

THE BROKEN KINGDOM

Written by

Some Guy

OVER BLACK

*Remember, remember!
The fifth of November,
The Gunpowder plan and plot;
Parliament in flames
Guy Fawkes laid waste to King James
His patriotism will never be forgot! - Author Unknown*

FADE IN:

INT. HEATHROW AIRPORT ARRIVALS - DAY

SUPER: NOVEMBER 5TH, 2018. GUY FAWKES DAY

A single PASSENGER stands below a red archway marked as
'CUSTOMS ARRIVALS FROM OUTSIDE GREAT BRITAIN.'

This is FELIX LAVOIE. A middle-aged French American with
middle-aged spread. Smart but inexpensive suit. An infrequent
flyer who rarely ventures outside his home town.

He fiddles with his moustache while glaring at the solitary
CUSTOMERS OFFICER who's engrossed with his phone.

A polite COUGH from Felix. No response.

A rude, barking COUGH. The officer notices. He beckons him
forward. Felix hands over his passport.

FELIX
Bonjour, comment allez-vous
aujourd'hui?

The officer points to a notice on his booth which reads,
"SPEAK ENGLISH!"

FELIX
Pardon me. How are you today?

There is just a hint of a french accent. The customs officer
looks up, an eyebrow raised.

CUSTOMS OFFICER
You here for business or pleasure?

FELIX
Do people actually come here for
pleasure?

With a sneer, the officer stamps the passport.

CUSTOMS OFFICER

A Frank I see. It's good of you
french to look after the colonies
for us.

He hands over the passport.

CUSTOMS OFFICER

Which I'm sure we'll be wanting
back real soon.

FELIX

For that, my friend, you'll need
allies. Good luck with that.

With a wink, he saunters away.

INT. TAXI - LATER

A CABBIE talks non-stop. Felix is engrossed in the outside
world, he only hears the occasional snippet.

They drive passed a boarded-up pub called THE PATRIOTIC INN.

CABBIE (O.S.)

Sod the lot of 'em. We'll be fine,
just need to tighten our belts
again, that's all.

It's covered in graffiti. One section reads, 'THERE'S NO-ONE
LEFT TO BLAME!'

CABBIE (O.S.)

We've still got the North Sea,
despite those bloody Scots.

Next to a burnt out Fish & Chips shop is a red Republic Mail
office. The shutters are down. More graffiti sprayed over it
reads, "GOD SEES ALL, HEARS ALL.

They turn a corner. A squad of ARMED POLICE march down the
otherwise deserted street.

FELIX

Mon Dieu!

EXT. THE DORCHESTER HOTEL - LATER

An imposing empirical stone building. Felix clambers out of
the taxi. He hands over several crumpled ten pound notes to
the cabbie.

CABBIE

If you ask me, we should dig a big hole and stick 'em all in it.

FELIX

Yes, yes. Keep the change.

The cabbie frowns.

CABBIE

What change?

Felix heads towards the hotel entrance. A group of STREET URCHINS approach. They are led by a scruffy TRAMP carrying a shabby effigy of KING JAMES I.

TRAMP

'Scuse mister, penny for the Jimmy?

FELIX

Bien sûr! Of course my friends.

He reaches for his wallet. A hotel DOORMAN steps in, zaps the tramp with a taser. He goes down like an electrified sack of spuds. The rest of the gang leg it.

DOORMAN

Little shits! Sorry about that unpleasantness, sir. He'd have taken your wallet and watch no doubt. Reception is this way.

Mouth wide open, Felix is led towards the hotel. He glances over his shoulder at the spasming tramp.

INT. HOTEL BEDROOM - EVENING

Chandeliers, religious themed oversized artwork and a carpet that was out of fashion in the seventies.

Felix is propped up on a massive four-poster bed, Skyping via his laptop.

On screen is his wife, RENEE. Kind eyes, a welcoming smile.

(The following conversation is in French with English subtitles.)

FELIX

Then he just shocked the poor man!
I had no idea how to respond!

RENEE

My big brave Felix. On his first
adventure into the outside world.
Life is different there my love.

FELIX

I don't understand why I have to be
here at all. This meeting could
have been done virtually, like
this. It is ridiculous.

RENEE

You know the English, so paranoid,
so old fashioned. They don't trust
the internet. I bet they'll want to
show you off to the press, flaunt
it in the faces of the rest of the
world, like some great British
victory.

FELIX

Yes I know, I really hate all this.
I just wish it was over and I could
come back home.

RENEE

Soon my love. But make sure you
don't eat any of the meat, I don't
want you to get mad cow disease.

His eyes go wide.

FELIX

Renee! This is an open WiFi
connection. You mustn't say such
things, not even in jest!

RENEE

Oh Felix, I really think M.I.6 has
more important matters to attend to
than us.

The couple continue their discussion. In the top corner of
the room, a CCTV camera observes. Its red light blinks.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - NEXT DAY

Several important-looking people sit around a large wooden
table. The walls are obscured by massive red velvet curtains.

A group of reporters take pictures as Felix shakes hands with
a DISTINGUISHED GENTLEMAN next to a raised podium.

Together they sign a parchment with quills. The cameras flash as Felix forces a smile. A MALE REPORTER raises his hand.

MALE REPORTER

Mr. Lavoie. As this is your first trip to Great Britain. How are you finding it so far?

FELIX

Magnifique. I can honestly say that I have been treated like royalty.

A collective gasp from the audience.

DISTINGUISHED GENTLEMEN

How dare you, sir!

Felix frowns.

FELIX

Pardon me. Perhaps it is the accent, all I said was I had been treated like royalty, as in very well, no?

Another gasp. The flashes increase. The distinguished gentlemen points to a CCTV camera mounted on the wall.

DISTINGUISHED GENTLEMEN

Heresy, sir, Heresy! God sees all, hears all.

The reporters respond in unison.

REPORTERS

God sees all, hears all!

A hotel SECURITY OFFICER barges through the crowd towards the podium.

DISTINGUISHED GENTLEMEN

Arrest the heretic!

Felix makes a dash for the exit.

INT. HOTEL LOBBY - CONTINUOUS

Felix races passed the check-out desk. His shoes click on the tiled marble floor.

A RECEPTIONIST presses a finger to his earpiece and nods. He spots Felix and reaches for the alarm.

RECEPTIONIST
Stop! Heretic!

EXT. THE DORCHESTER HOTEL - MOMENTS LATER

Felix sprints down the street. He tries to flag down a black cab that ignores him and drives passed.

FELIX
What madness is this?

He checks his watch, loosens his tie. Another cab is heading down the street.

A black van screeches to a halt on the curb. The door slides open, a group of armed OFFICERS leap out.

Felix takes a step back.

FELIX
What have I done? What do you...

An OFFICER raises a pistol.

FELIX
Merde!

An explosion on the other side of the street. The cops dive for cover. Felix drops to his knees.

Another explosion further up the road causes chaos with the oncoming traffic.

The tramp from earlier grabs Felix by the shoulders and yanks him to his feet.

TRAMP
Quick, come with me.

In a daze, Felix is led away.

EXT. STREET CORNER - MOMENTS LATER

The tramp lifts up a manhole cover. Felix frowns, takes a step back. The tramp points out cameras mounted on several buildings nearby.

TRAMP
God may see all an 'ear all, but he
sure don't like the smell of shit.
Come on!

He scrambles into the sewers. Felix follows.

INT. LONDON SEWERS - MOMENTS LATER

The tramp pats Felix on the shoulder.

TRAMP

(Scottish accent)

Hey Felix. The name's Angus. We
need to get ye out of the city,
sharpish.

He turns and heads away. Felix stumbles after him.

FELIX

Pardon monsieur, how do you know my
name? Why are you Scottish all of a
sudden? What is going on?

Angus holds aloft a mobile phone, which shows an image of
Felix on a news report.

ANGUS

You're public enemy number one pal.
In case ye hadn't noticed, ye
committed heresy.

FELIX

This is a mistake, no? I did no
such thing.

ANGUS

C'mon, keep up. And I'm afraid ye
did pal. Anything related to the
monarchy is forbidden. Has been
since the Republic Act was passed
last year. Do ye not have the
internet in America?

Several rats scurry passed Felix's feet, nearly tripping him.

FELIX

Oui, of course, but I pay it little
attention. There's so much fake
news, it's hard to know what's
real!

They reach a set of ladders.

ANGUS

Well this is real pal. Welcome to
England, home of the ignorant and
protestant extremists.

Angus leads the way out.

EXT. HOSPITAL RECEPTION - MOMENTS LATER

A sign above the entrance reads, "PRESIDENT THATCHER MEMORIAL HOSPITAL." Felix grabs Angus's arm.

FELIX

Arrêtez! Look, Mr. Angus, I appreciate your help but can't I just go back and explain?

ANGUS

Heresy is a minimum five years in the tower with no trial. And to make matters worse, thanks to those wee explosions yer now associated with the Royal Marines.

FELIX

What? The terrorists?

ANGUS

The term ye are looking for laddie, is freedom fighters. Ye got that?

Felix gulps.

FELIX

Mon Dieu! Are you? I mean..

ANGUS

You think I cosplay as a cockney tramp and get tasered for shits and giggles?

Felix's eyes go wide. Angus bursts into laughter.

ANGUS

Come on, this way.

He heads into the hospital.

INT. HOSPITAL MORGUE - LATER

A standard autopsy setup with a stainless steel operating table in the centre. A SURGEON slices up the latest customer. Several bodies are laid out around the room on trolleys.

Angus strolls in with Felix close behind.

ANGUS

Hey Charlie, is Emilia doing a run?

The surgeon removes a kidney from the corpse. He nods.

CHARLIE

Yeah, she's out back with the next shipment.

He places the organ in a container.

Felix glances at the trolleys. All the bodies are tagged with 'DO NOT RESUSCITATE' notices.

FELIX

Sacré bleu! What is this?

ANGUS

We don't have time, come on man.

He makes a phone call as he leaves via a rear entrance. An ashen faced Felix follows.

EXT. AMBULANCE BAY - MOMENTS LATER

Angus heads towards a rusty ambulance.

ANGUS

Emilia!

A twenty-something woman with curly red hair and fiery eyes steps out of the rear doors.

EMILIA

Angus ya great dirty bastard. What are ye doing here? I'm about to head out.

She notices Felix.

EMILIA

And who's the wee pet?

ANGUS

I'll explain on the way, we need to go, now.

INT. AMBULANCE - LATER

Angus drives as he wipes himself clean. Emilia is in the back with Felix.

EMILIA

Are you sure about this?

AGNUS (O.S.)

Aye. I've been onto HQ, we're to get frenchy across the border. Bonnie King Charlie has taken a shine to the lad, says he's willing to offer him sanctuary.

EMILIA

And just how the fuck are we supposed to do that?

ANGUS (O.S.)

Just make it happen woman!

FELIX

Excuse me mademoiselle. What is going on?

She motions to several boxes marked 'HUMAN ORGAN FOR TRANSPLANT.'

EMILIA

I run a little black market operation to raise funds for our cause. We're taking these to Scotland. Looks like now we're taking ye as well.

FELIX

Those people back there, where they all donors?

EMILIA

Och, are ye just out of nappies or something? How naive are ye?

FELIX

I am a simple man Emilia. I don't understand any of this, I just want off this crazy island Can your King Charles arrange this?

EMILIA

Maybe. All I know is we've got to get ye across the border somehow.

She grabs her make-up kit and a bag of medical tools, takes out a sharp looking blade. Felix's eyes go wide!

EMILIA

Relax. Ye need a shave and we need to make that skin less french. The trick will be your voice. Can you do a Scottish accent?

FELIX

Och, aye the nooh?

She holds the blade close to his face.

EMILIA

Don't say that, ever again. Och this is gonna be a toughy. OK, repeat after me...

EXT. MOTORWAY - CONTINUOUS

The ambulance zooms down the motorway, its lights blazing.

EXT. SCOTTISH BORDER - EVENING

The ambulance approaches a fortified border. An armed SOLDIER waves them towards his inspection bay.

INT. AMBULANCE

A shaven, whitewashed Felix fidgets in the seat.

EMILA

Stop that.

FELIX

This isn't going to work. I look ridiculous.

EMILIA

Leave the talking to me but if he asks ye anything, just do what we practised. And remember.

She slams her forehead against his.

EMILIA

Being Scottish is a fuckin' state o mind! Ye got that laddie? You got that?

Felix snarls.

FELIX

Aye!

There's a knock on the rear door. Emilia opens it. The armed Soldier appears. Trim, silver hair, sharp eyes.

SOLDIER

The usual run?

Emilia nods, tosses him a wad of cash which he catches and makes it disappear into his satchel.

SOLDIER

Show me. That one.

He points to a container. She opens it. There's an organ inside, packed with ice. The soldier clocks, Felix who stares back.

SOLDIER

Not seen him before. Why is he so pale?

EMILIA

He's a noob we're training up. He's never seen the inside of a human before and canna handle it.

The soldier doesn't take his eyes off Felix. They engage in a staring contest.

SOLDIER

Is he dumb or something as well?

Felix snarls.

FELIX

Yer bum's oot the windae. Whit's fur ye'll no go past ye. Awa' an bile yer heid ya big jessie!

The soldier takes a step back, places a hand over his gun holster.

SOLDIER

Woah doggie! Did someone not have their haggis today?

Emilia steps in. She rubs the soldier's crotch.

EMILIA

Never mind him. How's my wee beastie doing? He up for another roll in the hay on my way back?

The soldier switches eye contact to her.

SOLDIER

Sure. Just remember I'm on nights after tomorrow. And give him some English lessons, I hate it when you guys talk bollocks.

She nods, kisses him on the cheek. He steps out of the ambulance and slams the door.

Angus drives forward.

ANGUS (O.S.)

We're clear. Welcome to Scotland Felix, ye jammy bastard.

Felix and Emilia let out a huge gasp of breath.

EMILIA

That was the worst Scottish I've ever heard. Ye said everything wrong and in the wrong order!

Felix smiles and wipes his brow, smearing foundation all over his forehead.

EXT. EDINBURGH - REGENT BRIDGE - THE NEXT DAY

Felix stands next to a podium answering questions from a bunch of REPORTERS.

A FEMALE REPORTER raises her hand

FEMALE REPORTER

You managed to escape the English oppressive regime. How do ye feel right now?

FELIX

I feel like I've woken up from a crazy nightmare!

FEMALE REPORTER

And how are ye finding it here in Scotland?

FELIX

I can honestly say, I've been treated like royalty.

Laughter from the reporters.

FELIX
 Seriously though. I feel, liberated
 and grateful to be in a land where
 royalty is celebrated. I would like
 to thank King Charles for granting
 my request for asylum and I hope to
 return to America soon. Merci
 beaucoup.

A round of applause, the cameras flash.

FELIX
 Dieu vous bénisse! God bless
 Scotland!

The reporters gasp. Felix frowns.

FELIX
 What?

MALE REPORTER
 Is this how ye thank us, ye
 hypocrite!

FELIX
 Oh god, what did I say now?

The reporters flinch as if struck. A couple of ARMED GUARDS
 approach the podium.

MALE REPORTER
 Hypocrite!

One of the guards draws a taser.

FELIX
 God? Am I not allowed to say god?

A female reporter feints. The guard zaps Felix.

FELIX
 Sacré bleu!

He spasms, then drops to the floor.

FADE OUT.