

ELI SIDE

Eli is acting in their play - with a British accent

ELI

Grave danger this way comes!

(KING) ROANAN

(laughs and glances at
audience)

Butler, you startled me.

ELI

Oh? Well... I am no longer a
butler. In fact, King Roanan, I am
your son. Prince Elijah. And
therefore, I am the rightful heir
to the throne.

The audience is shocked. This time Roanan is speechless.

(PRINCESS) MARGOT

Is it true?

ELI

Grave danger this way comes,
m'lady.

ROANAN SIDE

Roanan is acting in their play - with a British accent

(KING) ROANAN

The kingdom hath never been
stronger than it is on this
glorious day. Isn't that right,
lady princess?

(PRINCESS) MARGOT

Why, yes, maybe we could --

(KING) ROANAN

(ignoring Margot)

And it is all because of the
fearless leadership of thy king,
me. King Roanan. For I have battled
the foes from the east, the west,
and the north. And I have defeated
them all! Because a display of
weakness is never acceptable. Nay,
nay. Strength! Thou shalt never
underestimate strength!

MARGOT SIDE

Margot is acting in their play - with a British accent

(KING) ROANAN

(to Margot)

No! Thou must stay in the castle.
Tis the duty of thy King to thwart
the evil enemy attacks. Stay,
whilst I brandish my unbeatable
sword to protect our glorious
kingdom. Wherefore peace shall
remain!

Margot rolls her eyes.

(PRINCESS) MARGOT

But I am artful with the sword as
well. Please alloweth me to join,
my King.

(KING) ROANAN

Tis not the place for a Princess.

(PRINCESS) MARGOT

We are in great danger, my lord.
The greater therefore should our
courage be. Give me the sword.

JACKSON SIDE

INT. JACKSON'S ROOM - NIGHT

JACKSON, 22 years old with oversized clothes, sits in front of a canvas painted with a blackish, brownish... smudge. The room is smoky, dingy, messy, and dark. A dreary hum fills the space. He stares into the smudge, brush in hand, at a loss. Eli's voice startles him.

ELI (O.S.)
I'm a loser.

JACKSON
Who called you that?

ELI
You don't have to be called a loser
to be a loser.

This hits Jackson where it hurts.

JACKSON
Then, what happened?

ELI
(plopping on his bed)
I just... I'm tired of never being
the winner. Or the king.

JACKSON
Uneasy lies the head that wears a
crown.

Eli gives him a blank stare.

JACKSON (CONT'D)
It's Shakespeare. Never mind.

Jackson assesses Eli's defeated face.

JACKSON (CONT'D)
You know, me and my friends when we
were your age-- we didn't perform
plays. We used to do magic.

ELI
Like magic tricks?

JACKSON
Sort of, yeah. See that plant? Let
me show you something.

Eli inches forward. Jackson touches a leaf on the plant and lowers his voice.

JACKSON (CONT'D)

Take a leaf, go like this
(rubs his fingers
together)
until it's just little crumbs,
okay? Stir those into a glass of
water and then drink the whole
glass. Right before you see your
friends.

ELI

And what happens?

JACKSON

You won't be a loser anymore.

Eli is skeptical. Jackson hands him a leaf and Eli accepts it. He begins to leave, then turns.

ELI

Do you ever see those friends
anymore?

JACKSON

I gotta focus on this, Eli.

He gestures to his ugly painting, then turns to face it again. Eli leaves.