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Episode #1001
Script #101
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UNTITLED GRANDY/POEHLER

“Pilot”

Written by
Charlie Grandy

Directed by
Amy Poehler

PRODUCTION –BLUE

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CAST LIST

PRINCE KARL.....NICO EVERS-SWINDELL
QUEEN TUESDAY.....ELIZABETH PERKINS
KING ADRIAN.....KEVIN NEALON
PRINCE MARCO.....TIM BALTZ
PRINCESS BERNADETTE.....JESSIE ENNIS
SABINA.....TIYA SIRCAR
BRUTUS.....PATRICK GALLAGHER

GUEST CAST

PRIME MINISTER ASAMOAH.....NYAMBI NYAMBI
RABIA.....NATALIJA NOGULICH
ELDERLY CASHIER.....HELEN SLAYTON-HUGHES
OFFICER OLISEH.....PUNAM PATEL
OFFICER ADELI.....DULCE SLOAN

LOCATIONS

INT. FABERGAS SCOOTER PRODUCTION PLANT

INT. ESTADIO AZTECA

INT. DALORNE PALACE – GREAT HALL

INT. GREAT HALL – ANTE ROOM

INT. GREAT HALL – MEZZANINE

INT. DALORNE PALACE – DINING ROOM

INT. DALORNE PALACE – KITCHEN

INT. DALORNE PALACE – DEEP KITCHEN

INT. MARCO’S LAMBORGHINI

INT. DALORNE PALACE – RED DRAWING ROOM

INT. DALORNE PALACE – SECRET ROOM

INT. GAS STATION MOBILE MART

INT. MARCO’S HOSPITAL BEDROOM

INT. ADRIAN’S OFFICE

EXT. BLUE SKY

EXT. DALORNE PALACE

EXT. HOSPITAL

EXT. PALACE GROUNDS

EXT. TERRACE

EXT. OVERGROWN COURTYARD

EXT. PALACE GATES

EXT. GAS STATION

EXT. QUEEN FRIDA HOSPITAL

1 EXT. BLUE SKY - DAY 1

We begin on the opening shot of a 1986 televised news package announcing the birth of Moldaria's Crown Prince Karl Faber. Patriotic music plays as the Moldarian Flag waves proudly.

ANICA (V.O.)

The flag of Moldaria. Blue for the river that brought our first people to these fertile lands. Red for the blood of the people who were already here. And gold for the sun shining brightly on our future.

The music transitions to something upbeat and industrious.

ANICA (V.O.)

And never has our future shined brighter than now, 1986.

GRAPHIC: "MOLDARIA, 1986!" Appears on the screen.

2 INT. FABERGAS SCOOTER PRODUCTION PLANT 2

STOCK FOOTAGE: Scooters roll off the production line.

ANICA (V.O.)

This year we became Europe's second largest manufacturer of scooters and tiny cars. Buongiorno, Italy!

3 INT. ESTADIO AZTECA - MEXICO - 1986 3

STOCK FOOTAGE: 1986 World Cup.

ANICA (V.O.)

While footballing sensation Michael Asamoah led Moldaria to its first ever World Cup appearance.

STILL PHOTO: An 18-year-old MICHAEL ASAMOAH looks ecstatic on the pitch. Widen to reveal he is viciously spiking Argentina's DIEGO MARADONA in the crotch.

4 EXT. DALORNE PALACE - DAY 4

Back on the Moldarian Flag as it flies atop DALORNE PALACE.

(CONTINUED)

4 CONTINUED:

4

ANICA (V.O.)

But of all Moldaria's incredible accomplishments this year, none can match the arrival of the beloved Royal Family's newest member.

5 EXT. HOSPITAL - DAY

5

Paparazzi go crazy as then *PRINCE* ADRIAN and his wife TUESDAY pose proudly with their sleeping newborn son, KARL. Adrian inappropriately lights a cigarette. No one bats an eye.

ANICA (V.O.)

Prince Adrian and his stunning wife Tuesday welcomed their first child, Prince Karl Willem George Francis Stefan Christ Gabriel Faber IV. The boy who will be King. The sun's golden ray. Shine on, Good Prince Karl. Shine on...

A children's choir sings Moldaria's national anthem as we see Karl's life through the tabloids. "Royal Welcome! Moldaria In Love With Precious Prince!" "Royal Mess! Prince's Popularity Dips as Bear Escapes Birthday Circus." "Royal Cad! Prince Breaks Local Hearts By Dating Jennifer Love Hewitt!" "Royal Disconnect! Unemployment Up But Prince Karl Parties Down!" "Royal Scandal! Prince Karl Sent To America To Escape Public Spotlight." "Royal Joke! Economy Hits Low. Karl: 'I'm coming home to help!'"

6 INT. DALORNE PALACE - GREAT HALL - MORNING - (D1)

6

The room buzzes with excited journalists as we move along a row of reporters talking to camera. We settle on ANICA BABIC.

ANICA BABIC

When describing Prince Karl, we often use words like: "playboy", "wild", "dense." But "caring?" Yes. After a year of doing charity work in America Prince Karl says he now wants to help his ailing country. Having traded debauchery for, quote, "de charity." Though to me that sounds "debatable."

Anica smiles, extremely pleased with her word play.

7 INT. GREAT HALL - ANTE ROOM - CONTINUOUS (D1)

7

PRINCE KARL, looking princely in his formal attire, preps to greet the people. He closes his eyes and breathes deeply as QUEEN TUESDAY straightens his medals.

TUESDAY

Now, Karl, do not be nervous. We are just going to go out there and smile and wave. And remember your public face. Like this.

Tuesday demonstrates her serene public face.

KARL

I'm not nervous. I'm excited to start helping. I've prepared a speech on economical reform. Wait, is it economical or economic? I'll just say "business math."

TUESDAY

Or, as we agreed, you say nothing. Today is a *photo opp* to let the country see us as a strong, dignified family, happy their son is finally home. Right, Adrian?

ADRIAN

Yes. Very strong. Very dignified.

Reveal KING ADRIAN in a chair having his nails manicured, beloved Pomeranian dog, PHILIP on his lap. Hands occupied, a footman feeds him a bite of yogurt like a baby.

ADRIAN (CONT'D)

Yummy.

PRINCE MARCO and PRINCESS BERNADETTE approach.

MARCO

Mother, Bernadette is refusing my hugs. How will it look on National TV if she refuses my hugs?

BERNADETTE

Uh, how does it look that we're grown ass adults wearing sashes? Relax, Marco.

(CONTINUED)

7 CONTINUED:

7

MARCO

I will not, relax. Some feel the role of the future king's younger brother is equally important to--

TUESDAY

Marco, shut up. Where's Karl?

BERNADETTE

He ignored you and went out there alone.

We hear the press going crazy beyond the curtain.

TUESDAY

Oh god. Public faces on.

Tuesday, Marco and Bernadette transition to stately, smiling, public mode. Adrian has one more bite of yogurt.

8 INT. GREAT HALL - MEZZANINE - (D1)

8

Karl silences the bustling press below as his family hurries in place behind him waving and smiling; Marco sneaking hugs.

KARL

Friends. Family. I have let you down. But believe me when I say I've changed. I'm done taking life for granted up here. It is time for me to be a prince our nation can be proud of down there.

The room is silent as Karl walks to the stairs where he instantly trips. Mayhem.

ANICA BABIC

Prince Karl has fallen down the stairs. Is he drunk? Unclear. Do I smell sex? No. Still, any hope he had of convincing the people he'd changed will be hurt by this latest drunken sex scandal.

TITLE CARD:

9 EXT. PALACE GROUNDS - THE NEXT MORNING - (D2)

9

Karl and Marco jog. Marco struggles to stay one step ahead. Karl slows as they approach the palace's back service gate.

(CONTINUED)

MARCO

How's your leg? From your fall yesterday. On national television.

KARL

It's not about the fall, Marco. It's how you get back up. And getting up I hit my head on a stone railing. That hurts. Guard, open the gate, please.

MARCO

Do not open the gate! Mother forbid me to let you leave the palace grounds. We grew very close while you were gone. A real frick and frack.

KARL

But I need to go out and hear the people's problems. It's called a "Listening Tour." Invented by Hillary Clinton to appear "human."

MARCO

Listening tour? Are you still drunk? Yesterday went so poorly I didn't get to play my flute song!

KARL

I'm not drunk! Charity work truly made me realize I've wasted my life. The only thing I party with now are hot, sexy, solutions.

MARCO

Mother said no! Close the gate!

KARL

I am going on a listening tour! Open the gate!

MARCO

Mother and I are one! Close the gate!

Tuesday and Bernadette serve themselves from the breakfast buffet... Marco runs in, followed by a fuming Karl.

MARCO

Hide! Karl's gone mad! If you need me to be Crown Prince, I accept.

KARL

Let me out of the palace! I need to listen to the people!

Adrian, holding Philip, pushes between them.

ADRIAN

Pardon me, don't mean to interrupt, Philip and I just need to get at the eggies. There we go. And we're off!

TUESDAY

Adrian, do not run away as we discuss important matters. That is how you got lost at the zoo.

ADRIAN

Run away? I'm just putting my plate down, getting a coffee... And is this painting new? Huh.

TUESDAY

Karl, I can't let you out because right now the people hate us-

Tuesday grabs a TV remote but can't figure it out.

TUESDAY (CONT'D)

Can someone press the thing that makes things show up on the thing?

Palace staff move to help. Marco gets there first. PRIME MINISTER MICHAEL ASAMOAH is giving an impassioned speech.

MICHAEL

As unemployment continues to rise, how can the Royal Family justify spending 2 million Euros of tax payer money on a needless dinner celebrating the Prince's return? Am I going? Yes! But will I enjoy it? No!

KARL

Wait! That's how I feel! The only way to get the people on our side is to give back. I think the Prime Minister and I could be bros.

(CONTINUED)

BERNADETTE

Me too. If he ends the monarchy I can finally get tiger paws tattooed on my cleavage.

TUESDAY

I will not take the bait, Bern.

BERNADETTE

You already did, Tues.

Bernadette bites a piece of sausage and begins to choke. No one notices.

MARCO

Maybe he could be your friend, Karl, if he hadn't used your partying to paint us as uncaring monsters. "They're out of touch!" "Marco's too handsome!"

TUESDAY

As if I could ever be out of touch. Before I married into this family I was an actress. But still the people eat Michael's populist message up like it's their beef circles and bologna tubes.

KARL

Hamburgers and hot dogs?

TUESDAY

Okay.

KARL

But once *my bro* sees I do care, the people will stop attacking us. Wait! Cancel my state dinner! Let's invite the homeless over for pizza! (then, explaining) Cheese triangles.

MARCO

Oh my god, Karl's a communist.

TUESDAY

Karl, the people will stop attacking us when we finally give them what they really want...

KARL/MARCO

Health care!/More Marco!

(CONTINUED)

TUESDAY

Royal Grandeur. People do not want to see their prince in the street no matter how bad the economy is. It's like seeing a dog walk on two legs.

KARL

That's ridiculous. People love Prince Harry's charity work.

TUESDAY

Really? What is it?

KARL

Um, kids... rugby... beards?

TUESDAY

And what did Kate Middleton's wedding dress look like?

KARL

Oh! It was a stunning, white, Sarah Burton for Alexander McQueen--

TUESDAY

Royal Grandeur. That's how you get them. And now that your playboy days are behind you we are going to drop an assload of it on these morons.

KARL

Mother, the people aren't morons! They aren't even impressed by Apple products anymore. And those are magic for real! Instead of acting royal, let's try acting human!

ADRIAN

That could be hard. If you believe legend, and why wouldn't you, our family is directly descended from an angel who impregnated a lion on Caesar's grave.

MARCO

What can I do to help? I want to help. Let me help. Please.

(CONTINUED)

10 CONTINUED:

10

BERNADETTE
(coughing up sausage)
Did none of you assholes see me
choking! I hate this stupid family!

TUESDAY
Welcome home, Karl.

11 INT. DALORNE PALACE - KITCHEN - LATER - (D2)

11

The kitchen staff bustles. Karl bursts in followed by Marco.

KARL
GUESS WHO'S BACK!

STAFF
HEY!!!

MARCO
And his brother!

STAFF
Hey.

BRUTUS, the gruff executive chef, appears. Karl freezes.

BRUTUS
Well, well, look what pest control
missed. The crown dunce... Welcome
home, Dummy!

KARL
In your arms I finally am home,
Brutus. That sounded weird. But I
really missed you guys. And I bring
gifts from the exotic West!

Karl hands out Slim Jims.

BRUTUS
Wet sticks.

KARL
Beef Jerky. Illegal in Europe
because of all the hormones. I ate
it every day. Grew an inch. And a
tooth. But it's good.

BRUTUS
Thanks, fancy pants. But now I
gotta kick you out. It's my ass if
Queen-B hears you're down here.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

11 CONTINUED:

11

BRUTUS (CONT'D)

And I'll go back to jail before I go back to working at Chili's. So sticky.

KARL

I know, I just need a minute. One to fifteen minutes. Half hour tops--

Karl hurries out. Marco appears holding an egg beater.

MARCO

Can I lick this?

BRUTUS

Stop being weird.

12 INT. DALORNE PALACE - DEEP KITCHEN - (D2)

12

Karl enters. Sabina stands in front of an in-progress Minion cake, struggling to open a jar of marshmallow fluff.

KARL

Hey, stranger...

It's tense but Sabina takes him in, smiling.

SABINA

Karl. You look well.

KARL

You look amazing. Are you busy?

SABINA

I'm making a cake for your father. It's a Minion. Why? Who knows.

KARL

Banana! Sorry. I'm nervous. It's been a year. Do we hug? Kiss? Kiss plus?

Karl leans in. She hits him with the fluff jar.

SABINA

(exploding)

Kiss plus? When you left for America you didn't even say goodbye! You had Marco tell me it could never work because we're too different. He said I'm a country mouse and you're a Crown Prince.

(CONTINUED)

KARL

Mouse. He was supposed to say Crown Prince Mouse.

SABINA

Well, he didn't. Only I got to be a rodent in your otherwise perfect breakup message.

KARL

I'm sorry. I was wrong. We are the same. We're both rodents. I'm the only rodent. But I need your help. I am going to defy my mother and win over the Prime Minister at our state dinner. Great, right?

SABINA

Yeah. I mean you were too scared to ever tell her about me and I had to sneak out of your room at 3am in a suit of armor every morning. But how can I help?

KARL

Just tell me what "regular people" don't like about our country. Go.

SABINA

Regular people, right. Well, this *regular* person hates that she can't find a job outside this damn palace, or *regular* health care, or that her *regular* father is 70 and can't retire. But what *regular* people really hate is being called *regular people* by rich jerks.

KARL

If you were to pick one...

SABINA

I'd like it if people who don't care stop saying they do.

KARL

Of course. Banana. That's Minion for "I'm doing the best I can."

SABINA

No, it's Minion for banana. They love bananas.

(CONTINUED)

12 CONTINUED: 12

Karl tenderly takes the marshmallow fluff jar, opens it, bows and leaves. Sabina looks at the jar, conflicted.

SABINA (CONT'D)

I loosened it on your head.

13 EXT. PALACE TERRACE- A LITTLE LATER - (D2) 13

Marco and Karl walk and talk licking eggbeaters.

MARCO

Karl, while I am outraged by your efforts to openly defy our mother, I see you are hurting and I have a present to cheer you up.

KARL

Nothing can cheer me up.

14 EXT. OVERGROWN COURTYARD - MOMENTS LATER- (D2) 14

Marco whips the nylon cover off revealing a Lamborghini!

KARL

(cheered up)

You got me a Lamborghini?!

MARCO

Uh, this is a handmade, \$200,000 dollar sports car. It's mine. You can take a picture with it. You're welcome.

QUICK MONTAGE: The boys lamely pose with the lambo.

15 INT. MARCO'S LAMBORGHINI - MOMENTS LATER- (D2) 15

Karl's in the driver's seat. Marco takes one last picture.

MARCO

So, if you can't win over the Prime Minister you think you'll head back to the US? It's fine. I mean some people even wonder if I should be King...

KARL

Really? Who?

(CONTINUED)

MARCO

Mostly, articles in cool, indy, zines. Don't worry about it.

KARL

Well, you deserve it. All I want is to be a good prince like you.

MARCO

Good luck-- Wait, you think I'm a good prince?

KARL

You're great! You're smart, you do everything right, you're a virgin.

MARCO

No I'm not. I bag mondo babes. But no one has ever told me I'm good before. And it feels real nice.

KARL

Well, I think you're the best. Are you crying?

MARCO

I am. And I've decided to help you defy *mother* and win over the Prime Minister at our state dinner.

KARL

Wait? You will! Marco! We are going to change lives. Brothers forever?

MARCO

Brothers forever! Now can I get out on your side so the maids think I drove the car? I don't know how to drive. And the maids don't respect me.

As the self proclaimed saviors of the monarchy struggle to exit the Lamborghini we end act one.

ACT TWO

17 INT. DALORNE PALACE - RED DRAWING ROOM - NIGHT- (N2) 17

A string quartet plays as guests in formal attire mingle. A male guest sneaks a peak in a wall mirror to check his teeth.

18 INT. DALORNE PALACE - SECRET ROOM - CONTINUOUS - (N2) 18

We are now behind the mirror in a small room, looking out, watching the man lick his teeth. We hear Adrian chuckle.

ADRIAN (O.S.)

Oh man. You can't beat a secret room.

Reveal Adrian is standing with Tuesday, Marco and Bernadette.

ADRIAN (CONT'D)

Queen Elizabeth has the exact same thing in Buckingham Palace. Everyone wonders "where's the queen?" And then she just appears from the wall. Mind freak. The only thing you really need to know to be King is how to enter a room--

TUESDAY

Please stop talking.

Tuesday turns to PRIME MINISTER ASAMOAH.

TUESDAY (CONT'D)

Prime Minister, the wall paper in this room was a gift from Napoleon in 1805. It's priceless.

MICHAEL

Very nice. The lead paint in our low income housing was a gift from royal cronyism. It causes brain damage.

He smiles. Tuesday smiles then turns to Marco, sneering.

TUESDAY

Where is your brother?

MARCO

He'll be here. I'll cover.

(to Michael)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

MARCO (CONT'D)

I think Karl may be a little sick.
The food's bad. Only one kind of
throne he's sitting on tonight. No.

Just then Karl squeezes in, dashing in black tie and medals.

KARL

Prime Minister, I am so sorry I'm
late. But hear me out, I was at a
bar, drinking with a friend.

MICHAEL

Ok, I am going to leave.

BERNADETTE

Byeeee-- Holy crap, Prince Harry is
here.

Through the mirror, we see Harry with a group of grey hairs.

KARL

He's the friend. We met at a strip
club-- library, in Sochi--

BERNADETTE

Gimme that!

Bernadette busts out and makes a b-line for Harry. Adrian
follows. Before exiting, Tuesday turns to Karl, pleased.

TUESDAY

Well done, Karl--

MARCO

--I helped--

TUESDAY

--Do enjoy the party, Michael. The
past ten prime ministers loved the
Grandeur of visiting royalty. As
will the ten after you.

MICHAEL

Yes, I imagine it will be very
exciting when the only royalty in
Moldaria is visiting royalty, your
majesty.

Bested again, Tuesday exits frustrated. Michael notices Karl
and Marco smiling at him.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

What? Am I standing under a chandelier made of unicorn horns?

KARL

No. That's over there. I'm smiling because you promised to create jobs. And the real reason I invited Prince Harry is because he knows people in the UK who are interested in building a scooter plant in Moldaria. OK, now you smile.

MICHAEL

Oh, I am. This is wonderful. You hope that in exchange for your help I will support the royal family. A tit-for-tat.

KARL

Wow, it's like we share a brain. We are going to be great friends.

MARCO

This is spooky.

MICHAEL

This is bribery and it's illegal.

KARL

Bribery? No? I just want to prove to you we are meant to be friends. What will it take? Back rub? Vacation?

MARCO

Karl, walk away. It didn't work. Abort. That's worse. Also bribery. All of this sounds like bribery...

INT. RED DRAWING ROOM - A LITTLE LATER - (N2)

Sabina replaces canapes then notices Phil eating her Minion cake on the floor.

SABINA

I have to find a different job.

INT. RED DRAWING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER- (N2)

Tuesday and Adrian talk to Michael.

ADRIAN

Look, Big Mike, I know the extravagance feels like overkill. But history demands it.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

ADRIAN (CONT'D)

And those who don't know history
are doomed to reheat it.

MICHAEL

Repeat it.

ADRIAN

Okay. Those who do not know history
are doomed to reheat it. I'm
surprised you've never heard that--

KARL (O.S.)

Good evening. Tonight we celebrate
the honorable Michael Asamoah...

Michael, Tuesday and Adrian turn to see Karl has a
microphone. Adrian walks off but Tuesday holds his arm.

KARL (CONT'D)

He is a scholar, an optimist, a
Prime Minister. Optimist Prime
Minister? Anyway, to continue our
budding friendship, I'd like to
invite you to join me in singing
our National Anthem together.

MICHAEL

Just you and me? An unlikely duet
like the Americans Paula Abdul and
MC Skat Kat?

MARCO

Sing the song! Sing the song! And
let Marco play his flute!...

The crowd joins in. Michael puts on his politician's smile.

MICHAEL

Okay, though be warned, my singing
could bring down the free world!

KARL/MICHAEL

*Hail thee Moldaria! Land of milk
and grain. Hail thee Moldaria!
Fields toiled not in vain. Enduring
pride our valiant guide as we grow
rich through pain!*

EVERYONE

Hail thee, hail thee, Moldaria!

Karl raises Asamoah's hand as the whole room takes photos.

KARL

I support our Prime Minister!

MICHAEL

Despite our vast differences!

KARL

I really think we can make it work!

MICHAEL

Interesting!

KARL

Because I support a Moldavia where our people have opportunities in the job market! And access to health care. And don't have to work past 70.

SABINA

Wait, that's my speech. He's using my speech.

TUESDAY

And you are?

KARL

But most of all, I want a Moldavia where power doesn't talk down to people like a bunch of rich jerks!
(then)

But, you know, if that's not what you want, maybe we aren't friends.

Everyone looks at Michael, who realizes he's cornered.

MICHAEL

We're friends! And to celebrate our friendship let's sing our national anthem's little known second verse.

KARL

Yes. Our national anthem's second verse. Which I definitely know.

MICHAEL

Written to celebrate the people you now claim to care about so much.

KARL

Yes! Speaking of- are you people hungry? Should we eat and not sing?

(CONTINUED)

Michael starts singing. Karl fuffers along.

MICHAEL

Mother Moldaria! Grow your children strong. Mother Moldaria! Teach them our fair song. God's adored, we put our sword in those who do us wrong!

Michael stops. Everyone is staring at Karl, who smiles and tries to raise Michael's hand in the air again.

KARL

Still friends!

MICHAEL

No.

MARCO

Alright! Look at those two! What a pair! And now some flute!

Marco plays a jaunty tune. Karl bops his head, dazed as Tuesday stares daggers through them both. Marco flinches and his flute squeaks.

Karl and Marco, still in last night's clothes, try to figure out what to do while walking towards the Lambo.

KARL

Okay, this might not be that bad. There was no press at the event. So we pretend it didn't happen and sue anyone who says it did. A little trick I learned from corporate America.

MARCO

You're right, everything will be fine. Uh-oh someone leaked footage to the press. It's a disaster.

Marco trips over Bernadette, wearing Prince Harry's hat.

BERNADETTE

(genuinely panicked)
Oh thank god! You're not Prince Harry. How do cars work? I need to leave forever.

21 CONTINUED:

21

MARCO

Why? What happened? We heard you and Prince Harry made love. Dish.

BERNADETTE

What happened is the same thing that always happens. We meet, we talk, I rock his world all night long. He falls hard. I lose interest, sneak out and here we are. Wait, he texted me. "Waiting for you in the bath. Don't know where the bubbles end and my pale English flesh begins." Okay, get me the hell out of here.

KARL

I am going to the Prime Minister's where man-to-man I will beg him to support us like a pathetic dog.

BERNADETTE

Whatever. Shotgun.

22 EXT. PALACE GATES - A LITTLE LATER - (D3)

22

Karl guns the Lamborghini towards the front gate as the panicked palace guards scurry to open it.

KARL/MARCO/BERNADETTE

Road trip! Road trip! Road trip.

The gate opens just in time and the Lambo flies through. Then the engine sputters running out of gas and they groan.

23 EXT. GAS STATION - LATER - (D3)

23

Karl and Marco pump gas when two female officers get out of a cruiser and do a double take. Karl spies two scooter helmets and when the officers look back he and Marco have them on.

OFFICER OLISEH

Everything okay, gentlemen?

KARL

We're Daft Punk.

MARCO

We're spinning tonight at Le Club... Da Club.

(CONTINUED)

23

CONTINUED:

23

OFFICER ADELI

You should mix in that idiot Karl
not knowing his national anthem!

The officers walk off laughing. Karl removes his helmet.

KARL

You know what? Forget the Prime
Minister. The only people I really
need to convince I've changed are
the people. It's go time.

MARCO

I don't think that's a good idea,
DJ Karl. What of the turntables?

24

INT. GAS STATION MOBILE MART - SIMULTANEOUS- (D3)

24

Bernadette puts on a pair of sunglasses and scarf off a rack
and calls to the elderly cashier.

BERNADETTE

You. Phone chargers? Where?
(then, horrified)
Oh. My. God.

Bernadette sees tabloids covering Karl's debacle. Then:
"ROYAL SHOCKER! PRINCESS BERNADETTE ATTACKS PRINCE HARRY!"

ELDERLY CASHIER

Ridiculous, right?

BERNADETTE

Uh yeah! They think I - she -
attacked him! Tell that to the rose
petals he left on my - her -
pillow!

ELDERLY CASHIER

Please. This is typical Princess
Bernadette. She only does anything
to get a rise out of her mother but
it never works because her mother
only cares about Prince Karl. If
you ask me, she's a selfish toad.

Bernadette stares at the cashier for a long beat then
spitefully grabs an armful of chargers and runs out.

25

EXT. GAS STATION- (D3)

25

Karl and Marco talk to the stunned officers.

OFFICER OLISEH

Wait, you're Prince Karl and Prince Marco. Should've known. Every DJ is really just some rich kid. Let me get a selfie.

KARL

Actually, I want to give you something better than a photo.

OFFICER ADELI

Money? I love money.

KARL

My medals. I certainly didn't earn them. I got this one just for going in the ocean or something. But you two: every day you put yourselves in harm's way to protect others. And to honor your loyal and selfless dedication to the realm, the Royal Family bestows upon you its highest honor: The Silver Cross Of Bravery.

Karl removes his and Marco's silver cross medals.

MARCO

This is mine. I got it when I pulled that bee stinger out. Fine--

Karl puts the medals on the officers and bows deeply.

OFFICER ADELI

This is cool. But if you really want to help, get my wife a job.

KARL

Wait, of course, my listening tour! Yes, tell me everything you need.

OFFICER OLISEH

Our public schools are crap, inflation outpaces wage growth, taxes are too complicated...

KARL

Okay, hold on I'm getting a pen.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Suddenly, Bernadette jogs past with the chargers.

ELDERLY CASHIER
Stop thief!

BERNADETTE
You'll never catch me old lady!

Bernadette throws a stolen phone charger at Marco who panics and runs into the street where he is hit by a scooter.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

26 EXT. QUEEN FRIDA HOSPITAL - AFTERNOON - ESTABLISHING -(D3) 26

It's mobbed by press and paparazzi.

27 INT. MARCO'S HOSPITAL BEDROOM (D3) 27

Karl watches an unconscious Marco. Bernadette paces.

BERNADETTE

Karl, try and understand. An old lady was rude to me and my cellphone was dying. Stealing the chargers was the only answer. Would I do it again? Yes.

KARL

Bernadette, don't blame yourself-

BERNADETTE

Thank you. I'm not.

KARL

-this is my fault. I should have just stayed in the palace. But I didn't and now our sweet, little Marco is dying.

BERNADETTE

Relax, he's just passed out from the pain killers. So lucky. Wait, that means I can use his phone.

Bernadette rifles through Marco's pockets. A guard opens the door letting Tuesday and Adrian in. They are calm and in control until the door shuts and they can panic.

TUESDAY

Oh my god! Marco? Can you hear me?

MARCO

Mommy?

TUESDAY

Oh no, brain damage.

MARCO

No, Mother I'm fine.

(CONTINUED)

ADRIAN

No. Definitely brain damage. Do we pull the plug?

KARL

Mother, father. This is all my fault-

BERNADETTE

-No, it's not!-

KARL

-Or maybe we spread the blame around a little bit.

BERNADETTE

The leaked footage from last night was taken on Marco's phone.

Bernadette holds up Marco's phone. It plays the shaky footage of Karl messing up the national anthem. Tuesday grabs it.

MARCO

Someone must have sent it to me. My bros always be goofing like that.

TUESDAY

And you're the one who texted it to the press? And posted it on Facebook? And what's this picture of your head on Karl's body?

MARCO

It's nothing! And I'm sorry! Our act of defiance backfired and I panicked! And in my madness I thought if the footage got out, Karl would be sent back to America and I would finally be the Crown Prince the realm deserves. That you deserve, Mother. Oh, this game of thrones corrupts both heart and mind!! Forgive me Karl. Karl?

BERNADETTE

He snuck out in the middle of your clearly rehearsed speech.

Tuesday puts on her public face and hurries after Karl. In the BG Adrian unplugs Marco.

28

INT. ADRIAN'S OFFICE - THAT NIGHT - (N3)

28

Karl flips through a scrap book of negative headlines he's made during his life. Tuesday places a hand on his shoulder.

KARL

(confused)

What are you doing? Strangling me?

(resigned)

I knew it would end like this.

TUESDAY

I am comforting you. You are being comforted by your mother.

KARL

It's nice, real gentle and natural.

TUESDAY

You know, when I met your father I didn't want to just be a princess. I still had my acting career. And I wasn't going to let Queen Frida tell me I couldn't star in *Get That Chicken 2: Cluck Wild*. I loved the script and your grandmother was such a bitch. But she was right. It hurt the family.

KARL

So you don't miss it?

TUESDAY

I grew up with nothing. Marrying Adrian gave me everything. But there is a price. We don't do what we want. We do what's expected. I know it's worth it. But I'm sorry you'll never have the choice.

Tuesday touches Karl face tenderly.

KARL

You know, I really could've used this talk literally anytime in the last 25 years.

TUESDAY

Yes, well, I expressed an emotion and we are done. Now you have two choices: stay here and do as I say--

(CONTINUED)

KARL

Or, you poison me and ride a wave of public sympathy. Let's do it.

TUESDAY

No. You may go back to America. You were happy there and everyone deserves to be happy. Except Marco. I am going to cut off his fingers.

Tuesday winks.

KARL

It's unsettling when you say things like that and then wink.

TUESDAY

I know.

She winks again and leaves. Karl thinks.

Karl walks with a suitcase, Sabina calls to him.

SABINA

Karl, did you really think you could sneak off to America without talking to me again?

KARL

I didn't know you wanted to see me. I was gonna have Marco tell you we could never work; I'm a prince and you deserve much better.

SABINA

Alright, well, before you go I made you a pancake. Well, technically I made it for Philip, but he wanted eggs Benedict. Anyway, catch.

Sabina throws it like a frisbee to him. It doesn't make it.

KARL

It's fine. I'll eat it off the ground when no one's looking. Why give me this now?

Sabina reads a small newspaper clipping.

SABINA

It's a reward. "Prince Karl wins over officers by awarding medals off own chest. Said one officer, 'The Prince is OK! His brother kinda sucks though.'"

KARL

(stunned)

My first positive press. Oh I can easily see this going to my head!

SABINA

On the off chance you had changed, I was going to make you one pancake for each article like this one. But you're leaving so...

KARL

Leaving? After that I'm never leaving! Also I missed my flight. I'm actually coming back from the airport. Regardless, Sabina, with all my heart: Banana.

SABINA

You're welcome.

They share a smile.

KARL

Now, I need your help.

Karl takes her hand and leads her off.

Karl stands with Brutus, Sabina and lots of staff members.

BRUTUS

I don't know what you're doing, dummy, but I'm not kidding, I will go fully postal if I get fired and have to go back to Chili's.

KARL

No one's getting fired. I got this.

Tuesday, Adrian, Marco and Bernadette enter.

TUESDAY

What's going on? You're all fired.

BRUTUS

Damn it.

(solemn acceptance)

"I want my babyback, babyback, baby back..."

KARL

You're not fired. I came home to change our country. But to do that we have to change ourselves. And for a family who wants "The People" to like them, we sure go out of our way not to know any. So, family, this is Brutus, our executive chef. Brutus, tell us something about yourself.

BRUTUS

My prostate's jacked. Forgive me. I'm so sorry. My prostate's jacked, your majesties.

KARL

Okay, so health care is an issue. This is Sabina. And, Mother, we used to be intimate.

SABINA

(mortified)

Hi.

ADRIAN

Nice.

BERNADETTE

I once made out with Rupert Grint.

KARL

She wants to switch jobs, but there aren't any. Which is why I'm thinking maybe I make her the co-director of the just formed Prince Karl Charitable Trust For Economic Improvement. Maybe, together we can do some real good.

SABINA

Wait, seriously?

KARL

Unless you don't want to. You're an independent woman, brains, hot bod--

(CONTINUED)

SABINA

No, I'm in. I just need to make what I was making--

KARL

Yeah, I can't promise that. And everyone will expect us to fail. Fortunately, I don't always do what people expect. Sometimes I think it's better to do what I want. Isn't that right, Mother?

TUESDAY

That is the exact opposite of what I told you.

ADRIAN

Well, I think it's great Karl is with that woman. But I'd like to say something. This is a painting of my mother, Queen Frida. Guided our country through World War II. Rumored to have had an affair with US General Patton. She never went into detail, so I read her diary. And yeah, they did it. Big time. Weird stuff. Wish I hadn't read it. But it taught me something: if mother can put on a man's suit and talk in a Donald Duck voice for George S. Patton, to help her country, we can certainly try whatever this is.

Karl and the staff cheer.

TUESDAY

Really? Now is when you choose to check in?

ADRIAN

I'm the king, baby.

Karl extends Marco a hand then pushes him into the sofa.

KARL

Are you sorry and promise to never leak footage of me again no matter how stupid because it will be real stupid sometimes?

(CONTINUED)

MARCO

Get off! I'm sorry. And I promise.
I just want to feel heard and--

KARL

--Good. Brothers forever.

Karl hugs Marco. Marco smiles.

TUESDAY

Shut up. Michael is on TV.

Everyone turns to the TV. Michael is giving a speech next to Officer Oliseh and Officer Adeli.

MICHAEL

*It has been brought to my attention
that yesterday, Prince Karl
attempted to bribe these two police
officers with medals and the
promise of jobs. I can't imagine
how upsetting that was--*

OFFICER ADELI

He was pretty nice, actually--

This is clearly not the response Michael wanted.

MICHAEL

*Yes, terrible. Worse, it happened
after an attempt to bribe me...*

KARL

Since when is offering gifts in
exchange for favors a bribe?!

Anica is now on the TV.

ANICA

*There you have it. Prince Karl has
only been home for three days and
though he may not be changed, we do
have two new words to describe him
and his family: royally screwed.*

TUESDAY

And this is why we always listen to
our mother. Now public faces on. We
have a lot of waving and smiling to
do.

We freeze on Karl's face and the image becomes the latest
tabloid: "ROYAL END! PM TO PRINCE PUTZ 'YOU'RE DONE!'"

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BERNADETTE (O.S.)

Also, I think I might be pregnant.

END OF PILOT