

TEEBA

"PILOT"

by

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Teeba (Pilot)

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

EXT. BATTLEFIELD - NIGHT

Battered rocky field littered with numerous dead, destroyed artillery, and smoking craters.

COVERDALE, 60s, grizzled veteran of countless battles, stands alone against an array of tentacles attached to a Multi-jaw PLANT BULB MONSTER.

His staff axes shimmer under the moonlight. One hand twitches. The other holds an open weathered leather Book with the letters "T-B-A" etched on its cover.

VROOM (o.s.)

A Four Wheeler SPINS doughnuts between them. Coverdale glances between machine and monster.

Coverdale charges like the wind. A flash of metal against stingers and fangs. Slash. Strike. Deflect. No hesitation. No mercy. One by one each blow severs a tentacle. At times, Plant Bulb Monster is a threatening menace. Other times, it is a giant rubber puppet flailing about.

The rush of blood and battle puts Coverdale into a Berserker state. He ROARS with utter delight striking a mighty blow against the monster.

A tentacle ERUPTS from the ground and SWATS Coverdale.

He lands on top of a corpse. His Book lands on his head.

A hands TAPS Coversale's chest

CORPSE
(wheezes)
You mind, Buddy?

COVERDALE
Sorry.

Coverdale closes the Book. Corpse falls limp.

Plant Bulb Monster flashes its fangs, inching itself for the kill.

WHISTLE (o.s.)

A lone, middle-age figure stands atop a crater mound with twin swords ready to strike. He is unlike the typical barbarian warrior with shaggy jericurl long hair, muscle toned muffin top body with equal parts farmer's tan and glitter. This is BIMMY, 30s.

BIMMY

Get away from my Dad, vile weed!

COVERDALE

Bimmy.

Plant Bulb Monster HISSES. Its tentacles radiate intense energy.

Bimmy lunges into the air. His swords pressed close to his chest. The intense moonlight radiates over him dissolving the shadow that once consumed his presence.

Plant Bulb Monster hurls volleys of fireballs at Bimmy.

Bimmy unleashes his mighty blades against his attacker. Slash. Weave. Dodge. Deflect. Each fireball is destroyed or deflected back at the monster.

Plant Bulb Monster SCREAMS, erupting in flames.

Coverdale pulls Bimmy away from the monster to the nearest crater.

COVERDALE

Get down.

Coverdale glares at the creature. He opens the Book again.

Plant Bulb Monster suddenly transforms into a poorly painted balloon with dangling rubber tentacles before it POPS.

Bimmy peeks from the crater unaware of what happened.

BIMMY

I don't understand. I thought we were goners.

Coverdale hugs Bimmy.

COVERDALE

Bimmy, my son, I'm so proud of you.
And please call me Daddy.

BIMMY

(sobs)
I will, Daddy.

Coverdale and Bimmy cry, not sadness but great joy.

A rock SMACKS across Bimmy's head.

EXT. WOODS - DAY

Sunny fields of overgrown grass dotted with large shade trees.

Bimmy sits under an elm tree rubbing the back of his head.
Several wooden toy figures lie strewn around.

His horse chews on one of the figures. Bimmy tries to pull it away.

Two small pebbles SMACK Bimmy: one at his forehead, one at his left pectoral.

BIMMY

I don't have money. My Dad doesn't
believe in allowances.

ZODAR DEATHGLARE, 50s, a massive warrior with cherubism in heavy armor on horseback towers over Bimmy. Neither his grunts nor his emotionless face get Bimmy's attention as much as his unblinking, intense stare.

ZODAR DEATHGLARE

A warrior does not daydream, Bimmy,
nor does he flinch and show weakness.
He stands his ground to do what he
must.

Both stare and glower at one another for a moment...then Bimmy cracks a smile and laughs. He runs to hug Zodar.

BIMMY

It's so good to see you Zodar.

ZODAR DEATHGLARE

You as well, my friend.

Bimmy leaps onto his horse, but is quickly bucked off.

The horse smiles and laughs.

BIMMY

(winces)
Not funny Parthanon.

He takes hold of Parthanon's lead. The pair walk alongside Zodar.

EXT. NILBOG VILLAGE - DAY

A small riverside fishing and farm village protected by trees and stone.

Bimmy and Zodar pass by several Villagers, all having a merry song to their step and work, as the two move along to...

EXT. COVERDALE'S HUT

Small wood and stone with thatched roof, adorned with various banners and party paraphernalia covering trophies of vanquished monsters.

Bimmy points and waves at two Villagers wearing sunglasses unfurling a large banner.

INSERT - Birthday message that reads:

"Happy 67th Birthday, Coverdale!"

BACK TO BIMMY

Bimmy smiles.

BIMMY

Can you believe how popular those
Black Eyes are? Never thought my
Dad was so inventive.

ZODAR DEATHGLARE

He does possess a multitude of strange
talents. Where is he?

BIMMY

You know Dad. The whole village's
in an uproar. Some have been invited,
the rest are coming anyway.

ZODAR DEATHGLARE

Nothing would please him more.

BIMMY

So what's going on in the world?
Tell me everything.

Zodar GRUNTS.

ZODAR DEATHGLARE

What always happens: Cities grow,
expand, fall, and start over again.
Most not even aware this quaint spot
exists.

Zodar dismounts. He follows Bimmy to the front door.

Bimmy takes hold of the knocker and raps twice.

COVERDALE (O.S.)
I'm busy! No visitors or well-wishers.

BIMMY
What about your son and an old friend?

Multiple locks CLICK and CLACK. The door opens slowly as Coverdale peeks out. He is every much the grizzled veteran as before, but more worn out and past his days.

COVERDALE
Knuckleheads?

Coverdale LAUGHS. He rushes to hug Bimmy and Zodar. Bimmy is ecstatic. Zodar remains stoic.

COVERDALE (CONT'D)
Well, don't just stand there like Gundarks. Come in.

Coverdale leads Bimmy and Zodar inside.

BIMMY
What's a gundark?

COVERDALE
Shut up.

INT. COVERDALE'S HUT

Cramped and cluttered with souvenirs and trophies of many wayward adventures.

Zodar bumps his head multiple times on the ceiling despite stooping low and Bimmy's aid.

COVERDALE
You boys want beer, ale, or something stronger?

Zodar shakes his head.

BIMMY
I'll take a beer.

Coverdale SMACKS Bimmy across the head.

COVERDALE
You're too young to drink.

BIMMY
I'm thirty-seven.

COVERDALE

Go check with the villagers about tonight.

BIMMY

But, Dad?

COVERDALE

Go, please. And no drinking on the job.

BIMMY

But didn't that save your life a few times?

COVERDALE

I mean it, Son. I smell booze on your lips and you're grounded.

Bimmy sulks. He wanders outside.

Door SLAMS (o.s.)

ZODAR DEATHGLARE

You think he suspects?

COVERDALE

Of course he does. He's my son, not some blockhead fanboy across the moor.

ZODAR DEATHGLARE

I hope you plan to tell him.

COVERDALE

Yes, yes.

ZODAR DEATHGLARE

He is fond of you.

Coverdale gazes out of the window. He watches Bimmy frolic and play dance with several Villagers.

In his hands is the Book, open slightly, from Prologue.

COVERDALE

He'd follow me to Tartar-sauce and back. That's not right.

ORNERY VOICE (O.S.)

Keep going!

A beam of light shines behind Coverdale; catching his attention. He SLAMS the Book shut. Light disappears.

COVERDALE

Bimmy's going to have a normal life,
Zodar. Even if he hates me for it.

Zodar nods.

EXT. WAR ZONE - DAY

Battered rocky field littered with numerous dead, broken
artillery and banners.

Legions of arachnoid black and alabaster Hatchlings march
endless lines of Prisoners.

A titanic armored magenta Dragon with a castle on its back
ROARS in the middle of the battlefield.

INT. TEMPLE OF THE ARACHNID

Immaculate sandstone walkways and blue fire torches dot
obsidian pillars and long garish banners with tarantula
insignias.

Thunderous BOOMS and FOOTSTEPS (o.s.).

Two robed Masked Figures storm toward a black altar. The one
in front, SPIDER QUEEN, wears a cracked brass mask and wields
an ebony and gold-trimmed scepter. BARON SPIDER wears a
porcelain and gold mask and follows like a lap dog waiting
for attention.

BARON SPIDER

Your forces are rounding up the
remaining stragglers, My Queen.

SPIDER QUEEN

Another kingdom ground to submission,
and still he is not here.

BARON SPIDER

My Queen, your loyal subjects are
doing all they can.

SPIDER QUEEN

That's not good enough!

Spider Queen pelts Baron Spider with her robe. Ornate garments
and jewelry accentuate her porcelain skin.

SPIDER QUEEN (CONT'D)

Activate the Megascopes.

Spider Queen sits on her ebony throne. A blinding blue light
envelops her.

EXT. WAR ZONE - CONTINUOUS

A giant hologram of Spider Queen towers above her forces and prisoners from the dragon.

SPIDER QUEEN HOLOGRAM
Hatchlings, scour the surroundings.
Do not stop until you find Coverdale.
I will take back what's mine!

Multitudes of Hatchlings ROAR excitedly.

EXT. NILBOG VILLAGE - NIGHT

Fireworks EXPLODE across the night sky.

Various villagers feast, dance, and make merry.

Bimmy jumps from each activity while greeting party guests. He soon spots a rogue gentleman wearing an ivory prosthetic chin, DASH WINGMAN, 30s waving him down.

BIMMY
Dash.

Bimmy rushes to greet Dash. Both shake hands like a secret club greeting.

BIMMY (CONT'D)
Did you bring it?

Dash hands Bimmy a small pouch.

DASH WINGMAN
Have I ever let you down?

BIMMY
Well...

Dash play slaps Bimmy. Both join a throng of dancers.

Coverdale rests against a stump hosting a fireside chat with a group of eager children.

COVERDALE
So there I was on the Marsh Steppes,
face to face with the feared Shalemar
Snapping Turtle.

Coverdale jumps toward the kids reenacting the monster's gaping movements.

COVERDALE (CONT'D)
 Its flame jets scorched the bogs
 encircling us. Teeth, like jagged
 steel, tore into my shoulder.

Children gasp. Their eyes widen.

COVERDALE (CONT'D)
 With my trusty axe, Ragnar, I fought
 the beast to exhaustion with my good
 arm.

Children cover their eyes.

COVERDALE (CONT'D)
 And, wham, delivered the final blow.

Coverdale motions the blow. CHOP. Children APPLAUSE.
 Coverdale bows.

PODIUM - LATER

CRIES of joy and APPLAUSE erupt from the crowd.

Coverdale bows and waves.

BIMMY	DASH WINGMAN
Speech! Speech!	Speech! Speech!

COVERDALE
 My dear friends, guests, neighbors,
 and ale drinkers. Thank you all for
 coming.

The crowd gives a tremendous OUTBURST of love.

COVERDALE (CONT'D)
 Today is my sixty-seventh birthday.
 Alas, I wish all that time could've
 been spent being around such good
 folk.

Another tremendous APPLAUSE.

COVERDALE (CONT'D)
 I should have done this better, but
 I'm terrible with speeches. I --

Suddenly, one of the nearby huts behind the crowd EXPLODES.

Villagers SHRIEK and run for their lives before a horrendous
 shadow appears behind them. It is a Hatchling riding a chitin
 armored DEATH TARANTULA.

Coverdale charges, axes at the ready. He leaps through the flames delivering a multitude of blows. Hack. Parry. Dodge. Slash. He gives his all, but the armor is too thick.

Worse, it aggravates the Death Tarantula, swatting him away into a nearby hut.

Bimmy watches from a distance. Dash tugs at him to flee.

BIMMY

Dad, no!

Bimmy runs home. Dash flees with the crowd.

Zodar charges. One hand forward while the other grasps a heavy spiked war hammer behind him. Dodge. Strike. Smash. His war hammer pulverizes Death Tarantula's armor.

Hatchling fires a bolt at Zodar, hitting his shoulder. Zodar collapses.

Bimmy emerges from his hut. Sword in one hand. Coverdale's Book in the other. He lunges toward the Death Tarantula.

His fingers loosen and the Book opens. FWOOSH! A blinding light engulfs Bimmy.

INT. FILM SET

We see the Nilbog village is a giant theater set on a sound stage.

TWANG! Bimmy's sword cuts the wires supporting the giant rubber puppet "Death Tarantula". Both puppet and rider hit the ground with a THUD.

RIDER

Damn, Garret. What the bloody hell?

CLAYTON (O.S.)

Cut!

A spotlight shines on Bimmy/"Garret". He drops his sword.

Two men walk on the set toward Bimmy. The leader, CLAYTON, 50s, tall, lanky, with a sour puss face storms toward Bimmy while the other FRANK, 50s, stocky, baby face with white jheri curls, treads on Clayton's heels.

CLAYTON

You're supposed to hit the spider,
numb nuts, not cut the support line.

Clayton picks up Bimmy's sword. He cuts his finger examining it.

CLAYTON (CONT'D)

Who gave "Genius" here a real sword?

Clayton plunges the sword into the ground. Bimmy snatches it like a newfound pup, but drops the Book.

BIMMY/GARRET

(nervous)

It's my sword. I'm supposed to fight the bad guys with it.

CLAYTON

Frank?

FRANK

He's method acting, Sir.

Clayton points at Bimmy.

CLAYTON

Listen, Garret. I don't care who you are but...

Bimmy's foot closes the Book. FWOOSH! A blinding light engulfs Bimmy.

EXT. NILBOG VILLAGE - NIGHT

Coverdale now stands before Bimmy. He snatches the Book from Bimmy's hand.

COVERDALE

What were you thinking?

Coverdale staggers home.

BIMMY

Dad? Daddy?

Dash and Zodar check on Bimmy.

DASH WINGMAN

How did you do that?

BIMMY

Huh?

Zodar points at the remains of the Death Tarantula and its Hatchling rider squished underneath.

ZODAR DEATHGLARE

You bested it with one strike. Only your father achieved such a feat.

12.

Several Villagers swarm Bimmy. Some APPLAUD. Others chant his name.

Bimmy scratches his head, smiles nervously.

FADE OUT:

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

INT. GREEN PUFF - DAY

Stone and wood longhouse tavern.

Villagers celebrate a day of hard work with ale and song.

Bimmy stares gloss-eyed at a pyramid of empty mugs as more come his way.

Dash sprawls alongside Bimmy pounding away mug after mug.

DASH WINGMAN

(slurred)

Cheer up, little buddy. This is the greatest day of your life. Don't be moping.

BIMMY

You don't believe a word I said?

Another mug slides toward Bimmy. Dash plucks it away. Drinks.

DASH WINGMAN

(slurred)

If you're gonna make up stories, take a lesson from your Dad.

He nudges one of the mugs toward Bimmy.

DASH WINGMAN (CONT'D)

Sell it. Make it sound awesome.

Multiple EXPLOSIONS (o.s.)

Everyone runs toward the windows.

EXT. NILBOG VILLAGE - DAY

Multiple EXPLOSIONS rain across the village.

Swarms of Hatchlings tear through huts and farms. Leading the charge is Baron Spider atop his flying dragon/praying mantis Archon Mount.

Villagers flee SCREAMING.

BARON SPIDER

Find Coverdale! Find the Book!

His Archon Mount spits a fireball at...

INT. GREEN PUFF - CONTINUOUS

Bimmy pulls Dash away from window.

Fireball BLASTS through a large chunk of wall and ceiling.

Villagers scatter.

Bimmy and Dash hightail it outside.

EXT. COVERDALE'S HUT

Coverdale bash and slashes through multiple Hatchlings, but is overwhelmed. In moments, the Hatchlings disarm and force Coverdale to his knees.

Baron Spider lands Archon Mount across from Coverdale. The creature ROARS and SNAPS.

BARON SPIDER

The so-called "Great Hero of the Realm". Pathetic.

Coverdale SCREAMS with herculean effort. He lunges toward Baron Spider. Several more Hatchlings pile on top of him.

ZODAR DEATHGLARE (O.S.)

No!

Zodar leaps toward Baron Spider. His mighty war hammer collides against the villain, but --

Baron Spider grasps hold of the hammer by its heavy iron head with one hand.

BARON SPIDER

You.

Baron Spider struggles while Zodar presses his weapon, pushing the villain to his knees.

ZODAR DEATHGLARE

You should have learned the last time, Baron.

Baron Spider LAUGHS, first a chuckle, then a full psychotic cackle. His free hand strikes Zodar's handle.

Clang! A series of jagged metal spikes protrude from Baron Spider's glove. With a quick slash, the handle shreds into pieces. The head falls with a dull THUD.

BARON SPIDER

I took your "lesson" to heart, old man.

An intense energy beam BLASTS from Baron Spider's fingers at Zodar, hurling him into a far off hut.

INT. COVERDALE'S HUT

Bimmy panic searches every shelf, chest, and hiding spot.

Dash watches the ongoing battle.

DASH WINGMAN
Whatever you're looking for you better
find it fast.

BIMMY
C'mon Dad. Where would you have put
it?

Bimmy searches another chest. No success.

BIMMY (CONT'D)
It's gotta be here.

DASH WINGMAN
What're you looking for?

BIMMY
I know it's here.

DASH WINGMAN
You've torn this whole hut apart
Bimmy.

Bimmy eyeballs one of the trophy heads, a Shalemar Snapping Turtle, near the fireplace. One eye looks up while the other looks down.

He rolls the eyes until both face him. SNAP. The mouth opens. He reaches in. Nothing.

BIMMY
Dang it.

Bimmy punches the wall. The Book falls on Bimmy's head with a coconut THUNK.

BIMMY (CONT'D)
Guess I should've looked up.

He walks over to Dash.

Both witness a portal open between Coverdale and Baron Spider.

DASH WINGMAN
Like I said, if you gotta plan.

Bimmy rushes outside, followed by Dash.

EXT. COVERDALE'S HUT

Spider Queen exits the portal walking past her subject.

Baron Spider and Hatchlings bow with reverence.

Coverdale GRUNTS and SNARLS, but cannot free himself.

SPIDER QUEEN
I expected much from you, "Hero".

She SLAPS Coverdale.

SPIDER QUEEN (CONT'D)
But you always do surprise me.

COVERDALE
I've got...more...that'll surprise
you.

Approaching footsteps (o.s.).

Bimmy charges, Book in hand, toward Coverdale.

BIMMY
Unhand my Dad, fiends!

Coverdale grimaces.

COVERDALE
(whispers)
Bimmy, you idiot.

Spider Queen APPLAUDS.

SPIDER QUEEN
And there's all my trouble.

She reaches out.

SPIDER QUEEN (CONT'D)
Give me the Book, child.

Baron Spider hurls an energy blast at Bimmy.

Bimmy tucks and rolls away.

Baron Spider and several Hatchlings charge after Bimmy. Two grab Bimmy's arms. Others poise to strike.

Bimmy lets go of the Book. As it lands, the Book flies opens.

Spider Queen lunges for the Book.

FWOOSH! A blinding light engulfs Bimmy.

INT. FILM SET

Coverdale's hut is but one of many sound stage sets overlooking the "Village".

Bimmy is accosted by rubber suit "Hatchlings" and their claws.

HATCHLING ONE

(whisper)

Garret. You're supposed to go down.

BIMMY/GARRET

What?

HATCHLING TWO

(whiny)

What gives Mark? We keep hittin' him and he won't go down.

Baron Spider/"Mark" approaches Bimmy/"Garret".

BARON SPIDER/MARK

Garret, this is the part where you fall down.

Hatchling One pushes on Bimmy's pecs. Bimmy LAUGHS with girlish glee.

WHISTLE (o.s.)

Clayton rushes alongside Frank toward the group.

CLAYTON

Cut. Print. Beautiful as always Mark.

Baron Spider storms off set.

CLAYTON (CONT'D)

Mark, where're you going?

BARON SPIDER/MARK

I'm going to my trailer, get drunk, and fire my agent for convincing me this shit show's worth it!

CLAYTON

Mark, you can't leave now. You're the glue keeping it all together.

Clayton SMACKS into a Gopher. He pushes him away.

CLAYTON (CONT'D)
You're tearing me apart, Mark!

Clayton chases after Baron Spider.

Frank scratches himself as he stares at the group.

FRANK
I guess that's lunch.

WHISTLE (o.s.)

Various Cast and Crew herd off to craft services.

The Hatchlings walk away for a smoke break complaining about their costumes.

Bimmy wanders the set until he spots Dash and Zodar snacking with others.

BIMMY/GARRET
Dash! Zodar!

He rushes toward them.

CRAFT TABLE

BIMMY/GARRET (CONT'D)
You're never going to believe what's happening.

VILLAGE EXTRA
What the hell's Garret on about now, Dan?

Dash/"Dan" shrugs.

VILLAGE EXTRA (CONT'D)
Robert?

ZODAR DEATHGLARE/ROBERT
He is method acting again. Just ignore it.

Zodar/"Robert" CRUSHES a soda can against his forehead.

ZODAR DEATHGLARE/ROBERT (CONT'D)
Where is the beer? I know Frank has hidden it here.

Zodar SHAKES the craft table apart. Everything falls off, but no beer. He sulks.

VILLAGE EXTRA

Great. At this rate we'll never get
to my death scene.

Bimmy backs away and runs until --

HUT

He hits his head against a fake tree. Both him and the tree
fall with a THUD.

Playful SMOOCHING (o.s.)

Bimmy pulls the tree off him to witness Coverdale and Spider
Queen making out behind the hut.

BIMMY/GARRET

Eww. What're you doing to my Dad?

Spider Queen pulls away from Coverdale.

SPIDER QUEEN

Did he just call you "Dad", Clancy?

COVERDALE/CLANCY

He's still in character Shannon.
I'll handle this.

Coverdale/"Clancy" walks over to Bimmy.

BIMMY/GARRET

What spell did that witch put you
under?

Coverdale PATS Bimmy's shoulder.

COVERDALE/CLANCY

"Son", when one learns about a great
mystery you need to explore all its
assets, especially the fine lines
and curves.

SPIDER QUEEN/SHANNON

Clancy...

Spider Queen/"Shannon" rubs Coverdale's nipples.

SPIDER QUEEN/SHANNON

You're "Queen" demands you stand
attention.

COVERDALE/CLANCY

Standing tall and strong, Your
Majesty.

Coverdale hoists Spider Queen into his arms. Both passionately kiss.

Disgusted, Bimmy runs away.

As he turns a corner, his foot catches on a cord and he falls face first into a trunk.

INT. MEDICAL TENT - LATER

Bimmy lies in a cot, lit by an ambient light shining on his face. A pair of gloved hands inspect him. Bimmy stirs and GROANS.

BIMMY/GARRET

What's going on?

DOCTOR (O.S.)

Take it easy. You've been out for nearly two hours.

BIMMY/GARRET

Ugh. You wouldn't believe the nightmare I had. Seeing my Dad kiss that monster.

DOCTOR (O.S.)

Don't worry. You're safe here in the good ole Studio set.

Bimmy sits up in horror as a DOCTOR stares at him holding a shot.

BIMMY/GARRET

What the hey-hoo?

He looks around the spartan surroundings. All he finds are a couple rows of cots.

Doctor injects Bimmy's arm.

BIMMY/GARRET (CONT'D)

Ow.

DOCTOR

Relax. It's to help with the pain.

BIMMY/GARRET

How did I get here?

DOCTOR

Dan and Frank found you face first in a trunk.

BIMMY/GARRET
I landed on an El-E-pfante?

Doctor stares at Bimmy in disbelief.

VOICE (O.S.)
That's quite enough.

The voice is unfamiliar, but scares the Doctor. Bimmy turns to see --

THE EXECUTIVE, a man of undetermined age due to the hard shadow hiding his face, wears an expensive suit and tie Bimmy does not recognize, in his hand is a lit cigar.

THE EXECUTIVE
I think our man here's had enough
scares for one day.

DOCTOR
Maybe I should give Mister Garret a
sedative?

THE EXECUTIVE
Nonsense.

The Executive struts toward Bimmy. His face remains hidden despite taking a long huff from his cigar.

THE EXECUTIVE (CONT'D)
Mister Garret just needs some rest.
He's got a big day ahead of him.
Don't you, buddy?

He PATS Bimmy's head. Bimmy scrambles off the cot and runs to the rain-fly, TEARS it open.

EXT. MEDICAL TENT

Bimmy stands shocked as a go cart BUZZES past him. He SHRIEKS, runs back inside.

INT. MEDICAL TENT

Bimmy falls to his knees hyperventilating. The Executive and Doctor stare in awe.

BIMMY/GARRET
Why is this happening? Why can't I
get back home?

THE EXECUTIVE
Maybe you should give him that
sedative.

Doctor nods, wanders off.

The Executive walks Bimmy back to the cot and helps him lie down.

BIMMY/GARRET
Can I see my Dad?

THE EXECUTIVE
Sure, Kid. Just relax.

The Executive leaves.

Bimmy stretches out and relaxes. He closes his eyes.

Soft FOOTSTEPS. Someone walks over to Bimmy.

Gloved hands push his cot outside.

BIMMY/GARRET
(mumbles)
Daddy, the house's moving.

EXT. STUDIO - DAY

The sunlight beams across Bimmy's face. He wakes up with a resounding yawn as he rolls off his cot and lands face first on the pavement.

BIMMY/GARRET
I'm up Zodar. Stop with the pebbles.

Bimmy gets up to see a YOUNG WOMAN in flannel and khakis smiling at him, in her hands is the open Book. This is JANET DUBOIS.

JANET DUBOIS
I followed your text to the T. Your cases are in the hotel, and I didn't use your real name like you stated. Wow, this is exciting.

Bimmy steps back.

BIMMY/GARRET
Wait, what?

JANET DUBOIS
Everything's listed under "Bartholomew Squatcobbler" so no one will know it's you.

BIMMY/GARRET
But that is my name. Who are you?

JANET DUBOIS

You hit your head on a tree? It's me, Janet.

Janet grabs and shakes Bimmy's hand vigorously. Bimmy is clueless.

JANET DUBOIS (CONT'D)

I'm so happy we're doing this.

She tugs at Bimmy to follow her.

BIMMY/GARRET

This?

JANET DUBOIS

Yeah. You can't imagine how giddy I am, Mister Garret. Where'd you get that bump on your noggin?

BIMMY/GARRET

I ran into a tree.

Janet LAUGHS.

JANET DUBOIS

You're a damn comedian, you know that.

She walks Bimmy to a silver SUV.

JANET DUBOIS (CONT'D)

You were right. The security around here sucks.

Clueless, Bimmy stares at the passenger door as Janet opens it for him. He cautiously steps inside.

The Executive watches from the shadows as the SUV leaves the studio. He takes a long huff from his cigar.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - DAY

Small and cramped with cases stacked about.

Janet PLOPS the Book on the table. Bimmy wanders around scratching his head.

JANET DUBOIS

I can't make heads or tails of this.
The wording is all strange.

Janet tries to close the Book but cannot.

JANET DUBOIS (CONT'D)

How do you close this thing?

Bimmy walks over and picks up the Book. He tries closing it with his hands, then kicking it, but it remains open.

He grasps his foot in pain.

Janet GIGGLES.

BIMMY/GARRET

It worked the last time.

Bimmy sits on the bed. He stares out the window at the slow traffic and buildings.

JANET DUBOIS

Mister Garret, we don't have much time. We need to start deciphering the text.

BIMMY/GARRET

Why does everyone call me "Garret"? That's not my name.

JANET DUBOIS

Of course your name's Garret. You really want to go by Bartholomew Squatcobbler?

BIMMY/GARRET

It's Bimmy. I know I don't look it but I'm a monster hunter; like my Dad.

JANET DUBOIS

A monster hunter?

Bimmy nods.

JANET DUBOIS (CONT'D)

Of course you are.

BIMMY/GARRET

Yes.

Bimmy LAUGHS. Janet WHISTLES and shakes her head.

He gets up, unsheathes his sword, and swings it at one of the cases. The sword BOUNCES off and strikes him in the head, knocking him against the wall.

JANET DUBOIS

Oh my god!

Janet rushes toward Bimmy.

BIMMY/GARRET
That worked differently last time.

Janet helps him back onto the bed.

Bimmy waves his sword. To his surprise, it wiggles like rubber.

JANET DUBOIS
Why did you do that, Mister Garret?

BIMMY/GARRET
Look, Janet, I don't know what you think we're supposed to do here but I'm not who you think. All I want to do is get out of this nightmare and go home.

JANET DUBOIS
(frustrated)
Then do it! Ignore all we worked together and just bury your head!

Janet storms out and SLAMS the door shaking everything in the room, including Bimmy.

Bimmy sulks.

Someone KNOCKS on the door.

MANAGER (O.S.)
Please keep the noise down, Mister Squatcobbler. The guests are complaining.

Bimmy curls up into a fetal position.

BIMMY/GARRET
Was this what Daddy was warning me about?

He kicks the Book off the bed. It lands and closes with a THUD.

EXT. RIVER TRADE ROUTE - DAY

Bimmy wakes up. Dash hovers over him.

DASH WINGMAN
He's coming to.

Bimmy brushes Dash away. He realizes he is on a wooden raft alongside the Book. Zodar pilots the raft.

BIMMY
How long was I out?

ZODAR DEATHGLARE
A few hours. We could not pry you
away from your Father's book.

DASH WINGMAN
What he means to say it wasn't pretty
when we tried.

Dash helps Bimmy stand.

DASH WINGMAN (CONT'D)
You remember anything from the attack?

BIMMY
Barely. What happened?

ZODAR DEATHGLARE
It was not pretty. Coverdale did
his best as we made our escape, but
we were separated.

DASH WINGMAN
Plus, you were mumbling in some tongue
the whole time I've never heard, and
a name.

BIMMY
"Garret"?

DASH WINGMAN
Yeah. You know him?

ZODAR DEATHGLARE
Yes. Who is he?

Bimmy shrugs. He sits back down.

DASH WINGMAN
He must be someone of great
importance. Maybe he can help us.

BIMMY
I doubt it.

Bimmy's finger opens the Book slightly.

Suddenly giant white porcelain walls JUT OUT from the river
banks like walls towering over Bimmy and surround the raft.
He glances over at Dash and Zodar, they are now cheap, blocky,
teetering Plastic Toys smiling at him.

DASH WINGMAN TOY
We should arrive in Buckleberry soon.

ZODAR DEATHGLARE TOY

Good. My arm is getting sore.

Bimmy looks at his hands. To his shock, they have transformed into blocky pieces of plastic.

He looks up to the sky and sees --

INT. FILM SET - CONTINUOUS

Clayton and Frank watching over them from the side of a bathtub. Clayton shoots the scene. Frank "pilots" the raft with a mini fan.

CLAYTON

Keep it smooth and steady Frank.
Beautiful.

Tiny, HIGH PITCHED SHRIEK (o.s.)

FRANK

You hear that?

Frank moves the fan too close to the raft, knocking the Bimmy Toy into the water.

CLAYTON

Idiot. Fish him out.

Frank dives into the tub, SPLASHING the raft and Clayton.

CLAYTON (CONT'D)

I need smooth and steady, Frank.
Not a tsunami.

FRANK

(underwater)
Sorry, Clayton.

Frank wriggles SPLASHING water all over the place.

INT. RIVER TRADE ROUTE - MOMENTS LATER

The Book SLAMS shut.

Bimmy, soaked to the bone, spits out water, then GASPS.

He faces Dash and Zodar, also soaking wet, staring at the calm water.

ZODAR DEATHGLARE

Strange. The water appeared smooth
and steady.

Zodar looks at his chest. Something jiggles under his armor. He reaches in and pulls out a trout.

He tosses it away.

INT. TEMPLE OF THE ARACHNID

Baron Spider comes rushing into the room excited and prostrates himself on the floor before Spider Queen.

BARON SPIDER
The Book has been activated, My Queen.
We have a bearing.

SPIDER QUEEN
How accurate?

BARON SPIDER
It's on the Brandywine River.

Baron Spider stands.

BARON SPIDER (CONT'D)
I can send your army to retrieve it
at once.

SPIDER QUEEN
No. If Bimmy's like his father he
will expect the Sword. We need the
Lance for this task. Send for the
Archons.

BARON SPIDER
Yes, My Queen.

Baron Spider bows in reverence and walks away.

Spider Queen relaxes on her throne. A blinding blue light envelops her.

INSERT - A glowing orb that shows:

Coverdale in irons.

BACK TO SPIDER QUEEN

Spider Queen LAUGHS.

INT. STUDIO SCREENING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Dark theater, the projector provides the only light.

The Executive watches Spider Queen on the screen alongside a nervous Clayton and Frank. He takes a long huff from his cigar.

CLAYTON
You wouldn't know it but that took
twenty takes before we got it right.

FRANK
Then add Mark's thirty minute tantrum,
and whatever's going on with Garret.

CLAYTON
(whispers)
Shut it, ya boob.

Clayton SMACKS Frank's head.

The projector shuts off as the lights dim.

THE EXECUTIVE
Good work, both of you.

CLAYTON	FRANK
You mean it?	You mean it?

THE EXECUTIVE
Absolutely. What we have here is
Crunchy gold.

Clayton and Frank jump out of their seats giddy as children
and high five each other.

CLAYTON
This calls for celebration!

FRANK
I'll open the box wine.

CLAYTON
Are you mad? This is the moment to
get black out drunk.

Clayton SLAPS Frank across the head.

CLAYTON (CONT'D)
Crack open a couple of wine spritzers.
We're gonna party like there's no
tomorrow!

Frank and Clayton rush out hooting and hollering.

Door CREAKS open (o.s.)

Footsteps, faint but slowly get louder (o.s.)

An Administrative Assistant with a Tablet approaches The
Executive. The lights brighten to reveal it is JANET DUBOIS.

THE EXECUTIVE

What did you think?

JANET DUBOIS

Well, the Pilot's a little rough around the edges, but Marketing knows exactly how to spin it. And we definitely have an excitable audience for the "Bimmy" character.

The Executive nods.

THE EXECUTIVE

He's the eye candy for the series.

The projector suddenly comes on as the screen flashes images of a soaked Bimmy on the raft. His hands clutch the Book tight to his chest.

THE EXECUTIVE (CONT'D)

No doubt about it.

The Executive's EYES flare purple before vanishing into the shadows.

End of Episode