

Unlikely

By

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NOTE: All "High Born" or Royal characters will speak in old English accents much like *Game of Thrones* or *Lord of the Rings*. All "lower class" members of society will speak with modern day "American" speech patterns.

EXT. ROSE COURT CITY - DAY

Rose Court City sits proudly under the sun. It is the capital of the Kingdom of Palladia. Church bells ring in the distance as men and women trade goods in the market. Above the commotion sits Barenthal castle.

INT. BARENTHAL CASTLE - DAY

Servants line the walls of the great castle as KING BARENTHAL (50s), mighty and proud like a human Zeus, and QUEEN BARENTHAL (50s) powerful and wise like Cleopatra, walk past the many portraits of old Kings and Queens.

INT. THRONE ROOM - DAY

King and Queen Barenthal sit at the head of a long, ornate table surrounded by every member of the royal family. They are all dressed in bright multi-cored festive outfits.

KING BARENTHAL

Before my toast to you, I must  
thank my trusted adviser and old  
friend, Alexander!

The King raises his glass to ALEXANDER (40s) the hunchbacked, and over-eager, adviser to the King. Alexander bashfully waves back.

KING BARENTHAL

And many thanks to our friends of  
the crown from house Dovin. You sit  
at this table because you are not  
just friends. But family as well.

The King raises his glass towards the members of House Dovin. The members of House Dovin are dressed in more traditional all black outfits. Among them are DONAL DOVIN (30s) tall, spindly, with long dark hair and his sister MOIRA DOVIN (30s) short, with flowing red hair.

KING BARENTHAL

And once again I always toast to my  
wife, Queen Elspeth Barenthal! This  
city, this kingdom, this world  
matter not without you by my side!

(CONTINUED)

The King raises his glass again and everyone follows suit.

KING BARENTHAL

Lastly, one final toast! To you! My family. Once every ten years we bring our entire line together! And every time we toast to another ten! Long may the Barenthal name reign!

The King and Queen raise their glasses as does everyone around the table.

A moment. The King's face becomes twisted. One by one every single member of the royal family begins to cough and double over. The King falls forward and his face hits the plate in front of him.

Members of House Dovin lurch forward in pain and fall over as well. Moira screams. Donal faints.

INT. BARENTHAL CASTLE - DAY

Alexander runs full sprint down one of the main halls.

ALEXANDER

The King is dead! The royal family is dead! Consult the books!

He runs past a scrambling royal staff.

INT. ROYAL LIBRARY - DAY

Alexander bursts through the door to the royal library with two LACKEYS (30s) trailing behind him. They run into a smaller area surrounded by books covered in dust and cobwebs.

Alexander grabs a ladder and climbs up. His eyes light up and he grabs a book off the shelf. He frantically opens it and scans the pages until he stops, wide eyed.

ALEXANDER

There it is! Find him at once! FIND OUR NEW KING! WHO. IS. HE?!

INT. BONNY BAKERY STORAGE ROOM - DAY

DAVID FARA (mid 20s) your average joe citizen of Rose Court City and the manager of Bonny Bakery sits on a stool in the store room of the bakery with a serene, almost royal, look on his face. His focus is palpable. We pull back to reveal that he is concentrating on flicking a paper football through the fingers of NED (20s), tall, gangly, and the biggest stoner in Palladia.

He hits the paper football and scores.

DAVID

Boom! I rule these lands! Bow down!

NED

No! Unfair!

DAVID

What's unfair about that?

NED

I'm high!

A BAKERY EMPLOYEE (20s) absolutely covered in baking powder bursts into the storage room.

BAKERY EMPLOYEE

David! We have a member of the royal guard out front and no one is taking orders!

DAVID

What?! Who's on the schedule?

BAKERY EMPLOYEE

Ned is but we can't find him.

DAVID

NED! Are you kidding me?!

NED

I can neither confirm nor deny that I am on the schedule.

The bakery employee holds up a schedule.

BAKERY EMPLOYEE

He's on the schedule.

David turns to an already distracted Ned.

(CONTINUED)

BAKERY EMPLOYEE

He wants to speak to the manager...

DAVID

(psyching himself up)

Not a problem...I can do this.

NED

Thanks man! Mondays, right?

DAVID

Ned, It's Thursday. Stop doing drugs at work.

David walks out of the storage room and into-

INT. BONNY BAKERY KITCHEN - DAY

The kitchen is in full swing. Bakers and pastry makers work left and right. The portly head chef ANTONIO (40s) with a big mustache slams his hand down on the counter.

ANTONIO

ORDER UP!

He sees David walk by.

ANTONIO

David! I need my pay, man!

DAVID

Sorry, yes, I will pay you soon!

David walks to the front of the kitchen and pushes open the door leading to-

INT. BONNY BAKERY DINING AREA - DAY

A gigantic ANGRY PATROLMAN (30s) impatiently waits to place his order. David scrambles up to the desk.

DAVID

Hi! W-welcome to Bonny Bakery.

David looks up. The patrol man is almost twice his size.

ANGRY PATROLMAN

I HAVE BEEN HERE FOR 5 MINUTES! I AM HERE UNDER ORDER OF THE CROWN!

(CONTINUED)

DAVID  
Right! That should be-

David turns back and grabs three bags full of bread.

DAVID  
Here you are! Free of charge.

ANGRY PATROLMAN  
You're lucky I don't have you  
executed in the royal square!

The angry patrolman spits in the 'tips' jar.

DAVID  
Thank you so much...for that...

David calls for the bakery employee from earlier.

DAVID  
Hey, can you handle this? I'm gonna  
try and find Cecily.

David nods and walks back through-

EXT. BACK OF THE BAKERY - DAY

Where he finds CECILY (mid 20s) one of the best, and most  
unknown, sword fighters in all of Palladia chopping pieces  
of bread. Prototype: Michaela Coel.

DAVID  
(stressed)  
We have a lot of people here.

CECILY  
It's just royal 10 year ceremony  
bullshit traffic. Can't stand it.

DAVID  
Just a bunch of inbred rich people  
with weird illnesses.

CECILY  
You have asthma.

DAVID  
Exercise induced asthma.

Cecily strikes her sword through another piece of bread.

(CONTINUED)

DAVID

You know you can use a knife to cut  
the bread in the kitchen...

CECILY

This is my practice time.

She lifts a piece of bread in the air and slices it before  
it hits the ground.

CECILY

If women aren't allowed in the  
royal guard then I gotta slice the  
bread this way, ya know?

Horns sound in the distance.

EXT. BONNY BAKERY - DAY

David and Cecily walk outside of the bakery and push through  
the crowd. At the front, Alexander stands with the old book  
from before. He is flanked by members of the royal guard.  
ARDEN THAROS (30s) the dreamy and princely captain of the  
guard walks past Cecily and David pushing people aside.

CECILY

(entranced)

That's Arden Tharos. He's the  
captain of the royal guard.

Arden sees Cecily staring and glares at her.

ARDEN

Get out of my way!

He pushes Cecily.

DAVID

Never meet your heroes.

Royal servants place a small wooden block on the ground that  
Alexander steps on.

ALEXANDER

Where is David Fara?! His presence  
is requested at once!

David nervously looks at Cecily then pipes up.

DAVID

Hi. I'm David Fara. Did we get your  
order wrong? We can refund that ri-

(CONTINUED)

ALEXANDER  
You are David Fara?

DAVID  
Uh...yeah? What's going on? Wait,  
why did you say it like that-

ALEXANDER  
King Barenthal is dead!

The crowd gasps.

ALEXANDER  
And the Queen!

Another gasp.

ALEXANDER  
NOW BEHOLD ROSE COURT CITY! DAVID  
BARENTHAL! FIRST OF HIS NAME AND  
RIGHTFUL KING OF PALLADIA!

The crowd gasps again and begins to bow.

DAVID  
What?! Please don't bow. My name is  
David Fara. Not Barenthal! Fara.

Alexander holds up the old dusty book from before.

ALEXADER  
You are David Fara on your father's  
side but you are a Barenthal by  
blood! AND THEY BEQUEATH UPON YE-

DAVID  
Wait, stop. I am *not* a royal.

ALEXANDER  
We must go! There might be  
assassins near.

DAVID  
Assassins?!

ALEXANDER  
My name is Alexander. I was the  
royal adviser to King Barenthal.

DAVID  
Didn't anyone else make it?



ALEXANDER

We thought Percy Barenthal might pull through but his intenstines...exploded.

DAVID

Holy shit.

ALEXANDER

It was terrible. His guts spewed forth from his mouth-

DAVID

Oh, you don't have to tell me that.

ALEXANDER

Missy Barenthal almost made it but she fell upon on a decorative sword after she was poisoned.

CECILY

Jesus.

ALEXANDER

Just...right through...

He gets lost in the memory for a moment.

ALEXANDER

You are the sole heir to the Barenthal throne.

DAVID

If this is all true how come they were all invited and I wasn't?

ALEXANDER

Twas a royal mailing error!

DAVID

A *mailing* error?

ALEXANDER

Whoever made the mistake will die by my hand! A thousand deaths!

DAVID

That is NOT what I'm saying.

Alexander grabs David and ushers him towards a carriage.