

MONSTROUS BEINGS: EPISODE 11 "TROLLS-EYE!"

EXT. NILBOG WOODS - NIGHT

Michael and Joshua are walking through the woods in the dark misty night. Michael has the flame thrower, and Joshua is carrying the bayonet rifle (his expression is blank, as if he's not sure why he has the gun at all). Moonbeams splinter throughout the trees. Michael and Joshua are within the depths of the tree-cover, walking slowly, cautiously.

MICHAEL

It's very strange being in these woods again.

JOSHUA

And cold.

MICHAEL

You'll be warm soon enough. I figure, as long as we keep walking, we're bound to run into them.

(sees something)

Hey, what was that?

Both Michael and Joshua have stopped.

JOSHUA

What was what?

MICHAEL

(points)

Look... Straight ahead.

Michael and Joshua see, beyond the woods, two figures walking down a moonlit back road.

JOSHUA

Are those the goblins you've been talking about?

MICHAEL

No. They look human... Come on, let's move in for a closer look.

Michael and Joshua walk forward, then both hide behind a large rock. They are closer to the path where the two figures, who can be seen clearly from the bright moonlight, are about to pass.

When they do, Michael and Joshua see: it's Phil and Margo Gates.

MICHAEL

What the hell are they doing out here?

JOSHUA

Good question. One that I can't answer.

MICHAEL

They could be hippies, looking for a place to skinny dip or something... But there aren't any lakes in Nilbog.

Michael moves up, turns back, motions for Joshua to follow. They both walk from the rock's bulwark out into the woods again.

Phil and Margo, walking side by side in a perfectly straight seemingly predestined line, are just ahead.

MICHAEL

The only thing we can do is follow and see where they're going.

JOSHUA

Why don't we just say hi.

MICHAEL

I would... But something's up. We have to let them lead us to their destination.

Michael and Joshua make a shortcut and, where the path curves, are able to hide behind some brush ahead of the pathway. They wait for the Gates to pass by. Joshua, getting restless, tries to move around to get a more comfortable position, when all of the sudden, Joshua's gun, which is pointed up into the trees, goes off.

MICHAEL

Shit!

JOSHUA

Sorry... It slipped.

Phil and Margo, who surely would have reacted to the noise in normal circumstances, keep on walking down the road, past Michael and Joshua, as if nothing had happened at all.

MICHAEL

Okay, there's definitely something up. They're probably hypnotized, and being lead somewhere.

Joshua and Michael go up onto the path, and follow the couple.

Along the way, after about ten beats, a small house that looks like a church is visible in the near-distance. Michael stops, turns to Joshua.

MICHAEL

Hey... It's the church that looks like a... I mean, the house that looks like a church... The troll queen's main hideout.

Michael and Joshua watch as Phil and Margo reach the dark church house. Phil opens the front door, and both he and Margo walk inside. The door then closes - on its own - behind them.

MICHAEL

Okay, maybe we should...

Just as he is talking, something grabs Joshua by the neck, and pulls him back into the dense woods.

Michael turns, tightening his hands on the flamethrower.

MICHAEL

Joshua! No!

Michael runs into the woods after Joshua. He realizes, as he's trying to catch up, the creature that is dragging Joshua is not a goblin - but is taller, about six feet. As Michael catches up, the creature turns and looks at Michael. Michael can see its face in the moonlight. It resemble a goblin, but has the body of a troll. (We will call these new creations: Grolls.)

The Groll has Joshua by the shoulder. It's large hands are able to grip him tight, but isn't harming him. Joshua is still conscious, and is yelling as he's being dragged.

JOSHUA

Dad! Help! What's happening to me?
Help!

MICHAEL

(running)

I'm coming son. I'm right behind
you... Hold on.

Michael grips the flame thrower with one hand instead of two. Then, with free hand, he reaches into his shirt, pulls out a pistol. As he's running, he aims, and shoots the Groll in the back. The creature falls down, and starts wriggling around on the forest floor.

Joshua is lying down next to the thing, watching it with widened eyes.

Michael puts his pistol back into a pocket (he has many hidden holsters in his clothing).

MICHAEL

Joshua... Clear out of the way,
right now!

Joshua complies. He crawls behind his father, who is holding the flame thrower with both hands. It's aimed at the wriggling Groll.

MICHAEL

Go back to hell, motherfucker!

Michael presses the trigger - but not the red trigger, the white one.

Instead of flames, the fire retardant comes out.

The beast stops moving around. It's white with foam, and looks to be quite dead.

MICHAEL

Shit... Why does this always
happen?

Just then, three more of these monstrous beings jump out from the cover of trees directly in front of them.

This time, Michael hits the red button.

A thin jut of flames juts out. Michael turns the flamethrower in a sweeping fashion, so that a blanket of flames covers the three beasts, sending them "screaming" onto the ground, wriggling and dying like the first had done only these on fire.

Michael looks at Joshua.

MICHAEL

Remember, son. Always prevent
forest fires.

Michael presses the white trigger. The retardant pours onto the flaming beasts.

Just then, another Groll - this one coming from a tree - drops down and lands on Michael. It knocks the flamethrower out of his hands.

The Groll begins ripping up Michael's clothes, trying to get to his skin as Michael tries his best to fight it off. Michael's pistol drops from his hidden holster, and lands next to Joshua.

MICHAEL

Help, Joshua! Get the gun and shoot
it! Shoot the damn thing! It's
going to kill me!

There are a line of other Grolls walking slowly towards the fight, all ready to join.

Joshua stands there, stiff, eyes frozen, watching his father, looking as if he's so scared he doesn't know quite what to do - or how to do it.

Michael gets clear of the Groll for enough time to reach into his shirt. He pulls out a flattened, empty carton of milk (this looks like one of those old Popeye cartoons: the milk being the spinach).

Michael throws the carton at Joshua. It's flatten shape makes it into a disc. It lands near Joshua's feet.

Joshua look down, and sees it:

Milk!

Joshua looks at the "Tree Groll" who has gotten back on top of Michael - then looks at the others who are about to join in.

His eyes widen: flaming red dilated pupils.

JOSHUA

(screaming)
Die! Die! Die!

Joshua fires the pistol. One, two, three: he hits the approaching Grolls in the face. They drop dead on the forest floor.

One more appears to Joshua's right, about to overtake him.

Joshua, fast as a gunslinger from the Wild West, turns, fires, hitting the Groll right between the...

JOSHUA

Trolls-eye!

During all this, the "Tree Groll" is still going at it with Michael, trying to get a good enough swipe at Michael's body to kill him. Only Michael's amazing speed and strength is keeping this creature off him in long enough intervals.

Joshua is firing more bullets (there are a whole lot of bullets in this gun) into the trees, as more and more of the Grolls fall out, dead.

Then, when it seems there are no more Grolls, Joshua turns to his father.

JOSHUA

Okay dad - I'm coming for ya!

Joshua looks at his pistol, which had served him well - and throws it to the ground.

He runs quickly, dives into the Tree Groll's abdomen. The creature falls back, and soon Joshua is on top, punching it in the stomach, his fists flying with blinding speed.

Michael sits up, watching as Joshua opens his mouth and juts his head down into the Groll's neck.

In a beat, Joshua rises from the Groll, his face and teeth are full of green slime.

MICHAEL

Wait, son... Don't eat it or you'll turn into one!

Joshua wipes his mouth, clearing the green blood off his face. And what wasn't on his face, he spits out onto the ground.

JOSHUA

Don't worry... Real men don't eat goblins.

Michael rips off an article of his clothes, and wipes Joshua's mouth with it.

MICHAEL

I don't think they were goblins.
They're much bigger. More
ferocious.

Joshua and Michael look at all the Groll corpses lying on the ground.

JOSHUA

Ferocious? They look dead to me.

In the near-distance, there is a sound of twigs snapping, and loud footsteps.

MICHAEL

More of them are on the way. We
better go back to the Presence
house... We have a couple kids to
protect.

Michael picks up the flamethrower, Joshua the pistol.

Father and son, like seasoned commandos, briskly stride off, leaving the dead, green-bloody monsters in their wake.