```
h me that pitcher. He gets it, hands it to her; they are standing very close to each other gazing into each other'
unset. They are locked in a passionate kiss. The Kid (off-screen) -hold it, hold it- Cut To The Kid's Room. The
n does it get good? Grandfather: Keep your shirt on. Let me read. (reading again) Westley had no money fo
                                                                                                                                                                           r marriage. So he packed his few belongings and left the farm to seek his fortune across the sea. Cut To Westley And Buttercup. They sta
nd near the gate to the farm, locked in an embrace. Grandfather (off-screen): (reading) It was a very emoti
                                                                                                                                                                           onal 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.
s her arms so tightly around him. They kiss. Then as Westley walks away, Buttercup watches him go. Gr
ho never left captives alive. When Buttercup got the news that Westley was murdered- The Kidt (off-scre
                                                                                                                                                                          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, throw defather: (off-scr een) (reading) Westley didn't reach his destination. His ship was attacked by the Dread Pirate Roberts, w
                                                                                                                                                                                                                     ust a little) -murdered by pirates is good- Cut To Close Up: Buttercup, staring out the window of her roo
m. Grandfather: (off-screen) She went into her room and shut the door. And for days, she neither slept n
                                                                                                                                                                                                                       : (no emotion at all in her voice) I will never love again. Hold On Her Face, perfect and perfectly sad. D
issolve To Florin Castle. Day. The main courtyard of Florin replete with townspeople, livestock, and a bus er before to hear the announcement of the great Prince Humperdinck's bride-to be. Cut To Prince Humpe ng behind him: an Old Couple with crowns, the aging King And Queen, and a dark bearded man who see ple. ..a month from now, our country will have its 500th anniversary. On that sundown, I shall marry a lady like to meet her? And the answering Yesses booms like summer thunder. Cut To A giant staircase leading 't yet.) And if there is such a thing as collective action, then this Crowd, collectively, holds its breath. Cut
                                                                                                                                                                                                                           Grandfather: (off-screen) (reading) Five years later, the main square of Florin City was filled as nev
                                                                                                                                                                     tling marketplace
                                                                                                                                                                                                                           incredible power and bearing, standing in his royal robes on a castle balcony. Three others stand
                                                                                                                                                                    rdinck, a man of
                                                                                                                                                                                                                            match in strength: this is Count Rugen Humperdinck: (raises his hands, starts to speak) My peo
                                                                                                                                                                    ms the Prince's
                                                                                                                                                                                                                            a commoner like yourselves-(pause)- but perhaps you will not find her common now. Would you
                                                                                                                                                                    who was once
                                                                                                                                                                                                                              as a Figure just begins to become visible, Cut To The Crowd, as they see the Figure. (We haver as the figure appears in the archway. It is Buttercup. And she is resplendent. Humperdinck: M
                                                                                                                                                                 to the Crowd and
                                                                                                                                                               To The Staircase
 people...the Princess Buttercup!! She descends the stairs and starts to move amongst the people. Cu
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                hey do a very strange thing: with no instruction at all, they suddenly go to their knees. Great w
aves of people kneeling and- Cut To Buttercup, terribly moved. She stands immobile among her Subject dher. Although the law of the land gave Humperdinck the right to choose his bride, she did not love hardinck's reassurance that she would grow to love him, the only joy she found was in her daily ride. C To Three Men, standing close together in the path Beyond them can be seen the waters of Floring e. He is Sicilian and his name is Vizzini. Beside him is a Spaniard, erect and taut as a blade of s
                                                                                                                                                             blinking back tears
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                 . Hold on her beauty for a moment. Grandfather: (off-screen) Buttercup's emptiness consume
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                 ercup, barreling along, controlling her horse easily. Grandfather: (off-screen) Despite Humpe
Sundown. Lovely, quiet, deserted. Buttercup suddenly reins in. Voice: A word, my lady? Cu
                                                                                                                                                  Cut To Woodlands -and Butt
                                                                                                                                              ut To A Wooded Glen, Close To
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                   ot your everyday commuter types. Standing in front is a tiny man with the most angelic face him is a giant. His name is Fezzik. Vizzini: We are but poor, lost circus performers. Is the
                                                                                                                                                       nnel. The Three Men are n
                                                                                                                                                   . His name is Inigo Montoya. Besid
re a village nearby? Buttercup: There is nothing nearby; not for miles. Vizzini: Then there will b
                                                                                                                                                      one to hear you scream- He nods
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                     to the giant, Fezzik, who merely reaches over, touches a nerve on Buttercup's neck, and t
he start of a scream is all she manages-unconsciousness comes that fast. As she starts to fal aniard, busies himself getting the boat ready. Cut To The giant Fezzik carries Buttercup, unc
                                                                                                                                                       To A Tiny Isolated Spot At The Ed
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                     ge Of Florin Channel. A sailboat is moored. It's dusk now, shadows are long. Inigo, the Sp
                                                                                                                    ons
                                                                                                                                                         s, on board. Vizzini rips some tin
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                     pieces of fabric from an army jacket and tucks them along the saddle of Buttercup's hors
e. There is about the entire operation a sense of tremendous skill and precision. Inigo: Wha
ilder? Vizzini: (pointing straight out) The country across the sea. The sworn enemy of Flor
                                                                                                                                                      t you're ripping? Vizzini: (not sto aps the horse's rump) Go! The ho
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                      ing or turning) It's fabric from the uniform of an Army officer of Guilder. Fezzik: Who's G
                                                                                                                   t is
                                                                                                                                                                                                            pp
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                      akes off. They start for the boat. Vizzini: Once the horse reaches the castle, the fabric wil
                                                                                                                                                                                                         rs et
make the Prince suspect the Guilderians have abducted his love. When he tinds her bod
                                                                                                                                                           d on the Guilder frontier, his sus
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                     ns will be totally confirmed. Fezzik: You never said anything about killing anyone. Vizzini
                                                                                                                                                                                                         pic io
nops onto the boat. Vizzini: I've hired you to help me start a war. That's a prestigious lin
                                                                                                                                                            with a long and glorious tradi
                                                                                                                                                                                                          tion . Fe
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                      zzik: I just don't think it's right, killing an innocent girl. Vizzini: (whirling on Fezzik) Am I g
                                                                                                                  e of w
oing mad or did the word "think" escape your lips? You were not hired for your brains, whe's really getting mad.) Oh. The sot has spoken. What happens to her is not truly yo hows on Inigo's face, but Fezzik is panicked by Vizzini. Vizzini: (to Inigo) - when I found -and you-friendless, brainless, helpless, hopeless-Do you want me to send you back to
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                     h Fezzik. Cut To Close Up: Vizzini, in a fury. Vizzini: (We only thought he was in a fury-nor this-never forget this- Cut To Inigo And Fezzik, as Vizzini advances on them. Nothing s
                                                                                                                                                            potamic land mass. Inigo.
                                                                                                                   you hip
                                                                                                                                                                                                           agree wit
                                                                                                                                                              -I will kill her-(louder) And
                                                                                                                                                             were so slobbering drun
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                       Idn't buy brandy-(now to Fezzik, who retreats as much as he can while Vizzini advances
                                                                                                                                                                                                               k vou cou
                                                                                                                                                               were, unemployed in G
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                       ? Vizzini glares at him, then turns, leaves them. During this, Inigo has gone close to Fezz
                                                                                                                                                                                                                 reenland
ik who is very distressed at the insults he's just received. As Inigo casts off Inigo: (softl
gain, emphasis on the last word.) I think he likes to scream at us. Inigo: Probably he me
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                        hasis on the last word) Fezzik: (looking at Inigo) ... fuss ... fuss...(Suddenly, he's got it a
                                                                                                                      y) That V
                                                                                                                                                          iz zini, he can fuss (a sl
                                                                                                                                                                                                                   ight emp
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                        short on charm. Inigo: (proudly) Oh, you've a great gift for rhyme. Fezzik: Yes, some of cedes. Inigo: Fezzik, are there rocks ahead? Fezzik: If there are, we'll all be dead. Vizzi
                                                                                                                                                           ha rm. Fezzik: He's rea
                                                                                                                       ans no
                                                                                                                                                                                                                    lly ver y
he time. (He starts to smile.) Vizzini: (whirling on them) Enough of that. As they sail of
                                                                                                                        we hea
                                                                                                                                                                                                                     e boat re
i: No morè rhymes now, I méan it. Fezzik: Anybody want a peanut? As Vizzini screams
                                                                                                                              iss
                                                                                                                                                                Ive To The Sailb
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                         ing Across The Dark Waters. Inigo is at the helm, Fezzik stands near the body of the pri
                                                                                                                                                                                                                      oat R ac
ncess-whose eyelids flutter slightly-or do they? Vizzini sits motionless. The waves are h
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                         onal flashes of moon slanting down between clouds. Vizzini: (to Inigo) We'll reach the
                                                                                                                          ghe r,
                                                                                                                                                                  here are only
                                                                                                                                                                                                                       occa si
Cliffs by dawn. Ínigo nods, glances back. Vizžini: Why are you doing that? Inigo: Making
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                         g us. Vizzini: That would be inconceivable. Buttercup: Despite what you think, you will
                                                                                                                                                                  nobody's fo
                                                                                                                                                                                                                          llow in
be caught. And when you are, the Prince will see you all hanged. Vizzini turns a cold eye
                                                                                                                            on
                                                                                                                                                                                                                           Viz
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                         ini: Of all the necks on this boat, Highness, the one you should be worrying about is y
our own. Inigo keeps staring behind them. Vizzini: Stop doing that. We can all relax, it's a
                                                                                                                              lm
                                                                                                                                                                                                                           : Yo
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                         u're sure nobody's following us? Vizzini: As I told you, it would be absolutely, totally,
                                                                                                                                                                 ost over- Ini
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                         e gotten here so fast. Out of curiosity, why do you ask? Inigo: No reason. It's only, I ju and as they do- Cut To The Darkness Behind Them. It's hard to see; the moon is behind
nd in all other ways, inconceivable. No one in Guilder knows what we've done. And no on
                                                                                                                                                                                                                           hav
                                                                                                                                                                  n Florin cou
st happened to look behind us, and something is there. Vizzini: What? And suddenly the T
                                                                                                                                                                                                                          back
                                                                                                                                                                  ee whirl, star
nd clouds now. But the wind whistles. And the waves pound. And suddenly it's all gone o
                                                                                                                                                                   nous. Cut To
                                                                                                                                                                                                                          nigo,
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                         Fezzik And Vizzini squinting back, trying desperately to see. At this moment, they are
                                                                                                                                                                    s still nothing
                                                     ut To The Darkness Behind Them. And ther
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                         een. It's still ominous. Only now it's éeri ¯e too. Then- The moon slips through and- Ini
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                      them, but it's comin
                                                          is very much there. A sailboat. Black. Wi
                                                                                                                                                                     a great billo
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                         I. Black. It's a good distance behind
                                                                                                                                                                                                                           ng sai
g like hell, closing the
                                                            gap. Cut To Inigo, Fezzik A
                                                                                                                                                                                Vizzi
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                        g at the other boat. Vizzini: (expl
s much logic as he ca
                                                               n muster) Probably s
                                                                                                                                                                                                     ou
- C
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                        a pleasure cruise at night thro
                                                                                                                                                                      herma
nfested waters. And
                                                                                            their boat the
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                      To Buttercup, diving into the
                                                                                                                                                                      lurn as we
r, starting to swim aw
                                 ay. Cut To The Boat,
                                                                                                                                                                      ing. Vizzini
                                                                                                                                                                                                    Go
                                                                                                                                                                       To Butter
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                    still close to the boat, switch
                               stion) I only dog paddle.
                                                                                                                                                                                                    cu
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                  igh-pitched shrieking soun
                              t stroke. The wind dies and as it does, some thing new is heard: a no
                                                                                                                                                                       too-dis
                                                                                                                                                                                                    tan
                              treads water. Cut To The Boat. Vizzini: D o you know what that sou
                                                                                                                                                                                                    igh
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                ss? Those are the Shrieki
                                                                                                                                                                        is, H
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                         u doubt me, just w
                                                                                                                                                                                                                           ing water, still not far from
                            ow louder when they're about to feed on h
                                                                                uman flesh. Cut To Butter
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                        the boat. The shriekin g sounds are getting
                                                                                                                                                                                                  read
                                                                                 Boat. Vizzini: If you swim
uder. And more terr
                             fying. Buttercup stays silent. Cut To The
                                                                                                                                                                                                                          w, I promise, no harm will
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                            to you. I doubt you will get such an offer fr
                                                                               rl. The shrieking sound is lo
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                           II, but she doe sn't make a sound. Behind her now, som
                            Buttercup, and she's a gutsy gi
                             gantic slithers past. She's
                                                                     scared, sure, petrified, who wouldn
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                      e, but she makes no rep ly--and now a Shrieking Eel has zero
ething dark and gi
                                                                             short distance away, circlin
                                                                                                                                                                                                                            tartin
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                 g to close- and Buttercup is frozen, trying not to make a move
       ed in on
                                                                                                                                                                                                g, s
                                                                                  he Eel slithers closer,
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                            Buttercup knows it now, there's nothing she can do, it's over, all over
                       ent of any kind- -and t
                   nd now the Eel opens its
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                             e such a noise, and as its great jaws are about to clamp
                                                                                                                                                                                                                               he Eels at this time. And the
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                        second we hear him: Cut To The Sick Kid's Ro
down- Gra
                 ndfather: (off-screen) S
                                                                                       n't get eaten by
om. The Kid looks the same, pale a nd weak, but maybe he
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                ts a little too tightly with his hands. The Kid: What? Grandfather: The Eel doesn't get her. I'm
                                                                                         s gripping th
                                         ecause you looked nervous.
                                                                                           The Kid: W
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                 sn't nervous. His Grandfather says nothing, just waits. The Kid: Well, maybe I was a little bit
explaining to you b
                                                                                                                                                                                            wa
                  ut that's no t the same thing. Grandfather: Be
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                  w if you want. The Kid: No
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                         . You could read a little bit more...if you want. (He grips the s
                                                                                            cause I ca
                                                                                                                                                                              op
            ain, as the Grandfather picks up the book.) Grandfathe
                                                                                                                                                                                оу
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                nd is, Highness?" Cut To Vizzini. We're back in the bo
at. Vizzini: Those are the Shrieking Eels. The Kid: (off screen) We're
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                   pa. Cut To The Sic
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                    k Kid's Room. The Kid: You read it already. Grandf
                                                                                                                                                                                  an
ather: Oh. Oh my goodness, I did. I'm sorry. Beg your pardon. Cut To
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                      ndfather: (off-screen) All right, all right, let's see
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                    eading water. Gra
Uh, she was in the water, the Eel was coming after her. She was frighte
                                                                                            ned. The
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                    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, jaw
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                         ut To A Giant Arm, pounding the Eel uncons
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                    mp down as we
cious in one move, then easily lifting Buttercup. Pull Back To Reveal The
st put her down. Cut To Inigo, pointing behind them. Inigo: I think he's g
                                                                                             Boat Án
                                                                                                                                                            d Fezzik, B
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                    uttercup being de
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                         ited on the deck. Vizzini: Put her down. Ju
                                                                                                                                                              ser. Viz zini, tyin
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                          Vizzini: He's no concern of ours. Sail
                                                                                            etting clo
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                    a Bu
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                               ttercup's
on! (to Buttercup) I suppose you think you're brave, don't you? Butterc
                                                                                                                                                                        at hint) O
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                        me. Dissolve To The Boat At Dawn, be
                                                                                           up: (starin
                                                                                                                                                                       ailed by a
ng followed closely by the black sailboat, which we can see for the fir
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                       most seems to be flying. Inigo: Look! H
                                                                                         st time is b
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                   nd his boat al
                                                                                       sing. Vizzini:
e's right on top of us. I wonder if he is using the same wind we are u
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                      ? (big) The Cliffs of Insanity. And once h
                                                                                                                                                                        ever he is
                                                                                     straight up, sh
e's said the name, Cut To The Cliffs Of Insanity At Dawn. They rise
                                                                                                                                                                         rom the w
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                     impossibly high. Cut To The Two Sail
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                              boats in a wild race for the Cliffs
and the Man In Black is closing faster than ever, but not fast eno
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                    come, and as Inigo sails with great precision s
                                                                                                                                                                         o great
                                                                                                                                                                                                                         over
t To The Boat being pursued. Vizzini: Hurry up. Move the thi
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                     ! (staring back now) We're safe-only Fezzik i
                                                                                   ng! Urn...that o
                                                                                                                                                                                                                       ove it
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                              s strong enough to
go up our way-he'll have to sail around for hours 'til he f
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                     uch activity going on, all of it swift, exp
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                        I. Fezzi
                                                                                                                                                                           or. There
                                                                                                                                                                                                                       is m
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                 ert. economica
k reaches up along the Cliff face, grabs a j
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                     ly there is a thick rope in his hand
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                      gives th
                                                                                                                                                                           nd it. Su
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                   to the boat.
e rope a freeing swing and
                                                                                                                                                                                                                     e wa
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                    y to the top. Cut To Inigo hu
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                            rrying to Fezzik He straps a
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                          harn
                                                  i in the harness. Finally, he himself gets
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                     ess. All three are strapped to Fezzik like papooses. And he star
then lifts Buttercup an d Vizzin
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                    ward the Cliffs of Insanity, watching as Fezzik rises swiftly throu y visible far below. This is the first time we've gotten the real vertigo fe
d the rope, carrying them all along with him as he goes. Cut To The Man In Black
                                                                                                                                                                                                                     n to
moments of dawn. Cut To The Top Of The Cliffs, Looking Down. FEZZIK's Group
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                    eling and it
's a gasper. Cut To Fezzik Climbing On. Buttercup is almost out of her mind with f
he's already over a third of the way done. Cut To The Alan In Black, leaping from h
he didn't know that because he is flying up the rope, hand over hand like lightning. Cut To

Vizzini And The Others. Ini
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                     e Entire Length Of The Cliffs. Fezzik is moving right along; however high the pe, starting to climb. He's impossibly far behind, but the way he goes you'd think
                                                                                                                                                                       s ship to th
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                      's climbing the rope. And he's gaining on us. Vizzini: Inconcei
                                                                                                                          ng Shot-the Cliffs -and the Man In Black is cutti
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                     eeply into Fezzik's lead. Cut To Vizzini And The Others. Vizzini: (shrieking) Faster! Fezzik:
    o nods, increases his pace. Cut To The Man In Black, roaring up the rope, and Cut To Lo
                                                                                                                                                                                                                     g d
                                                                                                                                                                                                                     ng.
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                      And yet he gains. Fezzik: Well, I'm carrying three people. And he's got only himself. Vizz s all. Fezzik: (hurt) Don't say that, Vizzini. Please. And his arms begin moving much more
               hought I was going faster. Vizzini: You were supposed to be this colossus. Yo
                                                                                                                                              u we re this great, legendary t
                     hrough) - I do not accept excuses. (shaking his head) I'm just going to ha
                                                                                                                                               ve to find myself a new gian
slowly. Cut To Th
                      e Man In Black. His arms still work as before. If anything, he has speed
                                                                                                                                                    up. Fezzik's lead is smal
                                                                                                                                                                                                                    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: D to The Cliff Top As Fe zzik Makes It! Vizzini leaps off and takes out a knife, begins to cu
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                        stake? Cut To The Man In Black, less than a hundred feet behind them. And gaining, Cu
                                                                                                                                                     I make it clear that your j
                                                                                                                                                                                                                     is
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                       eat rock while Inigo helps the Princess to her feet and Fezzik just stands around, waitin esemble Stonehenge. Cut To The Man In Black, 75 feet from the top now, maybe less-m
                                                                                                                                                   he rope which is tied arou
                                                                                                                                                                                       nd
                                                                                                                                                                                                                    a g
d of
g for someone to tell him t
                                  o do something. Nearby are some stone ruins. Once they mig
                                                                                                                                                   have been a fort, now they
                                                                                                                                                                                                                  The
) H
ing
an
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                       ope, slithering across the ground and out of sight toward the Channel, like some great s has very good arms. Cut To The Man In Black, hanging suspended hundreds of feet in t own. Vizzini: He didn't fall? Inconceivable!! Inigo: (whirling on Vizzini) You keep using t
aybe only S0-and his pace is a
                                                                                                                                                  he last of the rope and Cut
                                        s dazzling as before, and Cut To Vizzini, cutting throug
                                                                                                                                          h t
erpent at last going home. Cut To Fe
                                                                                                                                                dge. Fezzik: (to Inigo-impres
                                                zzik, standing with Inigo And Buttercup by the cl
he air, holding to the jagged rocks, desper
hat word-I do not think it means what you think it m
                                                              ately trying to cling to life. Cut To Vizz
                                                                                                                                     ini, stu nned, turning to the Others, I
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                         o he is. Verrrry slowly, he is picking his way upwards, sometimes afoot at a time, som
                                                                   eans. (looks down again) My Go
                                                                                                                               d! He's cli mbing. Cut To The Man In Bla
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                        and must therefore die. (to Fezzik) You, carry her. (to Inigo) We'll head straight for the duel him left-handed. Vizzini: You know what a hurry we're in. Inigo: Well, it's the onl off-screen) Oh, have it your way. Cut To The Man In Black, still creeping his wang out) I'm waiting! Fezzik nods, hurries after Vizzini. Cut To Inigo. He watch
etimes an inch. Cut To The Group At The Top, star
                                                                         ing down. Vizzini: Whoeve
                                                                                                                                             obviously seen us with the Pri
                                                                                                                                                                                        nce
                                                                                                                           r he is, he's
Guilder frontier. Catch up when he's
                                                                             dead. If he falls, fine. If
                                                                                                                                             the sword. Inigo nods. Inigo: I
                                                                                                                                     not.
                                                                                                                                                                                        wan
                                                                                my right-tch-over to
y way I can be satisfied. If I use
                                                                                                                                      0
                                                                                                                                            quickly. Vizzini: (turns abruptly
                                                                                                                                                                                         , sta
upward. Cut To Fezzik, wheo goes to Inigo. Fezzik: You be careful. (Gravely)-people i
                                                                                                                                             masks cannot be trusted. Vizzi
                                                                                                                                                                                        ni: (c
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                         few of his honed fencing skills. He is a taut and nervous fellow, and has him. Inigo Is Watching. Cut To Inigo, walking away. Finally he goes bac eroes neeting. They don't know it yet; but that's what it is. Inigo: (ho
hem depart, then turns, peers down over the Cliffs. He watches a moment, then paces,
                                                                                                                                           shaking his hands loose. He pra
                                                                                                                                                                                        ctices
en one for waiting around. Cut To The Man In Black, climbing on. He must be six inches
                                                                                                                                            closer to the top than when las
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                  k to cliff ed
                                                                                                                                                                                        t we s
ge, starts to talk. It's instant death if the Man In Black falls, but neither gives that possib
                                                                                                                                           ility much credence. This is our
                                                                                                                                                                                            tw
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                llering down
Hello there. The Man In Black glances up, kind of grunts. Inigo: Slow going? Man In Bla
                                                                                                                                           ck: Look, I don't mean to be rud
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                ut
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                          this is not as easy as it looks. So I'd appreciate it if you wouldn't d
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                              istract me. Ini
o: Sorry. Man In Black: Thank you. Inigo steps away, draws his sword, loosens up with a
                                                                                                                                              few perfect thrusts. Then res
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                         hes and looks eagerly over the edge again. Inigo: I do not suppo
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                            se you could sp
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                           something useful to do. Inigo: I could do th
eed things up? Man In Black: (with some heat) If you're in such a hurry, you could lowe
                                                                                                                                              r a rope, or a tree branch, or
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                nd
some rope up here. But I do not think that you will accept my help, since I am only wai
                                                                                                                                              ting around to kill you. Man
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                          lack: That does put a damper on our rel
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                       ationship. (He finds
                                                                                                                                                                                             In
another hold a few inches higher.) Inigo: Bút I promise I will not kill you until you reach
                                                                                                                                             e top. Man In Black: That's v
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                          comforting. But I'm afraid you'll jus
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                   t have to wait. Inigo: I hate waiting. I c
ould give you my word as a Španíard. Man In Black: No good. I've known too many Sp
                                                                                                                                             ards. And he just hangs the
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                          n space, resting, gathering his es his right hand high, his
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                         strength. Inigo: You don't know any way you'
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                    eyes blaze, and his voice takes on a tone we have
trust me? Man In Black: Nothing comes to mind. And on these words, Camera Zooms
                                                                                                                                             to a Close Up of Inigo. He r
not heard before. Inigo: I swear on the soul of my father, Domingo Montoya, you will r
                                                                                                                                            ch the top alive. Cut To The
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                Ma
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                           n In Black There is a pause. Then, quietly: Man In Black: Throw me the rope. Cu
To Inigo. He dashes to the giant rock the rope was originally tied to. Cut To The Man
                                                                                                                                             lack as his grip loosens a
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                           ment, trying to cling to the side of the cliff. Cut To Inigo, now with a small coil of rop
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                mo
e, hurries back to the e dge and hurls it over- Cut To The Rope. It hangs close to the M
                                                                                                                          an In Black
                                                                                                                                             . He releases the rocks, gra
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                            the rope, hangs helplessly in space a moment, then looks up at Inigo and- Cut To
igo, straining, forcing h is body away from the cliff edge and- Cut To The Man In Black
the Man In Black crawl s to safety, then looks to Inigo. Man In Black: Thank you. (pulling
                                                                                                                     rising through
                                                                                                                                             the early morning light, slo
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                              steadily, and as the cliff top at last comes within reach- Cut To Inigo, watching as
                                                                                                                                            We'll wait until you're ready
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                              an In Black: Again. Thank you. The Man In Black sits to rest on the boulder that on
                                                                                                                 his sword) Inigo:
ce held the rope. He tu gs off his leather boots and is amazed to see several large rocks
                                                                                                                                            t. The Man In Black wears
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                              ves. Inigo stares at them. Inigo: I do not mean to pry, but you don't by any chance
                                                                                                                        tu mble ou
happen to have six fin gers on your right hand? He glances up-the question clearly baffl
                                                                                                                                             Man In Black: Do you alw
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                               begin conversations this way? Inigo: My father was slaughtered by a six-fingered
                                                                                                                            s him
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                 ays
man. He was a great swordmaker, my father. And
                                                                      when the six-fingered man a
                                                                                                                               ppe
it-i
                                                                                                                                           ared and requested a spec
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                              word, my father took the job. He slaved a year before he was done. He hands his s
word to the Man In Bla ck. Man I
                                                                                                                                           mpressed) I have never se
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                 en it
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                               s equal. Cut To Close Up: Inigo:
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                               Éven now, this still brings pain. Inigo: T
                                                      eturned and demanded it, but at one-tenth h
                                                                                                                                           promised price. My father
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                ed. Without a word, the six-fingered man
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                 slashed him through the h
he six-fingered man r
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                  refus
                 d my f ather, so, naturally, challenged his murderer to a duel ...i fa e tou ches his scars) Cut To The Man In Black, looking up at Inigo. Man I
                                                                                                                                           d ...the six-fingered man d
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                   id le
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                  e me alive with the six-fingered sword, but he
eart. I love
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                            gave me these. (
                                                                                                                                           lack: How old were you? I
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                was eleven years old. When I was strong enough, I dedic
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                       ated my
                          study of fencing. So the next time we meet, I will not fail. I will go u
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                              ny name is Inigo Montoya. You killed my father. Prepare to die." M
                                                                                                                                 p t
                                                                                                                                            o the six-fingered man and say,
 an In Black: You've
                          done nothing but study swordplay? Inigo: More pursuit than study
                                                                                                                                               ely. You see, I cannot find him. It's been t
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                              I am starting to lose confidence. I just work for Vizzini to pay the bills. Th
ere's not a lot of mo  ney in revenge. Man In Black: (handing back the great sword, starting
ou seem a decent fellow. I hate to kill you. Man In Black: (wa Iking away a few paces, unsh
                                                                                                                                                                                                                           go: You are ready, then? Man In Black: Whether I am or not, you've been more than fair. Inigo: Y
. I hate to die. Inigo: Begin! And on that word. Cut To The Two Of Them. And what we are starting i
                                                                                                                                                  se) Well, I certainly hope you find him,
                                                                                                                                                                                                  someday. Ini
                                                                                                                                                     hing his sword) You seem a decent
                                                                                                                                                                                                   fellow
ow is one of the two greatest swordfights in modern movies (the other one happens late
                                                                                                                                                         , and right from the beginning i
                                                                                                                                                                                                                            t looks different. Because they aren't close to each other-none of the swords-crossing "en garde
garbage. No. What we have here is two men, two athletes, and they look to be too far a
                                                                                                                                                               ay to damage each oth
                                                                                                                                                                                                                            er, but each time one makes e ven the tiniest leint, the other counters, and there is silence, and a
s they start to circle- Cut To The Six-fingered Sword, feinting here, feinting there and-
                                                                                                                                                                  Cut To The Two
                                                                                                                                                                                                                            Men, finished teasing, begin t o duel in earnest. Their swords cross, then again, again, and the s
ound comes so fast it's almost continual. Inigo presses on,
                                                                           the Man In Black retreati
                                                                                                                                                                                                                            ky incline. Inigo: (thrilled) Y ou're using Bonetti's defense against me, ah? Man In Black: I though
                                                                                                                                                                  ng up a roc
ht it fitting, considering the rocky terrain- Inigo: Naturally, yo
                                                                                                                                                                   ack with
                                                                                                                                                                                                                               Capo Ferro- And he shift s his style row. Man In Black: (coping as best he can) -naturally-(sù
                                                                            u must expect me to att
ddenly shifting again)-but I find Thibault cancels out Capo Fer
                                                                             ro, don't you? The Ma
                                                                                                                                                                    n In Bla
                                                                                                                                                                                                                              is now perched at the
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                              edge of the elevated castle ruin. No where to go, he jumps to the sar
d. Inigo stares down at him. Inigo: Unless the enemy has studie
                                                                               d his Agrippa- An
                                                                                                                                                                    d now, with the grace of an Olympian, Inigo
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                              somersaults clean over the Man In Black's head, and lands facing his
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                flies off the per ch,
opponent. Inigo: -which
                                      I have. The Two Men are almos
                                                                                 t flying a
                                                                                                                               cross the rocky terrain, never losing balance, never coming close to stu
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                  mbling; the b att
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                             le rages with incredible finesse, first one and then the other gaining
                           age, and by now, it's clear that this isn't
                                                                                                                                   st two athletes going at it, it's a lot more that that. This is tw
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                          o leg
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                           ndary swashbucklers and they're in their prime, it's Burt Lancaster in
                   he Crimson Pirate battling Errol Flynn in Robin
                                                                                                                                                                              hen, incredibly, t
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                           he action begins going even faster than before as we Cut To Inigo. And
                                                                                                                                                        Hood and t
             behind him now, drawing closer all the time, i
                                                                                                                                               s the deadly e
                                                                                                                                                                                    dge of the Clif
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                             fs of Insanity. Inigo fights and ducks and feints and slashes and it all
       works, but not for long, as gradually the M
                                                                                                                                        an In Black keep
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                             nigo back, closer and closer
                                                                                                                                                                                            s the advan
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                    tage, keeps forcing I
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                        ou-l've worked hard t
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                         o become so. The
   to death. Ínigo: (happy as a clam) You a
                                                                                                                                   rful! Man In Blac
                                                                                                                                                                                                   k: Thank
                                                                                          ced toward it. Inigo:
Cliff edge is very close now. Inigo is continually being for
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                               I am. Man In Black:
                                                                                                                                       it-you are
                                                                                                                                    iles. Ìn
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                         o: Because I know something yo nigo: I am not left-handed. And he
hy are you smiling? Inches from defeat
                                                                                             , Inigo is, in fact, all sm
u don't know. Man
                                                                                     In Black: And what is
                                                                                                                                  that
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                    to his right hand and immediately,
                                                                             s the six-finge red swor
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                      d in
                                                                      he tide o
                                                                                                   f bat
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                         tle t
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                  urns. Cut To The Man In Black, stunned,
                                                 s to r
To Ini
                                                                thing h
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                       Inigo by the Cliff edge. But no use. Slow
                       doing every
                                                                                               e ca
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                           eep
        ly at first, he begin
                                                                                          etre
                                                                                                                                                                                                                at. Now f
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                             r. Inigo is in control and the Man In Bla
                                                                                 ck, go.
                                                                                                                                                                                                                        And the six-f
ck is desperate. Cut
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                   red sword is all but invisible now, as h
                                                                                                                                                                                                                            then suddenly sw itch g to a turret-shaped pl
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                            es styles again. Cut To A Rock
e increases his
                                            atta
y Staircase
                                                                              din
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                  ateau, and the Man In Bla
                                                                           reati
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                      ng like mad up the ste
ck is ret
                                                                      nd he
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                           can't stop INIGO-n
                                                                  othing can
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                               stop INIGO-an
                                                           d in a frenzy
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                     the Man I
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                         very f
                                                  n Black makes e
                                           eint, tries every
                                                                                                                                                                                                               he has
                                     lets go with all
                              left. But he fails.
                                                                                                                                                                                                                 Everythin
                        g fails. He tries one
                                                                                                                                                                                                                    or two fina
                   I desperate moves b
                                                                                                                                                                                                                     ut they are n
              othing. Man In Black
                                                                                                                                                                                                                         : You're amazi
                                                                                                                                                                                                                          be after twenty y
         ng! Inigo: I ought to
   ears. And now the M
                                                                                                                                                                                                                            an In Black is sma
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