

ROTTEN!

"3 Wishes for Skid"

written by

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FIRST DRAFT  
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ACT ONE

EXT. MEDIEVAL FOREST

WE SEE A STORYBOOK MEDIEVAL LANDSCAPE OF ROLLING HILLS, MAJESTIC CASTLES AND HUMBLE PEASANT COTTAGES. THE CAMERA MOVES INTO A DEEP FOREST. IN THE MIDDLE OF THE FOREST IS AN ENCHANTED TREE. IT IS TWILIGHT AND THE TREE TWINKLES WITH COLORED LIGHTS AND WE CAN SEE THE TREE IS FULL OF LITTLE HOUSES.

A CHARMING FEMALE FAERIE EMERGES FROM ONE OF THE LITTLE TREEHOUSES AND GRACEFULLY FLIES DOWN PAST THE LOWER BRANCHES AND FINALLY TO THE BASE OF THE ENORMOUS TRUNK OF THE TREE.

FAERIE

(humming to herself in a  
sweet, trill-y voice))

Hmm, hmm, hmm, hmm. La, di la-di dah!

AT THE BASE OF THE TREE IS A DANK, MUDDY AND MURKY PATCH OF LAND. STANDING IN THE MIDDLE OF THIS FETID SWAMPY SPOT IS A RAMSHACKLE FAERIE-SIZED COTTAGE. THE PRETTY LITTLE FAERIE FLUTTERS IN FRONT OF THE FRONT DOOR OF THE RUNDOWN BUILDING AND KNOCKS. NO ONE ANSWERS. SHE KNOCKS AND AGAIN AND PEERS INTO THE GREASY WINDOW OF THE FRONT DOOR.

FAERIE (CONT'D)

Hello, hello, hello? Is anybody home?  
(sincerely disappointed)

Oh dear, I'm afraid I've missed them.

This is just so terribly sad and  
awfully unfortunate. Dearie me!

ON THE INSIDE WE CAN SEE THE COTTAGE IS A MESSY, UNKEMPT PLACE AND THAT THERE ARE 4 SNOTTY, TOUGH FAERIES (THE RTTENS) BACKS PRESSED AGAINST THE WALL HOLDING THEIR BREATH. THEY CLEARLY DON'T WANT TO ANSWER THE DOOR OR LET THE FAERIE OUTSIDE KNOW THAT ANYONE IS HOME.

AGNES

(in a very quiet and tense  
whisper)

Everybody stay still.

(MORE)

AGNES (CONT'D)

She's going to leave. There's no way she can take the smell, Don't move a muscle.

SUGGS

(also in a very quiet whisper)

Couldn't we just throw a sheet over her and dump her into the swamp?

LEMMY

(also whispering but enthusiastic at Suggs' idea)

Brilliant! Let's do it!

TWIG

(whispering in indecipherable English but also 'very much in favor of Suggs' plan))

Kdlsjfsdlfkfjdsf!

AGNES

(in an agitated state but still whispering))

NO! We can't do that, she's find her way back tell on us and our plan for tonight will be all for nought!

SKID

(singing off-key in a loud voice))

FROM ANOTHER ROOM IN THE COTTAGE, A DISSONANT CHORD IS STRUCK ON AN OUT-OF-TUNE MANDOLIN AND AN OFF-KEY VOICE SINGS.

SKID (SINGING) (CONT'D)

This is a song about what's wrong/ and  
what is wrong is you!/ You're so  
unfair/ and you don't care/ that no  
one thinks much of you/ You're gonna  
see that history will judge you pretty  
harshly!

THE ROTTENS EXPLODE AT SKID

ALL:

SKID!!!!

CUT TO:

FAERIE  
(relieved)

Oh, how lovely you're at home after  
all!

CUT TO:

KNOWING THE GAME IS UP, AGNES SIGHS IN EXASPERATION AND OPENS  
THE DOOR

AGNES

What can we do for you, Marigold?

FAERIE

I have wonderful news! The Queen has  
requested your presence at the annual  
Spring-Sing-a-Long-a-Thon Fest!

TWIG

Dkfjsdlkfdjfld!

FAERIE

Sorry, I didn't catch that.

AGNES

Never mind, he's just processing the news.

FAERIE

Oh. Well, the Queen will be thrilled to know you will be attending. It will be formal dress, of course and perhaps you might want to..

THE GOOD FAERIE TAKES IN THE ROTTEN'S EXTREMELY DISHEVELED STATE

FAERIE (CONT'D)

Uh, tidy up a bit. Also, we will expecting everybody to be in best singing voice

LEMMY

Oh, well you see, it's going to be a bit difficult for us to make it. Isn't that right?

SUGGS

Oh, yeah, right, yeah, you see, we've got a lot of muck to clear our around the enchanted tree. Quite a job.

LEMMY

Yeah, much as we would love to go

TWIG

SLkdjfslkdfjlsfkdsjflsdf

SKID

What are you saying, Suggs? Oh, goodness but of course! We would be honored to attend and please convey our humble and obedient thanks to her majesty for her most generous invitation. We will be counting the hours until..

AGNES:

That's enough, Skid.

FAERIE

Well, that's wonderful. We'll look forward to seeing you then! Ta ta!

MARIGOLD FLIES OFF WHILE THE ROTTENS SURROUND SKID. SKID IS NOT IN THE LEAST BIT INTIMIDATED.

AGNES

Why did you have to be singing that annoying song of yours?

SKID

Oh, annoying is it? If it wasn't for me this whole oppressive system we toil under would take over everything in sight.

AGNES

But skid, it already has.

SKID

Well, that's my point. My songs are the only thing that will liberate us from our totalitarian masters!

LEMMY

And now we have to go that blinkin' fest!

SUGGS

Eating all that healthy food and we'll have to mingle and talk to those cheerful and enthusiastic faeries.

LEMMY

Instead of having fun putting ourselves into some really high-risk situations!

SKID

What am I supposed to do, eh? Not accept?

LEMMY

Yeah! That's right. Why couldn't you not do that?

SKID

She's the queen, ain't she? I mean be fair! Show some respect!

AGNES:

It's taken us weeks to plan tonight's trip and the last thing we need are those do-gooder faeries knowing what we're up to.

SUGGS

That fest is the most boring thing ever! Eating all that terrible health food and we'll have to mingle and talk to those miserable, upbeat and happy faeries.

SKID

Oh, stop complaining and let's just get on with it! Who's with me? Who's up for some fun!

THE GROUP SHUFFLE OUT THE DOOR GRUMBLING AS SKID WALKS OUT OBLIVIOUS TO THEIR DISPLEASURE

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. ABOVE THE FOREST GLIDING ALONG ON A ZIPLINE

WE SEE THE ROTTEN ZIPPING OVER THE FOREST ON A ZIP LINE MADE OF VINES WITH LITTLE STRAPS THAT INGENIOUS AGNES HAS BUILT FOR THEM. SKID LOOKS DOWN BELOW TO SEE A FAMILY OF VOLES SKID GLANCES DOWN AT THE FOREST FLOOR AND SEES A FAMILY OF VOLES, LITTLE ENGLISH FIELD MICE.

SKID

Oy! Stupid voles! What a bunch of right nutters! Ha! Toss off!



AGNES

Skid! Leave them alone. We don't need  
any trouble!

SKID

Relax, Voles can't climb trees!

THEY CONTINUE ON THEIR ZIPLINE TREK THROUGH THE TREETOPS.

AT A POINT ON THE ZIP LINE WHERE THEY HAVE TO SWITCH LINES,  
THE INSULTED VOLES APPEAR POUNDING THEIR FISTS TOGETHER,  
READY FOR REVENGE. CLEARLY, VOLES CAN CLIM TREES.

VOLES:

So, what was that you was saying?

THE ROTTENS LOOKS, ONCE AGAIN, WITH DISDAIN AT SKID

CUT TO:

EXT A WTATER WHEEL OF AN OLD MILL

THE ROTTENS ARE GATHERED AT THE TOP OF THE WHEEL PREPARING TO  
RIDE THE WHEEL TO THE RIVER BELOW. SKID HAS BEEN SENT OFF TO  
THE SIDE TO KEEP HIM AWAY FROM CAUSING ANY MORE TROUBLE.

SKID

Well, thank you very much! Have fun,  
don't mind me! I'll be just fine!

SKID ANGRILY KICKS A STONE THAT SETS IN MOTION OF SERIES OF  
EVENTS THAT RESULTS IN A PILE OF LOGS TO COLLAPSE, BLOCKING  
THE FLOW OF THE RIVER AND STOPPING THE WATER WEHEEL FROM  
TURNING.

THE ROTTENS TELL SKID HE HAS TO GO LAST ON THE WHEEL AS PUNISHMENT FOR HIS SCREW-UPS. SKID SULKS NEAR A PILE OF LOGS THAT HAVE BEEN PILED UP NEAR THE STREAM THAT POWERS THE WATER WHEEL. OUT OF FRUSTRATION HE KICKED ONE OF THE SUPPORTS AND THE LOGS GO CAREENING DOWN THE EMBANKMENT AND DAM UP THE STREAM. JUST AS SUGGS IS ABOUT TO DIVE OFF THE WHEEL, IT LURCHES TO A STOP AND SUGGS GOES BOUNCING OFF THE WHEEL. TO THE GROUND FAR BELOW.

ROTTENS:

Skid! Why did you do that? What is the matters with you?

SKID

How did I know that was going to happen? You can't blame me for that?

CUT TO:

INT THE MILLER'S COTTAGE BEDROOM

THE MILLER AWAKENS TO THE NOISE COMING FROM THE ROTTEN'S ARGUING

CUT TO:

THE ROTTENS CONTINUE SCOLDING SKID. SUGGS IS TRYING TO PUT SKID IN A HEADLOCK. OUT OF NOWHERE, A BUCKET SLAMS DOWN ON SKID AND THE ROTTENS SEE THE MILLER HAS TRAPPED SKID.

MILLER

Ah! Got you! Tis' my lucky day!  
Alright, magical creatures of ancient lore. I command ye to grant me wishes three!

THE ROTTENS LOOK AT EACH, LOOK AT THE MILLER AND LOOK AT THE BUCKET.

SKID  
(muffled yelling)

Help! Get me out of here! Oy!

MILLER

What's taking you so long? I want my wishes and I want them now. What do you say? If you don't, you'll never see your friend again!

THE ROTTENS LOOK AT EACH OTHER AND NOD IN AGREEMENT

ROTTEN (AS A GROUP)

You can keep him! Good luck!

THE ROTTENS TAKE OFF. LEAVING THE PUZZLED MILLER ALONE WITH A SCREAMING SKID UNDERNEATH THE BUCKET

MILLER'S WIFE

Dear? What's all the commotion? Is everything alright?

MILLER

Oh, yeah, yes, dear. Everything's...

SKID CONTINUES YELLING INSIDE THE BUCKET.

MILLER (CONT'D)

Alright.  
(sighs)

DISSOLVE TO:

INT THE MILLER'S COTTAGE KITCHEN MORNING

THE MILLER IS STANDING WITH ONE FOOT ON THE BUCKET HOLING SKID.

MILLER

Good morning, family! Wake up and come see something wonderful!

RUBBING THEIR EYES, THE MILLER'S WIFE AND YOUNG SON ENTER

MILLER'S WIFE

A bucket! That's what you're on about?

MILLER'S SON

Yay! A bucket!

THE SON TRIES TO PLAY WITH THE BUCKET. THE MILLER STOPS HIM.

MILLER

No, no, it's what's inside. Good  
fortune has smiled on us and our life  
will never be the same!

THE MILLER LIFTS THE BUCKET. NO SKID. THE MILLER IS PUZZLED.

MILLER'S WIFE

It's much too early for silly jokes. We  
have lots of tiresome labor to do.

THE MILLER IS PERPLEXED.

MILLER

You don't understand. There'll be no  
more tiresome labor for us because...

THE MILLER LOOKS INSIDE THE BUCKET AND SKID LEAPS ONTO THE  
MILLER'S FACE AND STARTS PULLING HIS HAIR. THE MILLER'S WIFE  
AND SON RECOIL IN HORROR.

MILLER'S WIFE

Good heavens! What is that?

MILLER'S SON

AAAAHHHH! Father, I am frightened!

SKID JUMPS OFF THE MILLER'S HEAD AND TAKES A LOOK AROUND THE  
KITCHEN.

SKID

Oy! I'm hungry. Where's breakfast?  
What a miserable hovel you got here?

(MORE)

SKID (CONT'D)

This is what you get for being a  
peasant!

THE MILLER'S WIFE AND SON CLIMB UP ON THE TABLE TO PROTECT  
THEMSELVES FOR THE LITTLE TERROR.

CLIMBING UP ON CHAIRS AND TABLES TO GET AWAY FROM THE TINY  
AND THOROUGHLY UNPLEASANT HELLION, THE WIFE AND SON LOOK AT  
SKID WITH HORRIFIED LOOKS ON THEIR FACES. THEY LOOK AT THE  
MILLER AS IF HAS LET LOOSE A WILD ANIMAL IN THEIR HOUSE.

MILLER

Oh dear!

CUT TO:

EXT. THE ROTTENS' HOME

BACK AT THE ROTTENS' COTTAGE, THE FAERIES ARE LAZING ABOUT  
ENJOYING THE PEACE AND QUIET THAT COMES WITH SKID'S ABSENCE.

LEMMY IS TUNNELING IN THE DIRT. SUGGS IS TRYING TO FLY UPSIDE  
DOWN. TWIG IS EATING WITH DENNIS, THEIR FAERIE PIG AND AGNES  
IS DESIGNING MECHANICAL WINGS.

THE MILLER ENTERS THE SCENE

MILLER

Oh, uh pardon me.

AGNES

What are you doin' here? This isn't a  
place for humans.

LEMMY

Things not working out so well at  
home?

MILLER

Oh, not well at all.

LEMMY

Well, just throw him out.

MILLER

Uh, yes, well, that's just the problem. He won't leave. He just lectures us and criticizes not just but my wife, my son, our food, our home...

SUGGS

Yeah, we know, we know. You don't have to tell us. Well, off you go.

MILLER

Oh, I just can't. No, it's just impossible living with him and we don't anything for us.

LEMMY

Oh, I see, so you think faeries are just there to be taken advantage of, eh?

MILLER

I'm at my wit's end. What can I do?  
I'll do anything to get rid of him. I need your help.

SEEING AN OPPORTUNITY TO TAKE ADVANTAGE OF THE SITUATION, THE ROTTENS LOOK AT EACH OTHER, GO INTO A HUDDLE. THEY NOD AND TURN BACK TO THE MILLER

SUGGS

You're lucky we're in such a generous mood. We'll take him off your hands.

MILLER

Oh, that's so kind of you, I'll just...

LEMMY

Wait for it. Before we dot that, you have to grant us three wishes!

MILLER

But, I'm not a magical creature. 3 wishes, how would I...

LEMMY

Look, that's not our problem is it. We weren't the one running around plopping buckets in unsuspecting creatures, were we? The way I see it you're just going to have to start thinking like a magical creature.

SUGGS

If you want to get your life back. As if THAT was so great anyway.

MILLER

Alright, alright. I'll do it. What are the wishes?

AGNES

Oh, very simple. We want a lark, a frolic and a merriment.

MILLER

A lark, a frolic and a merriment. Well, that doesn't sound too difficult. I'll try and do my best.

LEMMY

You're not supposed to try, you're supposed to deliver, mate!

THE MILLER DUTIFULLY NODS.

CUT TO:

INT THE MILLER'S COTTAGE KITCHEN

THE MILLER'S WIFE AND SON WATCH AS SKID DRAWS A DIAGRAM ON THE WALL WITH A PIECE OF COAL. AS HE DRAWS SKID EXPLAINS WHAT EACH IMAGE REPRESENTS.

SKID

Right! Now this is you, the oppressed vassal serfs. And this, this is the undemocratically appointed lord with all rights and privileges that are accorded to the landed gentry and which gives him, a smug, uncaring bureaucrat, unchecked dominance over your sad pathetic lives. And od you know why your lives are sad and pathetic.



SKID LOOKS AT THE WIFE AND SON FOR AN ANSWER. THEY HESITANTLY RESPOND.

WIFE AND SON:

Because of hm?

SKID

YES! Now, you're stating to see what  
I've been on about.

CUT TO:

EXT. VARIOUS LOCATIONS IN THE FOREST  
(music throughout montage)

IN QUICK VIGNETTES, WE SEE THE TRUE NATURE OF THE ROTTEN'S 3 WISHES. THEY ARE ALL EXCUSES FOR THE ROTTENS TO MOCK, HUMILIATE AND OTHERWISE PHYSICALLY IRRITATE THE MILLER. THE "MERRIMENT" IS THE MILLER PUTTING ON A PUPPET SHOW FOR THE ROTTENS THROW FOOD AND DRINKS AT HIM. THE "LARK" CONSISTS OF THE MILLER HAVING TO GET INSIDE A HOLLOW LOG WHILE THE ROTTENS ROLL ON TOP AS THE LOG CAREENS DOWN A ROCKY HILL. THE MILLER EMERGES FROM THE LOG DIZZY AND BANGED UP. THE "FROLIC" ARE THE ROTTENS "CANNONBALLING" ONTO THE MILLER'S STOMACH AS HE LIES UNDER A TREE.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE VILLAGE NEAR THE MILL

SKID LEAS THE WIFE AND SON INTO THE VILLAGE WITH SIGNS AND SONGS OF PROTEST. JUST AS THEY TURN A CORNER THEY RUN INTO THE VILLAGE SHERIFF WHO IMMEDIATELY CONFRONTS THEM ABOUT WHAT THEY ARE DOING. SKID INSTANTLY TURNS ON THEM AND SAYS THEY HELD HIM CAPTIVE AND FORCED HIM TO CONSPIRE IN A PLOT TO OVERTHROW THE GOVERNMENT.

SHERIFF

What's all this then?

SKID IMMEDIATELY ABANDONS THE MARTCH AND COWARD THAT HE IS, SIDLES UP TO THE SHERIFF

SKID

Thank you for rescuing me. These are a  
couple of right dangerous types.

(MORE)

SKID (CONT'D)

Lock em and throw away the key, the  
village'll be better off. Cheers!

SKID TAKES OFF LEAVING THE SHERIFF SOMEWHAT BAFFLED BUT GRABS  
THE WIFE AND SON BEFORE THEY CAN GET AWAY.

CUT TO:

EXT.FOREST NEAR THE ROTTEN'S HOME

CUT TO:

THE MILLER IS BANGED UP, SWEATING AND BREATHING HEAVILY AFTER  
GRANTING THE SO-CALLED THREE WISHES.

MILLER

There! That's the 3 wishes. Done! Now  
please retrieve your friend!

SUGGS

Whoa! What? Those weren't very  
satisfying wishes. I think you could  
do better! 3 more and this time, do  
them right?

THE MILLER EXPLODES

MILLER

No! I refuse! We had a deal!  
You are the most miserable, the most  
nasty, the most totally inappropriate  
faeries! Don't you know you're  
supposed to do lovely and kind things  
for humans?

CUT TO:

THE ROTTENS REGARD HIM COMPLETELY UNFAZED. HE'S ONLY TELLING THEM WHAT THEY ALREADY KNOW. BUT THEN HE HITS THEM WHERE THEY LIVE.

MILLER (CONT'D)

And that friend of yours! What an awful, miserable and despicable little monster he is!

THE ROTTENS REACT WITH DISMAY. THEY ARE AGHAST AT THESE HARSH WORDS ABOUT SKID.

AGNES

Oy! Watch what you're saying there, mate. Where do you get the right to talk about Skid that way? He's all the things you say, alright but you ain't got no right to talk about him that way to those who love him. No matter how despicable he is.

SUGGS

Yeah, you can't mistreat him! Only them that knows him well can do that!

TWIG

Lkjfsdfksjfsdlkf!

SKIS (O.S.)

Hal What a bunch of mawkish twits!

THE ROTTENS TURN TO SEE SKID! THEY ARE THRILLED TO SEE HIM AND SURROUND HIM SHOVING HIM AROUND, GOOD NATURED-LY AND POUNDING HIM ON THE BACK

ROTTENS

Skid! You old pain in the neck!

THE MILLER WATCHES THIS INEXPLICABLE CAMARADERIE AMONG THESE INCREDIBLY SELFISH AND MEAN GROUP OF FAERIES. THEY LOOK BACK AT THE MILLER.

AGNES

Off you go, back to your boring family!

MILLER

Gladly!

THE MILLER STARTS TO GO BUT SKID SPEAKS UP

SKID

Oh, by the way, you won't find them at home. You're going to have to bail them out of jail. Charged with public unruliness. You've got to teach them to behave. They're a rather dangerous lot!

HORRIFIED BY THE NEW, THE MILLER RUNS OFF TO RESCUE HIS FAMILY.

LEMMY

I'm hungry

SUGGS

Me too, let's have a party!

SKIS

In my honor!

AGNES

Don't get carried away!

HAPPY TO HAVE SKID RETURNED, THE ROTTENS TURN TO HEAD INTO THEIR COTTAGE FOR A NICE DINNER. BUT MARIGOLD IS STANDING

FAERIE

Oh, there you are! Thank goodness, I  
thought you had maybe forgotten. Oh  
dear, it would appear you're all going  
to have to bathe first.

THE ROTTENS SLOWLY TURN TO FIZ THEIR DEATHLY STARE ON SKID.

BACK TO WHERE IT ALL STARTED. THANKS TO HIM THEY HAVE TO  
ATTEND THE QUEEN'S SING-A-LONG.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT.ABOVE IN THE ENCHANTED FAERIE TREE

LOOKING UNCOMFORTABLE AND UNHAPPY AS CHILDREN FORCED TO GO TO  
CHURCH, THE ROTTENS' LOOK BORED AS THEY FEARED THEY WOULD BE.

THEY ALL STAND NEXT TO THE OTHER GOOD FAERIES IN A KIND OF  
FAERI CHOIR SINGING A BANAL SONG FOR THE ENTERTAINMENT OF THE  
QUEEN WHO SMILES HAPPILY.

FAERIE CHOIR

We are faeries of the wood/ we are  
faeries of the land/faeries of the  
water/we are faeries, understand?/We  
flit from dell to meadow and brook/  
from hillock to dappled shore/we love  
to bring delight to all/we faeries big  
and small!

END

