

THE PRINCE THE DAMSEL AND THE SATYR

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**EXT. ENCHANTED FOREST - DAY**

PRINCE BRAD(25, Gold-Plated-Crown, drenched in Medieval Armor) marches through an ENCHANTED followed by...

SQUIRE(54) carries an oversized BAG full of equipment.

PRINCE BRAD

(to self)

The path is throt with only the most gruesome of creatures. Wolf Rats, River Snakes, Bridge Trolls, beasts of every nature. But I, Prince Brad, have conquered them all. Only the righteous, deemed true in nature, will come fourth and make their stamp in history...

(to self)

At least that's what momma told me.

Prince Brad hobbles through the thicket and into a clearing.

PRINCE BRAD (CONT'D)

DAMN these boots! Rocks and pebbles crowd the Prince's boots.

Prince Brad stops in his tracks.

PRINCE BRAD (CONT'D)

Squire! Come here! Help your Prince.

Squire rushes to his aid.

PRINCE BRAD (CONT'D)

STUPID BOOTS!

Prince Brad sticks out his foot. Squire stares at the BOOT.

PRINCE BRAD (CONT'D)

C'mon now, I don't have all day.

Prince Brad combs his sweaty hair as he impatiently waits for his Squire.

SQUIRE

(disgruntled sigh)

Squire removes the BOOT. A putrid smell wafts over him.

PRINCE BRAD

Of course, that's just typical.

Squire gags.

PRINCE BRAD (CONT'D)  
 At the end of the day, a Prince  
 must do everything himself.

Squire shakes out a TINY PEBBLE from the BOOT and slides it  
 back onto Prince Brad's foot.

PRINCE BRAD (CONT'D)  
 Attaboy Squire!

Prince Brad slaps Squire on the back.

PRINCE BRAD (CONT'D)  
 Being useful for once!

Prince Brad continues his march through the ENCHANTED FOREST.

VOICE (O.C.)  
 Help!

Prince Brad halts his march.

PRINCE BRAD  
 (to Squire)  
 Did you hear something?

VOICE (O.C.)  
 Can anyone hear me?! I'm down  
 here!

SQUIRE  
 Sire! There's someone down below!

Prince Brad back-peddles to the edge of the cliff.

VOICE (O.C.)  
 (in distress)  
 Is there anyone there who could  
 come down and save me?! Maybe  
 someone with status... and good  
 hair!

PRINCE BRAD  
 (to Squire)  
 That's me!

Prince Brad runs his fingers through his luscious-black-  
 locks. He leans over the edge of the cliff to see...

PRISCILLA(21, Grimy, dirt-covered- Fairy-Tail-Pink Dress)  
 standing at the bottom of the cliff.

PRINCE BRAD (CONT'D)

(to Squire)

Watch and learn...

(to Priscilla)

WHY HELLO DOWN THERE! ARE YOU IN  
NEED OF ANY ASSISTANCE?! ARE YOU  
IN PERIL PERHAPS?! WOULD YOU LABEL  
YOURSELF A DAMSEL IN DISTRESS  
MAYBE?!

SQUIRE

(rolls eyes)

Oh brother... here we go again.

PRINCE BRAD

MIGHT YOU REQUIRE A HANDSOME  
PRINCE?!

(to self)

Such as myself--

(to Priscilla)

TO RESCUE YOU FAIR MAIDEN?!

PRISCILLA

Oh yes! Thank goodness someone  
heard my cries for help! I had  
almost given up hope when--

PRINCE BRAD

DO NOT BE AFRAID, YOU ARE SAFE NOW!  
I, PRINCE BRAD, SHALL RESCUE YOU!

PRISCILLA

Okaaay!

Prince Brad scans the ENCHANTED FOREST.

PRINCE BRAD

Let me see if I can weave some bark  
together, maybe skin a dragon, use  
it's shedding as some kind of--

PRISCILLA

Or... maybe if you have any rope  
that you can throw down here...  
that could work too!

PRINCE BRAD

AAAAahhhhhhhh of course, some rope!

(to squire)

Squire! Hand me some rope!

Squire pulls out a long ROPE from his BAG and hands it to  
Prince Brad. He tosses the ROPE off the cliff.

Priscilla wraps the ROPE around her body and tugs, hard.  
Prince Brad pulls her up.

PRISCILLA  
OH MY GOSH! Thank you, thank you,  
thank you!

Priscilla hops onto Prince Brad, wrapping her legs tightly  
around his waist.

PRISCILLA (CONT'D)  
(eyes batting)  
You're my hero!

Priscilla kisses his cheek over and over again.

PRINCE BRAD  
It was nothing, really.

Prince Brad tries to plant a PHAT KISS onto her lips but  
Priscilla quickly maneuvers around them.

PRISCILLA  
You know, most people would have  
just walked right on by, not even  
giving me a second look. But not  
you. You're my knight in shining  
armor!

Prince Brad let's go of Priscilla, she plops onto the ground.

PRISCILLA (CONT'D)  
OW! You CUNT!

PRINCE BRAD  
Do NOT compare me to some cheap-o,  
lowlife, good-for-nothing, armor-  
wearing knight. I, am a PRINCE!  
(snorts)  
You can't trust a knight silly.

Prince Brad BOOPS Priscilla on the nose. Priscilla wipes his  
greasy-hand-germs off her face.

SQUIRE  
(whispers to Priscilla)  
Don't mind him.

PRINCE BRAD  
I'm just telling you how it is  
sweetheart.

PRISCILLA  
(scoffs)

PRINCE BRAD  
 You're lucky my princely duties  
 took me this far through the  
 Enchanted Forest.

SQUIRE  
 (to Priscilla)  
 Well, actually, we sorta- kinda got  
 a little lost and--

Prince Brad pushes his Squire aside.

PRINCE BRAD  
 Who knows what could have happened  
 to you if I hadn't come along.

VOICE 2 (O.C.)  
 Excuse me?

Prince Brad feels a tap on his shoulder.

PRINCE BRAD  
 I said... BACK OFF!

Prince Brad turns to see...

Satyr(23, small-horned-woodland creature) standing behind  
 him.

SATYR  
 (snooty)  
 I wouldn't trust her. That bitch  
 has been down there for the past  
 three weeks, day in and day out,  
 stealing the souls and eating the  
 flesh off any man that dares cross  
 her path.

PRINCE BRAD  
 She's been what now?!

SATYR  
 Stealing the souls.

PRINCE BRAD  
 What was that last part?

SATYR  
 Eating the flesh?

PRINCE BRAD  
 Riiiiiiightttt... and why should I  
 take advice from a... a...

(MORE)



SATYR (CONT'D)

no remorse, she will toss your  
corpse aside the moment she's done  
with it.

PRINCE BRAD

(to Satyr)

That's a very messed up thing to  
say about someone, and on top of  
that, you're completely ruining the  
vibe... like, I mean, that's some  
dark shit.

SATYR

FUCK YEAH that's some dark shit!  
Look at her! Look at those eyes.  
What do you see?

Prince Brad turns to Priscilla, hexed by her delicate eyes  
and sultry smile.

PRINCE BRAD

(entranced)

Uhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh... Mmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmm  
some kind of sexy-

SAYTR

NOTHING! THAT'S RIGHT! Completely  
lifeless. That man-eating-  
carnivorous-bitch!

PRINCE BRAD

How can you tell?

SATYR

Other than the screams of men  
waking me up every night... hmmm?  
Maybe it's because I've been around  
these forests, I know the tricks  
she plays and I ain't play'n.

PRINCE BRAD

Uh-huh.

SATYR

(to Squire)

Listen, I didn't care before, but  
at this point, it's really just  
sad.

SQUIRE

You're telling me.



SATYR

I've tried to help, I really have.  
But after a while, I don't think  
you can really change their minds.  
They're kinda just... ZOOooop...  
narrow.

PRINCE BRAD

(to Priscilla)

Is this true?

PRISCILLA

No.

SATYR

LIAR! Of course she would say  
that, it's all part of her witchy  
mind games.

PRINCE BRAD

If she says it's not true, it's not  
true. I have to take the fair  
maiden at her word.

SATYR

Alright, lose your soul, get your  
flesh ripped away from your body,  
what do I care!

PRINCE BRAD

(to self)

Well... a prince certainly can't be  
soulless or missing any flesh from  
his body... what would he his  
subjects think? Uhhhhhhhhhhggggg.  
You've put me in quite the  
predicament here.

Satyr, dumbfounded.

PRINCE BRAD (CONT'D)

(to self)

On one hand, you have the most  
beautiful maiden in all the kingdom  
laying right here, at your feet,  
but on the other hand... you could  
have a--

SATYR

A LYING PIECE OF SHIT!

PRINCE BRAD

(to self)

A monster in disguise, ready to  
pounce as soon as I turn my back.

Priscilla places her hands around Prince Brad's plated chest.  
She rubs them over his heart.

PRISCILLA

Listen to your heart. Follow its  
desires.

SATYR

Don't listen to your dick, whatever  
you do, I'm begging you! Please!  
Make a logical decision! Think  
about it, how did she get down  
there in the first place? She's  
not even injured! If you fell from  
that height you'd obviously have  
some broken bones.

Priscilla hobbles slightly, she clutches her ANKLE for show.

PRISCILLA

(in the softest tone)

Ow.

PRINCE BRAD

(to self)

What to do? What to do?

(to squire)

Squire!

SQUIRE

Yes Sire!

PRINCE BRAD

I'm in a bit of a pickle.

SQUIRE

I can see that Sire.

PRINCE BRAD

Give me your advice. Quickly.

SQUIRE

Okay. Well...

PRINCE BRAD

(to Squire)

Enough thought, I made up my mind.

(to Satyr)

(MORE)

PRINCE BRAD (CONT'D)

I'm sorry, but the romantic spark  
between us... it's greater than any  
danger that may or may not be  
lurking.

SATYR

Whatever dude. Good luck I  
guess...

Satyr scurries out of the clearing.

SATYR (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Don't say I didn't warn ya!

Satyr scampers back into the thicket of the Enchanted Forest.

PRISCILLA

Phew. Thought she'd never leave.  
Those crazy woodland creatures  
always get on my nerves.

PRINCE BRAD

You can say that again.

Prince Brad turns to see his Squire staring back at them.

PRINCE BRAD (CONT'D)

What are you looking at?! Away  
with you Squire!

SQUIRE

Yes Sire.

Squire hustles out of the clearing and into the thicket.

PRISCILLA

It's just you and me baby.

PRINCE BRAD

Baby? I like the sound of that.

PRISCILLA

You...

PRINCE BRAD

Uh-huh.

PRISCILLA

And me...

PRINCE BRAD

Ooooooo-yeeaaaaahhhhh.

PRISCILLA  
(growls)  
FOREVER.

Priscilla's beauty quickly turns monstrous. She chomps into Prince Brad's neck. BLOOD Squirts everywhere.

PRINCE BRAD  
AHHHHhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhgk-Gaaahh--

Priscilla rips Prince Brad's head from his armored body. The most grotesque scene you can imagine. Priscilla looks down at his freshly decapitated head lying in the dirt. She kicks it off the cliff.

PRISCILLA  
Stupid bitch.

Priscilla sucks the BLOOD off her fingers.

PRISCILLA (CONT'D)  
Now then... where did that Squire  
run off to?

**THE END**