

Alexandria Baker
Script Sample 2

A Medieval dungeon, interior. A refined woman in a golden gown paces inside a dingy cell. A knight wearing shining armor and the woman's insignia approaches her cell.

Queen:

"Thank you for coming, Stephen."

Stephen:

"Of course. They are waiting for you, your highness."

Queen:

"I'll be ready in just a moment." (The woman makes an attempt to brush off her skirts and tidy her hair in her cell.)

Stephen:

"Do you require anything else before we go, my lady?"

Queen:

"Nothing that you haven't already given me in your long years of service. I'm truly grateful for your loyalty, after everything that's happened."

Stephen:

"If I may be so bold, it hurts me to see you in this place. You were meant for thrones and palaces, not this wretched cell."

Queen:

"Don't let the council hear you speak that way. But I appreciate the sentiment. The historians will determine my legacy, when all is said and done."

Stephen:

"Of course, your highness. We should be going. They don't appreciate tardiness."

Queen:

"No, they don't. Those ancient bastards on the council have few precious moments in their lives left to spare, let alone the fact that mine may be ended at their word."

Stephen:

"I pray they'll see reason, my lady."

Queen:

"As do I, but my case—even as their queen—is like nothing more than an annoying fly for them to swat away. An irritation distracting them from their vices and their mistresses."

Stephen:

(A beat. Stephen looks distraught.) "You deserve better."

Queen:

"I know. And they know it, too. But I'm only a woman. And the council holds all the power now that my husband is dead."

Stephen:

"May he rest in peace."

Queen:

(Whirling on Stephen.) "May he roll in his grave! That man was a poor king and a poorer excuse for a husband. The only reason my fate now rests in the council's hands is because of the political favors and bribery he accepted in exchange for their seats."

Stephen:

(Shaking his head.) "It's a travesty."

Queen:

"Nothing can be done about it now. I put myself in this cell, after all."

Stephen:

"I'm not sure I understand you, my lady."

Queen:

"After all this time, you've earned the truth from me, Stephen." (A beat.) "The king is dead because of me."

Stephen:

(Shocked.) "What?"

Queen:

(Flatly.) "I killed him."

Stephen:

"No, tell me it's not true!"

Queen:

"It is. I did it for the good of the kingdom. My husband was a tyrant, growing greedy and war-hungry as he aged. He would have sought conquests and trophies in the neighboring kingdoms sooner or later. Thousands of our people would have died, and for what? I had to stop him."

Stephen:

"Surely you could have reasoned with him! The king had...certain proclivities, but he would have heard you had you spoken to him about this."

Queen:

“Don’t trifle with me, Stephen! Did you sit on his war councils? Did you see the gleam in his eyes at the mention of troops on the move, villages to be pillaged, women to be taken? I may be a queen, but I was also his wife—just a woman. Nothing more than an ornament to decorate his throne room.”

Stephen:

(Unsure.) “But, resorting to murder? That’s villainous!”

Queen:

“If you and the council insist on seeing me as a villain, then so be it. Let it be known that I do not shy away from that word, if that is what it takes to keep this kingdom safe. It is likely that the council will order my execution, that much I know. But I also know that they are old, with little time left. And there is little gold left in the royal coffers at this point. Their powers and their time are limited.”

Stephen:

“What are you implying, my lady?”

Queen:

“A new dawn is coming to this land. The old king is dead, and I gave him no heirs. The council is corrupt and clinging to whatever power they have left. Their wives and children are tired of being silenced and ignored, and they have something the council does not.”

Stephen:

“What is that?”

Queen:

“A reason to fight. Things are about to change, Stephen, and I’ll unite them, even if it’s from beyond the grave.”

Stephen:

“But how?”

Queen:

“Every great revolution needs a martyr. And I will happily play that role for my people.”

Stephen:

“That’s very noble, my lady. But the council will paint you as nothing but a harlot and a murderer. No one will know the truth.”

Queen:

(A beat.) “Why do you think I called you here today, Stephen?”

Stephen:

“Oh!” (Softly.) “Oh, my queen.”

Queen:

“I have one final task for you, if you would accept it.”

Stephen:

(Kneeling.) “Of course, my lady.”

Queen:

“Help them. Help the next generation build a better kingdom than this one. Tell my story. Make me a villain or a martyr, whatever I need to be to change the future. This is my last request.”

Stephen:

“I will do this, I swear it!” (Stephen rises at a gesture from the Queen inside her cell.)

Queen:

“Excellent. Now, we should get going. I suppose we’ve left the council waiting long enough.”