

DARBY PETTY
AND
THE LOST TREASURE OF THE IVERNI

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INT. OGHAM - TUNNELS - NIGHT

A flash of light and Darby appears in an underground cavern eerily lit by bioluminescent large, pulsing groups of blue SLUGS clumped in every nook of the cave ceiling. The silence broken only by the sound of DRIPPING water.

DARBY

Sean? SEAN!

She panics, grips the charm tightly.

DARBY (CONT'D)

Freddy's not faulty!

The charm shocks her so hard it knocks her down and she drops it. Darby struggles to regain her composure.

Still straining to see in the faint blue light, she looks around and, in disbelief, sees the charm floating in mid-air a few feet away some fifteen inches off the ground.

Every time she reaches for the charm, it moves away, dancing just out of her reach. She mutters at the evasive necklace.

DARBY (CONT'D)

How is it doing that?

From nowhere a gruff VOICE answers back.

VOICE

Not how, but who.

Darby recoils from the hovering charm.

VOICE (CONT'D)

And I'll be askin' the questions.

The deep, raspy voice bellows.

VOICE (CONT'D)

I know *how* you got here.

The necklace levitates higher.

VOICE (CONT'D)

I want to know *why* you got here and what's more, I want to know how you got *this!*

The charm thrusts toward her. She can't go back any farther, she's already pressed against the cavern wall.

DARBY

I stole it. I'm sorry.

The enraged disembodied voice shouts back from the darkness.

VOICE

YOU? A child? More than one of us has gone missing over the centuries tryin' to recover this! And you expect me to believe that?

Darby nervously talks to thin air.

DARBY

Come out where I can see you.

MALACHI

Oh, you can see me. Just open your eyes to it.

She strains to see in the dim light. Nothing. Until she glances down. Darby begins to distinguish an outline.

She makes eye contact with something... Someone. She SEES a two-and-a-half-foot tall man in front of her, MALACHI.

A long gray beard and thick mustache hide most of his face. The slits of his dark, cautious eyes stare back at her coldly.

He wears a well-worn tartan kilt and sash. A thick leather strap around his chest holds a long BROAD-SWORD diagonally across his back. His muscular hairy forearms and legs are oversized: well-defined, powerful.

DARBY

Oh my God! You're little. Give me my necklace. I'm getting out of here.

MALACHI

Oh no lass, you'll be stayin' right here.

Darby defiantly talks back.

DARBY

Right. And who's going to stop me?

Darby scrambles to her feet with her hand out for the necklace.

He straightens up and puffs out his chest.

MALACHI

Me. Malachi.

DARBY

You? And what army, little man?

Right before Darby's eyes a hundred other outlines of little MEN appear to emerge out of the cavern walls surrounding her.

Some are as tall as thirty inches high, some thin, some fat. All wear a similar tartan uniform. They have LONGBOWS, and CROSSBOWS, SWORDS, and MACES.

The warriors point their weapons and advance toward Darby.

MALACHI

Would this be a start, lass?

Although Darby towers over the little people, their sheer numbers are intimidating.

DARBY

Little people?

MALACHI

First off, we're no' lit'le, yer a giant. And we prefer the term leprechaun.

DARBY

Did you just say... Leprechaun?

An angry MURMUR ripples through the crowd of warriors.

MALACHI

Where were we? You stole it. Say I believe you. Why did you steal it?

DARBY

I... I'm just taking enough stuff to get money -- so I can go home.

MALACHI

So, you only steal out of necessity?

Darby nods.

MALACHI (CONT'D)

We only steal out of necessity too.

Her look brightens. He scans the crowd. They nod their approval.

MALACHI (CONT'D)

But we, a society of thieves, do *NOT* tolerate thievery among us--Throw her down the pit.

He gestures toward his followers. In a flash twenty small Celtic warriors surround her.

Their blades press into her flesh, forcing her forward.

DARBY

Ouch! Stop. Wait. If you're
leprechauns, aren't you supposed to
give me a pot of gold?

This creates an even louder reaction from the crowd.

LEPRECHUAN #2

The human *is* here to steal our
treasure!

MALACHI

You know what this means.

The warriors stop. All eyes turn to Malachi. A loud shout
goes up from the group.

ALL LEPRECHUAN'S (TOGETHER)

The pit. The pit.

They shove Darby forward.

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