

Princess Olga

written by

Lillian Keele

INT. THRONE ROOM- NIGHT

Royal Courtiers, probably 15-20 of them, stand around THE KING (late 50's, fat, balding), background chatter filling the space. The setting is an old medieval castle.

One Courtier, SIR BERNDINAND, a thin, ugly man with a large forehead, rushes up to The King

SIR BERNDINAND

Sire! Your daughter is well past the age to be wed, yet your throne remains unfulfilled! Who will be the heir to the kingdom?

The King strokes his beard and settles back in his throne.

THE KING

I shall hold a set of trials for my courtiers- any male who can best the trials may marry the Princess, and become the rightful heir to the kingdom! Who volunteers?

The Courtiers murmur amongst themselves, some rubbing their shoulders awkwardly or whistling and turning away.

THE KING (CONT'D)

What? Why do none of you desire this life-changing opportunity?

SIR BERNDINAND

Your highness, this would be a wonderful opportunity! It's just...

SIR FRANCINE, 40's, fat and round with a friar tuck haircut, approaches the throne.

SIR FRANCINE

She's just a bit... ugly, sire.

The Courtiers all nod in agreement. The King stands, expression angry. He then sighs heavily.

THE KING

Oh my god I know right?! But come on! Free kingdom, you just have to live with a hideous broad forever. You win some you lose some, eh?

The courtiers murmur again. Sir Francine clears his throat.

SIR BERNDINAND

Pardon me, O' Majesty, but most of
thine courtiers would literally
rather marry the gallows.

The King slouches in his throne and rubs his temples.

THE KING

However will I find a husband for
my dearest and only daughter?

SIR FRANCINE

Perhaps, sire, if she always wore a
veil..

The King clasps a hand on Sir Francine's shoulder

THE KING

Genius!

CUT TO:

INT. WEDDING CHAPEL- DAY

SIR STEVE, a handsome knight close to the age of 25, stands
at the alter, waiting for his bride. PRINCESS OLGA walks down
the aisle alongside her father, The King. He brings her to
the front, then takes a seat.

Sir Steve holds Princess Olga's hands, smiling at her.

SIR STEVE

Beloved Olga! It has been years
that thy hath tempted me, hiding
behind this veil. Today, you will
become my wife, and I will be
permitted to gaze upon ye!

He caresses her veiled face, then grasps the corners and
slowly begins to move it away from her face, which is off-
screen.

A beat of silence follows. Immediate vomiting ensues from all
attendants, including the Priest who begins to pray as he
backs away rapidly, vomiting.

Sir Steve falls to his knees, brandishes a sword, and
immediately stabs himself repeatedly in the gut as he cries,
falling limp after a few stabs.

Several men and women in the wedding party slit their own
throats. Others vomit. Princess Olga's face remains unseen.

The King approaches Princess Olga with a sigh. H wraps an arm around her and begins to lead her away.

THE KING

I'm sorry this keeps happening,
pumpkin. You're just so goddamn
ugly.

Princess Olga, now visibly drop-dead gorgeous with high cheekbones, blonde hair, and pink lips sighs and nods, wiping away a single tear.