

KING FOR A DAY

Written by

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INT. APARTMENT - DAY

Three young men in their early twenties enter the run down, dirty apartment. All three of them are caked in mud from head to toe.

EDWARD, 21, suffering from insomnia since he turned 15, he's tense and paranoid.

DAVID, 22, muscular and strong is obsessed with lifting weights. Already ruining his lower back, he's addicted to painkillers just so he doesn't have to quit the gym.

AARON, 20, skinny with long blonde hair has tried everything in his pursuit of fame. Model, failed, actor, failed. Comedian, failed. Professional gamer, failed. He's on the hunt for the next big thing.

AARON

We need to get back out there.

David wipes the dirt from his face.

DAVID

No. Look at us. Smell us. We stink.

Aaron holding onto a plastic shopping bag tips out scrap metal.

AARON

Look at all of this we found. We sell this and we'll be living comfortably.

EDWARD

That's if we can even sell it.

DAVID

Go down, digging around in a dirty ass swamp and we'll find treasure you said.

AARON

And we found it. We need to go back. I bet we can find twice this much second time around.

EDWARD

No, someone will see us this time. Maybe even call the cops.

DAVID

I need to get clean. We all need to get clean.

AARON

We need money. And this is a way...

DAVID

This is still my place, I'm not having you stinking it out. We all get cleaned, and now.

Aaron lowers his head, knows not to argue with David too much.

INT. APARTMENT - BATHROOM - DAY

All three boys are stood in the bathtub together. The shower is blasting them, cleaning off the mud and the dirt. They were 100% covered in muck but now they're down to about 50%.

Suddenly the water turns off.

David plays around with the taps trying to get the water to come back on, but to no avail.

DAVID

They've turned the god damn water off. They promised me two more weeks.

EDWARD

Next they're going to send the bailiffs around. They'll beat us up and drag us out.

David kicks out at the taps.

DAVID

They promised me two more weeks.

AARON

We need cash.

DAVID

Well we've got none.

EDWARD

And there's no one we can ask. No one.

AARON

Then we get jobs.

EDWARD

Won't work. We're as good as homeless.

AARON

I'm sure we can do it.

DAVID

We've tried it before. None of us seem able to keep a job for more than a week. I don't know what the hell is wrong with us.

AARON

Well, we can at least try.

INT. APARTMENT - KITCHEN - DAY

Unwashed dishes in the sink and trash on the floor. The three friends live like slobs.

Around the cluttered table Aaron sits on an old battered looking laptop. He's searching for local jobs.

Edward and David stand behind him, peering over his shoulders.

AARON

There's a lot of warehouse work.

EDWARD

We've done that before. We all got fired. We're not going to find anything. We don't have any experience and no education.

DAVID

We'll have to find something else.

AARON

Well I'm not giving up.

EDWARD

There's no way you're going to find a job for all three of us.

AARON

Just hold on.

DAVID

We're wasting time.

Aaron stops scrolling. He thinks he's found something.

AARON

How about this. King for a day.
Help to celebrate the harvest
festival. £1,000 for the chosen
king of the day?

EDWARD

I don't like the sound of that.
Sounds like a scam.

DAVID

£1,000 for a single days work.
That's prostitution money. You
really want all three of us to
become prostitutes. Because my ass
isn't for sale.

AARON

How about your mouth?

DAVID

No.

AARON

I say we take a look. I'm game. You
two can stay here if you like.

Aaron slams the laptop closed, stands up and leaves.

Edward and David share a look before they race out after him.

EXT. VILLAGE - DAY

The three boys arrive outside the town hall of the village.
JOYCE, 27, a beautiful young woman in a tight fitting dress.
A songwriter and performer she's confident and knows her
effects on men. This year, she has been placed in charge of
the harvest festival, a great honour.

Joyce smiles at them, offers out her hand.

JOYCE

We spoke on the phone. I'm Joyce.
It will be my pleasure to show you
around our little village.

The three friends push and shove at one another as they all
fight to be the first one to get to shake her hand.

She laughs at them, finding the three of them greatly
amusing.

David wins the battle and gets to be the one to shake her hand first.

DAVID

We're here to be your king.

She nods, pleased to hear it.

EXT. MEADOW - DAY

A large open field, colourful flowers.

Joyce gestures to the open space.

JOYCE

We have been celebrating the harvest festival here for the last two thousand years. And though many things have changed. We still always invite one outsider to play the king for the day. The most important role. The whole harvest relies on it.

AARON

Well, now you've got three kings.

She shakes her head.

JOYCE

I'm sorry, but we only need one.

DAVID

Well that's stupid, how about we split the money. We're not asking for anymore. Just hire all of us.

JOYCE

It doesn't work that way.

EDWARD

Well then we wasted our time coming here then.

AARON

I wouldn't say that. I'll do it.

DAVID

And you keep all the money. No way.

EDWARD

All three of us need jobs. Either all of us or none of us.

DAVID
Forget that, I've not come all this
way for nothing.

AARON
I'll share it.

DAVID
I'll do it.

AARON
You can't, it's a celebration. It's
supposed to be fun. You don't know
how to have fun. I've never seen
you laugh.

DAVID
Says you.

AARON
I'm funny. I was the class clown in
school.

Edward turns to Joyce.

EDWARD
So what now.

JOYCE
One of you will be chosen. In good
time. We need to get to know you
first.

DAVID
Well that's shit.

AARON
We kind of need the money now. And
thought this would be our best
chance.

Joyce takes out her purse and removes a couple hundred in
cash. She holds it out. David greedily snatches it from her.

JOYCE
Cash for whilst you're staying in
the village. And don't worry.
You're rooms have already been
taken care of. Free of charge.

David and Aaron smiles and cheer.

DAVID
OK, alright.

AARON

Awesome.

EDWARD

Nothing is given for free.

David hits Edward in the arm.

DAVID

Shut up. Don't ruin this like you
ruin everything.

INT. VILLAGE PUB - NIGHT

A live band performs. The villagers pack the pub, drinking
and partying.

The three friends all sit together in the corner of the pub.

David and Aaron each has a beautiful girl dancing on them,
throwing themselves at them. Pure lust. Grinding their hips
to the music.

Edward sits alone, drinking.

AARON

(to Edward)

Get yourself a girl. They all must
have a thing for city boys or
something.

EDWARD

I don't like this at all. Something
is wrong.

DAVID

Will you just shut up. Pick a girl.
Get laid. These aren't like city
girls. They're gagging for it out
here.

Edward sees a couple of beautiful girls looking at him, lust
in their eyes. But he turns away from them, sulking.

EDWARD

No. There's something wrong.

DAVID

I always thought you were gay.

AARON

You'll be sorry if you miss out on
this.

INT. PUB - BEDROOM - NIGHT

David and Aaron are in their single beds that are next to one another. With their girls on top of them, the covers over them but clearly having sex.

David and Aaron are having the time of their lives. Can't believe their luck. These girls could be models.

INT. VILLAGE PUB - NIGHT

Edward remains alone, still drinking and still watching the band play.

Joyce comes in. She sees him and smiles. Placing a gold crown on top of Edward's head.

JOYCE
All hail the king.

The band suddenly stops playing. All the other customers stop partying and turn to face Edward.

Joyce takes him by the hands and gets him to stand.

The villagers inside the pub all hail him. Some giving him money. The girls kissing him on the side of the face.

Everyone chanting. 'Hail, his majesty.' Over and over.

Edward blushes with pride, loving it.

EXT. MEADOW - NIGHT

A full moon. The villagers are all out in the meadow, dressed colourfully, ready for a party.

Edward fixes the crown on his head.

The villagers out here continue the chant. 'Hail, his majesty.' Again and again and again. Getting louder and louder.

Joyce has a hold of Edward by the hand. She leads him onto the meadow but leads him towards a chopping block in the middle of the meadow where a axe man, face covered and holding onto a huge axe waits.

Edward panics. Two large villagers grab a hold of him from behind. Lifting him up from the ground, carrying him over.

Edward tries to struggle against them, but it's no good. He doesn't stand a chance.

His crown falls off, the chanting continues. Joyce keeps up alongside him.

JOYCE
You have been chosen.

EDWARD
(screaming)
Call the police. Someone help me.
Please. Call the police!

JOYCE
We needed a fool. A virgin. Your
sacrifice will bring about a great
harvest that will feed every man,
woman and child in this village all
year long. You should feel good
about that. Your life has meaning.

He doesn't hear her. The big men, still carry him over to the chopping block.

The axe man holds his axe ready.

EDWARD
My friends. Where are my friends?

INT. PUB - BEDROOM - NIGHT

The girls who had been having sex with David and Aaron, get dressed. Their hands stained with blood.

David and Aaron lay lifelessly in their beds. Mouths open. Eyes open. Their throats have been cut.

INT. MEADOW - NIGHT

At the chopping block. Edward still puts up a fight. But it's pointless. He's held in place.

EDWARD
Someone call the police!

Joyce beams at him.

JOYCE
For the harvest. Hail the king.

The axe man brings down his axe and cleanly chops off Edward's head in a single fast stroke.

The villagers let out a cheer. And now the party, underneath the full moon can really begin.

Joyce lifts up Edward's chopped off head and dances with it.

FADE TO BLACK

THE END