

SOVEREIGN

Written by

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INT. CASTLE - THRONE ROOM - NIGHT

A crowd of councilmen chatter wildly as guards tear down the royal family's crest. Wine is poured. The throne sits vacant.

COUNCILMAN TARLEY pours himself a full glass, joined by the portly COUNCILMAN STERN (75).

COUNCILMAN TARLEY
Finally, an end to the old regime.
Time for some new blood on the
throne.

COUNCILMAN STERN
Your blood, you mean.

COUNCILMAN TARLEY
Come now, don't fault my son for
having the most qualifications.
Aidan will be an excellent king.

COUNCILMAN STERN
My congratulations to him. This was
all your idea as I understand it,
yes? This... coup.

COUNCILMAN TARLEY
I can't take all the credit. The
council knew a woman could never
rule as well as a king, so we took
matters to our own hands. This
kingdom needs a leader with a firm
hand, not a dainty one.

COUNCILMAN STERN
Fair enough. Though I hear word the
commoners consider this to be a
monstrous betrayal.

COUNCILMAN TARLEY
It would have been a betrayal to
our kingdom, allowing that woman to
rule. Besides, she was a commoner
before the marriage. Commoners
don't lead commoners, kings do.

COUNCILMAN STERN
What ever became of her daughter?
Princess Thomasyn?

COUNCILMAN TARLEY
I sent Aidan to... remove her. She'll
join her mother soon enough.

COUNCILMAN STERN

A shame that. Such a kind girl. And a pretty thing, too. Couldn't we have just married her to Aidan?

COUNCILMAN TARLEY

She was a beautiful fool who had nothing to offer my son. Although I did suggest he have some fun with her first... Can't let such beauty go to waste.

The men laugh boisterously.

A deep CRACKLE of thunder.

The grand double doors guarding the entryway creak open.

Guests whisper as their attention is drawn to the gap where a single imposing figure stands, silhouetted by flashes of lightning.

PRINCESS THOMASYN raises her eyes to face the crowd. Gasps of awe and horror erupt at her appearance: rain-soaked, blood splattered, with a hefty broadsword in hand.

Thomasyn approaches the crowd, free hand clutching something behind her back.

The tip of the broadsword sparks as it drags along the floor.

THOMASYN

A bit of advice, gentlemen. When you want to kill someone, make sure you send men who are up to the task. Not cowards who beg like dogs.

COUNCILMAN STERN

You... you're alive?

COUNCILMAN TARLEY

Impossible! Where is my son?

Thomasyn chuckles darkly.

THOMASYN

Oh, you mean Aidan? I'm afraid he's a bit... out of his head.

Thomasyn brings her hand around and throws something to the floor. It rolls up to Tarley's feet; the head of his son.

Onlookers scream. A councilman retches.

COUNCILMAN TARLEY

(stuttering)

Aidan? My boy? Who is responsible for this treason?

THOMASYN

Treason? I'm the *only* one here with royal blood! And apparently-

Thomasyn chuckles as Stern stumbles back, a wet spot appearing on his robes.

THOMASYN (CONT'D)

Also the only one with any balls.

Several councilmen attempt to flee the hall, only to find the doors locked. Guards appear and encircle Thomasyn.

COUNCILMAN TARLEY

Aidan was the most skilled swordsman in the kingdom... You mean to tell me you killed him?

THOMASYN

And why is that so hard to believe? Because I'm a princess? Because I never spoke out of turn, always acted politely, even allowed your son's less-than-chivalrous advances?

COUNCILMAN STERN

Just answer the question.

THOMASYN

Yes, I killed him. He didn't hold his tongue, so I removed his head. My mother's had me training with a swordsman. She put a stop to it, though because, well, I enjoy the violence a bit too much.

Thomasyn grins, pointing the broadsword and staring down the blade into Tarley's shaking eyes.

THOMASYN (CONT'D)

But now she's dead. Because you murdered her. And there's no one to stop me sending you to join her.