

THE TAVERN

Written by

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ACT 1

INT. BIGGWIGGINS TAVERN - BAR

WE OPEN on a shot of a bar. HARROLD BIGGWIGGINS (Overly enthusiastic, nosey, a bit slow) stands behind the bar and cleans out a mug with a cloth. The surrounding seats and booths are filled with knights, elves, and various other fantastical travelers passing through.

A BARBARIAN (big, intimidating, no nonsense) sits at the bar. He snaps his finger at Harrold.

BARBARIAN
Your finest ale.

Harrold puts the mug under a tap and pours into it. He stares at the Barbarian and overfills the mug, ale spilling onto his hand. He stops pouring and brings the drink to the Barbarian.

HARROLD
Say there big guy, I couldn't help
but notice your whole, uh-

Harrold waves his hand around the Barbarian

HARROLD (CONT'D)
-bloodthirsty marauder vibe you
have going on. If I may ask, you
wouldn't happen to be an adventurer
of sorts would you?

The Barbarian takes a swig of his ale, some of it spills onto the bar.

BARBARIAN
Hrm.

Harrold pulls out a rag and wipes the spill.

HARROLD
That must be the life, huh?
Travelling to villages, finding
treasure, slaying monsters. You
must be living the life, huh?

BARBARIAN
(Monotone)
I'm hunting down the man who burned
down my village and slaughtered my
family.

HARROLD

Ooh, a good old fashioned revenge quest, huh? That's always a good motivator to get out there and get questing. You must be really enjoying seeing the sights.

Harrold stops wiping the bar and leans towards the Barbarian.

HARROLD (CONT'D)

Say, and this is out of pure curiosity, but have you recruited any party members, or are you thinking of going more for a solo quest?

The barbarian looks at Harrold, his face is completely blank.

BARBARIAN

(Monotone)

My entire family is dead and my home is gone.

HARROLD

Yeah that's a real shame... Anyways I was just asking about your whole party member situation, because if you're looking for a tag along I think I could be a valuable asset!

The barbarian stares at Harrold.

HARROLD (CONT'D)

Now, I don't have a super defined class per say, nor do I have much in the ways of money, but I could be helpful with busy work! I could carry supplies, help manage resources. Oh! And also, I'm practicing magic too, watch this.

Harrold snaps his fingers, nothing happens. He snaps his fingers again, nothing. He keeps snapping them until a single, tiny spark emits.

HARROLD (CONT'D)

See? Fire spell! I'm still training myself but I think if you just let me stick with you I'm sure I could-

There's a whistle from off-screen.

GERALD (O.S.)
HARROLD! Get over here!

Harrold flinches.

HARROLD
Uh, just give me a sec, my pops
wants to see me in the back really
quick. Don't go anywhere though!

BARBARIAN
Hrm.

Harrold walks away from the bar and into

INT. BIGGWIGGINS TAVERN - THE STOCK ROOM

Harrold enters and finds GERALD BIGGWIGGINS (old, scruffy, grumpy but caring). Gerald heaves a large barrel into the room, struggles to pick it up.

GERALD
Give your old man a hand with the
booze, would ya?

Harrold run over and helps Gerald pick up the large barrel. They move it to the corner of the room where more barrels are lined up and put it down.

GERALD (CONT'D)
Oof, that did a number on my back.
Thanks kiddo.

HARROLD
No problem, pops.

Harrold turns to go back to the bar. Gerald puts his hand up.

GERALD
Wait.

Harrold stops in his tracks.

GERALD (CONT'D)
That gentleman you're serving out
there, you're not giving him a hard
time about his business, are you?

Harrold looks away from Gerald.

HARROLD

Whatttt? No, come on pops, why
would I go and do something like
that?

Gerald stares at Harrold, crosses his arms.

HARROLD (CONT'D)

I was just... asking him about his
travels a bit, that's all...

GERALD

Harrold.

HARROLD

Ok, ok, ok I might've maybe sorta
asked him about if there were any
slots in his party, but-

Gerald rubs his fingers on his temple.

GERALD

God damn it Harrold

HARROLD

Come on pops it's not a big deal, I
was just asking that's all-

GERALD

You need to stop with this. You
keep harassing my customers with
your... infatuation and it's bad
for business. You need to stop
looking for trouble and start using
your head.

HARROLD

But I-

GERALD

Oh, and one more thing. No more of
that voodoo magic either, got it?
These questers have enough of it
out there, I'm sure. This bar is
supposed to be a reprieve from all
that fantastical nonsense.

Gerald sighs.

GERALD (CONT'D)
Now what kind of quest was it?

Harrold scratches his arm and looks down.

GERALD (CONT'D)
Harrold.

HARROLD
(Whispering)
It was a revenge quest...

GERALD
A REVENGE QUEST? Are you insane???

Harrold takes a step back.

GERALD (CONT'D)
Son, you should know to never,
EVER, get in the way of another
man's revenge quest. Trust me I
have been there and it is not a
pretty ordeal for anyone involved.

HARROLD
No way, revenge quests are totally
badass! It's in the top three quest
types at LEAST.

Gerald sighs.

GERALD
I don't get where you get all this
from. You have no idea what it
means to go out on a quest, now for
the umpteenth time, stop trying to
get involved in out customer's
business.

HARROLD
But I-

GERALD
I swear, do you wanna end up like
your brother?

HARROLD
What's wrong with Arthur?

GERALD

Your brother's a joke, he'd be dead twenty times over if it wasn't for that fancy resurrection curse of his, with none of those deaths being the least bit heroic.

HARROLD

But he-

Gerald rubs his temple

GERALD

Just go back to working the bar, would ya? And once again STOP trying to get caught up in the personal affairs of our customers.

Harrold sighs and leaves, going back to

INT. BIGGWIGGINS TAVERN - BAR

Harrold walks in, looks back at the store room.

HARROLD

Hey man, sorry for the wait, anyways as I was saying-

Harrold looks at the bar, the Barbarian is gone

HARROLD (CONT'D)

Oh.

INT. BIGGWIGGINS TAVERN - LATER

Harrold wipes down a table with LILITH (Gothic, monotone, off-putting but also efficient and a stickler for the rules).

HARROLD

Can you believe pops, Lilith?

LILITH

I can.

HARROLD

He never lets me do anything I swear.

Lilith rolls her eyes.

LILITH

I wonder why.

HARROLD

He won't let me go questing, he
won't let me spruce up the bar with
anything interesting, he's so
boring for a former adventurer.

LILITH

The bar doesn't need "anything
interesting". You already cause
enough trouble as is.

HARROLD

Oh whatever, I bet a cool magic
item would be great for business!
Could you imagine the customers if
we had like a cool magic weapon or
statue or somethin-

A blue light flashes behind them and interrupts Harrold.
ARTHUR (clumsy, lanky, full of himself) materializes. He
wears a flimsy chest piece with a large dent in it, and a
cheap pair of reflective sunglasses.

ARTHUR

God damn lousy orcs, with their
giant maces screwing up my armo-

Harrold and Lilith stares at him. Arthur sees Harrold and
pauses. He quickly scrambles up.

ARTHUR (CONT'D)
-oooooh hey bro, didn't see you
there!

Harrold runs over to where Arthur is. Lilith stays behind and
stares at Arthur.

HARROLD

Oh my god Arthur? Welcome back,
it's been forever!

ARTHUR

It's been like 2 weeks, Harrold.

HARROLD

Yeah like I said, forever! That's
gotta be a new record, right?

LILITH

By one whole day, to be exact.

Arthur frowns.

ARTHUR

Yeah well, not to like, brag or anything, but I've kinda been doing important quest related things alright?

HARROLD

Woahhh, like what? You need to tell me all about it!

ARTHUR

Settle down little brother, I need to have a drink first then we can discuss my totally awesome and important quest that I've been on.

HARROLD

O-Oh, of course! Come sit at the bar.

Harrold rushes over to:

INT. BIGGWIGGINS TAVERN - BAR

And grabs a mug. He pours from the tap and puts the drink on the bar as Arthur sits down.

ARTHUR

So, as I was totally saying, my current quest has been a particularly treacherous one.

Harrold leans in towards Arthur, eyes wide. Arthur takes off the cheap sunglasses and puts them on the table.

ARTHUR (CONT'D)

Feast your eyeholes on this beauty of a relic.

HARROLD

Woahhh.. They're... Sunglasses?

LILITH

Cheap ones.

ARTHUR

Not just any sunglasses little bro, a wandering salesman gave me the downlow and apparently these magic spectacles will work to guide me to "the amulet of Madeupicus".

LILITH
The amulet of Madeupicus.

HARROLD
Whoa... I've never heard of an artifact like that, it must be incredibly rare...

Arthur clears his throat and forces a fake chuckle.

ARTHUR
Uh yes that's exactly right. Very super top secret stuff, completely unknown to the general public.
Anyways I-

GERALD (O.S.)
How much did you pay for those cheap sunglasses, boy?

Gerald leans against a doorway, crosses arms.

ARTHUR
Oh, uh, hello father.

GERALD
How much did you pay?

ARTHUR
W-Well it took all my adventuring funds, but-

Gerald face palms.

GERALD
You spent all your money on that flimsy piece of junk? I've seen those exact pairs on a rack at the local Ogre Outfitters.

ARTHUR
Well I-

Gerald looks at Harrold.

GERALD
See? Your brother's completely incompetent. I bet he died from being jumped on the road, too.

Arthur rolls his eyes.

ARTHUR

Thanks for the vote of confidence,
father.

GERALD

So, you decided to come crawling
back, again.

ARTHUR

I didn't man, I was killed!

GERALD

Eh, tomato, tomato.

Lilith walks over to a chalkboard hung on a wall. On it reads "Arthur Resurrections" with a large number of tallies underneath it. Lilith picks up a piece of chalk and draws a new mark.

ARTHUR

You know I hate that stupid
chalkboard.

Gerald chuckles.

GERALD

Well, it's the only real
entertainment I get out of seeing
you go out and making an ass of
yourself all the time.

LILITH

Agreed.

GERALD

Are you ready to throw in the towel
yet? Or do you need to go wandering
around dying even more?

Arthur takes a big sip of his beer and clears his throat

ARTHUR

Actually I was wondering if I could
ask for a small, teensy, tiny
favor, father.

GERALD

What was that? I must be going deaf
in my old age because I could've
sworn you said you wanted a favor
from me.

ARTHUR

Yes, well, you see through
acquiring these magic spectacles-

GERALD

Right, your ugly plastic
sunglasses.

ARTHUR

Yes, well, that and a series of
unrelated ogre mishaps-

Gerald stares at him

ARTHUR (CONT'D)

-Which totally DOESN'T mean I was
jumped on the side of a road by the
way, I seem to be back at square
one in terms of adventuring.

GERALD

Yeah, you made some real progress
this time, maybe you even reached
the edge of town.

ARTHUR

Uh huh. Anyways I was wondering if
you'd be willing to lend me some
funds, just enough to get me out
there, I promise I'll pay you back
tenfold when I make it big father!

Gerald laughs and wheezes

GERALD

Gahaha, oh you're a funny guy, son.
Do you really think I'm going to
hand you money you're inevitably
gonna waste and send you back out
there? It's like you don't even
know me, I'm offended, wounded
even.

HARROLD

Pops, I'm sure we could spare just
a little mon-

GERALD

Hush, Harrold. Anyways, as I was
gonna say, you're not getting a
dime out of me that you don't earn
yourself. If you really want to go
making a fool of yourself you have
to earn it.

Arthur sighs.

GERALD (CONT'D)
Why the long face? Surely a skilled adventurer like you should have no issue earning your own funds. I'll have Lilith show you the ropes tomorrow.

LILITH
Great.

Gerald walks away, Lilith follows.

LILITH (CONT'D)
Gerald, you know having Arthur around is going to make things more difficult.

GERALD
I know.

LILITH
He's going to be a bad influence on Harrold.

GERALD
Yup.

LILITH
We won't get a break, will we.

Gerald sighs.

GERALD
Nope.

ACT 2

INT. BIGGWIGGINS TAVERN - LODGINGS

Arthur sleeps sprawled out in a bed. The blankets spill off of the bed and Arthur snores. Lilith enters holding two frying pans and slams them together with a loud crash. Arthur quickly sits up.

ARTHUR
I'LL HAVE YOUR MONEY BY THE END OF
THE WEEK FAIRY GODMOTHER I SWEA-

Arthur pauses and looks around. He sees Lilith and frowns.

LILITH
Gerald is expecting you downstairs.

Lilith turns and walks away.

ARTHUR
Good morning to you too.

INT. BIGGWIGGINS TAVERN - BAR

Arthur walks in, Lilith, Gerald, and Harrold are already there. Arthur scratches the back of his head, his hair frizzy, it's clear he just rolled out of bed.

GERALD
Well, well, look who finally
decided to roll out of bed. Was
your beauty sleep worth it son?

ARTHUR
(grumbling)
It's 7am...

HARROLD
Yeah you really slept in, are you
sure you're feeling alright?

Arthur stares at Harrold and exhales through his nose.

GERALD
Your brother will live I'm sure,
now let's get down to the docket
for today. Now, Arthur's gonna need
to learn how to pull his weight
around here, so-

HARROLD

Ooh, ooh, I'll show him around! I
can teach him everything he needs
to know!

ARTHUR

I don't need to be shown how to
clean a glass, I'm not a moron.
Watch-

Arthur picks up a glass from behind the bar and a rag. He shoves the rag inside the glass and tries to clean it, but the rag gets stuck. He tries to pull the rag out but it won't budge.

HARROLD

You good bro? I can help if yo-

Arthur desperately tugs at the rag.

ARTHUR

I'm FINE, thank you. What kind of a
hero would I be if I couldn't-

Arthur's tugs with more force. The rag doesn't budge. He turns the mug upside down and shakes it. He hits the bottom of the mug.

ARTHUR (CONT'D)

Ugh!

Lilith strides over and takes the glass. She pulls out the rag with ease. Arthur stares at her.

GERALD

Exactly. Anyways, Harrold you're
joining me on some errands, so I'm
handing your brother over to Lilith
for the day.

ARTHUR

Great.

LILITH

Great.

GERALD

Oh don't give me any of that,
either of you.

Gerald turns to Lilith.

GERALD (CONT'D)

Sorry about this.

LILITH

It's fine. I'll whip him into shape.

Gerald nods.

GERALD

Alright, well we're out. Come along Harrold.

Gerald and Harrold leave. Lilith stares at Arthur, Arthur looks back and swallows.

EXT. TOWN - ROAD

Gerald walks along a road in town, Harrold follows.

HARROLD

Man, it's so cool that Arthur's back and working with us! The entire family's under one roof again!

GERALD

Uh huh, hey kiddo listen-

HARROLD

Man I bet Arthur totally has some good ideas on how to spruce up the bar, too! He's been adventuring for a while now and has probably seen all sorts of things! We could totally-

Gerald stops in his tracks. Harrold walks into him and pauses.

GERALD

Harrold, listen to me. I don't want your brother to get to your head too much.

HARROLD

Huh? What do you mean pops?

GERALD

What I mean is you have this idea of him in your head and just because you want to believe it doesn't make it true.

HARROLD

But I-

GERALD

No buts, you put a lot of stock in your brother, and I love him as much as you do, but surely you can see that he's a bit of a mess.

HARROLD

You're always saying that but I can't see it! Sure, maybe he can't clean out a mug, or keep his money, or stay alive, or-

Harrold pauses.

HARROLD (CONT'D)

Ok well I'm getting off topic, bottom line is that he's a capable adventurer, and you don't give him enough credit!

Gerald sighs.

GERALD

Son, I KNOW capable adventurers. I might even have considered myself one at some point as well, and a adventurer your brother is not. He hasn't seen the world the way you think he has and you shouldn't let him get into your head.

Harrold is quiet. He stares at the ground.

GERALD (CONT'D)

Now let's go get these errands done.

INT. BIGGWIGGINS TAVERN - BAR

Arthur stands behind the bar, while a group of girls sit at it. He's leaned in and talking to them about something. Lilith watches from a distance. The girls look at each other and laugh, they get up and walk away. Lilith walks up to Arthur. He doesn't notice her.

LILITH

How's your hero act working out.

Arthur jumps.

ARTHUR

Gah! Where did you come from?

LILITH
I'm always watching.

Arthur scoffs.

ARTHUR
Real charming.

LILITH
You're one to talk.

ARTHUR
Sh-shut up! I was doing just fine.

LILITH
Right.

ARTHUR
I was! These customers just don't have any taste when it comes to adventure. Frankly they're probably embarrassed by how much I run circles around them accomplishment wise.

LILITH
I'm giving you a new job.

ARTHUR
What new job?

LILITH
Anything other than this.

BEGIN MONTAGE:

INT. BIGGWIGGINS TAVERN - STOCK ROOM

Lilith carries a barrel of rum to the corner of the room. Arthur follows, struggling to carry his barrel. Lilith turns to Arthur and sees him drinking from barrel, Lilith stares.

INT. BIGGWIGGINS TAVERN - KITCHEN

Arthur cleans dishes in a sink. He tries to spin a plate on his finger while cleaning it but drops it. It shatters. He tries to balance a glass and clean it, it shatters. Metal pot, somehow shatters. Lilith watches with a blank stare, her eye lightly twitches.

INT. BIGGWIGGINS TAVERN - TABLES

Arthur serves drinks on a platter to a group of dwarves sitting at a table. He does a dance with the platter and stumbles and trips and spills the drinks all over the dwarves, and tips over a candle at the table. The fire spreads through the alcohols and sets dwarves' beards on fire. The beards burn away to reveal babyfaces, the dwarves yell at Arthur. Lilith facepalms.

END OF MONTAGE

INT. BIGGWIGGINS TAVERN - BREAK ROOM

Lilith pulls Arthur into the room. They sit at a table.

LILITH

Can you do anything right.

ARTHUR

Hey don't blame me, this stuff
isn't really my wheelhous-

Lilith holds up her hand at Arthur. Arthur shuts up.

LILITH

You can't do the simplest tasks
without messing up. Your theatrics
are a headache and only serve to
cause more problems.

Arthur looks at the ground. Lilith never talks this much so she must be really pissed off.

LILITH (CONT'D)

Do you know how much damage control
I had to do for you. How much money
you cost us. How much you plummeted
the tavern's reputation in one
shift.

ARTHUR

(Under his breath)

What reputation?

LILITH

What was that.

ARTHUR

Well it's just, the bar doesn't
really have a gimmick of any kind,
it's very basic.

Lilith loudly exhales her nose.

LILITH
There's appeal to the simplicity.

Arthur rolls his eyes.

ARTHUR
Sure.

LILITH
You get one more chance. Silently
clean the dishes without your
theatrics or I will tell Gerald how
much you cost the business.

ARTHUR
How much did I cost the business?

LILITH
Do you want to know.

ARTHUR
No.

LILITH
Then get to work.

ARTHUR
Ok.

EXT. TOWN - SHOPS

Gerald and Harrold walk through a street with a variety of shops and vendors. Harrold is carrying a stack of supplies. They stop at a store labelled GNOME DEPOT.

GERALD
Wait here with the stuff, I'll be
right back.

HARROLD
Alright.

Gerald enters GNOME DEPOT, Harold stays outside with the supplies. He whistles to himself.

MYSTERIOUS SALESMAN (O.S.)
Pst.

Harrold looks around.

MYSTERIOUS SALESMAN (CONT'D)
PSSTTT.

Harrold turns to see the MYSTERIOUS SALESMAN (cloaked, untrustworthy, creepy hoarse voice, incredibly mysterious) sitting at a pop up tent. He's surrounded by various strange wares and items. Harrold walks over.

HARROLD

Woahhh you have a lot of really cool stuff! What is all this?

Harrold picks up a cracked chalice.

MYSTERIOUS SALESMAN

That belonged to a king once, you know.

HARROLD

Whoa really? I bet it's worth a small fortune!

MYSTERIOUS SALESMAN

It can be yours for two dollars my boy.

HARROLD

Oh that is... less than what I expected.

Harrold put the chalice back down.

HARROLD (CONT'D)

Anyways! Is all the stuff here magical artifacts? Like from all over the world and stuff???

MYSTERIOUS SALESMAN

Indeed...

Harrold rummages through all the items laid out, he looks at them with an intense gaze.

MYSTERIOUS SALESMAN (CONT'D)

I get the impression you're looking for something...

Harrold pauses and looks at the Salesman.

HARROLD

Well it's just, my family runs this bar and it's really, reallyyyy boring.

(MORE)

HARROLD (CONT'D)
I was hoping there could be
something amongst all you awesome,
amazing wares that would spruce the
place up...

MYSTERIOUS SALESMAN
Hmmm... If it's vanity you seek...

The Salesman holds up a stone tablet. There's a line of text scrawled onto it, written in a unidentifiable language.

MYSTERIOUS SALESMAN (CONT'D)
Chant this spell, and even the most
novice of spellcasters can conjure
up the most realistic of statues.

Harrold takes the Tablet and looks it over.

HARROLD
I can't read this, it seems
ancient.

The mysterious salesman hands him a paper. It's a translator from the mysterious language into English, each symbol matching with a letter. The paper has a very obvious wet circle stain on it, Someone left a cup of water on it by accident.

MYSTERIOUS SALESMAN
Use this translator, and all will
be made clear...

HARROLD
Alright, how much?

MYSTERIOUS SALESMAN
It's something that will pay for
itself...

Pause.

MYSTERIOUS SALESMAN (CONT'D)
...But 25 gold, an additional 15
for the translator sheet...

HARROLD
That sounds like a steal for a
spell like this!

Harrold reaches into a pouch and gives the salesman a handful of gold coins.

GERALD (O.S.)

HARROLD! Come 'ere! I can't carry
all this fairywood with a back like
this.

HARROLD

Ah, that's me! Gotta go, thank you
for the magic orb!

Harrold pockets the translation paper and runs to Gerald. The Salesman looks at the coins Harrold gave him, clears his throat and speaks in a normal voice.

MYSTERIOUS SALESMAN

Damn... I probably could've charged
him twice as much if I tried
harder, kids these days are really
gullible...

INT. THE TAVERN - BAR

Harrold and Gerald enter the room, Arthur mops the floor with his eyes looking down while Lilith stares at him.

GERALD

Wow, he's actually working, and
here I thought I'd already seen the
craziest life had to offer!

Gerald chuckled.

LILITH

It was easy.

GERALD

Well for you maybe! I spent years
trying to whip him into shape and
you do it in one day, maybe you
should be their dad.

LILITH

I'm good.

While Gerald and Lilith talk, Harrold walks over to Arthur.

HARROLD

Hey Arthur wanna see something
cool?

Arthur keeps his eyes on the ground.

ARTHUR

I need to finish mopping...

HARROLD

Since when do you care about
mopping?

ARTHUR

You don't get it... I don't want to
anger her...

HARROLD

Oh come on, look at this.

Harrold pulls out the tablet, Arthur looks at it.

ARTHUR

What is it?

HARROLD

I got it in town, apparently
casting the spell written on it
makes a super realistic statue or
something, wanna test it out?

Arthur glances at Lilith and Gerald as they talk, then back to Harrold.

ARTHUR

Yes I very much do want to test it
out.

INT. BIGGWIGGINS TAVERN - BREAK ROOM

Harrold and Arthur sit at a table. Arthur stares at the tablet, while Harrold holds up the translator, glancing between it and the tablet.

ARTHUR

I've never seen this language
before, are you really gonna cast
this? Your magic skills are kinda
lacking.

HARROLD

The gentleman who gave it to me
said that even the most novice
magician can cast this spell.

ARTHUR

Alright, well go on bro, chant that
magic voodoo!

HARROLD

I'm so on it.

Harrold looks down at the tablet.

HARROLD (CONT'D)
"Slitheriuss sstone sstatium
reptilia".

The words etched on the table glow and the room envelops in smoke, Harrold and Arthur cough, their eyes water. Harrold rubs his eyes.

ARTHUR
What happened?

A silhouette forms in the smoke and moves closer. Arthur takes off his glasses and squints at the silhouette.

ARTHUR (CONT'D)
Harrold is that you?

HARROLD
Maybe? I don't know?? My vision is kinda obscured right now, bro!

A scaly hand reaches towards Arthur and the silhouette reveals itself to be MEDUSA (tall, snakelike, lanky). Arthur looks up at her in shock, drops his glasses, and turns to stone. Harrold continues to rub his eyes.

HARROLD (CONT'D)
Arthur?

ACT 3

INT. BIGGWIGGINS TAVERN - BAR

There's a flash of light, Arthur respawns and falls to his knees. Gerald run over to him. Lilith walks over to the respawn board and adds another tally.

GERALD

What the hell did you do?

ARTHUR

Thanks for your concern father.

Arthur stands up.

ARTHUR (CONT'D)

Harrold may have summoned an evil snake lady in the back room.

LILITH

A evil snake lady.

ARTHUR

Yeah! He read a thing off a tablet and then there was smoke and then she suddenly appeared and was slithering around and had snake hair and-

GERALD

Snake hair? Oh good gods not her... Harrold didn't see her did he?

ARTHUR

I don't think so, but I did and ended up back here somehow! I don't know how I died but that was so uncool. Like, do you know how much money I lose when I resurrect? Too much man, too much. At this rate I-

GERALD

Can you please shut up!

Gerald runs to the entrance of the back rooms. Smoke pours out.

GERALD (CONT'D)

(Yelling)

Harrold! Keep your eyes to the ground, do NOT look at her.

HARROLD (O.S.)

Her? Who's her???

GERALD

Forget it! Just keep your eyes on
the ground!

Gerald turns to Lilith.

GERALD (CONT'D)

Clear out the customers, Medusa's
here.

LILITH

Alright.

Lilith turns to the tables where patrons sit.

LILITH (CONT'D)

(Still monotone but voice
raised)

Everyone clear out of the tavern
now unless you want to turn into a
twisted frozen corpse rendered in
stone.

The tavern patrons look at her.

PATRON

What?

LILITH

You'll turn into a statue.

PATRON

Oh, ok!

The patrons stand up and walk out the door casually, it's as
if nothing wrong was going on.

GERALD

Alright, now does anyone have a
mirror? Or something reflective, we
need to-

MEDUSA (O.S.)

Gerald? Issss that you?

GERALD

Oh gods, hide me.

Medusa emerges from the break room entrance. Gerald covers his eyes, Lilith looks at the ground, Arthur looks at Medusa and turns to stone again. A bright light, Arthur respawns, he looks down.

ARTHUR

That's like another hundred g! I'm never getting out of here at this rate.

LILITH

That's your fault.

MEDUSA

Gerald, it'ssss been a while, hasssn't it?

GERALD

Uh, yeah.

MEDUSA

Been a while sssinccce you betrayed me, you backssstabbing coward.

ARTHUR

You know her, father?

Medusa crosses her arms.

MEDUSA

Oh he knowsss me alright.

Gerald shifts in place.

GERALD

From a long time ago! Back in my adventuring days, we, er, saw each other for a little while, that's all.

ARTHUR

You DATED-

Arthur gestures towards Medusa, his head still down.

ARTHUR (CONT'D)

THAT thing?

Gerald points towards the direction of Arthur's voice, but not Arthur himself.

GERALD

HEY! I did not raise my son to talk
like that about a fair lady!

Pause.

GERALD (CONT'D)

-'sides, it's not like I ever saw
her.

ARTHUR

Lucky you.

MEDUSA

Oh sssure, act chivalrousss now,
after all you did.

GERALD

It was just a small fling! It
wasn't that big of a deal!

Medusa's snake hair thrashes around.

MEDUSA

Sssmall fling? Wasssn't a big
deal??? You turned me to ssstone
and abandoned me on what wasss to
be our wedding day, jackassss!

LILITH

What did you do to this poor
monster girl thing.

GERALD

It was a different time! I did a
lot back in the day I can't
remember every little fling!

ARTHUR

I didn't know you got around like
that, father. Sick...

MEDUSA

It was NOT sssick! He killed me,
and even worssse, left me at the
alter!

GERALD

That was ages ago! I'm sorry I hurt
you but surely you must've moved on
at this point!

Medusa starts to tear up.

MEDUSA
Did it really mean sssso little to
you? You men are all the sssame!

Medusa yells at Gerald, while Gerald tries to calm her down. Arthur and Lilith stand there listening with their heads down.

ARTHUR
I hope Harrold's okay and not,
like, a stone statue.

LILITH
That would be less than fortunate.

INT. BIGGWIGGINS TAVERN - THE BREAK ROOM

The room is still filled with smoke. Harrold crawls on the ground towards the break room's entrance. His hand touches something, it's the crappy reflective glasses that Arthur brought back with him. Harrold picks them up and wears them. He keeps crawling and stumbles into

INT. BIGGWIGGINS TAVERN - BAR

Harrold stands up.

HARROLD
Hey guys, I-

Gerald, Arthur, and Lilith all turn towards Harrold's general direction.

GERALD
Look down!

ARTHUR
Look down!

Harrold looks at the floor.

HARROLD
What's going on?

ARTHUR
Dad's arguing at a ex-lover snake
lady that will turn you into a
statue if you look at her!

HARROLD
What? Where did the snake lady come
from???

LILITH

You summoned her.

HARROLD

I did?

LILITH

Yes.

HARROLD

That is SO sick, I can't believe I
actually summoned a creature!

MEDUSA

Do not call me a creature, boy!
Your entire family isss completely
dissressspspectful!

HARROLD

...Sorry.

Medusa turns to Gerald.

MEDUSA

It'sss okay, I sssee how it isss
now. Your entire family isss
utterly wretched, but they'll make
for good decor.

HARROLD

That doesn't seem like a healthy
way to cope with a break up, miss.

MEDUSA

Shhhut up, you're going first boy.

Medusa walks to Harrold and grabs his chin.

HARROLD

You really don't have to do this, I
know a good therapist if you need
to work through some st-

MEDUSA

Ssstop talking.

Medusa tilts Harrold's head up.

GERALD

Harrold!

ARTHUR

Harrold!

Medusa looks at her reflection in the glasses.

MEDUSA
Wait shhhh-

Medusa turns to stone.

HARROLD
H-Huh?

Gerald runs over to Harrold, Lilith walks. Arthur continues to stand still and looks at the ground. Gerald hugs Harrold.

HARROLD (CONT'D)
It worked?

Gerald looks at his reflection.

GERALD
Those cheap, stupid glasses your brother brought with him saved you.

HARROLD
Arthur said that the snake lady turned you into stone if you looked at her, so I closed my eyes and figured if she, like, looked at herself then-

Gerald slaps Harrold on the back and laughs.

GERALD
Aha! Just like you're old man.

HARROLD
Huh?

GERALD
I had to use a similar trick back in the day to get her off my back. I used a giant reflective appetizer platter instead, but it was more or less the same deal.

HARROLD
But if you turned her to stone, how is she here?

Lilith stares at Harrold.

LILITH
Someone must've summoned her back.

Harrold looks at the ground.

HARROLD

O-Oh right, I'm sorry about that.

GERALD

Oh you'll pay up, especially for
going behind my back.

LILITH

And putting you in a awkward
situation.

GERALD

Yes, that too, VERY awkward
situation. Thanks for that, kiddo.

Pause.

GERALD (CONT'D)

However, you did clean up your own
mess, so I'll only punish you for
the awkward part.

Harrold looks at Gerald.

HARROLD

Thanks Pops.

ARTHUR (O.S.)

Guys? Is it, like, okay to look up
yet?? Hello???

INT. BREAK ROOM - LATER

Harrold and Arthur carry in the second Arthur statue and put it down next to the first Arthur statue and the Medusa statue. Gerald looks at the Medusa statue.

GERALD

I can't believe that's what I was
dating, way back when.

ARTHUR

See father? I told you!

LILITH

You're both weak. She looks
stunning.

Lilith looks at the first Arthur statue, it has a terrified expression on it. Lilith gives the smallest hint of a smile.

LILITH (CONT'D)

I like this one. We should keep it.

Gerald chuckles.

GERALD
Agreed.

ARTHUR
What? No! As much as I am all for having a super sick statue of myself, this one simply will not do. Can't we use the other one? It's more dignified.

LILITH
Barely.

GERALD
If you really want to keep the other statue, keep it somewhere else. We can only have so many o' you before it starts to tank the tavern's rep.

ARTHUR
Hey!

HARROLD
Well what about the Medusa statue? It looks badass.

LILITH
Harrold gets it.

Gerald crosses his arms.

GERALD
No, it would scare the customers.

Pause.

GERALD (CONT'D)
Also I don't want a statue of one of my exes in the building, it's creepy.

HARROLD
Aw, c'mon!

GERALD
No, you get the statue of your brother makin' a fool of himself and that is all.

Harrold looks down.

HARROLD
Fine.

ARTHUR
I never agreed to let you use my
likeness! You better be ready to
pay up or I'll sue I swear I will!

Gerald ignores him.

GERALD
Well, time to start making up for
embarrassin' your old man.

Gerald gives Harrold a mop.

HARROLD
Isn't this what I usually do?

GERALD
Yeah but I'm makin' you do more of
it than usual.

Harrold sighs and mops the floor. Gerald walks out of the room with Lilith following behind. Arthur also follows.

ARTHUR
(Trailing off)
I'm not joking, by the way. I know
a guy who knows a guy who's cousins
with an attorney, you better let me
use the statue I want or you're not
getting permission to use my
likeness at all...

Harrold stops mopping, puts the glasses on the Medusa statue, and continues mopping.

THE END