

TOLYN TO BE

Written by

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EXT. SWORD SHARPENER SHOP - DAY

In HAVERLY, a medieval town, a VILLAGER sharpens a royal sword, stops, and checks the blade. They wipe the blade off and hand it over to TOLYN AUGUSTINE.

SHARPENER

Prince Tolyn, I believe you now  
have the sharpest blade in all of  
Haverly.

TOLYN AUGUSTINE, age 15, is by all outward appearances a handsome royal boy. However, to respect Tolyn's wishes, the pronoun that would best fit is they/them/their.

TOLYN

My sword is ever so grateful. Now  
let us hope I shall never need to  
use it.

A YOUNG GIRL walks up with her MOTHER and curtsies.

Tolyn smiles and begins to bow, but instead curtsies back. The faces of the mother and the villager appear perplexed.

GIRL

(laughs)  
Boys don't curtsy.

The disapproving mother SHUSHES her.

GIRL (CONT'D)

But he is not a princess.

Tolyn's joy dissipates. They mount SNICKLEFRITZ, their loyal white horse.

TOLYN

(leans into the horse)  
Let's go, Snicklefritz.

They gallop off escaping the shame.

EXT. HAVERLY TOWN CENTER - DAY

Tolyn passes through the bustling village. Farm animals mingle amongst the townspeople in the medieval times setting.

As they weave through the town, their head turns to women, men, and boys who nod while teenage girls curtsy in a flirty tone directed at Haverly's Prince Tolyn.

The curtsies trigger Tolyn to go faster.

EXT. HAVERLY TOWN CEMETERY - DAY

Checking for onlookers, Tolyn proceeds with a fancy dismount off of Snicklefritz.

Tolyn's face seeps into a somber expression when they notice a family that surrounds a gravesite. The family places flowers on the grave as the sounds of their WHIMPERS grow.

Tolyn realizes their hands are empty, flowerless.

TOLYN (V.O.)  
 Oh, just splendid. A reminder how horrible I am at this grieving thing.

Tolyn bends over to pick various flowers.

TOLYN (V.O.)  
 Maybe these flowers will help me find my tears.

Pausing at a few neglected gravestones, Tolyn places some flowers, and proceeds through the cemetery.

TOLYN (V.O.)  
 If not, then I shall grieve these beautiful flowers who did not willingly donate their life to my cause.

EXT. GRAVESITE OF LIRA - DAY

Tolyn arrives at a well-tended royal gravesite set far off from the others.

They stare at the gravestone with a sense of longing, desperation, and anger, clenching the flowers.

The gravestone reads QUEEN LIRA OF HAVERLY, 1377-1418.

TOLYN (V.O.)  
 (perturbed/angry)  
 Why hello, mother.

Tolyn picks each petal off one by one and throws the naked stem at the grave.

TOLYN (V.O.)  
 Since you departed, I still hold heaps of anger and have yet to weep for you.

They lie down on the grass and gaze at the sky.

TOLYN (V.O.)

Now I live with shame and questions  
that stir in my head like a storm  
that rains honey. I forever  
reimagine my birth story because...  
Well, because mother, your death  
has left me to live with your  
biggest secret.

BEGIN FLASHBACK:

INT. HALLWAY IN HAVERLY CASTLE - DAY (FLASHBACK)

KING WESTIN AUGUSTINE of Haverly, age 40, is a handsome manly man who can't escape the weathered look of stress.

He paces in the hall with his hands behind his back.

Female screaming is heard. King Westin puts his ear up to the door.

BEATRICE, age 60, is an assertive midwife with a loving grandma appearance.

She opens the door.

BEATRICE

King Westin, there is still a long way to go. The Queen feels your worried presence and requests you worry elsewhere.

Beatrice shoos him away.

BEATRICE (CONT'D)

I shall send for you once the baby has arrived.

The female bellows in pain from the other room.

KING WESTIN

By baby, I hope you mean a son, heir to the Haverly throne.

Beatrice's nose shrivels, and her lips fight the annoying comment.

BEATRICE

Time is near. I must be on my way.

She heads into the birthing room.