

UNNAMED

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Draft 0.1

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NOTE: This sample is a script for the mainline narrative, picking up immediately after the tutorial. It was written for a F2P mobile princess game. The characters and their dialogue were written to be distinct, fast and funny. It would be fully voiced and take place between game missions.

EXT. CITY WALLS - DAY (1.1)

Beyond the city gate is a countryside full of golden-yellow fields and vibrant green forests.

SIR BERTRAND THE BOLT  
This way, m'ladies. There is a tavern  
ahead with enough fresh straw and  
water for us all.

SIR BEAU  
Heh, hungry already, Bertrand?

BERTRAND THE BOLT  
Only for the thrill of battle, m'boy!  
To feel the snap of bones under my  
hoofs again...

Sir Bertrand whinnies and stomps at the thought of the joy of the slaughter, and you follow him to the tavern.

EXT. TAVERN - DAY (1.2)

BERTRAND THE BOLT  
Ah! The best hay this side of the  
paddock!

Bertrand helps himself to a hay bale, while Sir Beau climbs down off him.

SIR BEAU  
You should take a moment to rest,  
both of you. The hunt for Morwen  
begins as soon as we depart from  
here.

CAT  
<i>Finally.</i> Is Morwen far? My  
paws are killing me. I'm still  
getting used to my arms being legs.

Beau shares a nervous glance with you and then gulps at Cat.

SIR BEAU

About that... this journey may be long.  
<i>Very</i> long.

CAT

<i>How</i> long?

PLAYER

Weeks. Maybe months? The world is a big place, Cat, and we—

CAT

Months? I could've sworn you said  
<i>Months.</i> Why did no one tell me we'd be out here for <i>months?</i>

PLAYER

It's not that bad out here. The views, the smells—

CAT

It smells like an overflowing bedpan.

Sir Beau wafts a lavender-scented hanky toward her face and clenches his jaw.

SIR BEAU

Worry not, Princess Cathrine. Though the road is long, I swear, on my honor—I will fix this. I <i>will</i> make you human again.

BERTRAND THE BOLT

Don't forget to bow, lad! Princesses love a bow!

Bertrand whinnies and stomps his hoofs in agitation, and Beau stoops into a bow. Cat looks down her whiskers at him.

CAT

A loyal <i>fool</i> still has value, I suppose. Rise, Sir Beau. You will lead us on our quest to save me.

SIR BEAU

You do me a great honor Princess Cath—

CAT

Silence. You gave me your word; keep the rest to yourself. Months — <i>months!</i> — alone with the three of you...

EXT. TAVERN - DAY (1.3)

You rest a while longer before buying some supplies with the castle coins from your purse.

PLAYER  
Are you ready, all of you?

BERTRAND THE BOLT  
More than ready, m'lady! Why, I feel  
like I could run—

Cat knocks some metal object off a shelf. They clang. Bertand's eyes flash wide. He gives out a war cry and gallops away. Sir Beau calls out, hand reaching after him. You watch as Sir Beau runs after Bertrand, who is galloping away toward the horizon.

BEAU  
Bertrand! *Bertrand!* Come back  
here, *right now!*

BERTRAND THE BOLT  
Neigh! Neigh, I say! Sound the drums,  
let slip the dogs of war; the enemy  
is upon us!

A moment later, Bertrand the Bolt vanishes over a nearby hill. Cat purrs into you ear:

CAT  
Well, there goes all our supplies,  
and I can still see my castle  
bedroom.

SIR BEAU  
That *damned* horse! Come on; we  
can still catch him!

EXT. FIELDS - DAY (2.1)

Soon, you're chasing Beau breathlessly through fields of waist-high, crocodile-green grass.

PLAYER  
Beau? Maybe we should... stop and...  
think about where we're going.

SIR BEAU  
And lose Bertrand? He has all our  
supplies! Over there—

He points toward a red barn and a copse of apple trees.

SIR BEAU (cont'd)  
He'll have run over there, I'm sure  
of it.

EXT. BARN - DAY (2.2)

SIR BEAU  
See? I told you! Bertrand was here.

You stop at the barn's entrance, and he points to a trail of  
hoof prints leading inside.

BEAU  
Don't fear, m'ladies. I'm an expert  
tracker, fighter, and more besides.  
Bertrand will be found, and you are  
safe.

CAT  
You call this safe? I think I have  
ticks...

Beau pushes open the barn door and steps inside.

BEAU  
Just as I thought—

He stabs an apple with the point of his sword and holds it  
up to your face.

BEAU (cont'd)  
Teeth marks. He never could resist  
apples. If there are more close by,  
then he wouldn't have gone far.

EXT. BARN - DAY (2.3)

Beau searches the barn while you wait outside when,  
suddenly, a farmer emerges from the trees.

FARMER (CROM)  
Who are you? And what are you doing  
in my barn?

CAT  
Who are we? Who are you to talk to us  
like mere—

FARMER (CROM)  
I wasn't talking to you, cat. You, owner, what are you and that flea-bitten stray doing in my barn?

CAT  
Flea bitten? *Flea bitten?!</i>*

PLAYER  
Do you know who I am?

He squints at you and spits at your feet.

FARMER  
Should I? Look like a stuck-up city girl to me...

PLAYER  
I'm the princess!

FARMER  
Princess, are you?

His face suddenly lights up, a smile splitting his face. He waves you over.

FARMER (cont'd)  
Well, why didn't you say so? I know where your horse is. Have it tied up just round the back, through those trees.

BEAU  
You do? Well! Thank you, good sir. You can always count on the help of good, honest, salt of the earth folk!

FARMER  
Aye, aye... I suppose. This way. Don't dawdle...

The farmer waves you through the barn to the pasture beyond.

FARMER (cont'd)  
This way. Just through this field, past those trees.

The farmer points toward the nearby, shadowy treeline and gives you a crooked smile.

FARMER (cont'd)  
Not often I get visitors out to my farm. Most people steer clear 'cos of all the bandits.

PLAYER

Bandits? Did you say *<i>bandits?</i>*

SIR BEAU

Yes, yes. We all know about the bandits, but what about this horse. Are you sure it's mine?

The farmer looks up and scratches his chin for a moment.

FARMER

Big, bloodthirsty fellow? Name of Bartlebee, was it?

BEAU

Bertrand. And yes, that sounds like him.

CAT

Finally, some good news. The faster we find him, the faster we can save me from this living hell.

EXT. FIELD EDGE - DAY (3.1)

You stop at the end of the field. There's a fence and, just beyond it, a lush green forest.

FARMER

This horse, Bertrand – good friend of yours?

The farmer offers Beau a helping hand over the fence.

BEAU

Oh, *<i>very.</i>* He belonged to my father before me and rode into some of history's greatest battles.

FARMER

You don't say? He must be proud of you, giving you his warhorse – not the kind of thing you'd give to just anyone.

BEAU

Yes, I suppose he would be...

Beau climbs down the other side of the fencerow and offers his hand to you.

BEAU (cont'd)  
 But he's dead now, so I guess I'll  
 never know.

PLAYER  
 Oh, I had no idea—

BEAU  
 It is of no concern, m'lady. Come on.  
 I think I can hear Bertrand through  
 the trees...

EXT. FOREST - DAY (3.2)

Soon, you press deeper into the forest, where the trees grow  
 closer together, and Cat hisses in your ear.

CAT  
 There's something about that man... I  
 don't like him.

PLAYER  
 The farmer? He's odd... but you don't  
 like anyone.

CAT  
 That isn't true! I liked a maid  
 once—she never spoke and was  
 delightful to have around.

EXT. FOREST CLEARING - DAY (3.3)

You emerge into a forest clearing, and Beau rushes toward  
 Bertrand, who is lying on the floor, shouting.

BEAU  
 Oh, Bertrand! I finally found you! I  
 was so worried—

BERTRAND THE BOLT  
 Blast and balderdash! I've fallen,  
 and I cannot giddyup!

PLAYER  
 Err, Sir Beau?

BEAU  
 —I almost had a heart attack! I never  
 want to walk again. From here on out,  
 it's riding, all the way.



PLAYER  
Sir Beau! We have... company.

EXT. FOREST CAMP - DAY (4.1)

A shadowy figure stands in the crook of a tree, looking down.

CAL  
Oh, no. Please, don't let us  
interrupt. It's almost cute... almost.

The Farmer pulls out a dagger, and it flashes in the sunlight. He advances on you.

CAT  
Argh! Bertrand, you stupid horse! You  
lead us straight into a group of  
bandits!

BERTRAND THE BOLT  
Blast! Tricked by the very thing I  
loved the most—apples.

CAL  
Crom? Tie them up.

EXT. FOREST CAMP - DAY (4.2)

Soon, you're tied up by your hands and wrists, as are the others, and the bandits called Cal and Crom stand over you.

BERTRAND THE BOLT  
Fight me like a man, you  
dishonourable coward! I'll grind your  
bones to dust between my teeth!  
Hrmmhrmm...

CAL  
I don't want to fight you; I just  
want your gold.

CAT  
You'd dare rob me? I'm the princess!

CAL  
You're a cat.

CAT  
And you're a hermit who lives in the forest. I know which I'd rather be.

CAL  
Rich coming from someone who licks themselves.

CAT  
It's called hygiene!

CAL  
It's disgusting.

SIR BEAU  
It's pointless arguing with her.

EXT. FOREST CAMP - DAY (4.3)

As Cat and Cal argue, you notice Sir Beau has wriggled free of his bindings.

SIR BEAU  
Hey! Pick on someone your own size...

Suddenly, Beau is standing, sword drawn and lowered at Cal and Crom.

CAT  
Finally! I thought it'd take you a lifetime to cut through those ropes.

EXT. FOREST CAMP - DAY (5.1)

BEAU  
I'll give you one last chance. Release Bertrand and let us pass in peace. We have no quarrel with you.

CAL  
Nor I with you. You can take yourselves away from here and continue on your way; I only want your gold, not your lives.

BEAU  
Well, in that case it seems like we have a gentleman's agree-

BERTRAND THE BOLT  
 Have the royal gold plundered by  
 bandits? Unthinkable! You should  
 duel... to the death!

BEAU  
 A duel? I mean, I suppose—

BERTRAND THE BOLT  
 Yes. Yes, you do! Go on, m'boy! Show  
 us what you're made of! Make your  
 father proud!

CROM  
 I don't think we need to fight to the  
 death to—

BERTRAND THE BOLT  
 A fight to the death! Here here! Off  
 with his head, haw-haw!

Bertrand stamps his feet and rears up, excited for the  
 battle to come. A moment later, and Cal and Beau are locked  
 in battle. Swords clash and fists smash into ribs. Bertrand  
 kicks and cheers. It ends with Cal at the tip of a blade.

SIR BEAU  
 You fight without honor!

CAL  
 I fight to survive, *something you  
 wouldn't know about—*

BERTRAND THE BOLT  
 Kill him, m'boy! Cut out his gizzards  
 and wet the soil with his blood!  
 Death. Death! DEATH!

BEAU  
 No, I—

He squeezes his eyes shut a moment, not wanting to look at  
 Bertrand.

SIR BEAU  
 I'm not going to kill him, Bertrand!  
 I have you at my mercy, Cal.  
 Surrender, and let us be on our way.  
 No one needs to die here.

CAL  
 That's... very noble of you. But you  
 should've listened to your horse—

Dust is thrown in Beau's face and Cal tackles him to the ground. They scuffle. Both men end up lying next to one another, exhausted, with neither getting the upper hand.

BEAU  
Your fight like drunkard!

CAL  
You can't fight at all—

PLAYER  
I've seen enough. Stop! Stop this at once!

You push past Crom and stand over Sir Beau and Cal, who both lie breathless on the floor.

PLAYER (cont'd)  
You don't want to be responsible for kidnapping a princess, and Sir Beau does not wish for anyone to die. There must be an agreement we can come to.

Both men look up at you and then at each other.

BEAU  
I'm ready to call it a draw... if you are.

CAL  
I didn't even want to fight—it was the horse...

INT. TENT - DAY (5.2)

Cal crosses his arms and looks down at you.

CAL  
Let's talk, princess...

You follow Cal to his table, which is set out under a tree with some training dummies behind it.

CAL (cont'd)  
You're a long way from home, princess. Didn't anyone tell you it's dangerous out here?

CAL  
You know who I am?

CAL

Everyone knows who you are. It isn't every day the lost sister returns and the princess is turned into... well. My sympathies, Cat.

CAT

Hmh. Yes. Very good. I suppose you've heard of our guide, too – Sir Beau Du Bois?

Cal scratches his jaw, thinking for a moment.

CAL

That guy outside? Never heard of him. We don't get much news out here in the forest. But his horse? Bertrand the Bolt is a legend. I remember reading about him as a child. The time he killed the giant–

PLAYER

Yes, yes. But are we going to make a deal or aren't we?

INT. TENT - DAY (5.3)

CAL

Let me cut straight to the chase. I'll let you go if you give me everything you've got.

PLAYER

What? That's robbery!

CAL

Why yes. Yes, it is. I'll take the tiara for starters and whatever else you've got in those saddlebags.

BERTRAND THE BOLT

Take their gold, but I will *<i>not</i>* let you take my apples. You have been warned, good sir.

PLAYER

I'm not about to just hand over–

You pinch the bridge of your nose and shake your head.

PLAYER (cont'd)

What if I *<i>paid</i>* you gold in return for a service? More gold than you can imagine?

CAL

Well, now we're talking! Where is it? Are the coins hidden in the apples? They're in the apples, aren't they? I knew it'd be the apples.

PLAYER

It's not the apples. No. I'm on a quest to save my sister and return her to her human form. But to do that, I need to capture Morwen the evil witch, who escaped into the dark, scary forest. If you help me on my quest, I will give you more gold than you've ever seen in my life.

CAL

And how do I know that you're not lying?

CAT

You'll just have to trust us, just like we'll have to trust you...

His face is unreadable for a moment before he springs to his feet.

CAL

Very well, you have yourself a deal. I'll help you, princess. But only because you asked nicely and, to be honest, you need the help.

Soon, Bertrand stands at the head of a cart, loaded with enough supplies to feed you for weeks.

CAL (cont'd)

Where we're going is dangerous, and we won't make it if we don't work together. Which mean you need to follow my lead.

SIR BEAU

And how do we know you won't rob us in the middle of the night?

CAL  
I guess you don't, Prince Charming,  
but you haven't really got a choice,  
have you?

EXT. CART - DAY (6.1)

BERTRAND THE BOLT  
What's taking so long back there? The  
road awaits!

You all climb aboard the cart as Sir Bertrand strains  
against his harness.

CROM  
Where are we going going, Cal?

CAL  
I'm going to make us rich - you are  
going to stay here until I return.

CROM  
But- but-

CAL  
I don't want to hear it. Where we're  
going is dangerous, and I can't be  
worrying about you.

He turns and gives Crom a hug.

CAL (cont'd)  
Stay safe, you ugly mug. And if  
anyone comes looking for you-

CROM  
Run and hide. Don't fight. I know, I  
just wish-

CAL  
No, you don't. You're going to do  
what I say, and I'll be back soon,  
okay?

CROM  
I... yeah. I'll see you soon.

Everyone sings a song about going on an adventure. During  
this short song, a wagon pulled by Bertrand is loaded up  
with a mountain of supplies.

EXT. CART - DAY (6.2)

BERTRAND THE BOLT

Jolly good show. Jolly good! Shall we? Death and glory await!

CAL

For you, maybe. But for me, it's fame and fortune.

Crom waves as you ride out from their hidden camp down a muddy path and soon, your back on your way. You pass down tree-shaded roads and past wide open fields, sitting on the back of the wagon.

BERTRAND THE BOLT

I'm a warhorse, and you're treating me as if I were a mule!

CAL

And we thank you for your sacrifice, Sir Bertrand...

BERTRAND THE BOLT

Did I ever tell you about the time I fought at the battle of Ashby? I killed five men with my hooves that day—

CAL

You did, and I've struggled to forget.