What's this rock doing? Did it fall upward at me? Or did someone throw it? Better have a look.

LORDO: You see me now Dragon! Meet your fate!

VIZHU: Who are you again?

LORDO: Lordo. You gave me a quest yesterday?

VIZHU: Doesn't sound like me.

BRIAN: See, I knew we had the wrong dragon.

VIZHU: Nah I mean, I just forget sometimes. I give so many quests. Lordo, Lordo, Lordo... Still not ringing a bell. What's your last name?

LORDO: My name is Lordo. Lordo DaRings!!

VIZHU: Still not doing anything for me.

CEDAR: Are you kidding me man? Lordo DaRings?

LORDO: Well that movie hasn't come out yet, so it's OK. It's still the olden days.

BEAGLE: What movie?

LORDO: Exactly.

SWOGGLE: What's a movie?

LORDO: Exactly.

BRIAN: Dragon!! My name is Brian! I am here with my wizard pen to defeat you! Now come a little closer so I can reach you!

VIZHU: Nah I don't think I'm gonna do that. Uhhh... Maybe if you've got a virgin I'll come over there.

DANDYSUCKLE: What am I doing here again?

LORDO: Say Dandysuckle, you're a virgin, right?

DANDYSUCKLE: Yeah. I really don't feel well right now.

SWOGGLE: Man if I was a hungry dragon, I'd eat her quick.

VIZHU: I think you guys should take that poisoned virgin to the hospital.

SWOGGLE: She's not poisoned. I don't know what you are talking about.

VIZHU: Well if you say so, I guess I could eat. Maybe I'll have a nibble.

LORDO: Oh go right ahead.

DANDYSUCKLE: Aww man. If I was feeling better I'd fight back.

[VIZHU swoops down from the castle heights to get face to face with our heroes in the courtyard. He puts on a big bib, and grabs a big dragon-sized fork and knife.]

VIZHU: Soup's on.

[BEAGLE starts sliding over the magical chest containing the icicle. At the same time, VIZHU takes a big bite of the fairy, and eats the top half of her.]

VIZHU: Hmm. Tastes a little poisoned. Besides, I'm already full. I couldn't have all this. What did you guys do to her? I think... (chews a little) did a goblin just finger her? And did a... did a vampire do it too.

BEAGLE: Vampires aren't real. Shut up. Let's stop talking about it. You guys are all obsessed with it and it's boring to me. It's fake. Phonies. Whatever.

BRIAN: Lordo, Now!!!! Grab the icicle from the chest!!!!

[LORDO lunges at the chest and flips it open, only to see that the icicle has melted, and there's just a bunch of water in there.]

LORDO: Aww nuts.

VIZHU: Hah! It appears you're all out of plans. And now I'm feeling playful.

[The dragon breathes fire all over the place.]

SWOGGLE: I got a plan!

[SWOGGLE starts dragging the lower half of the fairy into the other room.]

CEDAR: Alright, he's useless. I'm gonna swing my big sword and see what happens!!

[CEDAR swings his sword in a big 360 and completely misses the dragon, accidentally slicing swoggle in half instead.]

SWOGGLE: Yeeeeoowwwwchhh!!! He got me!

[Desperately, SWOGGLE starts trying to reattach his top half to the fairy's bottom half to no avail.]

SWOGGLE: It's gonna fucking work... BLECCHHHH. It's... I'm done for. Don't bury me. Just feed me to some dogs on the street and make sure some kids see it so they get really freaked out. (Dying noises)

BRIAN: Never mind him! A swing of my wizard's pen will fell this beast!

[BRIAN starts to write "thunderbolt" in the air, but he typos it as "thunder-bot" and a lightning robot appears before them. The dragon easily breathes some fire on it and melts it. As he does this, he ends up right next to BEAGLE.]

CEDAR: His neck RIGHT THERE. Just bite him on the neck Beagle!

BEAGLE: Huh? Why would I do that? I'm going to sing him a song instead. Been around the world, to California, something something, shoulda warned ya.

VIZHU: AAaggghhh what is this infernal noise!?

[Angered, VIZHU sprays flames everywhere and roasts BEAGLE to the bone, killing him instantly.]

CEDAR: But he's a vampire, I didn't think that would—

VIZHU: He probably died because there's garlic in my dragon breath. Without any virgins around I've been eating pita bread, hummus with a little garlic, things of that nature.



LORDO: Checks out. Anyway. Looks like it's all up to me, the chosen boy. But what can I do? The icicle melted, the virgin is, let's face it, she's had better days. And let's be honest here. I AM a little stinky. I can't help it. But I'm the chosen boy. Think... Think... THINK chosen boy!!!

[While the chosen boy is yammering on, the dragon lunges at him, with his fearsome fangs right in LORDO's face. Out of pure instinct, the chosen boy reaches into his pocket and grabs the frog he got from the merchant earlier—You remember that? Hope you were paying fucking attention because we worked really FUCKING hard on that twist—Anyway, LORDO tosses the frog right down the dragon's throat and takes him aback.

VIZHU: That's your move? That's all you got. That's just a frog. It's too small for me to choke on or anything. Wait a sec. What's this? This frog... It tastes... Let's be honest, really, really slutty. Like the sluttiest creature on earth. Where did you find this frog? Some kind of slimy amphibian sex orgy? How could this frog be so slutty? Did Wilt Chamberlin own this frog, and bring him around with him, fucking the other frogs he met? Did this frog go to Daytona Beach four times a year? [cough cough] He was even wearing a condom? [he coughs out a tiny, frog-sized condom]. This is not gonna be good for my stomach, let me tell ya that.

[Then suddenly, there's a ton of explosions—like a whole cluster-style explosion of tons of explosions rolling through his enormous body. Also in the explosion, CEDAR dies. However, LORDO and BRIAN manage to get away.]

LORDO: Brian! Brian! We did it! We slayed the evil dragon!

BRIAN: That's right, Chosen B—

[Just at that moment, BRIAN keels over and dies, cause he took too big of a hit of his silly wizard weed. He was the first person to ever die from it. Cause he did soooooooooo much.

LORDO: Damn. Even Brian didn't make it out of this difficult battle...

[LORDO walks over to Brian, whose eyes are open after dying. Instead of closing his eyes, like we might do on our planet, he opens his mouth, to make BRIAN's face look eeeeeeven sillier.]

LORDO: I guess I'm the only mother fucker real enough to survive out here.

JANITOR: Don't forget about me! I'm still alive. But you guys made a huge mess. It's gonna take me forever to clean this up.

LORDO: But janitor. You're free. You don't have to do anything.

JANITOR: You don't understand—my dream is ruined. Now I'll never fly on the dragon's back.

LORDO: Hey janitor, you know how I'm the chosen boy?

JANITOR: No, but go on.

LORDO: Well. I never knew what that meant, until now. You see... I feel a change coming on. I think... Wings... Are growing... From my back... Angel wings... I can fly! I CAN FLY!!

[The JANITOR takes off his newsboy style hat and clutches it to his chest.]

JANITOR: Chosen boy! You're a flying boy!

LORDO: That's right, I can fly! I'm the chosen boy! And I CAN FLY!! Come on Janitor—HOP ON!

[Camera pans on the janitor's face as a single tear rolls down.]

JANITOR: Ruth. My dead wife. We did it. I made it. My dream—OUR dream—It's coming true!! You truly were, The chosen boy!!!!

~~THE END~~