

ROYAL WITCH

Folklore dictates; the seventh daughter of a seventh daughter, will possess supernatural powers, royal families not excluded.

FADE IN:

EXT. KINGDOM OF FAREHAM - FAREHAM CASTLE - MORNING

Impeccably manicured lawns, hedges and flowers surround this lovely castle. GUARDS patrol the castle entrance, pacing alongside a row of horse drawn carriages.

Three ornate carriages, ridiculously overloaded with baggage, are parked behind three dusty, wooden ones all painted with the name, "KENDALL CONTRACTORS".

INT. FAREHAM CASTLE

Knelt on a red carpet, in front of the KING and QUEEN (50's), is JOHN KENDALL (18), handsome, fresh face and muscular build under a white tunic and work pants.

KING

We were expecting your father. He comes highly recommended.

JOHN

My father is on holiday. But I assure you I can handle the job. I've been working with my father since I was a young boy.

KING

You are still a young boy but I can see by the calluses on your hands you are no stranger to hard work. The job is yours. Build our daughter the castle of her dreams.

JOHN

Thank you my Lord. Is the Princess ready? I saw the royal carriages were. . .fully packed.

QUEEN

Oh my dear boy, our Ariella isn't a Princess, she's a witch. We thought you knew. You're to build a Witch's castle. How exciting!

KING

(addresses servants)
Let Ariella know it's time to depart.

EXT. FAREHAM CASTLE - MOMENTS LATER

The caravan readies to leave, John in the lead carriage.

The King and Queen wave to a cloaked figure seated in the back of a carriage. A petite hand appears from under the black velvet cloak and waves back.

The King excuses himself, walks over to John's carriage.

KING

You are to take Ariella to the farthest end of the Kingdom where we have staked out a large piece of land for her.

(leans in, speaks secretively)

We can't have her scaring the townspeople if you know what I mean.

The King chuckles. John turns to the carriage where Ariella sits and gazes at the mysterious figure.

JOHN

Yes my Lord.

John prompts the horse to walk. The caravan follows.

EXT. CONSTRUCTION SITE - NIGHT

On a large tree covered hill, the moon illuminates a clearing where a tent village has been erected. Carriages unoccupied, horses now hitched to posts and feed on hay.

WORKERS and ROYAL SERVANTS work together to set up camp.

A flamboyant male servant, ELVIN (50's), approaches John, who struggles to light an impressive fire pit.

ELVIN

Ariella would like to speak with you.

John looks up, haphazardly rubbing two sticks together as he sees Ariella, still fully cloaked, walk toward him.

Elvin doesn't wait for an answer, skips over to Ariella and whispers then giggles. She continues toward John.

As she walks, ARIELLA (18), pulls off her hood, revealing a beautiful face, green eyes and flowing jet black hair. She smiles sweetly and extends her hand to John.

ARIELLA

Mr. Kendall.

Dazed by her beauty, John drops the sticks, slowly takes her hand and kisses it. Elvin giggles at the scene.

ARIELLA

I was hoping you might join me for breakfast tomorrow? So we can go over the plans?

John is still dazed. She gracefully waves her hand past his face to snap him to attention. It works.

JOHN

Yes, of course Princ. . .Miss. . .

ARIELLA

Ariella. Just call me Ariella.

John relaxes, their eyes lock for a moment.

JOHN

You can call me John.

Obviously smitten, they smile nervously. Suddenly the fire ignites with a blast, startling them both. On the other side, a WORKER (20's), holds up two charred sticks.

EXT. CONSTRUCTION SITE - TENT VILLAGE - MORNING

The site is a flurry of activity. Workers have started to dig a foundation, Servants tend to village duties.

In a makeshift dining area, Elvin works diligently as he sets the table, finishing it off with a jar of honey.

EXT. DINING AREA - MORNING

Two plates, dirty from the remnants of breakfast, sit in front of John and Ariella. Simultaneously they reach for the pastry dish in the middle of the table, their hands bump. Ariella picks up a pastry and offers it to John.

ARIELLA

Honey bun?

JOHN

Yes, dear?

Ariella blushes, they giggle. He accepts the pastry.

JOHN

I hope you know I'm truly impressed by your plans. You've obviously put a lot of time and thought into them.

ARIELLA

Started when I was eight years old.

JOHN

Really? I can't help but wonder, and I hope this isn't too forward, how is it that you are a, well, umm. . .

ARIELLA

A Witch?

JOHN

Yes. And not a Princess.

ARIELLA

I'm the seventh daughter of a seventh daughter. Legend dictates the seventh child of a seventh child will possess supernatural powers by their eighteenth birthday, thus becoming a witch.

In order to listen, Elvin slowly begins to clear the table.

JOHN

It's just that. . .you seem more like a Princess to me, nothing like a Witch.

Mortified by his response, Elvin accidentally drops a plate. John notices sadness and disappointment on Ariella's face.

JOHN

I'm sorry Ariella. I didn't mean. . .

ARIELLA

It's okay. I'm used to it. I just don't want to disappoint my parents. It's considered an honor for them, not to mention it sets me apart from my six sisters. I've been told I was a Witch my whole life and have accepted it and everything that goes with it. Too ugly for a husband, black wardrobe. . .

ARIELLA (cont.)

. . .warts!

She tears up. John scrambles and attempts to cheer her up.

JOHN

Okay then. Ariella, I accept that you are a Witch and promise to build you the most horrifying castle imaginable.

Ariella perks up. She smiles and grabs John's hands.

ARIELLA

Thank you. . .John.

Their hands remain locked, neither of them willing to let go. Their eyes meet. It's unmistakably love.

EXT. ARIELLA'S CASTLE - DAY - ONE YEAR LATER

As promised, it's horrifying. Dark stone exterior, high pointed towers, drawbridge over a moat leading to a huge, carved wooden door complete with demon faced knocker.

In the distance, a crowd CHEERS and TRUMPETS sound. SERVANTS unroll a black carpet over the bridge to the castle door.

John, in fancy clothes, carries Ariella, in a black wedding gown, over the carpet toward the castle door. She tosses her bouquet into the crowd. Elvin lunges for it.

The King and Queen, surrounded by their six DAUGHTERS and the Queen's six SISTERS, smile and wave proudly.

One of the Queen's six sisters, BRUNHILDA (50), beyond homely, manly figure, quite hairy and sporting a five o'clock shadow, waves to the King and winks.

The King reluctantly waves back as he whispers to the Queen.

KING

I've always believed your family was in denial over that particular sister.

The Queen shushes the King and continues waving.

John kisses Ariella and carries her over the threshold.

FADE OUT