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"Land of the People With the Perfect Reputation!" (Pilot)

SUPER ON BLACK SCREEN:

A crown is merely a hat that lets the rain in.

-- Frederick the Great

FADE IN:

REVEAL: MAP of the inland KINGDOM OF MENTONIA - delineating its communes "RÉGION DE PATHÉ", "BÅRGEN IÄN", "OBMÓČJE DUKLJA", and "REGIONI DI RISACCI" - bordered by KOPITAR to the WEST, and the TIRAC RIVER with DRAŽEN to the EAST.

LOUIS (V.O.)  
(Flemish accent)  
Mentonia was named by Karles Maureus --

REVEAL: PAINTING of KARLES MAUREUS (40), bad-ass. He holds a SWORD from his father Charlemagne (SWORD OF CHARLEMAGNE). On his right hand is the RING OF KINGS, emblem of the absolute power of the Sovereign (814 AD).

LOUIS (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
bastard son of Charlemagne - and a  
bastard in every other sense of the  
word - after Menton, France, the place  
of his birth. Unfortunately --

REVEAL: FRESCO of ULFO THE MONK (47), many fries short of a Happy Meal. Lead by ANGELS, he confronts ATTILA THE HUN as Attila ATTACKS a FORT with WOMEN and CHILDREN. When Ulfo TEARS OFF HIS GARB to reveal his BODY COVERED IN LESIONS, Attila and his MEN RUN for their lives (447 AD).

LOUIS (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
Ulfo the Monk had been dead since four-  
fifty, hence, was unavailable to get  
medieval on Chucky's sorry ass.

REVEAL: PAINTING of mucho-macho mercenary SVEN SJÖSTRAND (31) and a ragtag FORCE SLAUGHTERING GENGHIS KHAN'S ARMY after tricking them into a RAVINE (1223).

LOUIS (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
But fortunately, Sven Sjöstrand came  
along in twelve twenty-three, hence,  
was available to get medieval on  
Genghis Khan's sorry ass.

REVEAL: PAINTING of baby-faced JÉAN-GUY BAILLARGEON (20) beating King PHILIPPE-AUGUSTÉ (50), Snidely Whiplash-type, and TWO MEN in a game of BOUILLLOTTE (1833).

LOUIS (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
We have ruled this land since your  
great-great-great-great-great-  
grandfather, Jéan-Guy, won the throne  
in a game of bouillotte one hundred,  
sixty-eight years ago.

INT. PALACE OF THE SOVEREIGN - HALL OF KINGS - DAY (2001)

A Medieval Pentagon on steroids.

CORONATION PORTRAITS of all 72 SOVEREIGNS OF MENTONIA on the walls. Each wears the Ring of Kings on his right hand.

ANNE (then 8), sweet as pie, and her father, LOUIS (then 30), charming rogue, look at the portraits of the Sovereigns from their family, THE HOUSE OF BAILLARGEON:

- Jean-Guy, stupefied look on his face
- Jean-Guy's son BAUDOIN (50s), blasé
- Jean-Guy's grandson BOUDEWIJN (30s), snot
- Jean-Guy's great-grandson ÉMILE (20s), intense
- Jean-Guy's 2<sup>nd</sup> great-grandson HENRI (20s), genial
- Jean-Guy's 3<sup>rd</sup> great-grandson PIERRE (20s), psychotic
- Jean-Guy's 4<sup>th</sup> great-grandson Louis (then 19)

LOUIS

I often wonder what must have gone through his mind. One minute, he's this lowly lieutenant from Dendermonde. The next minute, he's the Sovereign of the Kingdom of Mentonia.

(beat)

"Awesome".

INT. PALACE OF THE SOVEREIGN - MUSIC ROOM - LATER

Airy. Louis leads Anne to TWO BASSES, THREE CELLOS, a SPINET, THREE VIOLINS, and THREE VIOLAS. Needless to say, these babies didn't come from your local Walmart.

LOUIS

In seventeen forty-two, Jean-Guy's great-grandparents, your --

He counts the "great"s on his fingers.

LOUIS (CONT'D)

great-great-great-great-great-great-great-great-grandparents, went to Italy on holiday. They were in this town called Cremona, taking in the sights, when they see a man outside this music shop, flipping out. He tells them his landlord just gave him the boot and he has to unload everything he's got,

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LOUIS (CONT'D)  
 pronto. Now great-great-great-great-  
 great-great-great-great-grandfather  
 Piet wasn't much for music, but he knew  
 quality when he saw it. And this was  
 primo stuff. So he scooped up the  
 whole lot. The man flipping out was  
 Bartolomeo Guarneri, the greatest maker  
 of instruments who has ever lived.

He grabs the neck of the cello to his right gently.

LOUIS (CONT'D)  
 And this bad boy is the only cello he  
 ever made.  
 (beat)  
 Happy Birthday, Munchkin.

She turns to him. They hug.

INT. HÔTEL RITZ (PARIS) - BEDROOM - MORNING (2012)

Louis (now 41) and his bunny-cute GIRLFRIEND (20s) giggle as they romp in a decadent king-size bed.

SERIES OF SHOTS - PARIS SHOPPING SPREE - DAY

A) INT. PRADA -- A FEMALE HAND gives a SALESMAN a CREDIT CARD, the SEAL of the SOVEREIGN OF MENTONIA ON it

B) INT. HERMÈS -- The hand gives a SALESGIRL the card

C) INT. MELLERIO DITS MELLER -- The hand gives a SALESMAN the card

D) INT. CHANEL -- As the hand gives the SALESMAN the credit, Louis's girlfriend, owner of the hand, grins

END OF SERIES OF SHOTS

EXT. SVEN SJÖSTRAND SQUARE (PATHÉ, MENTONIA) - MORNING

An equestrian STATUE of Sven Sjöstrand. On its plaque in SWEDISH, SUBTITLES OVER:

Sven Erik Sjöstrand  
 (\* September 17, 1191 - † December 20, 1245)  
 Vanquisher of Genghis Khan  
 Founder of The Royal Military Academy  
 Sovereign of The Kingdom of Mentonia  
 "Kill 'Em All and Let God Sort 'Em Out!"

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

An EFFIGY of Louis is strung up by a MOB by its "genitals" next to the statue, then TORCHED to CHEERS.

INT. THE COUNCIL OF MINISTERS - CHAMBERS - LATER

Stately brownstone of the FIVE-PERSON group which advises the Sovereign. The MINISTERS stand as Louis enters. MANFRED GRAF (50s), snob, confronts him.

GRAF

Louis, the only comfort I can take in this latest disgrace is that your father is not here to bear witness.

LOUIS

Blow it out your ass, Manfred!

Graf is mortified.

LOUIS (CONT'D)

In case you haven't noticed, they want your head as well as mine! So, if self-preservation is an instinct that you possess, then you better help me figure out how to save our phony-baloney jobs!

OTHER MINISTERS

Huzzah! Huzzah! Huzzah!

Louis points to an ELDERLY MINISTER on an oxygen tank.

LOUIS

I didn't get an "huzzah" out of you!

As the poor man is HIT with rolled-up newspapers by the others for his "insolence", Louis walks to the BALCONY that faces the GROUNDS.

EXT. COUNCIL OF MINISTERS - BALCONY - MOMENTS LATER

Louis appears. BOOS. He gives his SUBJECTS a big smile.

LOUIS

My friends.

A COW PIE HITS his face. CHEERS. With great dignity, he produces a handkerchief, wipes it off.

LOUIS (CONT'D)

My friends. I shall pay for Miss Binoche's expenditures out of my own personal accounts.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

That throws them. Their reaction give him confidence.

LOUIS (CONT'D)  
 And I hereby decree that as long as a  
 Baillargeon rules Mentonia, the Crown  
 shall not be supported by your hard-  
 earned kronkites. As you must make  
 your way in the world, so shall we.

They disperse, utterly baffled.

INT. PALACE OF THE SOVEREIGN - THRONE ROOM - DAY

A glum Louis stands before a camera, a DIRECTOR in his face.

DIRECTOR  
 Now, Your Majesty, all you need to do  
 is to read the cue cards, and flash  
 that shit-eating grin.

Louis nods. A MAN holds a clap-board, snaps it, leaves.

DIRECTOR (CONT'D)  
 And... action!

Louis smiles, holds up a PILL BOTTLE: "*Selbstmord*".

LOUIS  
 My friends. Are you depressed?  
 Feeling worthless? Life lost all  
 meaning? Do you just want to end it  
 once and for all?  
 (beat)  
 Then, *Selbstmord* is the cure for what's  
 ailing you. Developed in over twenty  
 years of research, *Selbstmord* is  
 guaranteed to provide hours of utter  
 anguish, hopelessness, despair, and the  
 guts to finally take the plunge!

INT. COLÁISTE ÍDE (DINGLE, IRELAND) - DORM - DAY

Girls School on the former estate of Arthur Eveleigh-de  
 Moleyns, 6th Baron Ventry.

The Guarneri CELLO in a corner, Anne (now 18), in a school  
 uniform, sits on her bed, numb. PHOTOS around her:

-- Anne (then 7) and Louis (then 28) on Mount Everest

-- Louis (then 33) and Anne (then 11) with her 2004 World  
 Junior Chess Championship trophy

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

-- Louis (then 36) and Anne (then 14) with her 2007 Girls' Australian, French, Wimbledon, and U.S. Open trophies

-- Louis (then 38) and Anne (then 16) with her First Grand Prize at the 2009 Concours de Violoncelle Rostropovich

-- Louis (then 40) and a glum Anne (then 17), holding her skeleton and silver medal at the 2010 Winter Olympics

On her bed is a SPECIAL ISSUE of the November 12, 2012 *Pathé Péon*, coronation portrait of Louis: "His Most Gracious Majesty, Louis Fredrik Rihard Emanuele \* 1971 - † 2012".

INT. PALACE OF THE SOVEREIGN - MUSIC ROOM - DAY (2013)

ANDREA (24), hedonistic frat boy, and KLAAS VAN DEN BROEK (24), snooty, start a WOOD CHIPPER. Andrea wears the RING OF KINGS on his right hand and an "I Rule" PIMP NECKLACE.

Each grabs a VIOLIN to shred, only to be blocked by a GUARD, who plays a FANFARE on his horn.

GUARD  
Make way for Elizabeth, the Queen  
Mother! Make way!

Andrea's mother ELIZABETH (42), classy-trashy, enters, SMACKS him upside the head.

ELIZABETH  
(Irish accent)  
You stupid, stupid, stupid, stupid boy!  
Do you know what those are worth?! Ten  
million dollars, American! Each!

The boys are stunned. Andrea's wee brain gets an idea.

EXT. PALACE OF THE SOVEREIGN - COURTYARD - DAY

PEOPLE look at the INSTRUMENTS as Andrea conducts this Mother of All Yard Sales. A BOARD details the items:

"CRAP	MADE	BY THIS DEAD GUY	PRICE
Bass	1699	Carlo Testore	€100.00
Bass	1740	Bartolomeo Guarneri	€100.00
Cello	1694	Antonio Stradivari	€100.00
Cello	1726	Matteo Goffriller	€100.00
Spinet	1714	Bartolomeo Cristofori	€100.00
Viola	1693	Antonio Stradivari	€100.00
Viola	1676	Andrea Guarneri	€100.00
Viola	1730	Bartolomeo Guarneri	€100.00

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Violin	1628	Nicolò Amati	¥100.00
Violin	1651	Jacob Stainer	¥100.00
Violin	1720	Antonio Stradivari	¥100.00

Free Case of Cow Pies With Every Purchase!"

An UPPER-CRUST MAN approaches him.

UPPER-CRUST MAN  
I'll give you twenty kronkites for the  
Stradivari viola.

ANDREA  
(Flemish accent)  
Sold!

EXT./EST. PALACE OF THE SOVEREIGN - NIGHT

NEW YEAR'S EVE PARTY as only the Sovereign can throw it!

INT. PALACE OF THE SOVEREIGN - BALLROOM - CONTINUOUS

Andrea slices through the CROWD, a BLONDE on his arm.  
Wearing the pimp necklace, he takes swigs out of a 1907  
HEIDSIECK DIAMANT BLEU CUVÉE, affixed with a ROYAL SEAL.

They RUN INTO GEORG HAUPTMANN (80), the uptight Palace  
Overseer.

GEORG  
(German accent)  
Sir? The conference?

ANDREA  
This is why nobody likes you, Georg.

GEORG  
Sir, I am not here to be liked. I am  
here to perform my duties to my utmost.

ANDREA  
Good one.  
(beat)  
All right. Make our acceptance and the  
proper arrangements.

GEORG  
Very good, sir. If I am no longer  
needed, I should like to go home.

ANDREA  
Go home, Little Man.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

GEORG  
Good night, Your Majesty.

Georg bows, leaves. Without warning, Andrea GASPS, DROPS like a felled tree. Everyone just stares at him.

SBISA (PRE-LAP)  
(Italian accent)  
The service is Saturday.

SBISA'S SECRETARY (PRE-LAP)  
(Irish accent)  
Be there or be square!

INT. DROGO BY THE DROP (DINGLE, IRELAND) - DAWN (2014)

Quaint coffee shop named after Drogo of Sebourg, patron saint of coffee. DROGO is PICTURED on a wall near a flat-screen TV AIRING CARTOON "THE DITZY-DOODLE SHOW". Ditzzy-Doodle can best be described as an elf on crack.

LUCA SBISA (50s), formal, and his SECRETARY (40s), prim, sit with Anne (now 19). On their table is a SPECIAL ISSUE of the January 1, 2014 *Pathé Péon*, coronation portrait of Andrea: "His Most Gracious Majesty, Andrea Kjell Matej Pierre \* 1989 - † 2013".

Sbisa stares at the secretary in reaction; she cringes. Anne tries to come to grips with the news.

ANNE  
(Flemish accent)  
When is the Crown Prince expected?

Sbisa and the secretary exchange queasy looks. Anne stands, a Drogo By the Drop apron around her waist. They stand.

ANNE (CONT'D)  
Ambassador Sbisa, please remind  
Minister Lefebvre that his disdain for  
Ditzzy-Doodle does not relieve him of  
his duties.

She leaves. They watch her go.

SBISA'S SECRETARY  
We are doomed, sir. Aren't we?

SBISA  
Yes. We are.

ANNOUNCER (OVER TV)  
You are in the middle of another Ditzzy-Doodle marathon!

INT. PALACE OF THE SOVEREIGN - GREAT ROOM - DAY

Dominated by gold leaf walls and full-length windows. Georg meets with an equally-anal UNDERTAKER (60s). A TV AIRS REPORTAGE on Andrea's death. On a table are TABLOIDS, Andrea on the covers: "Randy Andy"; "The Royal Rake".

UNDERTAKER

Wet t-shirt contests? Beer pongs?

GEORG

I must abide by His Majesty's wishes.

BORIS HAUPTMANN (16), Georg's naive grandson, enters.

BORIS

I have some sponsors.

He freezes in reaction to what he sees ON the TV, which prompts Georg and the Undertaker to look.

ON THE TV:

FOOTAGE of a weary FARMER with his wailing CODDEL HENS (think Dodo Bird), followed by LIVE FEED of a REPORTER at DE TREIN DEPOT VAN PATHÉ, Mentonia's railway hub.

DE TROUWE KONINKLIJK ORDE VAN HET SPOOR (DTKOVHS) EMPLOYEES stage a protest as "Porky" PAVEL BURE (50s), jolly, serves them food out of his catering truck.

DTKOVHS EMPLOYEES (ON TV)

No pancakes! No peace!

REPORTER (ON TV)

No Coddle milk, no Coddle Milk Pancake Mix. No Coddle Milk Pancake Mix, no Loyal Royal Order of the Rail Pancake Breakfasts. And no Loyal Royal Order of the Rail Pancake Breakfasts, no trains.

(incredulous)

This country, so remote, it can be accessed by boat or rail only, whose people - and livestock - are reeling from the untimely demise of their beloved sovereign, has been brought to her knees by, of all things, pancakes!

An ELDERLY COUPLE approach her.

ELDERLY MAN (ON TV)

Do you know of our history and of our relationship with the Coddell?

She shakes her head, taken aback.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ELDERLY MAN (ON TV) (CONT'D)  
Then don't pop off about our pancakes!

They waddle off, leaving her humiliated.

BACK TO SCENE

Georg, Boris, and the Undertaker are stunned.

BORIS  
We are doomed, Grandpa-pa. Aren't we?

GEORG  
Yes. We are.

DTKOVHS EMPLOYEES (OVER TV)  
No pancakes! No peace!

EXT. APARTMENT COMPLEX (DINGLE, IRELAND) - FRONT LAWN - DAY

Anne has set up a table, holding her own yard sale:

- girls' apparel by various couturières (€50 - €250)
- custom-made Hermès luggage and purse (€250 - €500)
- World Junior Chess Championship Trophy (€25)
- Australian (€50), French (€50), Wimbledon (€50), and U.S. Open (€50) girls' trophies
- Olympic Silver Medal (€100)
- Chess set owned by Sven Sjöstrand (€5000)
- 4 cans of World-Famous Mentonian Dehydrated Water (€5)

A YUPPIE stops, picks up a can.

YUPPIE  
Dehydrated water? What a great gag!

ANNE  
It is not a gag, sir. They are the actual dehydrated water drawn from our dehydrated water springs.

He looks at her like she's nuts as the SAME MAN who bought the Stradivari viola from Andrea looks at the chess set.

UPPER-CRUST MAN  
I'll give you twenty Euros for the chess set.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ANNE

This is the personal chess set of Sven Sjöstrand. It is over eight-hundred years old.

UPPER-CRUST MAN

Twenty Euros. Take it or leave it.

EXT. BRÉIFNE CASTLE (COUNTY MAYO, IRELAND) - GROUNDS - DAY

10th Century stone FORTRESS in a sea of emerald pastures.

A QUINTET PLAYS ALBINONI. BUTLERS serve champagne/hors d'oeuvres to HANGERS-ON as they watch TOMÁS GAHAN, 23<sup>rd</sup> Earl Bréifne and 14<sup>th</sup> Baron Tráinis (65), dressed like a pompous Elmer Fudd, shotgun at the ready.

A TRAP is SPRUNG, and a ELDERLY SERVANT FLIES through the air, SCREAMING. Gahan follows the line, FIRES. APPLAUSE. Gahan basks in the adulation as waiting MEDICS cart the Servant AWAY, and a FOOTMAN approaches Gahan.

FOOTMAN

Your Lordship. Anne Baillargeon.

Thrown at first, Gahan GESTURES at her to approach. Anne lugs the Hermès luggage and the cello in a custom-made hard shell. Miffed, he looks at his watch.

GAHAN

(Irish/British accent)

You have ten seconds. Go.

ANNE

I am here to accompany you to Andrea's funeral.

GAHAN

Whatever makes you think I am going?

ANNE

He was your grandson.

GAHAN

Oh, is the She-Devil still peddling that load of malarkey?!

As he reloads, TWO MEN load a terrified MAID into the trap.

GAHAN (CONT'D)

I always felt sorry for Louis, poor sap. The moment Elizabeth sunk her meat hooks into him, his life was over!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ANNE

You forced them to marry!

GAHAN

To avoid the scandal of bastardy. In the off-chance he actually was the Baby Daddy.

He raises the shotgun; Anne grabs it from him, aims it at the trap. The men and the maid flee a split-second before she BLASTS it to bits. Gahan and his guests REACT in horror as she hurls the gun into a POND, then turns to him.

ANNE

As you will not attend Andrea's funeral, I wish to obtain a loan so that I may.

GAHAN

You put the kibosh on my entire day, then you have the unmitigated gall to seek my financial assistance?!

ANNE

I offer as collateral my trophies, my silver medal, Sven Sjöstrand's chess set, my clothes, my luggage, and  
(sudden emotion)  
the cello.

GAHAN

No dehydrated water?

ANNE

I sold my last four cans for bus fare.

GAHAN

Oh, pooh!  
(bluster)  
So, you have come to seek my financial assistance, because...?

ANNE

I wish to go home.

GAHAN

And what else?

ANNE

(perplexed)  
You are my grandfather?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GAHAN  
Well, that's debatable.  
(beat)  
And what else?  
(beat)  
Say it... say it...

She SIGHS/rolls her eyes.

ANNE  
You are the richest man in Ireland.

He points to his NEIGHBOR, whose lavish ESTATE rivals his.

GAHAN  
Take that, bitches!

GAHAN'S NEIGHBOR  
(Irish accent)  
Shove your damn shamrocks where the sun  
don't shine, Gahan!

EXT. CATHEDRAL OF ST. ULFO THE MONK (MENTONIA) - DAY

STATUE of Ulfo the Monk. SOAP BARS about it, he is depicted shoving pebbles up his nose. On its plaque in LATIN, SUBTITLES OVER:

Ulfo the Monk of Constantinople  
(\* January 27, 400 - † February 28, 450)  
Vanquisher of Attila the Hun  
Patron Saint of The Kingdom of Mentonia  
"Let Us Be Brothers in Christ!"

INT. CATHEDRAL OF ST. ULFO THE MONK - LATER

Early-Medieval edifice that would make Satan get religion. SOAP BARS line the aisle. Cheesy PLUCKED VIOLINS PLAY O.S.

As "Porky" Pavel works the aisle with his PUSH CART, ALTAR BOYS hand MOURNERS a FUNERAL ANNOUNCEMENT: on the BACK is a "Have You Seen Me?" ADVERT of CROWN PRINCE FRÉDÉRIC (70). Had Hugh Hefner and Maurice Chevalier mated, Frédéric would have been the result.

ANNOUNCER (OVER LOUD SPEAKERS)  
Hey there! Welcome to the funeral of  
His Most Gracious Majesty, Andrea,  
Sovereign of The Kingdom of Mentonia,  
Grand Duc of Pathé, Storfurste of  
Bårgen, Veliki Knez of Duklja, Granduca  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ANNOUNCER (CONT'D)  
of Risacci, Defender of the Faith,  
Guardian of the Realm, you get the idea!  
(beat)  
We do hope you will enjoy the service.  
And don't forget to stop by the  
souvenir shop afterward, located in the  
basement. Aside from caps, mugs,  
t-shirts, key rings, and STD test kits,  
we offer super-imposed photos of past  
Sovereigns in compromising positions.  
And while supplies last, signed copies  
of King Andrea's number-one best-seller  
*Randy Andy: Confessions of a Royal Rake!*

INT. CATHEDRAL OF ST. ULFO THE MONK - PEWS - LATER

HANDS pass down a COLLECTION BASKET, put in as little MONEY  
as they can get away with.

CARDINAL (O.S.)  
When Our Lord delivers the Crown Prince  
to us safely, he is going to need some  
toilet paper. So, give generously.  
And, as always, your donation may be  
written off come tax time.

Just then, a HAND plops in a roll of TOILET PAPER.

INT. CATHEDRAL OF ST. ULFO THE MONK - LATER

Mourners stand as SIX GUARDS, Andrea's tricked-out CASKET on  
their shoulders, walk to the sanctuary.

Mentonia's FLAG (maroon stripe on white field) drapes the  
casket; the CROWN JEWELS (Scepter, Sword of Charlemagne,  
Globus Cruciger, Ring of Kings, Crown of the Sovereign) at  
its head. The casket SWAYS as the guards fall OUT OF SYNC.

INT. CATHEDRAL OF ST. ULFO THE MONK - SANCTUARY - LATER

The CARDINAL (60s), courtly, stands at the podium, unfazed,  
as the Altar Boys slap the Crown Jewels together with duct  
tape while the Guards heave the banged-up casket onto two  
sawhorses. Behind them is the Fresco of Ulfo the Monk  
confronting Attila the Hun.

CARDINAL  
Why can't Anglicans play chess?  
Because they can't tell a bishop from a  
queen!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He and the Altar Boys LAUGH, but no one else gets it.

CARDINAL (CONT'D)  
 Okay, here's a good one. A man comes up to a Franciscan and a Jesuit, and he asks: "How many novenas do you have to say to get a BMW?" The Franciscan asks: "What's a BMW?", and the Jesuit asks: "What's a novena?"

Again, he and the Altar Boys LAUGH. Again, they're the only ones who get it. Awkward pause.

CARDINAL (CONT'D)  
 While we wait, I have been asked to make a few announcements.

He READS from a paper before him:

CARDINAL (CONT'D)  
 "The Royal Rubber Ducky Committee will be at the Coddle Lodge in Duklja on Monday to field concerns about actual ducks taking part in the Regatta.  
 (beat)  
 "The Royal and Ancient Order of the Kewpie seeks three auxiliary referees for the Steeplechase. Certification in proper Kewpie Doll etiquette is required. Applications may be picked up at the main office in Risacci.  
 (beat)  
 And "The Royal Cow Pie Consortium voted last night to allow non-traditional entries into the Bake-Off".

CHEERS. The Altar Boys SIGNAL to him they are finished.

CARDINAL (CONT'D)  
 All right-y! Here to deliver the eulogy, His Majesty's boyhood friend, Mr. Klaas van den Broek.

Van Den Broek stands. He holds a VEUVE CLICQUOT, 1893, affixed with the ROYAL SEAL, by its neck. With him is the BLONDE with Andrea at the party.

MOURNERS  
 Klaasy! Klaasy! Klaasy! Klaasy!

He takes a swig, unleashes a monster BELCH.

GEORG AND BORIS

in a front pew, are mortified as the place goes NUTS.



EXT. CUENE RIVER (NAMIBIA, AFRICA) - DAY

A LUXURY YACHT strolls. An ELECTRONIC BILLBOARD wrapped around its hull AIR "Ditzy-Doodle Show" EPISODES to the mortified curiosity of the NATIVES along the riverbank.

ANNOUNCER (OVER YACHT'S LOUD SPEAKERS)  
It's another Ditzy-Doodle marathon!

INT. YACHT/EXT. CUENE RIVER - CONTINUOUS

PEOPLE in DITZY-DOODLE GEAR PARTY as FRÉDÉRIC holds court with GROUPIES young enough to be his granddaughters.

FRÉDÉRIC  
(Swiss accent)  
And that, my darlings, is how the Ditzy  
-Doodle Ditz Stick came to me.

The groupies HUM, impressed. A SHIP'S MATE hands him a NOTE. Frédéric nods his thanks, unfolds it, reads.

FRÉDÉRIC (CONT'D)  
It sorrows me to inform you that Andrea,  
grandson of my Uncle Pierre, is no more.

GROUPIE #1  
"No more" what?

FRÉDÉRIC  
He has passed, my dear.

GROUPIE #1  
"Passed" what?

GROUPIE #2  
He's dead, you moron!

He GESTURES for calm as GROUPIE #3 has an epiphany.

GROUPIE #3  
Freddy! You're the new king!

Somber pause. They burst into peels of laughter.

INT. COUNCIL OF MINISTERS - CHAMBERS - DAY

The MINISTERS, different from one the Louis dealt with, sit at a table as SYLVAIN LEFEBVRE (60s), proper, opens a NOTE embossed with Frédéric's DITZY-DOODLE SEAL, reads.

LEFEBVRE  
We are doomed!

LEFEBVRE/MINISTERS  
Aaahhh!

EXT. TRAIN STATION (ANŽE, KOPITAR) - TRAM STOP - DAY

As Anne waits, a PUNK grabs her purse. They engage in an epic TUG-OF-WAR to the indifference of THOSE around them.

He finally YANKS it away, KNOCKS her DOWN, RUNS. No one offers to help her.

EXT. DE TREIN DEPOT VAN PATHÉ - DAWN

FOG. SIGN: "Hey There! Welcome to The Kingdom of Mentonia. Land of the People With the Perfect Reputation!" Near it, a DIRECTION SIGN pointed West: "Anže, Kopitar - 25 KM".

RAILCARS and ENGINES stabled in the MAINTENANCE SHED. The TERMINAL is plastered with CARDS: "No pancakes! No peace!".

Lording it over it all is a STATUE of Jéan-Guy Baillargeon in a De Trouwe Koninklijk Orde Van Het Spoor uniform. On the statue plaque, in DUTCH, SUBTITLES OVER:

Jéan-Guy Tibout Baillargeon  
 (\* March 8, 1812 - † October 25, 1877)  
 Vanquisher of King Philippe-Augusté  
 Founder of The Loyal Royal Order of the Rail  
 Sovereign of The Kingdom of Mentonia  
 "Awesome!"

Anne steps off the tracks, having walked all the way from Kopitar. She climbs a ladder up to the platform. She looks around, baffled, then notices a BANNER on the statue in DUTCH, SUBTITLES OVER: "We are doomed! AAAHHH!".

EXT. CATHEDRAL OF ST. ULFO THE MONK - GROUNDS - LATER

She looks at the statue of Ulfo the Monk. At its base is a BANNER in LATIN, SUBTITLES OVER: "We are doomed! AAAHHH!".

EXT. SVEN SJÖSTRAND SQUARE - LATER

She looks at the statue of Sven Sjöstrand. At its base is a BANNER in SWEDISH, SUBTITLES OVER: "We are doomed! AAAHHH!".

EXT. MAIN STREET (PATHÉ) - LATER

Norman Rockwell on steroids. She walks past Mom-and-Pop shops, a BANNER in each window: "We are doomed! AAAHHH!".

PEOPLE stare at her; she stares back. A TRAFFIC COP eyes her suspiciously.

INT. HALL OF JUSTICE - COURT ROOM - MORNING

Meant to put the fear of God into all unfortunate enough to find themselves on the wrong side of the law.

Mentonia's flag guards the bench. Above the bench is the COAT OF ARMS, supported by Ulfo the Monk and a Male Coddell; below the order is in LATIN Mentonia's motto, *God Wills It*. BANNER tacked onto a wall: "We are doomed! AAAHHH!".

PEOPLE are packed in the pews as "Porky" Pavel doles out food from his pushcart. A burly BAILIFF escorts a handcuffed Anne before the JUDGE (50s), thuggish.

BAILIFF

The Crown versus Her Most Gracious Highness, Anne, Princess of the Kingdom of Mentonia, Grande Duchesse of Pathé, Storfustinna of Bårngen, Velika Kneginja of Duklja, Granduchessa of Risacci, you get the idea.

The DOORS BURST OPEN. A GUARD now enters, plays a FANFARE on his horn.

GUARD

Make way for Elizabeth, the Queen Mother! Make way!

Elizabeth (now 43) tears up the aisle to Anne, tailed by a hunky BOY TOY. People bow to her. Anne turns to her, begins to speak, when Elizabeth raises a hand to her.

ELIZABETH

I don't want you to think that I am here out of any maternal instinct, God forbid! I am here only because I am Her high-holy Majesty, the Queen Mother! That, and Porky Pavel is here.

Porky hands Elizabeth a "Pushkin Puppy" with a bow as the DOORS BURST OPEN again.

A WOOZY Georg and Boris enter, stagger to the Judge. They produce crumpled-up BILLS, slap them on his bench, turn to a stunned Anne. BLOOD DONOR PINS on their blazers -- LOTS of blood donor pins. They bow to her, stagger to a front pew.

The Judge addresses Anne.

JUDGE

You are hereby charged with violation of Eight-Royal Code One-Three-Two-Five-A: Entry into the Kingdom Without Entry Papers. How do you plead?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WOMAN'S VOICE

We are doomed!

WITNESSES

Aaahhh!

BEDLAM. Puzzled at first, Anne grabs the Judge's gavel, BANGS it on his bench until there is SILENCE.

ANNE

What is this:

(exaggerates)

"We are doomed! Aaahhh!".

JUDGE

The Crown Prince has refused the throne, Ma'am.

She looks at him, then at the people, incredulous.

ANNE

That obscene fart refuses the throne, and we are doomed?! Were Ulfo the Monk or Sven Sjöstrand here, they'd get medieval on your sorry asses!

The people are stunned. She regains her composure.

ANNE (CONT'D)

Now, we either offer the throne to the Châtres who would be Sovereign had Philippe-Augusté not foolishly wagered the throne. Or we just say "to hell with it", and absolve the Monarchy.

Lefebvre, sitting near Boris, stands.

LEFEBVRE

There is a third option, Ma'am.

Long beat. She now gets what he means.

ANNE

Oh, no! No, no, no, no, no!

Elizabeth jumps to her feet.

ELIZABETH

Take the throne, dammit! Not for your brother. And certainly not for these twits and their piddly-ass country. But for your father.

(beat; soft)

It is what he would have wanted.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Long pause. Anne nods finally. Georg, Boris, the Judge, and the Bailiff tear up. Even Elizabeth is moved. Lefebvre bows to her. Everyone rises, bows to her.

MAN'S VOICE  
We are doomed! Aaahhh!

Those around the crazed MAN (30s) WHACK him over the head.

EXT. CATHEDRAL OF ST. ULFO THE MONK - GROUNDS - DAY

Ulfo's statue has Mentonia's flag draped around it, a De Trouwe Koninklijk Orde Van Het Spoor CAP on his head, and a SACK of CODDLE MILK PANCAKE MIX and a CAN of World-Famous Mentonian Dehydrated Water in his arms.

INT. CATHEDRAL OF ST. ULFO THE MONK - LATER

A CORONATION MASS PLAYS OVER loud speakers. The Cardinal, a Bible in his arms, walks down the aisle. Suddenly, The Mass SKIPS... and SKIPS... and SKIPS.

The Cardinal stops, GESTURES to the WITNESSES: "Pardon". He darts through a CURTAIN to his left. SILENCE. A BANG O.S. A YELL O.S. He darts out, retakes his place. The mass PLAYS. Procession resumes.

Five paces behind, the BISHOP carries the HOLY AMPULLA on a pillow.

Five paces behind him, an ALTAR BOY carries the restored SCEPTER on a pillow.

Five paces behind him, an ALTAR BOY carries the RING OF KINGS on a pillow.

Five paces behind him, an ALTAR BOY carries the restored GLOBUS CRUCIGER on a pillow.

Five paces behind him, an ALTAR BOY carries the restored SWORD OF CHARLEMAGNE on a pillow.

Five paces behind him, an ALTAR BOY carries the restored CROWN OF THE SOVEREIGN on a pillow.

Ten paces behind them, FOUR MEN (Pathé, Bårgen, Duklja, Risacci) walk in double-file. Each wears a SASH with the NAME of the commune he represents.

Fifty paces behind them, Anne, in a white satin alb, bare-foot, hands over her eyes, walks in stutter-step.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The Cardinal reaches the Sanctuary, stops behind a simple WOOD THRONE, turns to the pews. The Bishop takes his place to the Cardinal's right.

The Altar Boys take their places to the Cardinal's right. Pathé, Bårgen, Duklja, and Risacci take their places to the Cardinal's left.

Anne stops at the throne, drops to her knees. MASS ENDS.

CARDINAL

Anne Marit Brigida Ludvika of the House of Baillargeon presents herself as the one true claimant to this throne by divine right. Let those who support her claim hereby make themselves known.

Pathé stands to Anne's left, faces the pews.

PATHÉ

I am the duly-appointed Advocate of the good souls of Pathé, and - by their wisdom - hereby make known to all that Anne Marit Brigida Ludvika of the House of Baillargeon is the one true claimant to this throne by divine right. And may Almighty God strike me down if I have rendered false testimony.

Pathé puts his hands over his eyes. Bårgen stands to Anne's right, faces the pews.

BÅRGEN

I am the duly-appointed Advocate of the good souls of Bårgen, and - by their wisdom - hereby make known to all that Anne Marit Brigida Ludvika of the House of Baillargeon is the one true claimant to this throne by divine right. And may Almighty God strike me down if I have rendered false testimony.

Bårgen puts his hands over his eyes. Duklja stands to Pathé's right, faces the pews.

DUKLJA

I am the duly-appointed Advocate of the good souls of Duklja, and - by their wisdom - hereby make known to all that Anne Marit Brigida Ludvika of the House of Baillargeon is the one true claimant to this throne by divine right. And may Almighty God strike me down if I have rendered false testimony.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Duklja puts his hands over his eyes. Risacci stands to Bårgen's left, faces the pews.

RISACCI

I am the duly-appointed Advocate of the good souls of Risacci, and - by their wisdom - hereby make known to all that Anne Marit Brigida Ludvika of the House of Baillargeon is the one true claimant to this throne by divine right. And may Almighty God strike me down if I have rendered false testimony.

Risacci puts his hands over his eyes. The Cardinal moves BEWTEEN Anne and the throne.

CARDINAL

Be there persons to give challenge to Anne Marit Brigida Ludvika of the House of Baillargeon as the one true claimant to this throne by divine right, make yourselves known or hold your peace.

Monster BELCHES. He REACTS, then GESTURES to the PEOPLE in the boxes at either side of the sanctuary. They stand.

CARDINAL (CONT'D)

Are the testimonies hereby rendered acceptable to the people?

PEOPLE

They are.

CARDINAL

Do the people hereby accept Anne Marit Brigida Ludvika of the House of Baillargeon as the one true claimant to this throne by divine right?

PEOPLE

We do.

They sit. Pathé, Bårgen, Duklja, and Risacci place their hands to their sides. The Cardinal raises the Bible at arms' length over her head.

CARDINAL

Anne Marit Brigida Ludvika, do you hereby swear that you are the one true claimant to this throne by divine right?

ANNE

To this, I so swear.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CARDINAL

Do you hereby swear that you shall maintain law, order, and peace within this Realm?

ANNE

To this, I so swear.

CARDINAL

Do you hereby swear that you shall govern this Realm with equity, justice, and mercy?

ANNE

To this, I so swear.

CARDINAL

Do you hereby swear that you shall hold to the Traditions as rendered unto us through His One True Church?

ANNE

To this, I so swear.

The Bishop presents the Holy Ampulla to him. He gives the Bible to the Bishop, who holds it over her head. The Cardinal opens the Holy Ampulla, POURS a DROP of Holy Oil onto her hands, her chest, and her forehead.

CARDINAL

Lord have mercy upon us.

PEOPLE

Christ have mercy upon us.

He closes the Holy Ampulla.

CARDINAL

Rise, and receive this Sacred Text.

She reaches for the Bible, but LANDS face down. GASPS. The Cardinal slips the Holy Ampulla into a pocket. He and the Bishop help her UP. The Bishop gives the Bible to the Cardinal, who gives it to Anne. She clutches it to her.

The MISTRESS OF THE ROBES and TWO ALTAR BOYS enter the sanctuary from the left with the PALL ROBE. The GROOM OF THE ROBES and TWO ALTAR BOYS enter the sanctuary from the right with the STOLE ROBE.

The Mistress of the Robes and the Altar Boys put the Pall Robe around her shoulders. The Groom of the Robes and the Altar Boys put the Stole Robe around her shoulders. The Cardinal fastens the robes.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

CARDINAL (CONT'D)

With these Robes of Righteousness, may Almighty God shield you from your enemies, and bathe you in the Glory of His Abundant Grace.

She steps up to the throne, turns to the pews. The Mistress of the Robes and the Groom of the Robes take up the robes. After a pause, she sits on the throne, the Bible on her lap, the robes draped about her.

The Altar Boy with the Scepter presents it to the Cardinal. He takes the Scepter, turns to Anne.

CARDINAL (CONT'D)

With this Scepter, may Almighty God grant you the power to reward the pious, guide the wayward, redeem the fallen, and make revelation to the humble.

He rests it in the crook of her left arm. The Altar Boy with The Ring of Kings presents it to the Cardinal. He takes The Ring of Kings, turns to Anne.

CARDINAL (CONT'D)

With this Ring of Kings, may Almighty God grant to you the wisdom of all those who have come before you.

He slips it onto the third finger of her right hand. The Altar Boy with the Globus Cruciger presents it to the Cardinal. He takes the Globus Cruciger, turns to Anne.

CARDINAL (CONT'D)

With this Globus Cruciger, may Almighty God remind you always of your special place in His Plans.

He places it into her right hand. The Altar Boy with The Sword of Charlemagne presents it to the Cardinal. He takes The Sword of Charlemagne, turns to Anne.

CARDINAL (CONT'D)

May you use this Sword of Charlemagne, bestowed upon Karles Maureus, father of this Realm, by his father, King of the Franks and Holy Roman Emperor, as the minister of Almighty God: to punish those who do evil, to protect those who do good, and lead your people in the way wherein they should go.

He places it across her lap.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ANNOUNCER (OVER LOUD SPEAKERS)  
The numbers for the Boffo Babushka  
Bonanza have just been drawn!

Everything STOPS. Everyone - Anne; Elizabeth; Georg; Boris;  
the Cardinal; the Bishop; the Mistress of the Robes; the

Groom of the Robes; Pathé, Bârgen, Duklja, Risacci; the  
Altar Boys; and the WITNESSES - produces their BOFFO  
BABUSHKA BONANZA TICKETS.

ANNOUNCER (CONT'D)  
And they are: two... six... eight...  
nine... fifteen... and fifty-two.

They GRIPE as they crumple up/toss their tickets.

WOMAN (O.S.)  
(British accent)  
I won... I won.

QUEEN ELIZABETH II

rises slowly as she stares at her ticket in giddy disbelief,  
shows it to her beefy BODYGUARDS.

QUEEN ELIZABETH II (CONT'D)  
Can you believe it? After all these  
years!

They smile, happy for her, then look to the Cardinal.

QUEEN ELIZABETH'S BODYGUARD #1  
(Welsh accent)  
Sir, where may Her Majesty redeem this?

CARDINAL  
Go out, take a right, keep going until  
you come to a thatch house with a  
Coddel hen wearing a babushka on top of  
it. You can't miss it.

QUEEN ELIZABETH'S BODYGUARD #2  
(Scottish accent)  
Thank you, sir.

The bodyguards escort the still-stunned and still-giddy Her  
Majesty gently down the aisle, then OUT.

ANNE AND THE CARDINAL

share a REACTION as the Altar Boy with the Crown of the  
Sovereign presents it to him. Everyone stands as the  
Cardinal takes it, raises it high above her head.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CARDINAL

With this Crown of the Sovereign, we  
humbly beseech You, O Lord, to sanctify  
Thy chosen servant, Anne Marit Brigida  
Ludvika. May her reign be a beacon  
unto the world.

After a seeming eternity, he nestles it on her head.

He, the Bishop, the Mistress of the Robes, the Groom of the  
Robes, and the altar boys now turn to the pews.

WITNESSES

God save the Queen! God save the  
Queen! God save the Queen!

MAN FROM THE COURTROOM

We are doomed! Aaahh!

The witnesses around him WHACK him over the head (again).

FADE OUT.

END