



Scripts.com

# Jack the Giant Killer

By Orville H. Hampton

The legend of  
"Jack the Giant Killer"...  
was born more than  
a thousand years ago...  
in Cornwall, England...  
near Land's End.  
There was a time  
when the kingdom of Cornwall...  
lived in fear and trembling  
of the black prince Pendragon...  
master of all witches,  
giants, and hobgoblins...  
who ravaged the land.  
But at long last,  
Herla the wizard...  
drove Pendragon and all  
his witches from the kingdom...  
and exiled them beyond  
the reaches of the known world.  
Here, on a misty isle...  
uncharted and unknown...  
Pendragon schemed  
and waited for the day...  
when he would return  
to power in Cornwall.  
Then, after many years,  
the day came.  
It was a day of great rejoicing  
in Cornwall...  
and kings and princes  
bearing gifts...  
came to celebrate  
a special occasion.  
Know then, Princess Elaine...  
that as you are  
by the grace of God...  
the only child  
of our noble king...  
therefore I now place  
upon your head...  
this ancient coronet  
of the house of Cornwall.  
May you wear it in honor  
as befits our future queen.

Rise, Elaine.  
Trumpeters,  
proclaim the festivities.  
Let the bells ring.  
Health and happiness  
to the princess Elaine!  
May she live  
to be a hundred years!  
For the great Elaine's  
birthday.  
Come on! Move aside!  
For your country!  
As the people of Cornwall  
celebrated, Pendragon arrived.  
Make way!  
And now  
the presentation of gifts!  
His Highness...  
Vallons, Duke of Normandy.  
His Excellency,  
the prince of Tarquin Isle...  
Elidorus.  
It is exquisite,  
King Meliodas.  
Elidorus?  
Know you this prince,  
Chancellor?  
Never have I heard the name...  
yet there's something faintly  
familiar if I can but recall.  
Your most gracious majesty  
King Mark...  
I apologize for the lateness  
of my arrival.  
Prince Elidorus?  
I cannot seem to remember.  
When was it that we met?  
We never have, Your Majesty.  
Yet you honor  
my daughter's birthday?  
I have always admired  
the crown of Cornwall.  
Therefore I took the liberty of  
bringing Her Royal Highness...

a small, but unique gift.  
If you please, Garna.  
Certainly, master.  
Thank you, Prince.  
May I see what's inside?  
Allow me, Princess.  
A music box.  
He walks.  
Why, he could almost be alive.  
A nation merchant  
of whom I acquired him...  
spoke of a curious talent.  
Look, Father,  
what an unusual gift.  
I believe  
he wishes this dance.  
Certainly, my cavalier.  
Oh, you were wonderful.  
What an enchanting gift,  
Prince Elidorus.  
Enter.  
More gifts.  
Bring them over here.  
Put them on the table.  
Careful, now.  
You were lovely today,  
Princess.  
Your father was proud of you.  
I think my father  
is slightly prejudiced.  
It was nice to be remembered  
by so many people.  
One day, it'll be a crown  
you'll be wearing...  
the queen of a mighty kingdom.  
My father still has  
many good years ahead of him.  
I don't like to think  
about that day.  
Of course not.  
When you're young,  
it's only today that counts.  
Into bed with you.  
Good night, Princess.

Sleep well, Lady Constance.  
A pity to shatter your innocent  
dreams, Princess Elaine...  
but the throne of Cornwall  
is to be mine...  
and only you can  
give it to me.  
Garna, quickly.  
Cormoran will meet you  
at the place appointed.  
Be assured, master.  
All will be as you wish.  
No! No!  
Princess!  
It's the princess!  
Something's happened  
to the princess!  
Guards! Guards!  
The princess!  
No! No!  
My daughter!  
Elaine! Elaine!  
Make room.  
Break it down.  
Elaine!  
Your Majesty! Your Majesty!  
A giant is running off  
with the princess!  
Alarm! Sound the alarm!  
Guards! Guards! Stop him!  
Stop him, men!  
Lower the gates!  
Drop the portcullis!  
Get him!  
Repair the bridge, men!  
Axes and poles!  
Guards, lend a hand!  
We can't let him  
out of our sight!  
It's been years  
since giants were banished.  
Why would they return now?  
Why?  
Come on, Jonathan, Tom.

It's a beautiful day.  
OK, Tom. Come on, back.  
Back, back.  
Come on, Tom.  
Come on.  
What's the matter  
with you two this morning?  
We have to get that feed to town  
whether you like it or not.  
Now come on.  
No more nonsense. Back.  
What's going on  
around here?  
Well done, Cormoran.  
Leaving so soon, Princess?  
Why, your voyage  
has just begun.  
No, no, no!  
Let me go, please! Help!  
Who's to hear you, Princess?  
Now quiet!  
The master has planned...  
a nice long voyage for you,  
in honor of your birthday!  
Don't!  
Cormoran!  
Cormoran!  
Look out!  
Cormoran!  
Cormoran, after them!  
Head them off!  
Bring them back!  
Head them off!  
Quick, the loft!  
Look out! Run!  
Are you all right?  
You've done it.  
You killed him.  
It was nothing.  
I kill a giant every morning  
before breakfast.  
Starts my day right.  
I think you'd better  
put this on.

You, farmer.  
Have you seen the princess?  
Your Majesty.  
Kneel, girl. It's the king.  
The princess, Your Majesty?  
Elaine. Young man...  
be good enough to come down  
from there with my daughter.  
Oh, l... I'm sorry, Princess.  
I didn't know.  
Well, young man?  
We must keep  
the king waiting.  
Elaine.  
Father.  
The Lord has been merciful.  
Oh, father,  
this is the young man...  
who so bravely rescued me  
from the giant.  
Rise, my boy.  
Jack, Jack.  
Oh, Jack.  
You're safe.  
When I saw  
that horrible monster...  
Mother, this is the king.  
Your Majesty.  
Rise, madame.  
Forgive me. I was so thankful  
to see my son alive.  
I'm so thankful  
to see my daughter alive.  
Oh, poor child. I have some  
hot porridge on the fire.  
She'll need warmth and rest...  
before she returns  
to the castle.  
You've done a most  
remarkable deed, young man.  
Thank you, Your Majesty.  
I'm proud to serve the king  
as my father did.  
Your father served the crown?

Yes, in the royal archers.  
He fell at the Battle  
of Land's End.  
A noble battle then,  
a noble battle now.  
Your father would have been  
proud of you this day.  
Come, let's have a look  
at your giant.  
Hideous creature.  
The boat... the strange boat that  
was taking the princess away.  
Hurry, Your Majesty.  
But it was...  
There it is...  
the small black craft.  
And there was a strange,  
dwarf-like man, Your Majesty.  
The servant, Garna.  
You know him, Sire?  
I know him...  
and his master.  
Master!  
Master!  
Master Pendragon!  
What happened?  
Calamity, O prince.  
Most fateful disaster.  
The princess...  
where is she?  
Cormoran is dead...  
slain by a young farmer.  
By now the princess is back  
in her father's castle.  
Impossible. You're lying.  
I tell the truth, master.  
I swear it.  
He took her from me at the boat  
and then killed the giant.  
I saw it with my own eyes.  
Blundering fool.  
A fury take you  
to your torment...  
all of you!



I scheme a thousand nights...  
put the princess  
in your very hands.  
And you, imbecile, idiot...  
allow a mere farmer,  
a mortal, to defy me.  
We have failed, master.  
We have failed.  
But only for a moment.  
I shall have the princess,  
and the farmer shall die.  
By all the powers of darkness,  
he shall die.  
For returning to us  
the princess...  
alive and well...  
as by a miracle...  
and so delivering us from  
the ravages of our enemies...  
we dub thee Sir Jack...  
protector of the realm.  
Rise, Sir Jack.  
May you serve this court  
with honor...  
as did your father  
before you.  
- So be it.  
- Amen.  
Your Majesty.  
Your Majesty.  
What is it, Chancellor?  
We must talk privately  
at once.  
- Can't it wait?  
- This is very important.  
Very well.  
Attend Sir Jack, daughter.  
I'll return presently.  
Congratulations  
upon your knighthood, Sir Jack.  
- I'm so proud of you, Jack.  
- Sir Jack now.  
I'm honored to shake  
your hand, Sir Jack.

At long last, a hero  
in the court who is young.  
And handsome.  
It's a bit warm here.  
Would you mind seeing me  
to the terrace, Sir Jack?  
Certainly, Princess.  
Thank you for rescuing me.  
You saved my life once,  
remember?  
Hail to Sir Jack.  
To Jack the Giant Killer.  
Hail, Sir Jack!  
Hail, Sir Jack.  
I think my rescuer  
has acquired a new name.  
I seem to have acquired  
more than a new name.  
It's a great honor.  
I only hope  
I can be won'thy of it.  
That's my father's way  
of thanking you.  
This is mine.  
I shall immediately go out  
and find another giant to slay.  
Before breakfast?  
"Know also that these  
ageless giants with horns...  
"and satyr-like features...  
"who roam  
our Cornwall countryside...  
"destroy and plunder...  
"at the bidding  
of their master, Pendragon."  
These records were lost  
among the archives...  
of your father's reign.  
I've only just uncovered them.  
Then this Prince Elidorus  
is really Pendragon in disguise.  
The prince of witches.  
But why would he want  
to seize the princess? Why?

If we knew that,  
we'd know what to do.  
There's only one thing  
we can do.  
We were fortunate this time...  
but Pendragon is certain  
to make another attempt.  
I'm going to entrust you with  
the most important mission...  
ever given  
to a Cornish knight...  
to protect the life of  
the princess until she's safe.  
I will certainly try to be  
won'thy of your trust, Sire...  
but is one guard enough?  
Our only defense is secrecy.  
There aren't enough men  
in all Cornwall...  
to protect the life  
of the princess...  
should her whereabouts  
become known to Pendragon.  
At dawn, you and Elaine,  
disguised as peasants...  
will travel to a convent  
in Normandy.  
When the princess  
is safely within its walls...  
you will return here.  
That means  
I'm to live in exile.  
It won't be easy, Father.  
Believe me, Elaine,  
it's the only way.  
Very well, Father.  
I'm ready to do  
whatever's best.  
Go now.  
Prepare yourself  
for the journey.  
Good night, Father.  
Good night, my dear.  
We have plans to make.

The dawn comes much too soon.  
You'd better go now.  
It's getting late.  
Is there anything more  
I can do for you, mistress?  
No, nothing more,  
Lady Constance.  
I shall miss you.  
And I shall pray  
for your safe journey.  
We'll send word as soon as  
it's safe to return to Cornwall.  
Take care of her, Jack.  
No one will harm her  
while I live, Your Majesty.  
Quiet, Gaunt, quiet.  
We have a mission for you  
at last...  
a most interesting mission.  
Patience, patience.  
Patience.  
Fly straight and true, Gaunt.  
Our master will be most eager  
for your message.  
Master.  
Master! Black prince!  
Look! It has come  
from the castle.  
So you finally decided  
to visit us, eh, Gaunt?  
Bringing a little present.  
She sails  
with the morning tide.  
What kind of a voyage  
is it to be, eh, Tubo?  
Smooth and tranquil?  
All right, lads,  
bear a hand on that halyard!  
You, man, lay a hand there!  
Heave!  
Heave!  
Heave!  
Heave!  
Lay your backs into it, lads!

Heave!  
Heave!  
Heave!  
Heave!  
How goes it, Captain?  
Fair skies  
and a spankir breeze.  
No man could ask for better.  
I haven't seen miss Elaine  
since mid-mornir.  
Nor I.  
She's not in her cabin.  
Probably with the helmsman.  
Come on, mind the wheel, Jack.  
Peter!  
Aye, Father.  
Have you seen  
our lady passenger?  
Aye. She's here with me.  
Well, come up  
and lend a hand, lad.  
- We've got a landfall to make.  
- Aye, Captain.  
He's a fine lad, your son.  
That he is.  
And smart as paint.  
And he can haul a jib  
as proper as any man aboard.  
Here you are, son.  
Take over the helm.  
I'll get a bite to eat.  
Jack, you can give  
Miss Elaine...  
her first glance  
at the continent.  
Thank you, Captain.  
Oh, you can see much better  
from up there, off the larboard.  
Helmsman,  
keep her teeth in the wind.  
Aye, Captain.  
I didn't realize  
we were so close to shore.  
This makes it even closer.

Do you want to look?  
It's already too close.  
Soon I'll be in the convent,  
and you'll be going back.  
I'll be alone.  
The sisters will take  
good care of you.  
It's been such  
a wonderful voyage...  
just the two of us.  
I wish I didn't have  
to go in hiding...  
that I could stay  
as a make-believe peasant girl.  
I wish I were a genie  
to make your wish come true.  
Suppose you were?  
What would you do?  
I would turn myself  
into a great prince...  
and I would search every farm  
and village of England...  
until I found you.  
Then I would hold you  
and tell you that I love you.  
And I would answer  
that I love you.  
But it wouldn't be make-believe,  
Jack, because it's true.  
And then we'd fly away  
on my magic carpet...  
and live happily  
together forever after.

Jack.

All right, lads! Heave!

- Heave!

- Ho!

- Heave!

- Ho!

All right, lay your backs  
to it, lads!

- Heave!

- Ho!

- Heave!

- Ho!  
- Heave!  
- Ho!  
- Heave!  
- Ho!

Pipe the captain!

All hands lay to!

What happened?

Captain!

Rocks, Captain.

We've run aground.

Mid-channel?

There are no rocks here.

All hands lay to!

- Are you all right, lad?

- Aye.

What did we hit?

I don't know. Look at the sky.

It's turning dark.

And we've stopped moving.

'Tis unnatural.

Captain, look aloft!

Witches!

Witches!

Witches!

Who is it, Captain?

This witch is accursed.

- It's the work of the devil.

- It's the devil himself.

Devil or witch

or whatever you are!

You may have the wind on me now,

but you'll not scuttle my ship.

Captain!

Witches!

Witches!

We're doomed!

- Run for you lives!

- Witches, witches!

- Witches!

- Come with me.

Peter, up here!

Witches!

Father, here.

Lock the door  
and let no one in.  
Witches! Witches!  
Witches!  
A witch!  
Captain! Captain!  
More witches  
on the quarter deck.  
Witches!  
Sail across my bow, will you?  
Father!  
Father!  
Jack!  
Jack, Jack!  
Look!  
Jack!  
Jack, Jack!  
No!  
Elaine!  
The witches! They're going!  
Father!  
We're moving.  
Look, it's getting light.  
Captain.  
Let's head for home!  
They must  
turn back the ship.  
Captain!  
Back to England it is, lads.  
Make ready to come about.  
Bosun, I'm taking command  
of this ship.  
Oh, you are?  
You hear that, lads?  
Our passenger's  
taking command of the ship.  
- In His Majesty's name.  
- In His Majesty's name.  
And where would our Royal  
Highness wish us to sail him?  
We're going to save the girl.  
His Majesty can have  
this blasted tub...  
as soon as we're safe



ashore at Cornwall.  
As for me, I'll not sail in the  
wake of those accursed witches.  
Turn to, we're comir about.  
Listen, you men!  
Sail to England...  
and you'll all swing  
from the gallows!  
Elaine is the royal princess  
of Cornwall!  
Aye, and I'm the caliph  
of Baghdad.  
Well, then,  
throw him overboard!  
Over the side!  
Over the side!  
I'll get ya!  
Jack, Jack!  
Jack!  
O Isis...  
keeper of the magic flame...  
behold thy shrouded minions...  
demons of the dark assembled...  
to prepare before the altar  
of thy eternal flame...  
a neophyte to serve thee  
in thy mystic labyrinth.  
Behold...  
O Isis...  
the eye of ancient Egypt.  
Arumah...  
Barabas, Urgat.  
Maruga...  
Maroya, Garat.  
Awake, Princess of Cornwall.  
Open thine eyes.  
Gaze deep within  
the sacred orb of egypt.  
Bathe your innermost soul  
in the magic flame.  
Now let the blood  
in your veins...  
intermingle with the blood...  
of the ancient spirits

of the dark nether world.  
Behold yourself in the mirror.  
Now, are you one of  
the mystic coven of witches.  
The court  
of His Exalted Majesty...  
King Mark of Cornwall  
is now in session.  
Let the stranger  
approach the throne.  
Pendragon.  
You dare to come here?  
Guards!  
I detect a chill  
in your hospitality...  
but perhaps Your Majesty  
does not wish to hear...  
of the whereabouts  
of the royal princess.  
He couldn't possibly  
know about Elaine.  
Approach the throne.  
Thank you, Your Majesty.  
Speak forth, black prince.  
I merely wish to inform  
Your Majesty...  
that your daughter did not reach  
the convent as you planned.  
What have you done with her?  
Where is she?  
Only I know that.  
I don't believe you.  
You're lying.  
Do you think so?  
Behold.  
Elaine.  
Elaine.  
Do you really think  
I am so stupid...  
as to bring the girl herself?  
That illusion was merely  
to prove to you...  
that I have her in reality.  
My daughter...

is she safe?  
Perfectly. At my castle.  
What is it that you want of me?  
My terms are simple...  
merely that you abdicate  
within a week.  
You may take your chancellor and  
any aides that you require...  
and leave England,  
never to return.  
But who will rule my country,  
govern my people? You?  
On the contrary.  
The next in legal succession  
will ascend the throne.  
Her coronation  
will take place...  
immediately after  
your abdication.  
You mean my daughter  
will become queen?  
You see? My terms are generous,  
are they not?  
With you by her side  
to advise her.  
That may be as may be.  
You have one choice to make,  
King Mark.  
Your daughter or your throne.  
In a week, I shall return  
for your answer.  
You hold my daughter, witch,  
but we hold you.  
Seize him!  
One week, King Mark...  
no more.  
How could he have known  
of our plans?  
Outside of the two of us...  
Lady Constance!  
Except for  
the princess and Jack...  
only we three knew  
we were sending Elaine away.

Surely,  
you don't think it was I...  
- Look into that mirror.  
- No, no!  
According to legend,  
if you're a witch...  
the mirror will reflect  
your true soul!  
All right, it was I  
who told the master.  
Break the mirror!  
Break the spell!  
Oh, forgive me.  
I'm sorry, I'm sorry.  
Forgive me, forgive me.  
We do not blame you,  
Constance.  
Forgive me.  
We pity you.  
I'm sorry.  
I'm sorry.  
Ahoy on board!  
Help!  
Ahoy!  
Help!  
Strange fish  
in the sea today.  
Here, drink.  
All of it.  
It's good, Sigurd,  
after it's down.  
We were trying to remember if  
you'd ever seen these witches.  
Oh, the witches.  
Yeah.  
Ah, I sailed these waters  
under Eric the Red.  
Sailed in fifty ships, we did,  
to conquer Ireland.  
Oh, it was wonderful...  
the fighting, the plundering.  
Yes, but did you ever see  
the witches?  
Oh, the witches, the witches.

These old eyes have seen  
many strange sights.  
Once when Eric the Red and I  
were sailing south...  
we saw a school of dragons  
in the sea.  
Yes, but these witches  
were in the sky...  
and their leader  
had three horns on his head.  
And he carried a pitchfork.  
A pitchfork.  
That shot blue flames.  
Blue flames.  
Sounds like  
Tubo the warlock to me...  
Pendragors witch  
from across the sea.  
- What was that?  
- The imp of the bottle.  
I fished him up  
in my nets one day.  
He claims to have great powers,  
but he will do nothing for me.  
Have a care!  
Just a moment!  
You ugly mean devil!  
Couldrt you wait?  
I asked for nothing.  
And nothing you'll get,  
you murderous Viking.  
Me power's reserved  
for one to me liking.  
A little toy man.  
Insulting a leprechaun.  
A toy, you say?  
Oh, for that there'll be  
the devil to pay.  
Now hush up and listen.  
Jack here is a good and true lad  
with... with a just cause.  
There's a princess to be  
rescued from the witches...  
and I need help.

A noble aim, if spoken true.  
Pick up the bottle...  
I dare you to.  
A caution...  
if you've told a lie...  
the glass will glow,  
and your hand will fry.  
Faith, and after  
a thousand years...  
at last  
an honest man appears.  
Have you been in there  
that long?  
He was imprisoned  
by the king of elves...  
for dabbling in the black arts.  
I'd finished me work,  
me shoes heeled and sewn.  
All I did was to make me  
these boots out of gold.  
Not just boots,  
seven-league boots.  
Made out of the old pot of gold,  
you baboon...  
to go around the world  
and over the moon.  
You'll help me, then?  
These magic coins  
will aid your mission...  
if you'll agree  
to one condition.  
When they're gone,  
there are only three...  
you'll smash the glass  
and set me free.  
It's a bargain, then.  
For his island we'll sail  
to twist Pendragors tail  
And the princess we'll save  
from that horrible knave  
I'm off on a fling,  
I'll get out of this thing  
A free man I'll be,  
oh, tralura tralee

At least we're here,  
thanks to the imp.  
Now to find out  
where he's hiding Elaine.  
You think it wise  
for you to go alone?  
I think there's less chance  
of being discovered.  
Suppose you're caught, Jack?  
We'll see  
if our little friend here...  
is as good as he says he is.  
Who led you safely  
across the brine?  
You do your part,  
I'll do mine.  
I'll put my trust  
in that sword.  
We'll see.  
Remember to put  
some fresh water aboard.  
Be careful, Jack.  
Good luck.  
We don't often have visitors.  
A clever lad.  
How would he fair,  
do you suppose...  
against our castle's defenses?  
It would be a most diverting  
spectacle to see.  
You cannot fight  
these men with stone.  
Look about you,  
seize a bone.  
A bone, to fight them?  
A bone to fight  
their magic might.  
A bone to get  
a fairer fight.  
Don't be asking  
questions, dunce.  
Seize the bone...  
now, at once.  
Thanks, imp.

Thank me later,  
on the ship.  
Right now,  
get cracking with that whip.  
A magic whip.  
This alters things.  
He must be dealt with  
differently.  
Enter, lad. Enter.  
Don't look back  
in that direction.  
I'll take care  
of your protection.  
Welcome to castle Pendragon.  
I had a sample  
of your welcome outside.  
I must compliment you  
on your valor, young man.  
First you vanquished  
Cormoran, my giant.  
Then you found your way  
to this island...  
a feat in itself.  
And just now you lashed at  
and destroyed my dragon men...  
with your magic whip...  
a stroke of genius.  
A real tragedy to have come  
so far only to suffer failure.  
You're so sure I have failed?  
I am, indeed.  
For you see, if you take  
one step toward me...  
horns will sprout  
from your head.  
A second step, and you will  
develop cloven hooves...  
and walk on all fours.  
A third step...  
and the transformation  
will be complete.  
You will have become  
a black ram.  
So, you see?



Your sword  
can be an antidote...  
to givir you a cashmere coat.  
Hold it 'fore you as you go,  
hilt above and point below.  
No horns.  
No hooves.  
No wool.  
Defeated, did you say, witch?  
Please, let us dispense  
with theatricalities.  
My powers are obviously  
completely without effect...  
against your own.  
Therefore,  
I yield to the inevitable.  
I'm curious, how do you acquire  
such potent forces?  
- The princess.  
- She is not here.  
- Produce her, or die.  
- She's not in the castle.  
Then where?  
On the other side  
of the island...  
there are the ruins  
of a little Roman temple.  
She is imprisoned there.  
Have her brought to me at once.  
If you wish  
to free the princess...  
you must go there.  
How do I know I can trust you?  
Arert we rather forced  
to trust each other?  
There seems no other way.  
Very well.  
But make no attempt  
to trick me.  
Master, your magic...  
what's happened?  
Princess!  
Out of my way, you yelping dogs,  
and let me think.

Never have I failed  
to turn a mere mortal...  
into a cringing beast.  
But he was able to withstand  
the strength of my magic.  
It was the sword, master.  
The burning sword.  
It was not only the sword,  
you fool.  
Have you forgotten  
the magic whip?  
He has a strange power...  
perhaps some ancient talisman  
of the black arts.  
We must find the secret  
of this power.  
Perhaps I can help.  
He doesn't know I'm one of you.  
Perhaps you can.

- Garna.  
- Yes, master.  
Take her to the ruined temple.  
Yes, master.  
There you will appear to him  
as the princess Elaine.  
Princess. It's all right.

- Jack.  
- You're safe now.

Dear Jack,  
I prayed you'd come.  
I have a boat on the beach...  
waiting to take us  
back to England.  
Can you walk?  
I'll be all right.  
Ahoy, Sigurd! Peter!  
The cask is gone.  
They must still be  
looking for water.  
Well, they'll be  
returning soon.  
I'd better make ready to sail.  
I never thought  
I'd see you again, Jack...

or that I'd ever leave  
this island alive.  
We had the luck  
of the Irish on our side.  
Surely it would take more  
than luck to defeat Pendragon.  
Luck and the secret  
of my magic weapon.  
You mean this?  
The sword? No.  
That's just  
Sigurd's rusty old blade.  
I was talking about my friend,  
the imp of the bottle.  
He's a leprechaun, imprisoned  
in the bottle by a magic spell.  
We both owe him everything.  
Oh, such pretty words  
you'd better say...  
till we are safe  
and far away.  
Is there something wrong,  
Princess?  
I guess...  
being chained out there  
for so long...  
I'm cold.  
We can wait in the cabin.  
This'll warm you.  
Is there anything...  
some hot tea to drink?  
Well, this brew of Sigurd's...  
isn't exactly fit  
for a princess...  
but it is warming.  
I'll pour it.  
Get another cup, Jack.  
We'll drink together  
to our escape from this island.  
That I will gladly do.  
I wish Peter were here  
to celebrate with us.  
Yes, and Sigurd, too.  
You'll like him.

Thank you, Princess.  
To a safe voyage home.  
And to us.  
To a happy future.  
You and I together, Jack...  
To a happy future.  
You and I together, Jack...  
for the rest of our lives.  
To us.  
To us.  
All right, to us.  
Oh, it's strange  
to feel happy...  
at a time like this,  
but when we sail...  
What's the matter, Jack?  
I don't know.  
Suddenly I feel strange,  
as if...  
I were going to...  
Fresh air.  
She must be evil,  
the bottle's hot.  
She pretends to be  
what she is not.  
Watch it there!  
Don't rock the ship!  
Saints preserve us,  
I'm going to slip!  
Ahoy on board.  
Sigurd!  
Jack. Jack!  
Sigurd, come here, quick!  
Your imp stands between me  
and the throne of Cornwall.  
Where is he?  
You have great magic powers.  
Find him yourself.  
Yes. I will.  
Only twice in my existence  
have I been thwarted...  
once by Herla the wizard...  
and this second time by you.  
Herla is dead.

Yes, and I will die, too,  
rather than betray my king.

I shall hope to make you  
change your mind.

Garna.

Yes, master.

Peter. Sigurd.

For the last time,  
where is the imp?

Release the Viking.

I am afraid you were not  
sufficiently impressed...  
on your first visit.

I'll give you a new  
demonstration of my powers.

Sigurd!

Now... the boy.

Look at me.

Look at me!

Stop it!

Jack!

Peter!

Wait!

Jack, tell him, please!

I can't.

Look at me.

Peter! Peter!

And now, my dear,  
you are next.

What do you suppose  
would be most fitting?

A serpent?

Or perhaps a toad?

Or would you prefer to tell me  
where you have hid the imp?

Your loyalty to your king  
is touching...

but your allegiance to  
the princess is another matter.

You have...

you have until

these sands run out...

to convince your knight

that he is being most unwise.

Garna.

I advise you,  
consider carefully.

Please, Jack, tell him  
where you hid the imp.

You've got to to save us all.

Is that why you drugged me,  
to get the imp?

I did it to save your life.

He threatened to kill you  
if I refused.

He was watching every move.

He'll kill you now if you don't  
tell him where you hid the imp.

Then I'll have to die because  
I don't know where the imp is.

You really don't know?

It's the truth, Princess.

I don't know.

You were a fool  
to come here, Jack.

Your fate was sealed the moment  
you set foot on this island.

The only thing that kept  
you alive was the imp.

As soon as the master returns,  
you die, all of you.

Princess, you are bewitched.

Break the mirror  
before it's too late.

Break the spell  
he cast over you.

Untie me!

Help me before it's too late!

And what would you save me from,  
Prince Charming...

my reflection?

Look at me.

Gaze upon my true self.

Am I not beautiful?

Why be the princess  
of Cornwall...

when I can be queen  
of all England?

Think of it.  
How exciting.  
A witch on the throne  
of England.  
I forgot.  
Pity you won't be there.  
Peter! Peter!  
That's right.  
Come over here and untie me.  
Over here!  
Untie me quickly!  
No!  
No!  
No!  
Get away from there.  
Get back in your cage.  
Please, let him be!  
Master!  
Pendragon, help!  
Help me! Pendragon!  
Master!  
Help me!  
Help! Master!  
Master! No!  
No! Master!  
No, please!  
No!  
Sorry, Princess.  
Master!  
Forgive me.  
Forgive me.  
Garna, quickly.  
Pendragon.  
Master, the cage...  
it's empty, too.  
This would explain it.  
Flaming gauntlets live.  
Fight.  
Wait.  
There's a secret passage  
out of the castle this way.  
Hurry.  
No matter.  
They cannot reach the boat.

Jack! Jack! Come back!  
The boat is just beyond  
those rocks.  
Run for the rocks.  
It's a matter  
of a few moments now.  
At least we're safe in here.  
Not at high tide.  
Ahoy there, you,  
whoever you be!  
Get me out of  
this boilir sea!  
The imp.  
Peter, give it to me, quick.  
Hurry, imp,  
your last good deed.  
Do it now.  
Please, hurry.  
Beware of her.  
She'll change your features...  
like she did  
those other creatures.  
She was under  
Pendragors spell...  
but it's broken now.  
Hurry! Your magic!  
In all the kingdom  
under the sea...  
there's just one creature  
might set you free.  
Well, throw the coin.  
Call him.  
Master, they're making  
for the boat.  
Out of my way!  
Master, they're escaping!  
Give me room!  
Can't you help us,  
just once more?  
Oh, I would if I could,  
but you've had your three.  
Look at me purse.  
It is empty, see?  
No! Jack!



Jack, help!

Jack! Jack!

Jack!

Jack?

Peter. Sigurd.

How wonderful.

- Jack, come on!

- Come on!

- Come on.

- Come on.

Come on.

Sigurd.

Ahh, Peter,

you're restored, too.

When you killed Pendragon,  
it broke the spell over us.

And look at his castle.

Destroyed forever.

You'll find dry clothes  
in the cabin.

Just a minute.

I have a promise to fulfill.

You got a hammer?

Here. See?

Be careful. Don't hurt him.

Will you be still  
and calm your fears?

I've been waitir  
ten hundred years.

Now, watch the glass.

Just a minute.

Have a care.

The bottle...

turn it, give me air!

Sorry, I was only...

Never mind the lame excuse!

Break the glass  
and then let me loose!

Little imp, you're free!

Free at last,  
to breathe and bend...

thanks to you,  
me noble friend.

For you, Elaine,

some sound advice.  
Opportunity knocks,  
but never twice.  
So if it's happiness  
you'd woo...  
marry Jack.  
He's the lad for you.  
I intend to.  
The little people  
are waitir for me...  
in Ireland there,  
across the sea.  
Ah, it is a beautiful place,  
the fairest of fair...  
and me seven-league boots  
will get me there.  
So bless you all  
and have no fear.  
Your course for home  
will soon be clear.  
He's gone.  
What did he mean  
about our course?  
Look! Over there, in the sky!  
If your homeward way  
you'd wend...  
follow the rainbow  
to its end.  
- Good-bye, imp!  
- Good-bye, imp!  
Good luck!  
He was a loyal friend.  
I'll miss him.  
Uh, come boy,  
we must get on our course.  
She doesn't answer  
to the helm very well.  
Oh, she will do  
to get us back to England.  
To England... and home.