

(Name of Project)

by
(Name of First Writer)

(Based on, If Any)

Revisions by
(Names of Subsequent Writers,
in Order of Work Performed)

Current Revisions by
(Current Writer, date)

Name (of company, if applicable)
Address
Phone Number

Episode 1: "Diamond of Danger"
A mysterious, dramatic, Middle Eastern melody plays.

ANNOUNCER

From the mysterious east, from the
not-so-distant past, RKO Radio and
Luxo Linaments are proud to
present...

Musical stab.

ANNOUNCER

Bellydancing Ninjas!

Musical stab.

ANNOUNCER

Episode one -- "Diamond of Danger."

Music resumes.

FX: Fade in sounds of a crowded marketplace.

ANNOUNCER

Marrakesh. 1935. A beautiful woman
makes her way through a crowded
marketplace.

Street hawkers fade in and out.

MERCHANT #1

... treasures! Treasures from the
tombs of...

MERCHANT #2

... will weave a spell to enchant
any man or beast into your...

BAKRAJ

sounding remarkably like Peter
Lorre The finest vegetables! Good
fruits, low prices, for only -- he
pauses

ANDALIB

Surprised to see me alive, Bakraj?

FX: Sound of biting into an apple.

BAKRAJ

Andalib Hassan!

ANDALIB

Take me to the Throat.

BAKRAJ

This is nonsense. I... I am but an innocent fruit-seller. And besides, the Throat doesn't even exist!

FX: Swooshing sound.

BAKRAJ

Ow! Ow!! No, he would kill me!

ANDALIB

Bakraj, I saved your life on that Libyan freighter.

BAKRAJ

But I can't walk into his mansion with a... a...

ANDALIB

Jewel merchant. We'll say that I'm a jewel merchant.

BAKRAJ

sighs All right. This way, 'jewel merchant.'

ANNOUNCER

Together they make their way to the palatial residence of the Throat, criminal mastermind of all of Marrakesh. They meet him in his elegant courtyard.

BAKRAJ

This is --

ANDALIB

Gawharat Al-Hadeera. I represent people who... acquire interesting and valuable things.

BAKRAJ

Your majesteriality, I tried to stop her.

THROAT

Nonsense. They call me the Throat. I'm a humble farmer, with nothing more interesting than an ox.

ANDALIB

My party would like to buy the Hassid Diamond.

FX: Everyone reacts in shock.

THROAT

Miss Al-Hadeera. Everyone knows that the Hassid Diamond was stolen from Prince Nabeen. Owning it would make me a... criminal.

BAKRAJ

Unctuous Sir. No one thinks you're a criminal.

THROAT

Bakraj!

BARKAJ

Sorry sir.

THROAT

And your interest would make *you* a criminal, too. Or perhaps... someone sent by the Prince... right, Gawharat? Or should I say...
(dramatic pause)
... Andalib?

ANDALIB

No!

THROAT

Yes, Miss Hassan. And here it is...

FX: Gleam! "Glittery" sounds follow.

ANDALIB

The Hassid diamond!

BAKRAJ

It's beautiful!

THROAT

Please! Take it!

ANDALIB

What?

THROAT

Take the diamond. Have a look.

FX: Shing!

THROAT

That's right. Fifty swordsmen who would all lay down their lives for me. Tip-top security. Against you, a mere slip of a girl.

BAKRAJ

Sir, I don't think --

THROAT

SILENCE!!!

BARKAJ

Yes, sir.

THROAT

You have nothing to fear. I want you to tell your precious Prince that we have the diamond. So you won't give up your life today. We'll just have to settle for...

FX: Short blade drawn.

THROAT

... one of those long, pretty fingers.

Ominous music.

FX: Angry scream, at muffled, soft dynamic, getting louder, until...

FX: Glass shatters.

ANDALIB

Sadira!

FX: A bit more glass-breakage.

SADIRA

Ow. I said I'd show up in case of trouble, and not to worry, the rescue is in hand.

ANDALIB

Sadira...

SADIRA

The Throat, you face a force more powerful than you can possibly know.

THROAT
 (beat)
 Right.

SADIRA
 Give up now, and we may, uh...
 spare your miserable life. Yeah.

ANDALIB
 Sadira...

THROAT
 Protectors!

SADIRA
 Huh?

PROTECTORS
 Ay!

THROAT
 SLAY THEM!!!

PROTECTORS
 Ay!

SADIRA
 Uh-oh.

FX: Swords being unsheathed.

FX: Advancing footsteps, in sync.

Ominous music.

SADIRA
 Uh-huh. I know. Some rescue.

ANDALIB
 Wait for it...

SADIRA & ANDALIB
 NOW!

ANNOUNCER
 We'll continue our story in just a
 moment.

Upbeat production music.

ANNOUNCER

In the harsh conditions of the unforgiving desert, skin can get dry and irritated. And for *your* skin, nothing soothes like Luxo!

SINGERS

Lu-xo!

ANNOUNCER

In the Middle East or the Northwest, in Persia or Poughkeepsie, remember the name: Luxo Luxuriating Cream! Because you *deserve* the luxury.

SINGERS

Luxo! It lu-xur-i-ates your skin!

ANNOUNCER

And now, back to our program.

SADIRA & ANDALIB

NOW!

FX: "Shing!"

BAKRAJ

The Zills of Death!

FX: Zills ringing in rapid succession, intercut with sound of punches and kicks.

ANNOUNCER

Yes, the Zills, ancient Middle Eastern finger cymbals, and in the hands of the Bellydancing Ninjas... deadly weapons.

PROTECTOR #1

Fall back! Fall back!

THROAT

No! Fight!
(gasps)
Andalib!

ANDALIB

Not so tough without all your boys?

THROAT

What?

FX: *Whap.*

FX: *Thump* of diamond hitting floor.

FX: 'Glittery' sounds.

ANDALIB

I'll take that, thank you.

THROAT

No! Protectors! Help!

PROTECTORS

Ay!

FX: More sounds of fighting.

ANNOUNCER

As the ninjas fight their way to the exit, the Throat and Bakraj regroup under a table.

THROAT

That fighting style can only mean one thing.

BAKRAJ

Bad Protectors, sir?

FX: *Smack.*

THROAT

No, you fool.
(bitterly)
Bellydancing ninjas! AFTER THEM!!!

PROTECTORS

Ay!

ANNOUNCER

With the Throat's personal army in hot pursuit, Andalib and Sadira escape the palace, but get separated in the bustling Marrakesh marketplace.

FX: Exterior marketplace sounds.

FX: Andalib, running.

MERCHANT #1

... treasures! Fine treasures of...

FX: Trip, thump, tumble.

MERCHANT #1

AAGGH!!

ANDALIB

SADIRA!!!

MERCHANT #2

... and *this* fine potion wi --
WHAAGH!!

FX: *Crash!*

PROTECTOR #1

There she is!

PROTECTORS

Ay!

ANDALIB

Ah! This way.

ANNOUNCER

Andalib spies an entrance into the
Throat's munitions building, and
rushes inside to hide and regroup.

FX: Door opens, shuts.

FX: Andalib climbs steps.

FX: Protectors clamor outside the door

PROTECTORS

One, two, three!

FX: Door busts open.

ANDALIB

Great. The roof. Boxes of gunpowder
everywhere. No way off but... down.
A long way down.

PROTECTOR #1

There she is!

FX: Tromping feet, as the Protectors march into place.

THROAT

Andalib Hassan.

ANDALIB

Throat, you make one move I'll
throw the Hassid Diamond so far
into the city you'll never find it.

THROAT

Ah, the irony. You have something of great value to me... and I have something of great value to you!

SADIRA

Mmmph!

ANDALIB

Sadira!

Musical stab.

THROAT

So now you must choose, ninja: the diamond, or the girl.

SADIRA

No! Don't do it! Mmph!

FX: Clunk.

ANDALIB

Here.

THROAT

You gullible fool!

SADIRA

Noooo!!!!

Her voice fades away.

ANDALIB

(gasps)

Sadira!

FX: Something catches fire.

ANDALIB

Throat. Only you would light a torch in broad daylight.

THROAT

And only you, Andalib, would pick such a bad time to stand next to a giant box of gunpowder!

FX: Slight whoosh of a torch being thrown, then a GIANT EXPLOSION.

Opening theme plays again.

ANNOUNCER

Is this the end for Andalib and
Sadira? Will the Throat succeed in
his nefarious plan to rob the
Prince? Find out during our next
exciting installment of...

Musical stab.

(MORE)

ANNOUNCER

Bellydancing Ninjas!