

THOU LOVE THEE

Written by

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INT. HEVERLY CASTLE ENTRYWAY - DAY

The grand castle entryway has the essence of a lavish medieval interior designer gone butt wild.

DITHERS, age 30, a classy, handsome butler who has his own eccentric medieval fashion, opens the door, and bows.

DITHERS

Grand afternoon, Prince Alwryn and Nivin.

PRINCE ALWRYN WINFELD, 16, by all outward appearances a traditional royal prince. However, to respect Alwryn's wishes with regards to their unfolding situation, the pronoun that best fits is they/them.

NIVIN BREATHMOOR, 16, is a handsome and prominent boy, and Prince Alwryn's best friend.

ALWRYN, holding a bow and arrow in his hands, stands alongside Nivin, who has three birds tied around his neck.

BARTOS (O.S.)

Dithers, Dithers!

KING BARTOS WINFELD, in his 40s, with a plump body, and the face of a snob who looks like anything that comes out of his mouth spews dickish commentary.

Alwryn and Nivin's eyes dart down the hall as Bartos rounds the corner.

BARTOS (CONT'D)

It is my nap time, and my pillow needs its Dithers fluffing.

DITHERS

(eye roll)

I must fluff. Good luck, gentlemen.

Alwryn hides their bow and arrow behind their back.

BARTOS

(brows raised)

Those fresh birds?

Nivin observes Alwryn, curious how to proceed.

ALWRYN
Not fresh, Father.
(nervously)
Old dead, sir?

QUEEN FROYLA WINFELD, in her 40s, is an actual living conversation piece with her extreme Queen style. She stumbles into the room, holding an empty wine glass.

FROYLA
How did my darling Prince do?

NIVIN
He did great!

Bartos looks to Alwryn, annoyed.

FROYLA
Where are your dead birds to show Mummy dearest?

Bartos crosses his hands and looks pissed.

ALWRYN
Father, there were only three birds in the sky today.

NIVIN
Yes, I just happened to get them all.

BARTOS
(over-the-top embarrassed)
Not one kill in your life.

NIVIN
Your Grace, Prince Alwryn has an impressive release.

ALWRYN
Why do we need to practice on innocent animals?

FROYLA
Now, Mummy did not raise a Prince-y pussy.

Nivin starts to head towards the door.

BARTOS
Just a constant disappointment.
Nivin, you are all boy. Your father should be proud.

Nivin nods as Alwryn's awkwardness demonstrates their annoyance with their father.

FROYLA

Darling, you are going to be King one of these days. Just kill something already.

BARTOS

At this rate, hopefully I outlive you, because I doubt you will ever be ready.

ALWRYN

When will I get a father who...a father who is...

Froyla and Bartos, with big attentive eyes, lean in waiting for the word.

ALWRYN (CONT'D)

Nice!

Bartos and Froyla laugh.

BARTOS

You even have the tongue of a pussy.

Froyla swirls tipsy and laughs as a shocked Nivin quietly opens the door and sneaks out.

BARTOS (CONT'D)

While I nap, try to figure out for once how to act like a Prince or Nivin or your Cousin Kelton.

ALWRYN

You want to see my Kingly tongue? Well, you...you asked for it.

Froyla bends over, excited to see what Alwryn says, as Bartos rolls his hand out and awaits the moment.

ALWRYN (CONT'D)

Your pizzle smells like...a fresh fish feast. Say that three times fast.

(a beat)

That was overcooked... And...needs salt.

Bartos and Froyla, unimpressed, laugh at Alwryn.