

A TRUE PIRATE'S DESIRE

Written by

SOLSTICE JOHN-BAPTISTE

Address
Phone Number

EXT. FERROUGH KINGDOM - DAY
TITLES: "ONCE UPON A TIME.."

BLACK SCREEN

A voice speaks to us from the darkness, inviting us into her world.

V.O: PRINCESS IMOGENE

IMOGENE, V.O
"In this life, you're faced with
thousands of decisions."

CUT TO:

EXT. FERROUGH KINGDOM

In a kingdom far away, the party of the century is about to start. Royals from across the globe are coming to THE GREAT BALL, chatting and bragging about their rich history and their even richer financial standing.

IMOGENE, V.O
"You're faced between the world
made for you, and the world you
want to make for yourself."

A royal carriage rides through the kingdom's streets, transporting the royals of Ferrough, THE ELDERWOODS. They are hosting the ball tonight, QUEEN MARVINA and KING THOMAS overseeing it all.

IMOGENE, V.O (CONT'D)
"There will always be an ache to
make a world of your own.
Unfortunately, there are rules to
be followed."

INT. ELDERWOOD CARRIAGE

Their daughter, PRINCESS IMOGENE, sat across from them in the stagecoach, twiddling with magic between her fingertips. A glimmery sparkle swirls and twirls between her hands and fingers, a calm look on her face. Her calmness is shattered by her mother's complaining.

QUEEN MARVINA
"Imogene, please. You'll frighten
the entire kingdom doing that.
(MORE)

QUEEN MARVINA (CONT'D)

I beg of thee, refrain from using
your...ability until the end of the
ball."

IMOGENE

"Mother, you know I'd much rather
be practicing than--"

QUEEN MARVINA

"No magic at the ball. The kingdom
already detests that you even do it
at all."

The colorful magic in Imogene's hands suddenly mute, her
father taking notice.

KING THOMAS

"Come now, Marvina, we--"

QUEEN MARVINA

"Not a word. This ball mustn't be
an embarrassment."

Imogene simply rolls her eyes, her attention going outside
the window. She briefly catches a glimpse of a wanted poster,
pirate captain IRIS OF THE SEVEN SEAS coveted for 600,000
doubloons. Dead or alive.

CUT TO:

INT. FERROUGH CASTLE BALLROOM

By the time they arrive, hundreds of ROYALS from all around
had made their comfort at Ferrough Castle for finger foods
and chats about their bloodlines and kingdom's futures. A
chandelier hangs above it all with a glowing radiance. From
the top of the stairs, a ROYAL GUARDSMAN announces the
arrival of the Elderwoods.

ROYAL GUARDSMAN

"Announcing, your highnesses Queen
Marvina and King Thomas, and her
grace Princess Imogene.

The three begin to travel down the stairs. As they walk,
Imogene feels eyes burning into her skin as members of the
crowd stare at her distastefully. Her face is red with
anxiety.

KING THOMAS

"Head up high. You don't want them
to know they have an effect on
you."

IMOGENE

"Yeah. Thanks, Dad."

Imogene forced a smile despite her overwhelming shame and anxiety. They finally reach their respective thrones, sitting comfortably on the cushioned seats. King Thomas leans in from his seat to speak to his daughter.

KING THOMAS

"Imogene, why don't you dance for a while? I'm sure it wouldn't hurt to mingle a little."

IMOGENE

"Father, look around. These people are pitiful."

Imogene uncomfortably adjusts her fluffy dress, her gaze drifting to the top of the staircase. At the top, three women stand in their finest dresses and trousers.

ROYAL GUARDSMAN

"Announcing, Princess Carrington,
Princess Eurydice, and Princess
Frances, daughters of the Queen
Persephone."

The crowd muttered and mumble amongst each other in envy, giggling at their silly names.

KING THOMAS

"Well, they don't seem so boring,
do they, dearest?"

IMOGENE

"No, I suppose not.."

Imogene wanders onto the marble floors, attempting to get to the strangers that entered. She almost immediately trips and falls, her dignity saved by the firm grip of a hand on her dress.

PRINCESS CARRINGTON

"What poise and perfection you
harbor, Princess Imogene."

Carrington pulled the princess back on her feet, bowing to her afterward.

Carrington's smile seemed confident yet humble, with a demeanor slightly more casual than your average royal.

IMOGENE

"Har, har, har. Thank you, Princess."

CARRINGTON

"Don't worry about it. Would you like to dance?"

The other princess extended her hand to Imogene, the Elven princess taking it as they continue to talk. The two sway into the music, blending into the dance floor.

IMOGENE

"Really? I'm unsure my *poise and perfection* would be very appealing to dance with."

CARRINGTON

"Well, I've always liked a challenge."

IMOGENE

"Suddenly I'm challenging?"

CARRINGTON

"Suddenly, I don't want to dance anymore."

IMOGENE

"Oh, what happened to the challenge? I was so excited to see how you would handle it, Princess."

CARRINGTON

"I like you, Princess. You must be full of secrets with a first impression like that." *

Imogene's attention briefly jumps to the world around her again. The familiar feeling of eyes digging into her skin and judging her and her newfound companion arrived once again, the She feels a wave of mischief overcome her, her gaze returning to Carrington. *

IMOGENE, V.O. *

"The world you want to create can appear in little ways if you allow it." *

IMOGENE

"Secrets indeed, Follow me." *

Imogene gestures to the hall nearby, Carrington chuckling again as she twirls Imogene off the dance floor, swaying into the halls.

FADE TO: *

BEGIN MONTAGE

The two wander about the great castle and chat for what feels like hours, laughing and talking about their lives There's brief glimpses of the history of Ferrough, the gruesome death of witches, the stories of swashbuckling pirates, and the triumph over hardship that made the kingdom what it was. *

IMOGENE (CONT'D) *
"For the longest, I studied and *
learned about the witches of the *
past and how they perfected their *
craft.." *

CARRINGTON *
"My father was known to be a big *
pirate enthusiast. He'd tell me *
hundreds of stories about his *
adventures and encounters.." *

The two eventually find their conversation leading to the Throat, an archive of the kingdom's history of monarchs, wars and the beloved crown jewels.

END MONTAGE *

FADE TO: *

INT: THE THROAT

Imogene's hands wrap around the handles and chains of the great wooden doors, locked to protect what's inside. The princess began whispering an incantation beneath her breath, her focused mind and powerful magic buzzing in her fingertips. With a clink and a creak, the wooden doors are unlocked and opened, revealing the Ferrough Castle archive. Surprised, Carrington follows behind Imogene beaming with curiosity.

Imogene and Carrington's footsteps echo through the hall, maps and paintings of former kings and queens embellishing the walls around them. Carrington looks starstruck, as if she'd been waiting for this moment forever.

IMOGENE
"...And this is our archive, but
Mom and I just call it The Throat.
(MORE)

IMOGENE (CONT'D)

She says if this room had a voice,
it would be every single one of our
ancestors and their stories."

CARRINGTON

"Really now..?"

Carrington's eyes drift to the left, a glimmer catching her gaze. Her eyes widen as she beholds the golden-encrusted crown jewels of Ferrough, the scepter and crown shimmering in with beauty and grace. She grips the satchel in her hand and creeps close to the display. *

IMOGENE

"I've taken note of all the former rulers that would hate people like me."

Carrington stops in her tracks. *

CARRINGTON

"Yeah? Why's that?"

IMOGENE

"Some of them would've loved me, but mostly they'd probably just send me into exile."

CARRINGTON

"What's so bad about exile?"

Imogene felt her mind echo the other's words, twiddling her fingers as she continued.

IMOGENE

"Well, I'd miss my family, and I know they don't like my magic, but-"

CARRINGTON

"But?"

IMOGENE

"But, it's my duty to the throne to ensure that my magic doesn't get in the way of protecting the kingdom."

CARRINGTON

"Who's left in the dust when you aren't protecting yourself?" *

Imogene whips around to face the other girl. *

IMOGENE *

"Listen, you're a princess too. You
shouldn't be talking like this, and
neither should I." *

CARRINGTON *

"Come on. Do you really even want
to be here?" *

IMOGENE *

"Yes, I love parties and dancing
and-" *

CARRINGTON *

"You're lying." *

Imogene's ears held a red tint to them, as did her cheeks and
nose. She quickly covers her reddened profile and turns away. *

IMOGENE *

"I am NOT lying. It's not very
ladylike." *

CARRINGTON *

"You're not answering my question.
What do you want, your majesty?" *

Imogene is silent for a moment, deep in thought. *

IMOGENE *

"I just want to be me." *

CARRINGTON *

"What do you have to do to get
there?" *

The two princesses exchanged a glance, Imogene's eyebrows
furrowed in thought and catharsis. *

CUT TO: *

INT: FERROUGH CASTLE BALLROOM *

The crowd is still dancing and chatting, somehow bigger than
it was before the two left. Imogene peeked around the corner
of the hall, gesturing Carrington to hurry. As soon as
they're visible, a cluster of curious of royals approach the
two. Their voices overlap one another, laced with distaste
and inquisition.

ROYAL #1

"By Jove, your majesty! You're sneaking around with other princesses? I knew you were a bit secretive, but this takes the cake!"

ROYAL #2

"Princess Carrington, what kingdom are you from? I've never seen you at any of our parties. You must be from a much smaller kingdom..

ROYAL #3

"Princess Imogene, you can't attempt to flirt with someone when you aren't even eligible for your own throne! At least drop that disgusting magic habit of yours, maybe you'd be a little more desirable."

Imogene scoffed and stepped forward, her once anxious expression contorting to a deep annoyance. Carrington attempted to stop her, but Imogene's determined shove sent her back. She fell into the armor display behind her with a loud crash, her ribbon getting caught on the handle of the sword. The white ribbon that held her hair in a high ponytail failed her, her hair falling from glory. It draped over her face, and audible gasps from the crowd around her sent chills up her spine.

ROYAL #2

"Good god above! Oh! Heavens!"

ROYAL #1

"It's Iris of the Seven Seas!"

ROYAL #3

"The thief! She snuck in!"

Iris only knew three things: one, she was absolutely *screwed*. There was no easy way out of this, and her crew was nowhere to be found. Two, she would not be seeing the light of day if she didn't get up and explain herself. Three, she must, without fail, get out alive.

IRIS

"Now, now, ladies and gents, no need to fret, it's-ahem."

Iris stands, picking up her satchel bag with calm confidence. Imogene stared at her with wide eyes, hands folding into fists. Her gaze fell on her royal peers, disgusted looks on their faces, the same ones that ailed her mind for what felt like eons. *

Imogene knew then that she made the right decision. *

IRIS (CONT'D)
"Please, don't worry! I'm a changed woman. I want nothing more to atone for my crimes, and become a civilian once more. I will do as much time as I am allotted, and attempt to better myself in the confines of a dungeon.

Suddenly, the stitched bottom of her satchel bag split, and out clattered the sacred crown jewels.

IRIS (CONT'D)
"Aw, shit."

A collective scream from the crowd before them erupts into the air, the royal guard quickly entering the scene. Iris grabbed the sword from the display behind her and gripped it with a fearful determination. Just when the guard began closing in, Imogene's arm shot forward, and out flew a giant wooden staff. *

IRIS (CONT'D)
"No damsel in distress?"

IMOGENE
"Please. I'm a princess, not a wimp."

Imogene quickly snags the crown jewels from the floor, the crowd somehow getting more surprised as she does so.

Among the scattered crowd, Iris is engaged in combat with one of the guard members. Her form feels more like dancing than fighting, much to the confusion of the thoroughly trained guards. Her body moved like water, somehow slipping past every blow that could hit her. The guards only realized they were losing by the time their hands touched their wounds. *

Imogene's magic fills the ballroom as tables go flying and guardsmen get wrapped up in velvet rugs. A smile paints her face as she watches her power finally flaunted outwardly. *

Her magic is a swirl of purples and blues, much similar to her magical ancestors. Glimmers of light escape her fingertips as she fights off the guards and follows Iris.

*
*
*

CUT TO:

*

EXT. FERROUGH CASTLE, ROOFTOP

Imogene and Iris manage to run out of the castle on to the roof, rushing to the edge closet to the sea. A large ship is docked nearby, just close enough to jump on.

IRIS

"There she is! My darling girl!"

IMOGENE

"W-wait, what?"

IRIS

"My ship! We can make it if we just jump!"

Imogene feels...hesitant? The guard was already on her tail, and if she stayed she'd surely be killed.

*
*

IMOGENE

"I'm scared! I can't just go! We already have the jewels, we had our thrill, let's just give it back and-"
_"

*
*
*
*

Iris skids to a halt at the edge of the roof, the sound of the guards getting ever closer.

*

IRIS

"This entire time, you've only talked about what's best for people that can't even look you in the eye. What do you want, your highness?"

The princess' grip on the crown jewels tighten as she looks behind her at the infuriated guard. Something nagged at her to not look directly into the face of death. After a moment of silence, she looks back at Iris.

IMOGENE

"When they catch us, they'll kill us.."

Iris' fearless façade falters for a moment, but Imogene grabs her hand.

IMOGENE (CONT'D)

"...but first, they must catch us."

The two leap off of the roof and fall onto the deck of the ship, crewmembers scattering to unanchor her. Iris laughs loud and heartily as she takes the wheel of the ship, turning it into the deep blue.

*

The crew cheered and shouted in victory, the deck covered in different treasures. Imogene approaches Iris at the wheel as the clamoring of the kingdom began to fade into the distance.

*

IRIS

"Well *former princess*, that was one hell of a first impression. You really are full of secrets."

*

IMOGENE

"Why thank you, you're quite good at pretending to be a royal."

IRIS

"I've had practice. Now, what's in it for you, Imogene? What's next for the runaway witch?"

*

Imogene looks out into the great ocean, a determined smile on her face.

*

IMOGENE, V.O

"There will always be an ache to make a world of your own. The rules of the worlds others make will bound us. Unfortunately, I've never favored the rules."

*

*

*

*

*

*

CUT TO BLACK.

*

END

*