

EXT. GREEN HILLS - DAY

SPRINKLE McTWINKLETON rides on the back of his unicorn steed, COTTON CANDY. Flowers sprout along the way and sing *It's a Small World*. The sky is blue and the sun shines cheerfully. The wind smells of syrup, sugar, and high cholesterol.

SPRINKLE

Another successful day of helping out all the mythical creatures of the land, eh, Cotton Candy?

COTTON CANDY

Gee, I don't know, Sprinkle. I think we may have made a few mistakes while helping out today.

SPRINKLE

Everyone makes mistakes. It's the thought that counts. Think of the good we put into the world today! We helped the jackalopes be less self-conscious about the size of their antlers.

COTTON CANDY

You sawed their antlers off!

SPRINKLE

Right! They can't be self-conscious of antlers they don't have.

COTTON CANDY

What about the amputee who wanted new legs?

SPRINKLE

It isn't *my* fault he didn't specify that he *didn't* want chicken feet. And he could still walk in the end, so who cares what kind of feet he has.

COTTON CANDY

I'm assuming you have a justified reason as to why you blew up the Gnomeville town hall, too?

SPRINKLE

(Laughs)

No, I just thought it would look cool.
I was right.

COTTON CANDY

(Sighs)

Oh, Sprinkle. At this rate, more people
will be after us with warrants than
wishes. Are you sure your therapist
said-

Sprinkle spots a bird flapping through the air above them and
yanks on Cotton Candy's reins.

SPRINKLE

Wait, Cotton Candy! A messenger pigeon!

COTTON CANDY

It looks like it's flying by. It must
not be for us.

SPRINKLE

Not for us yet!

Sprinkle draws his bow and fires an arrow, piercing the bird
through the chest. It falls to the ground in front of them,
dead. Sprinkle leaps from Cotton Candy's back and carefully
unwinds the paper from around the pigeon's twitching leg.

COTTON CANDY

You realize there are, like, laws
against this, right?

SPRINKLE

(Reading from the note)

To the esteemed Sprinkle McTwinkleton
and Cotton Candy, - told you it was for
us - I'd be pleased if you would come
visit. I am in dire need of your
assistance. From, Mr. Sycamore.

COTTON CANDY

Where does Mr. Sycamore live?

SPRINKLE

Why, right up this very road! What
luck.

Sprinkle mounts Cotton Candy once again.

SPRINKLE

Come now, my steed! A friend is in need!

EXT. GREEN HILLS - LATER

Several hours have passed. While the two friends chat, the sun dips lower in the sky. COTTON CANDY spots a hill that is different from all the others. It has dark clouds and vultures circling in the air. A general bad vibe hangs around it.

COTTON CANDY

Does Mr. Sycamore live on the hill with the dark clouds and vultures circling in the air? With the general bad vibe hanging around it?

SPRINKLE

Why yes, I suppose you *could* say it has a general bad vibe hanging around it. Anyways, that's exactly where we are headed.

Cotton Candy shuffles on his hooves nervously.

COTTON CANDY

You know, unicorns are allergic to bad vibes.

SPRINKLE

Oh, please, that's just a fairy tale. Be realistic.

They begin climbing the side of the hill. Cotton Candy grows uneasy, but Sprinkle just hums to himself. Finally they reach the summit. It is empty except for an old rotted stump in the center of the clearing.

COTTON CANDY

You're sure this is where Mr. Sycamore resides?

SPRINKLE

Supposedly. I guess we'll just wait here until he shows up.

COTTON CANDY

Good. If you don't mind, I desperately need to relieve myself.

Sprinkle walks off into the nearby treeline, securing the perimeter, while Cotton Candy approaches the stump. It's as good a place as any to take a leak.

COTTON CANDY

(Sighs)

I've been holding that in since we were fleeing from that explosion in Gnomeville.

Suddenly, a deep, unsettling voice booms out from beneath the urinating unicorn.

MR. SYCAMORE

You are peeing in my eye.

Cotton Candy looks down in horror to see a mosaic-like face made up of bark on the side of the stump that he is currently using as a urinal.

COTTON CANDY

Stumps aren't supposed to talk.

MR. SYCAMORE

And unicorns aren't supposed to have free will. Yet, here we are.

SPRINKLE

Cotton Candy, have you found Mr. Sycamore yet?

COTTON CANDY

My bladder beat me to it.

MR. SYCAMORE

Ah, I take it you two are the renowned Sprinkle McTwinkleton and Cotton Candy. The two adventurers who go around fulfilling wishes and solving problems.

SPRINKLE

That's us, sir!

MR. SYCAMORE

(Sighs)

Oh, that's a relief.

COTTON CANDY

Yuck, your breath smells like
cobwebs... and sadness.

MR. SYCAMORE

My apologies, I had sadness for lunch
today.

COTTON CANDY

It's alright. What is it you need from
us?

MR. SYCAMORE

I am greatly thirsty, my mortal
magicians.

COTTON CANDY

You want us to... water you?

MR. SYCAMORE

With the blood of the innocent. Once my
roots have absorbed it and nourished my
soil, it shall undo my curse and allow
me to unleash my wrath upon the world
in my true form, as it's written in the
prophecy of end times.

Beat.

SPRINKLE

Alrighty, Mr. Sycamore! Me and my
pony-tailed pal will find you some
innocent blood to spill-

COTTON CANDY

Sprinkle, could I talk to you in
private really quick?

Cotton Candy and Sprinkle walk to the edge of the clearing
before Cotton Candy puts a hoof around Sprinkle's shoulders and
pulls him in close.

COTTON CANDY

Okay, after all we've done today, we
are *not* doing a blood ritual.

SPRINKLE

You were whining about how we didn't help anyone today. The least we could do is kill an innocent soul and unleash some cosmic beast.

COTTON CANDY

Can you hear yourself? He said 'end times,' and I do not want to be the unicorn that ends the world. There's so much I have left to do in my life!

SPRINKLE

That's a funny way to say you don't wanna die a virgin. You peed on him, the least you could do is fulfill some prophecy that may or may not kill the universe.

Cotton Candy steps back with a heavy horse snort.

COTTON CANDY

If you want to prematurely end everything, I won't be by your side. I'll be at the tavern in Gnomeville. I hope the gnomes won't crucify me for blowing up the town hall.

Cotton Candy climbs back down the hill. Sprinkle realizes that his lifelong friend is abandoning him.

SPRINKLE

(Shouting after Cotton Candy)
Really? After everything we've been through? Fine! When I free Mr. Sycamore and have the power of a god on my side, don't think I'll spare you in the apocalypse! Do you hear me?

After realizing that Cotton Candy isn't coming back, he storms up the hill towards Mr. Sycamore, fuming.

MR. SYCAMORE

Where did the unicorn go?

SPRINKLE

(Shortly)
Away.

MR. SYCAMORE

Aw, that's too bad. So whose blood are you planning on nursing me with?

SPRINKLE

My own.

Mr. Sycamore laughs heartily, sawdust and spiders spewing from his mouth as he does.

MR. SYCAMORE

You're cute, kid.

SPRINKLE

What do you mean?

MR. SYCAMORE

I said *innocent* blood, kid, not some average sinner's vile filth.

SPRINKLE

I... I'm no sinner! I'm a good person!

MR. SYCAMORE

A good person who hurts others for amusement? Who pushes wanting to help away? You're as good as me, and God himself bent me into this wretched, wooden form for being so terrible.

SPRINKLE

I *am* a good person! I'll prove it and break your stupid curse!

Sprinkle unsheathes his dagger with shaking hands and presses it into his palm. He hisses in pain as a bright red drop of blood wells up and drips down his fingers and onto the soil below. Smoke rises from it as though his bodily fluids were acidic.

MR. SYCAMORE

Ha! Your tarnished blood does nothing but corrode my flesh! Save it for your own miserable life.

Sprinkle sits there quietly for a moment, staring down at his slashed hand.

SPRINKLE

The blood of bad people harms you?

Mr. Sycamore's oaken face twists with suspicion.

MR. SYCAMORE

(Hesitantly)

Yes... that's correct. That's why you should track down your friend and kill him for me. He was good and pure of heart; all unicorns are.

At this, Sprinkle jams the blade into his hand, pushing it all the way through. He yanks it out and smears the blood all along the top of the stump. Smoke rises from the wood as Mr. Sycamore screams in agony and rage.

SPRINKLE

How dare you! Cotton Candy was the best thing to ever happen to me! Don't you say anything like that about the one person who gave me a chance ever again!

Mr. Sycamore begs for mercy, but the wood melts down. Flames of blue and green erupt, swallowing him ruthlessly. After the fire and screams die down, Sprinkle pants and rises shakily to his feet.

EXT. THE PATH TO GNOMEVILLE - NIGHT

COTTON CANDY trots slowly down the path he and SPRINKLE were on earlier. The moon casts the hills in eerie light. The chirping of crickets is interrupted by the sound of shoes against dirt. Cotton Candy turns around to see Sprinkle sprinting towards him.

COTTON CANDY

Sprinkle?

SPRINKLE

Cotton Candy!

Sprinkle crashes into Cotton Candy's meaty shoulder and sobs into his strawberry-scented coat.

SPRINKLE

Oh, Cotton Candy, please forgive me!
I'd do anything for you to take me back! Mr. Sycamore said I should sacrifice you because you were pure of

heart and I realized I had been taking you for granted all my life-

COTTON CANDY

Hey, hey - get it, 'cause I'm a horse? - don't be so hard on yourself. I *know* you're a bad person.

SPRINKLE

Then why have you stuck with me after all this time?

COTTON CANDY

Because there's good in you... somewhere. I just needed to find it and drag it out. To guide you on to the right path. I can teach you how to be good.

SPRINKLE

(Wiping his nose on Cotton Candy's mane)

Really?

COTTON CANDY

Sure. Step one to becoming a better person: don't use your bestie's hair as a handkerchief.

Sprinkle laughs through his tears and sniffs his runny nose violently. He wipes his face with his hand and winces as he reopens the wound.

COTTON CANDY

Allow me.

Cotton Candy lowers his head and his horn shimmers brightly. Sprinkle watches in amazement as the stab closes up like a pocket being zipped shut.

COTTON CANDY

Get on up here, you awful, awful person.

Sprinkle hoists himself up onto Cotton Candy's back and lies against him, exhausted.

SPRINKLE

How about we stay bad for one more
night? I'm in the mood for free dinner.

Cotton Candy laughs and resumes the walk down the path.

COTTON CANDY
I'd say you've earned it.