

The Bastard Prince
S1E1 - Pilot

by

Stephen Notley

801 Pine St. Apt. 18E
Seattle, WA 98101
stephennotley@comcast.net
917-302-7312

COLD OPEN

INT. MAP & DRAWINGS - AGE OF KINGS. DAY

We move over a colorful patchwork hand-drawn map, fading between various sketched-out illustrations:

GIM (V.O.)

Behold! Our modern world, a grand and glorious tapestry of kingdoms and fiefdoms, peopled by elves, gelfs, dwarfs, borfs, men, fen, orcs, dorcs, centaurs and dragonfolk inclusive, all toiling beneath the countless eyes of the seven gods!

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. DANK FOREST. DAY

The speaker, GIM (hard 'g'), a sloppy, snaggle-toothed half-orc barbarian putting on airs, expounds to an apple.

GIM (CONT'D)

Lands of magery and sorcery, saga and song, where an honest half-orc and his stout dwarfen pal perform great works of spider-slaying for the common good!

His companion DARON, a compact dwarfen thief, saws away at the abdomen of the corpse of a cow-sized giant spider.

DARON

Who are you yelling at?

GIM

History! Eternity! If our legend is to endure, it must be burnished.

DARON

I hate to break it to you, Gim, but we are not legends. We're hoboes selling silk sacs at six silver per.

GIM

Daron, I love you as a brother, but I despair of your view of life. Where's your grandeur? Your pomp? Your sense of circumstance?

DARON

Probably hanging out with all our money and possessions back in Kestra. Remember that, O Bastard Prince?

GIM

Not my fault!

DARON

No, but we wouldn't have to walk back very far to find something that was. Farting on the cook?

GIM

That was an accident!

DARON

Pissing in the Warden's face?

GIM

Admittedly that was intentional.

DARON

I'm merely saying, wouldn't it be nice if just once we showed up, sold the goods, and got drunk without having to hear--

CUT TO:

INT. JULEZ' TAVERN. DAY

GIM

WHO CARES TO HEAR THE TALE OF THE BASTARD PRINCE?

It's busy on a Thursday afternoon. Various humans, elves, halflings, and dwarfs apply themselves to their booze.

Gim balances unsteadily atop a stool and waves a flagon about, splashing ale on Daron seated next to him.

DARON

And here we go.

GIM

My first memory is of my mother!

Gim tumbles off the stool, knocking Daron's ale all over him.

DARON
 Good one, Gim. Excellent work.

GIM
 (from the floor)
 Contrary to reports, my mother was not
 a whore!

DARON
 This... this is great stuff. You're
 really outdoing yourself tonight.

Gim struggles to his feet.

GIM
 I said she WASN'T a whore! What do you
 want from me?

DARON
 Silence? And another ale?

GIM
 But of course! Julez, an ale for my
 fine friend Daron! Indeed, ales all
 around!

Gim tosses a small handful of silver coins on the bar. The
 barkeep, JULEZ, a lanky lady elf, makes the silver vanish and
 ales appear.

GIM (CONT'D)
 What was I saying? Ah yes! My mother
 was an orcess of prodigious strength
 and generous malignity. On my fifth
 birthday, she braided my hair one
 final time before kicking me out of
 the house forever, as is the gentle
 way of our people. But not before--
 but not before!-- revealing to me a
 most terrible secret!

JULEZ
 The secret of how you're a boring
 bastard?

GIM
 Don't skip to the end! I have a
 rhythm!

He tries to remember where he was.

GIM (CONT'D)

Uhhh... she told me, she told me that my father Grob was not my father at all! For so it was that in the years before my birth, the men of the plains ranged in amorous adventure across our lands! One of these men laid his wily man's eyes and more upon my mother, and five months later I was born!

JULEZ

Five?

GIM

In truth, it's long for an orc pregnancy. The man seed drags on the child.

DARON

Can't forget that detail.

Gim waves his flagon again for attention.

GIM

And WHO was this urgent Man of Men, this bestower of unwelcome gifts, this author of humble souls? Come, you all know him! He jingles in your trousers!

Gim pops a coin spinning up in the air --PING!-- catches it--

GIM (CONT'D)

Good people, may I present...

He holds the coin out triumphantly, heads-forward, on which gleams a SHINY KING.

GIM (CONT'D)

His Right Majesty Walter Shaftsbury the First, King of Concordia and my unfortunate father!

There's a moment of silence, then:

JULEZ

Oh, that is testicles.

GIM

It is not! It happened!

JULEZ

I've no doubt somebody laid eyes and more on your mom, but the king? Holding up a coin doesn't make it so.

GIM

Julez, you besmirch me! You doubt my proof? Must I pull it out?

Gim reaches deep into his trousers and extracts a dog-eared BOOK, which he slams on the bar in front of Julez.

Despite herself she picks it up. Gives it a sniff. Ew! Reads the cover.

JULEZ

"Elanor Seaworth's Good Guide to Princely Behavior and Conduct"?

She shrugs.

JULEZ (CONT'D)

I don't get it.

GIM

Obviously this slender and priceless volume was in the possession of the young and ready king as he ranged across our lands! It fell from his pack and remained behind after his sordid adventure, thus serving as my education in all matters princely!

JULEZ

Really? Obvious is the word you'd use?

Gim, insulted, plucks the book back from Julez.

GIM

I crave pardon if I carry no gilt-edged writs of birth; in truth such are rarely issued in the fair swamps of the Orchy of Gor! But what other proof could you need? By sword and word, the King is my father and I am the Bastard Prince, or my name isn't Gim-

GUARD CAPTAIN

Gim Fitzwalter?

The GUARD CAPTAIN (female, as it turns out) and two town guards, armored and tough-looking, have taken up position behind Gim.

GIM

(off balance)

Gim, Gim Fitz, you really, yes, I'm,
that's me, I'm Gim Fitzwalter.

GUARD CAPTAIN

You are under arrest.

END OF COLD OPEN

ACT ONE

INT. JULEZ' TAVERN. DAY

Where we left off. Gim shrinks back from the guards.

GUARD CAPTAIN

Come quietly and there won't be any trouble.

GIM

What's this about? I've done nothing, save entertain and elucidate!

GUARD CAPTAIN

We've orders to pick up a certain half-orc troublemaker, and you fit the description.

GIM

Oh, that is so typically human. What did it say?

GUARD CAPTAIN

Male, half-orc, answers to "Gim Fitzwalter."

GIM

Pah! That's half the people in this room.

DARON

Congratulations, Gim's mouth. You've done it again.

GUARD CAPTAIN

Our orders are to bring in the half-orc and anyone with him.

DARON

That's not me, honey!

GUARD CAPTAIN

Bring the Dwarf.

DARON

Godsdammit, Gim, you rectum!

The guards club them both to the ground with sturdy truncheons.

EXT. CASTLE CONCORD. DAY

Establishing - Castle Concord of the Kingdom of Concordia. Not bad for a castle. It looms on a hill over the sprawl of the city.

INT. DUNGEON. DAY

Gim and Daron, chained up against the wall and sporting some fashionable new bruises, fume in a cramped cell.

GIM

I don't understand it.

Daron snorts.

GIM

Are you mad at me?

DARON

Yes!

GIM

That is not fair and you know it.

DARON

Did it ever occur to you that telling that stupid story here, in the very shadow of the castle itself, might be a slice or two short of wise?

GIM

I tell that story everywhere. It's a great story! Common folk love it.

DARON

They don't.

GIM

And I'll tell you why they love it: because it's the truth!

Ca-CLICK! The door opens. The Guard Captain enters, followed by PRINCE RICHARD SHAFTSBURY. Richard is smartly dressed.

PRINCE RICHARD
Incredible. Really incredible. This is
really him?

GUARD CAPTAIN
Aye, m'lord.

PRINCE RICHARD
And you, orc... you're Gim Fitzwalter.

GIM
That is my name and I am he, called
Bastard Prince by some.

DARON
False.

GIM
But to whom am I speaking, sir? I must
say I feel we've been treated most
atrociously, my friend and I. We've
done nothing, nothing at all to
warrant this cruel imprisonment!

PRINCE RICHARD
Amazing. That is really something. But
hey, let me introduce myself. I'm King
Richard Shaftsbury. The Second. Or
will be.

DARON
You honor us, your Highness. Right,
Gim?

PRINCE RICHARD
Thanks. That's great. But right now I
want you to put yourself in my
position. I'm heir to the throne, see?
I'm doing the time, expanding the
realm --really putting in the hours--
all for my bedridden father. Who
remains bedridden. For years. And
years. And YEARS.

GIM
That sounds frustrating.

PRINCE RICHARD

Doesn't it? Then, two days ago, he finally takes a turn for the worse. Calls me bedside, lets me know, hey, I've got an orc half-brother and --even better!-- he's a year older! By law, he's heir to the throne!

DARON

Oh, dung.

PRINCE RICHARD

Right? Went my whole life not knowing this, learned about it for the first time two days ago. Thanks, Dad!

GIM

And you think he's ME? Because it perfectly matches my tale? A coincidence, surely.

Richard whips out Gim's "Good Guide."

PRINCE RICHARD

This is yours, right? Don't answer that. We got it out of your stuff, it's yours.

Richard flips the guide open and points.

PRINCE RICHARD

"W.S"? "Walter Shaftsbury"? My father's initials?

GIM

Ridiculous! That clearly reads "5.M."!

Richard rotates the book 180 degrees.

GIM (CONT'D)

Ohhhh... But... I've told the tale of the Bastard Prince a thousand times in a hundred kingdoms. You're saying it's THIS king?

PRINCE RICHARD

Looks like. So you see how you're a problem for me.

GIM

Whoa. Wait. You've got the wrong idea. I'm not him. I mean yes, I AM him, but him does not want to be king. I think kings are for rectums. I'm perfectly content killing spiders and collecting gold.

PRINCE RICHARD

Hah! Yeah, no, we're not doing that. A half-orc moron meandering the kingdom telling drunken lies about being the true heir? People would ask questions. And then we'd have to burn these people, and other people, and pretty soon you're just burning everybody you see.

GIM

But you don't have to do that.

PRINCE RICHARD

I sure don't. I gotta give you credit, Gim. I figured it would take weeks, months, who knows how long to find you. Our lands are littered with half-orcen trash. Picking out one guy? Forget it. But you, you're so monumentally stupid you walked into a bar and blabbed your whole life story.

DARON

Listen to the man, Gim, he's making sense.

GIM

It's a good story, godsdammit, and I will not be shamed into silence!

PRINCE RICHARD

Anyway, thanks to you, we don't have to worry about that big picture stuff. We can wrap the whole thing up before dinner. I'll round up some guys, we'll put you to death, annnnd... I think that'll cover it. Captain, behind the stables. Fifteen minutes.

DARON

What about me?

PRINCE RICHARD
Put to death. Loose ends. You get it.

DARON
Gods, but I hate you, Gim.

EXT. BEHIND THE STABLES. DAY

Three guards tie Gim and Daron to sturdy posts while a fourth and the Guard Captain set about loading crude long-barreled muskets on a rough wooden table. Prince Richard enters.

GIM
You, sir, are the arse of a horse.
This is barbaric, shameful!

Ignoring Gim, Richard picks one of the muskets off the table.

PRINCE RICHARD
Ever seen one of these before?

Gim looks imploringly over at Daron, who sighs.

DARON
Oh, fine.

GIM
(to Richard)
Why, yes. IN MY TROUSERS!

PRINCE RICHARD
Okay, fair, I walked into that one.

GIM
Indeed, 'tis a life-size replica of my very phallus, cast in iron, that you cradle in your moist and trembling palm.

PRINCE RICHARD
Quite the mouth on you, Gim. No, this is the future. This is the kind of innovation that puts Concordia ahead of the game. I won't bore you with the details, but with one of these --no magic, no spells-- you can kill an orc at half a mile.

GUARD CAPTAIN

If you can hit him.

PRINCE RICHARD

Which brings us to you gentlemen. See, my guys need practice, and you need killing. Bang! Put 'em together! How's that for forward thinking? All my executions are done by firearm. I call it a "shooting squad."

GIM

You're certain it's not a six-man mutual masturbation team?

PRINCE RICHARD

Again with the mouth. It's almost too bad. We're brothers, after all. If circumstances were different, you and I could've been... hmm... actually, no. Strike that. Pretty sure I hate you. Captain? Are the men ready?

GUARD CAPTAIN

Aye, sire.

PRINCE RICHARD

Get to it.

The guards, who've already fanned out into a semi-circle around Gim and Daron, raise their muskets.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

EXT. BEHIND THE STABLES. DAY

The guards prepare to fire.

GIM

Hold! Hold! Prince Richard-- may I call you Dick? Dick, I never knew before today I had a brother. To meet you and find you're such a terrible person comes as an awful shock from which I will not soon recover. And now you mean to murder me. Brother, Dick, if this is to be my end... will you not grant the Bastard Prince his final words?

Richard weighs it.

PRINCE RICHARD

You know what? I'm a nice guy. You can have... six words.

GIM

I need but two.

(bellowing)

WHO TURNED OUT THE LIGHTS?

WHAM! BLACKOUT! A sound of GUNFIRE is heard!

A moment of total darkness, and then:

Dim grey light illuminates Gim and Daron in black & white. We see that they are FROZEN IN TIME like photographs in the inky darkness.

More dim grey light illuminates Prince Richard and guards, also black and white, frozen in the instant of firing.

Standing between Richard & guards and Gim & Daron, we now see GWAR, an orc woman. She is not black & white; she is GREEN.

She is also NOT FROZEN. With a sigh she pulls out a short, sharp curved blade. Cuts Gim and Daron's bonds. Clasps both of them on the shoulder. All three VANISH in a POP of greenish light.

This dispels the BLACKOUT. The guns go off with loud reports and billows of smoke, which clear to reveal the empty posts.

Richard examines the posts, picks up the severed bonds.

PRINCE RICHARD

Huh. That's new.

EXT. ALLEY. DAY

It's a darkish alley, no traffic. The castle can be seen in the distance over the rooftops.

Gim, Daron and Gwar appear in a POP of greenish light. Gwar shoves Gim and Daron, who crash to the ground before her.

GWAR

All in hand, aye? Take care of yourself, can you? You famous donkey's arse.

GIM

By my honor, this was not my fault.

DARON

Thanks, Gwar.

GWAR

You. You were supposed to keep him out of trouble.

GIM

Keep me--?

DARON

Can't be done. It's like stopping a hog from gorging on a box of cabbages and vomiting all over the yard.

GWAR

It's an apt analogy, I grant you.

GIM

Excuse me, I happen to be present to this discussion, and I will NOT be treated like a child. I demand respect.

GWAR

Oh, aye? How much respect is due a grown man who can't go two turns without crying for his sister's aid? This much?

She holds her hands apart.

GWAR

Or maybe this much? Or this? Am I going in the right direction? Tell me, O Bastard Prince, your fair measure of respect. Is it bigger than an acorn?

GIM

Fine. You win. I don't like being insulted, that's all.

GWAR

Nobody does. But sometimes it's necessary. A Far Call is not a toy. Do you know many pusberries it takes to craft one? I have my own life, you know.

DARON

All fooling aside, Gwar, we're in a real jam this time.

GWAR

I don't doubt it. Well, O Bastard Prince? Have you a plan? An ingenious scheme? Or does it fall once again to long-suffering Gwar to launder out your self-befouled britches?

Gim is sullenly silent.

GWAR

Right. I need to think. And drink. Not in that order.

INT. JULEZ' TAVERN. NIGHT

Gim, Daron and Gwar are back at a mostly deserted Julez', holding down one corner of the bar.

GWAR

I cannot believe you were so stupid as to cross Richard the Waiting. Have you heard none of the stories? Or are you too busy mooing your own?

GIM

My stories are good. Well crafted, thrillingly told, with a strong moral viewpoint.

GWAR

We have a serious problem. Prince Richard does not have a reputation for allowing idiots to get the better of him. He won't stop coming for you.

DARON

Say, Julez, aren't you worried about harboring known fugitives?

JULEZ

Hey, I'm just making you easier to catch. Another?

DARON

Could you make it a double, please?

GWAR

The way I see it, we do not have a lot of options. You can't kill him.

GIM

Why not?

GWAR

Honey, think for a second. Your name alone makes you a wanted man. What happens when you add prince-murdering to the charges?

GIM

But HE's murdering ME! Why does he get to do it?

GWAR

You, me, everybody here... we're little people. The Crown Prince? He's Big People. They have different rules.

JULEZ

Yeah they do.

GWAR

Option two is you flee. Change your name, wear a disguise, exit the country immediately and keep going.

GIM

Hide in shame? Give up my name? Betray the Bastard Prince? Never!

GWAR

The problem is he'll never let it lie. He has the resources to hunt you to the ends of the earths as long as you live. And let's face it, you cannot shut up. You'll be easy to find.

JULEZ

Wait a minute... he wants you dead.

GIM

The idea did slip out when last we spoke.

JULEZ

If he wants you dead, why not... die?

Gwar winks approvingly at Julez.

GWAR

Clever.

JULEZ

She gets it.

Gwar digs in her pouch of magic goodies. Pulls out an intricate glyph of sticks and straw, as well as a wad of herbs she jams behind her teeth.

She whispers into the glyph as if it was a tiny microphone.

A wisp of mist forms next to Gim. It gathers and coalesces into a misty double of Gim, standing next to Gim.

JULEZ

Phantasmal Form. Nice.

Gwar finishes her chant. The mist is gone, leaving two Gims.

DARON

Yikes.

GWAR

Ha! I outdo myself! If Richard wants you dead, we oblige him. I can hold the illusion for a day, more than enough time to deliver you and play out whatever ghastly fate he has in mind. You die, problem solved.

BLAM! The fake Gim takes a bullet to the forehead. It's so astonished it vanishes.

PRINCE RICHARD

Actually, let me stop you right there.

Richard has been sitting cloaked and unnoticed at the other end of the bar for some time.

Now his hood is flipped back and he's reloading his hand-cannon.

He's also not lying: he has stopped her right there. Gwar is TIME-FROZEN like a photograph.

PRINCE RICHARD (CONT'D)

I wouldn't advise any super sudden moves.

He waves a hand bearing three rings too ugly to be anything other than magic.

PRINCE RICHARD (CONT'D)

That was a hell of a trick you played back at the stables, Gim. Real show-stopper.

GIM

In truth it is one of my favorites.

PRINCE RICHARD

From a guy like you, I wasn't expecting it, but you know, that's cool. Roll with the punches. You got magic? No bigs. You don't think I can get magic? Come on. Who do you think you're dealing with here?

He finishes reloading and approaches around the bar, holding them at cannonpoint.

PRINCE RICHARD (CONT'D)

But then it's not your magic at all, is it? It's obvious the brains of the operation is the orcen she-slut.

GIM

My sister is no she-slut, sir. She is Gwar, and great she is, even if you have her at a disadvantage.

PRINCE RICHARD

Sister! Wow! You're blowing my mind here! All these crazy revelations! Too bad. With what she pulled, I would seriously consider offering her a role in my organization once we closed the book on the whole "you" situation.

JULEZ

You really should. I just met her and I think she's awesome.

PRINCE RICHARD

Oh man I wish. But we're past that point. She was right about one thing. There are little people and big people, and this has escalated into a big person problem. See what you did, Gim? Now we're gonna have to burn a bunch of folks after all.

GIM

And my sister says I talk too much.

Gim CLOCKS RICHARD IN THE HEAD WITH AN ALE MUG.

Richard drops to the floor.

GIM (CONT'D)

Boom! Bastard Prince!

Richard lies unmoving on the ground.

JULEZ

Wait... did you just kill him?

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

INT. JULEZ' TAVERN. NIGHT

Richard is an inert wreck on the floor. Gim, Daron, and Julez look at the crumpled heap in horror.

JULEZ

Is he dead?

Daron hops off his stool and checks.

DARON

He's not breathing a ton as far as I can tell.

GIM

It wasn't supposed to be like that!

DARON

Really? Blunt force trauma to the head? What was supposed to happen? He'd open a tea-cake shop?

JULEZ

Oh this is not a good scene. It's been fun and all but I'm gonna have to ask you folks to leave.

Gim turns to still-frozen Gwar, tries to shake her awake.

GIM

Gwar. Sister. Wake up. I need you. I may have acted in haste.

He shakes her harder.

GIM

You're right! I'm a fool! A rectum! A flaming anus of irrectitude! I'm incapable of handling my own affairs, I'm helpless without my sister, I'm the ass of a hundred horses, I grant you all this and more, just WAKE UP! UNFREEZE! RESUME TIME!

But she doesn't.

DARON

What are you going to do?

GIM

What can I? I have to save his life,
but if I do, he'll go right back to
trying to kill me. The audacity of it!
The gall! I, his brother, bound by
very blood--

A light goes off in Gim's eyes.

GIM (CONT'D)

Bound by blood.

He turns to Gwar and starts digging through her bag.

Daron has a bad feeling about this. It gets a lot worse when
Gim triumphantly produces another distinctive straw glyph.

GIM (CONT'D)

Aha!

DARON

Whoa, whoa, hang on.

Gim kneels down next to Richard's prone body, pulls out a
knife, and draws it across Richard's palm.

DARON (CONT'D)

Gim, I know what you're planning and
you need to stop planning it right
now. It is way out of bounds. Gim,
think about this for a second.

GIM

I'm done thinking about things for a
second! No doubt if my beloved sister
were experiencing the passage of time,
she'd know exactly what to do. But she
is not! It falls to me! You all say
I'm stupid. Perhaps I am. But this is
my idea and I'm doing it!

He draws the knife across his own palm, holds the glyph up in
the other.

A moment of inspiration: He reaches into his trousers and
pulls out a coin.

GIM (CONT'D)

Ha! Sanctify this, father!

He claps the coin against the glyph, takes them both with his

bloody hand, and slaps them into Richard's bloody palm, gripping them together with all his might!

GIM (CONT'D)

By the blood that flows in you and me
alike, brother, be bound. BE BOUND!

There's a fairly respectable lightning flash and crash of thunder. Gim is thrown back while Richard gasps awake.

Gim struggles to his feet, clutching his now aching skull.

Richard also clamors to his feet, reaching for his hand-cannon --gone-- checks his rings --gone.

PRINCE RICHARD

My rings--

He turns and sees that Daron is holding the cannon and brandishing the rings. Daron shrugs.

DARON

I'm a rogue. I take things.

Richard sees Gim slowly recovering a couple of feet away.

GIM

Peace, brother. I mean you no ill.

PRINCE RICHARD

Okay, no more mister fuckin' nice guy.

He sweeps a tankard off a table and CLOBBERS Gim across the skull with it.

And REELS back, as if he himself had taken the blow.

PRINCE RICHARD

What the--?

GIM

Hold, good brother. Observe!

Gim SLAPS himself across the face. Richard takes the blow.

PRINCE RICHARD

What the hell? What did you do to me?

GIM

We are bound, brother Richard. Bound
by blood. Bound by coin.

He holds up the bloodied coin in the glyph.

GIM (CONT'D)

Bound by bloody coin! And the secret
knowledge of my people!

PRINCE RICHARD

You've got to be fucking kidding me!

Gim smacks himself again. Richard reels.

GIM

This is no jest, O Prince!

PRINCE RICHARD

Cut that shit out!

Richard cracks his own face. This time Gim feels it.

GIM

Oof!

Both of them start smacking away at their own faces, which
quickly escalates to punching themselves in their own faces--

GIM (CONT'D)

Ag! Oof!

PRINCE RICHARD

Fuggin'... sonofa...

--until Gim finally PLOWS HIMSELF IN THE NUTS as HARD AS HE
CAN.

PRINCE RICHARD (CONT'D)

UHHHHH!

Richard sinks, but not before SLAMMING HIMSELF REPEATEDLY IN
THE NUTS as he goes down. Gim gurgles and crumples to the
floor.

JULEZ

I don't know what I'm looking at but
this is entertaining as hell.

The two lie there on the ale-stained floor, groaning and punching themselves ever more weakly in the nuts.

PRINCE RICHARD

Kill you... killlll youuuu.

GIM

You CAN'T kill me, you rectal failure.
That is like unto the entire --uh!--
point!

A liveried FOOTMAN enters the bar, raises a long-bannered trumpet to his lips, and PARPS out a fanfare.

FOOTMAN

All bow for his Royal Majesty, King of
Concordia!

Daron and Julez gape in astonishment as the footman steps aside and four more enter, bearing on a sumptuous, throne-like palanquin the bedridden KING WALTER himself.

The footmen set the palanquin down before Gim and Richard groaning on the floor. The KING appraises his surroundings.

KING WALTER

It has been many years since I prowled
these streets and byways in my youth.
Was it always this filthy?

JULEZ

Your Highness, if we had known you
were coming--

KING WALTER

Peace, woman. I like it filthy. And
you, you miserable excuse for a son.
Do you not stand for your king?

Richard staggers to his feet, as does Gim.

GIM

Your Honor, I would like to preface my
remarks by stating this is his fault.

KING WALTER

Silence, orc. Well, Richard? Would you
care to explain how the king's son
finds himself stinking of urine and
(MORE)

KING WALTER (CONT'D)
 vomit in a hovel for scum? I have a
 reputation to uphold. I didn't put my
 face on all that money so you could
 ruin it with your boorish buffoonery.

PRINCE RICHARD
 Dad... sire... this is the guy. The
 other heir.

KING WALTER
 Of course it's him. I'm not completely
 witless.

PRINCE RICHARD
 What am I supposed to do? Obviously
 I'm gonna kill him. That's the play
 here.

KING WALTER
 You are to SUCCEED in killing him. Yet
 here he stands.

GIM
 Your Highness--

KING WALTER
 I said silence! Are you soft between
 the ears, orc?

GIM
 Soft? I? Pray, sire, I am as you made
 me! For am I not Gim Fitzwalter,
 bastard son to Glunt of the Orchy of
 Glor?

KING WALTER
 Be quiet!

GIM
 I will not! I asked not for it, but I
 am your son, and furthermore, I am
 bonded mummu muumu muumjmmm!

Gim is talking, but can now only make muffled sounds.

Meanwhile, Richard has his hands clapped hard over his own
 mouth. Gim tries harder.

GIM (CONT'D)

Muumm ummmu mu mum mumm-muh muuhhh!
 MUH MUH. MUMUMHHH! MUh-muh-muh-muh-
 muuuuuuh!

Gim and Richard both writhe about before the King, one trying to speak and the other trying to stop him.

KING WALTER

What is this rank foolishness?

DARON

Your Highness, if I may step in here,
 I think what Gim is, ah, wanting to
 say is that he's Life-Bonded to Prince
 Richard.

KING WALTER

(to himself)

Ahhhhh. She spoke of such rituals.

Gim and Richard are still writhing and wrestling themselves in front of the king, huffing and puffing.

KING WALTER (CONT'D)

Stop! Enough! Stand up straight.
 You're princes, for gods' sake.

They stop and adopt sullen postures before the King.

KING WALTER (CONT'D)

Allow me to see if I understand the
 situation correctly. Any harm done to
 YOU--

He points at Gim.

KING WALTER (CONT'D)

--falls instead to YOU.

He points at Richard. He smirks.

KING WALTER (CONT'D)

And back likewise. You may not kill
 him. Indeed--

King Walter suddenly rears his head back and GUFFAWS!

KING WALTER (CONT'D)

HA HA HA HA HAW HAW HAW HAAAAAA

He laughs for WAY TOO LONG. It is scary and not funny. It turns into cackling and coughing and gasping for air for a bit but keeps going. It never ends. Eventually it ends.

KING WALTER (CONT'D)

Indeed, you must keep him alive!
Forever!

This sets off another chuckle, but this one's mercifully brief.

KING WALTER (CONT'D)

By the seven, I have never beheld such a clusterdong of self-penetrating penises.

GIM

Authored by you, O Noble King!

KING WALTER

Silence. Ahh, I feel ten years younger. Perhaps not so bedridden after all. I could be be king forever. You'd like that, wouldn't you, boy?

Richard writhes in inexpressible rage.

PRINCE RICHARD

As my King decrees, I love it.

KING WALTER

He's boxed you but good, hasn't he?

PRINCE RICHARD

Some people might think so.

KING WALTER

Well, so be it. He shall join the Court, and until we can sort out which one is the proper heir, you will keep each other alive.

GIM

What? I've agreed to no such thing!

KING WALTER

Silence. You'll do as you're told.

GIM

Take orders from the man who defiled
my mother?

KING WALTER

Defiled? Is that what she's saying? I
see there is much your mother chose
not to share with you.

GIM

I, what?

For once Gim is speechless. The King claps. Guards enter.

KING WALTER

Come! We return to the castle.

The footmen lift the palanquin and prepare to about-face.

GIM

Wait!

KING WALTER

Don't be tiresome. Guards?

GIM

No, no... I'll come. I will. Just...
may I say goodbye to my friends,
first? My sister?

KING WALTER

Oh, is that the sister? I was
wondering. Very well, orc. It will be
better if there's co-operation. I give
you the night. Appear smartly at court
by cock's crow.

GIM

By my word I shall be there, sire.

KING WALTER

I don't need your word. If you're not
there I'll instruct my men to beat my
son half to death.

GIM

Ah. Good point. Very wise, sire.

KING WALTER

Come, Richard. I see great merriment
ahead!

He starts CACKLING again as they carry him away. Richard
lingers at the door to shoot Gim one last hateful glare.

PRINCE RICHARD

You. YOU did this to ME. I've been in
this business a long time, and I'll be
in it for a long time to come. You
better believe I'll undo this hoodoo.
And then we're gonna find out how many
pieces you can shoot off a guy without
killing him.

GIM

Love to you, too, dear brother. See
you on the morrow. Oh, and brother?
Richard? Dick?

Gim reaches deep into his trousers and gives a mighty
SQUEEZE. Richard's eyes BULGE.

PRINCE RICHARD

UHHHHHHHHHH... you BASTARD!!!

GIM

THAT'S WHAT I'VE BEEN SAYING ALL
ALONG!

END OF ACT THREE

TAG

INT. JULEZ' TAVERN. NIGHT

Gim, Daron and Julez at the bar. They've been drinking a while. Gwar has been un-frozen, and is examining the gaudy rings now on her fingers.

GWAR

Gods below. People think just because a ring is magic, you don't have to put in the work to make it look good.

GIM

Would it be too much to request your focus, dear sister?

GWAR

Hmm? It's settled, isn't it? You're going to Court to be heir Prince to the crown.

GIM

But I don't want to be an heir.

GWAR

Gim, your whole life you put on princely airs and never had to back it up. Well now's your chance. You chose this. I actually think it's a good solution, all things considered.

GIM

You do?

GWAR

Yup.

She takes a healthy swig of her ale.

DARON

To be honest, I can see some upsides. The new prince will need staff, right? A loyal retainer? I could do with sleeping in a bed for a change. Big castle like that, lots of stuff can go missing. It's nobody's fault.

JULEZ

Hey, you should appoint me Head of the Alemasters Guild.

GIM

Done!

JULEZ

What, really? I was kidding. Can you do that? Can he do that?

GWAR

I just got here. I'll need a few days to learn the local laws. But maybe. You wouldn't believe the nutty laws some people write.

DARON

Does that mean you're staying?

GWAR

No! My own affairs need tending. Just a couple of days to make sure my mentally compromised brother isn't immediately murdered in his strange new environment. Maybe a week.

GIM

I gladly welcome the help, dear sister. Even if in truth I feel you could keep your negative comments to yourself. Need I remind you who won the day, here? Was it not I, Gim Fitzwalter? Was today not merely the first of many triumphs in the long and storied tale of... the Bastard Prince?

Daron sticks out his tongue and makes a farting noise at Gim.

Then Julez does. Gwar lets out a loud fart noise.

Daron chimes back in with another one. Julez picks up the slack as Daron runs out of breath.

We pull back as they go round and round, a chorus of faces and farting at Gim, until we

FADE OUT

END OF SHOW

