one hand, presses it, and the video game moves a little bit. Then he's hit by anoth he enters, goes to him, fluffs his pillows, kisses him, and briefly feels his forehead sick? Mother: You are sick, that's why he's here. The Kid: He'll pinch my cheek. I as he immediately goes to The Kid, pinches his cheek. Grandfather: Hey! How's the a special present. The Kid: What is it? Grandfather: Open it up. The Kid does. He it to your father. And today, I'm gonna read it to you. The Kid: Has it got any sposits in a chair by the bed. The Kid: (manages a shrug) It doesn't sound too bad. I'l ne. Buttercup was raised on a small farm in the country of Florin. Dissolve To The boy that worked there. His name was Westley, but she never called him that. (To Tp's Farm. Day. Buttercup is standing, holding the reins of her horse, while in the be most beautiful woman in the world. Buttercup: Farm boy. Polish my horse's sad walks away. Grandfather: (off-screen) "As you wish" was all he ever said to her. Dmanages to look away as now her eyes stay on him. Grandfather: (off-screen) That And even more amazing was the day she realized she truly loved him back. Butter moves outside.) Dissolve To Westley And Buttercup, outside his tiny hovel in the -wait, just wait- The Kid: -well, when does it get good? Grandfather: Keep your sh	er spasm of coughing, puts the remote down. His room is monochromad. She's worried, it doesn't show. During this Mother: You feeling any hate that. Mother: Maybe he won't. The Kid shoots her an "I'm sure" look is sickie? Heh? The Kid gives his Mother an "i told you so" look. The Me does his best to smile. The Kid: A book? Grandfather: That's right. Wints in it? Cut To The Grandfather. Suddenly passionate. Grandfather: All try and stay awake. Grandfather: Oh. Well, thank you very much. It's we story he's reading about, as the monochromatic look of the bedroom in the Kid) Isn't that a wonderful beginning? The Kid: (off screen): (doing leackground, Westley, in the stable doorway, looks at her Buttercup is indle. I want to see my face shining in it by morning. Westley: (quietly, we issolve To Westley, outside, chopping wood. Buttercup drops two large at day, she was amazed to discover that when he was saying, "As you will be good to be a pitcher that she could reach herself) Farm Boy, fetcomer (pointing to a pitcher that she could reach herself) Farm Boy, fetcomer glow of sunset. They are locked in a passionate kiss. The Kid (off-wirt on. Let me read. (reading again) Westley had no money for marriage	atic, greys and blues, mildly high-tech. We're in the present day and this better? The Kid: A little bit. Mother: Guess what. The Kid: What? Mother bk, as we Cut To The Kid's Grandfather bursting into the room. Kind of lother ignores it, beats a retreat. Mother: I think I'll leave you two pals. (when I was your age, television was called books. And this is a special by the large you kidding? Fencing. Fighting. Torture. Revenge. Giants. Monsters wery nice of you. Your vote of confidence is overwhelming. All right. (Bother strength of you. Your vote of confidence is overwhelming. All right. (Bother strength of you. Your vote of confidence is overwhelming. All right. (Bother strength of you.) You wote of confidence is overwhelming. All right. (Bother strength of you.) You wish. It's really good. Grandfather: (off-screen) (reading) Nother late teens; doesn't care much about clothes and she hates brushing atching her) As you wish. Westley is perhaps half a dozen years older the buckets near him. Buttercup: Farm Boy. Fill these with water-(a beat)-wish," what he meant was, "i love you." Dissolve To Buttercup In The Khill the thing was the packed his few belongings and left the farm to seek his fortune	ing. Pale, one sick cookie. Maybe he's seven or eight or nine. He holds a remote in is is a middle class house, somewhere in the suburbs. Cut To The Kid's Mother as ser: Your grandfather's here. The Kid: (not overjoyed) Mom, can't you tell him that I'm rumpled. But the eyes are bright. He has a wrapped package tucked under one arm And she is gone. There's an uncomfortable silence, then-) Grandfather: I brought yo yok. It was the book my father used to read to me when I was sick, and I used to read. Chases. Escapes. True love. Miracles. Cut To The Two Of Them as the Grandfather ook open now, he begins to read.) The Princess Bride, by S. Morgenstern. Chapter Over: (off-screen) Her favorite pastimes were riding her horse and tormenting the farming gave Buttercup as much pleasure as ordering Westley around. Cut To Buttercung her long hair, so she isn't as attractive as she might be, but she's still probably the han Buttercup. And maybe as handsome as she is beautiful. He gazes at her as she please. Westley: As you wish. She leaves; his eyes stay on her. She stops, turns-he itchen. Dusk. Westley enters with an armload of firewood. Grandfather: (off screen) se to each other gazing into each other's eyes. Westley: As you wish. (Now he turns. Are you trying to trick me?-Where's the sports?-Is this a kissing book? Grandfather: across the sea. Cut To Westley And Buttercup. They stand near the gate to the far
come for you. Buttercup: But how can you be sure? Westley: This is true love. Yo (reading) Westley didn't reach his destination. His ship was attacked by the Dreac Close Up: Buttercup, staring out the window of her room. Grandfather: (off-screer d. Dissolve To Florin Castle. Day. The main courtyard of Florin replete with townsy great Prince Humperdinck's bride-to be. Cut To Prince Humperdinck, a man of inc bearded man who seems the Prince's match in strength: this is Count Rugen Hum a commoner like yourselves-(pause)- but perhaps you will not find her common nee Crowd, as they see the Figure. (We haven't yet.) And if there is such a thing as croup!! She descends the stairs and starts to move amongst the people. Cut To The bjects, blinking back tears. Hold on her beauty for a moment. Grandfather: (off-scher horse easily. Grandfather: (off-screen) Despite Humperdinck's reassurance thee Men, standing close together in the path. Beyond them can be seen the waters of as a blade of steel. His name is Inigo Montoya. Beside him is a giant. His name is Fezzik, who merely reaches over, touches a nerve on Buttercup's neck, and the stoo, the Spaniard, busies himself getting the boat ready. Cut To The giant Fezzik can us skill and precision. Inigo: What is that you're ripping? Vizzini: (not stopping or	u think this happens every day? He sm d Pirate Roberts, who never left n) She went into her room and people, livestock, and a bu redible power and bearin inperdinck: (raises his low. Would you like to meet her? And the answering Yessss because ollective action, the e Crowd, and the ey do a very strange thing: with no instruction up's emptiness consumed her. Although the law at she woul of Florin C Fezzik. In the province of a scream is all she manages-unconsciousness comes that the price of guilden to price of guilden to prove the scream is all she manages-unconsciousness comes that the price of guilden to prove the scream is all she manages-unconsciousness comes that the price of guilden to prove the scream is all she manages-unconsciousness comes that the province of guilden the provention of an Army officer of Guilden the province	at her, she smiles too, throws her arms so tightly around him. They kiss aptives alive. When Buttercup got the news that Westley was murdered door. And for days, she neither slept nor ate. Buttercup: (no emotion a ather: (o ff-screen) (reading) Five years later, the man astle balcony. Three others stan a stell balcony. Three others stan a conth from now, our country now ome like summer thu noter. Cut To A giant stair. Cut To The Staircase, as the figure app ears in the archway. It at all, they suddenly go to their knees. Gre at waves of people if of the land gave Humperdinck the right to che to daily ride. Cut To A Wooded Glen, Close To S undown. Lovel the trypes. Standing in front is a tiny man with the ear village nearby? Buttercup: There is nothing near by; not for at fast. As she starts to fall- Cut To A Tiny Isolated Spot at fast. As she starts to fall- Cut To A Tiny Isolated Spot at fast. As she starts to fall- Cut To A Tiny Isolated Spot at fast. As she starts to fall- Cut To A Tiny Isolated Spot at Fezzik: Who's Guilder? Vizzini: (pointing straight out) Th	ill. Buttercup: But what if something happens to you? Westley: Hear this now: I will a Then as Westley walks away, Buttercup watches him go. Grandfather: (off-screen) The Kid: (off-screen) (perking up just a little) -murdered by pirates is good- Cut To at all in her voice) I will never love again. Hold On Her Face, perfect and perfectly sa ain square of Florin City was filled as never before to hear the announcement of the ding behind him: an Old Couple with crowns, the aging King And Queen, and a dark will have its 500th anniversary. On that sundown, I shall marry a lady who was once rease leading to the Crowd and as a Figure just begins to become visible, Cut To The is Buttercup. And she is resplendent. Humperdinck: My peoplethe Princess Butte kneeling and- Cut To Buttercup, terribly moved. She stands immobile among her Sune did not love him. Cut To Woodlands -and Buttercup, barreling along, controlling y, quiet, deserted. Buttercup suddenly reins in. Voice: A word, my lady? Cut To Three face. He is Sicilian and his name is Vizzini. Beside him is a Spaniard, erect and taut miles. Vizzini: Then there will be no one to hear you scream- He nods to the giant, Edge Of Florin Channel. A sailboat is moored. It's dusk now, shadows are long. Inig addle of Buttercup's horse. There is about the entire operation a sense of tremendo untry across the sea. The sworn enemy of Florin. (slaps the horse's rump) Go! The
dead. Vizzini: No more rhyme's now, I mean it. Fezzik: Anybody want a The waves are higher, there are only occasional flashes of moon slarcup: Despite what you think, you will be caught. And when you ar ing that. We can all relax, it's almost over- Inigo: You're sure nobo you ask? Inigo: No reason. It's only, I just happened to look behind. And suddenly it's all gone ominous. Cut To Inigo, Fezzik And slips through and- Inigo was right something is very much there can muster) Probably some local fisherman out for a pleasure crer! Inigo: I don't swim. Fezzik: (to the unasked question) I only d Buttercup stops suddenly, treads water. Cut To The Boat. Vizzini	t a war. That's a prestigious line of work with a long and gloriou agree with Fezzik. Cut To Close Up: Vizzini, in a fury. Vizzini: (We dvances on them. Nothing shows on Inigo's face, but Fezzik is pan eless-Do you want me to send you back to where you were, unempl slight emphasis on the last word) Fezzik: (looking at Inigo) fuss Fezzik: Yes, some of the time. (He starts to smile.) Vizzini: (whirling on beanut? As Vizzini screams we Dissolve To The Sailboat Racing Acrossing down between clouds. Vizzini: (to Inigo) We'll reach the Cliffs by day rince will see you all hanged. Vizzini turns a cold eye on the Princess. We'll will see you all hanged. Vizzini turns a cold eye on the Princess. We'll use? Vizzini: As I told you, it would be absolutely, totally, and in all something is there. Vizzini: What? And suddenly the Three whirl, stare inting back, trying desperately to see. At this moment, they are all hold to through eel-infested waters. And now as a sound comes from their bovizzini: Veer left. Left! Cut To Buttercup, still close to the boat, swill ow what that sound is, Highness? Those are the Shrieking Eels-if you on the still contains the sum of the sound is.	Is tradition. Fezzik: I just don't think it's right, killing an innocente only thought he was in a fury-now he's really getting mad.) Oh. licked by Vizzini. Vizzini: (to Inigo) - when I found you, you were so loyed in Greenland? Vizzini glares at him, then turns, leaves them. D fuss(Suddenly, he's got it again, emphasis on the last word.) I think them) Enough of that. As they sail off, we hear their voices as the boas The Dark Waters. Inigo is at the helm, Fezzik stands near the body of wn. Inigo nods, glances back. Vizzini: Why are you doing that? Inigo: May Vizzini: Of all the necks on this boat, Highness, the one you should be we other ways, inconceivable. No one in Guilder knows what we've done. I back and as they do- Cut To The Darkness Behind Them. It's hard to suffing their breaths. Cut To The Darkness Behind Them. And there's still reem, but it's coming like hell, closing the gap. Cut To Inigo, Fezzik And they turn as we- Cut To Buttercup, diving into the water, starting to stitching from a crawl to a silent breast stroke. The wind dies and as it do doubt me, just wait. They always grow louder when they're about to fee	ing sure nobody's following us. Vizzini: That would be inconceivable. Butte rying about is your own. Inigo keeps staring behind them. Vizzini: Stop do no one in Florin could have gotten here so fast. Out of curiosity, why do e moon is behind clouds now. But the wind whistles. And the waves pou g to be seen. It's still ominous. Only now it's eerie too. Then- The moon staring at the other boat. Vizzini: (explaining with as much logic as he ay. Cut To The Boat, and Vizzini screaming. Vizzini: Go in, get after h thing new is heard: a not-too-distant high-pitched shrieking sound. In flesh. Cut To Buttercup, treading water, still not far from the boat.
but she doesn't make a sound. Behind her now, something dark p is frozen, trying not to make a movement of any kindand the father: (off-screen) She doesn't get eaten by the Eels at this time plaining to you because you looked nervous. The Kid: Well, I was it moreif you want. (He grips the sheets again, as the Grandfather, the Eel was coming after her. She was frightened. The ECUT TO A Giant Arm, pounding the Eel unconscious in on pointing behind them. Inigo: I think he's getting closer ared to some. Dissolve To The Boat At Dawn, being top of us. I wonder if he is using the same wind we are possibly he recome, and as Inigo sails with great precision st genough to go up our way-he'll have to sail arou behind it. Suddenly there is a thick rope in his h a harness to him, then lifts Buttercup and Vizz in in the harness.	c slithers past. She's scared, sure, petrified, who wouldn't be, but she r closer, closer and Buttercup knows it now, there's nothing she can d	d is, Highness?" Cut To Vizzini. We're back in the boat. Beg your pardon. Cut To Buttercup, treading water where we were at the last moment we saw her, eveal The Boat And Fezzik, Buttercup being donof ours. Sail on! (to Buttercup) I suppose year for the first time is being sailed by a Mannting ahead of them)-see? (big) The Cliff race for the Cliffs and the Man In Black Vizzini: Hurry up. Move the thing! Urn ity going on, all of it swift, expert, econg swing and Cut To The Cliffs. The All three are strapped to Fezzil	t, a short distance away, circling, starting to closeand Buttercu ch a noise, and as its great jaws are about to clamp down- Grand nds. The Kid: What? Grandfather: The Eel doesn't get her. I'm ex can stop now if you want. The Kid: No. You could read a little brether. The Shrieking Eels. The Kid: (off screen) We're past that, Gra (off-screen) All right, all right, let's see. Uh, she was in the wat n, The Shrieking Eel, jaws wide, about to clamp down as wedeck. Vizzini: Put her down. Just put her down. Cut To Inigo, rave, don't you? Buttercup: (staring deep at hint) Only comp boat almost seems to be flying. Inigo: Look! He's right on nce he's said the name, Cut To The Cliffs Of Insanity At ever, but not fast enough, the lead was too great to ow that other thing. Move it nomical. Fezzik re aches urong goes all the kike papooses. A
wn. FEZZIK's Group is only faintly visible far bel ow. This is the first ti	me we've gotten the real vertigo feeling however high they are, he's already ov he didn't know that beca ni: Inconceivable! He pr d. Cut To Vizzini And T he Others. Vizzi he's got only himsel begin moving much m begin moving much m o feet for Fezzik to go. M g. Cut To The Cliff Top Il him to do something re, and Cut To Vizzini, nd Buttercup by the c clin g to life. Cut To V ink i t means. (looks At T he Top, staring d ead. I f he falls, fine. If	ni: (shrieki f. Vizzini: (cutt Cut To The Ovizzini And Zini leaps off a tone ruins. Once they mi h the last of the ge. Fezzik: I the ing through) - I do no Man In Black. His arm The Others, and it's gent to the gent form the last of the gent form the g	To Fezzik Climbing On. Buttercup is almost out of her mind with fear one. Cut To The Alan In B lack, leaping from his ship to the rope, starting
ho goes to Inigo. Fezzik: You be careful. (Gravel eers down over the Cliffs. He watches a momen und. Cut To The Man In Black, climbing on. He t's instant death if the Man In Black falls, but n an In Black glances up, kind of grunts. Inigo: Thank you. Inigo steps away, draws his swo some heat) If you're in such a hurry, you co e I am only waiting around to kill you. Man k: That's very comforting. But I'm afraid yo pace, resting, gathering his strength. Inigo ght hand high, his eyes blaze, and his voic a pause. Then, quietly: Man In Black: Thro side of the cliff. Cut To Inigo, now with a sm ssly in space a moment, then looks up at Inigo iff top at last comes within reach- Cut To Inigo, Thank you. The Man In Black sits to rest on the Inigo: I do not mean to pry, but you don't by an	ted. Vizzini: (call ose. He practice sa dence. This is ou che top than when last we dence. This is ou che the trust shape of t	out) I'm waiting! Fézzik r few of his honed fencing w him. Inigo Is Watching. C heroes meeting. They don' his is not as easy as it looks oks eagerly over the edge ag o: I could do that. In fact, I've ds ano my wor ther hold a few inches higher d as a Spaniard. Man In Black comes to mind. And on these I of my father, Domingo Monto the rope to ver- to Ver- to Cut To The Rope. It hangs close e cliff edge and- Cut To The Man to Inigo. Man In Black: Thank yo oots and is amazed to see severa	o. He watches them depart, then turns, p and has never been one for waiting aro e goes back to cliff edge, starts to talk. I igo: (hollering down) Hello there. The M distract me. Inigo: Sorry. Man In Black: (with got some rope up here. But I do not got some rope up here. But I do n
aren't close to each other-none of the swords-crossing " en garde" garbatiniest feint, the other counters, and there is silence, and as swords cross, then again, again, and the sound comes so fa ah? Man In Black: I thought it fitting, considering the rocky te y-(suddenly shifting again)-but I find Thibault cancels out Capo Ferro, igo: Unless the enemy has studied his Agrippa- And now, with the gruph of Men are almost flying across the rocky terrain, never losing balanc en rit just two athletes going at it, it's a lot more that that. This is two legins going even faster than before as we Cut To Inigo. And beh	: Inigo: Even no urderer to a due la curderer to a due la curder to a due la curderer to a due la curder to a due la curderer to a due la curder to a due la curderer to a due la curderer to a due la curderer to a due la curder to a due la curderer to a due la curder to a due la curderer to a due la cur	ngered man returned an red man did leave me alively life to the order of the order	d. Without a word, the six-fingered man slas scars) Cut To The Man In Black, looking up a p to the six-fingered man and say, "Hello, my n lately. You see, I cannot find tarting to rise) Well, I certain aces, unsheathing his swor ppens later on), and right be too far away to day and Cut To The Tway up a rocky incline. In o- And he shifts his castle ruin. No wher In Black's head, an ne and then the ot
tage, kee obecome so. The Cliff edge is very close now. Inigo is continu ois, in fact, all smiles. Inigo: Because I know something you hand and immediately, the tide of battle turns. Cut To The eat. Now faster. Inigo is in control and the Man In Black i styles again. Cut To A Rocky Staircase leading to a turr yithe Man In Black makes every feint, tries every thrus amazing! Inigo: I ought to be after twenty years. And ing I ought to tell you. Inigo: Tell me. Man In Black: I am not left-but it all com out of his hand. Inigo retreats, dives from the stair so Inigo, then casually tosses his sword to the land rcus performer and dismounts with a 9.7 backflip t. Inigo: Okay. Cut To Inigo, moving like lightnin rward, faster even than before, and again he sla fingered sword. On it goes, back and forth acr hing up into the air, and- Cut To Inigo catchin git aga in atio	g forced to . Mar lack, rate. C ut To In i d platea u, and the Man I ith all h e has left. But he fails n In Black is smashed into a ed either. And now he covered b ar sticks in pe rf ectly. Then the Man I igo, staring in a we. Inigo: Who are years thrusts forward, sl ashes, darts back,	oward it. Inigo: I admit it-you are b etter in In Black: And what is that? Inigo: stunned, doing everything he can to go. And the six-fingered sword is al n Black is retreating like mad up the Everything fails. He tries one or a stone pillar, pinned there under	are worked flat of the strain
ult being the biggest and the stronge st. I d on er been a shrimp. But it's like he was n't eve n thim several tremendous blows in the e stom actling moves. Fezzik just stands ther e, kind or	to do? Vizzini: Fin ish him, f inish him. Your e is a large bould er nearby. V izzini: Pick up e ad is in view, hit it with the roc behind the bo ulder and we ed by ez down my sword, and we, begins the ap 't't even exerc there, Fezzik there, Fezzik there, Fezzik that it with the roc ulder and we ed by ez down my sword, and we ise. He flips the towers over him so much. There is a mome arm severely, slips skillfully into a beautifully a scenery. Finally the Man In Black pushes hims	and we Cut To Close Up: Vizzini. Vizz ds alongside. It's a little later in the mo, good, my way. Thank you, Vizzini. (litt ks, get benind the boulder, and in a few Buttercup hurry away. Fezzik: (little frown; e Man In Black, racing up the mountain trail. tarts forward again and as he rounds the bend to the mountain path. He has picked up anothe o what happens now? Fezzik: (gently) I contain the Gia w	r r ock and holds it lig s God intended. Spo buld kill you now. He gets ds ar e sli ghtly in your favo ne Mountain Path And The Two Men. The nt's pau se, a nd then the Man In pplied bear hug, and in gene way, star es up at the Giant. Man
		ck: Oh n he Man I he is rid st figu of th n Black l'ive be e, but s is go is go reak nly al	e will be wearing th with him, only instocked across F ezzik's windpipe, one in frout To Fezzik, as he charges toward a ck. And the power of ink? Fezzik: (his voic for local charities, that kind of thing. Cut Toms the Man In Black a gainst the rough boul mble, but he doesn't, he holds on. Man In Black and you're fighting half a dozen people than wzzik starts to slowly collapse. Cut To Fezzik. sknees befalls, holds there for a moment, and ill. Cut To Fezzik, as the Man In Black turns him the meantime, rest well and dream of lar ips his boot into a footprint in the sand. Coun
is. Because, as he begins to put his fe n? How did it end? Humperdinck: (looki ng down in the po ll we track them both? Humperdinck: The perdinck: (vaulting onto his horse) I alway sthink everything coursini munching on an apple, holding the knife to Buttercup's Th roat. So not he edge of a mountain path with a view a ll the way back to the sea Vizzini: If you wish her dead, by all means kee p moving forward. And he ps an arrangement can be reached. Vizzini: Ther e will be no arrangement—ement, then we are at an impasse. Vizzini: I'm afra ack: Really? In that case, I challenge you to a battle of wits. Vizzini: For I packet from his clothing, handing it to Vizzini. Man In Black: Inhale the more deadlier poisons known to man. Vizzini: Hmm. Cut T ovizzini, watcle maneuver then puts one glass in front of Vizzini, the other infront of him in from what I know of you. Are you the sort of man who woul e was given. I'm not a great fool, so I can clearly not choose the e comes f	sitions, we real ize that what he sition wher elnigo fell unconscious) Only the Princ ess matters-(to the arme ld be a trap-Which chis why I'ms till alive. And he gallo She is blindfolded. A Picnic Spread is laid out. A tablecloth, two and In Black comes running around the path, sees Vizzonshes he shis long knife harder against Buttercup's unprotected to deliberate)-and you're killing her! Cut To Buttercup's Throat, as Vizzonith you physically. And you're no match for my brains. Man In Black: You the Princess? The Man In Black nods. Vizzini: To the death? Another his, but do not touch. Vizzini: (doing it) I smell nothing. Man In Black: (hing excitedly as the Man In Black takes the goblets, turns his back self. Man In Black: All right: where is the poison? The battle of will ison into his own goblet, or his enemy's? He studies the Man In Into fyou. But you must have known I was not a great fool; your worm Australia, as everyone knows. And Australia is entirel	is do The lose d warriors)- ops off- Cut vo goblets zini, slow hroat. Man In Black: Let me explain- Name of the mount selection with his long knife. Buttercup gasps against the pain. Cut ou' ing is miming the fencers. Humperdinck: There's r ran off alone. (points in the direction Vizzini and clearly this was all planned by warriors of Guilder. To The Man In Black, cresting the peak of the mount and between them, a small leather wine container And s. The Two Men study each other. Then- Vizzini: So, it is with his long knife. Buttercup gasps against the pain. Cut ou' re that smart? Vizzini: Let me put it this way: have you ever he	re both masters. Rugen: Who wo rints toward Guilder! Rugen: Sha ugen: Could this be a trap? Hum throat-PULL Back To Reveal Vizz icnic is set on a lovely spot, high lack nods and comes nearer tfully stolen. Man In Black: Perha lack: But if there can be no arrang ck: Yes. Vizzini: Morons. Man In Black pulls a smal tantly in liquid, and is among the test he goblet, because he would know that only me. Man In Black: (And now there's a trac hem, as you are not trusted by me. So I ca
ink that spania carly not choose the wine in front of you. But, you've also bested my e. As Vizzini's pleasure has been growing throughout, the Man In Bla ol's courage) Then make your choice. Vizzini: I will. And I choose-A ily switching the goblets while the Man In Black has his head turned so, and you from yours. And he picks up his goblet. The Man In Black only think I guessed wrong-(louder now)-that's what's so funny! I s "Never get involved in a land war in Asia." But only slightly less taking the blindfold and bindings off Buttercup, who notices Vizzi (a final glance back toward Vizzini) To think-all that time it was y k fought the Man in Black. Camera Pulls Back To Reveal the Prin for Lut To A Wild Stretch Of Terrain. The Man In Black comes runn hy your breath. Buttercup: If you'll release me whatever you ask han Prince Humperdinck. He could track a falcon on a cloudy daup: He knows I do not love him. Man In Black: "Are not capable of s. The next time, my hand flies on its own. For where I come from,	en my gian ing. wouldn't you? (stares at the Man in Black) You've beat ing, you must which means you must have studied. And in study ing, you must been fast disappearing. Man In Black: You're trying to trick me into enly he stops, points at something behind the Man In Black. Vizzini: - v. Oh, well, I-i could have sworn I saw something. No matter. The Man In up the one in front of him. As they both start to drink, Vizzini hesitates glasses when your back was turned. You fool. Cut To The Man In Black is this: "Never go in against a Sicilian when death is on the line." He lad. The Man In Black pulls her to her feet. Buttercup: Who are you? Mat was poisoned. Man In Black: They were both poisoned. I spent the lag, inspecting every grain of misplaced sand. The Others wait behind hir w, still dragging Buttercup, who sometimes stumbles, but he keeps for n you'll get it, I promise you Man In Black: And what is that worth, thind you. Man In Black: You think your dearest love will save you? Butter that you mean. Buttercup: I have loved more deeply than a killer like you penalties when a woman lies. Cut To Vizzini's Body. The picnic is spre	t, which means you're exceptionally strong. So, you could have put the thave learned that man is mortal so you would have put the poison as giving away something-it won't work- Vizzini: (triumphant) It has worke what in the world can that be? Cut To The Man In Black, turning around, a Black turns to face him again. Vizzini starts to laugh. Man In Black: What in the world can that be? List sits to drink first, he swallows to there's nothing he can say. He just sits there. Cut To Vizzini, watching aughs and roars and cackles and whoops and is in all ways quite chee in In Black: I am no one to be trifled with, that is all you ever need know st few years building up an immunity to iocane powder. And with that, I m. Humperdinck: Someone has beaten a giant! (roaring) There will be going her along. Finally, when she is close to exhaustion, he lets go of he promise of a woman? You're very funny, Highness. Buttercup: I was exercup: I never said he was my dearest love. And yes, he will save me. Ti urself could ever dream. And the Man In Black cocks back a fist. Butter and as before. Camera Pulls Back To Reveal the Prince kneeling by the lints. She is aliveor was, an hour ago. If she is otherwise when I find he	our strength to save you. So I can cle arly not choose the wine in front of med-you've given everything away-I know looking. Man In Black: What? Where? I tat's so funny? Vizzini: I'll tell you in a mis wine. Man In Black: You guessed wrow him. Vizzini: You fell victim to one of the yountil he falls over dead. Cut To The M. He starts to lead her off the mountain per takes off, dragging her behind him. Cureat suffering in Guilder if she dies. He leer. Man In Black: (his voice harsh now, contat I know. Man In Black: You admit to mercup flinches, but does not retreat. Man I body as the Others ride up. The Prince g
off- Cut To Buttercup, being spun Into Camera View, falling heavily a stares at him) I know who you are-your cruelty reveals everything. The ntary, Your Highness. Why loose your venom on me? Close-up: Butterc bby? Buttercup: No. A farm boy. Poor. Poor and perfect, with eyes like the sexplaining as a teacher might) I can't afford to make exceptions. Once word I seelling something. I remember this farm boy of yours, I think. This would esimply said, "Please. Please, I need to live." It was the "please" that caying him before he found out what you really are. Buttercup: And what a respect for the dead? Buttercup: You mocked me once, never do it again-left in the self of th	Man In Black releases her. We are at the edge of an almost sheer ravin Man In Black says nothing. Buttercup: You're the Dread Pirate Roberts up, quietly now. Buttercup: You killed my love. Cut To The Man In Black ea after a storm. Cut To Buttercup. And probably, if she did not hate R eaks out that a pirate has gone soft, people begin to disobey you, and be, what, five years ago? Buttercup nods. Man In Black: Does it both ught my memory. I asked him what was so important for him. "True lot? Man In Black: Faithfulness he talked of, madam. Your enduring faith died that day! The Man In Black is about to reply as they stand there on s attention is on the dust cloud, rising high, she pushes him with all the lways down toward the flat rock floor of the ravine. Cut To Buttercup, shave I done? And without a second thought or consideration of the daraperdinck And The Others reining in at the spot where Buttercup promise.	ints. She is alive	In Black: Rest, Highness. Buttercup: (ieces. Man In Black: Hardly complime ince, like this one, ugly, rich, and sca never takes prisoners. Man In Black: (ghness. Anyone who says differently ince, like this one, ugly, rich, and sca never takes prisoners. Man In Black: (ghness. Anyone who says differently ince, like this one, ugly, rich, and sca never takes prisoners. Man In Black: (ghness. Anyone who says differently ince, like this one, ugly, rich, and sca never takes prisoners. Man In Black: (ghness. Anyone who says differently ince, like this one, ugly, rich, and sca never takes prisoners. Man In Black: (ghness. Anyone who says differently ince, like this one, ugly, rich, and sca never takes prisoners. Man In Black: (ghness. Anyone who says differently ince, like this one, ugly, rich, and sca never takes prisoners. Man In Black: (ghness. Anyone who says differently ince, like this one, ugly, rich, and sca never takes prisoners. Man In Black: (ghness. Anyone who says differently ince, like this one, ugly, rich, and sca never takes prisoners. Man In Black: (ghness. Anyone who says differently ince, like this one, ugly, rich, and sca never takes prisoners. Man In Black: (ghness. Buttercup: (inces. Man In Black: Hardly complime ince, like this one, ugly, rich, and sca never takes prisoners. Man In Black: (ghness. Buttercup: (inces. Man In Black: Hardly complime ince, like this one, ugly, rich, and sca never takes prisoners. Man In Black: (ghness. Buttercup: (inces. Man In Black: Hardly complime ince, like this one, ugly, rich, and sca never takes prisoners. Man In Black: (ghness. Buttercup: (inces. Man In Black: Hardly complime ince, like this one, ugly, rich, and sca never takes prisoners. Man In Black: (ghness. Buttercup: (inces. Man In Black: Life is pain, his like this one, ugly, rich, and sca never takes prisoners. Man In Black: Life is pain, his like this one, ugly, rich, and sca never takes prisoners. Man In Black: Life is pain, his like this one, ugly, rich, and sca never takes prisoners. Man In Black: Li