

Xena: Warrior Princess - Subtext Virtual Season 9



Production #V913 – From Joyous to Grimm

Virtual Airdate - April 7, 2004

WRITTEN BY
Susanne Beck

PRODUCED BY
Carol Stephens

DIRECTED BY
Denise Byrd

SCREENGRABS
Judi Mair

ARTWORK
Lucia

TITLE GRAPHIC
Linda (Calli)

Xena: Warrior Princess is a trademark and copyright of MCA/Universal, StudiosUSA and Renaissance Pictures.
This is a fan based not-for-profit work of fiction and is not intended to infringe upon their rights.

Once upon a time in a land far, far away, there lived a storyteller named Joyous. Joyous was a very wonderful storyteller and true to his name, his stories made everyone who heard them very, very happy.

Until one day....

TEASER

FADE IN:

EXT. TOWN WELL - EVENING

Looking a bit disheveled, Gabrielle is standing before the town well. It is an old, crumbling affair that looks very close to breathing its last. Next to her is a puppy, two kittens, four fuzzy bunny rabbits, and a rag doll. Across from her stands a blonde little boy with a cowlick, freckles, and a very mischievous expression on his face. His mother stands next to him, wringing her hands.

WOMAN

I'm so sorry about this, Miss! I told my husband not to take little Denisus here to the Trevi Fountain, but did he listen? Nooo. Now the little scamp throws anything he can get his hands on down there.

She turns to face the child.

WOMAN

(cont'd)

But today, young man, today you've gone just too far.

The boy turns very large, very green eyes to his mother.

DENISUS

I'm sowwy, Mama.

A sound suspiciously like a cough emerges from the mouth of the well. Gabrielle leans over, dislodging several rocks as she does so. The rocks go plunging down the hole.

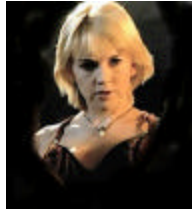
VOICE

(off camera)

Son of a bacchae!

GABRIELLE

Xena! Are you okay?!



She leans further. More rocks fall.

XENA

(off camera)

[censored]

Just then, a bouncing, giggling baby boy, dressed in a tattered, mud-splattered blanket is thrust out of the well. Gabrielle grabs him and hands him to his mother. He continues to giggle.

MOTHER

Oh, my baby! My sweet
little baby boy! Oh, thank
the gods you're safe!

Then to Denisus.

MOTHER

(cont'd)

Don't you ever, ever, ever, ever,
EVER throw your baby brother
down the well again, do you
hear me, young man?

DENISUS

I pwomise, Mama.

The little cherub has his fingers firmly crossed behind his back.

Two dirt-blackened hands appear on the lip of the well, dislodging yet more rocks. Xena's head slowly appears. She looks rather the worse for wear. Her hair and face are liberally splattered with mud and other unidentifiable gunk, and her eyes are blazing.

Gabrielle steps forward to assist her in liberating herself from the well. Xena shoots her a look. Gabrielle steps prudently back.



With many a muttered curse, Xena painfully extricates her body from the well. Just as both feet are firmly on the ground, the last of the rocks crumble inward and fall to the bottom, raising a giant cloud of dust and mud.

MOTHER

Oh, thank you, Miss! Thank
both of you! I don't know
what we would have done if
you hadn't been here! I just....

As the mother continues to babble on, Denissus uses the dust screen to sneak back toward the well, something large, shiny, and round in his hand.

XENA

(to Denissus)
Grrrrr....

The chakram drops to the ground and Denissus runs home, wailing.

MOTHER

... I just don't know how to
repay you for what you've
done! We're very poor and
don't have any money, but....

GABRIELLE

That's alright, Ma'am. We're
just glad we could help. Really.

MOTHER

Wait!

Smiling, she reaches into the waistband of her skirt and pulls out a very small sack.

MOTHER

(cont'd)

I know this isn't much, I mean,
for everything you've done for us,
but please, take them. They were
just picked this morning. They'd
be wonderful in a soup or stew!

Gabrielle looks over to Xena, then quickly back. She'll get no help from that quarter. Finally, she sighs and takes the sack, smiling her thanks. The mother smiles back and turns toward her home. The puppy, kittens, and bunnies follow her.

Gabrielle again looks at Xena, who is busy picking things out of her hair.

GABRIELLE

I... uh... guess we
should be going now?



XENA

Grrrrr....

GABRIELLE

All righty then!

CUT TO:

EXT. CAMPSITE - NIGHT

Freshly bathed and clad in a clean linen shift, Xena sits on a log, wiping down her chakram. Gabrielle kneels before the fire, stirring a thick, fragrant stew. Remembering the sack the woman gave her, she opens it and shakes out its contents.

Three large, bean-shaped objects rest in her palm.

GABRIELLE

Xena?

XENA

Mm?

GABRIELLE

Could you come over
here for a minute, please?

Rising to her feet, Xena crosses the camp to stand beside Gabrielle.

XENA

Beans.

GABRIELLE

Are they supposed to be...
glowing like that?

Narrowing her eyes, Xena looks closer, then sniffs. She jerks her head back quickly, lips curled in disgust.

GABRIELLE

(cont'd)

I... I think they're moving.



XENA

Toss 'em away.

GABRIELLE

Good idea.

Without another thought, she tosses the beans over her shoulder. They land with a clatter in the forest beyond. With a little shrug, Gabrielle goes back to stirring her stew.

CUT TO:

EXT. CAMPSITE - MORNING

Close-up on Gabrielle who is snuggled beneath the furs. She squirms a bit, then giggles.

GABRIELLE

Xena....

More squirming. More giggling.

GABRIELLE

(louder)

Xena! You know, you
could just **ask** if you wanted to....

Her eyes pop open, then widen.

A very large, very green, very living... thing has taken up residence no more than three inches from her nose.

GABRIELLE

Grah! Xena!!

She rolls back into Xena. Both jump to their feet quickly, fully armed to battle the giant beanstalk that has sprouted in their campsite. Both women look slowly up until their necks are craned to their furthest point.

VOICE
(*off camera*)
HeIIIIIIIIpppppppppppp
meeeeeeeeeee!!!!

Xena and Gabrielle look at one another.



FADE OUT.

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

EXT. CAMPSITE - MORNING

VOICE

(off camera)

HELLLLLLLPP MEEEEEE!!!!

Xena and Gabrielle have finished dressing and are hastily breaking camp as the screams come from high above.

Very high above.

Xena places all their gear off to one side of the camp, well away from the still growing beanstalk.

XENA

(to Argo)

Guard.

Argo whinnies and shakes her head.

XENA

(cont'd, to Gabrielle)

Let's go.

They begin to climb.

CUT TO:

EXT. BEANSTALK - DAY

The two women have been climbing for what seems like hours. Gabrielle and Xena are both a bit winded and sweaty as they continue to climb with no end in sight.

GABRIELLE

Y'know, Xena... when we're done with this latest... rescue of the week thing, I think... we should just trade in our weapons for... a falafel stand outside Athens... and let... someone else do the hero stuff for a change. What do you say?



XENA

I say "keep climbing".

GABRIELLE

That's... what I
thought you'd say.

CUT TO:

EXT. BEANSTALK - DAY

At last, the end is in sight. Above Xena's head is what appears to be the wooden foundation of a rather large house. The beanstalk they're climbing goes up through a square hole in the floor.

Xena climbs through the hole, then steps off onto a wooden floor. She guides Gabrielle to her side.

GABRIELLE

(cont'd)

Whew! There's my exercise
quotient for the year.

Straightening, she looks around.

GABRIELLE

(cont'd)

Wow....

CUT TO:

INT. HOUSE - DAY

They are in a house built for a giant. Ahead looms a massive table surrounded by four chairs. The chair seats are at least a foot above Xena's head, the table nearly twice that high.

GABRIELLE

(cont'd)

What...?

XENA

Shhh.



Grasping Gabrielle's arm, Xena pulls her beneath a footstool that could comfortably house a family of ten.

All is silent.

Then....

VOICE

(off camera)

FE... FI... FO... FUM... I SMELL
THE BLOOD OF... A THIEF!
THERE YOU ARE!! GIVE ME BACK
MY CANDLESTICK, THIEF!!

VOICE #2

Ha! You'll have to
catch me first!!

(beat)

WHOOOAAAA!!!

The entire house shakes as loud, booming footsteps are heard coming closer. Just then, a tall, thin young man runs into the room, holding a silver candlestick half his size. His eyes are wide and round with fright and he desperately looks around for any means of escape.

Xena reaches out and grabs the young man's arm with one hand, and plucks the candlestick from his hand with the other, depositing the heavy object in Gabrielle's arms while she turns the man to face her.

XENA

You the one yelling for help?

JACK

Who...? What...? How...?

XENA

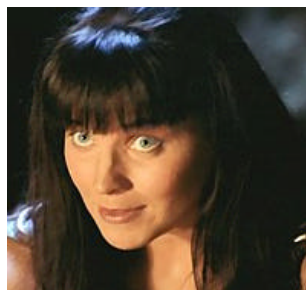
Yes or no.

JACK

Yes, but....

XENA

You want outta here?



JACK

Of course! But....

Xena points in the direction of the beanstalk.

XENA

There's your exit. Get on, climb down, and don't stop climbing till you hit the ground, got me?

JACK

Yes, but....

XENA

Move! Now!

JACK

The giant!

Xena smiles.

XENA

I'll take care of him.
Now go!

Jack goes.

The house shakes again as the giant enters the room. He stops just in front of the footstool, and Xena and Gabrielle are treated to the sight of ten very large, very hairy, and very ugly toes that peak out from leather sandals.

GIANT

FE... FI... FO... FUM....

GABRIELLE

(softly)
Uh oh.

GIANT

I SMELL....

Their hiding space suddenly levitates as the giant bends over and picks it up. He stares down at them, red-faced with anger.

GIANT

(cont'd)
MY CANDLESTICK!!!

GABRIELLE

Xena!!!



Before Xena can move, the giant plucks Gabrielle off the ground, candlestick and all. Gabrielle twists and turns, but to no avail. Finally she lifts the giant candlestick and starts beating the giant over the head with it.

GABRIELLE

(cont'd)

Let me **go**, you hairy, smelly,
overgrown piece of....

XENA

Gabrielle!! Duck!!

Gabrielle manages to duck just as the chakram whizzes over her head, bouncing off of the giant's broad, low forehead and cutting open the lump Gabrielle's managed to raise. It then rebounds off the candlestick, turns in mid air, and slices across the hand holding Gabrielle. He opens his hand in reflex. Gabrielle drops.

GIANT

YEEOOOOOWWWWW!!

GABRIELLE

WHHHOOOOAAAAAA!!

Xena catches the chakram, then Gabrielle.

XENA

Gotcha!

GABRIELLE

All righty, then. That's about
all the fun I can handle in
one day. Can we go now?

XENA

Sure. Let's just....

GIANT

YOU'RE NOT GOING
ANYWHERE!!!

Leather creaks as the giant slowly bends at the waist, both hands extended. Unsheathing her sword, Xena grins at Gabrielle. Unsheathing her sais, Gabrielle grins back.

XENA

We're not....



GABRIELLE

But you are!

One sharp sword and two pointy sais sink themselves into the tender flesh of the giant's feet with perfect symmetry. Xena and Gabrielle quickly jump out of the way as the giant's knees buckle and he continues to fall, hitting the floor and creating a giant-shaped hole.

Unfortunately, said hole happens to be directly over the one admitting the beanstalk, which crumbles under the great weight of the giant, and falls away, leaving Xena and Gabrielle stranded inside the house with no way of returning.



GABRIELLE

(cont'd)

Well, isn't **this** just shaping
up to be one of those days?!

Xena chuckles softly and puts an arm around Gabrielle's shoulders.

XENA

C'mon. This is us you're
talking about. Every day
is 'one of those days'.

GABRIELLE

True. Now what?

XENA

Well....

VOICE #3

*(off camera and sounding
suspiciously like Rosie O'Donnell)*
Excuse me! Yoo hoo!

Gabrielle looks at Xena, who is focusing on the hole in the ground.

VOICE #3

(cont'd)
Yo, blondie!

Gabrielle straightens and turns in the direction of a high shelf.

VOICE #3

(cont'd)
Yeah, you! What, you think
I'm talkin' to myself up here?
Sheesh! C'mere!

GABRIELLE

Where are you? I don't....

VOICE #3

What are ya, blind or somethin'?
Ya lookin' right at me!

Reaching out, Gabrielle taps Xena on the back.

GABRIELLE

Xena?



XENA

(distractedly)
Mm?

GABRIELLE

(hesitantly)
There's... a golden harp
on that shelf up there....

XENA

And?

GABRIELLE

It's talking to me.

Xena straightens and slowly turns.

HARP

(appreciatively)

Ooooh! Tall, dark, and butch
as hell! C'mere, and give
mama some looove!

Xena hefts her chakram, bearing her teeth.

XENA

How'd you like your
strings sliced in half?

HARP

Touchy, touchy!
(to Gabrielle)
She always like this?

GABRIELLE

Pretty much.

HARP

Kinky!

XENA

Come on, Gabrielle.
Let's find another way
out of this dump.



HARP

Now wait a minute!
Can't youse take a joke
or nothin'? Sheesh!

Xena narrows her eyes, giving the harp the look.

HARP

(cont'd)

Just listen up, all right? Youse
want outta here, I want outta here.
Maybe we can help each other.
You pluck my strings, I pluck
yours. Howsabout it?

The harp waggles its golden eyebrows and leers at the duo.

Xena lifts her chakram higher, preparing to throw.

Gabrielle touches her wrist.

GABRIELLE

Do you know the
way out of here?

HARP

Course I do! What, youse
think I was just tuned
yesterday or somethin'?

GABRIELLE

So... if we promise to
take you with us, you'll
show us the way?

HARP

Duhhhh! Ain't I just been
sayin' that? Sheesh!



GABRIELLE

Xena... could you...?

The rest of the question trails off as Xena dashes across the floor, jumps, flips, lands on the counter, grabs the harp, jumps, flips again, and lands beside Gabrielle, harp in hand.

HARP

Whoa... youse got some nice
fingers there, toots. You can
fondle my strings any... oof!

The harp suddenly finds itself thrust unceremoniously against Gabrielle's chest.

HARP

(cont'd)

Heyyyy! Now **this** is livin'!

Plays strains of "I'm in Heaven".

Gabrielle thrusts her arms straight out, dangling the harp by one finger.

GABRIELLE

Directions. Now.



HARP

Sheesh. Youse guys
ain't no fun at all.

CUT TO:

EXT. GIANT'S YARD - NIGHT

A full moon shines over the overgrown lawn. A breeze blows along grasses that are almost as tall as Xena.

GABRIELLE

What now?

HARP

Ya see that first class piece of
real estate over that hill there?

A turret rises from beyond the hill; a large blue and yellow pennant snaps from its very tip.

GABRIELLE

I see it.

HARP

The little princey that lives there
ain't bad, for a guy. He used to own
me til that stupid giant stole me.

GABRIELLE

What does that have to do
with getting us out of here?



HARP

Well, if youse would gimme a second,
I'd tell ya. Sheesh! Anyway, princey's
having a ball tonight, right? All the
nice lookin' chicks are comin' all dolled
up, see, and the one he digs the most
will be his princess, see? Say! Neither
of youse two would be interested in....

Both Xena and Gabrielle stare at the harp.

HARP

(cont'd)

Nah. Didn't think so. So, anyways,
you just go up to him and give me back,
sorta like a wedding present, see, and
he'll be so happy that he'll give ya
anything ya want! Heck, I'll bet he
even sends some of his guards with
ya to make sure youse gets home safe!

Xena and Gabrielle exchange doubtful looks.

GABRIELLE

(resignedly)

Well, I suppose it's
better than nothing.

HARP

Of course it is! So, c'mon!
Let's get goin' already! The
night ain't getting younger,
ya know! Sheesh!

Rolling her eyes, Xena starts off toward the castle in the far distance.



FADE OUT.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

EXT. CASTLE GROUNDS - NIGHT

It is very late by the time Xena, Gabrielle, and the mouthy harp make it onto the castle grounds. The grounds are lit by many blazing torches whose flickering light plays over magnificent coaches, horses, fancily-dressed footmen, and dozens of beautiful women dressed in exquisite ball gowns. Gay music and laughter filters out from the castle, and excitement fills the air.

The loud sound of a clock chiming the hour cuts through the noise, causing Xena and Gabrielle to stop in their tracks.

GABRIELLE

What was that?

HARP

What? Ain't youse never
heard a clock striking before?

GABRIELLE

What's a clock?

HARP

Yer jokin' right?

Gabrielle gives her a blank look.

HARP

(cont'd)

You ain't jokin'. What rock
did youse two crawl out
from under, anyway?

Before either can answer, an extremely beautiful blonde woman comes rushing out of the castle and down the stairs. A second later, a very handsome, well dressed man follows.

MAN

Wait! Come back!
Please come back!!

The young woman continues to run as if Cerberus is at her heels.

Three rather ugly women attempt to restrain the prince, but he shakes himself free of their harsh grip and continues down the stairs.

MAN

(cont'd)

Please, wait!! Come back!!

HARP

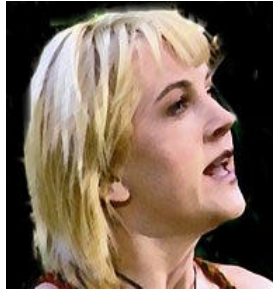
That's the prince! Quick,
bring me to him and
youse'll get your wish!

As Xena and Gabrielle start forward, the blonde woman runs past, gasping and sobbing. Just as she passes them, she trips and falls into the mud, then struggles to get up, twisted in the fabric of her gown.

GABRIELLE

(to Xena)

Go on! I'll catch up!



With a nod, Xena grabs the harp and starts off for the Prince.

The clock continues to chime as Gabrielle squats down and grasps the young woman's arm.

GABRIELLE

(cont'd)

Here, let me help.
Are you hurt?

WOMAN

Please, let me go!
I have to....

GABRIELLE

All right. It's all right.
You're just twisted in this....

With a mighty heave, the young woman regains her feet and pulls away from Gabrielle, leaving the bard with a handful of muddy fabric for her pains.

Gabrielle struggles to her feet just in time to see the sobbing young woman dart out from the ring of torchlight, running toward what appears to be a rather large pumpkin.

GABRIELLE

Wait!

XENA

Gabrielle!

Gabrielle turns to see Xena and the prince, now bearing the golden harp, running toward them. She takes a step forward, only to feel something CRUNCH beneath her boot. She looks down.

GABRIELLE

Wha...?

The prince slides to a stop in front of Gabrielle, looking down at the shattered glass that now litters the ground.

PRINCE

Oh no! You wouldn't!
You couldn't! You did!
How could you??

GABRIELLE

What? What did I do?

The prince falls to his knees, scooping up the remains of what had once been an exquisite glass slipper. He cradles the shards to his chest, sobbing theatrically.

PRINCE

My life is ruined!!

Gabrielle looks to Xena for enlightenment.

XENA

That woman who ran away
was supposed to marry the prince.



GABRIELLE

Well, she couldn't have
gotten too far. We could just....

PRINCE

You don't understand!
You ruined it!
You ruined everything!!

HARP

Way ta go there, chickie. That
glass slipper ya pulverized was
supposed ta lead him to her.
He woulda slipped it on her foot,
it woulda fit like a glove, and poof!
Happily ever after! But now....

The harp strums a dirge.

GABRIELLE

I didn't know!
I was just trying to....

The prince stands up, red-faced with anger.

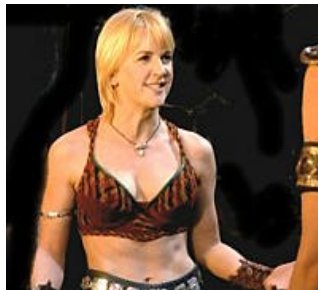
PRINCE

This woman is a
traitor to the realm.
(to his guards)
Get her!!!

Gabrielle looks to Xena

GABRIELLE

Run?



XENA

Run.

The two bolt off away from the grounds and in the direction of a thick stand of trees just to the west. Several dozen guards race off, hot on their heels.

CUT TO:

EXT. TREE - NIGHT

Xena and Gabrielle are crouched high up in a tree, watching as the last of the prince's guards straggle back toward the castle, their chase thwarted.

GABRIELLE

I'm sorry, Xena.
I didn't know....

XENA

Nothing to be sorry for.
This place is screwed up.

GABRIELLE

I know. It almost feels like we've
been dropped into the middle of
a story where everyone knows
what's going on but us. At least
we got rid of that stupid harp.

Xena laughs softly.

GABRIELLE

(cont'd)

So... what now?

Her rumbling stomach answers her question for her. A yawn follows.

Xena cocks her head slightly.

XENA

Smell that?



Gabrielle sniffs.

GABRIELLE

A fire. A cook fire, unless
I miss my guess.

XENA

I think your guess is right on.
C'mon. Maybe we'll run into
some good luck for a change.

GABRIELLE

That'd be a welcome surprise.

The two silently climb down from their high perch and land on the ground below.

XENA

Let's go.

CUT TO:

EXT. HOUSE - NIGHT

A sturdy brick house stands in the center of a large clearing. Mellow light gleams from the frosted windows. Gabrielle peers into one of the windows to see a young girl with golden curls happily eating at a large table. Gabrielle knocks on the window. The girl looks up, and scowls.

GIRL

Hey! Get outta here!
This is my beat!

GABRIELLE

That's not very polite.

GIRL

Scram!

Having heard more than enough for one evening, Xena strides over to the door and blasts it open. Gabrielle quickly follows, just in case Xena might be of a mind to have minced blonde for dinner. Laying a hand on Xena's wrist, Gabrielle looks at the girl.

GABRIELLE

Look. It's very late and very
cold, and we're very hungry.

GIRL

(sullenly)

So? What do you want
me to do about it?

GABRIELLE

Well, you seem to have
plenty of food. If you could
just share a little bit with us....

GIRL

Don't wanna share.

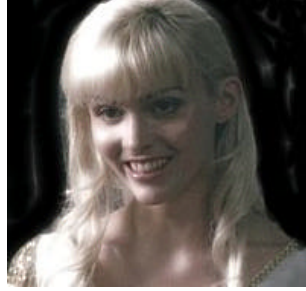
GABRIELLE

Please? Just a little, and
then we'll be gone. I promise.

The girl thinks for a minute, then eyes the other two bowls sitting on the table. An evil grin comes over her face.

GIRL

You want some? Fine.
You can have those two.



GABRIELLE

That's very kind of you. Thanks.
I'm Gabrielle, and this is Xena.

GIRL

I'm Goldilocks.

GABRIELLE

Goldilocks, huh? That's a
very... pretty... name.

The girl primps said golden locks.

GOLDILOCKS

My mother thinks so.

GABRIELLE

Is your mother here?

GOLDILOCKS

Hah! She wouldn't come within
a mile of this place, scardycat!

GABRIELLE

Why?

Another evil grin.

GOLDILOCKS

You'll see.

With a little shrug, Gabrielle rounds the table and takes the seat next to Goldilocks. Xena sits at the head of the table, and immediately digs in to the bowl of porridge. As the girl watches, smirking, redness travels up from Xena's neck to her forehead. Her mouth opens, and flames shoot out across the table, lighting four candles, two torches, and the wood in the fireplace.

GOLDILOCKS

(slyly)

Little hot, ain't it?

Gabrielle spoons up her porridge and takes in a mouthful. Her face immediately pales, and icicles form on her brow and nose.

GOLDILOCKS

(cont'd)

Heh.

Without saying a word, Xena and Gabrielle simply pick up their bowls and mix the two together, hot to cold and cold to hot until both bowls are....

GABRIELLE

Yum. Just right.



Goldilocks scowls.

Xena smirks.

The trio finishes their meal in blessed silence. Gabrielle then gives forth a jaw-cracking yawn and her eyes slip to half-mast.

Seeing this, Goldilocks jumps up from the table and runs into another room, laughing maniacally.

CUT TO:

INT. BEDROOM – NIGHT

The bedroom is large and warm, and has three beds. The smallest of the beds is already occupied by Goldilocks, who glares at them over the top of the covers.

GOLDILOCKS

And don't you even try to
kick me out of here neither.

Wordlessly, Xena goes over to the largest of the beds and sits down. The mattress moves not an inch, and her chakram clicks against it as if hitting a rock. Sparks fly.

GABRIELLE

Little hard?

Xena taps the mattress with her knuckles.

XENA

As a rock.

Gabrielle walks over to the second bed.

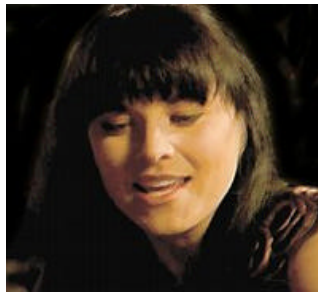
GABRIELLE

Well, we could always
try this... floofph!

As Xena watches, Gabrielle all but disappears into the exceedingly soft mattress. Her head and her feet, which are almost touching her nose, are the only things Xena can see.

XENA

A bit soft, I see.



GABRIELLE

Grooomph!

Removing her armor and weapons, Xena approaches the bed and very gingerly sits down on the mattress...

... and is immediately swallowed up. She rolls as she sinks so that she winds up face to face, body to body, with Gabrielle. Gabrielle grins.

GABRIELLE

(cont'd)

Well, there are certainly
worse ways I could think
of to spend the night.

XENA

Oh yeah.
This is just right.

Goldilocks scowls.

Xena embraces Gabrielle and kisses her soundly. Then, with a little more wriggling and scooching, they are finally comfortable in their very soft, very warm nest.

GABRIELLE

Good night, Xena.

XENA

Mm. G'night.

CUT TO:

INT. BEDROOM - MORNING

Xena and Gabrielle awaken to the sound of a door opening and three heavy treads entering the house.

MALE VOICE

(off camera and very stilted)

Oh, look. Someone. Has.
Been. Eating. My. Porridge.

FEMALE VOICE

(off camera and very stilted)

And someone. Has. Been.
Eating. My. Porridge. Too.

CHILD'S VOICE

(off camera)

Hey! Mine's all gone too!
What gives?



MALE VOICE

We. Should. Check. Out.
The. Sitting. Room.

FEMALE VOICE

OK.

CHILD'S VOICE

Let's go!

More heavy tromping ensues.

MALE VOICE

Huh. No one's been
sitting in my chair.

FEMALE VOICE

Mine either!

CHILD'S VOICE

Nor mine! Let's go
to the bedroom!

Xena quickly throws the covers over her head as the three bears tromp into the bedroom.

PAPA BEAR

Oh. Look. Someone. Has.
Been. Sleeping. In. My. Bed.

MAMA BEAR

Someone. Has. Been.
Sleeping. In. My. Bed. Too!

Mama bear pulls back the covers, exposing Xena and Gabrielle. She looks at them, wide eyed with shock.



MAMA BEAR

(cont'd)

What are you two doing here?
You're not supposed to be
sleeping in this bed! It's a travesty!

GABRIELLE

Surprise?



BABY BEAR

Hey! No fair! It was **my** turn
to find someone in **my** bed.
WAAAAAAHHHHH!!!

GOLDILOCKS

Here I am!

BABY BEAR

Not fair! Not fair!
WAAAAAAHHHHHHH!!!

PAPA BEAR

All right, that's it. I'm through
with all this. I'm talking to my
union. Stupid script changes.

MAMA BEAR

I'm with you, Ralph. Frankie,
get your fuzzy butt over here.
We're leaving!

GOLDILOCKS

Hey! Don't leave!
I'm right here, see?

Goldilocks jumps up and down on the bed, then turns a few cartwheels for good measure.

GOLDILOCKS

(cont'd)

Look at me! Wheeeee!
I'm in Baby Bear's bed! See??

BABY BEAR

WAAAAAAHHHHHHH!!!

Mama Bear grabs Baby Bear and tows him out of the house, still muttering. Goldilocks jumps out of the bed and stomps over to Xena and Gabrielle, hands planted on her hips.

GOLDILOCKS

Why'd you have to go and do
something like that, huh? You
ruined **everything**, stupid grown-ups!

She sticks out her tongue, then stomps away, leaving our intrepid duo staring after them,
dumbstruck.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

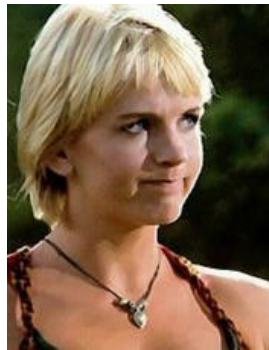
FADE IN:

EXT. HOUSE OF THE THREE BEARS - MORNING

The sun is shining brightly from a brilliant blue sky. Xena and Gabrielle stand in front of the abandoned house, looking over the land.

GABRIELLE

Well, that certainly was an adventure I'd rather not repeat.



XENA

At least we got a good night's sleep outta the deal.

GABRIELLE

True. I was thinking... maybe we should split up. Just for a little while.

XENA

I don't think....

GABRIELLE

Think about it, Xena. We could question twice as many people and maybe find a way to get out of here twice as quickly. It's a little crazy around here, but it doesn't seem that dangerous.

XENA

And who was chasing us through the woods last night?

GABRIELLE

Please. Those guards couldn't find
their way around an outhouse with
a candle and a map. Admit it.
My plan makes sense.

Xena grumbles.

GABRIELLE

(cont'd)

C'mon. Please?
Just for a little while?

XENA

Ok, fine. We'll meet at that
tower over there in an hour.
And if you get into any trouble....



GABRIELLE

Run. I know.
See you in an hour.

They embrace quickly, then depart, each going a different way.

CUT TO:

EXT. WOODS - DAY

Gabrielle is walking through a quiet wood when she hears the sound of soft crying just ahead. Following the sound, she spies a young girl wearing a red cloak sitting on a stone bench just at the edge of the wood. The young girl has a basket next to her, and she is crying softly into her hands.

GABRIELLE

(softly)

Are you okay?

The girl startles, and looks up.

LI'L RED RIDING CLOAK

Oh! You frightened me!



GABRIELLE

I'm sorry. You look pretty sad. Is something wrong?

Li'l Red Riding Cloak sniffles, and lifts her basket.

LI'L RED RIDING CLOAK

I... um... I was supposed to bring this to gramma. It's food and stuff. Mama couldn't come on account of she was talkin' to the baker. Gramma's real old and she doesn't get out much anymore.

GABRIELLE

Well, that's a very nice thing for you to do. Did someone scare you?

LI'L RED RIDING CLOAK

Yes.

GABRIELLE

Who?

LI'L RED RIDING CLOAK

Gramma!

GABRIELLE

Oh, my.

LI'L RED RIDING CLOAK

Yeah! I went to see her, and... and... she had these really big hairy ears! And big shiny eyes, and a real long nose, and... and... big teeth! And a real growwwwly voice. And her breath!
(sotto voce)
P.U!!

Gabrielle tries very hard to hold in her laughter over the young girl's description. Finally, she is able to put on a somber face.

GABRIELLE

You haven't seen your
gramma in a while, huh?



The girl shakes her head.

LI'L RED RIDING CLOAK

No. Not for ever and ever.
Mama always brings her her food.
I stay home with my little sister.

GABRIELLE

Well, sometimes, when we haven't
seen a person in a long time, especially
if that person is getting older, it
looks like their face kind of changes.

LI'L RED RIDING CLOAK

Really?

GABRIELLE

Really. And sometimes those
changes scare us, because we're
used to seeing someone the
way we remember them.

LI'L RED RIDING CLOAK

Oh! You mean like when my daddy
went away looking all short and fat
and bald, and then he came back
and he was real tall and hairy and
handsome? Mama even said we
should call him our **new** Daddy!

GABRIELLE

Uh... yeah... sorta. But anyway,
people like your gramma don't mean
to scare you. In fact, I bet she's
pretty sad right now, thinking she
chased you off and that she'll
never get to see you again.

LI'L RED RIDING CLOAK

Really?

GABRIELLE

Yes. And I'll bet she was really looking forward to seeing you today. I bet you've grown a lot since you last met, huh?

LI'L RED RIDING CLOAK

Well, she did smile real big... with all those big teeth. And I've grown a whole lot since the last time she came over. Maybe she was as scared of me as I was of her, huh?

GABRIELLE

You know, you could be right.

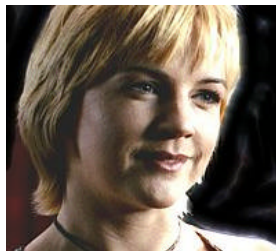
LI'L RED RIDING CLOAK

So, maybe I should...
go back there?

Gabrielle smiles.

GABRIELLE

That sounds like a great idea.
I'm sure she'll be very happy
to see you, don't you?



LI'L RED RIDING CLOAK

I guess so.

Li'l Red Riding Cloak jumps off the bench and hefts her basket to her chest.

LI'L RED RIDING CLOAK

(cont'd)

Ok, I'm going back.
Thank you, lady!

GABRIELLE

You're welcome.
Have fun, ok?

LI'L RED RIDING CLOAK

I will!

Gabrielle watches as the little girl skips through the woods, and runs into a tiny house at the edge.

LI'L RED RIDING CLOAK

(cont'd, off camera)

Gramma! Gramma! I came back! I'm not scared anymore!

GRAMMA

(off camera)

Grrrrrrroowwwwwwwlllll.

GABRIELLE

Wow. She was right about the voice.



Dusting off her hands, Gabrielle stands up and turns to walk back the way she came, whistling a jaunty little tune.

CUT TO:

EXT. CLEARING - DAY

Xena walks into a clearing where two houses, one made of straw, the other of sticks, stand. Nearby, a house of bricks is slowly being constructed. Standing outside of the houses are three little pigs who are arguing with one another.

One of the little pigs spies Xena and runs over to her, arms akimbo.

FIRST LITTLE PIG

Hey! We were wondering if you could settle something for us.

If Xena is surprised by a talking pig, she doesn't show it.

XENA

Sure. What's the problem?

As they walk back to the other two, the first pig explains.

FIRST LITTLE PIG

It's like this, see. There's a big bad wolf around these parts, and he's threatened to huff and puff and blow our houses in. Of course, we've told him not by the hair of our chinny chin chins, but he doesn't wanna listen, the old blow hard.

SECOND LITTLE PIG

So anyway, we were out here arguing about the best kind of house to build to keep the wolf from huffing and puffing. I bet straw. My brother bet sticks, and the idiot over there insists on bricks. So, what do you think?

Xena looks over the area carefully.

XENA

First off, wolves, big and bad or not, don't huff, they don't puff, and they certainly don't blow houses in, no matter what they're made of.



FIRST LITTLE PIG

See? Told ya, Elmer.

THIRD LITTLE PIG (ELMER)

Harrumph.

XENA

Secondly, see this?

She points with her toe to a very long furrow running beneath Elmer's foundation.

ELMER

Yeah? What of it?

XENA

It's a fault line.

SECOND LITTLE PIG

What's a fault line?

XENA

Ever hear of an earthquake?

FIRST LITTLE PIG

Yeah! One of those happens,
and we're bacon for sure!

XENA

Right. If that fault line opens up and
you're in this house, you're gonna be
crushed under the weight of all those
bricks. Me, I'd pick the stick house.
It's well constructed and strong
enough to keep a wolf from
charging in and snatchin' you up.

ELMER

Do you really think so?

XENA

I do.

Elmer sighs and lays his trowel down.

ELMER

All right. I guess it's the
stick house, then.
You win, Petunia.

Petunia squeals with joy.

FIRST LITTLE PIG

Thank you, Miss.
You saved us a whole
lot of trouble, you did.

XENA

You're welcome. Oh yeah.
Do you know the fastest
way to get out of here?

The three little pigs look at one another.

PETUNIA

No, but you could ask Rapunzel.
She's been up in that tower
since, like, forever. If anyone
knows, she would!

XENA

Rapunzel, huh?



ELMER

Yup. Right in that tower over yonder. You can't miss her.

XENA

All right, then. Thank you.

FIRST LITTLE PIG

No! Thank you!

XENA

Good luck with your wolf problem.

THREE LITTLE PIGS

Thanks!!

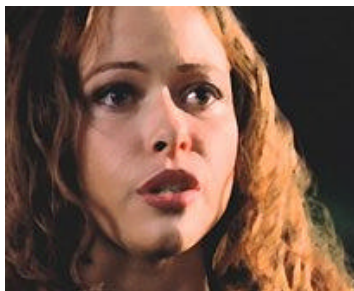
CUT TO:

EXT. TOWER - DAY

Xena and Gabrielle have caught up to one another and now stand outside a very tall, very narrow tower. In the very top of the tower sits a beautiful young woman with red hair. A lot of red hair. So much red hair, in fact, that it has filled the room and is sticking out of the many windows that circle the room.

RAPUNZEL

Yoo hoo! Yoo hoo! Are you the prince who is supposed to rescue me from this stupid tower?



Xena and Gabrielle look at each other, then down at themselves, then back up at the woman in the tower.

GABRIELLE

Uh... no?



RAPUNZEL

Drat. Well, I just hope he gets his princely butt over here soon! This blasted hair is about to strangle me!

XENA

Why don't you just cut it off?

RAPUNZEL

What?!

XENA

Cut it off! That way it won't bother you anymore.

Rapunzel thinks on that a moment. She smiles.

RAPUNZEL

Ya know, that's not a half bad idea! You sure you're not the prince?

XENA AND GABRIELLE

Positive!

Rapunzel digs out a pair of scissors from somewhere and within moments, all of her hair is hacked off.

RAPUNZEL

Phew! That's a load off!
Dang stuff was giving my neck such a crick!

GABRIELLE

That's great! We were wondering
if you might be able to tell
us the way to get out of....

The sound of a fast moving horse cuts off the rest of her question. A dashing prince atop a blazing steed thunders up to the tower and stops. The prince jumps off.

GABRIELLE

(cont'd)

Say, isn't that the same...?

XENA

Looks like it.



PRINCE

(to Rapunzel)

There you are, my one true love!
I've been looking all over for you!
I, the prince, will free you from
your horrible imprisonment!

RAPUNZEL

Oh yeah? How?

The prince digs into his saddlebag and comes out with a scroll, which he unrolls with a flourish.

PRINCE

<ahem> Rapunzel, Rapunzel,
let down your hair!

Rapunzel looks at him askance, then shrugs.

RAPUNZEL

Ok. If that's what you want.

Gathering all of the hair she's cut off, Rapunzel shoves it out the window, where it falls straight down on top of the prince and his horse.

PRINCE
Floooooomph!

Xena and Gabrielle both wince.

GABRIELLE
Somehow, I don't think
it was supposed to
happen that way.

XENA
Mm.

Suddenly, a dragon flies into the picture and with one heave of its fiery breath, lights the huge pile of hair on fire, exposing the prince and his steed...slightly charred. The horse gets up and gallops away. The prince, shaking his fist at Xena and Gabrielle, limps quickly off in the direction of his wildly fleeing horse.

GABRIELLE
(to Rapunzel)
Sorry about that.

RAPUNZEL
Eh. Ya win some, ya
lose some. He looked
kinda flaky anyway.

GABRIELLE
Do you know of a way
for us to get out of here?

RAPUNZEL
Nope. But if you keep going
south on this road here, it'll take
you to another castle. Buncha
mapmakers live there. They
should be able to help you
out if no one else can.

GABRIELLE
Thank you!

RAPUNZEL
No problem. Hey! If you
run into any more princes
along the way, send 'em
my way, will ya?

GABRIELLE

Sure will! Bye!



RAPUNZEL

Take it easy!
(*sotto voce*)

'Rapunzel, Rapunzel, let
down your hair'. What a
load of rubbish that was!

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

EXT. CASTLE - NIGHT

Just as Xena and Gabrielle are approaching the castle, lightning splits the darkened sky, thunder rolls, and rain pours down by the bucketful. Looking none too pleased with the situation, Xena steps up to the large door and knocks upon it.

After a moment, the door is opened by an elderly, bearded, and rather rotund man wearing a fur cloak and a golden crown; he is obviously the King.

KING

Sorry. We gave at the office.

He begins to close the door, only to have his motion stopped by a strong hand that grasps the door's edge and pushes.

XENA

Look. I'm cold, I'm wet, and I'm very tired of games. So either you let me in, or I take this castle of yours down stone by stone. Got me?



KING

I don't know who you think you are but...

He looks behind him

KING

(cont'd)
Yes, dear?

CUT TO:

INT. CASTLE - NIGHT

A pleasingly plump, gray-haired woman, dressed in a fur robe and crown looks at her husband, the King.

QUEEN

Don't turn them away, dear.
One of them could be the princess
we've been waiting for!

The king looks over his shoulder at the two bedraggled and bristling figures standing outside, then looks back at his wife.

KING

They certainly don't look
like princesses to me.

QUEEN

You never know. They might
look much different when dry
and warm. Besides, remember
what the oracle said. That a
princess would come calling
in the midst of a bad storm.

KING

Didn't say anything
about **two** princesses.

QUEEN

Well obviously, one of
them is the handmaiden.

KING

But which is which?



QUEEN

Does it really matter? Whoever
passes the test is the true princess.
Come on, Henry, our son's been
pining away for his one true love for
ages now. And after that business
with the broken shoe, and that...hair...
problem, do you really want to take the
chance of turning away his bride-to-be?

KING

I suppose you're right.

QUEEN

Well then, let them in and
keep them occupied until
we've set up the test.

KING

All right. Just go
and get it done.

CUT TO:

EXT. CASTLE - NIGHT

The door reopens fully, and the king gulps audibly at the looks he's receiving from the two soaked women on his doorstep.

KING

Many apologies, good women.
I had a bit of a matter to attend to.
Won't you please come in?

Gabrielle gives him as gracious a smile as she can manage.

GABRIELLE

Thank you.

KING

Quite welcome, quite welcome, I'm
sure. Now, if you charming ladies
will just stand here for a moment, I
will get the page to summon up
some cloths to dry yourselves with.

GABRIELLE

That would be
most appreciated.



CUT TO:

INT. CASTLE BEDROOM - NIGHT

The Queen rushes into the bedroom, followed by three handmaidens.

QUEEN

Hurry, we must hurry!
Take all the bedding off!

HANDMAIDEN #1

Yes, mum. C'mon, you
lot, put yer backs into it!

Once the bedding is removed, the Queen takes a single pea from the pocket of her gown and places it on the bed frame.

QUEEN

All right, start putting the
mattresses back on.
Twenty of them.

HANDMAIDEN #2

T-T-Twenty, mum?

HANDMAIDEN #1

Ya 'eard 'er right, ya
bloody cow! Start stackin!

With much huffing and puffing and grunting, twenty mattresses are soon laid atop the bed frame.

HANDMAIDEN #1

(cont'd)

A'right. What's next, mum?

QUEEN

Hm. I want you to lay those
twenty eiderdown beds on
top of the mattresses.

HANDMAIDEN #1

Not a word outta you, Matilda.
Just get them beds.
I'll get the ladder.

Much more huffing and puffing and grunting later, twenty eiderdown beds are stacked atop twenty mattresses which are stacked atop a single pea.

HANDMAIDEN #2

What's all this s'pposed
ta do, then?

HANDMAIDEN #1

Bloody 'ell if I know. What
the Queenie wants, the
Queenie gets, right mum?

QUEEN

Right. Oh, Henry! Would you
please escort our guests to the
boudoir? We're ready for them.

Xena and Gabrielle, somewhat dried, walk into the room. The queen smiles beatifically at them both, her arms wide in welcome.

QUEEN

(cont'd)

Welcome, welcome. I can see that
you're both very tired. I've had this
bed prepared for you. I'm sure
you'll enjoy a good night's rest.

Both Xena and Gabrielle slowly eye the bed that seems to tower to the ceiling. Gabrielle's smile goes a little rough around the edges.



GABRIELLE

Um... thank you?

QUEEN

Think nothing of it, dear woman.
Think nothing of it. Only the
best for our guests.

The queen claps her hands brightly.

QUEEN

Very well! Have a wonderful
sleep. We shall see you in
the morning, yes?

GABRIELLE

Um... sure! Thanks!

With that, the queen and her entourage leave, taking the ladder and closing the door behind them.

Gabrielle is still staring up at the mattress mountain.

GABRIELLE

(cont'd)

Well. How are we
gonna get up there?

XENA

Easy.

Give me your foot.

Gabrielle does so, and soon finds herself vaulted into the air. She does a neat tuck and roll, and winds up flat on her back atop the mattress pile.

GABRIELLE

Good aim!

Bending her knees, Xena jumps, flipping once, and coming to land sprawled out next to Gabrielle. The pile teeters and totters, forcing the women to grab the edges until it finally steadies. Gabrielle rapidly thumbs the pressure point in her wrist to rid herself of mattress sickness.

GABRIELLE

(cont'd)

That was fun. Not.

XENA

Let's just try and get
some sleep, all right?

GABRIELLE

All right.

Gabrielle rolls to her side, is silent for a moment, then scooches around. With a sigh, she flips to the other side, and squirms some more.

XENA

(tiredly)

What is it?

GABRIELLE

Can't get comfortable.
There must be a rock
or something under
one of the mattresses.

XENA

It's a pea.



GABRIELLE

A what?

XENA

A pea. An Austrian Winter
pea, if I'm not mistaken.

GABRIELLE

And you know this how?

XENA

(smugly)

I have many skills.

GABRIELLE

Ooooooh. You were just **waiting**
to use that line, weren't you?

Xena smirks.

GABRIELLE

(cont'd)

Well?

XENA

Well what?

GABRIELLE

Do you think you could get that
Austrian Winter pea the heck
out from under the mattress
so I can get some sleep?

XENA

Gabrielle, we're lying on top of
Mount Olympus here. I am not
going to get down and search
through forty mattresses just to find
out which one has a blasted pea
underneath it. Just ignore it.

GABRIELLE
I **can't** ignore it!



Xena sighs.

XENA
Fine. Switch sides with me.

After much teetering and tottering, and pressure point pressing, they are finally rearranged on the bed.

XENA
(*cont'd*)
Better?

GABRIELLE
A little.

XENA
Good. Now go to sleep.

GABRIELLE
(*sighing*)
I'll try. Goodnight, Xena.

XENA
Good night.

CUT TO:

INT. CASTLE BEDROOM - MORNING

The next morning, Xena and Gabrielle awaken just in time to see the door open and the Queen comes striding into the bedroom.

QUEEN
How delightful! You're both awake! How did you sleep, my dears?

GABRIELLE
Without meaning to offend, your majesty, not very well.

QUEEN

(a bit eagerly)

Oh? Why ever not?

GABRIELLE

Well, there was this... pea...
stuck somewhere in the
mattresses and, well....

QUEEN

Say no more, my dear. You've
passed the test! Both of you!

GABRIELLE

Test? What test?



QUEEN

Why, the test of sensitivity, of
course! Only a true princess would
be sensitive enough to feel a tiny
pea at the bottom of such a stack
of bedding, my dears. Henry!
Oh, Henry! Bring Junior in
to meet his true loves!

As Xena and Gabrielle stare at one another, the King enters escorting a very familiar looking prince.

PRINCE

YOU!!!!

QUEEN

Now wait a minute, Junior. These
two women have passed the test!
They are your true loves!

PRINCE

But...!

QUEEN

No buts about it, dear boy. It's already been foretold. These are your true loves, and you must marry them tonight!

GABRIELLE

M-Marry?

QUEEN

Yes, dear. You passed the test! Welcome to the family!!

GABRIELLE

I'm sorry. There's been some sort of mistake here.

QUEEN

Oh no, dear, I assure you, it is no mistake.

XENA

We're already married.

QUEEN

Oh? Oh, dear. That could present a problem.

KING

Nonsense. I'm the King. I can annul any marriage....

XENA

To each other.



The king stares.

The queen stares.

The prince, poor fellow, faints.

KING

This is preposterous!
Preposterous, I say!

XENA

Sorry, King. Better luck
next time, huh?

KING

Never! It is foretold that you
shall be married to my son, and
married to my son you shall be!

GABRIELLE

Not that we're not flattered
or anything, really, but....

XENA

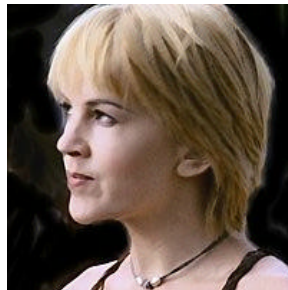
No.

KING

Guards!!! Get them!!

GABRIELLE

Not again.



XENA

Let's go!

CUT TO:

EXT. SMALL TOWN SQUARE, SOME MILES AWAY - DAY

Finally having lost the pursuing guards, Xena and Gabrielle slow to a stop in the middle of a small town square. Both are winded and sweating buckets. Gabrielle walks over to a stone bench next to a fountain and sits, wiping the sweat-plastered hair from her face.

GABRIELLE

Gotta rest for a minute.
That was a lot of running to do...
on no rest and no food.

XENA

You stay right here and
cool off. I'll check around
and get some answers.

GABRIELLE

Sounds good....

As Xena strides off in the direction of the tavern, Gabrielle turns her face toward the fountain's cool spray.

GABRIELLE

(cont'd)

Ahh. That's much better.

She looks down at her dirty and tattered clothing, noticing another rip in her skirt.

GABRIELLE

(cont'd)

Guess I'd better mend that
while I've got some time.

Pulling out a needle and thread from her bag, she sets about sewing the large, ragged tear in her skirt. Unfortunately, the lack of sleep and food once again catches up to her, and she pricks her finger, drawing a bead of blood.

GABRIELLE

(cont'd)

All right, I get it already.
Maybe a little rest wouldn't
be a bad idea. In fact....

With a yawn and a stretch, she shifts position until she is lying flat upon the sun-warmed stone bench.

GABRIELLE

(cont'd)

Ah, yes. Verrrrry nice.

She quickly falls asleep.

CUT TO:

EXT. TOWN BOUNDARY - DAY

The prince and two guards peer in from the town's boundary, all spotting Gabrielle lying asleep on the bench.

GUARD #1

That's her, isn't it?

PRINCE

Sure looks like her.

GUARD #2

And the oracle was right, see?
She pricked her finger with that
poisoned needle and won't wake
up until she receives a kiss from
her true love! That's you, Junior.

The prince hesitates, looking around.

GUARD #1

Well?

PRINCE

The other one isn't around,
is she? The big one with all
those sharp weapons?



All three scan the area.

GUARD #2

Coast is clear, Junior.

GUARD #1

Now's your chance! Go!

With a swift push from behind, the prince is launched into the town square. For a long moment, he looks down at the beautiful face of his sleeping princess.

PRINCE

(sappily)

Oh, princess, it is I, your prince,
come to wake you from
your eternal sleep with a kiss.

He slowly bends down, lips puckered and ready...

... only to receive a right cross right across the puss, sending him down for the count yet again.

XENA

(growling)

No one... wakes
Sleeping Beauty... but me.



Xena gathers Gabrielle up and kisses her passionately.



Gabrielle's eyelashes flutter, then open. Gabrielle beams.

GABRIELLE

Xena!

VERY LOUD VOICE

(off camera)

ALL RIGHT! ALL RIGHT,
THAT'S IT. CUT! CUT!!

Xena and Gabrielle look around, trying to determine where the voice is coming from.

A short, shriveled, disheveled, gaunt, haggard old man limps into the square, a loud talking thing in his hand.

MAN

You two have really made
a mess of things, you know?
A mess. A HUGE mess!!!

GABRIELLE

But....

MAN

Not only did you throw the giant
down the beanstalk, you also
crushed a glass slipper I
spent millions to make...

GABRIELLE

But....

MAN

...caused my three star bears
to go on strike, got my big bad
wolf so full from eating Little Red
Riding Hood **and** the three little
pigs that he exploded **everywhere...**

GABRIELLE

But....

MAN

...left poor Rapunzel trapped in
that tower until her hair grows out
again, and if **that** wasn't bad enough,
you **punched out Prince Charming!**
HOW COULD YOU DO THIS?!?!?

GABRIELLE

We didn't mean to.

MAN

Sure you didn't. Where are you
from? Who sent you? That
Hans Christian fellow?
Mother Goose? Who??

Xena stands up, stalks over to the ranting little man and grabs him by his lapels.

XENA

Listen, mister. I don't know how we got here. All I want to know is how to get home. And if you don't start talkin, I see a goose over there that's laying some mighty fine golden eggs. And since I'm hungry, I just might take it into my head to kill that golden goose and have Gabrielle fry it up for dinner! Understand!?!



MAN

Yes, yes, perfectly, perfectly indeed!

XENA

(enunciating very carefully)

Then tell us how to get home. Now.

MAN

Err. Well, it would be easier if you had ruby slippers, you see.

XENA

(growling)

Fake it.

MAN

Err...ok. Close your eyes, click your heels together, and say three times "I wish I were in...." err... wherever it is that you come from.

XENA

This better work, little man. That golden goose of yours is looking better and better all the time.

MAN

It will! It will!

Xena and Gabrielle exchange looks, sigh, and close their eyes.



XENA AND GABRIELLE

I wish I were in Greece.

I wish I were in Greece.

I wish I were in Greece.

POOF!

FADE OUT.

END ACT FOUR

TAG

FADE IN:

EXT. CAMPSITE, SOMEWHERE IN GREECE - NIGHT

A campfire blazes cheerily, shedding its light on two figures sitting side by side. Xena is sharpening her sword while Gabrielle works on a piece of parchment.

GABRIELLE

Well, that was one
for the scrolls, huh?

XENA

Gabrielle, that **was** a scroll.

GABRIELLE

True. But now it's
one of mine, too.

Xena scans over the text, smiling at some parts, laughing at others.

XENA

You forgot something.

GABRIELLE

Yeah? Where?

XENA

Here.

Taking the quill, she scribbles a last line, then hands the quill back, grinning.

XENA

(cont'd)

There.

GABRIELLE

(reading)

And they lived happily ever
after. Aww. That's so sweet!



XENA

I don't do sweet.

GABRIELLE

Sure you do.

XENA

Do not.

GABRIELLE

Do too.

XENA

Do not!

GABRIELLE

Do too!

XENA

Not, not, not.

GABRIELLE

Too, too, too!

FADE TO BLACK.

WRITTEN ON A SCROLL

And that, boys and girls, is the story of how Joyous, the happiest storyteller in the land, became Grimm.

THE END

DISCLAIMER

Many faerie tales and their characters were harmed during the making of this motion picture, but luckily, Little Red Riding Cloak and the Three Little Pigs were able to make a safe escape when the big bad wolf exploded.