

PRINCE AND THE PROTESTER

Written by

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1 INT. CHURCH - DAY 1

At the alter PRINCE, 19, stands, dressed in a fine tailored wedding suit.

With his hands behind his back he looks out towards the other end of the church, waiting for his bride.

Blushing red, fidgeting, he's the pure picture of excited nerves.

On the grooms side are an array of the rich and the powerful. All these guest just scream wealth and money. Dressed in the finest clothes and all the ladies with shiny diamonds dripping from them.

On the front row, JIM, 45, and TAMMY, 40, sit together, holding hands. They look up at Prince and beam with pride.

Both giving Prince a thumbs up when he looks there way.

Prince now turns to the waiting PRIEST, 30, a bible clutched to his chest.

The priest gives Prince a reassuring nod.

With another long deep breath, Prince returns to looking out for his bride.

2 TWO YEARS BEFORE: 2

3 INT. BAR - NIGHT 3

Prince, 17, sits at a glass table with BRANDON, 17, and ROWAN, 16. A high end, trendy bar. Everyone wearing smart, branded clothing.

An obvious exclusive establishment. If your name is not on the list you're not getting in.

Drinking champagne, Prince empties out a bottle into his empty glass.

A pretty waitress brings over a plate of delicate looking canapés.

Brandon smiles at the food, scoops a couple up and chomps them down.

Prince knocks back his drink and gasps, he's drunk.

PRINCE

I just want to be a regular guy. I would like to meet someone without them already having their minds made up about me.

ROWAN

Well maybe stop introducing yourself as Prince? It's an unusual name, give yourself a different one?

PRINCE

Well that's just my name. My parents gave it to me.

ROWAN

But it comes with a title. Worlds richest teenager.

BRANDON

I wish I was born with a title.

ROWAN

You did, fat git.

Prince laughs.

BRANDON

(mouthful of food)
Hey!

PRINCE

I'm my own person.

Brandon and Rowan share a look.

ROWAN

No you're not.

PRINCE

I am. I can look after myself.

BRANDON

Easy to say when your dad is the richest human on the planet.

PRINCE

My mom is just as rich.

ROWAN

My mom brought me a diary for my birthday, so that I could keep a record of all my classes at college. Yours brought you a butler, so he could memorize all your important dates for you.

PRINCE

What are you saying?

Brandon finishes off the plate.

BRANDON

You wouldn't last five minutes in the real world.

PRINCE

The real world?

(they both nod at him)

I know more about the real world than either of you two.

They shake their head.

ROWAN

You're still controlled by your parents. You can't do anything without their say so.

PRINCE

They try to control me, but they can't. I got to choose the college. I got to choose my classes. My dad wants me to start working for him already.

BRANDON

And you will. It's just a matter of time.

PRINCE

No. I'll find my own thing.

ROWAN

I wouldn't fight it if I were you. Every person in the world wants to be in your shoes. Enjoy it.

BRANDON

You've got it easy.

Prince drinks more.

PRINCE

I really haven't. You're right about the whole world. But The whole world already thinks they know all about me, but no one does. Because of who my parents are, I'm a permanent outcast. How is that fair.

BRANDON

(puts an arm around Prince)
Well you've got us.

ROWAN

(puts an arm around Prince too)
And if that doesn't make you feel depressed, nothing will.

PRINCE

Lets get wasted.

Prince raises up an arm and instantly a waiter appears and places down another really expensive looking bottle of Champaign.

No other table is getting this kind of service. Prince really is, VIP.

4

INT. BAR - NIGHT

4

Much busier now there's a cue for drinks. A crowd all trying to get the attention of the barmen working.

Prince is here too, now standing up at the bar, with a hot girl beside him. He has to lean against the bar to keep himself upright.

He's so drunk he'd just collapse to the ground without having something to lean on.

PRINCE

(eyes rolling around)
Let me get you something to drink.

Hot girl gives him a quick once over, grunts, disgusted as this drunk mess is hitting on her.

HOT GIRL

(flashes bank card)
I'm ok, thanks. I've got my own.

Prince burps, fighting not to be sick.

The hot girl is now even more grossed out than she was just a second ago.

PRINCE

I think you're pretty hot, let me buy you a drink.

HOT GIRL

Yeah, thanks. But no thanks.

She turns her back to him. Tries harder to get the attention of any of the barman busily working.

Prince looks down at the floor, searching for what he can say.

PRINCE

(looks back up at her)

Do you know who I am. Why don't you put my name into your phone and see what comes up.

She glances over her shoulder.

HOT GIRL

What?

PRINCE

My name. That's all you'll need to type and you'll see.

HOT GIRL

What? Annoying drunk loser? If I type that your face will come up.

PRINCE

No, Prince Lykaios.

She laughs and smiles to herself. Alright, she'll play along.

HOT GIRL

OK. Lets see.

She does a internet search with his name. Her face changes instantly as news story after news story comes up. Worlds richest family. Worlds richest teenager. What next for the trust fund kid?

He really is famous.

She now looks at him in a totally different way. Forcing a smile, she puts her bank card away.

PRINCE
You find me?

HOT GIRL
(nods)
Well, how about that drink you were
going to get me?

Suddenly prince's phone starts vibrating in his pocket. He
takes it out. 'mom'.

He holds up a finger to the hot girl, just one second.

PRINCE
I've got to take this.

5 INT. PRINCE'S HOUSE - LIBRARY - NIGHT 5

Huge bookshelves line the four walls. Old, leather bound
books.

A roaring antic fireplace burns bright.

Tammy, on her phone paces up and down.

In the open doorway, a butler in white gloves waits,
patiently.

TAMMY
(gritted teeth)
Prince, pick up your phone.

6 INT. BAR - NIGHT 6

Prince now turns his back to the hot girl and presses to
accept the call. Bringing the phone to his ear.

TAMMY
(O.S)
Where are you? Why aren't you at
the show?

PRINCE
(burps, again has to fight
to stop himself from
being sick)
I'm just out with the guys.

TAMMY

(O.S)

You get your butt to that show right now. You're not old enough to be drinking all night.

PRINCE

It's fine.

TAMMY

(O.S)

You want to rot your insides before you're twenty five? You'll have plenty of time to ruin yourself when you're older. But right now, get yourself to that show. Or I will send people to pick you up and drag you there. This is for your future. Play along.

PRINCE

Mom it's ok. It's you and dad that they want there, not me.

TAMMY

(O.S)

Don't. Enough. No more acting like an idiot. Hang up the phone and go.

Prince hangs up the phone and looks up to the ceiling, silently mouthing, oh god why?

7

EXT. TOWN HALL - NIGHT

7

Security guards, flashing lights and velvet robes. A gathered crowd of reporters all taking flashing pictures.

Models, male and female make their way inside.

A high end fashion show is taking place tonight. The best and brightest that the city has to offer are all here.

A car pulls up and Prince clumsily climbs out of the back passenger door, still drunk.

All at once, all those gathered reporters turn to face him, all snapping his picture.

He's instantly recognized.

Prince holds out a hand and awkwardly waves at them, trying to pose normally but he's too drunk to process what's really going on.

Prince makes his way to the entrance, the large security guard holding onto the clipboard of names smiles at him.

GUARD
(an acknowledging nod)
Prince.

Prince holds out his hands, shrugs.

PRINCE
My parents got me the invite. I
tried to get out of it.

GUARD
I'm sure you'll have fun.

PRINCE
I don't think so. Can't say no to
my parents though.

The large security guard unclips the robe to allow Prince inside.

Before Prince even takes a single step forwards to enter, REBECCA, 17, appears as if out of no where.

She steps in front of him and tries to slip on in. Smooth. But not smooth enough.

The guard snaps out one of his massive arms and stops her from getting in.

GUARD
I'm sorry Miss. Invite only.

REBECCA
I'm not stupid. I know. I'm
invited. Why d you think I'm here.

The security guard gives a long hard look at her face, studying.

GUARD
Name?

She tries to get a look at his clipboard, the guard lifts it up and holds it against his chest.

REBECCA
Come on.

GUARD
Give me a name or you're not
getting in.

REBECCA

Rebecca?

GUARD

Rebecca what.

REBECCA

Rebecca smith.

GUARD

No.

Rebecca tries to force her way past him, but he's way too strong for her.

Other security guards come over, smelling trouble.

Rebecca tries to wrestle her way in, she's tough and she's not giving up.

But there's no way she's getting in this way.

Another security guard comes up behind Rebecca, lifts her up off the ground.

She's kicking her legs.

REBECCA

I'll take you all on.

Prince watches her, shaking his head.

PRINCE

What the hell. I hate it when women try and act like men.

She heard that. Shoots him a look, they make eye contact.

REBECCA

Got something to say?

Prince slips inside, ignoring her and disappearing as she continues to struggle against the ever growing number of security guards.

8

INT. TOWN HALL - EVENTS ROOM - NIGHT

8

Prince sits in the front row, slumped. He's fighting hard to keep his eyes open.

A fashion show, lots of flashing lights, loud music, glitz and glamour.

Beautiful men and women parade up and down a 'runway' in ridiculously bright and colorful clothes. Inspired by birds of paradise by the looks of it.

They're all carrying real fur coats. Some slung over an arm, others over their shoulders.

Rebecca suddenly appears at the end of the runway, armed with a can of red paint.

On her t-shirt, the words 'fur is murder' have been written.

Security guards are running towards her from all different directions.

Rebecca throw's the paint onto one of the fur coats, splashing the model who throw's the fur down to the ground and makes a run for it, screaming.

Rebecca holds up two fists into the air, victorious.

REBECCA

I'm here to fight for all the
innocent animals who were killed in
the name of fashion.

Inexplicably, Prince, with a rush of blood to the head leaps up and throw's himself at Rebecca.

He tackles her to the ground. Pinning her down, hands on her breasts without planning on it.

Photographers scrum all around him, flashing pictures.

Prince still drunk, finally comes to his senses. Realizes how it looks. Sees his hands on Rebecca's breasts and quickly pulls them away.

He knows how bad these pictures are going to look, grimacing.

REBECCA (CONT'D)

(groggy)
Get the hell off me. Hey, you want
to die?

She flips Prince off of her. The photographers still taking their pictures.

PRINCE

You're the one throwing paint!

Rebecca goes to say something back, but before she can get a word out the unit of security guards finally catch up to her and smother her to the ground.

9

INT. POLICE STATION - NIGHT

9

A POLICE RECEPTIONIST, 30, sits at his desk behind a thick plane of glass. Typing busily away on his computer keyboard.

Prince now looking a lot more sober stands on the other side of the glass, watching him.

POLICE RECEPTIONIST
Your Prince aren't you? Heir to the crown.

PRINCE
It's my parents business.

POLICE RECEPTIONIST
I've seen your pictures before.

PRINCE
People tell me I look much taller in the flesh than I look in pictures.

The police receptionist gives Prince a once over.

POLICE RECEPTIONIST
No. How I imagined really. So what's it like.

PRINCE
Like?

POLICE RECEPTIONIST
Being the son of the richest couple in the world.

PRINCE
Your parents give you your own money when you were growing up?

POLICE RECEPTIONIST
Nope.

PRINCE
Mine neither.

The police receptionist turns the monitor.

POLICE RECEPTIONIST
Her bail has been set at \$40,000.

Prince is taken aback.

PRINCE
What? For paint.

POLICE RECPETIONIST
She's lucky she didn't get charged
with domestic terrorism.

Prince reaches into his back pocket and removes his wallet.

PRINCE
\$40,000 it is. Not something I can
haggle on I guess?

POLICE RECPETIONIST
You guess right.

PRINCE
How I'm going to explain this
charge to my parents I've no idea.

POLICE RECPETIONIST
Well, when you do. Tell them my
house could do with a swimming
pool. So far, it doesn't have any.

10 EXT. CITY STREET - NIGHT

10

Prince tries to keep up with Rebecca as she power walks along
the city street. She's fast, trying to get away from him.

PRINCE
Let me walk you home.

She glances over her shoulder as she puts her hands into her
pockets.

REBECCA
(frowns)
Who the hell are you anyway.

Prince beams, smiling happy.

PRINCE
(laughs)
You don't know who I am.

REBECCA
Are you deaf, am I supposed to know
who you are.

PRINCE
Well it seems like everyone else
does.

REBECCA

Well I don't. Do you want to maybe
leave me alone?

PRINCE

I want to take you home.

REBECCA

Hey, asshole. I do kick boxing.
Unless you want to wake up in the
hospital with a few teeth missing
just leave me alone.

PRINCE

Do you talk to everyone like this?

REBECCA

No, just jerks who don't listen.

Prince catches up to her, now walking alongside.

PRINCE

I paid for your bail.

REBECCA

And?

Now a group of six animal rights protesters, carrying signs
all condemning wearing animal furs approach Prince and
Rebecca, crossing over the road.

Dyed hair, piercing, tattoos and hippy clothing.

Shoving and yelling at Prince. Surrounding him.

Prince freezes, holds up his hands.

PRINCE

What the hell?

A few of the protesters grab a hold of Prince, shaking him.

PROTESER

Why are you following our friend
for?

PROTESER 1

Are you the one who got her
arrested?

PROTESER 2

We should kick your ass.

Prince shakes, terrified.

PRINCE

No. I just wanted to get her home.
Please don't hurt me.

Rebecca steps in, pushing the protesters away. Getting them to let go of Prince.

REBECCA

Leave him alone. It's fine.
(to Prince)
Go home.

Prince nods, agreeing. The protesters all take a couple steps back away from him.

PRINCE

(to Rebecca)
Thanks.

He sees his chance, Prince makes a run for it. Sprinting away from Rebecca and the animal rights protesters.

11 INT. PRINCE'S HOUSE - PRINCE'S BEDROOM - DAY 11

A spoiled rich kid, Prince lays face down asleep in the middle of a four poster bed.

The bedroom is massive and filled with gadgets of all sorts.

A walk in closet and a floor to ceiling rack of expensive one of a kind sneakers.

Jim and Tammy enter the bedroom, Jim clutching a copy of a newspaper in his hand.

They both march determined across to the bed. Sharing a look between each other Tammy then gently reaches down and gently shakes Prince by the arm.

TAMMY

Hey, Prince.

Jim groans, moves Tammy out of the way.

JIM

We haven't got all morning.

Jim slaps Prince hard across the back of the head, instantly waking him up.

Prince sits up, sees them both in front of him.

PRINCE

What are you doing in my room?

Jim opens the newspaper up, showing a huge printed picture of Prince on top of Rebecca, hands placed onto her breasts.

JIM

In every newspaper, there is this picture. A whole host of stocks have already lost value. Do you have any idea how much this picture of you has cost us?

TAMMY

This is going to follow you around for the rest of your life.

Prince is still waking up, groggy and confused.

PRINCE

It's not what it looks like.

TAMMY

Oh no? Because it looks like you're attacking a helpless young girl.

JIM

We've got a cue of reporters from all around the world asking us to explain our sons actions.

PRINCE

It'll all be forgotten about in a couple of days.

Enraged, Tammy takes off both slippers and holds them ready in her hands.

TAMMY

Are you stupid.

She attacks him with the slippers, slapping him around the head with them.

He yells out in pain.

PRINCE

Mom.

She keeps the attack up. Prince leaps out of bed and Tammy chases him around the room. Slapping him with each chance she gets.

TAMMY

After all we've done for you.

PRINCE

The girl's ok. I got her out of jail.

TAMMY

I should put you in jail.

PRINCE

Mom!

Jim, folding his arms now sits down on the edge of the bed and watches. Loving this early morning entertainment.

12

EXT. PRINCE'S HOUSE - JIM'S STUDY - DAY

12

Jim sits at his desk, a large black leather chair. A bowl of sweets beside his computer.

He's answering emails, one after another. He's got about 1,000 unread messages and he's attempting to make his way through them.

Prince enters. Jim grabs a handful of the sweets, fills his mouth and gestures for Prince to sit.

Prince does.

Jim opens up one of the desk drawers and throw's a report at Prince who catches it.

JIM

Do you know what that is?

Prince looks, a report of his college classes. Prince is failing every single one.

PRINCE

My first term report.

JIM

Fail. Fail. Fail. Fail. And remember, you begged me and your mom to let you pick your classes. I didn't even want you going to college. A complete waste of time, that's what I said.

PRINCE

Yeah, I remember.

JIM

And you're failing. This whole idea was yours and you're failing.

Prince goes to grab some of the sweets himself, Jim slaps his hand away.

PRINCE

So you're making me leave?

JIM

(shrugs)

Not me. But the college wants to kick you out. So I brought them a new building. For science or whatever. A donation. More of my money going to waste. If you weren't my son you'd be kicked out.

Prince looks down again at the report, runs a finger over each F grade. There's a bunch of them.

PRINCE

Damn.

JIM

Myself and your mom always wanted you to take over the business one day. But as of right now, no way. I wouldn't trust you with a bowl of cold soup. You'd spill it all over yourself.

Prince keeps his head down.

PRINCE

Probably.

JIM

I'm not just going to hand over my life's work to you just because your my son.

Jim now returns to trying to answer his ever growing in number emails.

Prince gets up and moves out. Keeps his head down, he grips onto the report tightly, crumbling the paper up under his fingers.

13

INT. PRINCE'S HOUSE - PRINCE'S BEDROOM - DAY

13

Prince gets back into bed with a bowl of breakfast cereal in his hand. He reaches for the television remote and instantly starts channel hopping.

Can't seem to stay on any one channel for longer than a few seconds. And on his TV, there's hundreds of channels for him to choose from.

As he skips he stumbles across a news channel and its Rebecca.

Prince suddenly sits upright, eyes wide. Still holding onto his bowl of cereal in his right hand and the remote in his left.

PRINCE

No way.

He goes back, and it's Rebecca. She's being interviewed. He turns up the volume.

REBECCA

Yeah, I'm lucky. I didn't know who he was at first. But now I might sue.

The female interviewer with her reaches out and puts a reassuring hand onto girl's shoulder.

FEMALE INTERVIEWER

You poor thing.

PRINCE

(yelling)

Poor thing! I got her out of jail, where's my thanks?

FEMALE INTERVIEWER

From the pictures that we're seeing, it looks like a prolonged, unprovoked attack?

REBECCA

Yes, that's actually what it was. I was just there to see a fashion show and he attacked me. I think he was drunk.

PRINCE

You left out the part with the bucket of paint. Are you crazy?

FEMALE INTERVIEWER

Is there anything you'd like to say
to him?

Rebecca now pops open her shirt, underneath she's wearing a white t-shirt which has a hand drawn logo and title for her animal rights group.

Tries hard to get it on camera and keep it there for as long as she can.

REBECCA

Not really, I'd just like to mention animal relief action team and all the work we're doing to beat illegal animal testing and the continuing animal fur trade. Go onto our website to make donations...

Prince turns the television off.

PRINCE

This is outrageous and she's not going to get away with it.

As he then tries to leap out of his bed, he stumbles and spills his bowl of cereal all out across his bedroom floor.

On his hands and knees he stares down at the mess in front of him, he could cry.

PRINCE (CONT'D)

(closing his eyes)
Damn it.

14 EXT. HIGH STREET - DAY

14

Rows of shops on either side of the busy road. Rebecca walks with determined purpose.

Prince sees her, jumping up and down and waving his arms high above his head.

PRINCE

Hey. Over here. I need to talk to you.

She hears him, at first unsure where the noise is coming from.

PRINCE (CONT'D)

Hey. Behind you.

Rebecca turns around, sees Prince and comes to a sudden stop.
Prince now sprints over to her.

15 INT. RESTAURANT - DAY

15

Prince and Rebecca sit at a table together. Both looking over the menu as their server stands at the side of their table. Pen and notepad at the ready, waiting with a professional smile.

REBECCA
The vegetarian lasagna please.

The server makes a note.

Prince is still trying to make up his mind.

PRINCE
Well, lets see.

Rebecca kicks his leg underneath the table.

REBECCA
Hey, stop making the server wait just on you. She's got other tables too you know.

He grimaces in pain.

The server averts her gaze, awkward.

PRINCE
Hey. Don't kick me. That hurt. And I'm paying for this meal aren't I?

REBECCA
Are you sure you don't already own this restaurant.

PRINCE
I don't own anything.

REBECCA
Just order. Even a small child knows what food they like.

Prince holds up the menu, showing the server. He taps on the children's section.

PRINCE
Burger and fries please.

The server writes down his order and hurriedly moves away.

Rebecca saw where he ordered from, a deep frown.

REBECCA

Did you really just order from the children's menu?

PRINCE

The adult one is always too big. I feel bad for wasting food, so I try not too.

She smiles, impressed. But then resumes her frowning.

REBECCA

Why did you pay my bail?

He shakes his head and wags a finger in her face.

PRINCE

No, first you tell me why you gave that interview saying that I attacked you.

She grabs a hold of his wagging finger and bends it until he lets out a scream.

REBECCA

You did.

She lets him go and Prince holds his hurt finger to his chest, whimpering.

PRINCE

I didn't.

REBECCA

You tackled me to the floor. There's like a hundred witnesses.

PRINCE

I was just trying to stop you. Not attack you.

REBECCA

You did it after I threw the paint, therefore it was an attack. And that news reporter came and found me. The interview was her idea, not mine. I said no, but she kept on asking. So I thought I'd just take advantage of it. Spread the message.

He thinks this over, can't really argue.

PRINCE

OK.

REBECCA

Good enough?

He nods.

PRINCE

I'm sorry if I hurt you.

She laughs. Clenches her fist and does a mock throw which Prince flinches from.

REBECCA

You hurt me. Don't think so.

PRINCE

Anyone would think you were a gangster.

She turns away from him, looking around the restaurant.

REBECCA

Get me a drink too, I'm thirsty.

CUT TO:

16

INT. RESTAURANT - DAY

16

Their food arrives, prince's plate looks like just what it is, perfect for a child.

Rebecca brings her plate of adult food closer to her, she eyes prince's meal with a look of disgust.

They both take hold of their cutlery in unison and tuck hungrily in.

PRINCE

So you're like a hardcore animal rights protestor? And all those guys from the other night. They're all members too.

REBECCA

You've got that right.

He shakes his head and smirks to himself.

PRINCE

Wow.

She sees that he's shared a private little joke with himself. And she doesn't like it.

REBECCA

What is it? Got something on your mind.

PRINCE

It's nothing.

She reaches over and grabs a hold of his shirt, shakes it.

REBECCA

Hey. Tell me. I can slap it out of you if you like.

Other people at tables near by look over at the developing scene.

Prince, self-conscious reaches up and gently removes Rebecca's gripped hand free from him.

PRINCE

Alright, what I was thinking doesn't really work now you've threatened me.

REBECCA

I don't like being laughed at.

PRINCE

Well, what I was going to say...

She hits a hand down against the edge of the table. The loud bang causes even more people inside the restaurant to look over at them.

REBECCA

Just spit it out already.

PRINCE

I don't understand why a girl as pretty as you is involved in a protest group like this.

She puts down her cutlery, pushes her plate away from her and stands up.

REBECCA

Wow.

PRINCE
What's wrong?

REBECCA
We're just two very different
people you and I.

PRINCE
Why are you angry?

REBECCA
I think your problem is you just
judge people on their appearance
and nothing more. And that's sad.

He stands up with her, places a hand to his chest, pleading.

PRINCE
No, I hate that. That's everyone
else's problem with me. They
recognize me and they've already
made up their minds.

REBECCA
But that's just what you've done
with me.

Prince takes out his wallet and places down some cash onto
the table, easily enough to cover the bill and a nice tip.

PRINCE
I'm sorry. It was a dumb question
and I worded it wrong and badly.
I've just never met anyone like you
before.

REBECCA
(she shrugs)
And it's the same for me. You're a
first too.

17 EXT. CITY STREET - DAY

17

Prince and Rebecca walk along together, a slow stroll.

REBECCA
I want to pay you back for the bail
money.

PRINCE
No, it's fine.

REBECCA
Will you just let me do this?

PRINCE
No.

REBECCA
You want to fight about it.

PRINCE
No, not really.

REBECCA
Then let me do it. I don't feel
right about taking your money. And
I won't ever be able to stop
thinking about it until I've given
it back.

PRINCE
Well, if it were my money I'd want
you to pay me back too. But it's
not my money. It's my parents. And
as I'm sure you're aware of by now.
They've got a lot of it.

REBECCA
Are they really the richest people
in the world?

He shakes his head.

PRINCE
No. Corrupt politicians all over
the world are the richest. They
just don't talk about it.

REBECCA
But you're parents are officially
top of the rich list?

He nods.

PRINCE
So don't feel bad my parents won't
even miss it. It's like nothing to
them.

Rebecca shakes her head, sad.

REBECCA
My parents have always been poor.

PRINCE

I've never known anything else. I guess I really don't understand money at all.

Rebecca comes to a sudden stop. She watches as an older GUY, 20 with a younger girl, 16, remove the wrappers of their fast food burgers and simply drop them onto the ground.

Prince takes a couple more steps forwards but then he too stops when he realizes Rebecca has.

Rebecca continues to stare at the two litterers. She yells across at them.

REBECCA

Hey. You want to pick up your litter. Disgusting. You should both be ashamed of yourselves.

The older guy and young girl are stunned.

PRINCE

Let it go.

Rebecca doesn't. She marches right up to the two offenders.

First grabs the older guy, bends his arm up and behind his back.

OLDER

What the hell are you doing.

Rebecca pushes his arm up, causes him considerable pain. He stops trying to resist.

REBECCA

Pick it up.

OLDER GUY

(grimacing)

Alright.

The older guy picks up his litter and stuffs it into his pocket.

Rebecca then turns to the younger girl. Waves a clenched fist in front of her face.

REBECCA

And what about you?

Without any further hesitation the younger girl too picks up her litter and stuffs it into her back pocket.

OLDER GUY

Freak.

REBECCA

This is your city too. Why would you want it looking like a dump? Don't you flush the toilet after using it or do you just allow it to pile up?

The older guy now grabs the girl he's with and leads her away.

Rebecca with hands on hips watches them go.

Prince comes on over to her, taking her gently by the shoulders. She swipes her hair out and away from in front of her face.

PRINCE

Deep breaths.

REBECCA

People just throwing things on the ground like its going to magically take care of itself. Makes me so angry.

PRINCE

I can see that.

REBECCA

You think I'm wrong?

PRINCE

No, I just don't know anyone else who would do what you do. Myself included.

REBECCA

If I see something wrong, I have to do something. I don't know what it is.

He laughs, guides her along. They continue walking.

PRINCE

But sometimes its about picking the right tactic, you don't have to be a bulldozer each time?

REBECCA

Then what vehicle should I be like?

PRINCE
Like a nice quiet bike?

She shrugs his hands from her shoulders.

REBECCA
But what are you going to move out
of the way of, a bulldozer or a
nice quiet bike?

He lets out a riotous laugh.

PRINCE
You're unreal.

18 INT. CITY PARK - DAY

18

Rebecca and Prince walk towards the lake following the winding footpath.

Waiting for them are the older guy and the younger girl. And with them, two uniformed male police officers.

Rebecca and Prince once smiling, aren't any longer as they see the older guy and young girl both gesturing to Rebecca, angrily complaining to the two police officers.

Rebecca and Prince now come to a stop.

REBECCA
What the hell?

PRINCE
Just talk to them. Nicely.

The two police officers approach, they each hold out a hand to Rebecca.

POLICE OFFICER
Just stay right where you are.

REBECCA
(explodes)
You just try and arrest me I dare
you. Those bastards were littering.
I was doing your jobs for you.

The police officers leap into action, putting Rebecca into handcuffs, arresting her and leading her away.

The couple she yelled at watch on, smugly.

Prince pleads with the officers.

PRINCE
 (hands together in prayer)
 You don't understand, she did
 nothing wrong this time.

POLICE OFFICER
 (cocks an eyebrow)
 This time?

As the police lead Rebecca out of the park Prince keeps
 alongside them.

Rebecca breaks down in tears, looks across at Prince,
 pleading for help with wet eyes.

REBECCA
 I can't believe I'm getting
 arrested again.

The second arresting police officer now cocks his eyebrow
 just like the first.

POLICE OFFICER 2
 Again?

19 INT. POLICE STATION - DAY

19

Prince is back at the reception desk, leaning against the
 reinforced glass.

It's the same police receptionist as before. Busily typing
 away on his keyboard he then takes a break. Flicks his eyes
 up at Prince and grins.

POLICE RECPETIONIST
 Back so soon.

Prince reaches into his back pocket and removes his wallet.

PRINCE
 How much is it this time?

The police receptionist lifts up and slides out a card
 machine for Prince to use.

POLICE RECPETIONIST
 Not as much as last time. Think of
 it as making a saving.

PRINCE
 A discount for repeat business.

POLICE RECEPTIONIST

(smiling)

She's lucky to have a friend like
you.

Prince chuckles to himself as he inserts his bank card.

20

INT. POLICE STATION - WAITING ROOM - DAY

20

A small windowless room with incredibly bright lights. A row of hard bright blue plastic chairs.

Prince and Rebecca sit together. Rebecca has a thick woolen hospital blanket draped over her shoulders. She's stopped now, but she looks like she's been crying for hours.

Prince hands her a cup of coffee from a vending machine. Looks like black sludge.

She sniffs at it and recoils but keeps the cup in-between her hands for the warmth.

REBECCA

I don't want to get in trouble,
really I don't.

PRINCE

Then you've got to learn to let
things go.

REBECCA

Maybe your right. But when I was
just a little girl I visited a
farm. And on this farm....

PRINCE

(grinning stupidly)

There was some pigs, E-I-E-I-O.

REBECCA

(scowls)

No, battery chickens. Hundreds of
these poor things crammed into a
tiny space where they couldn't even
stand. You can still buy eggs from
places like this. I want to help
animals. And I'm not going to stop.
The police should be on my side.
They should be with us.

PRINCE

But that's not why you're here this
time is it?

She nods, lets out a long deep breath.

REBECCA

I'm so tired. Stressed. My back hurts. I feel awful.

PRINCE

Do you trust me.

She looks at him long and hard, really thinking this question over.

REBECCA

Well I already owe you more than both my parents combined earn in a year. So I guess I do.

21 EXT. PRINCE'S HOUSE - HOT TUB - DAY

21

In the wide sprawling back garden there's a patio area and a huge hot tub, large enough for a whole party of people.

Rebecca lounges in the hot tub alone, eyes half open in pure relaxation.

Prince stands at the side, leaning against the rim of the hot tub.

PRINCE

Nice?

Rebecca waves a hand at him.

REBECCA

You're so lucky.

PRINCE

Good idea of mine right?

REBECCA

Sure. Now get me something to drink. And read. I'll whistle for you when I'm done.

He rolls his eyes then gives her a military salute.

PRINCE

Yes captain.

He then takes a moment to ogle her body, dressed in a bikini her shapely breast poking up above the water line.

She catches him looking.

REBECCA

Hey. Where you looking? Have you
got a death wish?

He blushes bright red, turns his back on her sharpish,
another military salute.

PRINCE

No ma'am.

He marches off.

She smiles as she watches him go.

22 INT. COLLEGE - PRINCE'S CLASS - DAY

22

Prince sits towards the back of the traditional classroom of
around twenty other wealthy looking students.

The teacher with his back to the class is busy writing up
scribbled notes onto a huge whiteboard.

A business studies class. Profit and investments.

Whilst the other students type down notes onto their laptops
and tablets Prince rests his chin on his hand and is
struggling hard to stay awake.

Suddenly the door to the classroom swings open, and there
standing in the doorway is Rebecca.

She waves at Prince. He sees her and his eyes snap open wide,
fully awake.

He shakes his head and attempts to shoo her away.

The teacher now sees her.

TEACHER

Excuse me, may I help you?

She points at Prince.

REBECCA

I'm a police officer And that young
boy over there is a suspect in a
double murder. He needs to come
with me now.

The teacher is stunned. All the other students now stare open
mouthed in astonishment.

PRINCE
No, that's not true.

Rebecca enters the classroom, kicks out at prince's table.

REBECCA
We've got ten heavily armed
officers waiting outside. Come
peacefully or I can call them in.

The teacher and other students begin to back away from Prince
out of pure fear.

Prince stands up.

PRINCE
She's not a cop. Although I have
had to go to the police station
twice for her.

Now this sounds like an admittance of guilt to some of the
other students around him, who now gasp.

TEACHER
I think it's best if you go with
her.

Rebecca grabs a hold of prince's right arm, bends it and
pushes it up against his back. Like she's actually arresting
him.

REBECCA
Come on, lets go.

PRINCE
No, this isn't right.

Rebecca pushes on his arm, causes Prince to yelp out in pain.

REBECCA
Stop struggling.

PRINCE
Somebodies got to help me.

Rebecca marches Prince out of the classroom. He looks around
for help, but he's not going to receive any from any of the
people here.

Rebecca leads the way with Prince racing to catch up with
her, marching across the college grounds.

PRINCE

Are you trying to ruin my life. I'm too famous for you to say things like that.

She slows down, allowing him to catch up with her.

REBECCA

(smiling)

Famous?

PRINCE

There's a good chance what you've just said in there is already being reported on the news. Anything I say or do around here gets reported.

REBECCA

Is that true?

PRINCE

Richest kid in the world? That's me.

(shakes his head)

How the hell have you never heard of me?

REBECCA

I just haven't.

He smiles, genuinely pleased. But then remembers why he's now outside and frowns.

PRINCE

Well what the hell was that stunt back there anyway?

REBECCA

I wanted to show you I'm more than a criminal. We've spent more time together at the police station than anywhere else.

PRINCE

True.

REBECCA

It's not who I am. Really it's not. I want to show you as much. If you went back in time and told the ten year old version of me that I'd have a criminal record I think she'd break down crying.

PRINCE

You might just need my parents lawyers. They break laws all the time. All over the world. Paying taxes wrong, illegal trade moves. Weapons selling. All kinds of stuff. But according to the records, we're the best behaved family you could ever find.

Rebecca now stops. She sees a group of young teenagers smiling and drinking. She frowns, furious.

She points them out to Prince.

REBECCA

Does that not make you angry?

He shrugs.

PRINCE

Not really. But I know it makes you angry.

REBECCA

Are you going to do something?

PRINCE

Are you going to get yourself arrested again?

REBECCA

Maybe if you don't help me I will.

She lets out of long deep breath, she honestly just can't stop herself.

PRINCE

Rebecca.

She heads over to the smoking and drinking group of teen boys.

REBECCA

Hey. Dumb asses. You know how bad smoking is for you? Show me some I.D. How old are you? Just children. Put those cigarettes out and pour those drinks out before I beat you all half to death.

Prince comes over, joining her. He takes the cigarettes out of the shocked and startled teens mouths and takes their alcohol from them too.

He stamps down his feet in front of them. Throwing cash at them he takes out from his wallet.

PRINCE
(yelling)
Get out of here! Get out of here
now!

The teens gather up the thrown money and move away, totally confused.

Rebecca grabs a hold of Prince and shakes him.

REBECCA
What did you do that for?

PRINCE
You were only going to get yourself
arrested. Again.

REBECCA
Throwing money away?

PRINCE
Paying your bail is throwing money
away. What I just gave to them is
hardly anything.

She smiles warmly at him.

REBECCA
And don't you feel good? Maybe what
we've just done here will have put
them off smoking for the rest of
their lives.

PRINCE
I don't feel good at all.

He grabs a hold of her arm and forces her to continue walking along with him.

She throws her hands up high in celebration.

REBECCA
(beaming)
Well I feel great. We've just done
something positive. Enjoy the
feeling.

PRINCE
No thank you.

24

INT. CITY STREET - BENCH - DAY

24

Rebecca sits on a wooden bench on a busy city street. She watches as Prince returns with two small pots of ice cream.

Gives her one and sits down beside her.

REBECCA

I haven't always been like this?

PRINCE

No?

REBECCA

I used to see bad things and just ignore them.

PRINCE

Like me?

REBECCA

Worse.

PRINCE

Worse?

REBECCA

I was seeing a guy. He was my boyfriend. He was cheating on me. I knew he was cheating on me. I saw him cheating on me. But for four months I did nothing. I said nothing. He stay being my boyfriend and then one day he said he was leaving me.

PRINCE

That sucks.

REBECCA

I was a coward.

PRINCE

No, don't say that about yourself.

REBECCA

It's true. I didn't want to upset anyone or cause a scene. I knew something bad was happening but I was too much of a coward to do anything about it. Afterwards, I promised myself if I saw something wrong I'd call it out. And do something about it.

(MORE)

REBECCA (CONT'D)
I'm not going to ignore bad things
going on around me anymore.

PRINCE
Well, you've certainly lived up to
that promise.

REBECCA
You know the worst thing?

Prince takes a big mouthful of his ice cream and shakes his
head.

PRINCE
(mouthful of food)
No?

She looks off into the near distance, thinking back to her
past, it's giving her a heavy heart.

REBECCA
I'm still not over him. Even after
everything he did.

PRINCE
I wish I could relate, but I can't.

REBECCA
(smirks)
You've never had a boyfriend?

He laughs.

PRINCE
No. Never had a proper girlfriend
either.

REBECCA
I thought you were famous?

PRINCE
Every girl I've been on a date with
has been more interested in my
parents than me. I'm only famous
because they're famous. Most people
only want to get to know me to get
to know them.

REBECCA
Most people?

PRINCE
Not you. You're different.

REBECCA

Do you think I'm weak.

PRINCE

Are you crazy? You're the strongest most determined person I've ever met.

They smile at each other, staring into each others eyes. Eating their ice cream together, they share a tender moment.

They wouldn't dare admit it here and now, but they're beginning to really like each other.

25 EXT. WEARHOUSE - DAY

25

An old abandoned warehouse that has hand made banners hanging above its entrance.

'All animals liberation from cruelty movement'.

On the outskirts of the city, the wearhouse doesn't look like it's been used for anything other than squatting for years.

A very nervous looking Prince slowly approaches. Sees members from the animal rights gang from the other night hanging outside.

PRINCE

(smiling and waving)

Hi. Do you remember me?

MATT, 60, covered in tattoos steps forwards.

MATT

Yeah, I remember you. The guy who was hassling.

Prince holds up his hands.

PRINCE

(stuttering)

No hassling.

MATT

Why are you here?

Prince shrugs, looking around him laughing. That's a good question.

PRINCE

I wanted to get to know Rebecca more. To understand her.

(MORE)

PRINCE (CONT'D)
And I thought speaking to some of
you might be the answer.

Matt smirks to himself, sniffing out an opportunity.

MATT
You want to understand her?

PRINCE
Yeah?

Matt throws a heavy backpack at Prince. Prince catches it,
groans. Almost dropping it.

MATT
Then you can come with us. Rebecca
was supposed to join us but
cancelled. So you can take her
place.

PRINCE
(puts the backpack on)
What the hell have you got in this
thing? Bricks?

MATT
Paint.

Prince's face falls, what on earth is he getting himself
caught up in?

26 INT. CLOTHING WEARHOUSE - NIGHT

26

Rows and rows of expensive furs and real leather clothing
items and fashionable accessories fill the small square
warehouse.

Glass breaks and light from several bright flashlights fill
the space.

Matt is the first to enter. Followed next by Prince. Then a
small army of other animal rights activists.

Matt gestures for Prince to turn around.

MATT
Quickly.

Prince does as he's asked, still carrying the full backpack.

Matt unzips it, filled with red colored spray-paint cans.

Matt then hands them out, one each. Gives the final one to Prince.

PRINCE

Now what?

Matt grins excited.

MATT

We make these things worthless. We do this until animals skins used in wasteful fashion is no more.

Prince now smiles excited. Everyone gets busy. Painting the red paint onto all the things in here. Ruining every last piece.

Even Prince gets involved, and he's having great fun. Has never done anything like this before and probably will never do anything like it again.

Suddenly an alarm goes off. Flashing lights and sirens screaming. They all stop, caught up in a moment of panic.

PRINCE

(to Matt)

What do we do?

MATT

(shouting)

Run.

At these words everyone bolts for the exit. Though the plan and the damage has been done.

27 EXT. CLOTHING WEARHOUSE - NIGHT

27

As Matt, Prince and the others come pouring out from the side door of the clean, tidy and modern clothing wearhouse. The police, in large gathered numbers are here too.

Waiting for them. They're all arrested. Only a super fast sprinting Matt manages to escape.

Though two police cars with their sirens screaming chase after him.

Prince is not so lucky. Grabbed a hold of by two police officers they quickly put him into handcuffs.

Defeated, Prince doesn't speak and doesn't resist.

He's led quietly away and watches as all those other animal rights activists resist and fight but are all quickly put into handcuffs of their own.

28

EXT. POLICE STATION - DAY

28

Prince walks wearily out from the police stations entrance. Rebecca is waiting for him. Hands on her hips and smiling.

He stops in front of her.

PRINCE

I don't recommend that place.

REBECCA

Oh yeah, I know what it's like.

PRINCE

You never had to spend the night in there. Worst nights sleep I ever had.

REBECCA

You get a phone call. You could and should have called your parents.

PRINCE

Are you kidding? If they find out about this they'll hire a lawyer to put me away in jail. That's how mad they're going to be.

REBECCA

So you called me?

PRINCE

And you didn't turn up until the morning?

REBECCA

You called me late. No trains or buses. You woke me up, and I hate being woken up in the middle of the night. But, not much I can do if I don't have a car?

PRINCE

Well thanks for coming in the end.

REBECCA

Hey, you didn't think I'd just leave you here did you?

PRINCE

No, but how much did it cost? Was it more than yours at least?

She smiles shy, blushing a little. She takes out HIS wallet from her back pocket, slaps it down against the top of his head.

REBECCA

I don't know. I just handed over your card. I didn't ask.

He snatches his wallet from her, inspecting that it really is his.

PRINCE

My card?

REBECCA

Hey, you want to go back in jail? Call your parents this time?

He waves the wallet in front of her face.

PRINCE

How did you get this?

She slaps his hand away.

REBECCA

How do you think? You went out playing breaking and entering, criminal damage. How can you be so stupid?

PRINCE

I took your place.

REBECCA

You stupid.

PRINCE

How did you get my wallet?

REBECCA

The guy you were with? Matt? The old guy. You followed him around all night. Well he makes his money from being a pickpocket.

PRINCE

Are all your friends criminals?

She points at the police station behind him.

REBECCA

Says the guy who just spent the night in there?

PRINCE

Unbelievable.

REBECCA

He wanted to see some ID. Check out who you really were. He didn't have to give me this wallet back.

PRINCE

And why did he?

REBECCA

I threatened to break his nose if he didn't.

Prince laughs.

PRINCE

So you used all your charms.

She frowns, punches Prince in the arm.

REBECCA

Why were you even with those guys last night? Checking up on me?

PRINCE

A little.

She slaps him across the top of his head.

REBECCA

Well don't. If you want to know ask me. Don't be so stupid. Breaking into that place? What the hell did you think was going to happen. Why did you think I didn't go along?

PRINCE

Why are you angry with me?

REBECCA

Because I thought you were smart.
(hits him in the arm
again)
I've got high hopes for you.

She now turns and walks away.

PRINCE

What's that supposed to me?

She keeps going, speeds up.

REBECCA

Come on.

PRINCE

Where are you going?

REBECCA

Food, you've got to be hungry?

With a big excited smile Prince chases after her.

29 INT. PRINCE'S HOUSE - HALLWAY - NIGHT

29

The front door very slowly opens into the grand hallway. A huge chandelier hanging down from the ceiling.

Prince sneaks in, doesn't turn on any of the lights and carries his shoes in his hands.

Closing the front door again behind him, slowly and with great effort he locks it. Desperate not to make any noise at all.

On tiptoes he creeps along. His face all of a grimace. In stealth mode, his mission is simple. Don't wake up the parents.

30 INT. PRINCE'S HOUSE - PRINCE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

30

Prince sneaks into his bedroom, very slowly pushing open his bedroom door. Closing it just as slowly behind him he breathes a sigh of relief when it clicks closed.

He flicks on the light, thinking the coast is clear.

Prince then screams at the top of his lungs as he sees Jim and Tammy both sitting on the edge of his bed.

Couldn't see them in the dark, but now with the light on there they sit. How long they'd been waiting in the darkness, who knows.

PRINCE

Mom, dad. What are you doing in my room?

Jim and Tammy share a look.

JIM
(to Tammy)
Do you want to go first or shall I?

Tammy gestures to Jim.

TAMMY
No please, you go ahead.

JIM
(to Prince)
You're missing school and now
you're stay out all night? Is that
it? When I come home from work I
want to relax, not be forced to
worry about you.

TAMMY
Not worry about you throwing your
life away. You're so brilliant and
so smart. What are you doing? You
could become a world leader if you
wanted. But instead you're becoming
a punchline for bad newspapers.

PRINCE
I can explain everything.

Jim puts on a pair of reading glasses then holds out his
mobile phone in front of him.

JIM
(reading)
And the last three purchases made
on your credit card. The one we
gave you. I've got them all here.

TAMMY
An unlimited credit card for
emergency or necessities only.

Jim turns his phone around and shows it to Prince.

JIM
Three payments in the last two days
all made to the bail department at
the police station. The last one,
this morning.

TAMMY
Lets hear it then?

PRINCE

Now that one, I don't really want
to explain.

Prince reopens his bedroom door and makes his escape,
fleeing.

Jim and Tammy leap up from the bed. Both armed with weapons.
Jim with his belt and Tammy with a thick wooden spoon.

They give chase.

JIM

Do you have any idea the value
we'll lose if you go to prison?

TAMMY

No matter how long they give you,
ten years, a hundred years I'll
still be waiting outside the prison
gates to beat your ass.

31 INT. CAFE - DAY

31

A trendy youth center cafe, bright colors all around them.
Rebecca and Prince sit at a circular table tucked away in the
corner.

Coffee and cake. Rebecca finishes off the last little pieces
of her cake then steals Prince's cake right from under his
nose.

PRINCE

Hey.

REBECCA

You eat too slowly.

He picks up his cup of coffee and holds onto it tightly with
both hands, doesn't want her stealing this too.

PRINCE

Well, maybe you eat too quickly.

With a mouthful of food she wants him to shut up.

REBECCA

It's my birthday coming up.

PRINCE

Coming up?

REBECCA

Tomorrow.

PRINCE

What? You should have told me.

REBECCA

I am telling you.

PRINCE

Well?

REBECCA

Well, what?

PRINCE

Do you want to do something. It's important to celebrate your birthday. I really believe that, no matter how old you are.

REBECCA

I had big plans with my ex, but he's not around anymore.

PRINCE

So, let me pick up the plan and do something for you.

REBECCA

What like, more breaking and entering?

PRINCE

Nothing like that.

REBECCA

Together we spend way too much time in jail.

He clinks his coffee cup against hers.

PRINCE

No jail, promise. I'll pick you up and blow you away with an amazing surprise.

She eyes up his cup.

REBECCA

You ordered different from me.

PRINCE

Yeah, mines nice.

REBECCA
Let me try.

PRINCE
Why?

She eyes him up, unimpressed.

REBECCA
(shouting)
Hey, let me try.

Reluctantly he hands over his drink to her. She gulps it down in huge big gulping mouthfuls. Like it's a chugging competition.

Finished, she licks her lips and hands it back to him.

Prince looks down inside the empty cup.

PRINCE
All of it?

She nods, approves of his choice.

REBECCA
Lovely.

PRINCE
Was it nice? I wouldn't know.

She now finishes off the last bits of his cake too. Rebecca gives him a thumbs up.

32 EXT. BEACH - NIGHT

32

Prince leads Rebecca towards a set up picnic, cute. Food and drinks laid out on top of a blanket. Lit candles in a circle all around it.

Prince gets her to sit down. Pours her a glass of champagne.

PRINCE
Get yourself comfortable.

She looks around at all he's set up for her.

REBECCA
(nodding)
This is OK. Yeah, you've done good.

He backs away, leaving her behind.

PRINCE
Just stay right there.

REBECCA
Where the hell are you going?

PRINCE
Stay. Sit.

REBECCA
Am I your dog? Are you going to ask
me to roll over next?

PRINCE
Just sit tight.

REBECCA
You're leaving me on my own? Is
this a prank?

He turns and runs off. Rebecca watches him go, stunned.

33 EXT. BEACH - CAR PARK - NIGHT

33

The car park is beside the beach. Can still see the sand and hear the ocean waves.

The car park is almost empty, just a couple of parked up cars.

Prince meets up with Brandon and Rowan. They're waiting with a duffel bag full of fireworks. Brandon gestures down to them, showing them off to Prince.

Prince greets them both with a cool handshake and hugging embrace.

PRINCE
Glad you guys could make it.

Rowan gestures down to the bag.

ROWAN
We've got enough here to make a
giant hole in the sand if that's
what you think will impress her?

PRINCE
No.
(points up)
Aim them up.

BRANDON
Whatever is left of that picnic
I've get first go at. Deal?

PRINCE
Sure.

ROWAN
You give us the signal and then we
start blowing shit up.

Prince takes out two walkie talkies. He keeps hold of one,
giving the other to Brandon.

PRINCE
I think it's better if you're in
charge of setting them off.

Brandon takes the walkie talkie, testing, turning it off and
on.

BRANDON
I think that's smart.

PRINCE
Keep yourself hidden.

ROWAN
Easy.

PRINCE
When I radio in, you set them off.
And up into the air, please.

BRANDON
(to Rowan)
Lets set them up.

Brandon and Rowan each take hold of the bag and together lift
it up.

Prince beams with pride.

PRINCE
I owe you both.

Brandon and Rowan share a look before they both break out
into over the top laughter.

BRANDON
No way.

ROWAN
We owe you like, a million
different things.

BRANDON
You forget you're a really nice
guy.

ROWAN
Now go back to your girlfriend and
let me play with some explosives.

PRINCE
She's not my girlfriend.

Brandon pushes Prince.

BRANDON
Go on.

Prince turns and runs back towards the beach.

Brandon and Rowan follow slowly behind him, carrying the
heavy bag between them.

34 EXT. BEACH - NIGHT

34

Prince sits down on the blanket with Rebecca, the food has
been eaten and the champagne bottle is empty. They've each
got a glass of what was left of the champagne in hand.

They clink their glasses together.

PRINCE
One more surprise.

REBECCA
This has been pretty perfect so
far.

He points up towards the full moon.

PRINCE
Look up towards the sky.

Rebecca looks out towards the ocean, but instead of looking
up towards the moon she sees something in the water and
heading towards the beach.

REBECCA
Wait a minute.

Prince turns on his walkie talkie.

PRINCE
(to Brandon)
Now.

Fireworks are set off one by one and explode in the night sky.

Prince smiles with childish joy.

Rebecca slowly stands up. Sees a dinghy with seven Men, women and a few CHILDREN inside it. Desperate looking, tired, dirty, sun burnt and their lips cracked.

REBECCA
There's people in the water.

Prince now sees them, he lowers his walkie talkie and comes next to Rebecca.

PRINCE
Oh my god.

She turns to him.

REBECCA
(worried)
This isn't a part of my surprise is it?

PRINCE
No way.

REBECCA
Because if it is, it's working. I never expected this.

The small rubber dinghy crashes onto the sand and the disheveled group starts to get out of the boat. Weak, tired and hungry it's not as easy climbing out onto dry land as you might think.

Then, flashing blue and white police lights appear in the night sky along with the fireworks that continue to be set off.

A police car drives along the beach, charging towards the boat.

Rebecca and Prince see them.

PRINCE
This isn't good.

REBECCA
They need help.

Prince runs down towards the boat and starts to help the people to climb out. Prince lifts the small children out and places them down onto the sand.

Rebecca races after Prince but watches on from the side.

REBECCA (CONT'D)
Prince, what are you doing?

PRINCE
I know you always want to do the right thing, well so do I.

She points at the police car that now parks up on the beach, only a few meters behind them.

REBECCA
The police. You can't get arrested again.

PRINCE
And neither can you.

All four doors to the police car open and a small unit of boarder police officers climb out. All big men, handcuffs already out and at the ready.

REBECCA
Prince, get out of here.

PRINCE
Maybe I want to try making the world a better place too.

REBECCA
Have you gone crazy? How are you going to explain to your parents if you end up in jail again?

PRINCE
Well that's the trick isn't it.

REBECCA
What?

PRINCE
Lets not get arrested.

He brings the walkie talkie back up to his lips.

REBECCA

Well whatever you're going to do,
do it quick.

The unit of police officers are closing in on them.

35

EXT. BEACH - HIDING PLACE - DAY

35

Behind a row of thick bushes a little further away along the beach Brandon and Rowan have more fireworks set up and ready to launch. All they have to do is light the fuses.

Brandon looks down at his walkie talkie.

BRANDON

Are you sure?

PRINCE

(O.S)

Yes. Do it now!

Rowan leaps up and claps his hands together in celebration, then starts to aim the rest of the fireworks. Much lower down. Aiming them right at the police officers.

ROWAN

Lets do this.

BRANDON

I don't know. We might have to run
away?

ROWAN

Most definitely.

BRANDON

I don't think my ankles will hold
with me running across all this
sticky sand.

Rowan starts to light as many fireworks as he can. Aimed at the police officers they shoot out and blow up close to them.

ROWAN

Less talk more fire.

Brandon reluctantly joins in and aims and lights the fireworks.

Rowan can't contain his happiness, giddy. He's in his element, got a real skill with fireworks.

36 EXT. BEACH - DAY

36

Prince gets the rest of the people out from the boat with Rebecca now joining in as well.

Behind them the police are forced to deal with the fireworks that are landing and blowing up harmlessly around by their feet.

Distracted and unable to see Prince and Rebecca because of the bright flashing lights of the fireworks the unit of police officers return to their car and take cover.

The fireworks now landing on top of their vehicle, not doing any damage. But performing the task of distraction brilliantly.

None of the police officers are hurt but the boat they were hunting is now empty.

As the fireworks display slowly comes to an end the beach in front of them is empty. No sign that anyone was ever here.

37 EXT. BEACH - CAR PARK - NIGHT

37

The family from the boat wave and blow kisses at Prince and Rebecca as they make their escape heading towards the nearby town.

Prince and Rebecca watch them go, waving back at them, smiling.

PRINCE

I don't think there's much we can do now?

REBECCA

You saved them.

PRINCE

I didn't do it on my own.

She hits him playfully on the arm.

REBECCA

You could have got into serious trouble.

He does the same kind of soft playful hit on her arm in return.

PRINCE

Would you have preferred that we did nothing. They'd still be in that boat if we just sat there.

REBECCA

You didn't just do that for me did you?

He shakes his head.

PRINCE

I'm not quite sure what we've done to be honest. But they looked like a family in trouble. And I feel good for helping them.

She smiles.

REBECCA

Well, I'm going to take credit for your new found altruism.

PRINCE

What does that word mean?

She's shocked.

REBECCA

You're kidding? You go to a private school that probably cost fifty thousand a year.

PRINCE

More.

REBECCA

My school was free. You should be teaching me words.

PRINCE

What like. Friendship. Patience. Sweetness. Loveliness.

REBECCA

Pain in the ass-ness.

PRINCE

Now that's not a word.

They look deeply into each others eyes, sharing this moment. Smiling warmly. They edge ever closer.

Is this going to be their first ever kiss?

Brandon and Rowan then come staggering onto the car park. Both still carrying the bag of fireworks, though there's only a couple left between them.

BRANDON

Yo. The cops. I can't run for much longer.

Rowan reaches into his pocket and throws his car keys at Prince.

Prince catches them, as he and Rebecca make a conscience effort to back away from one another. They certainly don't want their first kiss to be in front of these two idiots.

ROWAN

(points at Rebecca)
Heard all about you.

REBECCA

Good things?

ROWAN

(smiles at Prince)
Really good, still don't think I should say out loud though.

Prince holds up a single warning finger to Rowan.

PRINCE

One more word and I'll leave you behind for the police.

Rowan holds a finger to his lips, he'll be quiet.

Rebecca shoves her hands hard into prince's back. The group rushing towards one of the parked cars as they make their escape.

REBECCA

Talking about me to your friends huh?

PRINCE

Nice things.

She shoves him again.

REBECCA

Just get us out of here you idiot. You want to test the police some more, fine. But I don't.

They all hurry into the car. Prince into the drivers seat.

Rowan tries to get into the front passenger seat beside him. Rebecca slaps him across the back of the head.

Points him to the backseat with Brandon.

ROWAN

Hey!

She squares up to him.

REBECCA

I'm not sitting in the back with someone I don't know. Got a problem?

Rowan gulps, instantly backing down. This is a fight he doesn't want to have.

He opens the front passenger door for Rebecca and with a happy smile she gives him a grateful nod and gets in.

All in, doors all closed, Prince swiftly reverses and speeds them away.

38

EXT. MUSUEM - DAY

38

Prince, dressed up in a fine expensive looking suit. Top hat and cane. Rebecca's is just in her normal t-shirt and jeans.

He leads them to the entrance of the cities main and impressively large musuem. Several huge posters hanging on the outside shows that there's a fine arts show going on inside.

Prince takes out two tickets, waves them at Rebecca. She takes one of them for a closer look.

They join the back of a long cue. At the doors there's security and a line of journalists taking pictures and asking questions.

The cue is made up of mostly elderly, well dressed and groomed guests who all manage to ignore questioning journalists.

Rebecca fiddles with the ticket.

REBECCA

So what's this? It's not going to be boring is it?

PRINCE

My parents asked me to come along.

REBECCA

You always do everything they tell you?

He smiles at her.

PRINCE

This stuff is important to them.

REBECCA

But not you?

PRINCE

My parents spend millions on the arts.

REBECCA

(suspicious)
Millions?

PRINCE

I'm serious. Literally millions. It's a tax thing. It's not because they're fans. It's a massive way to cheat not paying tax. The richer a person is the less tax they pay. Don't be surprised to learn that your parents probably pay more to the government than mine ever will.

REBECCA

That's shit.

PRINCE

That's the world.

REBECCA

Now do you see why I want to change things?

They smile at each other. Now at the front of the cue Prince and Rebecca hand over their tickets and the main entrance doors are held open for them.

A journalist recognizes Prince.

JOURNALIST

Prince. How are your parents?

Prince gives him a thumbs up.

PRINCE

Great. They're just sorry that they could make it.

This journalist snaps a picture of Prince and Rebecca.

JOURNALIST
Is this your girlfriend?

PRINCE
No. We're just friends.

Rebecca shoots Prince a hard look.

REBECCA
You answered that quickly.

He can see she's annoyed, but doesn't understand why.

PRINCE
What?

REBECCA
Nothing. Obviously.

PRINCE
Rebecca, what's the matter?

REBECCA
I said nothing.

She shoves her hands into his chest, causing him to stumble backwards then heads inside.

Prince chases after her.

39 INT. MUSEUM - DAY

39

Crowds of well dressed couples mill about, glasses of champagne in hand they inspect the displayed art pieces all around them.

Prince and Rebecca move around with the crowd, taking their time to look at what's on display.

REBECCA
Is this normal for you?

He nods.

PRINCE
Yeah. Do the things, go to the events my parents haven't got time for. I'm like their little mascot.

REBECCA
An easy life.

PRINCE
You think?

REBECCA
I know.

PRINCE
Live it and then let me know how
easy it is. It's not what you
think.

She waves a finger in his face.

REBECCA
I can't live your life. It's
impossible. All this money. You're
famous. I wouldn't know where to
start?

PRINCE
I thought that about you too, but I
still gave living your life a go
and I did it.

REBECCA
But I couldn't live your life. It's
like an Alien world.

He puts the top hat on her head and forces her to take hold
of the cane.

PRINCE
Try it. You're not scared are you?

She holds the cane and poses for him.

REBECCA
This isn't me.

PRINCE
And protesting, getting arrested
isn't me. But I did it.

REBECCA
Why?

PRINCE
Because I wanted to understand you.
Don't you want to understand me?

She lets out a long deep breath, of course she does. She
looks around, spots a waiter carrying a tray filled with
champagne glasses.

She uses her cane to wave him over. Takes one of the glasses. Prince takes another.

REBECCA
 Alright. What do I do?

PRINCE
 You look at the art work and say something about it. Using as many unnecessarily big words as you can.

She smiles, turns to a painting and studies it.

REBECCA
 Ah yes. This. How much is it?

PRINCE
 Ten million.

REBECCA
 I'll take two of them. Waterfall. Elephant. Perspirations.

He laughs at her.

PRINCE
 What?

REBECCA
 I'm using words with lots of letters in them.

PRINCE
 I said big, not long. You've never read an art review?

REBECCA
 Get ready to be shocked.
 (she taps him on the head
 with the cane)
 No.

Two young brats, dressed in designer clothes approach the waiter carrying the champagne glasses. The same waiter that Rebecca called over.

The brats stand at either side of the waiter. They each take a champagne glass from him then start to nudge him. Using their feet against the back of the waiters legs.

Laughing and sniggering the brats watch with pure joy as the waiter struggles not to drop his tray.

The brats start kicking the waiter harder, their laughter getting louder.

Rebecca sees them, watches them for only a second before instantly seeing red.

REBECCA (CONT'D)

Hey!

Prince puts a hand to his head.

PRINCE

Oh great, here we go.

Rebecca marches over to the brats, using prince's cane she smashes the champagne glasses that the brats hold onto, sending them crashing to the floor.

REBECCA

How dare you kick someone just doing there job. You think that's funny?

The brats stare at her opened mouthed, surprised.

REBECCA (CONT'D)

Well, if you think kicking someone is funny, you're going to find this to be hilarious.

She whacks the cane into the stomach of the brats doubling them over and sending them crashing down to their knees.

She could have hit them a hell of a lot harder.

The waiter smiles and winks at her, grateful.

But the other high end guests here are less than impressed gathering around the scene as both brats bursts out into a fit of tears.

Angry murmurs begin to fill the air.

Prince links arms with Rebecca, taking his cane back from her.

PRINCE

OK. Come on Rebecca, lets go.

REBECCA

What, am I not fitting in?

He smiles at her, feeling proud.

PRINCE

No, but I wouldn't want you too.

He pulls her away, guiding her quickly out of the room.

40

EXT. HIGH STREET - DAY

40

Rebecca and Prince walk together away from the museum and down the long stretching main high street.

Lots of people all around them.

REBECCA

What I hate about rich people, is everyone else. The rest of us, we're scared of you. And I think rich people like being feared.

PRINCE

What, you're not scared of anyone.

REBECCA

Well not me, but everyone else. You scare people. The money you have, the way you dress, talk and walk. It scares people.

He laughs.

PRINCE

You're way scarier than me.

She clenches a fist and holds it under his nose.

REBECCA

Shut up, talking nonsense.

He points at her clenched fist.

PRINCE

You see what I mean, that's scary.

Rebecca comes to a sudden stop, Prince stops with her.

REBECCA

Want to play a game?

PRINCE

Well, I'm interested.

REBECCA

Lets see, people who pass by as we're walking. I'll go first.

(MORE)

REBECCA (CONT'D)

Once we're at the end of this street then we'll have our winner.

PRINCE

And what's the game?

REBECCA

Who's more scarier, you or me?

PRINCE

And what are we playing for?

REBECCA

Nothing. I just like proving that I'm right.

PRINCE

How about we play for a kiss?

REBECCA

What!

PRINCE

You heard me.

She rolls her eyes at him.

REBECCA

We're just friends remember?

PRINCE

We've got to play for something.

She hits him on the arm, hard. He yells out in pain.

REBECCA

(smiling, pleased that she caught him with a good shot)

That's what we play for.

She continues walking, he keeps up, making sure he remains alongside her.

PRINCE

I get to hit you too?

She ignores him. As they head towards the end of the street, that's still a long way off Rebecca smiles at an old lady walking past them, heading the other way.

REBECCA

Hi.

The old lady smiles and nods at Rebecca.

OLD LADY

Hello.

Rebecca beams with excitement.

REBECCA

One to me.

She again punches Prince in the arm.

An old man now passes by.

PRINCE

Hello there sir.

The old man smiles back.

OLD MAN

Hi.

Prince celebrates then hits Rebecca REALLY hard on her arm.

She doubles over in pain, holding onto the spot where his punch landed. There was a lot of pent up frustration in that hit.

PRINCE

Yes. I'm going to win this. Easy.

Rebecca lifts her head slowly up, still grimacing in pain.

A huge crowd of Chinese tourists then approaches. Rebecca's face softens when she realizes this is her chance.

She gives the tourists a huge over the top wave.

REBECCA

Well hello, and welcome to our beautiful city.

The tourists all smile and wave with over the top hand movements back at her.

Once the tourists are past them Rebecca launches her attack onto Prince.

She knocks him down to the ground and starts punching his arms, a wild flurry.

She's grinning from ear to ear, having great fun. He's yelling out in pain with each hit, just waiting for her to stop.

Other people around them stop and stare. Confused, what on earth is this?

She stops, has to catch her breath.

PRINCE
That wasn't fair.

She helps him back up onto his feet.

REBECCA
I win.

41 INT. TAXI - DAY

41

Prince and Rebecca sit in the back together. The taxi drives up onto the grounds of an exclusive private country club.

Rebecca looks out of her window at the perfect green lawns around them, and the golf buggies driving around as men and women play games of golf.

REBECCA
What is this place?

Prince watches her, smiling.

PRINCE
Where the rich spend their time and money.

REBECCA
Gross.

PRINCE
Give it a try, you might like it?

42 INT. COUNTRY CLUB - TENNIS COURT - DAY

42

Prince and Rebecca on a tennis court, both with a racquet in hand. Their both dressed up in the traditional white outfits of tennis players.

Rebecca runs her hands over her skirt, uncomfortable.

REBECCA
Why can't I play in shorts like you?

PRINCE
It's the rule.

REBECCA

If I catch you looking I'll break
my racquet over your head.

He grins, excited.

PRINCE

Looking at what?

She moves towards the net that separates them, running down
the center of the court. Holds out her racquet to him,
threatening.

REBECCA

I'm warning you.

PRINCE

You look nice.

She rolls her eyes, but can't help but smile, loving the
compliment really.

REBECCA

And you look like a school kid.

Prince takes a tennis ball out of his pocket, bounces it on
the ground.

PRINCE

Are you ready?

REBECCA

No.

PRINCE

Here it comes.

Prince backs up to the serving line and hits the ball as hard
as he can, right at her.

Rebecca closes her eyes and swings blindly as the ball comes
speeding towards her. She hits it perfectly back over the net
to score a point.

A perfect return.

She opens her eyes and sees the ball bouncing away.

REBECCA

(celebrating)

Yes! One to me.

PRINCE

Fifteen love actually.

REBECCA
Well that sounds stupid.

He goes to fetch the ball.

PRINCE
You've really never played tennis
before?

REBECCA
First time. Why would I ever play a
game as stupid as this?

Prince hits another powerful serve.

Rebecca yet again closes her eyes tightly shut and swings
hopefully. Hitting and returning the ball over the net.

She opens her eyes and does a fist pump in celebration.

PRINCE
How are you doing that?

REBECCA
So what's that? Sixteen, love?

PRINCE
Thirty love.

REBECCA
Who came up with the scoring?
Couldn't they count normal?

Prince goes for the ball.

PRINCE
No more taking it easy.

He serves with a loud scream, Rebecca closes her eyes, wildly
swings and hits the ball straight back at him. Hitting Prince
in the head.

CUT TO:

43

INT. COUNTRY CLUB - TENNIS COURT - DAY

43

Prince throws himself to the ground trying to get the ball.
Misses.

CUT TO:

44

INT. COUNTRY CLUB - TENNIS COURT - DAY

44

Prince is now drenched in sweat, diving through the air he swings desperately attempting to get to Rebecca's blindly hit return serve.

He can't get anywhere near it.

He lays face down on the ground, struggling for breath.

REBECCA

Does that mean I win again?

He stays face down, his nose squashed against the grass.

PRINCE

Yes.

REBECCA

Can't believe I've never played this before. It's fun.

He rolls over onto his back and looks up towards the clear blue sky.

PRINCE

Fun?

(scoffs)

You must be a natural?

REBECCA

I've always been good a sports, naturally athletic.

PRINCE

My dad would love you. Made me try every sport ever played in the history of the world.

REBECCA

And?

PRINCE

Tennis was my best chance of being good.

REBECCA

And I just demolished you.

He rolls over onto his side, his back to her, sad.

PRINCE

Yeah. Great.

REBECCA
Another game?

PRINCE
No chance. Come help me up.

Rebecca attempts to leap over the net but her foot catches it and she falls hard down onto the ground.

A dull thud then the pain hits her.

Prince hears this, sits up and looks over at her laughing.

REBECCA
Ouch.

PRINCE
Naturally athletic huh?

She holds onto her right ankle.

REBECCA
This is your fault you big idiot.

He leaps up to his feet and hurries over to her, still laughing.

PRINCE
How is this my fault? You're a natural remember.

REBECCA
I think it's broken.

PRINCE
It's not.

REBECCA
I think it's sprained.

PRINCE
It might be.

She holds her hands up.

REBECCA
Help me.

PRINCE
Here.

He helps her up, only able to stand on her left foot she wraps her arms around him. He lifts her up with a grunt.

REBECCA

If you drop me, I'll kill you.

He nods, he believes her.

45 EXT. GIRL'S FAMILY HOME - DAY

45

A row of small family homes, on a neat and tidy street. Prince carries Rebecca in his arms. She points him towards her house.

She rings the doorbell and Paul answers. He's shocked to see Rebecca in this way.

REBECCA

Dad, this is Prince. Prince, this is my dad.

Paul steps back into the house and lets Prince carry Rebecca inside.

46 INT. REBECCA'S FAMILY HOME - KITCHEN - DAY

46

Prince sits alone at a cluttered wooden dining table. He looks around the narrow, tight for space kitchen. Too much stuff and not enough room.

He's on edge, awkward, can hear Rebecca arguing with her parents in the next room.

The walls are thin, can't hear the words but it's obviously a vicious yelling match going on right next to him.

INT. REBECCA'S FAMILY HOME - FRONT ROOM - DAY

Rebecca lays out across the sofa, her sprained right ankle resting high on a stack of pillows.

She has her arms crossed in front of her chest. Scowls at her parents who stand over her.

All three yelling at one another.

PAUL

I know who he is. What are you doing with him?

REBECCA

What does it matter?

GRACE

Have you not seen the stories that get written about him? You shouldn't be spending time with someone like that.

REBECCA

You don't even know him?

PAUL

You're not seeing him.

REBECCA

Dad!

PAUL

Dating a billionaire playboy? Are you insane? I won't allow it.

REBECCA

Have you heard yourself?

PAUL

You're not one of those people. We're poor. You're just a distraction for him. A plaything. I won't let you fall into that. I won't let you embarrass yourself.

REBECCA

Like how you're embarrassing yourself now?

GRACE

He's a rich boy. No morals. We turn a blind eye to all that silly protesting.

REBECCA

Silly protesting? Oh my god Mom. Stop. Please.

PAUL

The protesting is bad enough. I always said you'd get into trouble and now you bring someone like him home.

REBECCA

It's my life.

GRACE

You have no future with someone like him. Two worlds.

(MORE)

GRACE (CONT'D)

It's impossible. Do you think his parents. The richest people in the whole world are going to allow it. Please, if you have to start dating. Date someone from our world.

REBECCA

You don't know him.

GRACE

I've seen and heard enough. Someone like him could never love someone like you. And you know what Rebecca, you know it's true. He can't ever love you.

REBECCA

Mom, wow.

PAUL

Listen to your mom.

REBECCA

It's my life Dad. Shouldn't it be my own?

PAUL

No. Now get that rich brat out of my house.

Rebecca shakes her head. She's outnumbered and out yelled.

INT. REBECCA'S FAMILY HOME - KITCHEN - DAY

Rebecca comes hopping into the kitchen, Prince stands. Offers out his hands to help her.

She slaps them away, hops over to the table and sits down.

REBECCA

No. You need to go.

She looks up at him with heavy sad eyes. She's sitting, he remains standing.

PRINCE

Is everything OK?

Tears well up in her eyes.

REBECCA

I need you to go.

PRINCE
What was all that shouting about?
If it was about me, don't I have a
right to know?

REBECCA
You can't be here.

PRINCE
What's happened?

REBECCA
You've got to go. And don't ever
come back here. If you do, my dad
promised he'll call the cops.

PRINCE
This is crazy?

REBECCA
No, me and you, together. That's
what's crazy.

PRINCE
What have I done?

REBECCA
I'm sorry Prince.

PRINCE
Sorry for what?

REBECCA
I can't see you again. We're just
too different.

PRINCE
Your parents say so?

REBECCA
The whole world says so.

PRINCE
I don't care. And you shouldn't
either.

REBECCA
Look around you, this is my world.
Look anything like yours?

PRINCE
Rebecca, you don't believe this?

REBECCA

You've got to go. Don't make me
throw you out. Because even with
only one ankle, I could do it.

He's dumbstruck. He can't believe this is happening.

PRINCE

You want me to go?

REBECCA

Yes.

PRINCE

And never come back?

REBECCA

Yes.

PRINCE

So that's it?

She nods.

REBECCA

That's it.

PRINCE

You don't ever want to see me
again?

She turns her head away from him.

REBECCA

No. I don't.

Prince swallows hard. There's so much more that he wants to
say, but thinks better of it.

He leaves the kitchen. As the door closes shut behind him,
Rebecca breaks down, silently crying.

49 INT. PRINCE'S HOUSE - PRINCE'S BEDROOM - DAY

49

Prince sits up in bed, his hair a mess. Only just woken up.

He's on his phone, trying over and over to call Rebecca. But
the number is not recognized. He can't get a connection.

He can't send a message to her, or get in touch through any
of her multiple social media pages.

He leaps out of bed with determined purpose. Quickly putting on his clothes.

50 EXT. WEARHOUSE - DAY

50

Prince approaches the animal rights protesters base. Matt is outside watching over a few members as they draw out and create huge posters and signs.

He sees Prince approaching. He smiles. They greet each other with a loving embrace.

MATT

Hey man, good to see you.

PRINCE

I hope you mean that.

MATT

Are you OK? You look terrible.

PRINCE

I can't get in touch with Rebecca.

Matt puts an arm around Prince and leads him away from the others.

MATT

Yeah, I heard about that.

PRINCE

You've spoken to her?

Matt nods.

MATT

She's taking a break from everything.

PRINCE

And me too?

Matt shakes his head.

MATT

No, not a break from. She said it's finished.

Prince brings them both to a stop, knocks Matt's arm away from him, furious.

PRINCE

No.

MATT
It's up to her.

PRINCE
I could go to her house, but I said
I wouldn't. I'm not scared of her
parents and I'm not scared if they
call the cops.

MATT
Settle down, you're getting a
little too excited. You're making
me nervous.

PRINCE
Tell me where she goes to college.

Matt puts a hand to the back of his neck as he thinks this proposition over.

MATT
I'm not supposed to.

PRINCE
Tell me.

Matt chuckles to himself.

MATT
You really like her this much?

Prince leans forwards, almost nose to nose with Matt. His eyes wide, unwavering.

PRINCE
Tell me.

Matt puts his hands in his pockets and lets out a long deep breath.

MATT
You didn't hear this from me
alright?

Prince beams, smiling excited.

INT. REBECCA'S COLLEGE BUILDING - CORRIDOR - DAY

Rebecca moves within a group of other girls her age along the narrow corridor. Heading from one classroom to another.

Rebecca has a bunch of school work folders clutched to her chest.

Prince appears behind her. He's sprinting down the length of the corridor. A huge smile as he sees her.

The other girls with Rebecca see him and giggle amongst each other, all smiling.

Prince gets himself in front of Rebecca and holds out his arms, won't let her go past him.

She shocked to see him.

REBECCA

Prince, what are you doing here?

The girls she was with wave at her as they continue on to their next class.

PRINCE

I need to talk to you. Even if I have to force you.

She rolls her eyes.

REBECCA

Then lets talk.

PRINCE

I need to see you. You can't just walk away. Don't give up on me. It's not fair.

REBECCA

You're a billionaire and I'm poor.

PRINCE

So?

REBECCA

How can you not see this as a problem?

PRINCE

I hate being rich.

REBECCA

Then you're an idiot.

PRINCE

Then I'm a idiot. But I'm also miserable. I don't want to be rich.

REBECCA

That's so stupid.

PRINCE
My life sucks.

REBECCA
Then you're missing out.

He doesn't understand.

PRINCE
Missing out?

REBECCA
You're not being rich the proper way.

PRINCE
I wish you'd make sense.

REBECCA
If I were rich, there's no way I'd be miserable.

PRINCE
You tried living in my world but couldn't hack it, remember.

REBECCA
Yeah, your world. But that's not the way I'd be living if I had your money.

PRINCE
No?

She jabs him in the chest, then holds out her hand to him, palm up.

REBECCA
Give me your credit card. I'll show you how much fun you should be having.

He smiles happy. This is precisely why he needs Rebecca in his life.

52 EXT. HIGH STREET - DAY

52

Prince and Rebecca walk along the busy street together. He takes out his wallet and hands it over to Rebecca.

She inspects the contents. He's got several different bank and credit cards.

With a raised eyebrow, he watches her with pure trepidation, already regretting this decision.

53 INT. FANCY DRESS SHOP - DAY 53

Rebecca is dressed up as a witch. She stands outside the changing room waiting.

Prince steps out dressed as a caveman. He's not sure but Rebecca leaps up into the air laughing and celebrating.

54 INT. BALL ROOM - NIGHT 54

A fancy rich kid party. The dance floor is full of teenage boys and girls, 18 and 19, dressed in smart suits and elegant dresses.

But their all dancing slowly and reserved.

Prince and Rebecca are also here, but they're dancing wildly together, throwing their arms and legs out.

Prince and Rebecca are the only ones here who are actually having a good time.

55 INT. PRINCE'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY 55

A huge open space, marble counter tops. All top of the line best of the best appliances.

Prince sits at the large glass table, big enough for twelve people. Eating a bowl of breakfast and a mug of coffee, he's nursing a hang over.

Jim and Tammy enter. Both dressed up in their business suits. Their mobile phone in their hands. Ready to leave.

They come over to the table. Tammy kisses Prince on the side of the cheek.

TAMMY

You've got to listen now. Alright.

Prince sits up properly, looking at his parents. They've got his full attention.

Jim has a rolled up newspaper tucked under his arm.

He places it down in front of Prince. On the front page there are pictures of Prince partying with Rebecca in their fancy dress costumes.

JIM
You want to explain this?

Prince shrugs, smiling at the memory of last night.

PRINCE
Having fun.

Tammy taps a finger against the picture.

TAMMY
You know who's party that is you ruined?

PRINCE
Hey, I didn't ruin it. I was invited so I went.

JIM
Black tie event. Don't play dumb, it doesn't suit you.

TAMMY
The son of a very important political connection. That's whose party it was. Someone who could grow up to be an important connection for you.

Jim now shows Prince his phone. Placing it down on top of the newspaper.

JIM
You see this?

PRINCE
Yeah.

JIM
Your credit card payments for the last week. Thousands spent.

PRINCE
You're worth billions.

JIM
Yes, I am. Not you.

TAMMY
What's going on Prince?

PRINCE
I'm just having fun.

JIM

At my expense. But enough.

TAMMY

We don't want you seeing this Rebecca anymore. She's a bad influence on you. And she's not going to be apart of your future.

Prince is astounded.

PRINCE

You can't be serious?

Jim pockets his phone, jabs a finger against a picture of Rebecca.

JIM

If you see her again, I'll cut you off and call the police on her.

PRINCE

Are you crazy, what for? For teaching me how to live a full life?

JIM

Stolen credit card.

TAMMY

Don't be angry with us. When you're older you'll understand.

PRINCE

No I won't.

JIM

You and Rebecca should be with your own kind.

PRINCE

Wow, oh my god dad. You know what you sound like?

JIM

It's how the world works.

PRINCE

No, you're wrong.

Prince stands up and storms out.

TAMMY

Prince, come back.

Prince slams the door shut behind him, no interest in talking anymore.

INT. REBECCA'S FAMILY HOME - KITCHEN - DAY

Paul and Grace sit at the table together, both reading that same newspaper with those pictures of Rebecca and Prince partying in their costumes.

Rebecca comes in, opens up the fridge and fetches herself out a drink.

Paul picks up the newspaper and shakes it at her.

PAUL
I thought I told you to stay away
from him?

REBECCA
Yeah, I remember.

PAUL
A relationship with him is
impossible.

She heads back out with her drink, cracking it open.

REBECCA
I remember you saying that too.

GRACE
(winks at Rebecca)
Your outfit by the way, super cute.

Rebecca looks over at Grace and winks back.

REBECCA
Thanks Mom.

57 INT. CAFE - DAY

57

Prince sits alone at the back of the cafe, hidden away. Scrolling absentmindedly on his tablet device.

Jim enters, a huge bulking personal security guard on his left. And a beautiful young girl, AMY, 18, on his right.

Prince looks up, surprised.

PRINCE
Dad?

Jim gestures for Amy to join Prince at his table.

JIM
This is Amy, daughter of a very
dear friend of mine.

PRINCE
What are you doing?

JIM
Thought you'd like some company?

Jim and his guard then make a rapid escape.

PRINCE
Dad!

Amy sits down in front of Prince. Takes off her designer hand bag and hangs it on her chair. She smiles, toothy, big, bright white.

AMY
Hi.

Prince turns to face her, smiles politely back at her.

PRINCE
Are you OK? I'm sorry about this.

AMY
It's OK, I wasn't doing much today
anyway.

PRINCE
Something to eat, drink?

CUT TO:

58 INT. CAFE - DAY

58

Amy now has a cup of coffee and a slice of cake. She sits leaning back in her chair, comfortable and relaxed.

AMY
I have a two year plan for me and
you.

He cocks an eyebrow, surprised.

PRINCE
Me and you?

AMY

Engaged by the end of the first year. Marriage and pregnant by the end of the second year.

He spits out some of his drink.

PRINCE

Really?

AMY

With the money your parents are bound to give us, added with my brains, there's nothing we can't achieve.

PRINCE

I'm sort of looking for love.

She laughs.

AMY

Well, it might happen.

PRINCE

And you still would marry me?

AMY

For a billion there's nothing I wouldn't do. And I really mean that.

(winks)

Nothing.

Prince is saddened to hear this.

PRINCE

Oh.

Amy finishes her drink. Turns in her chair and waves her empty cup at one of the cafe workers.

AMY

Hey, get me another one. Now. Don't keep me waiting, idiot.

PRINCE

People normally go up and place an order.

AMY

We're not like other people though, are we?

Prince tucks his tablet device under his arm as he stands up.

PRINCE

It was nice to meet you.

AMY

Where the hell do you think you're going?

PRINCE

Home.

She's shocked, watching as he leaves.

INT. REBECCA'S FAMILY HOME - REBECCA'S BEDROOM - DAY

The bedroom is small, modest and tight for space. A single bed and a cluttered work desk. Vegan propaganda posters are hung up on the walls around her.

Rebecca lays out across her bed, several school books open in front of her. She reads, making notes. Trying to study.

There's a gentle knock at the door. Grace opens it and waves at Rebecca then guides CHRIS, 17, inside the room.

REBECCA

Mom?

Grace forces Chris inside the bedroom.

GRACE

This is Chris. Lives next door to your auntie Lisa. He's studying for his exams too.

REBECCA

(annoyed)

Mom?

Grace waves at Rebecca again then closes the door shut, leaving Chris and Rebecca together.

CHRIS

(holds up his hands)

This wasn't my idea.

Rebecca points at the floor.

REBECCA

Just sit down there. This is my bedroom. My only personal space in this hellhole of a house.

Chris keeps his hands up in the air and slowly sits down on the floor.

CHRIS
Whatever you say.

REBECCA
You know my auntie?

CHRIS
Yeah. She's so nosey. Has to know everything that's going on in my life.

Rebecca laughs.

REBECCA
Tell me more. I like family gossip.

He relaxes back and laughs along with her.

CHRIS
Did you hear about her run in with the police?

Rebecca shuffles closer to the end of her bed.

REBECCA
No, but don't stop. And don't leave anything out.

60

INT. PRINCE'S COLLEGE - CLASSROOM - DAY

60

Prince sits near the front, just in front of the teachers desk.

He sits slumped, his eyes heavy. Doesn't look like he's slept at all for a couple of days.

The elderly female teacher goes around the class, handing back graded tests. The classroom full of students.

She appears beside prince's desk, placing down his test results.

He got a score of 90%. The teacher pats a hand on his shoulder, and smiles at him, proud.

Prince lifts the test paper up, and he too smiles feeling proud.

61 INT. PRINCE'S HOUSE - HOT TUB - DAY 61

Prince sits looking depressed alone in the middle of the hot tub, the bubbles on at full power.

Jim and Tammy watch him from the back door of the house. They share a worried look.

62 INT. PRINCE'S HOUSE - PRINCE'S BEDROOM - DAY 62

Prince lays in bed playing on his games console. Piles of junk food scattered all around him.

Jim and Tammy watch him from the open doorway.

JIM

I didn't cut you off, if that's what has gotten you down?

PRINCE

No.

JIM

If you're sad, you should know your credit cards all still work.

PRINCE

It's not that?

JIM

Buy yourself something nice.

PRINCE

Dad, it's nothing to do with money. I'm not sad because of money. There's more to life than money.

Jim scoffs and rolls his eyes.

JIM

Yeah, right. Whatever.

TAMMY

We're just worried about you.

PRINCE

I'll be fine Mom.

TAMMY

Alright. But the longer you let this go on, the worse it gets.

PRINCE
Are you ordering me to cheer up?

JIM
Yes.

Prince turns off his games console, jumps out of bed, grabs his jacket and leaves.

PRINCE
You tell me who I can see and who I can't. Who's good enough for me and who isn't. And now how I should feel? What emotions I can have.

TAMMY
Prince, don't go like this.

JIM
Sit down.

Prince eases past his parents and leaves.

63 EXT. HIGH STREET - DAY

63

Prince walks along the busy high street, crammed with shoppers and tourists he's staring down at his phone.

No interest in looking at where he's going.

He's looking at pictures of Rebecca. And at all the things they've done together over this last week.

The sound of police sirens suddenly fill the air, Prince snaps his head up and tries to see where it's coming from.

64 EXT. HIGH STREET - HIGH END FASHION STORE - DAY

64

A gathering of animal rights and animal fur protesters has gathered outside the entrance of a high end fashion store, successfully blocking its entrance.

Some are banging drums, others singing protest songs. Nearly everyone waving homemade signs.

Prince approaches, he sees Rebecca. Smiling excited. But then he sees her here with Chris.

His face drops but he still goes over to her.

PRINCE
Rebecca.

Rebecca spins around to face Prince. She squeals with excitement, wrapping her arms around him.

REBECCA

Prince. Hey. Come for the protest?

He shrugs.

PRINCE

I heard the police sirens and it made me think of you.

She laughs, punches him softly in the arm.

REBECCA

Shut up, idiot.

PRINCE

How have you been?

REBECCA

Have you missed me?

PRINCE

Of course. But I don't think you've missed me.

Her face drops into a frown.

REBECCA

What do you mean by that?

Prince gestures to Chris beside her.

PRINCE

Hey.

Chris smiles and reaches out to Prince, they shake hands.

CHRIS

Hey. I'm Chris.

Rebecca gestures to Prince.

REBECCA

(still with a frown)
This is Prince. A friend.

PRINCE

(to Rebecca)
I hoped to never see you at another one of these things.

REBECCA

Why?

PRINCE

I'm grateful that I got to see one more time. To tell you, I've been thinking about it a lot.

REBECCA

Tell me what?

PRINCE

You need to use your brain more. You're super smart.

REBECCA

Thanks, but that still sounds like an insult?

He reaches down and takes a hold of both of her hands, smiling.

PRINCE

If you really want to change the world like I know you do, be smart. Change the laws. Make stores like this illegal. Protesting like this is only going to get you into more and more trouble. It's laws that decide how the world evolves or stays the same. You can do it. I don't want you getting into trouble and getting nothing changed.

REBECCA

Why do you care?

PRINCE

I care for you. I care for you deeply.

She pulls her hands away, welling up with tears she turns her head.

REBECCA

(upset)

I'm sorry, I need the bathroom.

She hurries away, leaving Prince and Chris behind.

They wait for Rebecca to go. Until neither of them can no longer see her.

Chris turns to Prince, a deep breath.

CHRIS

I guess you two are a little more than friends?

PRINCE

Relax, you won't see me again. Just promise me you'll look after her. She acts tough but she's gentle and delicate. But she's also the best person I've ever met. Tell her from me, I'm grateful for knowing her. And I'll never forget the time we spent together.

Prince now turns and slips away.

CUT TO:

65

EXT. HIGH STREET - HIGH END FASHION STORE - DAY

65

Rebecca returns, has cleared the tears away. She sees Chris standing alone.

REBECCA

Where is he?

Chris smiles.

CHRIS

He's a nice guy.

She stamps down her foot.

REBECCA

Where is he?

CHRIS

He left.

REBECCA

And you just let him go?

CHRIS

And he also left a message.

REBECCA

A message?

CHRIS

Please, let me say it. I tried my best to remember it word for word.

Rebecca lets out a long deep breath and closes her mouth tightly shut. She's ready. She wants to hear it.

CUT TO:

66 EXT. HIGH STREET - HIGH END FASHION STORE - DAY 66

Rebecca is running through the crowds of protesters, coming away from the store she sees Prince slowly walking away.

She sprints as fast as she can, grabbing a tight hold of him and forcing him to turn around to face her.

REBECCA

Hey.

PRINCE

Rebecca...

She places a finger against his lips, forcing him to shut up.

REBECCA

Why did you say those things?

PRINCE

Because I love you.

She wraps her arms around him, coming together they kiss. A loving passionate embrace.

CUT TO:

67 EXT. HIGH STREET - HIGH END FASHION STORE - DAY 67

Prince and Rebecca are now holding hands. She pulls him through the crowd, she finds Matt.

Matt beams with joy when he sees Prince and Rebecca coming towards him.

MATT

Guys!

Rebecca and Prince stop in front of him, remaining holding hands. Their fingers interlocking, neither of them is letting go.

REBECCA

I knew you'd be here.

MATT

Is everything OK?

She nods.

REBECCA
Yes, but I wanted to say goodbye.
You'll tell the others for me?

MATT
(to Prince)
Is this because of you?

REBECCA
No. This is my decision.

MATT
(to Rebecca)
You're really done. You've given up
on the cause?

REBECCA
No. But I need to focus on college.

MATT
You were a warrior Rebecca.

PRINCE
She still is.

REBECCA
(smiling)
I'm still going to change the
world. Only in a different way.

MATT
Well I'm not going to stop. I
can't.

Matt turns his back on them and rejoins the shouting,
chanting protesters.

Prince and Rebecca look to each other.

PRINCE
I'm sorry.

She shrugs.

REBECCA
It's OK. He gets to be mad at me.

PRINCE
Well, it's my turn now.

68

INT. PRINCE'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

68

Prince and Rebecca sit at the table together, holding hands.

Jim and Tammy enter. They stop, stunned.

Prince holds up their hands, showing them.

PRINCE

I don't need money or titles. If you've got to cut me off, cut me off. I'll get a job. Or write a book.

Jim and Tammy both burst out laughing.

TAMMY

Wow.

PRINCE

I'm serious. I love Rebecca.

Rebecca lowers her head, embarrassed, blushing.

JIM

That's amazing.

TAMMY

It is.

REBECCA

I feel the same way too. If you're wondering. I love him.

TAMMY

Well, I assumed.

PRINCE

I don't get it?

TAMMY

Get what?

PRINCE

Why are you laughing?

JIM

We're not laughing at you.

TAMMY

No way.

PRINCE

Then why?

TAMMY

We just always hoped to see you
like this one day.

PRINCE

Like this?

JIM

(nodding)

Ready to stand up.

Prince smiles.

69

INT. CHURCH - PRESENT DAY

69

Returning to the church, we now see all the hippies and
animal rights protesters with their bright color clothes and
hair on Rebecca's side. Matt is even here too.

Rebecca comes down the aisle dressed in her beautiful wedding
dress. She looks amazing.

Her parents beam at her with love and pride, taking pictures.

Prince and Rebecca come together, putting on each others
wedding rings.

The priest then announces them man and wife.

Prince and Rebecca come together and kiss. They're both happy
and deeply in love.

FADE TO BLACK

THE END