AMERICAN PRINCESS

by

Jamie Denbo

February 2018

Tilted Productions
A&E Studios
LIFETIME NETWORK
OVER BLACK: Tinny POP MUSIC plays over heavy PANTING...

EXT. A BACK COUNTRY ROAD, UPSTATE NY - MORNING

C/U on SPOKED WHEELS as they SPIN, shapely calves in LULULEMON LEGGINGS, brand new CROSS-TRAINERS pumping the pedals, the CRIS CROSS of an ATHLETICA SPORTS BRA between two glistening shoulder blades...

ERIN (O.S.)
Faster, Bridezilla. Monique Lhuillier does not forgive.

REVEAL AMANDA KLEIN (mid-20’s, bride to be, Upper East Side socialite) pedaling hard.

AMANDA
I’m going... as fast... as I can! Bitch.

ERIN KLEIN-ROTONBERG (30’s, Amanda’s older sister, married, over it) plays the tinny pop music through her IPHONE as she lounges on the BENCH PART of this weird, oversized TRICYCLE that Amanda is riding.

ERIN
It’s not my fault there’s no Soul Cycle up here. Thank god they had hot yoga in that yurt thingie.

Something in the distance catches Erin’s eye.

ERIN (CONT’D)
(points)
Civilization!

CUT TO:

INT. COUNTRY ROAD SERVICE STATION MINI-MART - MOMENTS LATER

Amanda heads for the cold drinks as Erin wrinkles her nose. Erin approaches the CLERK (an old hippie).

ERIN
Do you have LaCroix?

CLERK
La what?

ERIN
Bubbly? Flavor no sugar?
CLERK
We got Fresca... ?

ERIN
Mm’k. Awesome. Thankyousomuch.
(to Amanda)
How the f--

AMANDA
You were all about my wedding being up here when we were planning it.

ERIN
That’s because we were in Beaver Creek when we were planning it. A summer wedding in the country sounded warmer to me at the time.

At that moment, PLAYTRON* GAL (20’s-30’s, geeky, zaftig and dressed like an extra in Shakespeare In Love) and PLAYTRON GUY (20’s-30’s, lanky and dressed like he’s in a High School production of Hamlet) ENTER. They are the world’s most aggressively nerdy couple.

(* “PLAYTRONS” are people who patronize Renaissance Festivals in full “garb” (costume). They are not paid employees of the Faire, but often are mistaken as such.)

Erin and Amanda stare for a beat.

ERIN (CONT’D)
Ew.

AMANDA
See? Someone up here is having a theme wedding. I’m telling you, I look very right in 1930’s chic. We could have done a whole Downton Abbey thing, but Brett wouldn’t--

ERIN
Okay. Tick check!

Erin spreads out her arms and turns around.

AMANDA
We’re on to Lyme now? What happened to Zika?

ERIN
Jordan the gay wonder planner is doing a citronella perimeter around the ceremony. You’re welcome for your beautiful bug-free wedding-- not like mine--
AMANDA
Your wedding was beautiful.

ERIN
It was Modern Orthodox in a temple social hall. All for Joel’s cunt mother.

AMANDA
Hey, our mom’s a cunt too.

ERIN
Well, at least she doesn’t keep kosher. I couldn’t even have buttercream frosting. Sorry, Cake Boss. No one likes fondant.

PLAYTRON GAL (O.S.)
God ye good den fair maidens.

Amanda and Erin turn to see Playtron Girl hovering.

PLAYTRON GAL (CONT’D)
Might I retrieve a Dew of the Mountain?

Confused, Amanda and Erin slowly walk away as Playtron Gal grabs her drink.

PLAYTRON GAL (CONT’D)
(calls out)
Thank thee!

ERIN
Yeah. That’s who does a theme wedding.

CUT TO:

INT. LITTLE WHITE BARN BRIDAL SUITE – AFTERNOON

Amanda sits at her vanity in Spanx and a pearl-encrusted bustier while examining her made-up face. (The pro make-up and hair have presumably already left). Amanda’s BRIDESMAIDS all buzz around, sip CHAMPAGNE, play on their phones, etc.

LEXI
I cannot get over this place!

LEXI (bridesmaid, late 20’s, total airhead, Chinese but adopted and raised Jewish) is VERY impressed with the view outside the window.
LEXI (CONT’D)
(re: the view again)
It’s like that place my dads took me to
in France after I got bat mitzvah’d at
Masada?

NICK
The French countryside?

LEXI
Yes! That! Uch, so pretty...

NICK (late 20’s, gay, been besties with this crew since childhood).

NICK
Thank god you aren’t getting married in
France, Amanda. They all drive Fiats and
* don’t put ice in the wine. *

AMANDA
We talked about France, but Brett has
that thing where he has to take on the
* accent. *

MORGAN (Amanda’s high school friend, married and living
the Westchester life) looks up from her phone.

MORGAN
He did that with my nanny.

FARAH (Persian Jewish, living the JAP dream, about 4
months pregnant and VERY precious) RUBS her belly.

FARAH
Traveling anywhere can be a huge risk
* during pregnancy. *

AMANDA
Farah. You drove here from Westchester.

FARAH
Also there’s a lot of mosquitos.

NICK
I don’t know, Farah. Your husband’s head
* is pretty big. *

MORGAN
Zika could work in your favor!

FARAH
(to her belly)
Don’t listen to these b-i-t-c-h-es.
Erin comes out of the bathroom, fully dressed.

ERIN
Check it, Bitches!!

Erin pulls out a LONG, VINTAGE VEIL and drapes it over Amanda. Everyone OOHS, AAAHS and WHIPS out PHONES to take photos.

AMANDA
Guys! I’m in my Spanx!

FARAH
Shit! I posted!

LEXI
Me too.

AMANDA
Delete!

ALL
Got it./Deleted./Done./Sorry.

AMANDA
’kay. Now. From the collar bone up.

She poses seductively, draping the veil over half an eye. They all SNAP AWAY and get to posting.

ALL
Perf./Love./Adding a filter./What hashtag are you guys doing?

FARAH
(re: her iphone)
OMG! You guys—look. Two years ago today!

Farrah flips her IPHONE around to show everyone a PHOTO of Amanda and Brett.

LEXI
Now that would’ve been good wedding hair.

Amanda shoots Erin a look and takes the phone.

AMANDA
I remember this night. We took edibles and I thought I was dying.

MORGAN
Barely felt them. High tolerance.
AMANDA
And then you and Farah left me alone to sleep it off. But Brett stayed with me all night. I puked in front of him. I don’t even do that in front of my mom.

ERIN
Because she critiques your form. “Don’t strain! You’ll pop a blood vessel in your eye!”

AMANDA
He put a cold cloth on my head and massaged my feet. We discovered The Great British Bake Off that night.

NICK
Wow. Vomit and a show bond. Hope that’s in your vows.

AMANDA
It was the first time a guy ever calmed my anxiety. I felt so safe in his big scruffy arms.

FARAH
You made him wax the scruff though.

AMANDA
Gone.

ERIN
Lexi, grab the crinoline?

LEXI
This?

Lexi hands it over and Amanda pulls it on while Erin fastens the VEIL.

FARAH
(re:veil)
Awwww. Was it your mom’s?

Erin and Amanda SNORT LAUGH.

AMANDA
Nooooo.

ERIN
It’s mine. I might be miserable but I’m still on husband number one, so we thought it had better juju.
Lexi notices something outside the window again.

LEXI
Holy shit. Gwyneth is here.

ERIN
NO. WAY.

They crowd around the window.

AMANDA
Awwww! She made it, yay! I thought she had a kid thing this weekend.

LEXI
What about Apple? Where’s Apple??

JOANNTHA LYONS (early 60’s, Amanda and Erin’s mom, has tried every mood stabilizer on the planet but continues to sabotage herself and everyone around her with her emotional neediness) BURSTS IN.

JOANNTHA
Mandy! You didn’t tell me GP was going to actually BE here. I can’t go out there now! Not after I broke Blythe’s wrist at the Met Gala!

AMANDA
Erin?

ERIN
On it. Mom? We got you your very own mother of the bride suite--

JOANNTHA
(overcome)
Mandy, Mandy, oh my Amanda! God in heaven-- you look like an angel. A Jewish one. The best kind!
(then)
Are you still wearing the ballerina dress? Who’s the black girl they let dance now?

EVERYONE
Misty Copeland.

JOANNTHA
I find her very muscular. Like those Williams girls--

ERIN
And we’re out.
Just then, Amanda’s PHONE RINGS. It’s FaceTime.

    AMANDA
    Oh, shit! It’s Brett!

    ALL
    Don’t answer! It’s bad luck! GET IT!
    Just don’t let him SEE you, it’s fine.

Everyone gets quiet. Amanda hits the button and turns it over so the camera won’t see her.

    AMANDA
    Hey, Sweetie!

MUFFLED NOISES from PHONE.

    AMANDA (CONT’D)
    Babe? Brett...?

Now GRUNTING noises...

    MORGAN
    Wait, is YOUR volume down? Gimme.

Morgan GRABS the PHONE and faces it toward her. The others peer over her shoulder. More GRUNTING...

    AMANDA
    Brett, I think you butt-dialed me--

Morgan and everyone else look from the PHONE SCREEN up to Amanda.

    AMANDA (CONT’D)
    What?

Amanda GRABS the PHONE. She LOOKS. She is CLEARLY HORRIFIED. UH, OH.

    CUT TO:

EXT. LITTLE WHITE BARN - MOMENTS LATER - AFTERNOON

Amanda BURSTS out of the Barn like a madwoman. Still in her veil, bustier, Spanx and crinoline, she JUMPS onto the BIG TRICYCLE (now decorated in tiny bells and shit, with a “Just Married” sign on the back) and PEDALS off as Erin and the bridesmaids all scramble after her.

    ERIN
    Amanda! Get BACK HERE!
ALL
Come back!/Where are you going!?/AMANDA!

FARAH
Guys. Can you keep it down? I’m pregnant!

MORGAN
SHUT UP, FARAH!
(to her belly)
SHUT UP SHUT UP SHUT UP!

ERIN
We have to follow her! Where are all the cars!?

LEXI
The photographers from Town & Country said they didn’t want them in the foreground?

NICK
They parked them all down the hill--

ERIN
ARGGHHHHHHH!!

Joanntha comes out of the barn.

JOANNTHA
Erin. Stop being so dramatic.

ERIN
You realize that is hilarious coming from you, right?

JOANNTHA
Bah. Now. Who else wants a Fentanyl patch?

They all raise their hands and move toward her while Erin bangs her head in frustration.

CUT TO:

EXT. B&B - MOMENTS LATER - AFTERNOON

A couple of KITCHEN GUYS SMOKE outside of this B&B. They watch casually as the TRICYCLE pulls up with a crazed, sweaty half-dressed Amanda on it. She jumps off and RUNS FULL SPEED through the DOOR.
INT. GROOM’S SUITE - MOMENTS LATER - AFTERNOON

Amanda, like a rabid raccoon, BANGS the DOOR open to find BRET Feingold (30’s, Jewish, douchebag), pants down, blindfolded and getting a blowjob from a half-naked Woman * with Wild Hair, wearing a Red Peasant Skirt and an untied Leather Corset. *

AMANDA
ARE YOU OUT OF YOUR MIND YOU-- YOU-- HOW COULD YOU!!!

Brett WHIPS off the BLINDFOLD as Amanda SURGES toward him. The WOMAN RUNS into the BATHROOM and SLAMS the DOOR. *

BRETT
Whoawhoawhoa!  Amanda!  Wait-- *

AMANDA
Wait?  Wait for what?!  What the f-- *

BRETT
I’m not having an affair!  I LOVE YOU. *

AMANDA
On our wedding day?? *

BRETT
Sssshhhhh.  Calm down. CALM DOWN.

He PRESSES her HEAD to his chest.

AMANDA
But-- *

BRETT
Let’s talk about this, okay?

The BATHROOM DOOR OPENS SLOWLY and the WOMAN, now wearing a CLOAK, carefully tries to slip out. Amanda pulls away from Brett and GLARES at the Woman.

AMANDA
Is that a real-life hooker?

BRETT/WOMAN
No!/ Excuse me?

AMANDA
Then who is-- *

BRETT (to Amanda)
HEY. Look at me. It was nothing!
Amanda looks. Behind her back, Brett waves at the woman to GET OUT. But the Woman is looking for something.

BRETT (CONT’D)
A leftover from the bar last night. A * 
last hurrah.

From behind Amanda, the Woman now frantically POINTS at the bed table behind Brett, where her drawstring leather MONEY POUCH is sitting.

BRETT (CONT’D)
It is out of my system now. And we are * 
getting married. Today. *

Brett still talks to Amanda intensely as the Woman cautiously tries to sneak around them to grab her POUCH from the table.

BRETT (CONT’D)
And we are going to St. Barth’s. 
tomorrow. Because, Amanda Klein? You? * 
You make my life complete. *

The Woman is closer. She reaches out her FINGERS to get the POUCH just as Amanda takes a DEEP BREATH and... LUNGES at Brett.

AMANDA
AAAAAGHGHGHGGHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!!!!!

Brett DIVES onto the bed and out of the way as Amanda FALLS FORWARD and brings down BOTH fists on the top of the Woman’s head (instead of Brett). The woman goes DIRECTLY down and gets KNOCKED upside her jaw on the corner of the bed table. BLOOD SPURTS OUT EVERYWHERE! Amanda, full of adrenaline, spattered with blood and heaving, looks to Brett, who lies on the bed, shocked.

AMANDA (CONT’D)
It’s “You complete me”, asshole.

Brett looks at the scene and immediately VOMITS. Amanda looks at what we can presume is a bloody mess of the Woman. We hear the Woman WHIMPER...

AMANDA (CONT’D)
Oh. Shiiii--

CUT TO:
EXT. B&B - MOMENTS LATER - LATER AFTERNOON

Amanda STUMBLES out of the B&B and past the two kitchen WORKERS again. She looks around. AMBULANCE SIRENS cry out in the distance...

AMANDA
Shitshitshit!

She MOUNTS the crazy trike and PEDALS off in the opposite direction from where she came.

KITCHEN WORKER
(accented English)
Congratulations!

As she rides, she grabs the “Just Married” sign off the back of the trike and throws it to side of the road.

CUT TO:

EXT. LITTLE WHITE BARN - SUNSET

A CROWD mills around the “citronella perimeter” of the ceremony space. Some are clustered together, whispering. Erin approaches Joanntha and the bridesmaids.

ERIN
She’s not answering. But I think the wedding’s probably off.

JOANNTHA
Because of a little oral? Please. If I called off every wedding for that--

ERIN
Not NOW, Mom.

MORGAN
Who was this bitch?

LEXI
Yeah! Do we know her? We know some very horrible people.

ERIN
You know I don’t know? And I don’t care? What I do care about is that according to Brett, Amanda assaulted the hoooker and now there may be a legal situation.
NICK
Drama. I have a lawyer for you. He went to Columbia and he’s hung like an Efron.

FARAH
(covers her belly)
Don’t listen, Aiden.

MORGAN
(to Farah’s belly)
Nick’s lawyer has a big dick, Aiden!

ANGLE ON: A tall, slim blonde woman from behind, getting into a HORSE DRAWN CARRIAGE and departing.

LEXI
(mournfully)
There goes GP. See that shimmer where her hair parts? She uses a diamond chip kale rinse.

JOANNTHA
(back to Erin)
Oh, for God’s sake. How badly is this woman hurt?

ERIN
Well, Joel treated her immediately after and said that she has a concussion. And because of the angle of the fall I guess she... bit off the tip of her tongue.

ALL
Uch./Ew!/Gross./Oh my god...

ERIN
And... she swallowed it.

ALL
HOLY SHIT!/SWEET JESUS!/UCHHHH!!

LEXI
How many weight watchers points is that?

JOANNTHA
It’s not Amanda’s fault the hooker bit off her own tongue!

ERIN
It might be.

Erin AGGRESSIVELY TAPS on her PHONE again...
ERIN (CONT’D)  
(t to phone)  
Come on!  

CUT TO:  

INT. BRIDAL SUITE - CONTINUOUS  

Amanda’s Phone BUZZES continually from under the VANITY, where it was abandoned when Amanda rushed out earlier.

CUT TO:  

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - SUNSET  

A now filthy, sweaty Amanda CRIES and MUTTERS as she pushes ahead on the stupid tricycle, still in her bustier and crinoline.

AMANDA  
Hate...hatehatehate...  

She is getting tired. She STUMBLEs and stops pedaling.  

AMANDA (CONT’D)  
Oh, god...  

She GETS/FALLS off the TRIKE. Suddenly she PATS herself looking for her PHONE.  

AMANDA (CONT’D)  
Okay. It’s okay.  

She frantically checks the BENCH in the back of the trike. No phone.  

AMANDA (CONT’D)  
No. Nonononono...  

In frustration, she violently KICKS the tricycle until it unceremoniously ROLLS OVER SLOWLY onto it’s side. She collapses at the side of the road and puts her head in her hands.  

From a DISTANCE, MUSIC PLAYS. It is festive, traditional Renaissance music; an acoustic combination of lute, dulcimer, bagpipe and Celtic percussion.  

AMANDA (CONT’D)  
Uchhhh. Theme wedding.  

CUT TO:
EXT. OPEN FIELD IN FRONT OF ROYAL REN FAIRE ENTRANCE - MOMENTS LATER - TWILIGHT

There are cars parked all over. People in various states of Renaissance “garb” are mostly heading out as Amanda ambles through, thirsty and weary. She stops an older man dressed as a FRIAR.

AMANDA
Excuse me... Father? Is the wedding over? I need-- (coughs)

FRIAR
Ah, pretty maid. Thou dost look like you could use a drink. Here.

He produces a FLASK. She grabs it, drinks and swallows, immediately COUGHING hard. It is STRONG.

FRIAR (CONT’D)
(laughing)
Aye, miss. The Devil’s brew. Fire from the Scots. Not for the faint of heart.

AMANDA
(sputtering)
Water... ?

He takes out a CANTEEN.

FRIAR
Here, child.

She grabs, drinks, swallows and REACTS disgusted.

AMANDA
-- is this beer?

FRIAR
A fine ale to wash down the Devil’s brew.

AMANDA
Uch -- look do you have a phone? It’s kind of an emergency.

FRIAR
(smiling)
What be a “phone”?

AMANDA
This must be some wedding because you--

She takes the SCOTCH flask and SWIGS again, this time more prepared for the strength.
AMANDA (CONT’D)
--are wasted.

She heads off.

PRIAR
(calls out)
In sooth most verily I am!

CUT TO:

EXT. ROYAL RENAISSANCE FAIRE - MOMENTS LATER - EVENING

Amanda approaches a large gathered CROWD. The MUSIC PLAYS as people clap along. She pushes through, now a little tipsy.

AMANDA (re: the fairgrounds)
Why wasn’t I shown this site?

She squeezes into a seat on a WOODEN BENCH next to Playtron Gal from the Country Mart earlier in the day.

AMANDA (CONT’D)
Probably gotta use their in-house catering, right?

PLAYTRON GAL
Beg thy pardon?

AMANDA
Oh, I’m on the bride’s side.

Before Playtron Gal can respond, Playtron Guy appears with MUGS of something alcoholic. He TRIPS and SPILLS one all over Amanda.

PLAYTRON GUY
Cry your mercy, mistress!

AMANDA
No prob. Maybe it’ll get out the blood.

PLAYTRON GUY
Please. Do accept this mead as recompense.

He holds out the full MUG. She takes it.

AMANDA
Yeah, yeah. Whatever.
She SWIGS. Playtron Gal and Guy look at each other as Amanda then GRABS the half-empty other MUG out of Playtron Guy’s hand and downs what’s left.

PLAYTRON GUY
I shall... get more.

He moves off.

AMANDA
(to Playtron Gal)
Hey. Can I use your phone?

PLAYTRON GAL
(cheerfully with a wink)
Mayhap I know not. What be a “phone”?

Amanda gives her a look of death. Playtron Gal’s cheer melts. Playtron Gal digs into her drawstring pouch.

PLAYTRON GAL (CONT’D)
Ah, thou must mean the little portrait maker I do carry with me. It doth also serve as a carrier pigeon, know ye.

She hands Amanda her PHONE. Amanda just looks at her like WTF? She’s about to dial when she FREEZES.

AMANDA
Holy shit. I don’t know anyone’s number.

PLAYTRON GAL
Beg pardon?

AMANDA
I’m not kidding. I mean, I know MINE, but I don’t know anyone else’s!

PLAYTRON GAL
Uhhhhh...

AMANDA
How the hell are people supposed to communicate without A PHONE? DON’T YOU GET IT? I DO NOT HAVE MY PHONE!

PLAYTRON GAL
(concerned)
Ma’am? Dost thou need to see the village apothecary, perchance?

BEAT.
AMANDA
Okay. Your commitment to this theme is seriously like NEXT LEVEL.

Playtron Guy returns with THREE MUGS. Amanda grabs one and DOWNS it, getting drunker by the second...

The MUSIC comes to an end and the crowd APPLAUDS. On the stage at the center of this mini-hillside amphitheater, is QUEEN ELIZABETH I (an ACTRESS named MARIA CONSTANTINE, 30’s-40’s, Maria is a very talented Queen, well-versed in Shakespeare and Elizabethan history, but she is also a vain and jealous bully. She’s the big fish in this relatively small RenFaire pond.)

MARIA
(as the Queen)
Well played, musicians and well met, good gentles. I, your glorious Queen do welcome thee, my subjects, gathered here at the end of another day in Shropshire, where each summer I take my progress...

AMANDA
(to Playtron Gal)
Oof. Is she officiating? My sister’s Rabbi was Orthodox and he was like, wordy.

People around turn and look at her. She’s drunk now.

MARIA
... in the words of the bard, “If music be the food of love, play on.”

OOHS and AHS from the CROWD.

MARIA (CONT’D)
William? Please approach.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE as played by BRIAN DOOLEY (40’s-70’s, Plays Shakespeare at the Faire, gender fluid, probably bi, intellectual, Maria’s main henchman) gets on stage to APPLAUSE.

AMANDA
Cute idea for the groom.

A random “SH!” in Amanda’s direction.

AMANDA (CONT’D)
You SH!
MARIA
(to Brian)
Wilt thou provide us with some parting
words as the sun sets?

BRIAN
Aye, your majesty. T'would be mine
honour. For you, England’s most precious *
jewel. Ahem. “One half of me is yours,
the other half... yours.” Thank you. *

AMANDA
Huh. Merchant of Venice. The Anti-
semitic play.

PLAYTRONS and RENNIES GLARE at her from all sides.

AMANDA (CONT’D)
But romantic. Flirty. She’s the bride.
I got it now.

MARIA
Bravo, Dear William.

BRIAN
Ah, but your majesty. I have penned yet
another simple musing on thy royal life.
Ahem. “My crown I am, but still my
griefs are mine. You may my glories and
my state depose, but not my griefs; still
am I king of those.”

MARIA
Ah. Such true words.

BRIAN
(proud)
’Tis from my newest play entitled
“Richard the Third”.

APPLAUSE.

AMANDA
Um. No it’s not.

PLAYTRON GAL
Dear maiden. That be the bard of Avon
himself, William Shakespeare.

AMANDA
Okay, well, he be wrong about hith owneth *
playeth then.
PLAYTRON #1
PLEASE be QUIET. Her MAJESTY is speaking!

AMANDA
Who? The bride? Sorry-- Queen Elizabeth?

PLAYTRON #1
Do not disrespect her majesty!

AMANDA
Well, somebody ought to tell her that King Elizabeth isn’t up on his shit!

PLAYTRON #2
(dressed to the HILT)
Dude! Shut up!

AMANDA
You shut up, Jagoff!

They start ARGUING. The rest of the crowd turn their heads. The Queen notices.

MARIA
Hark! What be the meaning of this disruption?

Amanda and the Playtrons FREEZE mid-debate.

PLAYTRON #1
(panics)
Uhhh... God save the Queen!

EVERYONE BUT AMANDA
(in unison)
GOD SAVE THE QUEEN!

AMANDA
(startled)
Jesus!

PLAYTRON GUY
Forgive us, your majesty-- for this maid be most truly in her cups.

People CHUCKLE knowingly. She looks down at her boobs.

AMANDA
You know it!
(then)
Double-sided tape.
MARIA
Ah, a dear lost beggar’s doxy. Or mayhap
a Spaniard deserted by her ship?

Everyone but Amanda LAUGHS, all in on a joke she doesn’t get.

AMANDA
Look. Ma’am. Queen. Sorry for
interrupting your wedding here--

MARIA
(wickedly amused)
Wedding? And whose nuptials might we all
be attending?

Amanda slowly points to her and then to William
Shakespeare. The crowd BURSTS into laughter again.
William Shakespeare snickers WICKEDLY.

MARIA (CONT’D)
Dear lost child! I am married first and
foremost to mine country, mine England.
(re: Shakespeare)
And this man hither be but a consort of
my high court.

AMANDA
OkayokayFINE. Consort don’t consort. FYI *
though? He doesn’t know what play his *
own quote’s from.

BRIAN
That is preposterous!

AMANDA
(drunk and on a roll)
GOD. MEN, right? “I know this play I
wrote SO WELL” or “I got it all fully out
of my system!” or “It’s YOUR fault she’s
covered in blood now, Amanda!” So, even
if this--

(gestures all around her)
--whatever it is-- is NOT a wedding, you
should know that MEN SUCK BALLS!
(then, re: Brian)
And he’s gay.

Brian REACTS. I mean, he IS, but come on... *

DAVID (O.S.)
She be right! *
Everyone turns to the side of the stage. REVEAL DAVID POLAND (30’s, cute, popular, charming, a Ren Faire actor who goes by the name “Pizzle Humpsalot” and performs bawdy Shakespeare parodies in a mud pit.).

DAVID (CONT’D)

About the quote from Sir William’s play, I do mean.

MARIA

Such a wretched creature doth approach...

Shakespeare and the Queen’s “Guards” BLOCK David.

DAVID

Your majesty, may I beg a boon?

Everyone looks back at Amanda.

AMANDA

I mean, I am right. (re: David)

But why’s he so gross?

MARIA

Speak, mud-man.

AMANDA

(to the people around her)

Seriously, you guys-- is he homeless?

DAVID

I, man of mud, orator of dirt, hero and defender of the most vile sludge--

MARIA

To wit, creature!

DAVID

I, Sir Pizzle Humpsalot, do put forth that the verse from William Shakespeare be, as the maid did say, not in sooth, from Richard the Third!

AMANDA

Aha! Toldja!

MARIA

Sir Humpsalot, which play did Shakespeare then quote?

DAVID

Henry the Fifth!
AMANDA

NOPE! And if I had my phone, I could prove it!

MARIA

Come hither, you.

Is this bitch serious? Amanda looks to Playtron Gal and Guy, who NOD to her to GO.

MARIA (CONT’D)

Approach!

Amanda stumbles to the stage.

MARIA (CONT’D)

What be thy title?

Um...

DAVID

(sotto to Amanda)

Thy name.

AMANDA


MARIA

Stay not your tongue, woman, From which play doth the quote come?

AMANDA

Richard the second.

BEAT.

BRIAN

(realizes reluctantly)

Ah, f.....ie.

An awkward moment, then--

DAVID

The maid doth speak the truth! HUZZAH!

The whole crowd (except the Queen and Shakespeare) ERUPT into CRIES of “HUZZAH!”, “BRAVA!” and thunderous APPLAUSE. David SMILES at Amanda, who smiles back. She turns and awkwardly CURTSIES to the crowd.

MARIA

Well met, young maid. Now. If thou wouldst not mind... ?
Maria NODS her head toward OFFSTAGE.

BRIAN
(pointed)
Her majesty will now end the faire day.

AMANDA
Copy. Okay. Sorry. Where’s the bar?

DAVID
The pub be right this way. *

AMANDA
Thanks, Mr. Pizzalot. *

DAVID
That be Humpsalot. *

AMANDA
Whatever. Do they have more of that mead stuff? It’s like Mike’s hard lemonade! *

CUT TO:

INT. RV - MORNING
Amanda wakes up on the FLOOR of an RV. She looks ROUGH.

AMANDA
Wha... ?

There is a collegiate attempt at decor; some indie band posters, a dream catcher etc. *

DAVID (O.S.)
Morning!

AMANDA
(startled)
AH!

Reveal David, the Mud Guy from the night before, in shorts and a “(insert cool indie band)” TEE SHIRT.

David
Whoops! Sorry. Didn’t mean to--

She looks at him, and then suddenly makes a BEELINE for the bathroom, shoving him out of the doorway. We hear her PUKE mightily.
DAVID (CONT’D)
Gonna give you some space there.

Bathroom door SLAMS on him.

DAVID (CONT’D)
I’ll be outside.

*  

CUT TO:

EXT. CAMPGROUND OUTSIDE THE FAIRGROUND – MORNING

David sits in a BEACH CHAIR, reading on an IPAD. The DOOR to the RV BANGS OPEN and Amanda APPEARS.

AMANDA
Bright. SO bright...

She pretty much FALLS out of the RV and PLOPS into the EMPTY BEACH CHAIR next to David. She holds her head.

DAVID
Coffee?

AMANDA
Yes, please.

He pours her some from a THERMOS.

AMANDA (CONT’D)
Thank you.

(then)
So, where am I?

DAVID
Fairgrounds. Just outside where you passed out last night.

AMANDA
Oh. Oh, good. The fairgrounds. Right.

(pause)
Did I-- did we... ?

DAVID
Oh, you tried. But no. I make it point to NOT date-rape people? One of my personal philosophies.

AMANDA
Okay. Good. That’s really good.

(another pause)
And when you say “fairgrounds”--
DAVID
Ren Faire. Where you bested William Shakespeare himself? I have no beef with Brian personally, but he can be a huge dick about historical accuracy so that was kind of awesome.

Amanda stares and then SLOWWWWWLY remembers...

AMANDA
... riiiight. At the wedding.

DAVID
At the Renaissance Festival. Wow. You sound like you got hold of Friar Woodruff’s homemade Devil Scotch. Last time I had that, I woke up in a boat on Lake Oswego. Naked.

She tries to compose herself.

AMANDA
Look, mud man--

DAVID
It’s Pizzle Humpsalot. But you can call me David. Faire gates don’t open til ten.

AMANDA
David. So, I don’t know what a Renaissance Festival is? Also, I don’t know my family’s phone numbers and I have to get back to the Little White Barn-- wait DAMMIT. No, I can’t go back there--

DAVID
(offers) You could email.

AMANDA
Huh... ?

He holds up his IPAD.

DAVID
Electronic mail? Computer messages. Wi-fi on the grounds is terrible but that’s intentional. You know. The time period. But, it is also why I keep my own router in the RV.

BEAT. Amanda LUNGES at the IPAD.
DAVID (CONT’D)
Easy now! She’s first gen. I keep her in good condish.

She GRABS it.

DAVID (CONT’D)
I guess I’ll read the paper later...

Amanda SNORTS as she looks at the screen he had open.

AMANDA
Please. You call the POST the paper--?

She FREEZES.

ANGLE ON: THE IPAD SCREEN: The FRONT PAGE of the NY POST. There is one BIG HEADLINE screaming “SUBWAY KILLER CAUGHT: FROM METRO TO DEATH ROW!” And then in the lower right hand corner, a HUGE splashy headline: “BRIDEZILLA BLOODIES CHEATING HUBBY’S HOOKER!” She can’t help herself. She CLICKS OVER and stars SKIMMING...

C/U on her EYES as she sees WORDS and SENTENCES FLASH BY:

“The perfect Country Wedding gone WRONG... Groom claims ‘I made a mistake’... the ‘other woman’ caught in the crossfire... permanently maimed... Bridezilla MISSING after attack!” And so on...

DAVID
(breaking her trance)
Forget your login?

She closes the WINDOW and puts it down, dazed.

DAVID (CONT’D)
So... you’ve never heard of a Ren Faire. But you came to a Ren Faire in full garb and schooled every Rennie there in Richard the Second. Can I ask how that happened?

AMANDA

DAVID
And then you opened an English Store?
AMANDA
Ha. I Euro-railed for like a year, *
hotels--not hostels, and then I moved *
back in with my mother in the city and *
now I write free-lance for Goop. So. *

He looks at her.

AMANDA (CONT’D) *
Goop? Clean beauty and wellness? Jade *
eggs for up your-- *

She gestures to her vaginal area.

DAVID *
(no idea)
Um. *

AMANDA *
Believe me, it’s a big deal. Even Brett *
knows it’s... *

She fades out.

DAVID *
Who’s Brett?

AMANDA *
Nobody.
(then) *
What’s a “Rennie”?

DAVID *
A Rennie is person who works at a *
Renaissance Festival.

AMANDA *
Ah.

DAVID *
Like a Carnie is a person who works at a *
carnival.

AMANDA *
Okay.

DAVID *
Like a Druggie... is a person who works *
at a carnival.

He laughs at his own joke.
AMANDA
So... what? You all run around pretending to be Queen Elizabeth and stuff and people get drunk with nerds?

David looks at his watch. 9:30 AM.

DAVID
Do you have to be anywhere this morning?

CUT TO:

EXT. ROYAL RENAISSANCE FAIRE GATES - MORNING

10 AM. Amanda, now wearing a pair of TOO BIG SWEATPANTS and a MAN’S TEE SHIRT inside out, walks toward the gate with David, back in his now in his “Pizzle Humpsalot” RAGS and filth. PEOPLE are showing up to the faire, many in full garb.

AMANDA
This is ringing a bell now.

DAVID
The parade should start in a few.

AMANDA
Parade?

Suddenly David SWITCHES to his CHARACTER, Pizzle, GRABBING her hand and PRESSING it to his torso.

DAVID
But how can any “parade” compare to the festivities within filthy hearts and loins, eh, clean maiden?

AMANDA
(pulls back her hand)
On the clock now. Got it.

TWO other MUD BEGGARS APPROACH; JOHNNY (20’s -50’s, overweight, also filthy, goes by the name, “SHART O’BELLY” and SAM (20’s-50’s, skinny, gross, goes by the name, “STICK”, and only ever says, “Stick”).

DAVID
Meet my best mates and fellow muddy beggars, Shart O’Belly and Stick.

JOHNNY goes to HUG Amanda. She puts up a hand.
AMANDA

No.

He backs off. Sam hands her a “stick”.

SAM

("Want a stick?")

Stick?

She takes it carefully.

SAM (CONT’D)

("You’re welcome.")

Stick.

He BOWS deeply.

DAVID

(to Amanda)

I hope thou wilt attend our mud show.

Froggy Bottom Mud Pit at noon o’clock!

Suddenly MUSIC STARTS UP - Celtic, festive. All three MUD BEGGARS DROP to the GROUND simultaneously.

AMANDA

What? What’s happening?

JOHNNY

Her Majesty arrives!

SAM

Her Majesty! Her Majesty! Her Majesty!

Everyone around her KNEELS or BOWS in deference.

DAVID

(mischievously)

The good mistress surely remembers Queen

Elizabeth, and her trusted courtier,

William Shakespeare?

AMANDA

Shakespeare was never like in Elizabeth’s court, you know--

Someone SHOVES her over to get a better view.

AMANDA (CONT’D)

Hello? Standing right here?

People part like the Red Sea to reveal a little PARADE of JESTERS, MUSICIANS, MIMEs and COURTIERS and eventually the QUEEN (Maria) and William Shakespeare (Brian), as they approach the gate. Maria WAVES to her subjects, but when she catches Amanda’s eye, looks surprised and then annoyed. She WHISPERS to Brian as they pass.
AMANDA (CONT’D)
(to David)
Well, she definitely remembers me.

People rise in the wake of the parade and enter the Faire.

DAVID
(winks)
See you at the show, mistress!

AMANDA
Aye, aye, Captain.

Amanda takes a FAKE PARCHMENT BROCHURE/MAP thing from a basket next to the entrance. She opens it.

ANGLE ON: C/U of THE BROCHURE which reads: “The Royal Renaissance Faire ... Running now for 35 years for ten weekends in a row ...”

AMANDA (CONT’D)
(to herself)
Blahblahblah ...

“Professional actors... period artisans... live jousting”

AMANDA (CONT’D)
(re: brochure)
What the--

Amanda NUDGES the woman in front of her.

AMANDA (CONT’D)
(re: brochure)
Excuse me, do you know what a “wench auction” is? Because it sounds super offensive.

The woman looks at her strangely and moves off.

FESTIVE FAIRE MUSIC* PLAYS OVER MONTAGE:

* WANDERING MINSTRELS (a quartet of acoustic musicians we see repeatedly ala “There’s Something about Mary” made up of Eliza Noxon, Tom Morello, Gwendolyn Sanford & Brandon Jay perhaps called “Rage Against the Monarchy”) PLAY their Rennie instruments as Amanda WANDERS. She isn’t outright disgusted, just confused and a little wary...
- Clusters of Playtrons in full garb (but often with some element of modernity like sunglasses or sneakers). Amanda raises an eyebrow at some MAJOR CLEAVAGE.

- A large group of ASIANS dressed in full old school SAMURAI outfits. So... any history goes here?

- People EATING HUGE turkey legs. Amanda is offered a bite and declines. She’s still a little hungover...

- Entertainers: (depending on what acts we can find, but some examples: a SWORD/WHIP ACT, BELLY DANCERS, a FLUTIST, a RAT CATCHER leading some sort of street game where Playtrons “punt” fake dead rats...

- Amanda is visibly UNimpressed by the wench auction, lead by FRIAR Woodruff, which looks like... well, Rennie and Playtron women up for sale to a bidding and rowdy audience.

- Amanda BROWSES pottery and seems to like some of it.

- Amanda startled by an impromptu DUEL between two COURTiers over a regular woman patron who BLUSHES and plays along. Huh.

- Amanda passes the hair braiding booth and can’t help but smile at little girls getting their hair braided.

CUT TO:

EXT. FROGGY BOTTOM MUD PIT - DAY

Amanda stands to the side of the “stage” (aka slightly raised mud pit). TWO PLAYTRONS in FULL GARB accidentally brush Amanda’s arm as they pass her. Reveal it is Playtron Gal and Guy from the evening before.

PLAYTRON GAL
Pray your forgiveness.

AMANDA
No worries. G’head.

PLAYTRON GAL
(recognizes Amanda)
Aye! ‘Tis you!
(to Playtron Guy)
Sir Bo!

AMANDA
It’s you guys. Again.
PLAYTRON GUY
Miss-- please. I have no more ducats for which to buy thee libations...

AMANDA
Nonono. I’m done with libations. I’m leaving soon.

PLAYTRON GAL
Well, would you care to sit with us for the mud show? ‘Tis most fun in the front where one can get covered with mud.

AMANDA
I’m good. You guys enjoy.

PLAYTRON GAL/PLAYTRON GUY
Aye then well met./Fair thee well, Miss.

The show BEGINS. David comes out in a filthy ROBE and stands on the RIM of the pit. The crowd goes WILD.

CROWD
(chanting)
PIZ-ZLE!... PIZ-ZLE!... PIZ-ZLE!...

DAVID
(recites from Hamlet)
To be, or not to be,
That is the question...

Amanda is impressed. He’s not bad. The words resonate.

DAVID (CONT’D)
Whether ’tis nobler in the mind to suffer
the slings and arrows of outrageous--

Suddenly Johnny and Sam LEAP OUT onto the RIM of the pit.

JOHNNY
Oi! Did I hear someone out ‘ere say “to pee or NOT to pee”?!

DAVID
How now it be Sir Shart O’Belly and faithful companion, Stick!! I may have said to be, but I meant... to pee!!

Sam BLASTS a garden HOSE out from between David’s legs, FULL STREAM into the MUD PIT which in turn SPRAYS and SPLATTERS the MUD ALL OVER THE CROWD. Amanda is now both disgusted and covered in wet mud. The crowd ROARS!
From the stage, David WINKS at Amanda. She tries to smile back, but this is too fucking insane now.

CUT TO:

EXT. FROGGY BOTTOM MUD PIT - DAY - LATER

An unamused Amanda WIPES herself with PAPER TOWELS at the PORTA-POTTY STYLE SINK set up nearby. David APPROACHES. He HOLDS a small, filthy HAT full of SINGLES.

DAVID
Sorry about the mud, milady.

AMANDA

A PLAYTRON walks by and shoots her a LOOK.

AMANDA (CONT’D)
I mean, “Prithee, canst thou call a carriage to ferry me the fuck out of here?”

(to the Playtron)
Better?

The PLAYTRON scurries away.

DAVID
Not bad with the vernacular.

Playtron Gal and Guy APPEAR.

PLAYTRON GAL
Sir Humpsalot! Thy performance was most glorious on this day.

PLAYTRON GUY
Aye, aye. Thy Hamlet is only second to that of Richard Burbage!!

PLAYTRON GAL
Indeed!

DAVID
My most deep and glorious thank thees!

AMANDA
Ohmigod stop. Who are you two even supposed to be?

PLAYTRON GAL
I be Lady Jenny Powell from Rochester.
PLAYTRON GUY
And I be Sir Bo Kapinski of Utica.

AMANDA
But those aren’t even real historical figures--

DAVID
(sotto to Amanda)
Nay, milady. They do not work here.

AMANDA
Wait. What?

PLAYTRON GAL
Nay, nay. We attend the faire-- also those in the other new colonies of Vermont and Connecticut. We seek pleasure, not employment.*

PLAYTRON GUY
(sotto)
I’m in I.T..

PLAYTRON GAL
(sotto)
Dental hygienist.

AMANDA
(sotto to David)
But they are very involved.

DAVID
Playtrons.

AMANDA
Play... trons.

PLAYTRON GAL
We must off to the joust. Fair thee well! *

She and Playtron Guy bow/curtsy and take off.

AMANDA
What kind of shmucky losers dress up and talk like that when they don’t even work here?

David sighs. He is clearly bummed she doesn’t get it.

DAVID
Well, mistress. What can I say? It be their... Leidenschaft.
AMANDA
Their what?

DAVID
It’s German. For passion.

AMANDA
Then why didn’t you just say “passion”?

DAVID
I was a double major. Art History and German. SUNY Purchase. You never asked.

He walks off and leaves her there.

AMANDA
Oh, I’m sorry but I’ve kind of been hit with a lot recently!

ANGLE ON: Playtron Guy and Playtron Gal in the distance. He kisses her hand. As they walk, she leans her head on his shoulder. It’s sweet.

Amanda suddenly turns and chases down David, who is collecting more DOLLARS from Playtrons and Patrons walking by.

AMANDA (CONT’D)
I get it. I didn't play Dungeons and Dragons and somehow that makes me a bully, right? Well, guess what? I don't need to pretend I'm someone else to have a good time.

DAVID
Perhaps this “pretending” be more authentic to who they are than what thou dost believe is so “real” out there.

AMANDA
What would you know about it? You mix Shakespeare with fart jokes for a living.

DAVID
Aha! Thou hast been paying attention!

David sees something over her shoulder. And SUDDENLY--

DAVID (CONT’D)
GOD SAVE THE QUEEN!

EVERYONE BUT AMANDA
GOD SAVE THE QUEEN!
AMANDA
Jesus Christ! Again?!

The Queen, Shakespeare, and the rest of the court suddenly loom over her.

MARIA
Good lady, please step aside? I am expected at the joust.

AMANDA
Oh, here we go.

Brian steps in, as always, to defend the Queen Bee.

BRIAN
Do I detect a hint of defiance against her Majesty the Queen?

AMANDA
Nay, Girl. I was just going.

She turns to go.

MARIA
Too bad our Lord Executioner, Lady Helen, did not attend the faire on this day. We could have had a public flogging.

GIGGLES from the gathered CROWD.

AMANDA
(turns back)
Not to-- again, point out a hole in your little reenactment here, but you know that there never would have been a female Lord Executioner in your time. Right?

MARIA
Well, as I am the most powerful woman in the land, perhaps anything is--

--was--

AMANDA

--IS possible.

MARIA

BRIAN
I could lead the flogging, my Queen.

MARIA
Nay. Sadly Lady Helen holds the key to the prop shed. Where be she anyway?
ERIN (O.S.)
AMANDA THANK GOD!

AMANDA
Erin?

Everyone turns to see Erin, in all of her Chanel casual glory, RUSHING toward a stunned Amanda. She holds a gift wrapped BOX.

ERIN
We were so worried!
(then, studying her)
Why are you so dirty? And damp?

MARIA
Well, I guess that would be a “fare thee well” for good then. Come courtiers!

Maria and entourage move off as Brian turns to Amanda.

BRIAN
And Good Riddance.
(sotto to Amanda)
Troilus and Cressida. Google it.

And he’s off.

ERIN
I don’t even want to KNOW what that was.

AMANDA
How did you find me?

ERIN
Oh, you mean after looking for you all night and calling the police and having to drug mom-- more than usual. I saw the tricycle on the road. I thought you were dead until I saw all the theme wedding people over here. I had to grab one of your gifts from the suite-- I couldn’t come empty handed.

AMANDA
It’s not a wedding, Erin. It’s a Ren Faire-- a Renaissance Festival.

ERIN
Don’t know what you mean, but you’ve been through a lot. Let’s go--

Sam approaches Erin and holds out a STICK.
SAM
("For you, lovely lady.")
Stick.

He GENTLY PRODS her arm with the stick.

ERIN
Ow! What are you doing??

AMANDA
Erin, it’s fine--

SAM
("A token of my affection.")
Stick.
("For you.")
Stick.

ERIN
Why are you talking to me? Get back!

AMANDA

Stick dramatically SKULKS away as Erin RUBS imaginary dirt off her arm.

ERIN
Uch! Why the hell did that dude want to give me a stick?

AMANDA
I think he was just trying to play with you.

ERIN
Play like assault me?

AMANDA
No, he’s harmless. I think it-- it be his... passion.

ERIN
What the fuck are you talking about? Okay, I know you’re upset, but Mom called Dr. Bloom. She’s waiting to see you in the city. We can be there in seven hours.

JOANNTHA (O.S.)
People upstate are so overweight.

Reveal Joanntha as she APPROACHES.
ERIN
Mom, I told you to wait in the car!

JOANNTHA
(to Amanda)
Cut the shit, dear. Brett has been crying. You’ll go see Dr. Bloom together and work it out.

AMANDA
Together? Do you even know--

JOANNTHA
Oh, everyone knows, darling.

ERIN
(to Amanda)
It was nothing to him. A last hurrah.

AMANDA
I see you got his side already.

ERIN
Amanda. You live with Mom. You work part time for Goop because I made Joel ask Blythe Danner for a favor when he set her wrist.

JOANNTHA
The one I broke!

ERIN
You’re almost geriatric as far as fertility--

JOANNTHA
I can hear your eggs cracking.

ERIN
Mom!
(to Amanda)
Guys like Brett don’t just show up on JSwipe every day, trust me.

JOANNTHA
You’re playing this all wrong. When Erin’s father cheated on me, I got a schooner.

ERIN
Please shut up Mom!
(to Amanda)
Do you really want to throw away everything you almost had?
Amanda PAUSES. Does she?

AMANDA
I... don’t know.

Stick LEANS around a tree and grins a BIG TOOTHLESS GRIN at Erin.

ERIN
Okay. This place is skeeving me out.

AMANDA
I did everything.

ERIN
What?

AMANDA
Everything I was supposed to do. Everything was perfect.

JOANNTHA
You never practiced your backhand but that’s another story.

AMANDA (ignores her)
And for what? So I can walk in on my perfect fiance getting a perfect blowjob an hour before my perfect ceremony? Or maybe so I can be just like you, Erin. Married and mean and dragging my yoga ass to Balthazar with my bitchy friends every Sunday so we can whine about private school and how much we hate our husbands?

ERIN
I hate Balthazar!

AMANDA
YOU HATE EVERYTHING.

Amanda looks at them. This is it. Does she want to be someone who hates everything? Deep breath...

AMANDA (CONT’D)
I’m not going back with you.

ERIN/JOANNTHA
What?!

AMANDA
I’m staying. Here-- nay. Hither.
JOANNTHA
Isn’t this someone else’s wedding?

ERIN
What do you mean? That’s ridiculous.

AMANDA
Maybe it is ridiculous. But maybe I’m finally going to make my own choices. And maybe this ... maybe...

Amanda CATCHES David’s eye.

AMANDA (CONT’D)
... it be my leidenschaft.

Joanntha GASPS and stumbles.

JOANNTHA
Veyismir, she’s speaking German.

Erin steadies her and then zones in on Amanda.

ERIN
I wasn’t going to tell you this? But people are MAD, Amanda. Brett made a mistake, but you made a mess and just ran away. So have your little breakdown about how you didn’t get to “choose” anything in your life even though you had advantages most people only dream about.

Erin takes out Amanda’s IPHONE and THROWS it at her.

ERIN (CONT’D)
Come on, Mom.

Erin STORMS off. Joanntha TOUCHES Amanda’s cheek.

JOANNTHA
You had such a nice pre-nup...

ERIN (O.S.)
MOM!

Amanda is DAZED. David isn’t quite sure what to do or how to help. Suddenly... a STICK is offered gingerly to Amanda.

SAM
(“need a hug?”)

Stick?
Off Amanda’s face. WHAT HAS SHE DONE???

FADE OUT.

TAG:

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

The Woman from Brett’s indiscretion LIES in the bed, sleeping. Her MOUTH is completely bandaged. We CLOSE IN on her as we hear the NURSES VOICES.

NURSE #1 (O.S.)
She’s been out since yesterday.

NURSE #2 (O.S.)
Every summer these stupid Ren Faire people get into all kinds of trouble.

NURSE #1 (O.S.)
She had business cards in her pouch that said “Ye Old Lord Executioner; For all your torturous needs.” Whatever that means.

NURSE #2
S&M. Obviously.

NURSE #1
Oh my lord!

NURSE #2 (O.S.)
(disgusted)
Nothing but losers, weirdos and sex freaks. Fringey people.

NURSE #1 (O.S.)
You said it!

HELEN’s EYES BLINK WIDE OPEN...

BLACKOUT.

OVER BLACK:

NURSE #1 (V.O.)
I do like the turkey legs--

NURSE #2 (V.O.)
Well, sure. Everyone does.

FIN.