

CONFIDENTIAL: The contents of this document  
cannot be divulged or discussed without the  
prior written consent of (owner of Copyright)

BEDLAM  
EPISODE 101:  
THE PRINCESS IN THE TOWER

A 10x30 Series

Copyright (c) 2020

8th March 2021

Draft #7.2

87 Renwick Street, Leichhardt 2040 NSW  
0422122296

EXT. FIELD ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF CASTLE MENDELGARD - DAY

A large orange sun sets slowly behind the terrifying silhouette of Castle Mendelgard: a black and twisted castle that pulsates with evil.

Coiled around one of its dark peaks, rests a ferocious black dragon, DELIRIUM, who lets out a warning flame that burns high into the sky.

Super: THE DREADED CASTLE MENDELGARD, A DISTANT LAND.

We pull back from this horrific sight, traveling across craggy rock face and dying fields to meet up with, SER DAVIS (20s), a dashing knight who is spurring his horse forwards, towards the castle.

As he rides, Ser Davis removes his helmet to reveal a handsome, striking face. His long blonde hair falls around his shoulders, bouncing in the breeze.

Music swells. It is the opening chords for a grand romantic duet.

Ser Davis gallops further and further across the lush fields, as the ground beneath him gradually turns to ash. This part of the land, is cursed. Nothing grows here, and yet, up in the tower, is a treasure that will make all of his trials worthwhile.

As he draws closer to the keep, he sees the open window, where a beautiful woman sits. The music reaches a crescendo, and overwhelmed with emotion, Ser Davis begins to sing.

SER DAVIS

*I've finally found myself,  
A princess who's perfect for me.  
I've never seen her before  
But she is the perfect woman for a  
knight like me.  
And that's enough.  
That's enough.*

INT. ALBREDA'S BED CHAMBER - DAY

ALBREDA (25) is sitting on her bed sewing together one of her dresses.

Through her window, she hears the song being carried to her by Ser Davis, and squeals with joy. Finally, her long wait is over, and the knight who shall be her savior has come.

Rapt with nervous joy at the promise of the end of her captivity, she throws the dress to the ground, and crosses to her window.

ALBREDA

*I can hear a voice on the wind.  
It calls to me.  
I know not from whom it comes, Or  
what he's like.  
Oh I hope his lips are supple, but  
I don't know.  
And that's enough.  
That's enough.*

EXT. CRAG OUTSIDE CASTLE MENDELGARD - DAY

Ser Davis grapples on the sheer rock face of the crag surrounding Castle Mendelgard and lifts himself up.

Darkness engulfs the world. It is unclear whether this is the deep darkness of night, or merely the evil influence of the castle.

His face is now covered in ash, and sweat pours down his brow.

SER DAVIS/ALBREDA

*That's enough.*

EXT. BRIDGE OF CASTLE MENDELGARD - NIGHT

As music continues to swell, a deadly battle now takes place at the castle gates, between Ser Davis and the monstrosity known as Delirium.

A burst of flame narrowly misses Ser Davis and..

He draws his sword and faces...

The imposing black dragon, who's claws glint in the moonlight.

Ser Davis jumps out of the way of one of the dragon's swipes and slashes with his sword.

Blood pours from the fresh wound and onto Ser Davis. The beast is dead.

SER DAVIS

*This feast of dragon blood will  
pass, Next I will feast on your  
fine ass.*

INT. CASTLE MENDELGARD - NIGHT

A large sturdy door rattles as a force barges against it.

SER DAVIS (O.S.)  
*I am bursting through the door!*

ALBREDA (O.S.)  
*He is bursting through the door!*

The door bursts open as a bloody and tired Ser Davis strides through, coated in blood and ash.

INT. ALBREDA'S BED CHAMBER - CONTINUOUS

Albreda runs across her chamber to her door, and opens it with a flourish.

The dress is kicked carelessly across the floor.

ALBREDA  
*You're waiting there,  
At the bottom of the stairs.  
To come up and have me.  
To ravish me, impregnate me and  
take me.  
To have me and to hold me and  
control me.*

Ser Davis appears in the doorway. The atmosphere between these lovers is electric.

ALBREDA (CONT'D)  
*There you are.*

SER DAVIS  
*Here I am.*

ALBREDA  
*At my door.  
Just like the stories said.*

SER DAVIS  
*I am perfect with flowing hair.*

ALBREDA  
*You are perfect with flowing hair.*

SER DAVIS  
*Kiss me princess and be mine.*

Albreda dances coyly away from Ser Davis.

ALBREDA

*I am shy.*

SER DAVIS

*Kiss me princess, don't deny.*

ALBREDA

*I am shy and I am coy,  
And I've never seen a boy,  
Much less touched one.*

Ser Davis gives chase.

SER DAVIS

*Then let this one be the one, one.  
One who-*

Ser Davis dances back to the doorway and his feet get tangled in the dress and...

With a yelp, he falls backwards through the doorway and down the spiral staircase.

INT. FOOT OF THE STAIRCASE - CONTINUOUS

Ser Davis tumbles to the bottom of the staircase and lands on his head, breaking his neck with a sickening crack.

Albreda comes running down the staircase behind him and falls to her knees sobbing.

She lifts his head, and he cries out in pain. He reaches his hand to her cheek. The music slows, transitioning to a minor, sombre key.

ALBREDA

*You're waiting there,  
At the bottom of the stairs,  
Just like those stories said.  
They didn't mention you'd be dead.  
You'd be standing.  
Coming for me.  
To take me far from here,  
To a castle or more likely,  
To a kitchen-*

Ser Davis gurgles in reply, attempting to sing. Albreda winces, waiting for him to stop.

ALBREDA (CONT'D)

*But instead.  
From a broken heart,  
(MORE)*

## ALBREDA (CONT'D)

*Or maybe just from how you hit your  
head.  
You are dead.*

Ser Davis attempts to harmonize with Albreda's last note. He dies.

His hand falls from Albreda's face, leaving a scar where the steel of his gauntlet has passed.

Super: BEDLAM

The music ends.

Super: THE PRINCESS IN THE TOWER

-OPENING CREDITS-

INT. CELLAR - DAY

Dim light from a candle fills the dark cellar of Castle Mendelgard.

Albreda appears on the staircase, slowly and painfully pulling the dead body of Ser Davis behind her.

She drops the body in a corner of the cellar. She turns back around, and the light from her candle fills the corners of the room, revealing dozens of dead and decaying bodies of knights.

Albreda lets out a weary sigh.

INT. KITCHEN OF CASTLE MENDELGARD - DAY

GANGRIELLE, an old, leathery witch stands above a bubbling cauldron. She echoes Albreda's sigh.

GANGRIELLE

Another failure...

Magical energy spills out of Gangrielle's hands and slithers through the open doorway.

EXT. CASTLE MENDELGARD - CONTINUOUS

The magical energy swirls around the dead body of Delirium.

Delirium's yellow eye slowly opens.

DELIRIUM  
Oh God. Not again.

INT. ALBREDA'S BED CHAMBER - DAY

Albreda stumbles back into her room, tearing the flowers from her hair.

She picks up the dress from the floor and chucks it out her window.

She turns to see the tendrils of magic re-stitch the discarded dress and place it back in her closet.

The tendrils then squirm up her face, healing the scar.

INT. WILLIAMINA'S BED CHAMBER - NEXT DAY

LADY WILLIAMINA (25) wakes up. Reflexively she touches her face.

Her eyes are bloodshot, and her dark hair is tied in knots. It has been many days since she last had a good night of sleep.

Her room is plain for one so important: with a few ornate storage chests, a large wooden closet and a cluttered desk piled high with plates and cups.

Clothes and trinkets are scattered across the floor of the room. There is barely space to stand.

Williamina turns away from the sunlight streaming from her window and forces her eyes closed. In a half-awake state, she opens her mouth and whispers.

WILLIAMINA  
Albreda.

There is a loud knock on the door.

INT. CASTLE HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

A nervous STEWARD stands outside Williamina's room.

STEWARD  
M'lady. Your father requests your  
immediate presence at court.

A long pause.

INT. WILLIAMINA'S BED CHAMBER - CONTINUOUS

The door slowly creaks open as the Steward steps inside and stands just inside the room.

STEWARD

M'lady? Your mothe-

The steward yelps as an axe flies across the room and lands with a thunk beside their head.

WILLIAMINA

Go away!

The steward is struggling to hold in a scream as their left ear falls off and blood trickles down the door.

STEWARD

M'lady please.

WILLIAMINA

Oh my god what did you do to your ear?

Williamina jumps out of bed and picks the ear up off the floor.

WILLIAMINA (CONT'D)

I'm sorry I'm sorry I'm sorry I'm sorry.

STEWARD

It's alright m'lady. I can just take it with me to that new apothecary.

WILLIAMINA

Oh my god I'm so sorry. I'm a mess in the mornings. Here, take the ear and go! Go now!

Williamina presses the ear into the steward's hand.

STEWARD

Of course m'lady. And your mother wants you in the council chambers-

WILLIAMINA

Yes, yes I'll go. Don't want to cause you anymore trouble this morning.

STEWARD

Bless you m'lady.

Williamina pushes the steward out the door and closes it behind him.

WILLIAMINA

(to self)

God get over it you pussy, it was just an ear.

As she turns away from the door, her foot touches something wet on the ground. She looks down to pick it up: it is another ear.

WILLIAMINA (CONT'D)

Hope I gave him the right one.

INT. BEDLAM COUNCIL CHAMBERS - DAY

Tapestries hang from the walls of the council chamber depicting the family crest of the Bastonbury family and the heroics of their ancestors.

In the centre of the room is a round table with an ornate map of Bedlam and the kingdoms surrounding it. The map is covered in small wooden and ivory figurines.

Standing over the table, deep in discussion with their LORDS are KING ALVIN (50s) and QUEEN RHOSWEN (50s).

The King is large and muscular, with a coarse black beard that hides most of his face. He has the aura of a bully who has lived far longer than he should have.

The Queen is wiry and small, yet elegant and straight. Her cold demeanor strikes fear in the heart of any person fool enough to stare her in her eyes.

In one of the corners of the room stands the mighty SER WILLIAM (18). He is short of height, but large and wide and powerful. He is wearing full battle regalia and his face is covered by a helmet.

Standing beside him, bathed in shadows is his squire, SILAS (20), a slimy looking young man with beady eyes and a wicked smirk.

Williamina enters the chamber, slowly and begrudgingly. One of the Lords lets out a small gasp.

And we can see why: she is still wearing her unkempt bed clothes.

WILLIAMINA

What do you want?

King Alvin is furious.

KING ALVIN

Avert your eyes noble lords, the princess should not be viewed in such a state of undress! Cover yourself up you hoare!

The Lords all awkwardly look down at the table, or pretend to be interested in one of the tapestries.

WILLIAMINA

You said to come straight away.

Queen Rhoswen pulls down one of the tapestries and throws it around Williamina.

QUEEN RHOSWEN

Do you enjoy being seen as a piece of filth by everyone in the land?

WILLIAMINA

I don't like being 'seen' at all.

QUEEN RHOSWEN

Shut up and come over to the table. We have important news to discuss.

Queen Rhoswen pushes Williamina to the war table. She hands a scroll to Williamina.

QUEEN RHOSWEN (CONT'D)

It is from your aunt. She is 'politely' requesting we agree to a kingdom acquisition from Daphnel.

King Alvin slams his fist onto the table, knocking over the wooden figurines.

KING ALVIN

The bitch wants a war!

QUEEN RHOHAYNE

We cannot afford a war. Our armies are strong but we have no way to feed them. The farms are ravaged, our treasury empty. We have been a kingdom of war for far too long.

KING ALVIN

But hasn't it been fun!?

King Alvin grips his queen's hand.

QUEEN RHOSWEN

It has been the best of times my  
darling.

The Queen lights kisses her husband's fingers.

QUEEN RHOSWEN (CONT'D)

Any suggestions on smaller kingdoms  
that we could bully?

LORD

What of the kingdom of Dunningway?

KING ALVIN

No. We razed that three years ago.

The Lords are silent.

WILLIAMINA

I have a suggestion.

All eyes turn to Williamina.

WILLIAMINA (CONT'D)

I've been having these drea-

Queen Rhoswen scowls at her daughter.

WILLIAMINA (CONT'D)

I mean. Isn't there that wealthy  
kingdom with a lost princess who  
was stolen away to a tower?

Williamina places a small figurine on one corner of the map,  
a great distance from Bedlam Castle.

WILLIAMINA (CONT'D)

If we could send a knight to rescue  
her, like Ser William, then they  
would likely be very grateful.

Williamina pushes a knight across the map, placing it next to  
the other figurine. They stand together for a moment, before  
Queen Rhoswen smacks them off the table.

QUEEN RHOSWEN

That is a stupid idea Williamina.

WILLIAMINA

Why is that such a stupid idea?

QUEEN RHOSWEN

Because it came out of your stupid  
mouth.

(MORE)

QUEEN RHOSWEN (CONT'D)

We did not ask you here today to  
spout nonsense and cavort about in  
tapestries.

WILLIAMINA

(petulantly)

Well why did you ask me here then?

Queen Rhoswen flares at Williamina's insolence.

QUEEN RHOSWEN

You are the Duchess of Frontbottom

Williamina hides a laugh.

QUEEN RHOSWEN (CONT'D)

Such an obscene name.

WILLIAMINA

I dunno I reckon its pretty funny.

QUEEN RHOSWEN

That county lies on the border of  
Daphnel. If an army were to march  
through, it would be your people  
put to the sword.

WILLIAMINA

That would be unfortunate for them.

QUEEN RHOSWEN

We must keep you informed of any  
attacks on your duchy, even if you  
are nothing more than a walking bed  
sore. Sleeping all day -

WILLIAMINA

I actually haven't been able to  
sleep much lately.

QUEEN RHOSWEN

(icy)

Then what is your excuse?

Silence from Williamina as she stares at her feet.

WILLIAMINA

Sorry mother.

QUEEN RHOSWEN

Fuck a horse with your sorry. If  
you're going to be in bed all day  
at least make yourself useful and  
make a child.

KING ALVIN  
Make sure it's a boy.

Williamina looks like a wounded child.

QUEEN RHOSWEN  
Now if you want to do something  
useful today. Go and fetch us  
Irving. It is about time that he  
thrust himself into battle, instead  
of thrusting himself into-

CUT TO:

INT. IRVING'S BED CHAMBER - DAY

A red, sweaty face. Veins popping.

PRINCE IRVING (22), the heir to the throne of Bedlam is standing naked, at the edge of his bed as he pounds into another body, unseen, tangled in the sheets.

It is disgusting.

Williamina enters.

IRVING (O.S.)  
No! Get out!

INT. CASTLE HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Williamina quickly closes the door.

A rustling is heard from within and a moment later, Irving pops his head from behind the door. He is tall, beautiful and blonde: the poster child for a charming prince, irritatingly so. He is shirtless and his face is red from recent exertion.

IRVING  
Willy! How are you this morning?

WILLIAMINA  
Irving you have got to stop this.

IRVING  
Whatever do you mean? What must I stop? With whom Willy?

WILLIAMINA  
Don't make me say it Irving.

IRVING  
You must if I am to understand your  
meaning.

WILLIAMINA  
Fine. Stop fucking our sister.

IRVING  
Oh.

WILLIAMINA  
Yeah.

IRVING  
Now?

WILLIAMINA  
Yes!

Irving looks back into his room, pain on his face, as he fights against a great temptation.

A beat.

IRVING  
And what if I don't stop?

WILLIAMINA  
Urgh I don't even care. Mum and Dad  
want you in the Council Chambers.

IRVING  
I'm kind of in the middle of  
something.

WILLIAMINA  
And I was in the middle of sleep  
when I was forced there. I would  
much rather be back in bed.

IRVING  
Me too!

WILLIAMINA  
Ew.

Irving closes his door and joins Williamina in the hallway.

IRVING  
Could you go back and just tell  
them you couldn't find me?

Williamina smiles conspiratorially.

WILLIAMINA  
Perhaps. What's in it for me?

IRVING  
What do you want?

A beat, as Williamina considers.

WILLIAMINA  
A spike through my head.

IRVING  
I'm serious Willy. I'd do anything to avoid one of those tiresome council meetings. All they ever want to talk about is war and conflict. Why don't we ever have a council meeting about something fun - like maypole dancing!

WILLIAMINA  
If you're really interested in helping me... I've been having these dreams about this... never mind. I also haven't been sleeping well so-

IRVING  
Willy I am loving all these words you're saying, and the meaning of them - impeccable. But could we move this along, so I can help...

WILLIAMINA  
(angry)  
Apart from you killing yourself, I don't think you could help me sleep.

From within the room, comes a soft, lyrical voice.

MEREWELD (O.S.)  
Tell her to go and see the new apothecary!

A short string of music plays, as Williamina perks up and takes interest.

WILLIAMINA  
An apothecary?

Irving panics and closes the door. A scuffle is heard inside and he re-appears, using his body to hide whoever is inside.

WILLIAMINA (CONT'D)

What did Mereweld say about a new apothecary?

IRVING

What are you talking about? That wasn't Mereweld. That was just uh... my broom. Yes my broom! It's magically come to life, the most glorious thing. You must see it some time Willy.

Williamina tries to get a glance inside the room.

IRVING (CONT'D)

Not now!

Irving steps in the way. Williamina rolls her eyes.

IRVING (CONT'D)

But Mere- the broom does make a good point. I remember broom uh... Mereweld mentioning this new apothecary earlier. He did incredible work on Mereweld's genital warts.

WILLIAMINA

He got rid of them?

IRVING

They're definitely less in my way now.

Williamina brightens.

WILLIAMINA

Can you tell me where to find him?

IRVING

Mereweld would know. But now that I think about it, you've been to several apothecary's before about this-

WILLIAMINA

Yes but this one will be different.

IRVING

Agreed. Am I off the hook now then for the council?

WILLIAMINA

I don't care, you do what you want.  
But get Merry out here now or I'll  
tell our parents about you two foot-  
fucking during the Cardinal's  
appointment.

Irving's face pales. He slips back inside. Williamina listens  
in on the conversation.

IRVING (O.S.)

Uh... wow Broom! You've magically  
teleported Mereweld in here. How  
splendid. Good broom!

MEREWELD (O.S.)

I'm confused. Is my name Broom now?

Williamina shakes her head.

EXT. BEDLAM CASTLE GARDENS - DAY

Williamina is walking through the extravagant gardens of  
Bedlam Castle, arm in arm with her sister, LADY MEREWELD  
(20).

Mereweld is delicately adorned in all the ways that  
Williamina is not: she possesses long, golden locks and deep  
green eyes. Though she is far more naive than her elder  
sister.

As the day is getting longer, Williamina is struggling to  
stay awake and the dark rings under her eyes are growing  
deeper.

MEREWELD

So you wish to see the new  
apothecary?

WILLIAMINA

I've never wanted anything more in  
my life.

MEREWELD

I will tell you where he is- if you  
permit me to use your chambers for  
the entire afternoon.

WILLIAMINA

Why my room again?

MEREWELD

Our parents have eyes in every other room in the house, and I need to ensure that they believe I am chaste.

WILLIAMINA

Trust me Merry, I don't think either of them are close to believing that.

MEREWELD

Oh Willy why can't it just be me and Irving forever?

WILLIAMINA

Merry!

Williamina quickly draws Mereweld aside behind a bush as the Farthings continue their circuit.

WILLIAMINA (CONT'D)

You can't let people hear you!

MEREWELD

I don't care what they hear. The only man made for me was the man birthed from the very same womb as I!

WILLIAMINA

There is a lot to unpack here.

MEREWELD

It's God's plan, Willy. Did you know that the mole on the left shaft side of Irving's cock rubs perfectly 'gainst one of the more sensitive grooves in sex? It was like God created the fleshy key to my fleshy lock.

Williamina holds in a dry heave.

MEREWELD (CONT'D)

Of course none of these are my words, it was all poetry that Irving wrote me.

WILLIAMINA

Fine. Deal. Just give me the address, come on.

Williamina and Mereweld re-emerge from behind the bush and collide with LORDS DARIUS and DAMIAN FARTHING, two foppish young men of the court of a neighboring kingdom.

WILLIAMINA (CONT'D)  
 (to self)  
 Fuck.

DARIUS FARTHING  
 Why if it isn't the beautiful  
 Princess Mereweld... and her...

MEREWELD  
 Sister.

Damian and Darius look at the ragged Williamina as if they don't quite believe it.

DAMIAN FARTHING  
 Of course. Do you mind if we  
 accompany you both?

MEREWELD  
 (giggling)  
 My pleasure.

Damian and Darius link arms with the two princesses, and all four continue their route through the garden.

Mereweld sneakily pushes a piece of paper into Williamina's hand.

She looks down at it.

WILLIAMINA  
 Is this a drawing?

MEREWELD  
 I can't write!

Williamina grumpily untangles herself from the Farthings grasp, and begins to march away.

WILLIAMINA  
 I'm off.

The Farthings seem shocked.

DAMIAN FARTHING  
 Your mother was wondering when you  
 would be returning to the Council?

Williamina turns around and flips them off with both hands.

Snubbed, the Farthings link arms with Mereweld. She leads them away coquettishly.

Williamina holds up the drawing of a crudely drawn cottage.

CUT TO:

EXT. VILLAGE - LATER

Williamina is looking at the drawing of the cottage. She compares it to the cottage she is now standing in front of.

It is a small, rustic cottage on the outskirts of the town.

The village she stands in is destitute and filthy. Beggars line the shit-strewn streets and rotten fruit and vegetables are the only food being sold in the ramshackle marketplaces.

It is a town on the verge of death, disease and famine, long neglected by its cruel rulers.

INT. APOTHECARY'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Williamina is sitting on a rough straw couch.

The room is full of vials, parchment, herbs and dissected animals.

Sitting across from her, is the APOTHECARY (30s), a brutish man in green leather.

APOTHECARY

Boils in the brain you say?

WILLIAMINA

I don't really know. That seems like the best way to describe it. Whenever I'm trying to sleep...

APOTHECARY

But no blood?

WILLIAMINA

Do you mean, have I been bleeding? Or do I have any blood, like, in me?

APOTHECARY

Yes.

Beat.

WILLIAMINA

I feel like you're pushing me in a leech direction here.

APOTHECARY

(condescending)

Just answer my questions so that we can arrive at the correct diagnosis together. You're not the first 'sleepy princess' to visit me.

Williamina's impatience and rage is building.

WILLIAMINA

I haven't been bleeding and I have plenty of blood.

APOTHECARY

Well it does sound to me like you might be suffering from a bit too much blood, so we will need to prescribe some leeches.

WILLIAMINA

I'm not going back on leeches. They don't work.

APOTHECARY

I am a trained medical professional. Now take your leeches and leave!

WILLIAMINA

(suddenly furious)

Every single monk or priest, every witch or warlock that comes to the castle gives me leeches. I've got three of them attached to my neck right now! You're the one who is meant to fix me!

The Apothecary fakes concern. He puts his hands on Williamina, and leads her back to the seat.

APOTHECARY

Of course whatever you need my lady.

WILLIAMINA

Don't you have a tincture? Or a potion? Or something!?

He crosses over to his desk and begins mixing together a concoction. Music begins to build as he performs a secret and mystical ritual.

Finally, he brings over a small bottle and hands it to Williamina.

APOTHECARY

(mockingly)

When the moon is full, take three drops-

Williamina looks at the bottle.

WILLIAMINA

This is just a leech in a bottle!

It is.

Williamina stands and smashes the bottle on the ground.

She starts to breath faster, on the verge of a panic attack, her head gets dizzy but then-

Music begins to play: a soaring Disney-esque ballad.

WILLIAMINA (CONT'D)

*We have ships that can sail to far  
away lands.*

*We have windmills that can do the  
work of two hands.*

*We have pieces of meat that fit  
betwixt slices of bread.*

*Yet we can't figure out what's  
inside of my head.*

Williamina turns towards the window.

WILLIAMINA (CONT'D)

*It's a brand new world.*

*Filled with glasses and teeth made  
of wood.*

*If only we could invent something  
to fix my sickness.*

The song picks up pace, as Williamina begins to interact with the paraphernalia of the cottage.

WILLIAMINA (CONT'D)

*We have pipes that can manage human  
waste.*

*We can cure dysentery of the butt  
but, not of the brain?*

Williamina picks up a book of spells and angrily ruffles through it.

WILLIAMINA (CONT'D)

*When my sister got sick,  
She went to a witch,  
Wait a minute,  
She went to a witch.  
We have actual magic.*

Her anger rises, and she throws the book to the ground.

WILLIAMINA (CONT'D)

*We have blood magic assassins that  
can kill with a wish.  
There are tree spirits that can  
magically elongate a dick.  
And I just remembered we can  
literally fly.  
How then do I still have this  
desire to die?  
Unicorns sell their own blood on  
the magic black market.  
But apparently my sickness isn't  
the target.  
Of some sort of spell making some  
sort of studying into,  
A magic that can fix my brain.*

Williamina notices a jar full of hundreds of squirming leeches and holds it.

WILLIAMINA (CONT'D)

*There's a spell that can bring up  
the Sun.  
But no spell that can make me happy  
to see it.*

Williamina lifts the jar above her head.

APOTHECARY

*Please my lady - I was in the  
swamps all morning-*

WILLIAMINA

*It's a brand new world.  
Where there's fairies and magical  
cures.  
Yet what for,  
For nothing can fix this sickness.  
And while we're on the subject.  
Can someone stop blood from coming  
out of my vagina.*

The music ends. Williamina throws the jar to the ground, it doesn't break, much to the Apothecary's relief.

The cottage is in a state of complete disarray. Williamina has thoroughly trashed it in her musical fury.

Williamina kicks the jar, and exits.

APOTHECARY

This will still count as one of  
your free sessions m'lady!

INT. ROYAL CHAMBER - DAY

The private chambers of the King and Queen. It is a large room, with a lavish central four-poster bed with red and purple trimmings, the colors of the Bastonbury family.

Williamina is sitting on a small chair as her parents stare down at her, brimming with fury.

QUEEN RHOSWEN

A princess does not lose her temper  
and destroy a peasant's home.

KING ALVIN

We have soldiers to do that for  
you!

WILLIAMINA

He was a fool!

QUEEN RHOSWEN

It will take many precious  
resources to fix this mess you've  
made.

WILLIAMINA

I don't care-

KING ALVIN

Also you never returned to the  
Council. Obviously you have no  
interest in the running of this  
kingdom!

WILLIAMINA

I was just trying to get better...

QUEEN RHOSWEN

'Get better'. The weak 'get  
better', the strong 'are better'.

(MORE)

QUEEN RHOSWEN (CONT'D)

And did you even speak to your  
brother? No one has seen him or  
your sister for hours!

The onslaught of attacks from her parents, begin to grow  
louder and more vicious. The world around Williamina darkens.

KING ALVIN

-Lazy-

QUEEN RHOSWEN

-Worthless-

KING ALVIN

-Pig shit-

QUEEN RHOSWEN

-Spoilt brat-

KING ALVIN

-Not fit to marry an unborn horse-

QUEEN RHOSWEN

-Cunt of the litter!

Williamina snaps herself out of the panic.

WILLIAMINA

He tried to hurt me.

The King and Queen pause. Williamina's fury is rising again.

WILLIAMINA (CONT'D)

He tried to touch me. His filthy  
hands. He dared lay his filthy  
hands on me. The princess. His  
princess. That's why I destroyed  
his home. He deserves worse though.  
Much worse. Drawn, quartered. Stuff  
his fucking leeches up his shit-  
licked asshole.

A beat.

KING ALVIN

Well then. The bastard dies.

INT. CASTLE HALLWAY - NIGHT

Williamina storms down the hallway, and flings open her door.

WILLIAMINA

Oh Fuck!

Williamina charges into her room. A few moments later, Irving and Mereweld are pushed into the hallway, naked and wrapped in sheets.

They look at each other stunned, before slowly coming together again, kissing passionately, and the sheets fall away...

INT. WILLIAMINA'S BED CHAMBER - NIGHT

Williamina is putting on her most royal dress. She admires herself in a mirror in the corner of her room.

INT. BEDLAM CASTLE DUNGEON - CONTINUOUS

Williamina walks gracefully down the dungeon stairs. Two GUARDS stand in front of a cell containing the disheveled Apothecary.

Williamina stands at the cell door staring down at the Apothecary, who is whimpering quietly to himself.

APOTHECARY

Please m'lady I was just trying to help you.

Williamina watches him grovel, but it does not seem to scratch her itch.

WILLIAMINA

I don't understand. This usually makes me feel better.

GUARD

Shall we tighten his thumb screws?

WILLIAMINA

No. There's no point.

GUARD

Shall we remove them then?

WILLIAMINA

Lets not go that far. Put him on the block at dawn and hopefully his screams will finally put me to sleep.

Williamina turns to leave, when-

APOTHECARY

(desperate, angry)

I heard from so many in town about  
how cruel your parents are. I  
didn't expect you'd be worse!

WILLIAMINA

What did you say?

Williamina turns back to the cell.

APOTHECARY

You are a cruel and vindictive  
woman and, and-

Williamina gestures for her guards to leave.

WILLIAMINA

Yes I know I can be both those  
things. We all have flaws. But I am  
nothing like my parents.

APOTHECARY

(surprised)

What?

WILLIAMINA

They are awful people. I'm not like  
them at all!

APOTHECARY

Well. We are all like our parents  
in some ways...

Williamina kneels down in front of the bars.

WILLIAMINA

I'm not.

APOTHECARY

How would you distinguish your self  
from them?

WILLIAMINA

Well, I'm... I just don't care  
about all their royal stuff. And  
I'm...lazy. And stupid.

APOTHECARY

Who's saying all of this?

WILLIAMINA

What do you mean? I am.

APOTHECARY

But who does it sound like?

WILLIAMINA

My... mother.

APOTHECARY

There is no spell nor leech in the world that can provide a cure to a parent's disapproval.

The two sit in silence for a moment, absorbing the words.

WILLIAMINA

The things that go on in my head, I always feel like I'm so close to understanding them... but then... its gone. What do I do?

APOTHECARY

(shrugging)

I don't know-

Williamina starts to scowl. The apothecary quickly recomposes himself.

APOTHECARY (CONT'D)

See it's a-

Music begins to play. A slower reprise of 'Brand New World'. The Apothecary has a deep, operatic voice.

APOTHECARY (CONT'D)

*It's a brand new world. Where there's little that one person can do.  
But let's start somewhere.  
To try and fix this sickness.  
Why don't you start by telling me  
About your relationship with your parents?*

Williamina crosses her legs comfortably in front of the jail cell.

WILLIAMINA

Well, for the first year of my life my mother wouldn't let my father see me, because she had told him that I was a boy, so we spent-

FADE OUT.

INT. WILLIAMINA'S BED CHAMBER - NIGHT

Williamina lies in bed. The same Steward as earlier, but now with a bandage covering one side of his head, pats down the bed.

WILLIAMINA

(drowsily)

-And the apothecary who I put on  
the beheading list... he's  
alright... you can...

Williamina smiles, and falls asleep.

STEWARD

I can do what m'lady?

Williamina snores. The Steward quietly leaves.

INT. ALBREDA'S BED CHAMBER - SIMULTANEOUS

Albreda sits by her window. It is late and she is tired but sleep does not come.

She begins to sing.

ALBREDA

*There's a pounding in my heart,  
Like I've never felt before.  
A beat that's trying to lead me,  
To the one I will adore.  
But so far a million men,  
Have died here at my keep.  
Will my white knight truly come,  
Before my final sleep?*

INT. WILLIAMINA'S BED CHAMBER - SIMULTANEOUS

Williamina's eyes open to the sound of Albreda's voice.

She sits up in bed and sees a vision of Albreda singing.

ALBREDA

*Feeling alone.  
Living alone.  
Destined to be forgotten.  
Unloved and on my own.  
Ashamed to lust for freedom.  
Too scared to leave my home.  
My time will come!*

## INT. ALBREDA'S BED CHAMBER - SIMULTANEOUS

Albreda hears a noise, and she turns over to look at her bed. Instead she sees a vision of Williamina, sitting up in her bed and singing to her.

WILLIAMINA

*There's a pounding in my heart,  
Like I've never felt before.  
A beat that's trying to lead me,  
To the one I will fight for.  
But how can I fight for you,  
While fighting the boils in my  
brain.  
And will I even reach your room,  
Before my madness takes the reins?*

Albreda stands and lies down next to Williamina in the bed.

Their hands reach out towards each other, but aren't able to touch.

ALBREDA/WILLIAMINA

*There's a pounding in my loins,  
Like I've never felt before.  
Because I've had a third date with  
destiny,  
But was just left wanting more.  
I want to travel to this place,  
Where Lady Fate doth calls.  
But I cannot seem to leave,  
This prison of blue walls.*

## EXT. CASTLE MENDELGARD - CONTINUOUS

In a foggy sequence, we see the fields beyond Castle Mendelgard once more, but this time it is Williamina sitting upon the horse, riding towards the castle.

Albreda looks down upon her knight, galloping towards her.

The music shifts to a reprise of the opening ballad.

ALBREDA/WILLIAMINA

*I've finally found myself,  
A princess who's perfect for me.  
I've never seen her before  
But she is the perfect woman for a  
princess like me.  
And that's enough.  
That's enough.*

INT. WILLIAMINA'S BED CHAMBER/ALBREDA'S BED CHAMBER - SAME

A split view of the two beds.

The song reaches a crescendo and...

ALBREDA/WILLIAMINA

*Coming together.  
Loving alone. Destined for each  
other.  
Loved by someone unknown.  
Driven by a lust for freedom.  
Destined to leave our homes.  
The time has come!*

The music stops, and Albreda and Williamina are left flushed and breathing heavily.

Simultaneously, they both look under their sheets, down at their bodies in heady relief.

EXT. BEDLAM CASTLE COURTYARD - THE NEXT DAY

It is early morning. Dawn has broken and a small crowd has gathered. On a raised platform, the Apothecary is being led to a chopping block. He struggles as he is pulled toward it.

APOTHECARY

No you don't understand! The princess and I are good friends now. She said so herself, that she would be calling this off-

His head is placed on the block.

APOTHECARY (CONT'D)

Wait no please this is a mistake!  
This is a mistake! Williamina!  
Williamina!

INT. WILLIAMINA'S BED CHAMBER - CONTINUOUS

Williamina is soundly sleeping in her bed. From the window-

APOTHECARY

(O.S.)  
Williamina! Williamina!

But she is in such a deep and undisturbed slumber, that she does not hear.

-CLOSING CREDITS-