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"Fortunate Son"

SUPER ON BLACK SCREEN:

Men are not punished for their sins, but by them.

-- Elbert Hubbard

FADE IN:

EXT. PALACE OF THE SOVEREIGN - OUTER GROUNDS - DAY (1989)

CROWD gathers, excitement in the air.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

On the tenth day of the tenth month of
the tenth hour of the tenth minute,
and the tenth second of the Year of Our
Lord, nineteen hundred and eighty-nine,
By the Grace of God, Her Most Gracious
Majesty, Elizabeth, Queen Consort of
the Sovereign of The Kingdom of
Mentonia, Grande Duchesse of Pathé,
Storfustinna of Bårgen, Velika Kneginja
of Duklja, Granduchessa of Risacci, you
get the idea, was delivered a baby.

A SLAP O.S. A Baby CRIES O.S.

EXT. PALACE OF THE SOVEREIGN - OUTER GROUNDS - LATER

A CRIER stands at the entry gates. IN LATIN WITH ENGLISH
SUBTITLES:

CRIER

By the Grace of God, His Royal Highness,
Andrea Kjell Matej Pierre, Crown Prince
of The Kingdom of Mentonia, Grand Duc
of Pathé, Storfurste of Bårgen, Veliki
Knez of Duklja, Granduca of Risacci,
you get the idea!

Crowd CHEERS.

INT. TOY STORE - DAY (1996)

F.A.O. Schwarz on steroids.

ELIZABETH (now 25) squats beside ANDREA (now 7), as snotty
as his bespoke-tailored suit.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Elizabeth indulged her boy, and gave in
to his every whim.

ELIZABETH

Which one do you want?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MOCK-UP CAR DEALER SHOWROOM FLOOR

CHILD VERSIONS of a McLAREN F1, a PORSCHE DAUER 962, a ISDERA COMMENDATORE 112i 6L, and a LAMBORGHINI DIABLO SV await their new owner.

ANDREA

turns to his mother.

ANDREA
I want them all, Mama!

TOY STORE SALESMAN

grins like a Cheshire Cat as he HITS a KEY STAMPED "If You Have to Ask, You Can't Afford It" on the CASH REGISTER.

EXT. KING SVEN MILITARY ACADEMY - GROUNDS - DAY (1999)

Andrea (now 10) pouts as LOUIS (now 28) has him shake hands with the stern HEADMASTER (60s) for the MEDIA.

NARRATOR (V.O.)
Louis, however, felt that his son needed structure, order, discipline -- and more than a few smacks across his blue-blooded bottom.

INT. KING SVEN MILITARY ACADEMY - GROUNDS - DAY (2002)

The MAIN BUILDING lords over the august institution.

NARRATOR (V.O.)
Andrea responded to his father's admonitions by doing what no cadet in the history of the King Sven Military Academy had ever done: get the boot.

Doors fly OPEN. The Headmaster KICKS Andrea (now 13) OUT -- literally.

NARRATOR (V.O.) (CONT'D)
That it took three years was the real surprise.

INT. TV STUDIO - NIGHT

TALK SHOW HOST, z-Grade Jay Leno, sits at his desk.

NARRATOR (V.O.)
 For anyone else, expulsion from the world's oldest and most-prestigious martial institution would have been a lifetime source of shame and disgrace. For Andrea, it was an opportunity to turn lemons into lemonade.

TALK SHOW HOST
 With his best-seller --

He holds up a book.

TALK SHOW HOST (CONT'D)
Sven Can Suck My --

SFX: BLEEP.

TALK SHOW HOST (CONT'D)
 here he is, Crown Prince Andrea!

Andrea blows kisses as he walks across the stage.

WOMEN AND GIRLS

SHRIEK, CRY, and FAINT in reaction.

EXT. PALACE OF THE SOVEREIGN - OUTER GROUNDS - DAY (2012)

CROWD gathers, tense.

EXT. PALACE OF THE SOVEREIGN - COURTYARD - CONTINUOUS

LOUIS (now 41), in the grip of a HEART ATTACK, is WORKED ON frantically by TWO DOCTORS. The STAFF, including GEORG, look on helplessly. Many WEEP.

NARRATOR (V.O.)
 On the eleventh day of the eleventh month of the eleventh hour of the eleventh minute of the eleventh second of the twenty-second year of his reign, By the Grace of God, His Most Gracious Majesty, Louis, Sovereign of The Kingdom of Mentonia, Grand Duc of Pathé, Storfurste of Bårgen, Veliki Knez of Duklja, Granduca of Risacci, Defender of the Faith, Guardian of the Realm, you get the idea, breathed his last.

INT. PALACE OF THE SOVEREIGN - CHAPEL - LATER

Andrea (now 23) OPENS the doors, enters, then stops.

NARRATOR (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 Andrea accepted the tremendous burden
 now placed upon him with a dignity and
 a maturity which surprised even his
 mother.

He unleashes a CRAZED, CELEBRATORY WHOOP/fist-pump.

INT. PALACE OF THE SOVEREIGN - GRAND BALLROOM - NIGHT

PARTY with the finest FOOD, BOOZE, and BABES money can buy.

Andrea stands at the BALCONY, lords over it all. He wears a
 T-SHIRT: one ARROW points UP under the words "The Man"; one
 ARROW points DOWN above the words "The Legend".

NARRATOR (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 Although Louis had surrendered the
 bulk of the family's fortune in order
 to retain his phony-baloney job, Andrea
 always had plenty of cash on hand to
 keep the good times going.

Andrea stretches out his arms.

ANDREA
 I rule!

The GUESTS turn to him, ROAR their approval.

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

Andrea (now 24) sits on his "throne": a TOILET, lid up. He
 wears a TOGA, RAY-BANS, and a platinum PIMP NECKLACE with "I
 Rule!" spelt in diamonds.

NARRATOR (V.O.)
 Once in a while, he even found the time
 to actually perform the duties of his
 phony-baloney job.

Andrea points to his left.

ANDREA
 I pardon you.

A HERD OF SHEEP

a BADLY-BEATEN and HOGTIED RANCHER at their feet, breathe a
 SIGH of relief and gratitude.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ANDREA

points to his center.

ANDREA (CONT'D)
I pardon you.

A GROUP OF NERDS

a BADLY-BEATEN and HOGTIED BILL GATES at their feet, breathe a SIGH of relief and gratitude.

ANDREA

points to his right.

ANDREA (CONT'D)
And I especially pardon you.

DITZY REDHEAD

a bed sheet wrapped around her, giggles.

INT. PALACE OF THE SOVEREIGN - BALLROOM - NIGHT

NEW YEAR'S EVE PARTY. Andrea slices through the CROWD, stunning BLONDE on his arm. Wearing his pimp necklace, he takes swigs out of a HEIDSIECK DIAMANT BLEU CUVÉE (1907), affixed with a SEAL denoting Property of the Sovereign.

NARRATOR (V.O.)
Then, on the last day of the twelfth month of the twelfth hour of the twelfth minute of the twelfth second of his twenty-fourth year, By the Grace of God, His Most Gracious Majesty, Andrea, Sovereign of The Kingdom of Mentonia, Grande Duc of Pathé, Storfurste of Bårgen, Veliki Knez of Duklja, Granduca of Risacci, Defender of the Faith, Guardian of the Realm, you get the idea, breathed his last.

He GASPS, DROPS like a felled tree. Everyone just stares.

SCREEN GOES BLACK. FADE UP INTO:

INT. PALACE OF THE SOVEREIGN - THRONE ROOM - DAY (2014)

ANNE, in her CORONATION ROBES, sits for a PAINTER for her portrait. DJOKOVIC, he-man Commander of the Palatin, and KURRI, the toadyish Warden of the Mint, stand to one side.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ANNE

Use the Coronation photo for the
obverse.

KURRI

Splendid, Your Majesty. And the
reverse?

ANNE

A competition. People submit their
designs, then it's put to a vote.

(beat)

King Andrea belonged to the people. It
is only fitting the people should take
part in his memorial.

KURRI

Wonderful, Your Majesty.

ANNE

You may stop patronizing me anytime,
Mr. Kurri.

KURRI

Yes, Your Majesty.

A PAGE (8) RACES IN, excited.

PAGE

Your Majesty, it's here!

Anne looks at the Page, thrown.

EXT. PALACE OF THE SOVEREIGN - OUTER GROUNDS - LATER

A CROWD has gathered around the "IT".

Anne - trailed by the Page and Djokovic - walk through the
entry gates. MIKE MODANO (30s), slick, walks up to her.

MODANO

Your Majesty, a pleasure. Mike Modano,
Naughty Nautical.

(beat)

Our deepest sympathies.

She nods. He hands her his business card.

MODANO (CONT'D)

Although the King did not live to see
his dream come to fruition, we are
certain that you will be delighted with

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MODANO (CONT'D)
the results. His Majesty commanded
"spare no expense", and no expense was
spared!

BEHIND HIM: a 50' YACHT/SUBMARINE rests on a TRACTOR TRUCK.
Stunned, she notices something SHINY via a PORTHOLE.

MODANO (CONT'D)
(re: shiny objects)
Stripper poles!
(beat)
Gun turrets, mini-Spearfish torpedoes,
mini-Tomahawk missiles, sonar, sauna,
vibrating king-size bed, and hot-and-
cold running beer from forty different
countries!

PAGE
Sweet!

She looks at the Page, thrown, then turns to Modano.

ANNE
Mr. Modano, while on your way here, did
it occur to you building this "thing"
had been a waste of your company's time
and resources, as we are
(loses it)
landlocked!

MODANO
But His Majesty said that if your
neighbor - Kopitar? yeah, that's right,
Kopitar - ever had an earthquake and
sunk into the ocean, and the survivors
invaded his country - Mentonia? yeah,
that's right, Mentonia - then he was
going to need a yacht-slash-submarine.

FLASHBACK: INT. NAUGHTY NAUTICAL - OFFICE - DAY (2012)

Modano and his BOSSES CONFER with Andrea VIA a WEBCAM ON
their respective laptops.

ANDREA (ON LAPTOP)
If my neighbor - Kopitar? yeah, that's
right, Kopitar - ever has an earthquake
and sinks into the ocean, and the
survivors invade my country - Mentonia?
yeah, that's right, Mentonia - then I am
going to need a yacht-slash-submarine.

Modano and his bosses nod enthusiastically.

INT./EST. RURAL ROAD - LATER

A VAN hobbles down the road.

INT./EST. VAN (MOVING)/EXT. RURAL ROAD - CONTINUOUS

Anne and BORIS sit in the back as Djokovic DRIVES. She chews on the morning's events.

ANNE

And it is paid for! Where did he get the money?!

BORIS

Well, Your Majesty, the King did have a great many admirers.

ANNE

Well, I admire you, Boris, but it will be a cold day in Hell before I spend a hundred million kronkites to express my admiration.

(beat)

No offense intended.

BORIS

None taken, Your Majesty.

EXT. RURAL ROAD - SHOULDER - LATER

The van has BROKEN DOWN. Anne, agitated, stand beside it with Boris and Djokovic.

ANNE

Andy spends a hundred million on that "thing", but he would not spend a few hundred to maintain the van!

(beat)

Djokovic, call Georg, and have him arrange a pick up.

Djokovic flips open his cell phone, reads the dial.

DJOKOVIC

No bars, Your Majesty.

ANNE

Goddammit!

EXT. RURAL ROAD - SHOULDER - LATER

Anne, Boris, and Djokovic walk. Djokovic flips open his cell phone, reads the dial.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DJOKOVIC
Still no bars, Your Majesty.

ANNE
Goddammit!

BORIS
Your Majesty, I know how we can build
an airfield.

She looks at Boris as if he's nuts, then gestures at the MOUNTAINS which practically choke them. He is non-pulsed.

BORIS (CONT'D)
Have you ever heard of Aaron Spelling?

She shakes her head, now really thrown.

BORIS (CONT'D)
Aaron Spelling was a producer who made
a bunch of money making these stupid
American television shows.

(beat)
He decided that he wanted to own the
biggest home in America. So, he bought
a house on a hill, tore it down, then
sliced the top of the hill right off.
In doing so, he increased the usable
land from nine thousand square meters
to over twenty-thousand square meters,
enough for a small airfield.

(beat)
If we find the right hill, we can cut
the top off, and build an airfield.
And since all non-private property
belongs to The Crown, you won't have to
purchase the hill!

DJOKOVIC
And how would Her Majesty pay for this
airfield?

BORIS
We sell that "thing".

DJOKOVIC
And who is going to buy that "thing"?

BORIS
Any country with a navy. Like America.

ANNE
Or anyone with more money than brains.
Like Aaron Spelling.

Djokovic and Boris nod.

EXT. KING HAR THE HARDY PARK (BÅRGEN) - LATER

BANNER over the ENTRY: "Hey there! Welcome to the 101st Cow Pie Bake-Off! Dedicated to Our Beloved King Andrea". A LIFE-SIZE CUT-OUT of Andrea sampling a COW PIE in the SHAPE of THE MUDFLAP GIRL stands under the banner.

"CRAZY" CHESLAV'S CHICKEN MOBILE PULLS UP. Door OPENS. Anne, Boris, and Djokovic stumble OUT. Polite APPLAUSE.

EXT. KING HAR THE HARDY PARK - LATER

Anne walks along a TABLE with PLATES of COW PIES; by each ENTRY stands their CREATOR(S). Boris and Djokovic walk behind her. Djokovic scans the CROWD for hints of trouble.

She stops at a pile of COW PIES in the SHAPE of a MAN wearing a CROWN. TWO MEN who look like refugees from a Grateful Dead convention ("Dead Heads"), stand behind them. Each offers an erratic bow, then a thumbs up.

ANNE
(re: the cow pies)
Are these supposed to be King Andrea?

The Dead Heads nod, and give a thumbs up.

DEAD HEAD #1
He was a really righteous dude.

She smiles, then picks up an "Andrea".

ANNE
This is weird.

She takes a BITE, chews.

ANNE (CONT'D)
Very good.

She FINISHES, EATS a SECOND, then a THIRD.

ANNE (CONT'D)
Really, really good!

The Dead Heads nod, and give a thumbs up.

SERIES OF SHOTS - ANNE JUDGES THE COW PIES

A) She SAMPLES pies in the SHAPE of WOODEN RULERS entered by TWO smiling NUNS.

B) She SAMPLES pies in the SHAPE of a DOG CHASING A FIRE HYDRANT entered by THE BÅRGEN FIRE BRIGADE.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

C) She SAMPLES pies in the SHAPE of CHICKENS entered by TWO GUYS in COW SUITS.

D) She SAMPLES pies in the SHAPE of the TWO GUYS in the COW SUITS entered by "CRAZY" CHESLAV'S CHICKEN CREW.

END OF SERIES OF SHOTS

EXT. KING HAR THE HARDY PARK - LATER

Anne is HIGHER than a kite!

She talks GIBBERISH, LAUGHS uncontrollably, and MOVES as though she is being twisted and pulled.

TOURISTS and NATIVES have whipped out their SMART PHONES, TABLETS, and DIGITAL CAMERAS to RECORD this for posterity.

Boris and Djokovic, AIDED by a POLICEMAN, finally manage to grab her. She stretches out her arms as they WHISK her into a POLICE CRUISER.

ANNE

I rule!

The crowd ROARS.

INT. HALL OF JUSTICE (PATHÉ) - LATER

Stately. SERGEI FEDEROV, no-nonsense, stands at the PODIUM before REPORTERS.

FEDEROV

Good day. I am Sergei Federov, Chief of the Constabulary.

(beat)

While Her Most Gracious Majesty was in Bårge this morning to judge the Cow Pie Bake-Off, she began to display behavior consistent with the ingestion of narcotics. She was rushed to King Rudolph the Red-Nosed Hospital. We are pleased to report that she is expected to make a full recovery.

(beat)

The first entry judged by Her Majesty was found to contain seven hundred micro-grams of salvia. The entrants have been arrested and charged with possession of contraband, distribution of contraband, and intentional assault upon the Queen's Majesty.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

REPORTER #1
Who is in charge, now?

FEDEROV
Sylvain Lefebvre, head of The Council
of Ministers, is acting as regent.

REPORTER #2
Were you named after Sergei Federov,
the hockey player?

Federov is thrown.

REPORTER #3
Hey, do you have the mobile for King
Andrea's girlfriend? She is bitchin'!

Federov is ready to throttle somebody.

INT. CONSTABULARY (BÅRGEN) - HALLWAY - DAY

Federov escorts Anne and Djokovic down the hall. They reach
a CLOSED DOOR manned by a GUARD. The Guard bows to Anne,
OPENS the door. After she walks through, he CLOSES the
door, whips out his SMARTPHONE.

ANNE (ON SMARTPHONE)
I rule!

He CHUCKLES.

INT. CONSTABULARY - INTERROGATION ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

The Dead Heads sit at a table, HANDCUFFED, HOODS over their
heads. GUARDS YANK them up. With them is their country's
AMBASSADOR (60s). He rises, turns to Anne with a bow.

AMBASSADOR
Your Majesty, they are hardly violent
offenders.

ANNE
But they are offenders.

That settles that. He hands her a LETTER. She recognizes
its one-of-a-kind PARCHMENT and WATERMARKS. As she reads
it, the blood drains from her face.

AMBASSADOR
In light of what this means for both our
countries, the Secretary wishes to
discuss our options.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Numb, she hands it to Federov and Djokovic. Djokovic's shock at its contents gives way to rage. He CHARGES AT the Dead Heads, and PINS them to the wall.

ANNE

Djokovic!

He LETS them GO. The Guards PUSH the Dead Heads into their seats. She tries to pull herself together, then turns to the Ambassador.

ANNE (CONT'D)

Tell the Secretary... if they name everyone involved... they will be released.

Federov and Djokovic are stunned. She turns to them.

ANNE (CONT'D)

Did you honestly not know? Or are you trying to protect yourselves?

They are even more-stunned by the accusation.

FEDEROV

His Majesty released the Constabulary and the Palatin from his service. He said he didn't need protection.

ANNE

I bet he told his girlfriends the same thing.

The off-the-cuff quip BREAKS the tension.

INT. PALACE OF THE SOVEREIGN - MAIN ENTRY - LATER

Anne enters, drained. GEORG enters, bows to her.

GEORG

Good evening, Your Majesty.

He is puzzled by the hard look she gives him. She hands him the LETTER the Ambassador gave her. He reads it, then looks at her, SHAKEN.

ANNE

You are hereby on leave until further notice.

He REACTS as though his world has just crumbled.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

 ANNE (CONT'D)
 Georg, do not make me have you placed
 under arrest.
 (beat)
 Go.
 (longer beat)
 Go!

He bows to her, leaves. She turns away from where he stood,
 FIGHTS back TEARS.

INT. HOUSE (PATHÉ) - LIVING ROOM - MORNING

A well-heeled MAN EATS. Suddenly, FIVE MEMBERS of the NSG -
 the elite commando branch of the Constabulary - BURST IN,
 WEAPONS drawn, and ORDER him to the floor.

INT. WAREHOUSE (BÅRGEN) - CONTINUOUS

TWENTY MEMBERS of the NSG BURST IN, WEAPONS drawn. The
 EMPLOYEES DROP to the floor.

INT. OFFICE (DUKJLA) - CONTINUOUS

A SECRETARY SCREAMS as TWO MEMBERS of the NSG SLAM her
 seemingly-harmless BOSS across her desk, and HANDCUFF him.

EXT. TRENDY COFFEE SHOP (RISACCI) - CONTINUOUS

Baffled CUSTOMERS watch the NSG put HOODS over the heads of
 TWO HANDCUFFED MEN in expensive business suits, then SHOVE
 them into a PADDYWAGON.

INT. PALACE OF THE SOVEREIGN - THRONE ROOM - DAY

Anne meets with Federov, Djokovic, NIEUWENDYK (60s), the
 gung-ho head of the Army, and LEFEBVRE (60s) head of the
 Council of Ministers. Federov hands her a FOLDER. She
 OPENS it, reads.

 ANNE
 Obviously, the the information on the
 exit visas are false. However, we can
 assume that they did not falsify their
 entry visas, as they had no reason to.
 (beat)
 How long will extradition take?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LEFEBVRE

Your Majesty, depending on the host country, the process can be protracted. Weeks, even months. And they may even refuse to arrest the fugitive.

DJOKOVIC

Why would they refuse?

NIEUWENDYK

Because these countries are run by a bunch of touchy-feely pansies!

Chuckles.

ANNE

Minister Lefebvre, kindly inform these "touchy-feely pansies" that if they do not have these gentlemen here in one week, we will.

Lefebvre bows.

ANNE (CONT'D)

General Nieuwendyk and Mr. Djokovic: devise a joint action by the Army and the Palatin in case our friends refuse to see things our way.

Nieuwendyk and Djokovic can't help but grin.

ANNE (CONT'D)

That will be all, gentlemen, thank you.

FEDEROV/LEFEBVRE/NIEUWENDYK/DJOKOVIC

Your Majesty.

They bow, leave. As Anne reviews the folder, Elizabeth STORMS IN like a bull in a china shop.

ELIZABETH

How dare you!

(beat)

You and your father! You hated Andy! You despised him! Despised how everybody loved him! And now that he's gone, you want to --

Anne hands her the letter. Elizabeth reads it, REACTS with shock. Boris now STORMS IN like a bull in a china shop, and hands Anne a LETTER of his own.

BORIS

I resign!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He remembers protocol, and bows to Anne.

BORIS (CONT'D)
Your Majesty.

Elizabeth can't help but chuckle.

ELIZABETH
My boy, you can not resign from
something you do not get paid to do.

He's really cheesed now.

BORIS
Well, then, I quit!

He bows to Anne again.

BORIS (CONT'D)
Your Majesty.

Elizabeth chuckles some more. Anne takes this in.

ANNE
Boris, let us say that while we were
talking, as we are now, I pulled out a
gun, and shot the Queen Mother.

She PANTOMIMES a "gun", "levels" it at Elizabeth's head,
"fires".

ANNE (CONT'D)
What would you do?

BORIS
Run?

ELIZABETH
You wouldn't notify the Constabulary?

He looks at Elizabeth as if she's nuts.

BORIS
She is the Sovereign. She is the
chosen servant of Almighty God.

ELIZABETH
So, that makes her above the law.

Now he is really discombobulated.

ANNE
King Andrea broke the law. And your
grandfather did nothing to stop him.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BORIS

What could he have done? Say "Stop please? Don't do that?"

Elizabeth turns to her: "He has a point". Anne nods, conceding, then turns to him.

ANNE

I will give you a choice: I accept your resignation, meaning you and your grandfather shall no longer be in the service of the Crown. Or I refuse your resignation, meaning you and your grandfather shall remain in the service of the Crown.

He can't help but grin.

BORIS

Your Majesty, it would be our honor to remain your most-humble servants.

She TEARS the letter in half. He SPRINTS off, remembers protocol, SPRINTS back to Anne, bows, SPRINTS off.

The women CHUCKLE, return to the serious business at hand.

ELIZABETH

What are you going to do?

Anne looks at her. They both know what must be done.

INT. PALACE OF THE SOVEREIGN - THRONE ROOM - NIGHT

A CRIER stands at a MICROPHONE before the THRONE.

CRIER

Her Most Gracious Majesty, Anne, Sovereign of Mentonia, Grande Duchesse of Pathé, Storfustinna of Bårgen, Velika Kneginja of Duklja, Granduchessa of Risacci, Defender of the Faith, Guardian of the Realm, you get the idea.

He bows, BACKS AWAY. Anne, folder in hand, COMES to the microphone.

ANNE

Good evening. I wish to speak with you as I owe you two things: an apology for my conduct at the Bake-Off, and an explanation for the events of this past Tuesday.

EXT. SVEN SJÖSTRAND SQUARE (PATHÉ) - CONTINUOUS
 PEOPLE watch Anne on the JUMBOTRON.

ANNE (ON JUMBOTRON) (CONT'D)
 As you know, the first entry contained salvia, an hallucinogen. As salvia is regulated in only a dozen countries, and illegal in none, the entrants assumed it is not considered contraband in Mentonia; they were sadly mistaken. Their cooperation with the Constabulary lead to the dragnet conducted by the NSG on my orders.

EXT. SPORTS ARENA (DUKJLA) - CONTINUOUS

SOCCER GAME STOPS. FANS and PLAYERS watch Anne ON the SCOREBOARD.

ANNE (ON SCOREBOARD) (CONT'D)
 Our laws cannot be more clear: the penalty for the use of contraband is a minimum ten years imprisonment; the penalty for the manufacture, sale or distribution of contraband is death.
 (beat)
 So, how could this have happened? My friends, never in my worst nightmares could I imagine that I would have to tell you what I must tell you now.

INT. CONSTABULARY (BÅRGEN) - CONTINUOUS

POLICE OFFICERS watch Anne ON TV.

ANNE (ON TV) (CONT'D)
 The entrants at the Bake-Off, and the individuals apprehended in the dragnet are drug traffickers, here at the invitation of King Andrea himself.

She SHOWS the letter the Ambassador gave her, SIGNED by Andrea. They are shocked.

ANNE (CONT'D) (CONT'D)
 In exchange for his protection, Andrea demanded forty percent of all gross profits realized by their operations, which we estimate to be two hundred million kronkites.

INT. HOUSE (RISACCI) - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The Page and his PARENTS watch Anne ON TV. The Page hangs onto her every word.

ANNE (ON TV) (CONT'D)
 At his coronation, the Sovereign takes a sacred oath to uphold the law. For him to even think of violating that oath is unforgivable.

INT. HOUSE (DUKJLA) - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Boris, his younger SISTER, their PARENTS, and Georg watch Anne ON TV. Georg has been drained by his ordeal, but recovering.

ANNE (ON TV) (CONT'D)
 But you must believe me when I tell you that what Andrea did, he did without malice. That what he did would contribute to devastating the lives of so many never occurred to him. Not for a single moment.

INT. PALACE OF THE SOVEREIGN - THRONE ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Elizabeth watches Anne, overcome with emotion.

ANNE (CONT'D)
 So, I beg of you, do not allow this to destroy your love for Andrea and what he meant to you. He was not a bad man. He was not an evil man. He was simply an impetuous boy who refused to grow up. I wish all of us had that luxury.

The words give Elizabeth great comfort.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. PALACE OF THE SOVEREIGN - OUTER GROUNDS - DAY

Postcard perfect. Anne stands at a podium.

ANNE
 For his eighteenth birthday, Andrea wanted a car, but not just any car: a two-thousand seven Bugatti Veyron Pur Sang. There were just three minor problems: only five were to be produced; the only way to obtain one was to be invited to purchase one; and Bugatti does not do layaway.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CHUCKLES O.S.

ANNE (CONT'D)

So, Mother did something naughty. She told Father that Grandfather had been rooked by his CFP, and needed two million kronkites straightaway or he would lose Bréifne Castle, home of the Gahans since fourteen eighty-five.

(beat)

The Bugatti arrived on Andrea's birthday. He spent that night zipping around the Kingdom in his new toy.

(beat)

The next morning, the boys and girls at the Saint Pulcheria Orphans Home awoke to an amazing sight. In front of the Home was a car unlike any they had ever seen; attached was a note. The owner wrote that he had had an epiphany: the greatest gifts are not those that one receives, but those that one gives. It was signed "Andy".

(long beat)

Mother wanted to kill him.

LAUGHTER O.S.

ANNE (CONT'D)

Father wanted to kill her.

LAUGHTER O.S.

ANNE (CONT'D)

And the president of the Bank of Pathé, who gave Father the two million kronkites, wanted to kill them all!

LAUGHTER O.S.

ANNE (CONT'D)

But the nuns and the orphans were absolutely delighted.

LAUGHTER, then APPLAUSE O.S.

ANNE (CONT'D)

I cannot think of a better way to commemorate my brother than to endow a trust to support what meant to him the most: children, the environment, strippers.

LAUGHTER O.S.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ANNE (CONT'D)

So thank you for coming, and good luck.

The richer-than-God AUDIENCE before her APPLAUD.

The AUCTIONEER bows to her, shakes her hand, then comes to the podium.

AUCTIONEER

No, Your Majesty, thank you for having us here. And the reason for our being here: this --

He GESTURES at the Yacht/Submarine. Still on the tractor truck. Still throwing Anne for a loop.

AUCTIONEER (CONT'D)

magnificent, one-of-a-kind vessel built for his late majesty King Andrea at a cost of seventy million dollars, American.

ANNE, ELIZABETH, GEORG, AND BORIS

now stand off to one side.

AUCTIONEER (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Open at five million, American.

A very handsome BIDDER raises his paddle.

AUCTIONEER (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Thank you, sir.

Elizabeth eyes the Bidder, likes what she sees; Anne notices.

ANNE

(mock offense)

Mother! Taking an interest in a man your own age. For shame!

Elizabeth grins at her, then walks toward the Bidder.

Djokovic JOINS Anne as the BIDDING gets FRANTIC.

BORIS

Your Majesty, I really think you should use the money to build an airfield.

ANNE

Well, Boris, when you become sovereign, you may build as many airfields as you like.

Georg and Djokovic SUPPRESS their laughter.

EXT. PALACE OF THE SOVEREIGN - OUTER GROUNDS - LATER
DIGITAL BOARD behind the auctioneer: \$90,000,000 USD.

 AUCTIONEER
Ninety million, American, once.
 (beat)
Ninety million, American, twice.

He BANGS his GAVEL.

 AUCTIONEER (CONT'D)
Sold!

APPLAUSE O.S.

IN THE AUDIENCE

the WINNER jumps out of his seat.

ANNE, GEORG, DJOKOVIC, AND BORIS
are taken aback by how young he is.

THE WINNER

RACES down the aisle to the Auctioneer. They shake hands,
TALK, pose for PHOTOGRAPHERS. The Auctioneer then
introduces him to the audience.

 AUCTIONEER
Ladies and gentlemen, Mr. Aaron Spelling
Junior.

APPLAUSE. Spelling stretches out his arms.

 SPELLING
I rule!

Anne, Georg, Djokovic, and Boris share a LOOK: "No way!"

FADE OUT.

END