

Meal Of Fortune

By

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FADE IN:

INT. BANQUET HALL - DAY

Tapestries adorn the wall; a long table with rough chairs in the middle of the room.

SUPER - LONDON ENGLAND 1016 A.D

A CHEF and SERVANTS set the table. The entrance doors burst open. A group of English warriors, covered in blood and shit, YELL in triumph led by their King EDMUND(25).

Edmund sits at the head of the table flanked by two SMARTARSE GUARDS. BUSTY WENCHES serve ale, giggling.

EDMUND

Men, we have repelled the Saracen threat. England's shores are safe once more. Eat, drink and be merry!

The warriors CHEER, chug down their ale.

SMARTARSE GUARD ONE

Funny how the Saracens were so far from their desert homeland.

SMARTARSE GUARD TWO

Well, their Caliph did say their navigators were more used to riding camels than boats.

SMARTARSE GUARD ONE

I'll bet.

The chef approaches the King.

CHEF

Milord, my staff have worked hard for hours to prepare a great feast.

EDMUND

Excellent, my good chef! My soldiers and I are famished.

SMARTARSE GUARD ONE

Isn't 'chef' a French term that won't be first used until the nineteenth century?

SMARTARSE GUARD TWO
Ssh. You'll spoil it.

The servants bring out platters of meat and spuds from the kitchen. Suddenly, the doors burst open again. A MESSENGER stumbles in, out of breath, covered in dirt and shit.

MESSENGER
Milord, I bring news from Norwich.
The Norman army has landed. Already
they have sacked Durham.

A silence as all turn to the King. He looks longingly at the food. SIGHS, stands and buckles his sword on.

EDMUND
Come, my good fellows. The sooner
we rout the Normans, the sooner we
may eat. Chef, prepare a new feast,
ready for our return.

SMARTARSE GUARD ONE
Back to the grind, I guess.

SMARTARSE GUARD TWO
Yep. Pity...I'm so hungry I could
eat the bum out of a dead leper.

As one, they all troop from the room. The messenger sits in a chair. He starts to hoe into the meat at a furious rate. The chef and wenches watch in amazement.

CHEF
Boudica's hymen, this lad can eat!

BUSTY WENCH ONE
Let's hope he saves enough energy
to service all of us, now the men
have gone. Right, girls?

The wenches TITTER. The messenger lifts his head, gives them the thumbs up. Sticks his head back in the trough.

A WEEK LATER

Same scenario. The table is set, food and drink ready. The messenger is in a corner on a primitive IV drip. The doors burst open. Edmund and crew tramp in.

EDMUND
The Norman army is no more.
England's shore is safe, blah,
blah...right, let's dig in.

SMARTARSE GUARD ONE
Surely we've beaten most armies of
the world by now.

SMARTARSE GUARD TWO
Don't jinx it!

The doors burst open. Another MESSENGER staggers in.

EDMUND
Fuck.

NEW MESSENGER
Milord, Sauron has unleashed his
army of Mordor into Wessex. Already
they have taken Ipswich.

SMARTARSE GUARD ONE
Wait...wasn't the One Ring cast
into Mt Doom last month?

SMARTARSE GUARD TWO
No. The useless hobbits blew it.

SMARTARSE GUARD ONE
I told Gandalf they were shite.

Edmund SIGHS, stands up, buckles, etc. His men are all
quiet, some weep. The wenches are undressing the messenger,
who is trying to get to the meat.

EDMUND
The sooner we kick Orc butt, well,
you know the drill...

They tramp out. The chef watches sadly. Behind him, the new
messenger is already engulfed in tits and thighs. The first
messenger crawls over, IV drip dragging...

A WEEK LATER

Same deal. Table set. Food ready. Doors burst open, one
falls off the hinge. Edmund and the boys hurry to the table.

EDMUND
No speeches! Just eat!

SMARTARSE GUARD ONE
Interruption on one...two...

SMARTARSE GUARD TWO
Shut the fuck up!

The single door bursts open, falls off. A THIRD MESSENGER...

SMARTARSE GUARD ONE

Three...aargh.

The other guard runs a sword through him. The third messenger runs in, already waving to the wenches. The chef sidles up to Edmund.

THIRD MESSENGER

Milord, Norse ships led by Cnut The Great are sailing up the Thames.

SMARTARSE GUARD TWO

Apt name. Heard he's a right cu__

CHEF

Milord, I must speak with you.

EDMUND

Not now. It seems I'll never get to eat at home anytime in the future.

He and his warriors prepare to leave. The third messenger ignores the food and goes straight to the booty of plenty.

EDMUND

Let's take our anger out on this Viking who misspells his own name.

SMARTARSE GUARD TWO

Cnut... More like a Great cu__

CHEF

Milord, please, I beg you. I have found a solution to your woes.

EDMUND

You have thirty seconds, chef. Or you'll see that I too can be a cu_

CHEF

Milord, if you will step outside.

EXT. COURTYARD - DAY

The group emerge from the doorless hall to an amazing sight. On a large cart drawn by four steeds, a huge bull stands, completely frozen solid in a block of ice.

CHEF

Milord, this bull has been slow cooked for hours. We snap froze it and you can now take it into

CHEF
 battle. When needed, you can cut
 pieces off, thaw them out, reheat.
 I give you... the frozen dinner.

EDMUND
 Merlin's nut bag, this is perfect!

Great CHEERS from the warriors. They swarm to their horses.
 The smartarse guard claps the chef on the shoulder.

SMARTARSE GUARD TWO
 Never knew you were a clever cu__

His words are drowned out by the BLAST of a war horn...

A NARRATOR watches as they all ride off. The chef nods.

NARRATOR
 Alas, Edmund and his brave men were
 massacred by Cnut. The great bull
 was made into Swedish meatballs,
 and Cnut became ruler of England.

He walks across the courtyard. Two fresh graves nearby.

NARRATOR
 Who is buried there?

CHEF
 The first two messengers. Both died
 of sexual exhaustion.

NARRATOR
 Half their luck... But, in time,
 Cnut was overthrown and England was
 ruled by Englishmen once more. Yet,
 a thousand years later, the Norse
 would have sweet revenge in the
 form of furniture that was
 impossible to assemble correctly.

He shakes his head sadly. The wenches appear at the door.

NARRATOR
 Fuck you Ikea...

CHEF
 I've heard of them. Mob of cu__

He's drowned out by the SQUEALS of the wenches as they swarm
 over him and the narrator...

FADE OUT