

BARTHOLOMEW'S CASTLE

Written by

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COLD OPEN

EXT. DIRT ROAD - DAY

SIR WILLIAM (30s, loyal but hotheaded) gives a piggyback ride to BARTHOLOMEW (18, Joffrey Baratheon if his dad loved him) while also leading two horses by their reins.

BARTHOLOMEW

Can't you go any faster?

WILLIAM

We could move faster if we rode the horses.

BARTHOLOMEW

You know that saddle chafes me. You should have reminded me to take the comfortable one.

WILLIAM

I did, and you told me, "I'm a man now. I can handle the uncomfortable saddle" and I said, "Okay, but I'm not giving you a piggyback ride if you change your mind," and you said "yes you are you little worm how dare you-

BARTHOLOMEW

-Alright, alright. You make me sound like some kind of monster.

WILLIAM

Gee, where would I have gotten that idea.

BARTHOLOMEW

Is this about the harvest festival? I told you, I thought it would make them feel better about the low crop yield.

EXT. HARVEST FESTIVAL - ONE DAY AGO

Bartholomew and William stand on a raised platform with big piles of grain next to them. Peasants watch from below.

BARTHOLOMEW
In honor of my lord father, allow
us to welcome in the harvest with a
FOOD FIGHT!!!

Bartholomew grabs handfuls of grain and starts chucking it at
people, laughing.

BARTHOLOMEW (CONT'D)
Anyone who doesn't join in is in
open rebellion.

The peasants nervously grab handfuls of grain and start
throwing them.

EXT. DIRT ROAD - PRESENT DAY

WILLIAM
They needed that grain. What are
they going to eat now?

BARTHOLOMEW
They'll figure it out. They're a
resourceful bunch. I mean, look at
all the grain they grew. I wouldn't
know how to do that.

WILLIAM
(under his breath)
You don't say.

BARTHOLOMEW
I can tell you're in a bad mood.
What do you say when we get back,
you give me a piggyback ride to
cheer you up?

WILLIAM
I'm giving you one now.

BARTHOLOMEW
This is just for travel. The one we
do later will be for fun.

END OF COLD

ACT I

EXT. CASTLE PIMPLEFIELD - PARAPETS - A FEW HOURS LATER

An exhausted William gives Bartholomew a piggyback ride.

BARTHOLOMEW

WEEE!!!

Bartholomew's sister, ABIGAIL (25, gorgeous and fierce) approaches them. Bartholomew quickly hops off William's back.

BARTHOLOMEW (CONT'D)

So, yeah, if you stretch like that every day your back will start to feel better.

William is grimacing in pain.

WILLIAM

I can already feel it improving.

ABIGAIL

Having fun? Good, you should enjoy your last few minutes as heir. Dad wants to see you in the Great Hall.

Bartholomew straightens his back and gives a look of pride.

BARTHOLOMEW

He probably wants to commend me for taking his place at the harvest festival.

William gives Bartholomew a skeptical look. Abigail walks away hysterically laughing.

WILLIAM

Ready to go?

BARTHOLOMEW

I want to stop by the kitchens.

WILLIAM

Okay, I'll meet you in the Great Hall.

BARTHOLOMEW

But what if something happens to me on the way to the kitchens?

William sighs and walks with him.

INT. CASTLE PIMPLEFIELD - KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

Servants and cooks bustle about busily. In the corner is VIOLET (40s, short and sweet) cooking soup. She has to reach above her head in order to stir the pot.

BARTHOLOMEW
Got anything for me Violet?

VIOLET
You still haven't paid me back from last time.

BARTHOLOMEW
C'mon, you know I'm good for it.

Violet shakes her head.

VIOLET
Not again, you gotta pay.

Bartholomew looks around and spots a jeweled goblet sitting on a shelf. He grabs it and hands it to Violet.

BARTHOLOMEW
Here.

Violet hands him a bag of opium.

WILLIAM
Is that opium?

BARTHOLOMEW
God, you're so naive. But yes, it's opium. Just a little something to get me through the impending five-minute conversation with my dad.

Bartholomew starts to roll up an opium joint. William slaps it out of his hand. He grabs Bartholomew by the arm and starts dragging him away.

WILLIAM
Let's go.

INT. CASTLE PIMPLEFIELD - GREAT HALL - MOMENTS LATER

Bartholomew and William enter. Tapestries line the long hall leading up to the throne where LORD OLIVER (50s, medieval Phil Dunphy) sits. Next to him stands Abigail and the court wizard URSULA (80s, obnoxiously evil).

LORD OLIVER
My dearest son and heir! I'm so
proud of you for taking my place at
the harvest festival!

Bartholomew nudges William

BARTHOLOMEW
Told you.

ABIGAIL
What are you talking about, dad?
The festival was a disaster!

LORD OLIVER
Oh hush. It was his first time
hosting it. The important thing is
that he gave it his best shot.

BARTHOLOMEW
Thank you father! I learned
everything from you!

LORD OLIVER
Unfortunately, this year's weak
harvest puts us in an unenviable
position. We must prepare the army
for war.

BARTHOLOMEW
We're going to war?

URSULA
It could have been avoided if you
didn't throw away half of our food
with your juvenile nonsense.

BARTHOLOMEW
Quiet, witch! You should try
spending time with the peasants.
They're starved for entertainment.

URSULA
They're starved for food.

Bartholomew hisses at Ursula.

BARTHOLOMEW
Who are we going to war with?

LORD OLIVER
Ashby.

BARTHOLOMEW
The neighboring fiefdom? They're
four times our size.

ABIGAIL
Our warriors are twice as fierce!

BARTHOLOMEW
So we're still fucked. Do the math.

Abigail does the math in her head.

Lord Oliver steps down off his throne and walks over to
Bartholomew.

LORD OLIVER
My son. You will lead the attack.

ABIGAIL
He's never swung a sword in his
life! Father, let me lead the
attack.

LORD OLIVER
Yes, it's true. Bartholomew has
never been much of a fighter.
You're much stronger, more skilled,
more charismatic, smarter... did I
miss anything? You're a better
option in every measurable way. But
I'm afraid you won't have time to
fight when you're preparing for
your wedding!

ABIGAIL
(feigning excitement)
Oh. Yay! And who am I marrying?

LORD OLIVER
Oh just a lovely young man known as
Greg the rat catcher.

Abigail looks like she's going to hurl.

WILLIAM
You can't!

BARTHOLOMEW
What was that?

Everyone in the room stares at William.

WILLIAM
Sorry, I have, uh, late onset
Tourette's.

LORD OLIVER
We'll get you the help you need.

ABIGAIL
Father, why would you marry me to a
rat catcher? It makes no sense!

LORD OLIVER
In times of war, it's important
that we keep the castle bound
together. It sends a message to our
entire fiefdom that even the
lowliest among them can-

ABIGAIL
-Marry your only daughter?

Abigail storms out of the room.

LORD OLIVER
Abby!

BARTHOLOMEW
Dad, as skilled as I am at warfare-
Ursula and William roll their eyes.

BARTHOLOMEW (CONT'D)
Do you really want to risk your
heir dying?

LORD OLIVER
Nonsense! Although you might indeed
die. But whether you emerge
victorious or die horribly, you'll
make me proud!

BARTHOLOMEW
That makes me feel way better.

INT. CASTLE PIMPLEFIELD - ABIGAIL'S CHAMBERS - THAT NIGHT

William knocks on Abigail's door. She lets him in.

ABIGAIL
You can't be coming here, it's not
safe.

William sits down on her bed.

WILLIAM

Are you really going to marry that dirty peasant?

ABIGAIL

You're not *that* much higher in the social hierarchy.

William stands up and walks over to her.

WILLIAM

We could run away.

ABIGAIL

That's sweet, but I'm the daughter of a lord. I don't want to sleep in the mud every night worried I'm going to get killed.

WILLIAM

It would be romantic.

ABIGAIL

Sleeping in the mud fearing for your life isn't romantic. Look, William, sleeping with you was hot because I knew how much it would upset Bartholomew. And I don't want to marry Greg. The very thought of it is revolting to me. But me and you could never work. You're too big and strong and handsome. I find those qualities very irritating.

William sheds a tear. He exits the room.

INT. CASTLE PIMPLEFIELD - KITCHEN - LATER THAT NIGHT

Bartholomew, candle in hand, sneaks into the empty kitchen. He grabs bread from a shelf and munches away. He then rolls a joint and lights it with his candle. He's enjoying himself when suddenly, he's being CHOKED OUT by someone off-screen.

INT. CASTLE PIMPLEFIELD - BASEMENT - LATER

Bartholomew is tied to a chair with a sock in his mouth. Standing across from him is Violet, dressed all in black. Stunned, Bartholomew tries to say her name but is muffled by the sock in his mouth.

VIOLET

Yes, it's me.

Bartholomew tries to speak again but his words are still muffled. Violet pulls the sock out of his mouth.

BARTHOLOMEW

What the hell? I paid you back.

VIOLET

This isn't about money. I'm an assassin. Castle Ashby sent me to kill your father to prevent war.

BARTHOLOMEW

Was that a dirty sock?

VIOLET

Yes.

Bartholomew gags and spits.

BARTHOLOMEW

What were you saying?

VIOLET

I want you to help me kill your father and then take over as lord of Castle Pimplefield.

BARTHOLOMEW

Oh, right. Are you completely insane? What happened to the sweet lady who sells me opium?

VIOLET

Your dad wants to start a war. He wants you to fight in it, knowing it'll probably get you killed. It would be insane not to depose him.

BARTHOLOMEW

My dad's a weird guy, but he loves me. I would never betray him or my family.

VIOLET

Look, I'd love to have you on board, but I don't need you.

Violet pulls out a knife.

BARTHOLOMEW

Maybe I'll have more luck with your sister.

Violet moves toward Bartholomew.

William bursts through the door, knocking it off its hinges. The knife drops with a clang. Violet is nowhere to be seen.

WILLIAM

My prince! Are you alright? Wait, is this some weird fetish thing? Is that what the sock is for?

BARTHOLOMEW

Untie me you fool.

INT. CASTLE PIMPLEFIELD - DINING ROOM - THE NEXT MORNING

Lord Oliver and Bartholomew are eating breakfast together. William is standing guard.

LORD OLIVER

Dreadful. I always had a bad feeling about that one. Of all your drug dealers, I found her the least trustworthy.

BARTHOLOMEW

I'm just glad this happened before she got to you and now we can call off the attack.

Lord Oliver chuckles.

LORD OLIVER

Call off the attack? If anything, this is proof we must go through with it. It's kill or be killed.

BARTHOLOMEW

But fath-

LORD OLIVER

-But nothing.

Bartholomew stares down at his food.

LORD OLIVER (CONT'D)

Try not to look so glum! You're going to be fine! You'll start your training with William today. He'll get you into shape. It'll be fun.

William cracks his knuckles.

WILLIAM

Oh yeah, lots of fun.

EXT. CASTLE PIMPLEFIELD - YARD - LATER

Bartholomew and William are training with tourney swords in the yard. William knocks Bartholomew over.

WILLIAM
Get up and try again.

Bartholomew tries to get up and William pushes him back down.

WILLIAM (CONT'D)
I said GET UP AND TRY AGAIN!

Bartholomew again tries to get up and is once again pushed back on the ground.

BARTHOLOMEW
I feel like you're sending mixed signals here.

William swings his sword at Bartholomew, who is on the ground trying to squirm away. Abigail walks over to them.

WILLIAM
Little fucking brat.

ABIGAIL
Having fun?

William looks up startled.

WILLIAM
Oh, my lady. I was just teaching your brother.

ABIGAIL
It seemed more like you were bullying him. Here, let's spar, Bartholomew.

Abigail extends a hand to Bartholomew to help him up. He grabs her hand and she pushes him back down.

EXT. CASTLE PIMPLEFIELD - YARD - TEN MINUTES LATER

Abigail uses her tourney sword to swat at Bartholomew, who is still on the ground.

ABIGAIL
Worthless piece of shit. You can't lead an army. You should be the one marrying the rat guy.

INT. CASTLE PIMPLEFIELD - GREAT HALL - THE NEXT DAY

Bartholomew limps into the Great Hall where Lord Oliver sits on his throne eating grapes with Ursula by his side.

BARTHOLOMEW

Dad, I'm so pissed. Oh, I can't walk. I hurt my knee.

LORD OLIVER

Oh no! My sweet boy. What happened?

BARTHOLOMEW

I was fighting in the yard with some of our knights, and I was beating all of them. You should've seen it. They couldn't handle me. But then I slipped on a rock and I landed on my knee and I think I'm crippled now.

URSULA

Let me take a look at it.

BARTHOLOMEW

Oh, no, that's alright. It's too gruesome for a lady. Even one as retched as yourself.

Ursula beckons him forward with her finger.

URSULA

Come.

Bartholomew is pulled toward Ursula against his will by a magical force. He puts his knee forward and she examines it.

URSULA (CONT'D)

Nothing is outwardly amiss. It's possible a ligament is torn. I can heal it by imprisoning a thousand dark souls in your patella.

BARTHOLOMEW

You know what, I'm actually feeling better. It's a miracle!

Bartholomew runs out of the Great Hall.

EXT. PIMPLEFIELD WOODS - THE NEXT MORNING

Bartholomew, William, and a group of knights are out in the woods riding in formation. Bartholomew is leading them.

BARTHOLOMEW
Triangle formation!

KNIGHT 1
What?

BARTHOLOMEW
(meekly)
I said, uh, triangle formation?

KNIGHT 2
That's not a thing.

BARTHOLOMEW
...Trapezoid?

The knights, annoyed, ride past him. A horn sounds.

WILLIAM
BANDITTTTS!

The knights spring into action as bandits wearing ill-fitting armor attack. Bartholomew is too stunned to move.

Bartholomew sees William cut down a bandit. More bandits are killed. A knight is trapped under his horse.

The bandits flee and the soldiers break into cheers, but Bartholomew is terrified.

Another knight, SIR CARL, has arrows sticking out of his chest but he is drunk on battle.

SIR CARL
Nice little scrap. Sent 'em
running! I could use some ale! What
do you say boys?

KNIGHT 2
Uhhh Carl, you feeling okay?

Sir Carl looks down at his chest. He notices the arrows sticking out.

SIR CARL
Oh.

Sir Carl falls off his horse.

INT. CASTLE PIMPLEFIELD - BARTHOLOMEW'S BEDROOM - THAT NIGHT

Bartholomew is sitting on his bed, staring at the wall. The room is illuminated by candlelight. William walks in.

WILLIAM

Hey bud. I just wanted to check in on you.

BARTHOLOMEW

Why are you being nice?

WILLIAM

Well, you saw your first battle today. That can be really tough.

BARTHOLOMEW

I'm not sure I'm cut out for this.

WILLIAM

You're not. But get some sleep, anyway.

William leaves the room.

INT. CASTLE PIMPLEFIELD - BASEMENT - A COUPLE HOURS LATER

Bartholomew sneaks down into the basement holding a candle.

BARTHOLOMEW

Violet?

Dead silence.

BARTHOLOMEW (CONT'D)

Violet, I know you're down here.

Violet emerges from the shadows, knife in hand.

VIOLET

How did you know I was down here?

BARTHOLOMEW

You're not subtle. I traced the smoke from your pipe.

VIOLET

So, what, you're here to bring me to justice? For drugs? Both?

BARTHOLOMEW

No, I'm here to tell you I'm in. Lets kill my dad.

END OF ACT I

ACT II

EXT. CASTLE PIMPLEFIELD - TOWER ROOF - THE NEXT DAY

Bartholomew and Violet meet on the roof of the highest tower in the castle. It's windy.

VIOLET

What was wrong with the basement?
It's cold up here.

BARTHOLOMEW

People will get suspicious if I
keep going down to the basement.
When I'm up here, everyone just
assumes I'm contemplating jumping.

VIOLET

So what's the plan?

BARTHOLOMEW

Aren't you the assassin?

VIOLET

He's *your* dad. You know his
routines, his hobbies. A good
assassination always looks like an
accident. Especially if you want
people to support your rule once
he's gone.

Bartholomew sits and puts his hands in his face.

BARTHOLOMEW

Let me think.

A beat.

Bartholomew jumps up.

BARTHOLOMEW (CONT'D)

I got it! You know that
preposterously evil witch who's
always by my dad's side wherever he
goes?

VIOLET

Yes.

BARTHOLOMEW

For whatever reason, people don't
trust her. We should frame *her*.

VIOLET

How are we supposed to frame a witch? Do you know any spells?

BARTHOLOMEW

Leave it to me.

INT. CASTLE PIMPLEFIELD - DINING ROOM - THE NEXT DAY

Lord Oliver is eating dinner with Ursula by his side. Bartholomew enters the room.

BARTHOLOMEW

Hey dad. I just wanted to say that I'm sorry if I've seemed ungrateful for the responsibilities you've given me. It's a great honor to lead the army into war. All I want is to make you proud.

Lord Oliver starts to tear up.

BARTHOLOMEW (CONT'D)

I've been proud of you since the day you killed your mother in the birthing bed. So ferocious, even from the start!

Ursula rolls her eyes.

BARTHOLOMEW (CONT'D)

What do you say we play hide-and-go-seek, just like when I was a kid?

LORD OLIVER

Yes, what great fun!

BARTHOLOMEW

Here, come with me.

Bartholomew leads his father into the castle basement.

INT. CASTLE PIMPLEFIELD - BASEMENT - MOMENTS LATER

Bartholomew and Lord Oliver enter the basement.

LORD OLIVER

Why are we playing in the basement?

BARTHOLOMEW

To make for more of a challenge.
There are only so many places to
hide down here, it'll require more
skill.

LORD OLIVER

A true sportsman, my son!

BARTHOLOMEW

Okay, I'll count to sixty, you go
and hide. One, two, three...

Lord Oliver runs off and hides.

Bartholomew doesn't finish counting. He walks upstairs and
locks the basement door behind him.

INT. LORD OLIVER'S BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Bartholomew walks into Lord Oliver's ornate bedroom carrying
a sack of frogs. He spills the frogs onto the bed before
screaming loud enough for the whole castle to hear.

William, Ursula, and a group of other castle workers burst
into the room.

BARTHOLOMEW

That witch!

Bartholomew points at Ursula.

BARTHOLOMEW (CONT'D)

She turned my dad into a bunch of
toads!

The castle workers are terrified, except for William and
Ursula.

WILLIAM

That's not possible. She was busy
conjuring up my father's soul so he
could tell me where he hid the
family sword.

URSULA

It was in the attic with his
belongings.

WILLIAM

It seems obvious in hindsight.

Abigail bursts into the room with Lord Oliver.

ABIGAIL
I just found dad locked in the
basement. Know anything about this?

LORD OLIVER
I can't believe you ruined our
game, Abigail. I was winning!

Bartholomew hugs Lord Oliver.

BARTHOLOMEW
Dad! It's a miracle!

URSULA
You're not getting out of this so
easily you little worm.

BARTHOLOMEW
Uhh dad, I think it's your turn to
look for me.

LORD OLIVER
Wonderful! Let us return to the
basement for even more joyous fun!

Ursula rolls her eyes as Bartholomew and Lord Oliver exit.

EXT. CASTLE PIMPLEFIELD - YARD - THE NEXT DAY

Bartholomew and Abigail are sparring while William looks on.
Abigail is beating him, but Bartholomew lands one strike.
Abigail is stunned. She fights back furiously and knocks him
down. William helps him back onto his feet.

WILLIAM
You're getting better. You might
not even get killed.

ABIGAIL
Don't get his hopes up.

Abigail starts taking off her armor and leaves.

WILLIAM
Don't let her get to you. I think
there's a part of her, deep down,
that hopes you survive the war.

BARTHOLOMEW
What more can you ask out of your
sister?

EXT. THE WOODS - MOMENTS LATER

Bartholomew and William stroll through the woods.

BARTHOLOMEW

You don't want to go to war do you?

WILLIAM

I'll do whatever my lord commands.

BARTHOLOMEW

Yes, but what if you had a
different lord?

WILLIAM

You don't know what you're saying.

BARTHOLOMEW

Oh, I know exactly what I'm saying.

WILLIAM

You think I would sully my honor by
helping you depose your father?

BARTHOLOMEW

I mean, yeah, I definitely thought
it was a possibility which is why I
broached this conversation in the
first place.

William ponders this.

WILLIAM

I guess if your father was gone,
Abigail would be free to marry
someone else.

BARTHOLOMEW

Sure, I don't understand why that
matters to you, but that's true.

WILLIAM

Let's kill that piece of shit.

BARTHOLOMEW

Woah, come on. That's still my dad.

EXT. CASTLE PIMPLEFIELD - TOWER ROOF - THAT NIGHT

Bartholomew, William, and Violet meet on the tower roof.

VIOLET

Welcome to the team, big guy.

WILLIAM

Uh, thanks. Happy to be part of the coup.

BARTHOLOMEW

Maybe we've been thinking about this all wrong. Maybe it needs to happen in public, when we're all present, so that nobody suspects me.

WILLIAM

You mean like at Abigail's wedding?

BARTHOLOMEW

That's it! Everyone will be distracted. We can poison him and then act all surprised when he dies! Watch this: "Ohhhh no, dad, what's happening, are you okay!?"

VIOLET

(laughing)
So believable!

BARTHOLOMEW

So here's the plan.

They gather closer and discuss in hushed tones as the camera pans out.

INT. CASTLE PIMPLEFIELD - GREAT HALL - NIGHT

It's Abigail's wedding and guests are milling about in fancy clothes. An extravagant feast is laid out. Abigail is wearing a blue dress and speaking to guests when Bartholomew and William approach.

BARTHOLOMEW

Dearest sister, you look lovely this evening. And I love what your groom to be decided to wear. Very rustic.

The camera pans over to GREG (30s), who is covered in dirt and wearing rags.

Abigail glares at Bartholomew.

ABIGAIL

Some people aren't so superficial
and obsessed with their appearance.

BARTHOLOMEW

Clearly. You know, never in a
million years did I imagine you'd
marry someone who smells even worse
than you.

Abigail moves to hit him and William stops her. He then leads
Bartholomew away.

WILLIAM

Do you have to antagonize her on
her wedding day?

BARTHOLOMEW

Yes, I won't get as many
opportunities when I send her to
the dungeon.

William is aghast.

BARTHOLOMEW (CONT'D)

I'm kiddingggg. Lighten up. This is
our big day. No more defending a
lordling for you. Instead, you'll
be defending *the* lord.

As if on cue, Lord Oliver goodheartedly claps Bartholomew on
the back.

LORD OLIVER

What are you two talking about?
Planning a coup?

Lord Oliver laughs. Bartholomew and William nervously chuckle
along with him.

LORD OLIVER (CONT'D)

Stay tuned for the speech. I've got
a surprise for you, son.

Lord Oliver walks away.

BARTHOLOMEW

What the fuck was that? Do you
think he knows?

WILLIAM

How could he? There's only three
people in the entire castle who
know our plans.

Bartholomew eyes William suspiciously.

BARTHOLOMEW
I can't risk letting him speak. We
have to act now. Create a
distraction.

Bartholomew walks away.

WILLIAM
How?

A beat as William thinks.

William starts doing a ridiculous, awkward dance. A crowd
forms around him and starts clapping.

Bartholomew rushes toward his father with a vial of poison
tucked underneath his sleeve.

BARTHOLOMEW
Dad, hang on, I need to talk to
you!

Bartholomew clasps the vial in his hand and puts his arm
around Lord Oliver, stretching to reach the drink he's
holding.

Lord Oliver clinks his glass.

LORD OLIVER
Attention everyone! I have
something I'd like to say.

WILLIAM
(under his breath)
Fuck.

LORD OLIVER
In these trying times, I'm grateful
to be able to celebrate such a
wondrous occasion with the people I
love.

Lord Oliver gestures to Abigail.

LORD OLIVER (CONT'D)
My daughter, looking gorgeous as
ever.

Lord Oliver gestures at Greg.

LORD OLIVER (CONT'D)
And her groom, looking... well.
It's times like these that make you
reflect on your life and how you
want to spend the rest of it. I'm
nearly sixty now. Who knows how
many years I have left? I will not
spend them being your lord.

The wedding guests gasp.

LORD OLIVER (CONT'D)
I will hand my lordship over to my
pride and joy, my son, Bartholomew.

ABIGAIL
Why father?

OLIVER (FKA LORD OLIVER)
Ever since I was a young child in
my father's hall, all I ever wanted
was to be a fool. To make people
laugh. To juggle. To smash pies in
my face and wet my pants.
Bartholomew will be lord and I
shall be his fool!

The guests are confused. A beat.

The guests breaks into reserved applause.

Bartholomew is too stunned to speak.

OLIVER (CONT'D)
To Lord Bartholomew!

Oliver raises a glass and the wedding guests follow his lead.
Bartholomew slaps the glass out of his hand. Oliver laughs.

OLIVER (CONT'D)
Son, I'm supposed to be the idiot
breaking things from now on!

The room erupts in laughter. Bartholomew chuckles nervously.

END OF ACT II

ACT III

INT. CASTLE PIMPLEFIELD - GREAT HALL - THE NEXT WEEK

Bartholomew, William, Ursula, and a cadre of knights are convening in the Great Hall.

URSULA

My orb shows that Ashby's army has entered our territory. They'll be at our gates in less than two weeks.

BARTHOLOMEW

How do I know I can trust you, witch?

URSULA

You know, my orb sees everything. Even those meetings you had on the tower roof.

Bartholomew puts his hand on Ursula's shoulder.

BARTHOLOMEW

Because I've always trusted you. And always will. Can we get Ursula some gold? I feel like she deserves a bonus for working so hard.

URSULA

It's not gold I need.

Ursula whispers in Bartholomew's ear.

BARTHOLOMEW

Seriously? Uh, alright. Sir Eric, please gather all the... baby goats in the castle and arrange them in a pentagram in the castle yard.

SIR ERIC exits the room.

Oliver enters the room, juggling on a tricycle.

OLIVER

Anyone need a fool?

BARTHOLOMEW

Not now, dad. The enemy is on the move.

Oliver looks hurt.

BARTHOLOMEW (CONT'D)
Fine, yes, we could all use some
comic relief.

Oliver is overjoyed. He starts putting on a show, juggling
different fruit. The men laugh and enjoy themselves.

BARTHOLOMEW (CONT'D)
(whispering to William)
Where's Abigail?

WILLIAM
She locked herself in her chamber
and is refusing to come out.

Bartholomew sighs and leaves the room to go find his sister.

INT. CASTLE PIMPLEFIELD - ABIGAIL'S CHAMBERS - MOMENTS LATER

Bartholomew knocks on Abigail's door.

ABIGAIL
Go away, Greg! I'm not moving into
the basement with you!

BARTHOLOMEW
It's me, your brother, the lord.

Abigail opens the door. She sarcastically curtsies.

ABIGAIL
Oh, my lord, please go fuck
yourself.

She slams the door in his face.

BARTHOLOMEW
I need your help!

Abigail opens the door again.

BARTHOLOMEW (CONT'D)
Look, I don't understand why dad
made you marry the rat-catcher,
either. I'm absolving your
marriage, whether you help me or
not.

ABIGAIL
Why would you do that?

BARTHOLOMEW

Because you're my big sister. And
if we're going to keep this castle,
we'll need to do it together.

ABIGAIL

What do you need from me?

BARTHOLOMEW

What you do best.

INT. CASTLE PIMPLEFIELD - GREAT HALL - MOMENTS LATER

Bartholomew and Abigail return to the Great Hall where Oliver is now being chased around on his tricycle by a dog. He looks panicked. The knights are laughing.

OLIVER

This isn't part of the act!

BARTHOLOMEW

Abigail will be running the war
council. She knows a lot more about
strategy and tactics than I do.

KNIGHT 2

Finally.

Sir Eric reenters the room.

SIR ERIC

Lord Bartholomew, there's a problem
with the goats.

Bartholomew exits with him to the castle yard.

EXT. CASTLE PIMPLEFIELD - YARD - MOMENTS LATER

Ursula is standing with the baby goats arranged in a pentagram. She is reading from a spell book and chanting in tongues.

SIR ERIC

I think she's going to kill them.

URSULA

That's so regressive. You don't
need sacrifices to perform blood
magic anymore.

Ursula tickles one of the baby goats under the chin.

URSULA (CONT'D)
(puppy voice)
Isn't that right? Who's a good boy?

Ursula goes back to chanting.

EXT. PIMPLEFIELD WOODS - MOMENTS LATER

The Ashby army is moving through the woods when a chasm opens up. The entire army is swallowed whole.

INT. CASTLE PIMPLEFIELD - GREAT HALL - AN HOUR LATER

Bartholomew, Ursula, William, Abigail and the rest of the war council watch the Ashby army's destruction.

ABIGAIL
They're defenseless. The time to
strike is now.

Abigail raises her sword. She starts to lead the men out the door.

WILLIAM
Where are you going?

ABIGAIL
To take Castle Ashby!

WILLIAM
They're not going to regrow their
army overnight. Shouldn't we get
some sleep first?

ABIGAIL
What are you, a coward?

BARTHOLOMEW
He's right, sis. Just wait until
morning.

Oliver is floating in the air with balloons attached to him.

OLIVER
I'll pack you a lunch!

INT. CASTLE PIMPLEFIELD - BARTHOLOMEW'S BEDROOM - THAT NIGHT

Bartholomew is sleeping when he awakes to Violet standing over him.

VIOLET
So that's it, huh? After
everything, you're just going to
take Ashby and conquer my home?

BARTHOLOMEW
It's not like that.

VIOLET
Then how is it?

BARTHOLOMEW
Well, I guess it is like that. But
what am I supposed to do? Our
people will starve.

VIOLET
I thought you'd be a better lord
than your father. I was wrong.

BARTHOLOMEW
Are you going to kill me?

VIOLET
Not tonight...

Violet disappears into the darkness.

EXT. CASTLE PIMPLEFIELD - YARD - THE NEXT MORNING

The army prepares to depart. Abigail stands at the head of a
column of mounted knights. Bartholomew walks over to them.

ABIGAIL
TRIANGLE FORMATION!

The knights form a triangle.

BARTHOLOMEW
I knew that was a thing. William,
get me a horse.

WILLIAM
You don't have to come. We can
handle this on our own. We have an
army.

BARTHOLOMEW
They're not coming. Just you, me,
and Abigail.

William and Abigail exchange confused glances.

INT. CASTLE ASHBY - GREAT HALL - A FEW DAYS LATER

Bartholomew, Abigail, and William ride their horses through Castle Ashby's Great Hall. They approach the throne where LORD EDWARD (50s, handsome) is seated, and dismount from their horses.

LORD EDWARD

Ah, come to beg for mercy? My troops will have taken your castle by now.

WILLIAM

Actually, they were swallowed into a giant chasm. Your army is gone.

LORD EDWARD

What? That can't be true.

BARTHOLOMEW

It is true. If it makes you feel any better, it happened so fast they didn't have time to scream. Well, I guess the orb doesn't have sound so there's no way to be sure, but I don't think they screamed.

LORD EDWARD

(heartbroken)

My son was leading that army.

BARTHOLOMEW

Should've shelled out for a castle wizard. They can be very useful.

Bartholomew walks toward Lord Edward.

BARTHOLOMEW (CONT'D)

The predictable thing to do would be to seize your castle and steal all your wealth and food. Put everyone to the sword.

LORD EDWARD

Just get it over with, then. I have no heir. My house ends with me.

BARTHOLOMEW

That's what my father wanted me to do. But he's a fool. I want to try a different way. I offer you my sister's hand in marriage, so that we might make peace.

Abigail is aghast.

ABIGAIL

What are you doing!? You can't!

Lord Edward considers the offer.

LORD EDWARD

You have a deal.

Abigail moves to get back on her horse.

BARTHOLOMEW

William, stop her.

William hesitates. Abigail shoots him a look of desperation.
William grabs her wrist and the castle guards seize her.

ABIGAIL

I'll get you for this you fucking
bastard!

BARTHOLOMEW

I'm sorry, sis. This is just the
way things are.

END OF EPISODE