

"MAD MINDS THINK ALIKE"

Written by

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INT. WIZARD'S TOWER - NIGHT

BANDIL (200s, black robes) heaves the sack over his shoulder. It tumbles onto the carpeted floor.

BANDIL

Ha! And they claimed Bandil has lost his flare.

Bandil steps around the twisting sack as a woman spills out of it. ELDA (21) climbs to her feet.

BANDIL (CONT'D)

Yet it takes such preternatural flare to steal a princess from right under the king's piggish nose!

Elda fixes her dress and flattens her hair.

ELDA

I can't describe to you how unflattering it is being... transported in this manner.

BANDIL

Job well done on my part then! Your pink butterfly ribbons and pastel-printed picturesque gowns are no more than a distant dream, Princess! Prepare for --

ELDA

Ah! Glad to hear it! Something we can finally agree on.

Elda rips her royal brooch from her chest and hurls it out the tower window.

BANDIL

Something we agree on? What... Wait a second. What game is this?

Bandil approaches Elda and takes her by the arms.

BANDIL (CONT'D)

Trying to trick me, Princess? Think you're such a wise old owl with all your private lessons and foreign tutors?

Elda swats his hands away leaving Bandil even more confused.

ELDA

Don't act dumb as a snail, Bandil.
If you were, I wouldn't have
allowed you to capture me.

BANDIL

Allow me? I condemn this pitiful
attempt at a ruse. It's ludicrous.

ELDA

The ruse, you fool, you've already
fallen for. And here I am, freed
from the shackles of my royal
responsibilities, left to my own
devices. Now -- take me to the
torture chambers! Let's see what
fun is left in this drab tower of
yours.

Elda heads to the door. Bandil rushes to block it.

BANDIL

You are my prisoner, Princess. This
is not your vacation home.

ELDA

You are my servant, Wizard. And you
have served your purpose. Be gone!

BANDIL

I...

They stand in a face-off.

ELDA

(smirking)

You look troubled, Bandil. Am I
making you... uncomfortable with my
profound prowess for deceit?

BANDIL

I am not deceived.

ELDA

What would you call it then?

BANDIL

I am... merely reassessing the
situation.

ELDA

You've got ten seconds to reassess.
Then, I need pants, a horse, and
enough acid smoke that could take
down a flock of migrating dragons.

BANDIL

Uhh.

ELDA

(tugging his collar)
And throw some butterfly wings in
my saddlebags. They make a dainty
treat for the ride.