

**12 FANTASY COURT**

*Shit Draft*

written by

Grant Lease

COLD OPEN

OVER BLACK

An almighty ROAR gives way to POUNDING FEET --

INT. NIGHTMARISH HALLWAY - NIGHT

Alarms blare as our CLOAKED HERO -- face hidden -- bolts down a cramped corridor. GUARDS in hot pursuit. AN AXE drops from the ceiling. Trap. He jukes -- keeps moving.

Rounds the corner -- A HORNED DARK ELF cuts him off. Hero considers a moment. BREAKS through a nearby wall like nothin'

IN THE NEW HALLWAY

Dwarven guards are already in hot pursuit.

DWARF GUARD  
Stop! Traitor!

Our Hero quickly outpaces his pursuers.

DWARF GUARD 2  
His legs are so long!!

BOLTS OF MAGIC bounce off the wall behind his head -- spellcasters -- as he rounds another corner.

Dead end.

He turns to face his aggressors. A WEREWOLF leads the pack.

WEREWOLF  
You're trapped, scum.

With Werewolf in front of him, we finally see our Hero's size -- 7 feet all. All muscle. He SNORTS a blast of hot air.

WEREWOLF (CONT'D)  
Do it. I dare you.

Our Hero shakes -- tense -- dying to lay him out. A single punch could knock him out cold. Then --

He puts his hands in the air in surrender.

WEREWOLF (CONT'D)  
That's what they said you'd do.

A MAGIC TAZER knocks him out cold.

INT. MYTHICAL TRIBUNAL ROOM - NIGHT

A captive audience of mythical creatures fill the macabre room. Our Hero, bound in chains, is led to the center. Another wizened Werewolf stares him down, in judges robes.

The guards pull back their captive's hood to reveal TWO-STEAK THE ORC, green-faced, tusked, and built like a brick shithouse.

JUDGE WEREWOLF  
TWO-STEAK THE ORC! You stand  
accused of crimes against  
Mythmanity.

Two-Steak opens his mouth but is instantly --

JUDGE WEREWOLF (CONT'D)  
SILENCE!! You've said enough  
already. Isn't that right,  
Brumswinda?

In the stands, a SAD FEMALE ORC cries.

JUDGE WEREWOLF (CONT'D)  
That's what I thought. Now, though  
I ought to turn you over to the  
Dragon Shrikes of Garthun'gu'ul --  
which we all know I love to do --  
I'm feeling generous today. Any  
ideas?

A DRAGON flies from above and spells the word 'EXILE' in fire. Two-Steak lets out a powerful GRRR but doesn't speak.

JUDGE WEREWOLF (CONT'D)  
That's right. Exile. Thank you  
pooky.  
(he gives dragon a snack)  
Now, you vile turd, what do you  
have to say for yourself?

We get in close on TWO-STEAK. Furious. About to boil over. The crowd quiets.

TWO-STEAK  
(putting on glasses)  
Noted psychologist Carl Jung was  
often quoted as saying --

Dragon ROARS, as does Judge Werewolf.

JUDGE WEREWOLF

Stoooooop! Jesus. This is exactly why you must leave our kind. You were never truly one of us, orc. You're an angry, barbarous people. Not psychologists.

Two-Steak bristles -- obvi a sore subject.

TWO-STEAK

I have an aptitude for psychology. Does simply the color of my skin, the content of my character --

JUDGE WEREWOLF

Noooope! God. You are henceforth banished from the Realm of Myth, your sentence to be served in the most nightmarish hellscape we fantasy creatures have ever conceived...The Suburbs.

TWO-STEAK

(leaping to his feet)

You can't! Everything is here! My practice, my patients, my poetry collections --

Two massive Trolls grab Two-Steak by either arm and carry him to a portal now glowing amidst the tribunal. Two-Steak rattles violently at their grip, but gets nowhere.

TWO-STEAK (CONT'D)

I can tell just by looking. Daddy issues?

(the Troll SNEEZES on him)

Y'know I would fuck you up if I wasn't a pacifist.

-- before he's TOSSED INTO THE PORTAL. And as he descends through dimensions, past ice, fire, balrog and wizard --

CREDITS UP

ACT ONE

INT. ROGER AND TALULAH'S - DAY

ROGER (60s, hard working, well paid) and his hot wife TALULAH (30s, xxxxxx) come out of their basement, sweaty.

ROGER  
Another wonderful session honey.

TALULAH  
I think we're close to a  
breakthrough!

Outside the window, THE SKIES GO BLACK AND RED. LIGHTNING CRASHES. AN AIRPLANE FALLS FROM THE CLOUDS. But before they notice, all returns to normal. Their doorbell rings.

TALULAH (CONT'D)  
Who is it?

TWO-STEAK (O.C.)  
(confused growling)

They glance at each other. Rings again. Then a KNOCK.

ROGER  
I think it's one of those Amazon  
Drones.

OUTSIDE THE HOUSE -- Two-Steak gazes around in fear.

ROGER AND TALULAH'S POV: They answer the door and see -- a musclebound, tattooed, bearded convict. (*This is how Two-Steak appears to all civilians in The Suburbs*).

Talulah scoots behind Roger. They stare for a beat.

TWO-STEAK  
WHAT'S HAPPENING?!

Roger and Talulah YELP in fear.

ACROSS THE STREET

We see the house address -- **12 FANTASY COURT**. The door opens and JOY MACMILLAN peeks out. Sees the commotion across the street. Swallows her frustration and beelines towards the ruckus.

AT ROGER'S HOUSE

Two-Steak has his foot in the door, blocking it from closing.  
The pair of neighbors are terrified.

TWO-STEAK (CONT'D)  
(mostly confused)  
WHY WAS I SENT HERE?!

TALULAH  
Uhm, uh, maybe Amazon sent you to  
the wrong address? We're 13 Fantasy  
Court.

ROGER  
Or it's a gift?

TALULAH  
And you don't look like a drone...

TWwo-Steak's foot is yanked out the door. Joy pops up outside  
their window.

JOY  
Hey guys! Sorry! That's my step-  
step-brother...  
(looking at him, seeing  
he's an orc)  
Manguy.

TALULAH  
Oh what a name! Is he Indian?

JOY  
(already walking away)  
Great sorry see you later!

INT. JOY'S HOUSE - DAY

[describe] Joy pulls a very confused Two-Steak into her  
living room.

TWO-STEAK  
WAS THAT AN AUTOMOBILE? I THOUGHT  
THOSE ONLY EXISTED ON VT.

Joy sits him on the couch.

JOY  
Okay, Mr. Orc, you can stop  
yelling. Those inter-dimensional  
portals wreak havoc on your nervous  
system. And hair.  
(she fixes his mane)  
You have such nice hair.  
(MORE)

JOY (CONT'D)  
Anyways, what's your name? They  
haven't sent me your file yet.

TWO-STEAK  
THEY CALL ME TWO-  
(quieting down)  
Um. My name is Two-Steak.

JOY  
Two-Steak? Is that really an orc  
name? Man, whatever happened to the  
hyphens and commas and stuff?

TWO-STEAK  
I'm...different.

JOY  
Well I'm Joy. Welcome to The  
Suburbs. Any questions?

Beat. Two-Steak runs through her living room wall.

LATER: Same spots as before. Band-aid on Two-Steak's head. A  
tarp over the broken section of wall.

TWO-STEAK  
Yes, I have a question.

JOY  
Shoot.

TWO-STEAK  
When can I go back?

JOY  
I'm still waiting on your  
paperwork. What was your sentence?

TWO-STEAK  
I'm not sure, frankly.

JOY  
My name is Joy, not frankly.

TWO-STEAK  
They didn't really tell me. **Valkor**  
just convicted me and threw me in  
the portal. I didn't even get to  
cite my trump card, acclaimed  
psychologist Carl Jung.

JOY

Well as soon as I get your papers,  
I'll let you know how long you're  
here. I'm sure it's not too bad.

TWO-STEAK

So what the heck am I supposed to  
do in the meantime? Stay inside and  
hide? Like I'm just some big scary  
orc?

Joy holds a mirror up to Two-Steak.

JOY

Do you look like a big scary orc?

TWO-STEAK

(inspecting his tusks)  
...yes.

Joy tosses the mirror.

JOY

Oh. Yeah. Dunno why I thought that  
would work. But you look like a  
human to everyone else here in the  
Suburbs. A big, scary human, but  
it's still better than the green  
skin and the tusks and mane.

TWO-STEAK

Great. I can't even look like  
myself here. That's gonna impact my  
psyche. Who even are you anyway?

Joy tosses him a trophy -- LOTR Trivia Champion.

JOY

Joy Macmillan. Lord of the Rings  
Trivia Champion 8 years running. I  
guess someone on the other side  
appreciates that. So, halfway house  
proprietor by night. Government  
contractor by day. Local, like  
parks and stuff. Not Blackwater.

TWO-STEAK

What is this Blackwater?

JOY

Ooh that's right. Let's keep this  
simple. What do you want to be out  
here?



TWO-STEAK

I am a therapist. I need to open a practice and start finding patients again.

Joy pulls an old Polaroid out of a drawer. Snaps a pic. Hands the printout to Two-Steak. He actually looks human here.

JOY

Not looking like that you won't.

Two-Steak GROWLS. Joy grabs his hand.

TWO-STEAK

This world is confusing. I don't know what I'm doing.

JOY

Don't worry -- this is the best part.

MUSIC UP: "Orcs Just Wanna Have Fun"

BEGIN MONTAGE

- Two-Steak chases after a deer in the woods. Joy shakes her head.
- Joy hands Two-Steak a cheeseburger from a drive-thru. She nods.
- Joy back in the drive-thru, ordering 200 burgers
- Two-Steak tries to mount a large dog. Joy frowns.
- Two-Steak tries to ride a bike. She smiles.
- Two-Steak tears apart the couch to create his own nest in the corner. Joy frowns.
- Two-Steak tucks himself into bed. Joy kisses him on the forehead and smiles.
- Two-Steak finishes a letter, ties it to a large bow and arrow, and pulls back. Joy runs after him. He still shoots.
- Joy shows him how to mail a letter. They wave at a neighbor with an arrow in his car.
- Joy hands Two-Steak a trophy labeled PARTICIPATION. He looks confused.

- Joy has a chalkboard laying out 'pronouns'. She flips it over, revealing 'new pronouns' (he, her, xhe, zim, zir, etc). Two-Steak ROARS.

EXT. JOY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Two-Steak and Joy sit on their roof, watching the stars.

TWO-STEAK

You humans still confuse me, but I think I can make it work here. You're so much less warlike than my brethren. It's one reason I never fit in.

JOY

I never explained drones, which may change your mind, but that's good to hear.

TWO-STEAK

My clan would gore the balls of their elders as a prank.

JOY

Holy shit. Yeah, humans are better.

TWO-STEAK

Indeed. So much better than...  
(sniffing intensely)  
Do you smell that?

JOY

Sorry, beany dinner.

TWO-STEAK

(grave)  
No...Dwarf.

JOY

Ooh. There's something else I think I need to tell you, Two-Steak...You're not the only one who's been exiled to 12 Fantasy Court.

AT THE FRONT DOOR

A DWARF whistles to himself as he unlocks the door.

DWARF

Ohhhh, Alexander Hamilton. America  
sings for youuuu.  
(MORE)

DWARF (CONT'D)

*I don't really know these words,  
cuz Dwarves rule and humans are  
tuuurds...*

He lets himself in -- as Two-Steak CRASHES into the ground from above and starts digging a hole to China.

ON THE ROOF

Joy scribbles a note into her phone.

JOY

Not...handling the  
adjustment...well.

END ACT ONE

ACT TWO

INT. JOY'S HOUSE - DAY

A dirty Two-Steak sits across from a petulant Panache (the Dwarf -- think a musical Billy Eichner) on Joy's couch.

JOY

There will be no fighting in this household.

# PANACHE

Orcs are turds!

TWO-STEAK

Our races have fought for centuries. It is the way of the Realm.

JOY

Yeah yeah, maybe your realm. Here in The Suburbs we don't tolerate that kind of intolerance. Remember the pronouns?

## TWO-STEAK

Oh god those were so stupid.

# PANACHE

I still can't believe you freaks really use those.

TWO-STEAK (CONT'D)

I can tell by the way he talks that he's repressing family issues.

## PANACHE

Einstein's in the house everybody!  
He can tell that a flamboyant Dwarf  
ran into troubles with his kin. You  
know how many dwarves appreciate  
musical theater? NONE!

Two-Steak SNICKERS.

JOY

C'mon Two-Steak. What happened to the gentle giant I was already getting to know and love?

TWO-STEAK

Dwarves stole my clan's lands,  
enslaved our men, sold our women,  
and gave candy to our children.

JOY

Well that one's not so bad...

TWO-STEAK

ORCS ARE ALLERGIC TO CANDY.

JOY

Ooooh that's messed up.

All eyes on Panache now.

PANACHE

Don't look at me! I wasn't doing those things! Listen to my voice -- I've been an outcast from the day my beard dropped!

TWO-STEAK

Your blood is tainted by the sins of your brethren.

JOY

Alright, Jesus, let's calm down before we get too Biblical here. Panache, Two-Steak -- you guys need to make nice. Because you're going to be here for a loooong while.

TWO-STEAK

What do you mean? Did my paperwork come through?

Joy is clearly hiding it behind her back. Panache starts to CACKLE.

PANACHE

Hahahaha, he doesn't know? How can you not know? I mean orcs are dumb but JEEZ. You're here forever, pal. That's the whole point.

CUT TO -- A MACRO VIEW OF THE EARTH.

TWO-STEAK

Nooooooooooooooooo!!

BACK TO JOY'S HOUSE

Where Two-Steak is crying into a pillow.

TWO-STEAK (CONT'D)  
 (between sniffles)  
 I can't...be here...forever...I  
 have...a life...I need...to get  
 back...tooooooooo.

Joy puts her hand around him for comfort.

JOY  
 Awh it's not so bad. Most fantasy  
 creatures adjust to society pretty  
 quick.

PANACHE  
 I'm already a working actor.

JOY  
 (quietly)  
 Working may be strong. He's in a  
 high school play.

PANACHE  
 Hey! I'd be killing the game if  
 humans didn't think I was a child!

MONTAGE!

- Panache slates in front of a CASTING DIRECTOR. In his real-world form he looks about 12.

PANACHE (CONT'D)  
 Hi there, my name is...Peter, I'm  
 34 years old, and I'll be reading  
 for the role of --

- Panache is escorted out of the audition

CASTING DIRECTOR  
 Go back to school, young man.

PANACHE  
 I'm a veteran!!

- Panache goes back to the audition, this time in shades

- Panache is escorted out by a POLICE OFFICER

POLICE OFFICER  
 Are you truant, young man?

PANACHE  
 I'm Dwarf royalty you weiner!

POLICE OFFICER  
Ah, kids.

- Panache stares down a LARGE HIGH SCHOOL
- Panache auditions for the school production of Lion King the Musical. The team shares a look.

PANACHE  
(way too high a note)  
*Be prepaaaaaaaaaared!*

- Panache watches as a list of names is posted in a high school hallway. He scans for his place.

PANACHE (CONT'D)  
Understudy?!

END MONTAGE

PANACHE (CONT'D)  
That's right, I'm backup Scar! Not even one of the good guys!

TWO-STEAK  
Just so you know, I didn't understand any of those references. Who is the King of Lions?

PANACHE  
OMG.  
(looking at his watch)  
OMG! I'm late for rehearsal. Joy, can I get a ride?

JOY  
No. This is Two-Steak's first day and he needs to get acclimated.

PANACHE  
I HATE YOU!  
(running out the door)  
Ta taaaaa.

Joy goes to close the door behind him.

JOY  
You don't have to worry about him. He grows on you.

When she turns around, Two-Steak has a noose around his neck, ready to hang himself.

JOY (CONT'D)  
WHAT ARE YOU --

He JUMPS -- and the rope SNAPS instantly.

MOMENTS LATER

Two-Steak sips milk, a blanket around his shoulders. He rubs his neck.

TWO-STEAK  
Okay, that was irrational. I apologize.

JOY  
You don't have to apologize. Just maybe don't hang yourself again?

TWO-STEAK  
I can live with that. Everything's just so weird and different. I need to shake off the cobwebs. Psychoanalyze someone. Get back into a flow state.

JOY  
Do you want to try it on me?

TWO-STEAK  
Really? Can I?

JOY  
Sure. What do I do?

Two-Steak instantly perks up, posture straight, eyes bright. He poses her on the couch.

TWO-STEAK  
Just lay down, however you're comfortable. That good?

JOY  
Yep.

TWO-STEAK  
Great.  
(SCREAMING in Orcish)

Joy SCREAMS and jumps up off the couch, hitting Two-Steak.

JOY  
AHHH! What the hell was that?!



TWO-STEAK

Oh, sorry. Orcs have their own brand of therapy. I'll dial it down.

Joy lays back down.

TWO-STEAK (CONT'D)

(STILL LOUD Orcish sounds)

Joy gives him a death-glare.

TWO-STEAK (CONT'D)

Right, right. Uhm. How have you been lately, Joy?

JOY

Good, I think. Thanks for asking. It's just been overwhelming. I already had Panache, and now the powers that be sprung you on me -- no offense. I'm just only one woman, and running a halfway house for Fantasy Creatures gets a little exhausting on top of my day job. But it'll be fine! It's totally gonna be fine. Fine fine fine.

(more unraveled)

Actually I've got a pretty big project coming up at work that may get in the way. We're expanding some local parks and running into trouble with the zoning board. If it doesn't go well, my ass is on the line. I can't lose this job. If I lose this job then I'm just a crazy normal person with dwarves and orcs and unicorns in her house and oh god did I mention the unicorn? He hasn't been here in years it's all starting to run together I'm gonna be doing this forever holy shit Two-Steak I'm gonna die in this house surrounded by dragons and shit like a crazy cat lady only with dragons and what am I doing I have to get out of here --

She bolts for the door, but Two-Steak grabs her. Gently puts her back on the couch.

TWO-STEAK

Joy, I'm hearing a woman motivated by fear and anger right now. Does that sound right?

JOY

I guess...but with you guys and work and --

TWO-STEAK

Anything can feel overwhelming when viewed from a far. But how do you eat a HellBeast?

JOY

Err...

TWO-STEAK

One bite at a time. Let's start with work. Have you considered raping and murdering your leader?

JOY

What the f--

TWO-STEAK

Not endorsing it, just putting it on the table. Lots of Orcish negotiations begin with a good rape and murder.

JOY

Aren't you a pacifist?

TWO-STEAK

Like I said -- not endorsing. Just suggesting. Sounds like a pass on rape and murder. All good. Let's try some hypnosis.

Two-Steak pulls out a pocket watch.

JOY

Where did you get that?

TWO-STEAK

It is a clan heirloom.

(then)

I found it when I dug my hole.

JOY

K. Just...knock me out.

Two-Steak starts to swing the watch like a pendulum.

TWO-STEAK  
Follow the watch...breathing  
deeply...in...out...  
(getting more psychedelic)  
...in...out...

JOY'S POV: Two-Steak morphs into a talking elephant.

JOY  
Hi Mr Elephant.

NORMAL POV: Two-Steak chuckles.

TWO-STEAK  
Okay, you're out. Now tell me Joy,  
what is really causing you pain?  
What are you afraid of?

JOY  
I'm...hiding...

TWO-STEAK  
We're all hiding something. What  
are you hiding? The way back to  
Myth Realm maybe?

JOY  
It's...secret...

TWO-STEAK  
There's a secret way back? Is that  
what you're saying?

JOY  
Can't...tell...anyone...

TWO-STEAK  
You can tell me, Joy. This is a  
safe space.

JOY  
Can't tell...ruin everything...

TWO-STEAK  
Just tell your friend Two-Steak.  
It'll be fun.

JOY  
...sorry Mr Elephant...

Two-Steak ROARS, but muffles it to not disturb Joy.

TWO-STEAK  
 Friggin flim flam.  
 (to himself, re Joy)  
*Tell me your secrets!!*

On the table, Joy's phone starts to RING. The Imperial March from Star Wars. Two-Steak REACTS. First time seeing a phone.

JOY  
 (still dreamy)  
 Oh...the office...

Two-Steak inspects the phone.

TWO-STEAK  
 Cease your noisemaking!

JOY  
 ...I got it...

She loopily rolls over and grabs the phone.

JOY (CONT'D)  
 Joy speaking...  
 (listening)  
 ...how many...? That's too much...  
 (listening)  
 You really think so...? I do try  
 really hard...  
 (listening)  
 Wow that's nice. You're nice. Three  
 more is fiiine. Thanks nice guy...  
 (listening)  
 Bye...

Uh oh. Two-Steak is concerned by what he hears. He grabs the phone from her and tosses it aside.

TWO-STEAK  
 Hey Joy...what was that?

JOY  
 ...I think it was my phone...

TWO-STEAK  
 No, what just happened??

JOY  
 You threw it...

TWO-STEAK  
 No! Gah! What did you --

CRACK! The sky outside fills again with thunder and lightning, and sharp CRACKLE punctuating the din. Joy snaps out of her reverie. The sky returns to normal.

JOY

What was that?!

TWO-STEAK

That's what I've been asking you!

She gets up off the couch.

JOY

Are we already done? Man, that felt great. I don't remember a thing, but whatever you did...musta been something good. Maybe you could become like a life coach out here.

TWO-STEAK

Is that what humans call psychologists?

JOY

Kinda. Or like housewives who are looking to reinvent themselves. But they help people -- and it seems like you're good at that.

TWO-STEAK

(guilty)

Yeah...

Outside, someone SCREAMS. The pair share a look. Joy goes to the door.

ACROSS THE STREET -- Three Mythical Creatures (we'll come to know them as HUCK, ELLE, and BLEATHER) are trying to get in the front door of Roger and Talulah's house.

Joy looks like she could shit a brick.

JOY

There's more?1 I did NOT agree to this.

Beat. Two-Steak knows he fucked up.

TWO-STEAK

So how does this make you *feel*?

END ACT TWO

ACT THREE

EXT. JOY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Panache saunters home, backpack on his shoulder. Whistling a tune. Birds chirping -- life is grand. As he approaches 12 Fantasy Court, the sound of YELLING starts to GROW. He pulls open the door to see -- CHAOS.

INT. JOY'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Panache walks straight to the kitchen for a snack, avoiding everything.

HUCK

It's not like we WANT to be here!  
If we're such a big nuisance why  
don't you just have Leather here  
Witch us back to the Realm?

BLEATHER

It's Bleather! With a Blllll.  
Idiot.

Three new additions to the fantasy crew: HUCK (30s, lumberjack elf, Scottish, loves beer and violence), BLEATHER (30s, ditzy sorceress), and ELLE (an ELEMENTAL -- craggy, Groot-ish, space-cadet). They're all mid-bicker.

HUCK

Bleather? That's not even a fookin' name!

ELLE

Gentleman, ladies, can we stop fighting a moment?

BLEATHER

Like for real, WHO invited the Elemental? What even are you? Dumb-ium?

JOY

Everyone, be quiet --

ELLE

Yttrium. Rare earth element. I am useful in displays with light-emitting diode technology.

JOY

Guys, seriously --

HUCK  
So we got a flashlight.

PANACHE  
(poking back in)  
Anyone want popcorn? I'm making.  
(no response)  
Fine, losers!

ELLE  
My prowess extends far beyond the  
flashing of lights.

Two-Steak steps in before Joy blows a gasket trying to speak.

TWO-STEAK  
(ROARS)  
There. Maybe I can help a moment. I  
was a psychologist back in the  
Realm, and Joy says I could become  
a coacher of life.

JOY  
Thank you. It's just life coach.  
(to the group)  
Now who the F\*\*\* said you guys  
could come into my house?!

ELLE / HUCK / BLEATHER  
It was not our wish. / I didn't ask  
for this! / Literally, no idea.

BLEATHER (CONT'D)  
We were all like, banished from the  
Realm of Myth, and this is where we  
ended up.

Joy points through her window, across the street.

JOY  
No, you ended up there.  
(to the heavens)  
You guys better fix that portal or  
my neighbors are gonna figure us  
out and ruin everything!!

INT. ROGER AND TALULAH'S - SAME

Roger and Talulah share a newspaper, clearly oblivious.

BACK TO SCENE

HUCK  
This is rubbish. Bleather, get us  
out of here.

BLEATHER  
Okay. But like not cuz of you.

She pulls out her witch's hat, focusing. Her eyes roll back  
in her head. She chants. Then -- nothing. A lil FART of air  
comes out her ears. Panache walks in with the popcorn.

PANACHE  
Lame.

BLEATHER  
OMG -- WHAT is happening?!

Elle tries to emit light from her craggy body. It's weak.

ELLE  
It appears our powers are less  
useful here.

BLEATHER  
O. M. F. G.

HUCK  
At least your ditzy phrases  
survived the trip just fine, lass.

TWO-STEAK  
Wait, did your accent just change?

HUCK  
(covering)  
The fook you talking about?

ELLE  
I hear it as well. The Scottish  
appears to be a ruse.

JOY  
Okay, I feel like we all need to  
take a biiiig step back here and --

HUCK  
THEY'RE RIGHT!

Huck starts a mental breakdown. He starts taking off his  
clothes, revealing rippling animated muscles.

HUCK (CONT'D)  
I'm not Scottish like the rest of  
me brethren. I never fit in.  
(MORE)



HUCK (CONT'D)

Growing up I just wanted to lift weights, chop trees, drink some Elf-lixir. None of all this 'singing' and 'dancing' and 'being at harmony with nature' nonsense. I'm a lumberjack elf in a land of tree huggers. Least I was. Now I don't even knoo what I am.

He's down to his boxers now.

JOY

Why are you taking off your clothes to tell us this?

HUCK

I get nervous.

BLEATHER

Shut up he's almost naked!!

TWO-STEAK

I know what it's like to not fit in. It's hard.

BLEATHER

Like his abs.

(then, sobering)

I was kinda the same. Like, I was never the smartest witch. C's and D's in spells, potions, cackling. All my kin went into the Academy. When I didn't make the cut, they sent me here.

(covering)

Even though they all thought I was cutest.

Beat. All eyes on Elle, ready for her confession. She doesn't get the hint.

ELLE

Why is everyone looking at me?

TWO-STEAK

Tell us the truth, Elle. We're all in this together now.

ELLE

(beat)

I cause lung cancer in most creatures.

HUCK / PANACHE / JOY

Oh come on / Lord God in Duruk! / They sent us a bio-weapon?!

Elle is unphased by their emotions. She shrugs.

ELLE

It is simply how I am.

TWO-STEAK

Hear that everyone? Elle is creating a great example for us to follow. The road to happiness is through self-acceptance. For example, Panache will never be happy till he comes to terms with the fact that he's a piece of shit Dwarf.

PANACHE

Uncalled for!

HUCK

No, keep talking! Piss off the lil dude!

Arguments break out all over. Joy finally cracks.

JOY

AHHHHHH!! Everyone -- SHUT THE HELL UP!

They actually listen.

JOY (CONT'D)

Okay, listen up you stupid misfits from the stupid Realm of Myth. Whatever you were before now, that is OVER. If the powers above sent you here, you are here FOREVER. Never going back. It sucks. Get used to it. But if you don't learn to stop your bickering, your time here will be a LIVING HELL! And my house is much nicer than hell. We have all the premium channels and even a downstairs bathroom when things get busy. It's not the fucking Ritz Carlton, but I better start hearing some more appreciation for all my goddamn hard work in making goddamn sure you stupid dumb exiles have a place to stay when you land in this dumb world you hate so much! Panache, some popcorn please.

Stunned, he hands her the bowl. She snarfs a handful.

JOY (CONT'D)

Wow, I really don't feel good.

BLEATHER

Elle probably gave you cancer already.

ELLE

I would be highly surprised by such an outcome.

TWO-STEAK

Maybe you should just lay back down...

JOY

Yeah, good idea...

She lays on the couch. Everyone looks at her like she could explode at any moment.

HUCK

So...do we have to find somewhere else to stay? I don't even know how to talk to humans.

PANACHE

Clearly.

BLEATHER

Yeah, me too...thanks Joy. Why did you start doing this, anyway?

OUTSIDE THE WINDOW -- clouds pull away to reveal A FULL MOON.

JOY

I think it was random. I really like Lord of the Rings, I --

The MOONLIGHT lands on her FACE. She starts to twitch.

ELLE

This is strange.

PANACHE

She's stroking out! Bleather, grab her tongue! Someone, call a healer!

TWO-STEAK

Wait, I don't think that's what she's doing.

BLEATHER  
Yeah, I'm definitely not doing  
that.

Joy WRIGGLES in pain, SCREAMING -- TRANSFORMING? --

HUCK  
Sweet criminy she's a werewolf! Joy  
is turning into a werewolf!

Everyone REACTS -- Two-Steak SNARLS.

TWO-STEAK  
Is that what this is? A werewolf  
trap?  
(about to punch her)  
No, you're a pacifist Two-Steak.  
Hold to your principles.  
(then)  
IT'S SO HARD TO NOT PUNCH A  
WEREWOLF.

The lights FLASH OUT. DARKNESS. SICKENING CRACKS cut through  
the air.

PANACHE  
We're all gonna dieeee!

A HOWL -- LIGHTS UP. Joy remains on the couch. Unchanged.

BLEATHER  
Wait, like, what? Weren't you  
turning into a werewolf?

JOY  
I -- ugh -- my head...

Panache clutches a fire poker in the corner.

PANACHE  
CAN SOMEONE PLEASE TELL ME WHAT THE  
F\*\*\* IS GOING ON?!

TWO-STEAK  
Joy? What is this?

Joy rubs her head, sitting up slowly.

JOY  
I can't believe I forgot about the  
full moon. With you arriving, then  
these three showing up  
unexpectedly, and --

HUCK

Get to the point, love! Are you a werewolf or not?!

JOY

I'm a...werewerewolf.

Beat. No one knows what that is.

EVERYONE

Huh? / What the hell is that? / I feel like you're actually a werewolf and are just hiding it now

JOY

It's...I don't know how it works. My mom was a CPA. My dad was a werewolf. Every full moon, I turn into a normal werewolf.

TWO-STEAK

(looking intensely at her)  
No you don't...?

JOY

Well like the human version of the werewolf. But as a half-blood I can only transform under a crescent moon. So I just transform into...a werewolfier version of Joy.

BLEATHER

So you basically got two periods?  
Girl that is THE WORST.

ELLE

I am barely female but I extend my sympathies.

She lights up a skosh in solidarity.

TWO-STEAK

(pointing up)  
Do...they...know?

JOY

Not yet. I don't even know who my dad is.

BLEATHER

So like what's in it for you then?  
You take in a bunch of sexy fantasy creatures for what?

Joy doesn't answer, but she clearly knows. Two-Steak SNAPS -- he's put it together.

TWO-STEAK  
You want to go to the Realm of  
Myth, don't you?

Silence.

PANACHE  
So what am I? Just some kind of  
musical genius pawn in your sick  
game?!

HUCK  
Dude. Simmer down.

Joy finally NODS. Two-Steak starts to CACKLE hysterically. It's a happy laugh, but that's not immediately clear.

ELLE  
Should I restrain him?

Two-Steak KISSES her.

TWO-STEAK  
No need! Don't you get it guys?!

HUCK  
(beat)  
No.

TWO-STEAK  
This is our chance! I'm a  
psychologist -- or what Joy says  
humans call a 'life coach'...

He's waiting for them to fill in the blanks but no one gets it.

BLEATHER  
Spit it out greenie!

TWO-STEAK  
Joy runs a halfway house for  
exiles, RIGHT? But she wants to get  
back to the Realm of Myth, RIGHT?

PANACHE  
Accurate so far!

TWO-STEAK

So I can coach her -- and all of you -- to get back into good graces with the Mythological brass. I'll have to do some reading, but gimme a few weeks TOPS and we'll all be back with our homes, our books, and our orcish swamp cabins that we definitely don't cry when we think about.

(beat)

Or whatever your version of that is.

HUCK

Hollowed out tree.

ELLE

A large earthen labyrinth.

JOY

Two-Steak, I don't know if that's going to work...

TWO-STEAK

Of course it's going to work! Joy, this has been my calling my whole life. I could never help my fellow orcs. It was all kill this, murder that, blood fued blah blah blah. But look at us? We're ALL outcasts. And if there's one thing I understand, it's that.

(then)

I'm also quite good at chess.

PANACHE

Well color me surprised! Not bad for a stupid Orc.

BLEATHER

So like, what do we have to do?

TWO-STEAK

Uhh...great question. Joy? What do you think we should do?

Joy sits up, rubbing her head.

JOY

How the f\*\*\* am I supposed to know?

Ooh. Good point. All eyes on Two-Steak, his ass on the line, as we pull away from the house...into the SKY...

AND BACK INTO THE REALM OF MYTH

Where Judge Werewolf Valkor stares ruefully at a viewing portal, watching the events in Joy's home.

VALKOR

You may just live up to the family name after all, Joy Werewolf.

AWHOOOOOO! -- HACK. He coughs a few times.

VALKOR (CONT'D)

Damn cold. Snookums, bring some cough drops for daddy.

END SHOW



TAG

INT. ROGER AND TALULAH'S - NIGHT

All is quiet. We push past the living room and into the  
BASEMENT

-- creepy stairs -- going all the way down to a LOCKED DOOR -  
- move through that bitch into --

THE MYTH HUNTERS ROOM

Wall to wall equipment, all the latest tech for hunting the  
baddies from the Realm of Myth.

You thought only the good guys got through?

Roger mans a MASSIVE COMPUTER, while Talulah looks through  
SPECTRAL GOGGLES. The computer SPIKES.

ROGER

Baby! It's happening again!

TALULAH

This isn't just another blip on the  
radar, Rog. This is...invasion.

She taps in a VERY LONG CODE on a MASSIVE VAULT. Comes back  
out DRESSED TO KILL -- Manacles, Fantasy grenades, fantasy  
rifles ready to take down orc, dwarf, and more.

She tosses Roger a gun. It's very heavy and he stumbles.

ROGER

Oof, my scapula.

Talulah MAKES OUT with Roger for a hot second. Loads her  
massive rifle.

TALULAH

Time to save humanity.

END