

INT: THE COUNTING HOUSE

THE WITCH is stage left, seated behind a desk, counting COIN and writing in a LEDGER. Prominently on the desk sits a RUNIC HAMMER

THE PRINCE enters stage right, accompanied by his ENTOURAGE

Prince: Good day to thee witch of shadows!

Witch: Good day to thee. What brings a powerful prince to the door of a humble smith such as myself?

Prince: Your skills are spoken of in quiet places throughout this city, and I wished to see if it were truth that such great things could be wrought with such a small hammer

Witch: Surely you know 'tis not the size of one's hammer, but how it is swung?

PAUSE FOR LAUGHTER

INT: THE CHAMBER

THE CAPTAIN APPROACHES THE WITCH, WITH A FREE COMPANY

Witch: So many swords Sir! Wouldst thou make a pincushion of me?

AUDIENCE TITTLERS, BUT THE WITCH CUTS THEM OFF

Witch: It will do you know good you know! I cannot be stopped by the likes of you.

Prince: Flats of the blades as we discussed! And clap him in irons!

THE FREE COMPANY BEATS DOWN THE WITCH. HE PRODUCES A BLADE AND AIMS FOR HIS THROAT, BUT IS RESTRAINED

EXT: THE BATTLEFIELD

THROUGHOUT THIS SCENE THE WITCH IS HAMMERING ON AN ANVIL WITHIN A CELL

FOOL: With the witch now doing his bidding it seemed no one could oppose the Prince. But the Witch's plan was like a complex machine, with many moving parts.

THE PRINCE APPROACHES A SECOND PRINCE

PRINCE: Can we finally agree a price on your theatre madam, you knowst how I covet it.

PRINCE 2: You have asked a thousand times, you know I won't sell to the likes of you.

PRINCE : Captain, do you have the rod?

CAPTAIN: Nay, it is just the way my britches are folded.

PRINCE : The witches rod then!

THE CAPTAIN RUNS BACK TO THE CELL AND TAKES A ROD FROM THE WITCH, WHO WHISPERS IN HIS EARS AS HE HANDS IT OVER

PRINCE: And now? What is your price now madam?

PRINCE 2: One ring sounds reasonable.

PRINCE : ahahahaha!

THE TOMB

*THE PRINCE approaches the cell door accompanied by his
ENTOURAGE*

Prince: I have but one more task for you, and you shall be freed.

WITCH: Now!

*THE CAPTAIN STABS THE PRINCE FROM BEHIND.
ALTERNATIVELY, GAROTTE*

*WITCH: Captain, you shall be paid handsomely as we agreed. Now
bring me me my smithing hammer, and the bones of the Prince's left
hand.*

CAPTAIN: It is not so large as I'd imagined.

SUCCESION OF PENIS JOKES

WITCH: Witness my skills!

TIRELESS HAMMER RHYTHM MONTAGE

*WITCH (holding aloft a key): You see, this key shall unlock my cell,
and shall fit one other lock also.*

WITCH UNLOCKS CELL AND POCKETS KEY

