

**KNIGHTS OF THE ROUND STABLE**

Written by:  
Catherine Day

Opening Credits

A cartoon title card reads:

LUNGE LINE STUDIOS PRESENTS:  
THE KNIGHTS OF THE ROUND STABLE

The title card fades out. An announcer's voice

ANNOUNCER

Last time we saw our pony pals, they  
were on a quest to restore the Water  
Trough of Youth.

During the announcer's monologue, footage of the horses plays.  
Footage: The horses fighting a monster with too many eyes.

ANNOUNCER

But then the tantalizing trough was  
revealed as a capsized cask!

Footage: The horses reach the center of a beautiful glade, but  
the trough is a leaky wooden tub.

ANNOUNCER

Now Sir Prancelot has set his sights on  
a far greater prize.

Footage: Sir Prancelot researching old tomes, stroking his chin  
with a hoof.

ANNOUNCER

Will our heroes be able to find the  
mysterious MacGuffin and win the day?  
Find out on this episode of

The logo for the series spins onto the screen, reading in big  
bubble letters:

ANNOUNCER

THE KNIGHTS OF THE ROUND STABLE!

Text at the bottom of the screen reads EPISODE 117: THE QUEST  
FOR THE HOLY PAIL.

EXT. KNIGHTS' CASTLE - DAY

Establishing shot.

INT. THE BATTLE ROOM - CONTINUOUS

LADY WHINNYVERE, a chestnut horse, and MORGAN LE HAY, a buckskin horse, are standing around a table. SIR PRANCELOT, a dappled grey horse, bursts into the room.

SIR PRANCELOT

Mares, I have found our next quest!  
I have decided to search for-  
(Pauses for dramatic effect)  
The Holy Pail!

He spreads a map out across the table, weighing it down with two horseshoes.

SIR PRANCELOT

Though the Pail may seem only a legend,  
I'm sure, this time, that the legend is  
true!

MORGAN LE HAY

You said that the last 116 times we  
went on a quest. At this point, we're  
basically living in a serialized  
adventure series.

LADY WHINNYVERE

I'm starting to think whatever divine  
force rules this universe is simply in  
it for the riches.

(Beat)

Speaking of riches: what does this  
"Holy Pail" even do?

MORGAN LE HAY

Perhaps it gives endless grain to the  
lucky foal who finds it?

SIR PRANCELOT

It confers god-like powers onto those  
who possess it!

MORGAN LE HAY

Meh. Grain is better.

LADY WHINNYVERE

I can't imagine that endless grain would have been good for my figure.

MORGAN LE HAY

What figure?

LADY WHINNYVERE

Oh, get off your high horse, Le Hay.

SIR PRANCELOT

Ladies, please, you both have wonderful haunches.

He strikes a heroic pose.

SIR PRANCELOT

Now, ready our armor! We are off to find the Holy Pail!

A graphic scene transition a la 1960s Batman finishes off the scene, complete with cheesy sound effects.

EXT. THE FOREST - DAY

The Knights, in questing armor, are trotting along a forest path. Besides the sound of the hoof beats, a clip-clopping noise can be heard. Sir Prancelot raises his hoof.

SIR PRANCELOT

Halt!

The Knights come to a stop. The clip-clopping noise continues.

SIR PRANCELOT

I cannot seem to figure out where that noise is coming from. We have stopped trotting, yet it continues.

LADY WHINNYVERE

You mean the noise that sounds like someone banging two coconut shells together to imitate hoof beats?

SIR PRANCELOT

Yes, exactly.

LADY WHINNYVERE

Morgan's been making that noise since  
we left the castle.

ZOOM OUT to reveal Morgan Le Hay banging two coconut shells  
together. She stops when they notice her.

MORGAN LE HAY

What? It says here in the script-

LADY WHINNYVERE

(Sighing, cutting her off)

Morgan's antics aside--Prancy, why have  
we stopped?

MORGAN LE HAY

Are we lost?

Sir Prancelot tosses his mane.

SIR PRANCELOT

We are not *lost*, I simply do not know  
what direction to continue in-

MORGAN LE HAY

We're lost. Why didn't we stop an hour  
ago when I said as much?

LADY WHINNYVERE

Stallions never ask for directions.

A rustling is heard from the bushes. A completely black donkey  
twice the size of any of the Knights emerges.

KNIGHT OF NEIGH

Who goes there?

SIR PRANCELOT

We three are the Knights of the Round  
Stable, and we seek the Holy Pail. Who  
are you?

KNIGHT OF NEIGH

We are the Knights Who Say Neigh! We  
are tasked with guarding this forest.  
You shall not pass!

MORGAN LE HAY

Isn't that someone else's line?

LADY WHINNYVERE

And who's "we?" I see only you.

SIR PRANCELOT

And you're a donkey, not a horse!

KNIGHT OF NEIGH

Neigh! Neigh! Neigh! I was only given  
the script a few minutes ago, and it  
wasn't that well written to begin with.

SIR PRANCELOT

We mean you no harm, Knight of Neigh.  
We merely wish to continue on our  
quest. Will you stand aside?

KNIGHT OF NEIGH

I'll have to check the script...

He rifles through the script, looking for the correct page.

KNIGHT OF NEIGH

Ah, here we go.

LADY WHINNYVERE

Does it tell you to let us pass  
peacefully on our way?

KNIGHT OF NEIGH

No... it tells me to do this.

The Knight of Neigh breathes fire at the three adventurers.

LADY WHINNYVERE

Gallop!

She and Morgan Le Hay race back down the path, only to see Sir  
Prancelot isn't with them. They turn back.

SIR PRANCELOT

Ho, foul Knight! You shall not block  
our path!

He charges the Knight, brandishing his sword.

LADY WHINNYVERE  
Prancy, what ARE you doing?

SIR PRANCELOT  
Fear not, Whin! I shall slay this  
miserable creature.

He charges again, but the Knight blows fire into his path. His  
tail catches fire, and he yelps.

SIR PRANCELOT  
My tail! My beautiful tail!

MORGAN LE HAY  
Stop clop and roll, Prancelot! Stop  
clop and roll!  
(To Lady Whinnyvere)  
Isn't the Knight supposed to say  
"Neigh?" And where did the fire  
breathing come from?

Sir Prancelot continues to roll on the ground, though the fire  
has long been put out. The Knight laughs over him. Chaos reigns.

MORGAN LE HAY  
To Hay with it.

She raises her hooves, and magic ripples through the air,  
putting out the remaining fire. Sir Prancelot gets up from the  
ground, tail still smoking.

LADY WHINNYVERE  
Now that the horse play is over-

SIR PRANCELOT  
But it's not!

MORGAN LE HAY  
This is a cartoon, Prancelot.

LADY WHINNYVERE

AHEM. Excuse me, I'm a little hoarse.  
Knight of Neigh, where are your  
companions?

KNIGHT OF NEIGH

Alas, my companions were slain not long  
ago, by the perils of casting  
restrictions!

(Beat)

Also by monsters! Terrible monsters!  
For they too searched for the Holy  
Pail, but faced unimaginable terror.  
You will find the Holy Pail beyond  
these woods, but take care! No horse  
has searched for it and lived to tell  
the tale.

SIR PRANCELOT

Then we shall be the first. Forward,  
Knights of the Round Stable!

EXT. THE MOUNTAINS - LATER

The Knights are battle worn, armor steaming. But they have what  
they came for: the Holy Pail, a golden bucket glowing with  
light.

LADY WHINNYVERE

Well, Prancy, I suppose I owe you an  
apology. The Holy Pail IS real.

SIR PRANCELOT

Thank you, Whin. Of course, as the  
strongest and bravest member of our  
band-

LADY WHINNYVERE

I take that back.

(Pause)

Did this quest seem a bit... shorter  
than usual, to any of you?

MORGAN LE HAY

And did we seem to skip over the main  
climax?



SIR PRANCELOT

We are just getting better at this,  
that's all.

MORGAN LE HAY

Or maybe there was an arbitrary page  
limit that we-

A title card reading "THE END" interrupts the scene. End credits  
music plays.

ANNOUNCER

Thus concludes episode 117 of the  
Knight of the Round Stable. Tune in  
next week to see Episode 118: The Quest  
for the Reigns of Terror.

MORGAN LE HAY

Hey! We weren't finished here!

Screen fades to black.

END.



Art by Xander Stephen