

"The Princess Bride"

by

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1987-Shooting Draft

FADE IN ON:

A VIDEO GAME ON A COMPUTER SCREEN

The game is in progress. As a sick coughing sound is heard.

CUT TO:

THIS KID

lying in bed, coughing. Pale, one sick cookie. Maybe he's seven or eight or nine. He holds a remote in one hand, presses it, and the video game moves a little bit. Then he's hit by another spasm of coughing, puts the remote down.

His room is monochromatic, greys and blues, mildly high-tech. We're in the present day and this is a middle class house, somewhere in the suburbs.

CUT TO:

The Kid's MOTHER as she enters, goes to him, fluffs his pillows, kisses him, and briefly feels his forehead. She's worried, it doesn't show. During this

MOTHER
You feeling any better?

THE KID
A little bit.

MOTHER
Guess what.

THE KID
What?

MOTHER
Your grandfather's here.

THE KID
(not overjoyed)
Mom, can't you tell him that I'm sick?

MOTHER
You are sick, that's why he's here.

THE KID
He'll pinch my cheek. I hate that.

MOTHER
Maybe he won't.

The Kid shoots her an "I'm sure" look, as we

CUT TO:

THE KID'S GRANDFATHER bursting into the room. Kind of ruffled. But the eyes are bright. He has a wrapped package tucked under one arm as he immediately goes to The Kid, pinches his cheek.

GRANDFATHER

Hey! How's the sickie? Heh?

The Kid gives his Mother an "I told you so" look. The Mother ignores it, beats a retreat.

MOTHER

I think I'll leave you two pals.

And she is gone. There's an uncomfortable silence, then...

GRANDFATHER

I brought you a special present.

THE KID

What is it?

GRANDFATHER

Open it up.

The Kid does. He does his best to smile.

THE KID

A book?

GRANDFATHER

That's right. When I was your age, television was called books. And this is a special book. It was the book my father used to read to me when I was sick, and I used to read it to your father. And today, I'm gonna read it to you.

THE KID

Has it got any sports in it?

CUT TO:

THE GRANDFATHER

Suddenly passionate.

GRANDFATHER
Are you kidding? Fencing. Fighting.
Torture. Revenge. Giants. Monsters.
Chases. Escapes. True love.
Miracles.

CUT TO:

THE TWO OF THEM as the Grandfather sits in a chair by the bed.

THE KID
(manages a shrug)
It doesn't sound too bad. I'll
try and stay awake.

GRANDFATHER
Oh. Well, thank you very much.
It's very nice of you. Your vote
of confidence is overwhelming.
All right.
(Book open now, he
begins to read.)
The Princess Bride, by S.
Morgenstern. Chapter One.
Buttercup was raised on a small
farm in the country of Florin.

DISSOLVE TO:

The story he's reading about, as the monochromatic look of
the bedroom is replaced by the dazzling color of the English
countryside.

GRANDFATHER
(off-screen)
Her favorite pastimes were riding
her horse and tormenting the farm
boy that worked there. His name
was Westley, but she never called
him that.
(to the kid)
Isn't that a wonderful beginning?

THE KID
(off-screen doing his best)
Yeah. It's really good.

GRANDFATHER
(off-screen reading)
Nothing gave Buttercup as much
pleasure as ordering Westley
around.

CUT TO:

BUTTERCUPS FARM - DAY

BUTTERCUP is standing, holding the reins of her horse, while in the background, WESTLEY, in the stable doorway, looks at her. Buttercup is in her late teens; doesn't care much about clothes and she hates brushing her long hair, so she isn't as attractive as she might be, but she's still probably the most beautiful woman in the world.

BUTTERCUP
Farm boy. Polish my horse's
saddle. I want to see my face
shining in it by morning.

WESTLEY
(quietly, watching her)
As you wish.

Westley is perhaps half a dozen years older than Buttercup. And maybe as handsome as she is beautiful. He gazes at her as she walks away.

GRANDFATHER
(off-screen)
"As you wish" was all he ever
said to her.

DISSOLVE TO:

WESTLEY, outside, chopping wood. Buttercup drops two large buckets near him.

BUTTERCUP
Farm Boy. Fill these with water --
(a beat)
--please.

WESTLEY
As you wish.

She leaves; his eyes stay on her. She stops, turns -- he manages to look away as now her eyes stay on him.

GRANDFATHER
(off-screen)
That day, she was amazed to
discover that when he was saying,
"As you wish," what he meant was,
"I love you."

DISSOLVE TO:

BUTTERCUP IN THE KITCHEN - DUSK

Westley enters with an armload of firewood.

GRANDFATHER

(off-screen)

And even more amazing was the day
she realized she truly loved him
back.

BUTTERCUP

(pointing to a pitcher
that she could reach herself)

Farm Boy, fetch me that pitcher.

He gets it, hands it to her; they are standing very close to
each other gazing into each other's eyes.

WESTLEY

As you wish.

Now he turns, moves outside.

DISSOLVE TO:

WESTLEY AND BUTTERCUP, outside his tiny hovel in the red
glow of sunset. They are locked in a passionate kiss.

THE KID

(off-screen)

-hold it, hold it-

CUT TO:

THE KID'S ROOM

THE KID

What is this? Are you trying to
trick me? -- Where's the sports? --
Is this a kissing book?

GRANDFATHER

-- wait, just wait --

THE KID

-- well, when does it get good?

GRANDFATHER

Keep your shirt on. Let me read.
(reading again)
Westley had no money for marriage.
So he packed his few belongings
and left the farm to seek his
fortune across the sea.

CUT TO:

WESTLEY AND BUTTERCUP

They stand near the gate to the farm, locked in an embrace.

GRANDFATHER
(off-screen reading)
It was a very emotional time for
Buttercup --

THE KID
(off-screen groaning)
I don't be-leeve this.

BUTTERCUP
I fear I'll never see you again.

WESTLEY
Of course you will.

BUTTERCUP
But what if something happens to
you?

WESTLEY
Hear this now: I will come for you.

BUTTERCUP
But how can you be sure?

WESTLEY
This is true love. You think this
happens every day?

He smiles at her, she smiles too, throws her arms so tightly around him. They kiss. Then as Westley walks away, Buttercup watches him go.

GRANDFATHER
(off-screen reading)
Westley didn't reach his
destination. His ship was attacked
by the Dread Pirate Roberts, who
never left captives alive. When
Buttercup got the news that
Westley was murdered --

THE KID
(off-screen, perking
up a little)
-- murdered by pirates is good --

CUT TO:

CLOSE UP: Buttercup, staring out the window of her room.

GRANDFATHER
 (off-screen)
 She went into her room and shut
 the door. And for days, she
 neither slept nor ate.

BUTTERCUP
 (no emotion at all in
 her voice)
 I will never love again.

HOLD ON HER FACE, perfect and perfectly sad.

DISSOLVE TO:

FLORIN CASTLE - DAY

The main courtyard of Florin replete with townspeople,
 livestock, and a bustling marketplace.

GRANDFATHER
 (off-screen reading)
 Five years later, the main square
 of Florin City was filled as
 never before to hear the
 announcement of the great Prince
 Humperdinck's bride-to be.

CUT TO:

PRINCE HUMPERDINCK, a man of incredible power and bearing,
 standing in his royal robes on a castle balcony. Three
 others standing behind him: an OLD COUPLE with crowns, the
 aging KING AND QUEEN, and a dark bearded man who seems the
 Prince's match in strength: this is COUNT RUGEN.

HUMPERDINCK
 (raises his hands,
 starts to speak)
 My people ... a month from now,
 our country will have its 500th
 anniversary. On that sundown, I
 shall marry a lady who was once a
 commoner like yourselves --
 (pause)
 -- but perhaps you will not find
 her common now. Would you like to
 meet her?

And the answering YESSSS booms like summer thunder.

CUT TO:

A giant staircase leading to the CROWD and as a FIGURE just begins to become visible,

CUT TO:

THE CROWD, as they see the figure. (We haven't yet.) And if there is such a thing as collective action, then this crowd, collectively, holds its breath.

CUT TO:

THE STAIRCASE, as the figure appears in the archway. It is Buttercup. And she resplendent.

HUMPERDINCK

My people ... the Princess
Buttercup!!

She descends the stairs and starts to move amongst the people.

CUT TO:

THE CROWD, and they do a very strange thing: with no instruction at all, they suddenly go to their knees. Great waves of people kneeling and --

CUT TO:

BUTTERCUP, terribly moved. She stands immobile among her subjects, blinking back tears. HOLD on her beauty for a moment.

GRANDFATHER

(off-screen)
Buttercup's emptiness consumed her. Although the law of the land gave Humperdinck the right to choose his bride, she did not love him.

CUT TO:

WOODLANDS

-- and Buttercup, barreling along, controlling her horse easily.

GRANDFATHER

(off-screen)
Despite Humperdinck's reassurance that she would grow to love him, the only joy she found was in her daily ride.

CUT TO:

A WOODED GLEN - CLOSE TO SUNDOWN

Lovely, quiet, deserted. Buttercup suddenly reins in.

VOICE

A word, my lady?

CUT TO:

THREE MEN, standing close together in the path. Beyond them can be seen the waters of Florin Channel. The three men are not your everyday commuter types. Standing in front is a tiny man with the most angelic face. He is Sicilian and his name is VIZZINI. Beside him is a Spaniard, erect and taut as a blade of steel. His name is INIGO MONTROYA. Beside him is a giant. His name is FEZZIK.

VIZZINI

We are but poor, lost circus performers. Is there a village nearby?

BUTTERCUP

There is nothing nearby; not for miles.

VIZZINI

Then there will be no one to hear you scream-

He nods to the giant, Fezzik, who merely reaches over, touches a nerve on Buttercup's neck, and the start of a scream is all she manages --unconsciousness comes that fast. As she starts to fall --

CUT TO:

A TINY ISOLATED SPOT AT THE EDGE OF FLORIN CHANNEL

A sailboat is moored. It's dusk now, shadows are long. Inigo, the Spaniard, busies himself getting the boat ready.

CUT TO:

The giant Fezzik carries Buttercup, unconscious, on board.

Vizzini rips some tiny pieces of fabric from an army jacket and tucks them along the saddle of Buttercup's horse. There is about the entire operation a sense of tremendous skill and precision.

INIGO

What is that you're ripping?

VIZZINI
 (not stopping or turning)
 It's fabric from the uniform of
 an Army officer of Guilder.

FEZZIK
 Who's Guilder?

VIZZINI
 (pointing straight out)
 The country across the sea. The
 sworn enemy of Florin.
 (slaps the horse's rump)
 Go!

The horse takes off. They start for the boat.

VIZZINI
 Once the horse reaches the
 castle, the fabric will make the
 Prince suspect the Guildierians
 have abducted his love. When he
 finds her body dead on the
 Guilder frontier, his suspicions
 will be totally confirmed.

FEZZIK
 You never said anything about
 killing anyone.

Vizzini hops onto the boat.

VIZZINI
 I've hired you to help me start a
 war. That's a prestigious line of
 work with a long and glorious
 tradition.

FEZZIK
 I just don't think it's right,
 killing an innocent girl.

VIZZINI
 (whirling on Fezzik)
 Am I going mad or did the word
 "think" escape your lips? You
 were not hired for your brains,
 you hippopotamic land mass.

INIGO
 I agree with Fezzik.

CUT TO:

CLOSE UP: Vizzini, in a fury.

VIZZINI
 (We only thought he
 was in a fury --now
 he's really getting mad)
 Oh. The sot has spoken. What
 happens to her is not truly your
 concern -- I will kill her --
 (louder)
 And remember this -- never forget
 this --

CUT TO:

INIGO AND FEZZIK, as Vizzini advances on them. Nothing shows
 on Inigo's face, but FEZZIK is panicked by Vizzini.

VIZZINI
 (to Inigo)
 -- when I found you, you were so
 slobbering drunk you couldn't buy
 brandy --
 (now to Fezzik, who
 retreats as much as he
 can while Vizzini advances)
 -- and you -- friendless,
 brainless, helpless, hopeless --
 Do you want me to send you back
 to where you were, unemployed in
 Greenland?

Vizzini glares at him, then turns, leaves them.

During this, Inigo has gone close to FEZZIK, who is very
 distressed at the insults he's just received. As Inigo casts
 off.

INIGO
 (softly)
 That Vizzini, he can fuss.
 (a slight emphasis on
 the last word)

FEZZIK
 (looking at Inigo)
 ... fuss ... fuss ...
 (Suddenly, he's got it
 again, emphasis on the
 last word.)
 I think he likes to scream at us.

INIGO
Probably he means no harm.

FEZZIK
He's really very short on charm.

INIGO
(proudly)
Oh, you've a great gift for rhyme.

FEZZIK
Yes, some of the time.
(he starts to smile)

VIZZINI
(whirling on them)
Enough of that.

As they sail off, we hear their voices as the boat recedes.

INIGO
FEZZIK, are there rocks ahead?

FEZZIK
If there are, we'll all be dead.

VIZZINI
No more rhymes now, I mean it.

FEZZIK
Anybody want a peanut?

As Vizzini screams we:

DISSOLVE TO:

THE SAILBOAT RACING ACROSS THE DARK WATERS

Inigo is at the helm, FEZZIK stands near the body of the princess, whose eyelids flutter slightly -- or do they? Vizzini sits motionless. The waves are higher, there are only occasional flashes of moon slanting down between clouds.

VIZZINI
(to Inigo)
We'll reach the Cliffs by dawn.

Inigo nods, glances back.

VIZZINI
Why are you doing that?

INIGO
Making sure nobody's following us.

VIZZINI
That would be inconceivable.

BUTTERCUP
Despite what you think, you will
be caught. And when you are, the
Prince will see you all hanged.

Vizzini turns a cold eye on the Princess.

VIZZINI
Of all the necks on this boat,
Highness, the one you should be
worrying about is your own.

Inigo keeps staring behind them.

VIZZINI
Stop doing that. We can all
relax, it's almost over-

INIGO
You're sure nobody's following us?

VIZZINI
As I told you, it would be
absolutely, totally, and in all
other ways, inconceivable. No one
in Guilder knows what we've done.
And no one in Florin could have
gotten here so fast. Out of
curiosity, why do you ask?

INIGO
No reason. It's only, I just
happened to look behind us, and
something is there.

VIZZINI
What?

And suddenly the three whirl, stare back and as they do --

CUT TO:

THE DARKNESS BEHIND THEM

It's hard to see; the moon is behind clouds now. But the
wind whistles. And the waves pound.

And suddenly it's all gone ominous.

CUT TO:

INIGO, FEZZIK, AND VIZZINI squinting back, trying desperately to see. At this moment, they are all holding their breaths.

CUT TO:

THE DARKNESS BEHIND THEM

And there's still nothing to be seen. It's still ominous. Only now it's eerie too.

Then --

The moon slips through and --

Inigo was right -- something is very much there. A sailboat. Black. With a great billowing sail. Black. It's a good distance behind them, but it's coming like hell, closing the gap.

CUT TO:

INIGO, FEZZIK, AND VIZZINI
staring at the other boat.

VIZZINI
(explaining with as
much logic as he can muster)
Probably some local fisherman out
for a pleasure cruise at night
through eel-infested waters.

And now as a sound comes from their boat they turn as we

CUT TO:

BUTTERCUP, diving into the water, starting to swim away.

CUT TO:

THE BOAT

and Vizzini screaming.

VIZZINI
Go in, get after her!

INIGO
I don't swim.

FEZZIK
 (to the unasked question)
 I only dog paddle.

VIZZINI
 Veer left. Left. Left!

CUT TO:

BUTTERCUP

still close to the boat, switching from a crawl to a silent breast stroke. The wind dies and as it does, something new is heard. A not-too-distant high-pitched shrieking sound. Buttercup stops suddenly, treads water.

CUT TO:

THE BOAT

VIZZINI
 Do you know what that sound is, Highness? Those are the Shrieking Eels -- if you doubt me, just wait. They always grow louder when they're about to feed on human flesh.

CUT TO:

BUTTERCUP, treading water, still not far from the boat. The shrieking sounds are getting louder and more terrifying. Buttercup stays silent.

CUT TO:

THE BOAT

VIZZINI
 If you swim back now, I promise, no harm will come to you. I doubt you will get such an offer from the Eels.

CUT TO:

BUTTERCUP, and she's a gutsy girl. The shrieking sound is louder still, but she doesn't make a sound. Behind her now, something dark and gigantic slithers past.

She's scared, sure, petrified, who wouldn't be, but she makes no reply --

-- and now a SHRIEKING EEL has zeroed in on her --

-- and now she sees it, a short distance away, circling,
starting to close --

-- and Buttercup is frozen, trying not to make a movement of
any kind --

-- and the Eel slithers closer, closer --

-- and Buttercup knows it now, there's nothing she can do,
it's over, all over --

-- and now the Eel opens its mouth wide, and it's never made
such a noise, and as its great jaws are about to clamp
down --

GRANDFATHER
(off-screen)
She doesn't get eaten by the Eels
at this time.

And the second we hear him:

CUT TO:

THE SICK KID'S ROOM

The Kid looks the same, pale and weak, but maybe he's
gripping the sheets a little too tightly with his hands.

THE KID
What?

GRANDFATHER
The Eel doesn't get her. I'm
explaining to you because you
looked nervous.

THE KID
Well, I wasn't nervous.

His Grandfather says nothing, just waits.

THE KID
Well, maybe I was a little bit
concerned. But that's not the
same thing.

GRANDFATHER
Because I can stop now if you want.

THE KID
No. You could read a little bit
more ... if you want.

He grips the sheets again, as the Grandfather picks up the book.

GRANDFATHER
(reading)
"Do you know what that sound is,
Highness?"

CUT TO:

VIZZINI

We're back in the boat.

VIZZINI
Those are the Shrieking Eels.

THE KID
(off-screen)
We're past that, Grandpa.

CUT TO:

THE SICK KID'S ROOM

THE KID
You read it already.

GRANDFATHER
Oh. Oh my goodness, I did. I'm
sorry. Beg your pardon.

CUT TO:

BUTTERCUP

treading water.

GRANDFATHER
(off-screen)
All right, all right, let's see.
Uh, she was in the water, the Eel
was coming after her. She was
frightened. The Eel started to
charge her. And then -

And we're back where we were at the last moment we saw her,
Buttercup frozen, the Shrieking Eel, jaws wide, about to
clamp down as we

CUT TO:

A GIANT ARM

pounding the Eel unconscious in one move, then easily lifting Buttercup.

PULL BACK TO REVEAL

The boat and FEZZIK, Buttercup being deposited on the deck.

VIZZINI

Put her down. Just put her down.

CUT TO:

INIGO

pointing behind them.

INIGO

I think he's getting closer.

Vizzini, tying Buttercup's hands.

VIZZINI

He's no concern of ours. Sail on!

(to Buttercup)

I suppose you think you're brave, don't you?

BUTTERCUP

(staring deep at him)

Only compared to some.

DISSOLVE TO:

The boat at dawn, being followed closely by the black sailboat, which we can see for the first time is being sailed by a MAN IN BLACK, and his boat almost seems to be flying.

INIGO

Look! He's right on top of us. I wonder if he is using the same wind we are using.

VIZZINI

Whoever he is, he's too late --

(pointing ahead of them)

-- see?

(big)

The Cliffs of Insanity.

And once he's said the name--

CUT TO:

THE CLIFFS OF INSANITY - DAWN

They rise straight up, sheer from the water, impossibly high.

CUT TO:

THE TWO SAILBOATS

in a wild race for the Cliffs and the Man In Black is closing faster than ever, but not fast enough, the lead was too great to overcome, and as Inigo sails with great precision straight at the Cliffs

CUT TO:

THE BOAT

being pursued.

VIZZINI

Hurry up. Move the thing! Um ...
that other thing. Move it!
(staring back now)
We're safe -- only FEZZIK is
strong enough to go up our way --
he'll have to sail around for
hours 'til he finds a harbor.

There is much activity going on, all of it swift, expert, economical. FEZZIK reaches up along the Cliff face, grabs a jutting rock, reaches behind it. Suddenly there is a thick rope in his hands. He drops back to the boat, gives the rope a freeing swing and

CUT TO:

THE CLIFFS

The rope goes all the way to the top.

CUT TO:

INIGO

hurrying to FEZZIK. He straps a harness to him, then lifts Buttercup and Vizzini in the harness. Finally, he himself gets in the harness. All three are strapped to FEZZIK like papooses.

And he starts to ascend the rope, carrying them all along with him as he goes.

CUT TO:

THE MAN IN BLACK, sailing in toward the Cliffs of Insanity, watching as FEZZIK rises swiftly through the first moments of dawn.

CUT TO:

THE TOP OF THE CLIFFS - LOOKING DOWN

FEZZIK'S GROUP is only faintly visible far below. This is the first time we've gotten the real vertigo feeling and it's a gasper.

CUT TO:

FEZZIK CLIMBING ON. Buttercup is almost out of her mind with fear.

CUT TO:

THE ENTIRE LENGTH OF THE CLIFFS

FEZZIK is moving right along; however high they are, he's already over a third of the way done.

CUT TO:

THE MAN IN BLACK

leaping from his ship to the rope, starting to climb. He's impossibly far behind, but the way he goes you'd think he didn't know that because he is flying up the rope, hand over hand like lightning.

CUT TO:

VIZZINI AND THE OTHERS

INIGO
(looking down)
He's climbing the rope. And he's
gaining on us.

VIZZINI
Inconceivable!

He prods FEZZIK, who nods, increases his pace.

CUT TO:

THE MAN IN BLACK

roaring up the rope, and

CUT TO:

LONG SHOT - THE CLIFFS

-- and the Man In Black is cutting deeply into FEZZIK's lead.

CUT TO:

VIZZINI AND THE OTHERS

VIZZINI
(shrieking)
Faster!

FEZZIK
I thought I was going faster.

VIZZINI
You were supposed to be this
colossus. You were this great,
legendary thing. And yet he gains.

FEZZIK
Well, I'm carrying three people.
And he's got only himself.

VIZZINI
(cutting through)
-- I do not accept excuses.
(shaking his head)
I'm just going to have to find
myself a new giant, that's all.

FEZZIK
(hurt)
Don't say that, Vizzini. Please.

And his arms begin moving much more slowly.

CUT TO:

THE MAN IN BLACK

His arms still work as before. If anything, he has speeded
up. FEZZIK's lead is smaller and smaller

CUT TO:

THE VIEW FROM THE TOP OF THE CLIFFS

Maybe a hundred feet for FEZZIK to go. Maybe more.

CUT TO:

VIZZINI AND THE OTHERS, and it's getting too close now.

VIZZINI
Did I make it clear that your job
is at stake?

CUT TO:

THE MAN IN BLACK

less than a hundred feet behind them. And gaining.

CUT TO:

THE CLIFF TOP AS FEZZIK MAKES IT!

Vizzini leaps off and takes out a knife, begins to cut the rope which is tied around a great rock while Inigo helps the Princess to her feet and FEZZIK just stands around, waiting for someone to tell him to do something. Nearby are some stone ruins. Once they might have been a fort, now the kind of resemble Stonehenge.

CUT TO:

THE MAN IN BLACK

feet from the top now, maybe less -- maybe only 50 -- and his pace is as dazzling as before, and

CUT TO:

VIZZINI

cutting through the last of the rope and

CUT TO:

THE ROPE

slithering across the ground and out of sight toward the Channel, like some great serpent at last going home.

CUT TO:

FEZZIK

standing with Inigo and Buttercup by the cliff edge.

FEZZIK
 (to Inigo -- impressed)
 He has very good arms.

CUT TO:

THE MAN IN BLACK

hanging suspended hundreds of feet in the air, holding to the jagged rocks, desperately trying to cling to life.

CUT TO:

VIZZINI

stunned, turning to the others, looking down.

VIZZINI
 He didn't fall? Inconceivable!!

INIGO
 (whirling on Vizzini)
 You keep using that word -- I do not think it means what you think it means.
 (looks down again)
 My God! He's climbing.

CUT TO:

THE MAN IN BLACK

and so he is. Very slowly, he is picking his way upwards, sometimes a foot at a time, sometimes an inch.

CUT TO:

The group at the top, staring down.

VIZZINI
 Whoever he is, he's obviously seen us with the Princess, and must therefore die.
 (to Fezzik)
 You, carry her.
 (to Inigo)
 We'll head straight for the Guilder frontier. Catch up when he's dead. If he falls, fine. If not, the sword.

Inigo nods.

INIGO
I want to duel him left-handed.

VIZZINI
You know what a hurry we're in.

INIGO
Well, it's the only way I can be
satisfied. If I use my right --
tch -- over too quickly.

VIZZINI
(turns abruptly,
starts off-screen)
Oh, have it your way.

CUT TO:

THE MAN IN BLACK
still creeping his way upward.

CUT TO:

FEZZIK
who goes to Inigo.

FEZZIK
You be careful.
(gravely)
-- people in masks cannot be
trusted.

VIZZINI
(calling out)
I'm waiting!

FEZZIK nods, hurries after Vizzini.

CUT TO:

INIGO
He watches them depart, then turns, peers down over the
Cliffs. He watches a moment, then paces, shaking his hands
loose. He practices a few of his honed fencing skills. He is
a taut and nervous fellow, and has never been one for
waiting around.

CUT TO:

THE MAN IN BLACK

climbing on. He must be six inches closer to the top than when last we saw him. Inigo is watching.

CUT TO:

INIGO

walking away. Finally he goes back to cliff edge, starts to talk. It's instant death if the Man In Black falls, but neither gives that possibility much credence. This is our two heroes meeting. They don't know it yet; but that's what it is.

INIGO
(hollering down)
Hello there.

The Man In Black glances up, kind of grunts.

INIGO
Slow going?

MAN IN BLACK
Look, I don't mean to be rude,
but this is not as easy as it
looks. So I'd appreciate it if
you wouldn't distract me.

INIGO
Sorry.

MAN IN BLACK
Thank you.

Inigo steps away, draws his sword, loosens up with a few perfect thrusts. Then resheathes and looks eagerly over the edge again.

INIGO
I do not suppose you could speed
things up?

MAN IN BLACK
(with some beat)
If you're in such a hurry, you
could lower a rope, or a tree
branch, or find something useful
to do.

INIGO
I could do that. In fact, I've got some rope up here. But I do not think that you will accept my help, since I am only waiting around to kill you.

MAN IN BLACK
That does put a damper on our relationship.

He finds another bold a few inches higher.

INIGO
But I promise I will not kill you until you reach the top.

MAN IN BLACK
That's very comforting. But I'm afraid you'll just have to wait.

INIGO
I hate waiting. I could give you my word as a Spaniard.

MAN IN BLACK
No good. I've known too many Spaniards.

And he just hangs there in space, resting, gathering his strength.

INIGO
You don't know any way you'll trust me?

MAN IN BLACK
Nothing comes to mind.

And on these words, CAMERA ZOOMS into a CLOSE UP on Inigo. He raises his right hand high, his eyes blaze, and his voice takes on a tone we have not heard before.

INIGO
I swear on the soul of my father, Domingo Montoya, you will reach the top alive.

CUT TO:

THE MAN IN BLACK.

There is a pause. Then, quietly:

MAN IN BLACK
Throw me the rope.

CUT TO:

INIGO

He dashes to the giant rock the rope was originally tied to.

CUT TO:

THE MAN IN BLACK

as his grip loosens a moment, trying to cling to the side of the cliff.

CUT TO:

INIGO

now with a small coil of rope, hurries back to the edge and hurls it over --

CUT TO:

THE ROPE

It hangs close to the Man In Black. He releases the rocks, grabs the rope, hangs helplessly in space a moment, then looks up at Inigo and --

CUT TO:

INIGO

straining, forcing his body away from the cliff edge and --

CUT TO:

THE MAN IN BLACK

rising through the early morning light, slowly, steadily, and as the cliff top at last comes within reach --

CUT TO:

INIGO

watching as the Man In Black crawls to safety, then looks to Inigo.

MAN IN BLACK
(pulling his sword)
Thank you.

INIGO
We'll wait until you're ready.

MAN IN BLACK
Again. Thank you.

The Man In Black sits to rest on the boulder that once held the rope. He tugs off his leather boots and is amazed to see several large rocks tumble out. The Man In Black wears gloves. Inigo stares at them.

INIGO
I do not mean to pry, but you don't by any chance happen to have six fingers on your right hand?

He glances up -- the question clearly baffles him.

MAN IN BLACK
Do you always begin conversations this way?

INIGO
My father was slaughtered by a sixfingered man. He was a great swordmaker, my father. And when the six-fingered man appeared and requested a special sword, my father took the job. He slaved a year before he was done.

He hands his sword to the Man In Black.

MAN IN BLACK
(fondling it-impressed)
I have never seen its equal.

CUT TO:

CLOSE UP - INIGO

Even now, this still brings pain.

INIGO
The six-fingered man returned and demanded it, but at one-tenth his promised price. My father refused. Without a word, the six-fingered man slashed him through the heart. I loved my father, so, naturally, challenged his murderer to a duel ... I failed ...
(MORE)

INIGO (CONT'D)
the six-fingered man did leave me
alive with the six-fingered
sword, but he gave me these.

He touches his scars.

CUT TO:

THE MAN IN BLACK

looking up at Inigo.

MAN IN BLACK
How old were you?

INIGO
I was eleven years old. When I
was strong enough, I dedicated my
life to the study of fencing. So
the next time we meet, I will not
fail. I will go up to the
sixfingered man and say, "Hello,
my name is Inigo Montoya. You
killed my father. Prepare to die."

MAN IN BLACK
You've done nothing but study
swordplay?

INIGO
More pursuit than study lately.
You see, I cannot find him. It's
been twenty years now. I am
starting to lose confidence. I
just work for Vizzini to pay the
bills. There's not a lot of money
in revenge.

MAN IN BLACK
(handing back the
great sword, starting
to rise)
Well, I certainly hope you find
him, someday.

INIGO
You are ready, then?

MAN IN BLACK
Whether I am or not, you've been
more than fair.

INIGO
 You seem a decent fellow. I hate
 to kill you.

MAN IN BLACK
 (walking away a few
 paces, unsheathing his sword)
 You seem a decent fellow. I hate
 to die.

INIGO
 Begin!

And on that word --

CUT TO:

THE TWO OF THEM

And what we are starting now is one of the two greatest sword fights in modern movies (the other one happens later on), and right from the beginning it looks different.

Because they aren't close to each other -- none of the swordcrossing "en garde" garbage.

No, what we have here is two men, two athletes, and they look to be too faraway to damage each other, but each time one makes even the tiniest feint, the other counters, and there is silence, and as they start to circle --

CUT TO:

THE SIX-FINGERED SWORD

feinting here, feinting there and --

CUT TO:

THE TWO MEN

finished teasing, begin to duel in earnest.

Their swords cross, then again, again, and the sound comes so fast it's almost continual. Inigo presses on, the Man In Black retreating up a rocky incline.

INIGO
 (thrilled)
 You're using Bonetti's defense
 against me, ah?

MAN IN BLACK
I thought it fitting, considering
the rocky terrain --

INIGO
Naturally, you must expect me to
attack with Capo Ferro.

And he shifts his style now.

MAN IN BLACK
(coping as best he can)
-- naturally --
(suddenly shifting again)
--but I find Thibault cancels out
Capo Ferro, don't you?

The Man In Black is now perched at the edge of the elevated
castle ruin. No where to go, he jumps to the sand.

Inigo stares down at him.

INIGO
Unless the enemy has studied his
Agrippa-

And now, with the grace of an Olympian, Inigo flies off the
perch, somersaults clean over the Man In Black's head, and
lands facing his opponent.

INIGO
-- which I have.

The two men are almost flying across the rocky terrain,
never losing balance, never coming close to stumbling; the
battle rages with incredible finesse, first one and then the
other gaining the advantage, and by now, it's clear that
this isn't just two athletes going at it, it's a lot more
that that. This is two legendary swashbucklers and they're
in their prime, it's Burt Lancaster in "The Crimson Pirate"
battling Errol Flynn in "Robin Hood" and then, incredibly,
the action begins going even faster than before as we

CUT TO:

INIGO

And behind him now, drawing closer all the time, is the
deadly edge of the Cliffs of Insanity. Inigo fights and
ducks and feints and slashes and it all works, but not for
long, as gradually the Man In Black keeps the advantage,
keeps forcing Inigo back, closer and closer to death.

INIGO
(happy as a clam)
You are wonderful!

MAN IN BLACK
Thank you -- I've worked hard to
become so.

The Cliff edge is very close now. Inigo is continually being forced toward it.

INIGO
I admit it -- you are better than
I am.

MAN IN BLACK
Then why are you smiling?

Inches from defeat, Inigo is, in fact, all smiles.

INIGO
Because I know something you
don't know.

MAN IN BLACK
And what is that?

INIGO
I am not left-handed.

And he throws the six-fingered sword into his right hand and immediately, the tide of battle turns.

CUT TO:

THE MAN IN BLACK

stunned, doing everything he can to keep Inigo by the Cliff edge. But no use. Slowly at first, he begins to retreat. Now faster, Inigo is in control and the Man In Black is desperate.

CUT TO:

INIGO

and the six-fingered sword is all but invisible now, as he increases his attack, then suddenly switches styles again.

CUT TO:

A ROCKY STAIRCASE leading to a turret-shaped plateau, and the Man In Black is retreating like mad up the steps and he can't stop Inigo -- nothing can stop Inigo -- and in a frenzy, the Man In Black makes every feint, tries every thrust, lets go with all he has left. But he fails. Everything fails. He tries one or two final desperate moves but they are nothing.

MAN IN BLACK
You're amazing!

INIGO
I ought to be after twenty years.

And now the Man In Black is smashed into a stone pillar, pinned there under the six fingered sword.

MAN IN BLACK
(hollering it out)
There's something I ought to tell you.

INIGO
Tell me.

MAN IN BLACK
I am not left-handed either.

And now he changes hands, and at last, the battle is fully joined.

CUT TO:

INIGO

And to his amazement, he is being forced back down the steps. He tries one style, another, but it all comes down to the same thing -- the Man In Black seems to be in control. And before Inigo knows it, the six-fingered sword is knocked clear out of his hand.

Inigo retreats, dives from the stairs to a moss-covered bar suspended over the archway. He swings out, lands, and scrambles to his sword and we

CUT TO:

THE MAN IN BLACK

who watches Inigo, then casually tosses his sword to the landing where it sticks in perfectly. Then the Man In Black copies INIGO. Not copies exactly, improves.

He dives to the bar, swings completely over it like a circus performer and dismounts with a backflip.

CUT TO:

INIGO

staring in awe.

 INIGO
Who are you?!

 MAN IN BLACK
No one of consequence.

 INIGO
I must know.

 MAN IN BLACK
Get used to disappointment.

 INIGO
Okay.

CUT TO:

INIGO

moving like lightning, and he thrusts forward, slashes, darts back, all in almost a single movement and --

CUT TO:

THE MAN IN BLACK

Dodging, blocking, and again he thrusts forward, faster even than before, and again he slashes but --

CUT TO:

INIGO

And there is never a move anyone makes he doesn't remember, and this time he blocks the slash, slashes out himself with the sixfingered sword.

On it goes, back and forth across the rocky terrain, Inigo's feet moving with the grace and speed of a great improvisational dancer.

CUT TO:

THE SIX-FINGERED SWORD

as it is knocked free, arching up into the air, and --

CUT TO:

INIGO

catching it again. And something terrible is written behind his eyes: he has given his all, done everything man can do, tried every style, made every maneuver, but it wasn't enough, and on his face for all to see is the realization that he, Inigo Montoya of Spain, is going to lose.

CUT TO:

THE MAN IN BLACK

moving in for the end now, blocking everything, muzzling everything and

CUT TO:

THE SIX-FINGERED SWORD

sent flying from Inigo's grip. He stands helpless only a moment. Then he drops to his knees, bows his head, shuts his eyes.

INIGO

Kill me quickly.

MAN IN BLACK

I would as soon destroy a stained glass window as an artist like yourself. However, since I can't have you following me either --

And he dunks Inigo's head with his heavy sword handle. Inigo pitches forward unconscious.

MAN IN BLACK

Please understand, I hold you in the highest respect.

He grabs his scabbard and takes off after the Princess and we

CUT TO:

CLOSE UP: VIZZINI

VIZZINI

Inconceivable!

PULL BACK TO REVEAL

Vizzini, staring down from a narrow mountain path, as far below the Man In Black can be seen running. FEZZIK, carrying the Princess, stands alongside. It's a little later in the morning.

VIZZINI
Give her to me.
(grabs Buttercup
starts off)
Catch up with us quickly.

FEZZIK
(starting to panic)
What do I do?

VIZZINI
Finish him, finish him. Your way.

FEZZIK
Oh, good, my way. Thank you,
Vizzini.
(little pause)
Which way is my way?

CUT TO:

A COUPLE OF ROCKS

Nothing gigantic. Vizzini points to them. There is a large boulder nearby.

VIZZINI
Pick up one of those rocks, get behind the boulder, and in a few minutes, the Man in Black will come running around the bend. The minute his head is in view, hit it with the rock!

As Vizzini and Buttercup hurry away.

FEZZIK
(little frown; softly)
My way's not very sportsmanlike.

He grabs one of the rocks and plods behind the boulder and we --

DISSOLVE TO:

THE MAN IN BLACK

racing up the mountain trail. Ahead is a bend in the trail. He sees it, slows. Then he stops, listening.

Satisfied by the silence, he starts forward again and as he rounds the bend -- a rock flies INTO FRAME, shattering on a boulder inches in front of him.

CUT TO:

FEZZIK

He moves into the mountain path. He has picked up another rock and holds it lightly.

FEZZIK

I did that on purpose. I don't have to miss.

MAN IN BLACK

I believe you -- So what happens now?

FEZZIK

We face each other as God intended. Sportsmanlike. No tricks, no weapons, skill against skill alone.

MAN IN BLACK

You mean, you'll put down your rock and I'll put down my sword, and we'll try to kill each other like civilized people?

FEZZIK

(gently)
I could kill you now.

He gets set to throw, but the Man In Black shakes his head, takes off his sword and scabbard, begins the approach toward the Giant.

MAN IN BLACK

Frankly, I think the odds are slightly in your favor at hand fighting.

FEZZIK

It's not my fault being the biggest and the strongest. I don't even exercise.

He flips the rock away.

CUT TO:

THE MOUNTAIN PATH AND THE TWO MEN

The Man In Black is not now and has never been a shrimp. But it's like he wasn't even there, FEZZIK towers over him so much.

There is a moment's pause, and then the Man In Black dives at FEZZIK's chest, slams him several tremendous blows in the stomach, twists his arm severely, slips skillfully into a beautifully applied bear hug, and in general makes any number of terrific wrestling moves.

FEZZIK just stands there, kind of taking in the scenery. Finally the Man In Black pushes himself away, stares up at the Giant.

MAN IN BLACK

Look are you just fiddling around with me or what?

FEZZIK

I just want you to feel you're doing well. I hate for people to die embarrassed.

They get set to begin again. Then suddenly --

CUT TO:

FEZZIK

as he jumps forward with stunning speed for anyone his size and reaches for the Man In Black who drops to his knees, spins loose, and slips between the Giant's legs.

FEZZIK

You're quick.

MAN IN BLACK

And a good thing too.

FEZZIK

(getting set for another onslaught)
Why do you wear a mask? Were you burned by acid, or something like that?

MAN IN BLACK

Oh no. It's just that they're
terribly comfortable. I think
everyone will be wearing them in
the future.

FEZZIK considers this a moment, then attacks, and if he
moved quickly last time, this time he is blinding and as the
Man In Black slips down to avoid the charge, FEZZIK moves
right with him, only instead of twisting free and jumping to
his feet, this time the Man In Black jumps for FEZZIK's back
and in a moment he is riding him, and his arms have FEZZIK's
throat, locked across FEZZIK's windpipe, one in front, one
behind. The Man In Black begins to squeeze. Tighter.

FEZZIK

(standing, talking as
he does so)
I just figured out why you give
me so much trouble.

CUT TO:

FEZZIK

as he charges toward a huge rock that lines the path, and
just as he reaches it he spins his giant body so that the
entire weight of the charge is taken by the Man In Black.

CUT TO:

THE MAN IN BLACK

And the power of the charge is terrible, the pain enormous,
but he clings to his grip at FEZZIK's windpipe.

MAN IN BLACK

(his arms never leave
Fezzik's throat)
Why is that, do you think?

FEZZIK

(his voice just
beginning to get a
little strained)
Well, I haven't fought just one
person for so long. I've been
specializing in groups. Battling
gangs for local charities, that
kind of thing.

CUT TO:

ANOTHER HUGE ROCK ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE PATH

Again FEZZIK charges, slower this time, but still a charge, and again he spins and creams the Man In Black against the rough boulder.

CUT TO:

THE MAN IN BLACK

And the punishment is terrible, and for a moment it seems as if he is going to let go of Fezzik's windpipe and crumble, but he doesn't, he holds on.

MAN IN BLACK

Why should that make such a difference?

FEZZIK

Well ...
 (And now his voice is
 definitely growing weaker)
 ... you see, you use different
 moves when you're fighting half a
 dozen people than when you only
 have to be worried about one.

Again FEZZIK slams the Man In Black against a boulder, only this time his power has diminished and Fezzik starts to slowly collapse.

CUT TO:

FEZZIK

and there isn't much breath coming.

CUT TO:

THE MAN IN BLACK

holding his grip as FEZZIK tries to stand, halfway makes it, but there is no air. Back to his knees he falls, holds there for a moment, and pitches down to all fours. The Man In Black increases the pressure. FEZZIK tries to crawl. But there is just no air. No air. FEZZIK goes to earth and lies still.

CUT TO:

FEZZIK

as the Man In Black turns him over, puts his ear to FEZZIK's heart. It beats. The Man In Black stands.

MAN IN BLACK

I don't envy you the headache you will have when you awake. But, in the meantime, rest well ... and dream of large women.

And he nimbly scoops up his sword with his foot, catches it and as he dashes off up along the mountain path --

CUT TO:

PRINCE HUMPERDINCK

as he slips his boot into a foot print in the sand.

Count Rugen mounted, watches. Behind him, half a dozen armed WARRIORS, also mounted. A GREAT WHITE HORSE waits riderless in front. Humperdinck is all over the rocky ground, and maybe he isn't the best hunter in the world. Then again, maybe he is. Because, as he begins to put his feet into strange positions, we realize that what he is doing is miming the fencers.

HUMPERDINCK

There was a mighty duel -- it ranged all over. They were both masters.

RUGEN

Who won? How did it end?

HUMPERDINCK

(looking down in the position where Inigo fell unconscious)
The loser ran off alone.
(points in the direction Vizzini and FEZZIK took)
The winner followed those footprints toward Guilder!

RUGEN

Shall we track them both?

HUMPERDINCK

The loser is nothing. -- Only the Princess matters --
(to the armed warriors)
-- clearly this was all planned by warriors of Guilder. We must be ready for whatever lies ahead.

RUGEN
 Could this be a trap?

HUMPERDINCK
 (vaulting onto his horse)
 I always think everything could
 be a trap -- Which is why I'm
 still alive.

And he gallops off --

CUT TO:

THE MAN IN BLACK
 cresting the peak of the mountain.

CUT TO:

CLOSE-UP ON

a knife pointed at a throat -- PULL BACK TO REVEAL Vizzini
 munching on an apple, holding the knife to Buttercup's
 throat. She is blindfolded.

A PICNIC SPREAD is laid out. A tablecloth, two goblets and
 between them, a small leather wine container. And some
 cheese and a couple of apples. The picnic is set on a lovely
 spot, high on the edge of a mountain path with a view all
 the way back to the sea.

The Man In Black comes running around the path, sees Vizzini,
 slows. The two men study each other. Then --

VIZZINI
 So, it is down to you. And it is
 down to me.

The Man In Black nods and comes nearer --

VIZZINI
 If you wish her dead, by all
 means keep moving forward.

And he pushes his long knife harder against Buttercup's
 unprotected throat.

MAN IN BLACK
 Let me explain-

VIZZINI
 -- there's nothing to explain.
 You're trying to kidnap what I've
 rightfully stolen.

MAN IN BLACK
Perhaps an arrangement can be
reached.

VIZZINI
There will be no arrangement --
(deliberate)
-- and you're killing her!

CUT TO:

BUTTERCUP'S THROAT

as Vizzini jabs with his long knife. Buttercup gasps against
the pain.

CUT TO:

THE MAN IN BLACK

stopping fast.

MAN IN BLACK
But if there can be no
arrangement, then we are at an
impasse.

VIZZINI
I'm afraid so -- I can't compete
with you physically. And you're
no match for my brains.

MAN IN BLACK
You're that smart?

VIZZINI
Let me put it this way: have you
ever heard of Plato, Aristotle,
Socrates?

MAN IN BLACK
Yes.

VIZZINI
Morons.

MAN IN BLACK
Really? In that case, I challenge
you to a battle of wits.

VIZZINI
For the Princess?

The Man In Black nods.

VIZZINI
To the death?

Another nod.

VIZZINI
I accept.

MAN IN BLACK
Good. Then pour the wine.

As Vizzini fills the goblets with the dark red liquid, the Man In Black pulls a small packet from his clothing, handing it to Vizzini.

MAN IN BLACK
Inhale this, but do not touch.

VIZZINI
(doing it)
I smell nothing.

MAN IN BLACK
(taking the packet back)
What you do not smell is called iocane powder. It is odorless, tasteless, dissolves instantly in liquid, and is among the more deadlier poisons known to man.

VIZZINI
Hmm.

CUT TO:

VIZZINI

watching excitedly as the Man In Black takes the goblets, turns his back. A moment later, he turns again, faces Vizzini, drops the iocane packet. It is now empty.

The Man In Black rotates the goblets in a little shell game maneuver then puts one glass in front of Vizzini, the other in front of himself.

MAN IN BLACK
All right: where is the poison?
The battle of wits has begun. It ends when you decide and we both drink, and find out who is right and who is dead.

VIZZINI

But it's so simple. All I have to do is divine from what I know of you. Are you the sort of man who would put the poison into his own goblet, or his enemy's?

He studies the Man In Black now.

VIZZINI

Now, a clever man would put the poison into his own goblet, because he would know that only a great fool would reach for what he was given. I'm not a great fool, so I can clearly not choose the wine in front of you. But you must have known I was not a great fool; you would have counted on it, so I can clearly not choose the wine in front of me.

MAN IN BLACK

(And now there's a trace of nervousness beginning)
You've made your decision then?

VIZZINI

Not remotely. Because iocane comes from Australia, as everyone knows. And Australia is entirely peopled with criminals. And criminals are used to having people not trust them, as you are not trusted by me. So I can clearly not choose the wine in front of you.

MAN IN BLACK

Truly, you have a dizzying intellect.

VIZZINI

Wait till I get going! Where was I?

MAN IN BLACK

Australia.

VIZZINI

Yes -- Australia, and you must have suspected I would have known the powder's origin, so I can clearly not choose the wine in front of me.

MAN IN BLACK
 (very nervous)
 You're just stalling now.

VIZZINI
 (cackling)
 You'd like to think that, wouldn't you?
 (stares at the Man in Black)
 You've beaten my giant, which means you're exceptionally strong. So, you could have put the poison in your own goblet, trusting on your strength to save you. So I can clearly not choose the wine in front of you. But, you've also bested my Spaniard which means you must have studied. And in studying, you must have learned that man is mortal so you would have put the poison as far from yourself as possible, so I can clearly not choose the wine in front of me.

As Vizzini's pleasure has been growing throughout, the Man In Black's has been fast disappearing.

MAN IN BLACK
 You're trying to trick me into giving away something -- it won't work --

VIZZINI
 (triumphant)
 It has worked -- you've given everything away -- I know where the poison is.

MAN IN BLACK
 (fool's courage)
 Then make your choice.

VIZZINI
 I will. And I choose --

And suddenly he stops, points at something behind the Man In Black.

VIZZINI
 -- what in the world can that be?

CUT TO:

THE MAN IN BLACK

turning around, looking.

MAN IN BLACK

What? Where? I don't see anything.

CUT TO:

VIZZINI

busily switching the goblets while the Man In Black has his head turned.

VIZZINI

Oh, well, I-I could have sworn I saw something. No matter.

The Man In Black turns to face him again. Vizzini starts to laugh.

MAN IN BLACK

What's so funny?

VIZZINI

I'll tell you in a minute. First, let's drink -- me from my glass, and you from yours.

And he picks up his goblet. The Man In Black picks up the one in front of him. As they both start to drink, Vizzini hesitates a moment.

Then, allowing the Man In Black to drink first, he swallows his wine.

MAN IN BLACK

You guessed wrong.

VIZZINI

(roaring with laughter)
You only think I guessed wrong --
(louder now)
-- that's what's so funny! I switched glasses when your back was turned. You fool.

CUT TO:

THE MAN IN BLACK

There's nothing he can say. He just sits there.

CUT TO:

VIZZINI

watching him.

VIZZINI

You fell victim to one of the classic blunders. The most famous is "Never get involved in a land war in Asia." But only slightly less well known is this: "Never go in against a Sicilian when death is on the line."

He laughs and roars and cackles and whoops and is in all ways quite cheery until he falls over dead.

CUT TO:

THE MAN IN BLACK

stepping past the corpse, taking the blindfold and bindings off Buttercup, who notices Vizzini lying dead.

The Man In Black pulls her to her feet.

BUTTERCUP

Who are you?

MAN IN BLACK

I am no one to be trifled with, that is all you ever need know.

He starts to lead her off the mountain path into untraveled terrain.

BUTTERCUP

(a final glance back toward Vizzini)

To think -- all that time it was your cup that was poisoned.

MAN IN BLACK

They were both poisoned. I spent the last few years building up an immunity to iocane powder.

And with that, he takes off, dragging her behind him.

CUT TO:

A MOUNTAIN PATH

It's where FEZZIK fought the Man in Black. CAMERA PULLS BACK TO REVEAL the Prince, kneeling, inspecting every grain of misplaced sand. The others wait behind him.

HUMPERDINCK

Someone has beaten a giant!
 (roaring)
 There will be great suffering in
 Guilder if she dies.

He leaps onto his horse and they charge off.

CUT TO:

A WILD STRETCH OF TERRAIN

The Man In Black comes running into view, still dragging Buttercup, who sometimes stumbles, but he keeps forcing her along. Finally, when she is close to exhaustion, he lets go of her.

MAN IN BLACK

(his voice harsh now,
 carrying the promise
 of violence)
 Catch your breath.

BUTTERCUP

If you'll release me ... whatever
 you ask for ransom ... you'll get
 it, I promise you...

MAN IN BLACK

And what is that worth, the
 promise of a woman? You're very
 funny, Highness.

BUTTERCUP

I was giving you a chance. No
 matter where you take me ...
 there's no greater hunter than
 Prince Humperdinck. He could
 track a falcon on a cloudy day.
 He can find you

MAN IN BLACK

You think your dearest love will
 save you?

BUTTERCUP
I never said he was my dearest
love. And yes, he will save me.
That I know.

MAN IN BLACK
You admit to me you do not love
your fiance?

BUTTERCUP
He knows I do not love him.

MAN IN BLACK
"Are not capable of love" is what
you mean.

BUTTERCUP
I have loved more deeply than a
killer like yourself could ever
dream.

And the Man In Black cocks back a fist. Buttercup flinches,
but does not retreat.

MAN IN BLACK
That was a warning, Highness. The
next time, my hand flies on its
own. For where I come from, there
are penalties when a woman lies.

CUT TO:

VIZZINI'S BODY

The picnic is spread as before.

CAMERA PULLS BACK TO REVEAL the Prince kneeling by the body
as the others ride up. The Prince grabs the empty poison
packet, hands it to Rugen, after first sniffing it himself.

HUMPERDINCK
Iocane. I'd bet my life on it.
(gestures to the trail ahead)
And there are the Princess's
footprints. She is alive ... or
was, an hour ago. If she is
otherwise when I find her, I
shall be very put out.

And as he vaults onto his horse and the all charge off --

CUT TO:

BUTTERCUP

being spun INTO CAMERA view, falling heavily as the Man In Black releases her. We are at the edge of an almost sheer ravine. The drop is sharp and severe. Below, the ravine floor is flat, but getting there would not be half the fun.

MAN IN BLACK
Rest, Highness.

BUTTERCUP
(stares at him)
I know who you are -- your cruelty reveals everything.

The Man In Black says nothing.

BUTTERCUP
You're the Dread Pirate Roberts;
admit it.

MAN IN BLACK
(bowing)
With pride. What can I do for you?

BUTTERCUP
You can die slowly cut into a
thousand pieces.

MAN IN BLACK
Hardly complimentary, Your
Highness. Why loose your venom on
me?

CLOSE UP - BUTTERCUP, quietly now.

BUTTERCUP
You killed my love.

CUT TO:

THE MAN IN BLACK
watching her closely.

MAN IN BLACK
It's possible; I kill a lot of
people. Who was this love of
yours? Another Prince, like this
one, ugly, rich, and scabby?

BUTTERCUP
 No. A farm boy. Poor. Poor and perfect, with eyes like the sea after a storm.

CUT TO:

BUTTERCUP

And probably, if she did not hate Roberts so, there would be tears.

BUTTERCUP
 On the high seas, your ship attacked, and the Dread Pirate Roberts never takes prisoners.

MAN IN BLACK
 (explaining as a teacher might)
 I can't afford to make exceptions. Once word leaks out that a pirate has gone soft, people begin to disobey you, and then it's nothing but work, work, work, all the time.

BUTTERCUP
 You mock my pain!

MAN IN BLACK
 Life is pain, Highness. Anyone who says differently is selling something. I remember this farm boy of yours, I think. This would be, what, five years ago?

Buttercup nods.

MAN IN BLACK
 Does it bother you to hear?

BUTTERCUP
 Nothing you can say will upset me.

MAN IN BLACK
 He died well, that should please you. No bribe attempts or blubbering. He simply said, "Please. Please, I need to live." It was the "please" that caught my memory.

(MORE)

MAN IN BLACK (CONT'D)

I asked him what was so important for him. "True love," he replied. And then he spoke of a girl of surpassing beauty and faithfulness. I can only assume he meant you. You should bless me for destroying him before he found out what you really are.

BUTTERCUP

And what am I?

MAN IN BLACK

Faithfulness he talked of, madam. Your enduring faithfulness. Now, tell me truly. When you found out he was gone, did you get engaged to your prince that same hour, or did you wait a whole week out of respect for the dead?

BUTTERCUP

You mocked me once, never do it again -- I died that day!

The Man In Black is about to reply as they stand there on the edge of the sheer ravine. But then something catches his attention and as he stares at it briefly,

CUT TO:

HIS P.O.V.:

The dust cloud caused by Humperdinck's HORSES is rising up into the sky.

CUT TO:

BUTTERCUP

and while his attention is on the dust cloud, rising high, she pushes him with all the strength she has.

BUTTERCUP

You can die too, for all I care!!

CUT TO:

THE MAN IN BLACK

teetering on the ravine edge, for a moment, then he begins to fall. Down goes the Man In Black.

Down, down, rolling, spinning, crashing always down toward the flat rock floor of the ravine.

CUT TO:

BUTTERCUP

staring transfixed at what she has wrought.

There is a long pause. She stands there, alone, as from far below the words come to her, drifting on the wind --

MAN IN BLACK
... as ... you ... wish...

BUTTERCUP
Oh, my sweet Westley; what have I done?

And without a second thought or consideration of the dangers, she starts into the ravine. A moment later, she too is falling, spinning and twisting, crashing and torn, cartwheeling down toward what is left of her beloved.

CUT TO:

THE DUST CLOUD

rising.

PULL BACK TO REVEAL

Prince Humperdinck and the others reining in at the spot where Buttercup promised ransom in exchange for her freedom. The Prince shakes his head.

HUMPERDINCK
Disappeared. He must have seen us closing in, which might account for his panicking in error. Unless I'm wrong, and I am never wrong, they are headed dead into the fire swamp.

CUT TO:

COUNT RUGEN

The mere mention of the Fire Swamp makes him pale.

CUT TO:

THE RAVINE FLOOR

TWO BODIES lie a few feet apart, not moving. It is, of course, Buttercup and Westley. They might be corpses. After a time, Westley slowly forces his body into motion and as he does,

CUT TO:

BUTTERCUP

bruised and torn, as Westley crawls slowly toward her.

WESTLEY

Can you move at all?

BUTTERCUP

(weakly stretching out
an arm toward him)

Move? You're alive. If you want,
I can fly.

WESTLEY

I told you, "I would always come
for you." Why didn't you wait for
me?

BUTTERCUP

Well ... you were dead.

WESTLEY

Death cannot stop true love. All
it can do is delay it for a while.

BUTTERCUP

I will never doubt again.

WESTLEY

There will never be a need.

And now, they begin to kiss; it's a tender kiss, tender and loving and gentle and --

THE KID

(off-screen)

Oh no. No, please.

CUT TO:

THE KID'S BEDROOM

GRANDFATHER

What is it? What's the matter?

THE KID
They're kissing again, do we have
to hear the kissing part?

GRANDFATHER
Someday, you may not mind so much.

THE KID
Skip on to the Fire Swamp -- that
sounded good.

GRANDFATHER
Oh. You're sick, I'll humor you.
(he picks up the book again)
So now, where were we here? Yeah,
yeah, yeah. Ah. Oh. Okay. Westley
and Buttercup raced along the
ravine floor.

CUT TO:

WESTLEY AND BUTTERCUP

racing along the ravine floor. Westley glances up.

CUT TO:

HUMPERDINCK AND HIS MEN

perched on top of the cliff, looking down at Westley and
Buttercup.

CUT TO:

WESTLEY

WESTLEY
Ha. Your pig fiance is too late.
A few more steps and we'll be
safe in the Fire Swamp.

CUT TO:

BUTTERCUP

and Westley has tried to say it with Chevalier-like
nonchalance, but she ain't buying.

BUTTERCUP
We'll never survive.

WESTLEY
Nonsense -- you're only saying
that because no one ever has.

As they race off, leaving Humperdinck and his men stranded, defeated.

CUT TO:

THE FIRE SWAMP

And it really doesn't look any worse than any other moist, sulphurous, infernal horror you might run across. Great trees block the sun.

CUT TO:

WESTLEY AND BUTTERCUP

Buttercup is clearly panicked and maybe Westley is too, but he moves jauntily along, sword in hand.

WESTLEY

It's not that bad. I'm not saying
I'd like to build a summer home
here, but the trees are actually
quite lovely.

THE GIANT TREES, thick and black-green, look ominous as hell and they shield all but intermittent stripes of sun.

A GIANT SPURT OF FLAME leaps up, preceded by a slight popping sound, and this particular spurt of flame misses Westley, but Buttercup is suddenly onfire; at least the lower half of her is and --

CUT TO:

WESTLEY

instantly forcing Buttercup to sit, gathering her flaming hem in his hands, doing his best to suffocate the fire. This isn't all that easy and it causes him a bit of grief, but he does his best to sound as jaunty as before.

WESTLEY

Well now, that was an adventure.

He examines where the flames burst over her.

WESTLEY

Singed a bit, were you?

BUTTERCUP

(She wasn't and she
shakes her head "no")
You?

He was, and he shakes his head "no." As he pulls her to her feet --

CUT TO:

THE SWAMP FLOOR

-- and as there's another popping sound,

CUT TO:

WESTLEY GRABBING BUTTERCUP

pulling her aside to safety as another great spun of flame suddenly shoots up.

WESTLEY

Well, one thing I will say. The
Fire Swamp certainly does keep
you on your toes.

Buttercup is frozen with fear. He takes her hand, gently leads her forward as we-

CUT TO:

THE TWO OF THEM

moving slowly along through a particularly dangerous part of the Fire Swamp.

It's later now, the sun slants down at a slightly different angle.

WESTLEY

(happily)
This will all soon be but a happy
memory because Roberts' ship
"Revenge" is anchored at the far
end. And I, as you know, am
Roberts.

BUTTERCUP

But how is that possible, since
he's been marauding twenty years
and you only left me five years
ago?

WESTLEY

I myself am often surprised at
life's little quirks.

There is again a popping sound, then a huge spurt of flame. Westley simply picks up Buttercup as they walk along, moves her out of danger, puts her back down, goes right on talking without missing a beat.

WESTLEY

You see, what I told you before about saying "please" was true. It intrigued Roberts, as did my descriptions of your beauty.

CUT TO:

SOME HIDEOUS VINES --

they look like they could be flesh eating. Westley takes his sword, slices a path for them to follow. The vines groan as they fall. He's been chatting away the entire time.

WESTLEY

Finally, Roberts decided something. He said, "All right, Westley, I've never had a valet. You can try it for tonight. I'll most likely kill you in the morning." Three years he said that. "Good night, Westley. Good work. Sleep well. I'll most likely kill you in the morning." It was a fine time for me. I was learning to fence, to fight, anything anyone would teach me. And Roberts and I eventually became friends. And then it happened.

BUTTERCUP

What? -- go on --

Westley picks her up, carrying her across some swamp water that is bridged by a narrow, rickety tree branch.

WESTLEY

Well, Roberts had grown so rich, he wanted to retire. So he took me to his cabin and told me his secret. "I am not the Dread Pirate Roberts," he said. "My name is Ryan. I inherited this ship from the previous Dread Pirate Roberts, just as you will inherit it from me. The man I inherited it from was not the real Dread Pirate Roberts, either.

(MORE)

WESTLEY (CONT'D)

His name was Cumberbund. The real Roberts has been retired fifteen years and living like a king in Patagonia." Then he explained the name was the important thing for inspiring the necessary fear. You see, no one would surrender to the Dread Pirate Westley.

The two of them have by now crossed the pond.

WESTLEY

So we sailed ashore, took on an entirely new crew and he stayed aboard for awhile as first mate, all the time calling me Roberts. Once the crew believed, he left the ship and I have been Roberts ever since. Except, now that we're together, I shall retire and hand the name over to someone else. Is everything clear to you?

Buttercup, perplexed, is about to reply but the ground she steps on gives way -- it's Lightning Sand -- a great patch of it, and it has her -- a cloud of powder rises and she sinks into the stuff crying Westley's name but then she is gone as we --

CUT TO:

WESTLEY WHIRLING

slashing at a U-shaped vine, hacks it in half -- it's still connected to the tree. Then he grabs it, drops his sword, and, clutching the other end of the vine, he dives into the lightning sand and there is another cloud of white powder, but it settles quickly.

Now nothing can be seen. Nothing at all. Just the lightning sand, lovely and lethal.

HOLD ON THE LIGHTNING SAND -- THEN --

An odd panting sound is heard now. The panting sound is suddenly very loud. And then a giant R.O.U.S. darts into view. The R.O.U.S. -- a Rodent of Unusual Size -- is probably no more than eighty pounds of bone and power. It sniffs around a bit then, as quickly as it has come, it goes.

CUT TO:

THE LIGHTNING SAND

as Westley, lungs long past the bursting point, explodes out; he has Buttercup across his shoulders and as he pulls to the edge of the lightning sand pit, using the vine --

CUT TO:

CLOSE-UP - BUTTERCUP

Her face is caked with the white powder. It is in her eyes, her ears, hair, mouth. She's still probably beautiful, but you have to look awfully hard to see it. As Westley continues to pull them to safety --

CUT TO:

THE R.O.U.S.

high above them; it watches --

CUT TO:

BUTTERCUP

placed against a tree. Westley is cleaning the lightning sand from her face. He hesitates, glances around and

CUT TO:

THE R.O.U.S.

on a much lower branch now. It stares down at Westley.

Westley stares back up at the beast. Buttercup is oblivious. Her eyes flutter. He continues to work on her as --

BUTTERCUP

We'll never succeed -- we may as well die here.

WESTLEY

No. No. We have already succeeded.

He glances back again. Now THERE ARE TWO R.O.U.S.'s. The have climbed into a nearby tree, stare hungrily down.

CUT TO:

WESTLEY, picking her up.

He puts an arm around her, starts to walk with her as he encouragingly goes on talking.

WESTLEY

I mean, what are the three terrors of the Fire Swamp? One, the flame spurts. No problem. There's a popping sound preceding each, we can avoid that. Two, the Lightning Sand. But you were clever enough to discover what that looks like, so in the future we can avoid that too.

BUTTERCUP

Westley, what about the R.O.U.S.'s?

WESTLEY

Rodents of Unusual Size? I don't think they exist...

And as he says that, a R.O.U.S. comes flying at him from offscreen.

CUT TO:

BUTTERCUP

screaming and --

Westley, pinned under the attacking R.O.U.S., trying to fend it off. Can't. The thing's teeth sink deep into his arm. He howls.

Westley drives a fist into the beast's face, rolling it off. He reaches for his sword just a few feet away, but the R.O.U.S. is back atop him. It's a fierce battle, and just when we think Westley can't possibly win, he flips the ugly rodent clear.

Westley scrambles for his sword. The R.O.U.S. stampedes on, changing its target, heading right for --

Buttercup, and she's scared to death and --

BUTTERCUP

Westley!

Westley abandons his sword, reaching for the rodent, grabbing only a tail, wrestling with it. Buttercup grabs a small branch, and using it as a club, beats the skull of the thing, doing pretty well, but the beast manages to snag her hem with its razor teeth, and she's pulled to the ground, and

CUT TO:

WESTLEY

jumping onto its back, and the R.O.U.S. is all over him now, sinking needle teeth into Westley's shoulder.

CUT TO:

WESTLEY

with death close at hand, as a popping sound starts. He tries one desperate move, rolls into the sound --

CUT TO:

A FLAME SPURT

shooting skyward and --

CUT TO:

WESTLEY

with the R.O.U.S. pinned under him, and as the beast bursts into flame, it lets go and Westley rolls safely free, grabs his sword and exhaustedly stabs the R.O.U.S., which is trying to put itself out.

The R.O.U.S. collapses dead. Westley stands motionless, exhausted. The danger has passed.

CUT TO:

BUTTERCUP

relieved.

DISSOLVE TO:

THE FAR EDGE OF THE FIRE SWAMP

Beyond, a beach.

CUT TO:

BUTTERCUP AND WESTLEY

BUTTERCUP
(almost in disbelief)
We did it.

WESTLEY
Now, was that so terrible?

And from somewhere they summon strength, pick up their pace, and as they reach the edge of the Fire Swamp --

CUT TO:

SOMETHING WE HADN'T EXPECTED:

Humperdinck on his horse, Rugen beside him. THREE WARRIORS, armed and ready, are mounted in formation behind. Buttercup and Westley are at the edge of the Fire Swamp, about to leave it. They stop. Buttercup looks beyond exhaustion. Westley looks worse.

HUMPERDINCK

Surrender!

It's dusk. Behind Humperdinck are the waters of the bay.

CUT TO:

WESTLEY AND BUTTERCUP

staring out at the others.

WESTLEY

You mean you wish to surrender to me? Very well, I accept.

HUMPERDINCK

I give you full marks for bravery --don't make yourself a fool.

WESTLEY

Ah, but how will you capture us? We know the secrets of the Fire Swamp. We can live there quite happily for some time. So, whenever you feel like dying, feel free to visit.

HUMPERDINCK

I tell you once again -- surrender!

WESTLEY

It will not happen!

CUT TO:

BUTTERCUP

looking from one to the other; then something else catches her eye and we --

CUT TO:

AN ARMED WARRIOR

in shadow, with a loaded crossbow aimed at Westley's heart.

CUT TO:

BUTTERCUP

looking the other way --

CUT TO:

ANOTHER WARRIOR

crossbow aimed at Westley.

HUMPERDINCK

(roaring)

For the last time -- SURRENDER!

WESTLEY

(roaring right back, bigger)

DEATH FIRST!!

CUT TO:

BUTTERCUP

frantically staring around, and now

CUT TO:

A THIRD WARRIOR

crossbow stretched, ready to shoot; this one is hidden in a tree blocking any escape Westley might try.

BUTTERCUP

Will you promise not to hurt him?

CUT TO:

HUMPERDINCK

whirling to face her.

HUMPERDINCK

What was that?

CUT TO:

WESTLEY

whirling to face her.

WESTLEY
What was that?

CUT TO:

BUTTERCUP

talking to them both.

BUTTERCUP
If we surrender, and I return
with you, will you promise not to
hurt this man?

HUMPERDINCK
May I live a thousand years and
never hunt again.

BUTTERCUP
(looks at Westley)
He is a sailor on the pirate ship
"Revenge." Promise to return him
to his ship.

HUMPERDINCK
I swear it will be done.

CUT TO:

BUTTERCUP AND WESTLEY

staring deep into each other's eyes.

CUT TO:

HUMPERDINCK AND RUGEN

HUMPERDINCK
(whispering)
Once we're out of sight, take him
back to Florin and throw him in
the Pit of Despair.

RUGEN
(almost a smile)
I swear it will be done.

CUT TO:

BUTTERCUP AND WESTLEY

BUTTERCUP
I thought you were dead once, and
it almost destroyed me. I could
not bear it if you died again,
not when I could save you.

Westley is dazed. Silent.

Buttercup tries to speak again, can't, and is swooped off her feet onto Humperdinck's horse, and off they go.

CUT TO:

WESTLEY

staring after her. Rugen watches as his warriors bring Westley to him. The Count has a heavy sword and he holds it in his hand.

RUGEN

Come, sir. We must get you to your ship.

WESTLEY

We are men of action. Lies do not become us.

RUGEN

Well spoken, sir --

Westley is looking at him.

RUGEN

-- what is it?

WESTLEY

You have six fingers on your right hand -- someone was looking for you --

Count Rugen clubs Westley hard across the skull. Westley starts to fall --the screen goes black.

FADE IN ON:

THE PIT OF DESPAIR

Dank and chill, underground and windowless, lit by flickering torches. Frightening. Westley lies in the center of the cage, chained and helpless.

CUT TO:

SOMETHING REALLY FRIGHTENING: A BLOODLESS-LOOKING ALBINO

Dead pale, he silently enters the pit, carrying a tray of food and medication. He puts it down.

WESTLEY

Where am I?

ALBINO
 (he only whispers)
 The Pit of Despair.

He begins tending Westley's wounds. Westley winces.

ALBINO
 (garbled)
 Don't even think --
 (A hack, sputter,
 cough - now his voice
 seems normal again)
 -- don't even think about trying
 to escape. The chains are far too
 thick. And don't dream of being
 rescued either. The only way in
 is secret. And only the Prince,
 the Count, and I know how to get
 in and out.

WESTLEY
 Then I'm here till I die?

ALBINO
 (working away)
 Till they kill you. Yeah.

WESTLEY
 Then why bother curing me?

ALBINO
 The Prince and the Count always
 insist on everyone being healthy
 before they're broken.

WESTLEY
 So it's to be torture.

The albino nods.

WESTLEY
 I can cope with torture.

The albino shakes his head.

WESTLEY
 You don't believe me?

ALBINO
 You survived the Fire Swamp. You
 must be very brave...
 (little pause)
 ... but nobody withstands The
 Machine.

He studies Westley, whose face is almost sad.

CUT TO:

BUTTERCUP

and her face is sad. Pallid, perhaps ill. She wanders down a corridor in Florin Castle. As she moves unseeing past an intersecting corridor:

CUT TO:

PRINCE HUMPERDINCK AND COUNT RUGEN

watching her.

HUMPERDINCK

She's been like that ever since the Fire Swamp.

(looks at Rugen)

It's my father's failing health that's upsetting her.

RUGEN

(unbelieving)

Of course.

As they move on--

CUT TO:

FLORIN CASTLE - NIGHT

CAMERA HOLDS ON IT while we hear the Grandfather's voice reading.

GRANDFATHER

(off-screen)

The King died that very night, and before the following dawn, Buttercup and Humperdinck were married.

CUT TO:

MAIN SQUARE OF FLORIN CASTLE

And if we thought it was packed before, we didn't know how many more could fit in this courtyard. Humperdinck, Rugen and the Queen stand high on the balcony.

GRANDFATHER
 (off-screen)
 And at noon, she met her subjects
 again. This time as their Queen.

HUMPERDINCK
 My father's final words were...

THE KID
 (off-screen)
 -- hold it. Hold it, Grandpa.

And the scene FREEZES, Humperdinck caught in mid-sentence.

CUT TO:

THE KID'S ROOM

The Kid is half sitting now, not strong yet, but clearly
 stronger than when we first saw him.

THE KID
 You read that wrong. She doesn't
 marry Humperdinck, she marries
 Westley. I'm just sure of it.
 After all that Westley did for
 her, if she does not marry him,
 it wouldn't be fair.

GRANDFATHER
 Well, who says life is fair?
 Where is that written? Life isn't
 always fair.

THE KID
 I'm telling you you're messing up
 the story, now get it right!

GRANDFATHER
 Do you want me to go on with this?

THE KID
 Yes.

GRANDFATHER
 All right, then. No more
 interruptions.
 (starts to read again)
 ... at noon, she met her subjects
 again. This time as their Queen.

And on these words--

CUT TO:

PRINCE HUMPERDINCK

HUMPERDINCK
My father's final words were
"love her as I loved her, and
there will be joy." I present to
you your Queen. Queen Buttercup.

And on his words--

CUT TO:

THE CROWD

and it's gigantic.

CUT TO:

THE ARCHWAY

we saw before, as Buttercup emerges.

CUT TO:

THE CROWD

suddenly going to its knees, wave after wave of silent
KNEELING PEOPLE. All of them down.

CUT TO:

BUTTERCUP

touched as before, but then she seems stunned as we

CUT TO:

THE CROWD

SOMEONE IS BOOING! The BOOING gets louder as an ANCIENT
WOMAN approaches Buttercup through the crowd, BOOING every
step of the way.

BUTTERCUP
Why do you do this?

ANCIENT BOOER
Because you had love in your
hands, and you gave it up.

BUTTERCUP
(distraught)
But they would have killed
Westley if I hadn't done it.

ANCIENT BOOER
 Your true love lives and you
 marry another --
 (to the crowd)
 -- True love saved her in the
 Fire Swamp, and she treated it
 like garbage. And that's what she
 is, the Queen of Refuse! So, bow
 down to her if you want. Bow to
 her. Bow to the Queen of Slime,
 the Queen of Filth, the Queen of
 Putrescence. Boo! Boo! Rubbish!
 Filth! Slime! Muck! Boo! Boo!

She advances on Buttercup now, who is more and more panicked.

CLOSE-UP - THE ANCIENT BOOER

Louder and louder and LOUDER she shrieks vituperation at Buttercup, reaching out her old hands toward Buttercup's throat, and Buttercup is as frightened now as Dorothy was when the Witch went after her in "The Wizard of Oz", and suddenly,

CUT TO:

BUTTERCUP

coming out of her nightmare, alone in her castle bedroom. As she frantically grabs a robe and starts to run.

GRANDFATHER
 (off-screen, still reading)
 It was ten days till the wedding.
 The King still lived, but
 Buttercup's nightmares were
 growing steadily worse.

THE KID
 (off-screen)
 See? Didn't I tell you she'd
 never marry that rotten
 Humperdinck?

GRANDFATHER
 (off-screen)
 -- yes, you're very smart. Shut-Up.

CUT TO:

BUTTERCUP

bursting into the Prince's chambers. Count Rugen stands nearby.

BUTTERCUP

It comes to this: I love Westley.
I always have. I know now I
always will. If you tell me I
must marry you in ten days,
please believe I will be dead by
morning.

CUT TO:

PRINCE HUMPERDINCK

Just stunned. Finally, softly, he begins to talk.

HUMPERDINCK

I could never cause you grief;
consider our wedding off.

(to Rugen)

You returned this Westley to his
ship?

RUGEN

Yes.

HUMPERDINCK

Then we will simply alert him.
(to Buttercup now)

Beloved, are you certain he still
wants you? After all, it was you
who did the leaving in the Fire
Swamp. Not to mention that
pirates are not known to be men
of their words.

BUTTERCUP

My Westley will always come for me.

HUMPERDINCK

I suggest a deal. You write four
copies of a letter. I'll send my
four fastest ships. One in each
direction. The Dread Pirate
Roberts is always close to Florin
this time of year. We'll run up
the white flag and deliver your
message. If Westley wants you,
bless you both. If not ... please
consider me as an alternative to
suicide. Are we agreed?

And she nods --

CUT TO:

A VERY THICK GROVE OF TREES

The trees are unusual in one respect: all of them are extraordinarily heavily knotted.

PULL BACK TO REVEAL

Humperdinck and Rugen, walking into the grove of trees.

RUGEN

Your Princess is really a winning creature. A trifle simple, perhaps, but her appeal is undeniable.

HUMPERDINCK

Oh, I know. The people are quite taken with her. It's odd, but when I hired Vizzini to have her murdered on our engagement day, I thought that was clever. But it's going to be so much more moving when I strangle her on our wedding night. Once Guilder is blamed, the nation will be truly outraged. They'll demand we go to war.

They are deeper into the grove now. Rugen is searching around.

RUGEN

Now, where is that secret knot?
It's impossible to find.
(Finding the knot on
the tree he hits it,
and it opens, revealing
a staircase leading underground.)
Are you coming down into the Pit?
Westley's got his strength back.
I am starting him on The Machine
tonight.

HUMPERDINCK

Tyrone, you know how much I love watching you work. But, I've got my country's five hundredth anniversary to plan, my wedding to arrange, My wife to murder, and Guilder to frame for it. I'm swamped.

RUGEN
Get some rest -- if you haven't
got your health, you haven't got
anything.

Rugen smiles and hurries down the stairs as the tree slides
back perfectly into place.

CUT TO:

AN ENORMOUS THING

We can't tell quite what it is or what it does, but somehow
it is unsettling.

PULL BACK TO REVEAL

Count Rugen, dragging Westley up alongside the thing --
Levers and wheels and wires, you name it, it's there.

RUGEN
Beautiful, isn't it?

The Albino starts attaching suction cups to Westley.

RUGEN
It took me half a lifetime to
invent it. I'm sure you've
discovered my deep and abiding
interest in pain. At present I'm
writing the definitive work on
the subject. So I want you to be
totally honest with me on how The
Machine makes you feel.

CUT TO:

A DIAL

with numbers ranging from a low of "1" to a high of "50."
Rugen goes to it.

RUGEN
This being our first try, I'll
use the lowest setting.

And he turns the dial to "1".

CUT TO:

WESTLEY

He has suction cups on his head now, on his temple, on his heart, his hands and feet. He says nothing, keeps control of himself

CUT TO:

COUNT RUGEN

fiddling with his Machine a moment more. And then he opens the flood gate, water pours down the chute, turning the wheel, which in turn really gets The Machine going.

CUT TO:

WESTLEY

and he's lying on the table, and he's only flesh and the chains are metal and thick, but such is his desperation it almost seems he might break them. A terrible sound comes from his throat, an incessant gasping. It keeps on coming as we finally

CUT TO:

COUNT RUGEN

He switches off The Machine, picks up a large notebook and pen, sits in a chair. The NOISE of The Machine subsides. Rugen opens the book to a blank page.

RUGEN

As you know, the concept of the suction pump is centuries old. Well, really, that's all this is. Except that instead of sucking water, I'm sucking life. I've just sucked one year of your life away. I might one day go as high as five, but I really don't know what that would do to you. So, let's just start with what we have. What did this do to you? Tell me. And remember, this is for posterity, so be honest -- how do you feel?

AND NOW, AT LAST:

CUT TO:

WESTLEY

in anguish so deep it is dizzying. Helpless, he cries.
Count Rugen watches the tears, then starts to write.

RUGEN
Interesting.

CUT TO:

HUMPERDINCK

in his quarters, swamped. Piles of papers are strewn all over. Now YELLIN, a pale, shifty, quick-eyed man appears in the doorway.

HUMPERDINCK
Yellin.

YELLIN
(bows, then kneels)
Sire.

HUMPERDINCK
As Chief Enforcer of all Florin,
I trust you with this secret:
killers from Guilder are
infiltrating the Thieves' Forest
and plan to murder my bride on
our wedding night.

YELLIN
My spy network has heard no such
news.

CUT TO:

BUTTERCUP

entering.

BUTTERCUP
Any word from Westley?

CUT TO:

THE PRINCE AND YELLIN

turning to her in the doorway.

HUMPERDINCK
Too soon, my angel. Patience.

BUTTERCUP
He will come for me.

HUMPERDINCK
Of course.

As she glides out--

HUMPERDINCK
She will not be murdered. On the day of the wedding, I want the Thieves' Forest emptied and every inhabitant arrested.

YELLIN
Many of the thieves will resist. My regular enforcers will be inadequate.

HUMPERDINCK
Form a Brute Squad then. I want the Thieves' Forest emptied before I wed.

YELLIN
It won't be easy, Sire.

HUMPERDINCK
(alone, exhausted)
Try ruling the world sometime.

CUT TO:

THE THIEVES' FOREST - DAY

A lot of hollering is going on. The THIEVES are being rounded up by the BRUTE SQUAD, a large group of large men. Yellin stands on a wagon in the midst of all the scuffling.

GRANDFATHER
(off-screen)
The day of the wedding arrived. The Brute Squad had their hands full carrying out Humperdinck's orders.

YELLIN
(to an unpleasantlooking assistant)
Is everybody out?

ASSISTANT BRUTE
Almost. There's a Spaniard giving us some trouble.

YELLIN
Well, you give him some trouble.
Move!

And his wagon starts, and as it does,

CUT TO:

INIGO

drunk as a skunk, sprawled in front of a hovel, a bottle of brandy in one hand, the six-fingered sword in the other. He looks dreadful. Unshaven, puffy-eyed, gaunt. But the way he brandishes the great sword in front of him would give anyone cause for worry.

INIGO
I am waiting for you, Vizzini.
You told me to go back to the beginning. So I have. This is where I am, and this is where I'll stay. I will not be moved.

He takes a long pull from his brandy bottle. He stops as the Assistant Brute comes into view.

ASSISTANT BRUTE
Ho there.

INIGO
I do not budge. Keep your "Ho there."

He waves his sword dangerously.

ASSISTANT BRUTE
But the Prince gave orders --

INIGO
-- So did Vizzini -- when a job went wrong, you went back to the beginning. And this is where we got the job. So it's the beginning, and I'm staying till Vizzini comes.

ASSISTANT BRUTE
(gesturing off-screen)
You! Brute! Come here.

INIGO
-- I -- am -- waiting -- for --
Vizzini --

VOICE
(off-screen)
You surely are a meanie.

INIGO feels a hand on his back. A huge hand. He compares it to his own smaller hand.

FEZZIK
Hello.

INIGO
It's you.

FEZZIK
True!

And as the Assistant Brute is just about to club Inigo's brains out, FEZZIK lets fly with a stupendous punch.

The Assistant Brute takes the full force of the blow right in the chops. It's like he was shot from a cannon as he careens backwards out of sight across the street.

There is a pause. Then a crunching sound, as he clearly has come in contact with something hard and immobile.

FEZZIK puts Inigo down.

FEZZIK
You don't look so good.
(after Inigo blasts
air in protest)
You don't smell so good either.

INIGO
Perhaps not. I feel fine.

FEZZIK
Yeah?

And so FEZZIK puts Inigo down. That's when Inigo faints, and as he does,

CUT TO:

AN EMPTY ALEHOUSE IN THE THIEVES' QUARTER

Inigo sits slumped in a chair, while FEZZIK spoons him some stew.

GRANDFATHER

(off-screen)

FEZZIK and Inigo were reunited. And as FEZZIK nursed his inebriated friend back to health, he told Inigo of Vizzini's death and the existence of Count Rugen, the sixfingered man. Considering Inigo's lifelong search, he handled the news surprisingly well.

And he faints again into his stew.

CUT TO:

TWO LARGE TUBS

one filled with steaming water, the other with water clearly of an icy nature. Without a word FEZZIK stuffs Inigo's head into the icy water, then, after a reasonable amount of time, pulls him out, ducks him into the steaming stuff, and, a short time after that, puts him back in the cold again, then back in the hot --

GRANDFATHER

(off-screen)

Fezzik took great care in reviving Inigo.

INIGO

(up and going)

That's enough. That's enough! Where is this Rugen so I may kill him?

FEZZIK

He's with the Prince in the Castle. But the castle gate is guarded by thirty men.

INIGO

How many could you handle?

FEZZIK

I don't think more than ten.

INIGO

(doing the math on his fingers)

That leaves twenty for me. At my best, I could never defeat that many.

(he sinks sadly down)

I need Vizzini to plan. I have no gift for strategy.

FEZZIK
But Vizzini's dead.

CUT TO:

THE TWO OF THEM

Silent and bereft. Then a wild look hits Inigo.

INIGO
No -- not Vizzini -- I need the
Man in Black --

FEZZIK
-- what? --

INIGO
-- look, he bested you with
strength, your greatness. He
bested me with steel. He must
have outthought Vizzini, and a
man who can do that can plan my
castle's onslaught any day. Let's
go --

FEZZIK
-- where?

INIGO
To find the Man in Black,
obviously.

FEZZIK
But you don't know where he is.

INIGO
(he is possessed by
demons now)
Don't bother me with trifles;
after twenty years, at last, my
father's soul will be at peace.

CUT TO:

CLOSE UP - INIGO

INIGO
(big)
There will be blood tonight!!

CUT TO:

PRINCE HUMPERDINCK'S CHAMBERS

-- strewn with maps, etc. Yellin enters, and kneels.

HUMPERDINCK
(sharpening his dagger)
Rise and report.

YELLIN
The Thieves' Forest is emptied.
Thirty men guard the castle gate.

HUMPERDINCK
Double it. My Princess must be
safe.

YELLIN
The gate has but one key, and I
carry that.

He shows the key, dangling from a chain around his neck.
Just at that moment, Buttercup enters.

HUMPERDINCK
Ah! My dulcet darling. Tonight we
marry. Tomorrow morning, your men
will escort us to Florin Channel
where every ship in my armada
waits to accompany us on our
honeymoon.

BUTTERCUP
Every ship but your four fastest,
you mean.

The Prince looks at her blankly for a moment.

BUTTERCUP
Every ship but the four you sent.

HUMPERDINCK
Yes. Yes, of course. Naturally,
not those four.

YELLIN
(bows, exits)
Your Majesties.

CUT TO:

BUTTERCUP
staring at Humperdinck.

BUTTERCUP
 You never sent the ships. Don't
 bother lying. It doesn't matter.
 Westley will come for me anyway.

HUMPERDINCK
 (sharply)
 You're a silly girl.

BUTTERCUP
 Yes, I am a silly girl, for not
 having seen sooner that you were
 nothing but a coward with a heart
 full of fear.

HUMPERDINCK
 (close to erupting;
 speaks very distinctly)
 I-would-not-say-such things-if-
 I-were-you-

BUTTERCUP
 Why not? You can't hurt me.
 Westley and I are joined by the
 bonds of love. And you cannot
 track that. Not with a thousand
 bloodhounds. And you cannot break
 it. Not with a thousand swords.
 And when I say you are a coward,
 that is only because you are the
 slimiest weakling ever to crawl
 the earth.

CUT TO:

HUMPERDINCK

jumping at her, yanking her by the hair, starting to pull
 her along, out of control, his words indistinct.

HUMPERDINCK
 IWOULDNOTSAYSUCHTHINGSIFIWEREYOU!

CUT TO:

A CORRIDOR OF THE CASTLE

as the Prince throws open the door to Buttercup's room,
 slams it shut, locks it, breaks into a wild run and --

CUT TO:

WESTLEY IN THE MACHINE

but it's not on. Count Rugen is adding more notes to his book. He looks up as the Prince suddenly comes down the steps, raging.

HUMPERDINCK

(at Westley)

You truly love each other, and so you might have been truly happy. Not one couple in a century has that chance, no matter what the storybooks say. And so I think no man in a century will suffer as greatly as you will.

And with that he whirls, turns on The Machine, grabs the lever and --

CUT TO:

COUNT RUGEN

calling out --

RUGEN

Not to fifty!!!

But it's too late as we --

CUT TO:

PRINCE HUMPERDINCK

shoving the lever all the way up and

CUT TO:

WESTLEY'S FACE

And there has never been such pain. The pain grows and grows and with it now, something else has started

THE DEATH SCREAM. As The Death Scream starts to rise --

CUT TO:

OUTSIDE THE PIT OF DESPAIR

as the SOUND moves along, LOUDER AND LOUDER, and --

CUT TO:

YELLIN AND HIS SIXTY BRUTES

and they bear it, and a few of the Brutes turn to each other in fear, and as the scream builds --

CUT TO:

BUTTERCUP IN HER ROOM

and she hears the SOUND, doesn't know what it is, but her arms involuntarily go around her body to try to control the trembling, and the scream, still builds and --

CUT TO:

ESTABLISHING SHOT ACROSS THE RIVER

There are many PEOPLE --it is the day of the country's 500th Anniversary -- but all the People stop as the sound hits them. A few CHILDREN pale, bolt toward their PARENTS and --

CUT TO:

INIGO AND FEZZIK

trying to make their way through the jammed marketplace, which suddenly quiets as the fading sound comes through.

INIGO
(instantly)

FEZZIK, FEZZIK, listen, do you hear? -- That is the sound of ultimate suffering. My heart made that sound when Rugen slaughtered my father. The Man in Black makes it now.

FEZZIK
The Man in Black?

INIGO
His true love is marrying another
tonight, so who else has cause
for Ultimate Suffering?
(trying to push through)
Excuse me --

It's too crowded.

INIGO
-- pardon me, it's important --

No one budes and the sound is fading faster.

INIGO
 -- Fezzik, please --

FEZZIK
 (gigantic and roaring)
 Everybody ... MOVE!!

And the Crowd begins to fall away, and he and Inigo start to track the FADING SOUND.

INIGO
 Thank you.

CUT TO:

A GROVE OF TREES NEAR THE PIT OF DESPAIR

The Albino appears wheeling a barrow. Inigo's sword pushes at his chest.

INIGO
 Where is the Man in Black?

The Albino shakes his head, says nothing.

INIGO
 You get there from this grove, yes?

Silence.

INIGO
 Fezzik, jog his memory.

And Fezzik crunches the Albino on the top of the head as if he had a hammer and was driving in a nail. The Albino drops without a sound.

FEZZIK
 (upset)
 I'm sorry, Inigo. I didn't mean to jog him so hard. Inigo?

CUT TO:

INIGO

He kneels, the sword held tight between his hands. Eyes closed, he faces the grove of trees, starts to talk, his voice low and strange.

INIGO
 Father, I have failed you for
 twenty years. Now our misery can
 end. Somewhere ... somewhere
 close by is a man who can help us.
 I cannot find him alone. I need
 you. I need you to guide my sword.
 Please.

And now he rises, eyes still closed.

INIGO
 Guide my sword.

CUT TO:

THE GROVE OF TREES

as Inigo, eyes shut tight, walks forward, the great sword
 held in his hands.

Fezzik, frightened, follows close behind.

CUT TO:

THE SECRET KNOT

that reveals the staircase.

CUT TO:

INIGO

walking blind through the grove of trees. He moves to the
 Secret Knot, hesitates, then moves past it.

Then Inigo stops. For a long moment he stands frozen.
 Suddenly he whirls, eyes still closed, and the sword strikes
 home dead center into a knot and --

Nothing. He has failed.

In utter despair he collapses against the tree. Against a
 knot in the tree. Against THE KNOT in the tree. It slides
 away, revealing the staircase. FEZZIK and Inigo look at each
 other, then start down.

CUT TO:

WESTLEY

dead by The Machine. FEZZIK leans over him, listening for a
 heartbeat. Then he looks at Inigo, shakes his head.

FEZZIK
He's dead.

Inigo is in despair. For a moment, he just sags.

INIGO
(barely able to speak)
It just is not fair.

THE KID
(off-screen)
-- Grandpa, Grandpa -- wait --

CUT TO:

THE KID'S ROOM

He is terribly excited and looks stronger than we've yet seen him.

THE KID
-- wait -- what did FEZZIK mean,
"He's dead?" I mean he didn't
mean dead.

The Grandfather says nothing, just sits there.

THE KID
Westley's only faking, right?

GRANDFATHER
You want me to read this or not?

CUT TO:

THE KID: CLOSE UP

THE KID
Who gets Humperdinck?

GRANDFATHER
I don't understand.

THE KID
Who kills Prince Humperdinck? At
the end, somebody's got to do it.
Is it Inigo? Who?

GRANDFATHER
Nobody. Nobody kills him. He lives.

THE KID

You mean he wins? Jesus, Grandpa!
What did you read me this thing
for?

And he desperately fights for control.

GRANDFATHER

You know, you've been very sick
and you're taking this story very
seriously. I think we better stop
now.

He closes the book and starts to get up.

THE KID

(shaking his head)
No! I'm okay. I'm okay.
(gestures toward the chair)
-- sit down. All right?

GRANDFATHER

Okay.
(sitting and opening
the book again)
All right, now, let's see. Where
were we? Oh yes. In the Pit of
Despair.

CUT TO:

INIGO, IN DESPAIR

We're back in the Pit, the same shot as before. For a
moment, he just sags.

INIGO

Well, we Montoyas have never
taken defeat easily. Come along,
Fezzik. Bring the body.

FEZZIK

The body?

INIGO

(not stopping)
Have you any money?

FEZZIK

I have a little.

INIGO

I just hope it's enough to buy a
miracle, that's all.

As Fezzik takes the corpse, follows Inigo up the stairs --

CUT TO:

A HOVEL - DUSK

Inigo, FEZZIK, Westley approach the door. They knock. From inside the hovel a little man's voice is heard. If Mel Brooks' Year Old Man was really old, he'd resemble this guy.

LITTLE OLD GUY
(off-screen)
Go away!

Inigo pounds again.

MIRACLE MAX
(opening a small
window in the door)
What? What?

INIGO
Are you the Miracle Max who
worked for the King all those
years?

MIRACLE MAX
The King's stinking son fired me.
And thank you so much for bringing
up such a painful subject. While
you're at it, why don't you give
me a nice paper cut and pour
lemon juice on it? We're closed!

He shuts the window. They rap on the door.

MIRACLE MAX
(opening the window)
Beat it or I'll call the Brute
Squad.

FEZZIK
I'm on the Brute Squad.

MIRACLE MAX
(looking at the Giant)
You are the Brute Squad.

INIGO
We need a miracle. It's very
important.

MIRACLE MAX
 Look, I'm retired. And besides,
 why would you want someone the
 King's stinking son fired? I
 might kill whoever you wanted me
 to miracle.

INIGO
 He's already dead.

MIRACLE MAX
 (for the first time, interested)
 He is, eh? I'll take a look.
 Bring him in.

He unlocks the door and lets them in.

CUT TO:

INIGO AND FEZZIK

hurrying inside. FEZZIK carries Westley who is just starting
 to stiffen up a little. He lays Westley down across a bench
 by the fireplace, picks Westley's arm up and lets it drop
 limp.

MIRACLE MAX
 I've seen worse.

He studies Westley a moment, checking here, checking there.

INIGO
 Sir. Sir.

MIRACLE MAX
 Hah?

INIGO
 We're really in a terrible rush.

MIRACLE MAX
 (He takes nothing from nobody)
 Don't rush me, sonny. You rush a
 miracle man, you get rotten
 miracles. You got money?

INIGO
 Sixty-five.

MIRACLE MAX
 Sheesh! I never worked for so
 little, except once, and that was
 a very noble cause.

INIGO
 This is noble, sir.
 (pointing to Westley, remorseful)
 His wife is crippled. His children
 are on the brink of starvation.

MIRACLE MAX
 Are you a rotten liar.

INIGO
 I need him to help avenge my
 father, murdered these twenty
 years.

MIRACLE MAX
 Your first story was better.
 (looking around)
 Where's that bellows?
 (spots it)
 He probably owes you money, huh?
 Well, I'll ask him.

He goes to get a huge bellows.

INIGO
 (stupefied)
 He's dead. He can't talk.

MIRACLE MAX
 Look who knows so much. Well, it
 just so happens that your friend
 here is only mostly dead. There's
 a big difference between mostly
 dead and all dead. Please open
 his mouth.

Inigo does. Max inserts the bellows in Westley's mouth and
 starts to pump.

MIRACLE MAX
 Now, mostly dead is slightly
 alive. Now, all dead...well, with
 all dead, there's usually only
 one thing that you can do.

INIGO
 What's that?

He stops pumping.

MIRACLE MAX
 Go through his clothes and look
 for loose change.

He starts pumping again.

MIRACLE MAX
 (to Westley)
 Hey! Hello in there. Hey! What's
 so important? What you got here
 that's worth living for?

And he presses lightly on Westley's chest.

WESTLEY
 ... tr ... oooo luv...

Everybody stares at Westley lying there on the bench.

INIGO
 True love. You heard him. You
 could not ask for a more noble
 cause than that.

MIRACLE MAX
 Sonny, true love is the greatest
 thing in the world. Except for a
 nice MLT, a mutton, lettuce and
 tomato sandwich, where the mutton
 is nice and lean and the tomato
 is ripe. They're so perky, I love
 that. But that's not what he said.
 He distinctly said "to blave."
 And, as we all know, "to blave"
 means "to bluff." So you're
 probably playing cards, and he
 cheated

A WOMAN'S VOICE
 -- Liar -- LIAR-LI-A-A-AR --

VALERIE, an ancient fury, storms out of a back room and
 toward

MIRACLE MAX
 -- get back, witch --

VALERIE
 I'm not a witch, I'm your wife.
 But after what you just said, I'm
 not even sure I want to be that
 anymore.

MIRACLE MAX
 You never had it so good.

VALERIE
 "True love." He said, "true
 love," Max. My God --

MIRACLE MAX
 (retreating)
 Don't say another word, Valerie.

VALERIE
 (turning to Inigo and Fezzik)
 He's afraid. Ever since Prince
 Humperdinck fired him, his
 confidence is shattered.

MIRACLE MAX
 Why'd you say that name -- you
 promised me that you would never
 say that name --

VALERIE
 (pursuing him now)
 What, Humperdinck? Humperdinck.
 Humperdinck. Ooo-ooo, Humperdinck

MIRACLE MAX
 (holding his hands
 over his ears)
 I'm not listening.

VALERIE
 A life expiring and you don't
 have the decency to say why you
 won't help --

MIRACLE MAX
 Nobody's hearing nothing!

VALERIE
 Humperdinck. Humperdinck!
 Humperdinck!

INIGO
 -- But this is Buttercup's true
 love -- If you heal him, he will
 stop Humperdinck's wedding.

VALERIE
 Humperdinck. Humperdinck --

MIRACLE MAX
 (to Valerie)
 Shut up --
 (now to Inigo)
 Wait. Wait. I make him better,
 Humperdinck suffers?

INIGO
Humiliations galore!

MIRACLE MAX
That is a noble cause. Give me
the sixty-five, I'm on the job.

And as Valerie shrieks excitedly we

CUT TO:

THIS LUMP

It is somewhat smaller than a tennis ball.

PULL BACK TO REVEAL MAX AND VALERIE, exhausted, looking at the lump with beautiful pleasure, as Valerie, cooking utensil in hand, covers the thing with what looks like chocolate. Inigo and FEZZIK stare at the thing too, but more dubiously.

INIGO
(a little appalled)
That's a miracle pill?

Max nods.

VALERIE
(finishing)
The chocolate coating makes it go
down easier. But you have to wait
fifteen minutes for full potency.
And you shouldn't go swimming
after, for at least, what?

MIRACLE MAX
An hour.

VALERIE
Yeah, an hour.

MIRACLE MAX
A good hour. Yeah.

Inigo accepts the pill as FEZZIK takes Westley, who is stiff as a board now.

INIGO
(heading out the door,
Fezzik close behind)
Thank you for everything.

MIRACLE MAX
Okay.

VALERIE
 (waving after them)
 Bye-bye, boys.

MIRACLE MAX
 Have fun storming the castle.

VALERIE
 (to Max)
 Think it'll work?

MIRACLE MAX
 It would take a miracle. Bye!

VALERIE
 Bye.

And as they wave, trying to look happy we --

CUT TO:

FEZZIK, INIGO, AND WESTLEY

on the top of the outer wall of the castle. They look down to the front gate of the castle. The sixty Brutes are visible.

FEZZIK is thunderstruck by how many Brutes there are. Upset, he turns to Inigo, who is concentrating unsuccessfully, trying to prop Westley against the wall.

FEZZIK
 Inigo -- there's more than
 thirty --

INIGO
 (absolutely unfazed)
 What's the difference?
 (indicating the half-
 dead Westley)
 We've got him. Help me here.
 We'll have to force feed him.

FEZZIK
 Has it been fifteen minutes?

INIGO
 We can't wait -- the wedding's in
 half an hour and we must strike
 in the hustle and the bustle
 beforehand.

During this, FEZZIK, using all his strength, has managed to get Westley into a right angled sitting position, while Inigo brings out the miracle pill.

INIGO
Tilt his head back. Open his mouth.

FEZZIK
(following orders)
How long do we have to wait
before we know if the miracle
works?

CUT TO:

INIGO

Pill in hand, he drops it into Westley's mouth.

INIGO
Your guess is as good as mine --

WESTLEY
(frantic)
I'll beat you both apart. I'll
take you both together.

FEZZIK
Guess not very long.

Inigo and FEZZIK react. Westley is the only one not amazed.

WESTLEY
Why won't my arms move?

He sits there, immobile, like a ventriloquist's dummy.

FEZZIK
You've been mostly dead all day.

INIGO
We had Miracle Max make a pill to
bring you back.

WESTLEY
Who are you? -- Are we enemies?
Why am I on this wall? -- Where's
Buttercup? --

INIGO
Let me explain --
(pauses very briefly)
-- No, there is too much. Let me
sum up.

(MORE)

INIGO (CONT'D)
Buttercup is marrying Humperdinck
in a little less than half an
hour, so all we have to do is get
in, break up the wedding, steal
the Princess, make our escape
after I kill Count Rugen.

WESTLEY
That doesn't leave much time for
dilly dallying.

He is watching his fingers, one of which twitches now.

FEZZIK
You've just wiggled your finger.
That's wonderful.

WESTLEY
I've always been a quick healer.
(to Inigo)
What are our liabilities?

INIGO
There is but one working castle
gate.

Fezzik helps Inigo raise Westley just high enough so he can
see for himself.

INIGO
And it is guarded by sixty men.

WESTLEY
And our assets?

INIGO
Your brains, Fezzik's strength,
my steel.

CUT TO:

WESTLEY
absolutely stunned.

WESTLEY
That's it? Impossible. If I had a
month to plan, maybe I could come
up with something. But this...

He shakes his head from side to side.

CUT TO:

INIGO AND FEZZIK

FEZZIK
(trying to be cheery)
You just shook your head -- that
doesn't make you happy?

WESTLEY
My brains, his steel, and your
strength against sixty men, and
you think a little head jiggle is
supposed to make me happy? I
mean, if we only had a
wheelbarrow, that would be
something.

INIGO
Where did we put that wheelbarrow
the Albino had?

FEZZIK
Over the Albino, I think.

WESTLEY
Well, why didn't you list that
among our assets in the first
place? What I wouldn't give for a
holocaust cloak.

INIGO
There we cannot help you.

FEZZIK
(pulling one out)
Will this do?

INIGO
(to Fezzik-- surprised)
Where did you get that?

FEZZIK
At Miracle Max's. It fit so nice,
he said I could keep it.

WESTLEY
All right, all right. Come on,
help me up.

Inigo and Fezzik do.

WESTLEY
Now, I'll need a sword eventually.

INIGO
Why? You can't even lift one.

WESTLEY
True, but that's hardly common
knowledge, is it?
(And his head tilts
limply back. Fezzik
sets it up right for him)
Thank you. Now, there may be
problems once we're inside.

INIGO
I'll say -- how do I find the
Count? -- Once I do, how do I
find you again? -- Once I find
you again, how do we escape? --

FEZZIK
(sharply)
Don't pester him, he's had a hard
day.

INIGO
(nods)
Right, right, sorry.

CUT TO:

A SHOT OF THE THREE OF THEM IN PROFILE

They move along the wall in silence for a time. Then these
words come to us on the wind --

FEZZIK
Inigo.

INIGO
What?

FEZZIK
I hope we win...

CUT TO:

BUTTERCUP

in her bridal gown, and she's incredible. It's not just her
beauty; there's a tranquillity about her now.

PULL BACK TO REVEAL

The Prince, fastening a pearl necklace around her.

HUMPERDINCK
You don't seem excited, my little
muffin.

BUTTERCUP
Should I be?

HUMPERDINCK
Brides often are, I'm told.

BUTTERCUP
(gently, confidently)
I do not marry tonight.

CUT TO:

BUTTERCUP
and she couldn't seem more serene.

BUTTERCUP
My Westley will save me.

CUT TO:

HER WESTLEY
looking down on the gate with Inigo and Fezzik.

CUT TO:

THE MAIN GATE OF THE CASTLE
-- and Yellin, standing there, flanked by his sixty Brutes.

CUT TO:

WESTLEY AND INIGO AND FEZZIK
looking out at the enemy. This is it. Inigo and FEZZIK shake
hands.

Westley can't even do that, but after a bit of rocking back
and forth, he manages to get enough momentum to catapult his
arm over and onto his friend's.

CUT TO:

AN ABSOLUTELY GEM-LIKE LITTLE CHAPEL

PULL BACK TO REVEAL

The most intelligent looking, the most impressive appearing
CLERGYMAN imaginable.

Buttercup and Humperdinck kneel before the Clergyman. Behind them sit the mumbling old KING AND QUEEN. Standing in the back is Count Rugen.

FOUR GUARDS are in position flanking the chapel door.

IMPRESSIVE CLERGYMAN
 (clears his throat,
 begins to speak)
 Mawidge...mawidge is what bwings
 us togewer today...

He has an impediment that would stop a clock.

IMPRESSIVE CLERGYMAN
 Mawidge, the bwessed awwangement,
 that dweam wiffim a dweam...

And now, from outside the castle, there begins to come a commotion. And then--

YELLIN
 (off-screen)
 Stand your ground, men. Stand
 your ground.

CUT TO:

THE BRUTES AND YELLIN

by the gate, for it is indeed they who are making the commotion, frightened, pointing.

YELLIN
 Stand your ground.

CUT TO:

THEIR P.O.V.:

And it is a bit unnerving -- a GIANT seems to be floating toward them out of the darkness, a Giant in a strange cloak, and with a voice that would crumble walls.

FEZZIK
 (deep and booming)
 I AM THE DREAD PIRATE ROBERTS.
 THERE WILL BE NO SURVIVORS.

CUT TO:

FEZZIK

and he seems to be floating because he's standing in the wheelbarrow, as Inigo, hidden behind him, busts a gut by pushing it and supporting Westley.

 INIGO
Now?

 WESTLEY
Not yet.

CUT TO:

THE GIANT FLOATING CLOSER

 FEZZIK
MY MEN ARE HERE, AND I AM HERE,
BUT SOON YOU WILL NOT BE HERE

CUT TO:

YELLIN

keeping the Brutes in position, or trying to, shouting orders, instructions and as yet the Brutes hold. Now --

CUT TO:

INIGO AND WESTLEY

Inigo struggles bravely under their combined weight --

 INIGO
Now?

 WESTLEY
Light him.

CUT TO:

THE BRUTES

as the Giant bursts suddenly, happily into flames.

 FEZZIK
 (roaring)
THE DREAD PIRATE ROBERTS TAKES NO
SURVIVORS. ALL YOUR WORST
NIGHTMARES ARE ABOUT TO COME TRUE.

CUT TO:

THE CHAPEL, where The Impressive Clergyman plows on.

IMPRESSIVE CLERGYMAN
... Ven wuv, twoo wuv, wiw fowwow
you fowever..

CUT TO:

PRINCE HUMPERDINCK, turning quickly, giving a sharp nod to
Count Rugen, who immediately takes off out of the chapel
with the Four Guards as we

CUT TO:

FEZZIK, flaming and scary as hell.

FEZZIK
THE DREAD PIRATE ROBERTS IS HERE
FOR YOUR SOULS!

CUT TO:

YELLIN

as suddenly the Brutes just scream and take off in wild
panic --

YELLIN
Stay where you are. I said stay
where you are!

CUT TO:

INSIDE THE CHAPEL

IMPRESSIVE CLERGYMAN
... so tweasuwe your vruv..

HUMPERDINCK
Skip to the end.

IMPRESSIVE CLERGYMAN
Have you the wing?

As Humperdinck whips out the ring, the screams are very loud
outside.

BUTTERCUP
Here comes my Westley now.

CUT TO:

Fezzik, as he pulls off the holocaust cloak.

WESTLEY
FEZZIK, the portcullis.

And FEZZIK rushes forward, grabbing the portcullis, which is indeed closing quickly.

FEZZIK grabs the gate: and swings the tonnage back upward. Yellin just watches in fear.

CUT TO:

THE CHAPEL

as Humperdinck shoves the ring on Buttercup's finger

HUMPERDINCK
Your Westley is dead.

Buttercup only smiles, shakes her head.

HUMPERDINCK
I killed him myself.

BUTTERCUP
(never more serene)
Then why is there fear behind
your eyes?

CUT TO:

PRINCE HUMPERDINCK

And she's right. It's there.

CUT TO:

YELLIN

pressed against the main gate. Westley, Inigo, and FEZZIK close in.

WESTLEY
Give us the gate key.

YELLIN
(every ounce of
honesty he's got)
I have no gate key.

INIGO
Fezzik, tear his arms off.

FEZZIK

steps toward him.

YELLIN
Oh, you mean this gate key.

And he whips it out, hands it to Fezzik.

CUT TO:

HUMPERDINCK AND BUTTERCUP

AND THE IMPRESSIVE CLERGYMAN

IMPRESSIVE CLERGYMAN
And do you, Pwincess Buwwercwup...

HUMPERDINCK
Man and wife -- say man and wife...

IMPRESSIVE CLERGYMAN
Man and wife.

HUMPERDINCK
(whirling to the King
and Queen)
Escort the bride to the Honeymoon
Suite -- I'll be there shortly.

And as he dashes off --

CUT TO:

BUTTERCUP

standing there. Dazed.

BUTTERCUP
He didn't come.

CUT TO:

COUNT RUGEN AND HIS FOUR WARRIORS

racing through the castle, and as they reach a complex
intersection of several corridors, Rugen stops, incredulous,
as we

CUT TO:

WESTLEY, INIGO, AND FEZZIK

moving toward them. Actually Fezzik is dragging Westley, who
is, in turn, dragging Yellin's sword like a stiff dog
leash -- Westley simply hasn't the strength to raise it.

CUT TO:

COUNT RUGEN

as the confrontation is about to start.

RUGEN

Kill the dark one and the giant,
but leave the third for
questioning.

And as his Warriors attack --

Inigo goes wild, and maybe the Warrior's are good, maybe they're even better than that -- but they never get a chance to show it because this is something now, this is Inigo gone mad and the six-fingered sword has never flashed faster and the FOURTH WARRIOR is dead before the FIRST ONE has even hit the floor. There is a pause. Then --

INIGO

(to Rugen, evenly and soft)
Hello. My name is Inigo Montoya.
You killed my father. Prepare to
die.

CUT TO:

COUNT RUGEN

For a moment he just stands there, sword in hand. Then he does a most unexpected thing. He turns and runs the hell away.

CUT TO:

INIGO

momentarily surprised, then taking off after him, leaving Westley and Fezzik to exchange curious looks and Rugen, running through a half-open heavy wooden door, shutting it and locking it just as Inigo throws himself against it. He tries again. No kind of chance.

INIGO

(calling out)
Fezzik, I need you --

CUT TO:

FEZZIK WITH WESTLEY

who is still unable to walk under his own power. He calls back --

FEZZIK
(indicating Westley)
I can't leave him alone.

CUT TO:

INIGO

desperately pounding at the heavy door.

INIGO
He's getting away from me, Fezzik.
Please. FEZZIK!

CUT TO:

FEZZIK AND WESTLEY

FEZZIK
(to Westley)
I'll be right back.

And he props Westley up against a large suit of armor and takes off toward the intersection where Inigo's voice came from --

CUT TO:

INIGO

still hammering the door. Fezzik approaches, gestures for him to stop, and with one mighty swipe of his mighty hands the door crumbles

INIGO
Thank you --

And Inigo flies through as Fezzik heads back to Westley.

CUT TO:

BUTTERCUP WALKING WITH THE KING AND QUEEN

The Queen, more sprightly, is several paces ahead.

KING
(can hardly be understood)
Strange wedding.

QUEEN
Yes. A very strange wedding. Come along.

Buttercup gently stops the King and places a kiss on his forehead. He's very surprised and pleased.

KING
What was that for?

BUTTERCUP
Because you've always been so kind to me. And I won't be seeing you again since I'm killing myself once we reach the Honeymoon Suite.

KING
(smiling away --his hearing isn't what it once was)
Won't that be nice?
(calling out to the Queen)
She kissed me...

And on those words --

CUT TO:

COUNT RUGEN

And he's running, dashing through corridors and as he glances back --

CUT TO:

INIGO

behind him, coming like a streak and --

CUT TO:

THE INTERSECTION

with the large suit of armor, and Fezzik gaping, staring at all those choices, trying to piece together the puzzle of the missing Westley.

CUT TO:

COUNT RUGEN

flashing out of one room, down a staircase, picking up his pace. He pulls out a deadly looking dagger, with a sharp point and a triangular shaped blade, and sprints on and --

CUT TO:

INIGO

closing the gap, closer, closer and he's down the stairs and heading into a dining hall and --

CUT TO:

COUNT RUGEN

throwing the dagger --

CUT TO:

INIGO

trying like hell to get out of the way, but no, and it sticks deep into his stomach, and he hurtles back helplessly against the wall of the room, his eyes glazed, blood coming from his wound.

The room is going white on him.

INIGO
... Sorry, Father ... I tried ...
I tried...

CUT TO:

COUNT RUGEN

looking across the room at Inigo. He stares at Inigo's face, and then touches his own cheeks, as memory comes.

RUGEN
You must be that little Spanish
brat I taught a lesson to all
those years ago. It's simply
incredible. Have you been chasing
me your whole life only to fail
now? I think that's the worst
thing I ever heard. How marvelous.

Inigo sinks.

CUT TO:

BUTTERCUP

shutting the door of the Honeymoon Suite, crossing quietly to the far wall where she sits at a table, opens a jeweled box, and takes out a very deadly looking dagger. She seems very much at peace as she touches the knife to her bosom.

WESTLEY
 There's a shortage of perfect
 breasts in this world. It would
 be a pity to damage yours.

And Buttercup whirls as we --

CUT TO:

WESTLEY

lying on the bed. Yellin's sword is beside him. His voice
 sounds just fine, but he does not move.

Buttercup leaps to the bed, covering him with kisses.
 Westley is helpless.

BUTTERCUP
 Oh, Westley, darling.
 (more kisses)
 Westley, why won't you hold me?

WESTLEY
 (gently)
 Gently.

BUTTERCUP
 At a time like this that's all
 you can think to say? "Gently?"

WESTLEY
 (not so gently)
 Gently!!

And she lets go, thumping his head against the headboard and

CUT TO:

COUNT RUGEN

looking very much surprised.

RUGEN
 Good heavens. Are you still
 trying to win?

PULL BACK TO REVEAL

Inigo, struggling feebly, pulling the dagger from his
 stomach. Holding the wound with his left hand.

Rugen is pushing off from the table, sword in hand, moving
 in to kill Inigo.

RUGEN

You've got an overdeveloped sense of vengeance. It's going to get you into trouble some day.

Inigo watches the Count approach, and the Count flicks his sword at Inigo's heart, and there's not much Inigo can do, just kind of vaguely parry the thrust with the six-fingered sword and Count Rugen's blade sinks deeply into Inigo's left shoulder.

Inigo doesn't seem to feel it, his other agonies are so much worse.

CUT TO:

THE COUNT

stepping back, going for the heart again.

CUT TO:

INIGO

And as this blow comes he's trying to use the wall for support in forcing himself to his feet, and it's not a roaring success of an attempt, but he does at least make some progress, and again he manages to parry the thrust, as this time Rugen's sword runs through his right arm. Again, Inigo doesn't seem to mind, doesn't even feel it.

CUT TO:

COUNT RUGEN

stepping back for just a moment, watching as Inigo continues to inch his way to his feet and then, just before the Count is about to strike again, Inigo manages a little flick of his own and Rugen hadn't expected it, and he jumps back, makes a little involuntary cry of surprise and

CUT TO:

INIGO

slowly pushing away from the wall.

INIGO

(all but audible)

Hello. My name is Inigo Montoya, you killed my father; prepare to die.

CUT TO:

COUNT RUGEN

suddenly going into a fierce attack, striking with great power and precision for he is a master swordsman, and he forces Inigo easily back, drives him easily into the wall. But he does not penetrate Inigo's defense. None of the Count's blows get home. As the Count steps back a moment --

CUT TO:

INIGO

pushing slowly off from the wall again.

INIGO
(a little louder)
Hello. My name is Inigo Montoya,
you killed my father, prepare to
die.

CUT TO:

THE COUNT

And again he attacks, slashing with wondrous skill. But none of his blows get through and, slowly, Inigo, again moves forward.

INIGO
(a little louder still)
Hello. My name is Inigo Montoya.
You killed my father. Prepare to
die.

RUGEN
Stop saying that!

CUT TO:

COUNT RUGEN

retreating more quickly around the table.

Inigo drives for the Count's left shoulder now, thrusts home where the Count had gotten him. Then another move and his blade enters the Count's right shoulder, the same spot Inigo was wounded.

INIGO
(all he's got)
HELLO! MY NAME IS INIGO MONTOYA.
YOU KILLED MY FATHER. PREPARE TO
DIE.

RUGEN
No --

INIGO
-- offer me money --

And now the six-fingered sword strikes and there is a slash bleeding along one of Rugen's cheeks.

RUGEN
-- yes --

INIGO
-- power too -- promise me that --

The great sword flashes again, and now there is a parallel slash bleeding on Rugen's other cheek.

RUGEN
-- all that I have and more
please --

INIGO
-- offer me everything I ask
for --

RUGEN
-- anything you want --

INIGO
(roaring)
I WANT MY FATHER BACK, YOU SON-
OFA-BITCH!

And on that --

CUT TO:

INIGO

and almost too fast for the eye to follow, the sword strikes one final time and --

CUT TO:

COUNT RUGEN

crying out in fear and panic as the sword hits home dead center and --

CUT TO:

INIGO AND RUGEN

the sword clear through the Count. They are almost frozen like that for a moment. Then Inigo withdraws his sword and as the Count pitches down --

CUT TO:

RUGEN

lying dead. His skin is ashen and the blood still pours from the parallel cuts on his cheeks and his eyes are bulging wide, full of fear.

CUT TO:

INIGO

staring at Rugen. And now Inigo does something we have never seen him do before: he smiles. HOLD FOR JUST A MOMENT on Inigo smiling, then --

CUT TO:

INSIDE THE HONEYMOON SUITE

WESTLEY lies as before, not a muscle has moved, his head is still on the headboard, Yellin's sword at his side.

Buttercup is alongside the bed; her eyes never leave his face.

BUTTERCUP

Oh, Westley, will you ever forgive me?

WESTLEY

What hideous sin have you committed lately?

BUTTERCUP

I got married. I didn't want to. It all happened so fast.

WESTLEY

It never happened.

BUTTERCUP

What?

WESTLEY

It never happened.

BUTTERCUP
 But it did. I was there. This old
 man said, "Man and wife."

WESTLEY
 Did you say, "I do"?

BUTTERCUP
 Well, no, we sort of skipped that
 part.

WESTLEY
 Then you're not married -- if you
 didn't say it, you didn't do it
 (a pause)
 -- wouldn't you agree, Your
 Highness?

CUT TO:

HUMPERDINCK

entering the room, staring at them. He pulls out his sword.

HUMPERDINCK
 A technicality that will shortly
 be remedied. But first things
 first. To the death.

WESTLEY
 No.
 (a little pause)
 To the pain.

HUMPERDINCK
 (about to charge,
 stops short)
 I don't think I'm quite familiar
 with that phrase.

WESTLEY
 I'll explain. And I'll use small
 words so that you'll be sure to
 understand, you wart-hog-faced
 buffoon.

HUMPERDINCK
 That may be the first time in my
 life a man has dared insult me.

CUT TO:

WESTLEY

lying there comfortably, his words quiet at first.

WESTLEY

It won't be the last. To the pain means the first thing you lose will be your feet, below the ankles, then your hands at the wrists, next your nose.

CUT TO:

HUMPERDINCK

gripping his sword, watching.

HUMPERDINCK

-- and then my tongue, I suppose. I killed you too quickly the last time, a mistake I don't mean to duplicate tonight.

WESTLEY

I wasn't finished -- the next thing you lose will be your left eye, followed by your right --

HUMPERDINCK

(takes step forward)
-- and then my ears, I understand. Let's get on with it

CUT TO:

CLOSE UP: WESTLEY HUGE

WESTLEY

Wrong! Your ears you keep, and I'll tell you why --

CUT TO:

HUMPERDINCK

And now he stops, and the look that was in his eyes at the wedding, that look of fear, is starting to return.

WESTLEY

-- so that every shriek of every child at seeing your hideousness will be yours to cherish -- every babe that weeps at your approach, every woman who cries out, "Dear God, what is that thing?" will echo in your perfect ears.

(MORE)

WESTLEY (CONT'D)
That is what "to the pain" means.
It means I leave you in anguish,
wallowing in freakish misery
forever.

CUT TO:

HUMPERDINCK

doing his best to hide the fear that keeps building inside
him.

HUMPERDINCK
I think you're bluffing --

CUT TO:

WESTLEY

lying there, staring at him.

WESTLEY
It's possible, pig -- I might be
bluffing -- it's conceivable, you
miserable vomitous mass, that I'm
only lying here because I lack
the strength to stand -- then
again, perhaps I have the strength
after all.

And now, slowly, Westley begins to move. His body turns, his
feet go to the floor, he starts to stand --

CUT TO:

HUMPERDINCK

staring, eyes wide.

CUT TO:

WESTLEY

And now he is standing, sword in fighting position.

WESTLEY
(slow and determined)
DROP-YOUR-SWORD.

CUT TO:

PRINCE HUMPERDINCK

and he's so panicked he doesn't know whether to pee or wind his watch. He throws his sword to the floor.

WESTLEY
(to Humperdinck)
Have a seat.

CUT TO:

WESTLEY

speaking to Buttercup as Humperdinck sits.

WESTLEY
Tie him up. Make it as tight as
you like.

And as she sets to work --

CUT TO:

INIGO

entering, looking around.

INIGO
Where's Fezzik?

WESTLEY
I thought he was with you.

INIGO
No.

WESTLEY
In that case --

his balance betrays him.

INIGO
(to Buttercup)
Help him.

BUTTERCUP
Why does Westley need helping?

INIGO
Because he has no strength --

CUT TO:

HUMPERDINCK

and now he starts wrestling mightily with his bonds.

HUMPERDINCK
I knew it! I knew you were
bluffing! I knew he was bluffing.

INIGO
(staring at the Prince)
Shall I dispatch him for you?

WESTLEY
(considers this, then)
Thank you, but no -- whatever
happens to us, I want him to live
a long life alone with his
cowardice.

FEZZIK
(off-screen)
Inigo! Inigo, where are you?

They look at each other, then move to the balcony, and

CUT TO:

FEZZIK

leading FOUR GREAT WHITE HORSES. He glances up, sees them on
the balcony.

FEZZIK
Ah, there you are. Inigo, I saw
the Prince's stables, and there
they were, four white horses. And
I thought, there are four of us,
if we ever find the lad -- hello,
lad -- so I took them with me, in
case we ever bumped into each
other.
(considers things a moment)
I guess we just did.

CUT TO:

INIGO AND WESTLEY AND BUTTERCUP

looking down at FEZZIK.

INIGO
FEZZIK, you did something right.

FEZZIK
 Don't worry -- I won't let it go
 to my head.

And as he holds out his great arms--

CUT TO:

SOMETHING UNEXPECTED AND VERY LOVELY:

Buttercup floating through the air. What's happening, of course, is that she's jumping from the balcony so Fezzik can catch her. But her fall is in slow motion so you might think she was flying.

Westley and Inigo, watching as FEZZIK catches Buttercup.

INIGO
 You know, it's very strange -- I
 have been in the revenge business
 so long, now that it's over, I
 don't know what to do with the
 rest of my life.

WESTLEY
 (as Inigo gets him
 ready for his jump)
 Have you ever considered piracy?
 You'd make a wonderful Dread
 Pirate Roberts.

Now from that --

CUT TO:

THE FOUR GLORIOUS WHITE HORSES WITH THEIR FOUR RIDERS
 triumphantly racing through the night --

CUT TO:

BUTTERCUP AND WESTLEY

and at last their trials are done. They stop.

GRANDFATHER
 (off-screen)
 They rode to freedom. And as dawn
 arose, Westley and Buttercup knew
 they were safe. A wave of love
 swept over them. And as they
 reached for each other...

As Buttercup and Westley begin their ultimate kiss --

CUT TO:

THE KID'S BEDROOM

The Grandfather stops reading.

 THE KID
What? What?

 GRANDFATHER
No, it's kissing again. You don't
want to hear it.

 THE KID
I don't mind so much.

He gestures for his Grandfather to read.

 GRANDFATHER
Okay.

CUT TO:

BUTTERCUP AND WESTLEY

locked in a deep, pure and passionate kiss.

 GRANDFATHER
 (off-screen)
Since the invention of the kiss,
there have been five kisses that
were rated the most passionate,
the most pure. This one left them
all behind. The end.

CUT TO:

THE KID'S ROOM

The Grandfather snaps the book closed.

 GRANDFATHER
Now I think you ought to go to
sleep.

 THE KID
Okay.

 GRANDFATHER
 (standing, readying to leave)
Okay. Okay. Okay. All right. So
long.

THE KID
Grandpa?

The Old Man stops, turns.

THE KID
Maybe you could come over and
read it again to me tomorrow.

GRANDFATHER
(a beat)
As you wish...

And his smile is enough. As The Grandfather steps out the
door, tipping his hat--

FINAL FADE OUT.

THE END.