



(#Pau002292669)

"Support Your Local Sovereign"

written by

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ON BLACK:

Life being what it is, one dreams of revenge.

-- Paul Gauguin

FADE IN:

EXT. VANĚK - FOREST CLEARING - NIGHT (1839)

Among pitched tents, FOUR MEN sit by a campfire, PLAYING bouillotte.

A forerunner of poker, bouillotte employs a 20-card deck and chips called "the cave". To open, each player wagers one chip. As no one thought to bring chips, each man uses his money, hence, four gold coins in the betting pool.

PHILIPPE-AUGUSTÉ (60; Snidely Whiplash-type) waits for the hand to be dealt.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

By the Grace of God, His Most Gracious Majesty, Philippe-Augusté, Sovereign of the Kingdom of Vaněk, Grand-Duc de Pathé, Storfurste av Bårgen, Veliki Knez iz Duklja, Granduca di Risacci, Defender of the Faith, Guardian of the Realm, you get the idea.

JOSÉ MARIA DA CÂMARA (30; worldly) sits to the King's right, and deals three cards counter-clockwise to each man.

NARRATOR (V.O.) (CONT'D)

José Maria da Câmara, scion of one of Portugal's most noble families.

École Spéciale Militaire de Saint-Cyr cadet JÉAN-GUY BAILLARGEON (20; naif) sits to da Câmara's right.

NARRATOR (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Jéan-Guy Baillargeon, French-Belgian babe in the woods.

MARCO ROSELLI (30; slimy) sits to Baillargeon's right.

NARRATOR (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Marco Roselli, Italian playboy and French Foreign Legion reject.

Roselli and da Câmara wear the army lieutenant uniform of Italy and Spain, respectively.

Da Câmara deals himself three cards, turns the next card face up: ace of hearts.

QUEEN COLETTE (50; plump) pops her head OUT of the Royal Tent behind them. In FRENCH, ENGLISH SUBTITLES:

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

COLETTE

Poopsie?

A look of utter annoyance crosses His Most Gracious Majesty's face.

COLETTE (CONT'D)

When are you coming to bed?

PHILIPPE-AUGUSTÉ

When Hell freezes over!

Roselli and da Câmara chuckle. Offended, Colette goes back into the tent with a self-righteous huff.

Roselli, Baillargeon, and the King each toss two coins into the pot. Da Câmara must now toss three coins in; he does. Roselli then breaks into a grin.

ROSELLI

(cocky)

I'm in.

Roselli tosses his money bag into the pot. To stay in, the others must now go all-in. Baillargeon gulps a bit.

BAILLARGEON

(afraid)

I'm in.

He tosses his money bag in.

The King pats himself down. No money. But not wanting to miss out, he pulls the Ring of Kings off his finger.

PHILIPPE-AUGUSTÉ

(with gusto)

I'm in!

He tosses the ring in, betting the throne on the game!

Roselli, Baillargeon, and da Câmara share a look but dare not say a word. It's now da Câmara's turn to gulp.

DA CÂMARA

(knows better)

I'm in.

END SUBTITLES

Da Câmara tosses his money bag in.

Roselli drops his hand: king of diamonds, queen of diamonds, ace of clubs.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Baillargeon drops his hand: ace of diamonds, nine of clubs, eight of hearts.

The King drops his hand: king of hearts, eight of diamonds, queen of spades.

Da Câmara DROPS his hand: queen of hearts, ace of clubs, eight of clubs.

The King, da Câmara, and Roselli look at Baillargeon: the winner -- and the new Sovereign!

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. MOTEURS DE SADE (PARIS, FRANCE) - DAY (2014)

MARQUIS DE SADE (40s; sleazy) rides a hog along a row of new and used French cars and motorbikes.

NARRATOR (V.O.)
Marquis de Sade - no, we are not making
that up - antiseptically-challenged
automotive dealer.

A SINGER SINGS to "*If You're Happy and You Know It*". In
FRENCH, ENGLISH SUBTITLES:

SINGER (O.S.)
If you want to buy a new car, see
Marquis! If you need to buy a used car,
see Marquis! The deals are really
sweet, and the prices can't be beat!
See Marquis! See Marquis! See Marquis!

De Sade jumps off the hog, then yanks the poor thing's tail;
it squeals/runs off. He now looks straight ahead.

DE SADE
People say I'm crazy! I must be crazy!
I'm practically giving these babies
away!

He gestures at a 2012 Peugeot XR7-50 motorcycle, a beast.

DE SADE (CONT'D)
Here is a two-thousand twelve Peugeot
X-R seven-fifty. Owned by this sweet
little old lady from L'Haÿ-les-Roses
who only used it to go to church every
Sunday. A steal at five-hundred Euros!

He walks.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DE SADE (CONT'D)

And that's just one of the great deals we have here at de Sade Motors! Bad credit? No credit? No problem! We carry our own financing. Heck, make me an offer! I'm so crazy, I just might accept it!

(beat)

De Sade Motors is located at five Avenue of the Republic in Paris, open from nine-to-nine, seven days a week. See you soon!

He waves/gives a big smile.

DIRECTOR (O.S.)

And... cut! Fantastic, Mr. de Sade!

De Sade reverberates to his pissed-off self. He storms away as his assistants, a WOMAN and a MAN, follow dutifully.

DE SADE

Why do I do this?! I must be crazy!

(beat)

Am I crazy?

DE SADE'S FEMALE ASSISTANT

(going along)

You're crazy.

He turns to the woman.

DE SADE

Who asked you?! Did I ask you?!

She shakes her head, intimidated.

DE SADE (cont'd)

Then shut up, you dumb bitch!

She shrinks as he turns on his heels.

INT. MOTEURS DE SADE - SALES OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Boiler-room chic. SALESMEN CUT DEALS with CUSTOMERS as De Sade - tailed by the assistants - storms in like a bull in a china shop. SUBTITLES CONTINUE:

DE SADE'S MALE ASSISTANT

Marquis, France twenty-four has been calling. They want to know why you called the Trade Minister "a pussy".

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

De Sade turns on him with righteous fury.

DE SADE
Because he is a pussy! He promised to
open up the German market and cut the
export tax! Then those Nazis began
screaming bloody murder, and he backed
down like the pussy he is! My bottom
line is getting clobbered, and nobody
gives a --

De Sade stops, spots something: An issue of Paris-Match on a
table, Anne ON the cover. On the third finger of her right
hand is the Ring of Kings. De Sade picks up the magazine.

DE SADE'S MALE ASSISTANT
She is pretty.

De Sade turns on him (again), blood in his eyes.

DE SADE
There is no such thing as a pretty
Baillargeon! They are all pig scum! Do
you hear me?! Pig scum!

De Sade SLAMS down the magazine, and storms off. The man
turns to the woman.

DE SADE'S MALE ASSISTANT
He is crazy.

She nods. END SUBTITLES.

EXT./EST. ROAD - EARLY MORNING

Mountain range engulfed in perpetual fog.

INT./EXT. CAR (MOVING)/ROAD - CONTINUOUS

An agitated De Sade sputters along in his beat-up Renault as
he is overtaken by a Gremlin, an AMC Pacer, then - the final
insult - a Yugo.

EXT. TRAIN STATION (ANŽE, KOPITÁŘ) - PLATFORM - LATER

De Sade encounters a sign: "Pancake Day. No Trains to or
from Vaněk Today". Could things possibly get any worse?

EXT. PATHÉ CENTRAAL (VANĚK) - DUSK - LATER

Fog. Sign: "Hey There! Welcome to The Kingdom of Vaněk.
Where Men Are Men and Women Are Women -- A Darn Good
Arrangement!" West Directional: "Anže, Kopitář 32 KM".

De Sade staggers off the tracks, having walked all the way
from Kopitář. He climbs a ladder up to the platform, then
encounters... the statue of Jéan-Guy Baillargeon. ON its
Plaque in DUTCH, SUBTITLES OVER:

Jéan-Guy Tibout Baillargeon
(* 31 May 1819 - † 25 October 1903)
Vanquisher of King Philippe-Augusté
Founder of The Loyal Royal Order of the Rail
Sovereign of The Kingdom of Vaněk
"Awesome!"

INT. PALACE OF THE SOVEREIGN - MAIN ENTRY - LATER

In need of some serious TLC.

Crazed POUNDING OFF-SCREEN. ANNE, in a robe, hair wet,
marches to the door, miffed.

MAN (O.S.)
(Brooklyn accent)
Your Most Gracious Majesty?

ISADORE ISENBERG (60s; tourist) approaches meekly. Anne
stops, looks to her left, does an 180, big smile.

ANNE
Good evening, Professor. How are you
and Mrs. Isenberg enjoying your stay?

ISENBERG
Oh, we love it here, Your Most Gracious
Majesty, we really do.

MRS. ISENBERG (O.S.)
(Brooklyn accent)
Izzy! The toilet's acting all funny
again!

She gestures to him "Pardon", and, really miffed now, opens
the door.

ANNE
What?!

De Sade stands there. In FRENCH, ENGLISH SUBTITLES:

DE SADE
I am Marquis De Sade.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She bursts out laughing.

DE SADE (CONT'D)
I am not making that up!
(beat)
I am the great-great-great-grandson of
By the Grace of God, His Most Gracious
Majesty, Philippe-Augusté, Sovereign of
the Kingdom of Vaněk, Grand-Duc de Pathé,
Storfurste av Bårge, Veliki Knez iz
Duklja, Granduca di Risacci, Defender of
the Faith, Guardian of the Realm, you
get the idea!

ANNE
My sympathies.

She CLOSES the door. He YELLS. She opens the door. He
hops up and down: his foot got caught. END SUBTITLES.

DE SADE
(thick French accent)
I will say this in English so that even
you will understand, *salope*: Your pig
scum family stole my throne and I want
it back!

ANNE
I understood you perfectly, *enculé*. And
is hardly the fault of Jean-Guy that
Philippe-Augusté was a bloody imbecile!

This throws de Sade for a loop.

DE SADE
You will not relinquish my throne?

ANNE
It is not yours, it is mine!

DE SADE
We shall see, *gouine*!

They exchange variations of the one-finger salute. He tries
to storm off, but is reduced to limping away, instead.

INT. TV STUDIO (WASHINGTON, D.C.) - DAY

FIVE PEOPLE sit on a DARKENED STAGE as the THEME to "THE
MCLAUGHLIN GROUP" PLAYS.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)
From the nation's capitol, "*The McLaughlin Group*", an unrehearsed program presenting inside opinions and forecasts on major issues of the day.

LIGHTS come UP to reveal JOHN McLAUGHLIN seated at center.

ANNOUNCER (CONT'D)
Here is the host, John McLaughlin.

McLAUGHLIN
Issue one: King Me!

VIDEOTAPED SEGMENT BEGINS:

VIDEO of de Sade's COMMERCIAL.

McLAUGHLIN (V.O.) (CONT'D)
This week, a French car salesman by the name of Marquis de Sade - no, we are not making that up - made what is being called the strongest challenge yet to Vaněk's Royal Family's right to rule.

VIDEO of a PRESS CONFERENCE. De Sade stands with YVES DUPUIS (50s; snake oil salesman).

McLAUGHLIN (V.O.) (CONT'D)
The forty-three year old de Sade has hired the flamboyant and contentious litigator Yves Dupuis, whom, in a wild press conference on Tuesday in Paris, accused Queen Anne, the young ruler of Vaněk, of, among other things, duplicity!

OVER-LAP to LATER FOOTAGE of Dupuis.

DUPUIS (ON VIDEOTAPE)
(French accent)
The Crown - the treasure of the Châtres family until that abomination of humanity, Jean-Guy Baillargeon, betrayed, beguiled, and bamboozled his host - had to be sized to fit the head of the she-devil who now reaps the rewards of the treachery of Un Pécore!

Dupuis's AUDIO is CUT OFF.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

McLAUGHLIN (V.O.)
Mon Dieu! But Avocat Dupuis was just getting warmed up! In between his maniacal ravings, he presented evidence which seemed to contradict the story that King Philippe-Augusté willingly bet the Crown in a card game way back in the year eighteen thirty-three, evidence that was given credence when the State Department issued a communique in support of de Sade.

Map highlighting the location of Vaněk.

McLAUGHLIN (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 Why should the United States care who winds up ruling Vaněk, a tiny country in Eastern Europe of little strategic importance?

NEWSREEL of DWIGHT and MAMIE EISENHOWER welcoming KING PIERRE (then-21) and QUEEN REGENT ANNE-SOPHIE (50s) to THE WHITE HOUSE.

McLAUGHLIN (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 In nineteen fifty-three, King Pierre, future grandfather of Queen Anne, and his mother, Queen Regent Anne-Sophie, visited The White House.

NEWSREEL of Anne-Sophie and Pierre and the Eisenhowers in THE BLUE ROOM observing a PAIR of CODDELS.

McLAUGHLIN (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 As a token of their esteem, His Most Gracious Majesty and Her Most Gracious Regent Majesty presented to President Dwight and First Lady Mamie Eisenhower a pair of Coddels, the direct descendants of Vaněk, who liberated the Vaněk when he gored to death the tyrannical Carlo Martel, bastard son of Charlemagne, way back in the year eight twenty.

Eisenhower chuckles at the Coddels. Pierre is not amused.

McLAUGHLIN (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 Unfortunately, the usually-discerning Ike could not help but laugh at the sight of the homely creatures, and His Most Gracious Majesty took offense.

LATER FOOTAGE of Eisenhower lying UNCONSCIOUS on the floor amid the ensuing CHAOS.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

McLAUGHLIN (V.O.) (CONT'D)
And as the man who saved the world from
Adolf Hitler lay knocked out cold on the
floor of The Blue Room, courtesy of a
vicious royal right hook, Pierre took
his Coddels and left, leaving Anne-
Sophie to apologize profusely to Mamie.

NEWSREEL of Pierre at work in his office.

McLAUGHLIN (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Pierre recalled his ambassador to the
United States, kicked out all American
nationals, and banned all American
imports.

NEWSREEL of Eisenhower playing golf.

McLAUGHLIN (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Not to be outdone, Ike recalled our
ambassador to Vaněk, kicked out all
Vaněk nationals, and banned all Vaněk
imports.

NEWSREEL of TWO DIPLOMATS signing an accord. They finish,
rise, and shake hands.

McLAUGHLIN (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Diplomatic ties were restored in
nineteen sixty-seven, yet relations
remained strained. So much so that
when Anne's brother, the late King
Andrea, was accepted to the hoity-toity
Roxbury Latin School, the Immigration
and Naturalization Service refused to
issue the twelve year old a visa.

VIDEOTAPED SEGMENT ENDS.

McLaughlin looks straight ahead.

McLAUGHLIN (CONT'D)
How fortuitous that our ambassador to
Vaněk during the administration of
George Bush, the elder, should be
gracing us with his presence.

He turns to his far left.

McLAUGHLIN (CONT'D)
Lawrence Kudlow, who is Marquis de Sade?

LAWRENCE KUDLOW chimes in.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KUDLOW

He is the great-great-grandson of
Philippe-Augusté's son, René-Augusté.

(beat)

After he learned Philippe-Augusté had
lost the throne, René-Augusté did what
anyone today who is convinced they have
been screwed over would do: he sued --

Chuckles of disbelief.

KUDLOW (CONT'D)

alleging Jean-Guy defrauded Philippe-
Augusté of the throne by pretending to
be unskilled at bouillotte. After the
Supreme Court ruled that Philippe-
Augusté willingly bet The Crown, and,
when he lost, forfeited the Châtres'
right to rule, René-Augusté - whose
shenanigans made dear old dad look like
a pillar of virtue - was obliged to get
out of Dodge, P-D-Q.

Chuckles.

KUDLOW (CONT'D)

He wound up in Paris, and married a
barmaid. Then one day, he found God,
changed his last name to "de Sade",
abandoned his family, and joined a now-
defunct Benedictine order in Saint-Léger
-du-Gennetey, ironically, the birthplace
of Jean-Guy Baillargeon.

Throw momentarily, McLaughlin now turns to his right.

McLAUGHLIN

Eleanor Clift.

ELEANOR CLIFT chimes in.

CLIFT

I watched the press conference. At
first, I thought it was another one of
Dupuis's crazy publicity stunts. But as
it went on, I realized that he has a
case, and the Vaněk may actually back
De Sade if Dupuis is able to drum up
enough popular support.

McLaughlin, thrown again, turns to his left.

McLAUGHLIN

Michael Barone.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MICHAEL BARONE jumps in.

BARONE

This is as nutty as when Louis took out ads in the world's major newspapers announcing that cow pies had made him sterile, and Anne and Andrea's real father was Pope John Paul the Second.

Hysterical laughter. McLaughlin turns to his right.

McLAUGHLIN

Clarence Page.

CLARENCE PAGE jumps in.

PAGE

A sovereignty is a not a right but a trust conferred upon by God, so there is a real question here, and that is: did Philippe-Augusté have the right to wager what wasn't his?

McLaughlin stares hard at Page.

McLAUGHLIN

You... are a strange little man.

Peels of laughter.

McLAUGHLIN (CONT'D)

As illuminating as all this has been, we have to get out.

(best)

Exit question: will one-hundred-eighty-years of Baillargeon rule be junked like Grandma's Model T?

(beat)

Ambassador Kudlow?

KUDLOW

De Sade has as much claim to the throne as Queen Elizabeth's newest boy toy!

OVER the now-hysterical laughter:

McLAUGHLIN

You are referring to Queen Anne's lovely mother, and not to the equally-lovely Elizabeth the Second of Great Britain and the United Kingdom.

Kudlow nods as the others continue to laugh.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

McLAUGHLIN (CONT'D)
 Just want to make that clear. We don't
 want to be deluged with mail from those
 Yankee-hating blokes across the pond.
 (beat)
 Eleanor?

CLIFT
 Doubt it, but I would not underestimate
 Yves Dupuis.

McLAUGHLIN
 Michael?

BARONE
 No way!

McLAUGHLIN
 Clarence?

PAGE
 Maybe.

Chuckles. McLaughlin does a double-take, then looks ahead.

McLAUGHLIN
 The answer is: Maybe!

Laughter.

INT. MANFRED'S MERCENARY (DUKLJA) - DAY

Every gadget ever conceived to kill and kill some more crams
 the place. Anne, in fatigues, stands before a camera.

NARRATOR (V.O.)
 So, as the world debated the fate of
 Vaněk, life went on as usual.

ANNE
 My friends. Are you a dictator
 grappling with pesky insurrectionists?
 Or a police force looking for new ways
 to break legs and bust heads? Or the
 head of a covert government agency
 nostalgic for those weapons of mass-
 destruction which made the good old days
 so good?

(beat)
 Well, Manfred's Mercenary has everything
 you need to arm yourself to the teeth:
 from Bowie knives and hand grenades to
 (MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ANNE (CONT'D)
 the latest in germ warfare. Even bullet-proof long-johns to protect those most precious of possessions.
 (beat)
 We accept all major credit cards and can have your order delivered anywhere in the world within twenty-four hours. So, come on in or go online at Mannys-Mercs-dot-com. And don't forget to ask about our daily specials!

EXT. BICYCLE LOT (BÅRGEN) - DAY

Banner strung up over the lot: "Krazy Károly's Kerékpár".

Anne rides a pony past a line of bicycles as a SINGER SINGS to "*If You're Happy and You Know It*".

SINGER (O.S.)
 If you want to buy a new bike, go see Károly! If you need to buy a used bike, come see Károly! You'll get a deal that's really sweet! And the prices can't be beat! Come see Károly! Come see Károly! Come see Károly!

She can't get off, and YELLS as the pony zips off. The TV CREW runs after her.

EXT. SUPER MARKET (RISACCI) - ENTRANCE - DAY

Anne stands behind a ribbon, which runs across the opened sliding doors, and holds a pair of ceremonial scissors.

She is flanked by GÖRGES, BORIS, ELIZABETH, and the OWNERS and WORKERS of THE GREEN THUMB GROCER.

ANNE
 It is our great pleasure to welcome The Green Thumb Grocer to Risacci.

She is interrupted by a heavy-set WOMAN.

WOMAN
Stronza! Puttana! Cagna! You and my Giovanni!

She runs onto the stage and TACKLES Anne. CHAOS as everyone tries to pull the Woman off of her.

INT. PALACE OF THE SOVEREIGN - THRONE ROOM - LATER

In need of serious TLC.

Anne sits as Boris puts an ice pack on her head. Band aids dot her legs. Elizabeth stands before her while attended by her latest BOY TOY (20s; gorgeous slab of meat).

ANNE

There is no Giovanni, Mother.

ELIZABETH

You mean you paid that woman to accuse you of bonking her husband?

(impish)

Kinky.

ANNE

No! I don't know her, and I don't know her husband!

ELIZABETH

That's what I told Lady Osgood when she caught the Baron and I in the loo.

De Sade and Dupuis sweep in as Görges trails helplessly. Dupuis brazenly comes to Anne as if he's doing her a favor.

DUPUIS

I am Yves Dupuis. No doubt, you know me from my many legal cases, my many reality show appearances, my many best-selling tomes, my many shameless publicity stunts, and my many World Wrestling Federation matches.

He smugly motions with a hand.

DUPUIS (CONT'D)

Please, do not get up on my account.

He presents Anne with a brief.

DUPUIS (CONT'D)

As even you will acknowledge, admit, and acquiesce, Monsieur de Sade's claim is of such strength, stamina, and steadfastness, that we can forego, forsake, and forswear our right to file suit with the Supreme Court, and have it out here once and for all.

She slowly get to her feet.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ANNE

Our Supreme Court does not accept proceedings and, I suspect, neither does *La Cour de Cassation*, which is not of relevance, as you shall never be granted a license to practice law in the kingdom. How you were granted a diploma from CAPA is beyond comprehension!

She then sets her sights set on de Sade.

ANNE (CONT'D)

You want to have to do stupid idiot commercials? You want to have to open every stupid idiot grocery, and every stupid idiot ukha hall, and every stupid idiot weißwurst stand, and every other stupid idiot thing, then get waylaid by some wack job who is convinced you are bonking her husband?!

(beat)

You want this?! You want this?! Well, you can --

She freezes. Out of the corner of her eye, she sees a painting of Pierre, every inch The King.

ANNE (CONT'D)

Görges?

Görges dutifully steps forward.

ANNE (CONT'D)

The Royal Arms.

The color drains from his face.

INT: LIBRARY - MINUTES LATER

A former shell of her glorious self. Görges and Boris stand at a bookcase. He hands Boris a pair of goggles, removes a key from his pocket, then puts on his goggles.

GÖRGES

I hoped this day would never come.
That you would never have to see this.

Boris is utterly confused as he puts on his goggles.

BORIS

Why? Where are we going?

Görges sticks the key into a "Bible", then faces him.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GÖRGES
Into the belly of the beast.

He turns the key. The bookcase OPENS, a RED LIGHT emits from it. An ominous SOUND in RISING OCTAVES is followed by a RUMBLE. Boris YELLS as the light OVERTAKES them.

INT: THRONE ROOM - LATER

Anne, ice pack still on her head, sits at a table as Görges, his hair and clothes singed, presents her with a small, centuries-old Wooden Box ("The Royal Arms"). Boris, his hair and clothes also singed, is traumatized.

Anne pulls The Ring of Kings off her finger, nestles it into the box, then pushes down.

The box opens in half, and a platform with a folded parchment with a broken wax Royal Seal rises out of it. She takes the parchment, unfolds it, then looks at De Sade.

ANNE
This is in Latin, but I shall read it in English so that even you will understand.

(beat)

"Hey, there! We, Judicaël, by the Grace of God, Sovereign of the Kingdom of Vaněk, Grand Duke of Pathé, Grand Prince of Bårgen, Grand Prince of Duklja, Grand Duke of Risacci, Defender of the Faith, Guardian of the Realm, you get the idea, hereby enact these Royal Arms for such time when a challenge of Succession is presented.

(beat)

"The contests of skill contained shall be administered in three rounds. The victor of two of the three rounds shall be deemed Sovereign of this Realm by Divine Right. If the vanquished is the Sovereign, he shall forfeit all claim to the throne for himself and his progeny. If the vanquished is the Challenger, he shall forfeit all claim to the throne for himself and his progeny. So ordained on this sixteenth day of December in the Year of Our Lord, sixteen-seventeen. God wills it".

Frantic POUNDING off-screen.

INT: MAIN ENTRY - MOMENTS LATER

Görges OPENS the door to find a MOB.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MAN IN MOB
We felt the tremors! There is a
challenge!

He is swept aside as they storm in.

INT: THRONE ROOM - LATER

A MAN works the room, fliers in his hand.

FLIER MAN
Program! Get your program! Can't tell
the players without a program!

Görges, holding The Royal Arms, stands next to Boris.

Boris reaches into it, and pulls out a folded parchment bearing the SEAL of one of Judicaël's successors (each sovereign has a different seal). Elizabeth snatches it from him, breaks its seal, then reads.

NARRATOR (V.O.)
In enacting The Royal Arms, it was
Judicaël's intent not only to circumvent
the carnage which always accompanied the
ascension of a new sovereign like a bad
cold, but to prove the sovereign worthy
of the throne through tests demanding
the greatest intellectual, psychological,
and, most importantly to Judicaël, moral
fortitude.
(beat)
Unfortunately, his successors had other
ideas.

She breaks into a demonic chuckle.

LATER

Görges presents Anne with gloves, which she puts on. Boris presents de Sade with gloves, which he puts on.

Anne and de Sade sit at opposite ends of a card table, and put their hands around joysticks.

GÖRGES
Ready... Steady... Go!

The MOB CHEERS and the BETTING becomes frantic as Anne and de Sade PLAY with boxing nun puppets.

De Sade's puppet peppers Anne's puppet with jabs that snap its head back. But he gets cute, giving her an opening. Her puppet decks his puppet with a right hook.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She jumps up, fists pumped, and gives a YELL. Görges and Boris CELEBRATE. But Elizabeth and the BETTORS around her throw their money down in disgust.

LATER

Boris removes from The Royal Arms a folded parchment bearing the wax SEAL of ANOTHER of Judicaël's successors. Elizabeth snatches it from him, breaks its seal, reads. She breaks into a giddy smile.

INT: GYM - MINUTES LATER

Resembles a SoHo loft, with wood floors, red brick walls, and fitness equipment that have seen better days.

WILHELMINA (50s, husky) of Wilhelmina's Weißwürsts has set up a weißwurst (sausage) stand, and is doing boffo BUSINESS. UTKIN (40s, fierce) of Utkin's Ukhaha set up a Ukha (Russian fish soup) stand, and is also doing boffo BUSINESS.

CLOSE ON: two left legs moving three times in sync, lock.

Anne and de Sade, on their backs and opposite and beside each other, are in a kiddie pool filled with mud, INDIAN LEG WRESTLING. After much yin and yang, de Sade sends Anne FLYING OUT of the pool. CRASH O.S.

The crowd ROARS. De Sade jumps up, and dances.

DE SADE
(sing-song)
I am the king, yeah! I am the king,
yeah! I am the king, yeah!

EXT. PALACE OF THE SOVEREIGN - ENTRANCE - LATER

MEDICS race out of an ambulance and past a CONGA LINE, Dupuis and de Sade leading the way. A REPORTER stands in front of this, facing a camera.

REPORTER
The ambulance is for the Queen Mum, who fractured her right big toe when she kicked Her Most Gracious Majesty for failing to get up after she was sent head-first into the wall by Marquis De Sade, allowing him to win round two.

He turns behind him to the conga line.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

REPORTER (CONT'D)
Hey, de Sade! Get your snail-eating ass
back in there! I've got a hundred
kronkites riding on this puppy!

INT. PALACE OF THE SOVEREIGN - GYM - LATER

Görges reaches into the Royal Arms, removes a folded parchment with the wax SEAL of yet ANOTHER of Judicaël's successors. Elizabeth - right foot in an inflatable cast, and propped up by Boy Toy and a MEDIC - tries to snatch it from him, but he keeps it out of reach.

LATER

Anne and de Sade, a goofy smile on his face, stand at a wall. Each holds a trowel slabbed with fast-drying mortar and two bar handles.

Görges, betraying concern, gives the signal.

GÖRGES
Ready... Steady... Go!

Anne and de Sade slap the trowels against the wall, push the handles into the mortar, wait for the mortar to bond, then grab the handles and BASH their heads INTO the wall.

GÖRGES (CONT'D)
Ten!

Their heads HIT the wall ten more times.

GÖRGES (CONT'D)
Twenty!

The BETTING INSANE, their heads HIT the wall ten more times.

GÖRGES (CONT'D)
Thirty!

De Sade puts his head THROUGH the wall as Anne knocks herself OUT, falls on her back. De Sade PULLS his head out, woozy, falls on his back. Görges holds a stopwatch, reads off the seconds.

GÖRGES (CONT'D)
Ten!... Twenty!... Thirty!

Anne begins to come to. The CROWD goes BONKERS.

GÖRGES (CONT'D)
Forty!... Fifty!...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She stumbles onto her feet. De Sade is gone.

GÖRGES (CONT'D)
(overjoyed)
Sixty!

AL MICHAELS and DICK VITALE stand in front of this BEDLAM, each holding a microphone.

MICHAELS
Do you believe in miracles?! Yes!

VITALE
Flat-out scary, baby!

Anne smiles, waves weakly, then falls back on the floor.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. SKY - DAY

The puffy-white clouds part to reveal a park and a CROWD.

EXT. KING TON THE TREE HUGGER PRESERVE (PATHÉ) - DAY

Anne, looking like a mummy, holds a pair of ceremonial scissors, about to cut a ribbon around a birdbath, flanked by Gorges, Boris, Elizabeth, PARK RANGERS, and VOLUNTEERS, each of whom wear a "Ingharr the Insectivore" t-shirt.

ANNE
We are most pleased to dedicate the
Ingharr the Insectivore Memorial Bird
Bath as part of the King Ton the Tree
Hugger Nature Preserve. May all of our
feathered friends --

She is interrupted by a MAN (60s), effeminate.

MAN
Stronza! Puttana! Cagna! You and my
Giovanni!

He rushes the stage, TACKLES Anne. Everyone tries to pull him off of her, except Elizabeth. She turns to a SUBJECT, a smirk on her face.

ELIZABETH
Kinky.

They smile in agreement.

FADE OUT.

END