



Scripts.com

# Royal New Year's Eve

By Rick Garman

Abigail Miller's office,  
this is Caitlyn.

Hi, Karen.

Yes, I know it's Christmas Eve  
but she's working  
on the fashion show.

Because it's on the 26th.

Well, you're either coming  
tonight or open presents  
at your desk tomorrow morning.

No, I will not tell our boss  
that she's being a grinch.

Karen, I promise you'll be  
the first to know when I do.

Fa-la-la-la-la to you, too.

You know what?

She's down in  
the art department.

We're supposed to be at  
your parent's house in an hour.

I know, my mother keeps texting  
me pictures of the turkey  
in the oven.

Are those Leighton's dresses?

Yep, all hemmed and tailored,  
buffed and polished.

How do they look?

Not bad.

Your designs were a million  
times better.

Abigail should really put you  
in the fashion show.

Leighton is her daughter  
and I am just her assistant.

She barely cares  
what my name is let alone  
what my designs look like.

You've been working  
for her for almost a year.

Have you never even  
shown them to her?

Doris, are you crazy?

Your New Year's resolution  
should be to believe

in your talent.

I do.

I mostly do.

Showing my designs to Abigail  
Miller would be like jumping  
in the deep end of  
a swimming pool.

Filled with sharks.

Well, by midnight New Year's Eve  
I will change your mind.

Right before we get romantic  
kisses from two handsome men  
at a uh, elegant ball.

What men?

What ball?

We were just planning  
on binge watching TV  
and eating our weight  
in ice cream.

It's New Year's Eve.

Anything's possible.

Ok, the chances of us  
getting kissed at midnight  
at some fancy New Year's ball  
is just as good as  
Abigail Miller wanting to see  
my dress designs.

[phone rings]

Abigail Miller's office,  
this is Caitlyn.

Ok, I got it.

She's on her way.

Ok, I am gonna go hide behind  
my sewing machine.

And please remind her  
that it's Christmas Eve  
and that some of us are  
on Santa's nice list.

Caitlyn?

Abigail.

I have your messages  
and Leighton,  
your dresses have arrived.

Oh, thanks, Caitlyn.

I want you to add Lady Isabelle  
and Prince Jeffery  
to the guest list  
for the fashion show.

Who?

They're only one of  
the hottest couples  
in the world right now.

I don't really pay attention  
to that stuff usually.

It's your job to pay attention  
to stuff like that.

Anyway, they're here  
for the royal family's  
New Year's Eve charity thing  
and the rumour is  
the Prince is going to propose.

On New Year's Eve?

Wow, that's so romantic.

Yes.

Anyway, it'll make  
a great cover,  
so I want to wow them  
at the fashion show.

I'll take care of it.

Abigail... some of the staff  
was wondering...

it's- it's Christmas Eve.

And?

And they wanna go home, mom.

We have tons of work to do.

Caitlyn, remind me.

Which one shows up first?

Is it the ghost of

Christmas past?

Fine.

Go be merry.

Thank you.

Merry Christmas.

No.

No.

Definitely not.

Mom, I like that one.

Lady Isabelle is going to see

your dresses  
at the fashion show and  
if we play our cards right  
she's going to be wearing one  
when the Prince proposes to her  
on New Year's Eve.  
Ok. I get it.  
But it is Christmas Eve.  
Can't this wait?  
This could be your big break.  
This is much more important  
than Christmas.  
Let's get to work.  
Caitlyn, we're late!  
I know, my mother just sent  
me a picture of a kitchen timer.  
Wait until you see how much  
food she made.  
We're gonna have leftovers  
for weeks.  
Oh, the freezer's already full  
with all the food that  
my folks sent home  
after Thanksgiving.  
I can bring some to work.  
We work at a fashion magazine.  
Nobody there eats.  
Ok, no telling jokes  
like that tonight.  
My parents are already  
freaked out that I quit  
my steady teaching job  
to work in fashion.  
Well, have they seen  
your designs?  
Yeah, they think they're cute.  
What?  
They're beautiful.  
Lady Isabelle should  
see this one.  
The Prince would take one  
look at her in this  
and propose on the spot.  
Ok, we have to go otherwise

my mother is going to send us  
a picture of her weeping over  
a burned turkey.

Ok, ok.

Ok, ok.

[sighs]

Someday your prince will come.

Who's home is this again?

Lord and Lady Atwood.

You met them at the opera  
a few months ago.

Oh, yes.

I think it was a race  
to determine  
which would put me  
to sleep faster.

Them or the opera.

Luckily they are vacationing  
in Italy and have given you  
free run of the place  
and a suitable venue  
for the New Year's Eve ball.

I suppose it's appropriate given  
what everyone's expecting me  
to do at this year's ball.

It is a tradition in your  
family, Your Highness.

All the men have proposed  
on New Year's Eve.

I'm painfully aware of  
the traditions, Barnaby.

I've lived my entire life  
within their strict confines.

It's just that sometimes  
I wish that-

Let me show you both  
where the New Year's Eve ball  
will take place.

Hello, darling.

Did you get settled in  
your room, Lady Isabelle?

Yes, I did, Barnaby.

Thank you.

We must make sure to thank

Lord and Lady Atwood  
for their generosity.  
Oh, Jeffery, we should take them  
to the opera.  
Wouldn't that be fun?  
Yes, it would be.  
[gasps]  
Oh, Jeffery.  
Oh, this room is beautiful,  
isn't it?  
Yes, it is.  
This will make a wonderful place  
for you to host  
the New Year's Eve gala.  
We have so much to do.  
Interview caterers,  
choose an orchestra...  
I have to find a dress.  
Isabelle, darling,  
it's Christmas Eve.  
Perhaps we could put  
a pin in that  
until after the holiday?  
Jeffery, this is  
quite important.  
We must make sure  
that everything is perfect  
when the king arrives  
on New Year's Eve.  
Yes, of course.  
I'm still full.  
I told you not to have seconds.  
I think it would have made  
your mom cry if I didn't.  
Oh, hello, Abigail.  
How was-  
Do you have the updated  
guest list for tonight?  
Yes, I have that right here.  
Hi, Leighton.  
How was your Christmas?  
Jingle all the way.  
Let me know the moment  
Lady Isabelle arrives.

And Doris, I think we should do another fitting for the models. We've already done two. Well, let's do three. It has to be perfect. Caitlyn, why is this Christmas tree here? Because it was Christmas yesterday? Yesterday is like wearing last year's fashions. Get rid of it. Somebody got coal in their stocking. Mmmhmm. Hello. Lady Isabelle Collins for Abigail Miller. Hello. Welcome. Thank you. Lady Isabelle? I didn't know you were here. Caitlyn, why didn't you tell me she was here? Well, I hope you're ready for this evening. We are going to have some amazing designs for you to see. Hopefully I'll fall in love with one of them for the prince's New Year's Eve gala. I want to look stunning when he, well, when whatever happens that evening happens. Yes, let's talk about that. Oh, I- I forgot my notebook with all my plans for the party. A messenger should be bringing it. Caitlyn, go downstairs and wait for the messenger. Ok, I'll take care of that.



They'll be carrying a red book.  
You can't miss it.  
Good.  
So, I've been thinking about...  
The messenger  
would have delivered  
the notebook,  
Your Highness.  
I know, Barnaby, but I wanted  
to get out of the hotel.  
It's New York City.  
I'd like to experience  
it while I'm here.  
You have a busy  
schedule today,  
are you sure you don't want  
to change into something  
more befitting your position?  
Are you saying I look like  
a commoner?  
Never, Your Highness.  
You look like a man  
with a purpose.  
Perhaps an unshaven one  
but a man with a purpose  
nonetheless.  
Barnaby, I've spent  
my entire life  
being treated like a prince.  
That's a bad thing?  
No, but just this once, in a  
city where nobody knows me,  
I don't want to be Prince  
Jeffery, house of Wallingford  
next in line to the crown.  
I just want to be... Jeff.  
[snickers]  
I could be Jeff.  
You can be anything you want  
to be, Your Highness.  
Now you're just humouring me.  
No, I would never do that.  
Here we are.  
Jeff.

Oh.  
Hi, excuse me?  
Is that for Lady  
Isabelle Collins?  
Why, yes it is.  
I'll take that.  
I'm- I'm sorry, who are you?  
I'm Abigail Miller's assistant  
and they are waiting  
for that upstairs.  
I really should take  
it up myself.  
They sent me down to get it.  
You see, Isabelle is-  
Waiting for me to bring her  
that notebook and she strikes me  
as the kind of woman  
that gets what she wants.  
Does she?  
Oh, yes.  
I mean, she's dating a prince.  
How do you even meet  
a prince?  
Is there, like, a dating app  
for that or something?  
Probably.  
Anyway, they are waiting  
for this so...  
You don't understand.  
I wanted to meet Miss Miller  
because I'm-  
I get it.  
You're a model, and you  
think that if you get  
in front of the editor of  
Appliqu magazine  
she'll put you on  
the next cover?  
Model, really?  
You're a very handsome guy,  
I'll admit that,  
but the last person that tried  
to slip Abigail a headshot  
got carried out by security.

Oh dear.

Yes.

And they are waiting  
for this notebook upstairs  
and if I'm not there  
in a couple minutes  
I will be the one  
being carried out.

Well, we wouldn't want that.

No.

Two conditions.

Ok, what?

One, you have to tell me  
your name.

Caitlyn.

And I suppose  
the second condition  
is I'll have to give  
you my number.

No, no.

It's as simple as this.

You must promise me  
that the next time we meet  
you won't be embarrassed by  
what has transpired here today.

What makes you think  
we will meet again?

And why would I be embarrassed?

Just a hunch.

Ok, deal.

Now, can I please have  
the notebook?

My name is Jeff,  
by the way.

Well, thank you, Jeff.

I'll be sure to give you  
a good review on Yelp.

[phone ringing]

Hello?

Doris. Have you left yet?

Just leaving the house.

Oh, good.

I need you to bring me  
a dress.

Why?  
What's wrong with what  
you're wearing?  
Abigail said I look like  
a waitress  
from an all-you-can-eat buffet.  
So we're guessing her  
New Year's resolution  
is to be less mean.  
Please just bring me a dress.  
Ok, well which one?  
I don't know, any of them.  
Um... the red one.  
The red one?  
Oh, really?  
Doris, please just pick one.  
Ok.  
Oh, Doris, what took you  
so long?  
All the guests have already  
arrived and Abigail won't let me  
in the ballroom until I change.  
Sorry.  
Here.  
Doris, what did you do?  
This is one of my dresses.  
It's beautiful and,  
more importantly,  
it's too late to do anything  
about it.  
Oh, I am gonna get you  
so good for this.  
Ok, I'm gonna be backstage with  
a bunch of size zero models.  
I'm already being punished.  
There they are,  
the happy couple.  
Oh, Jeffery, this is Abigail  
Miller from Appliqu magazine.  
Your highness.  
She has graciously offered  
to help  
with the New Year's Eve gala.  
Wonderful.

You know it's a benefit for  
the royal family foundation  
which funds a number  
of youth programs,  
scholarships, on-the-job-  
Jeffery, she doesn't need  
the sales pitch.  
She's already agreed.  
Any assistance you can give  
will help a lot of people.  
Well, we're all about helping.  
And we want to make sure  
that we do anything we can  
to make you happy.  
Lady Isabelle, I want you to pay  
special attention  
tonight to the fashions  
from Leighton Miller.  
Oh, fashion talk.  
That's my cue.  
Excuse me.  
[gasps]  
[crash]  
Oh, Jeffery!  
You clumsy man, you ruined  
the Prince's jacket.  
No, no, no.  
It was all my fault.  
Are you ok?  
I'm so sorry.  
I'm fine, thank you.  
Yes, your jacket has taken  
quite a hit, Your Highness.  
Oh dear.  
Ladies, you'll have to excuse me  
while I go try  
to make myself a little  
more presentable.  
Alright.  
Oh dear.  
I'm afraid this is not going  
to work, Your Highness.  
Yes, I think the shrimp cocktail  
won this round.

I'll go check with the hotel to see if they have something that might get this out.

Thank you, Barnaby.

I'll wait for you in the hall.

Oh, I didn't-

I'm so sorry!

Oh, I'm sorry.

No, I'm- that... you.

What- what're you doing here?

Actually, I'm-

Oh, I get it.

You're a messenger by day, cater waiter at night?

Very perceptive, Caitlyn.

I know you're trying to make it in this business but this is not the way to do it.

Alright, what would you suggest?

Do you have an agent or a manager?

Someone that looks out for you?

Yes.

His name's Barnaby.

Great.

Well, then he needs to be out making contacts on your behalf. You need to make him work for you, because the chances of you meeting someone important here are pretty slim.

I met you.

Right.

Well, if you think I'm important you really do need help.

I do know all of the great modeling agencies in this town and I'm sure that one would be happy to sit down and talk with you.

You would do that for me?

I know what it's like to want to  
be something more than you are.  
So give me a call after the  
holidays at the magazine.  
I'm not giving you my number.  
I didn't ask.  
By the way, the dress  
is beautiful.  
You look lovely.  
Thank you.  
I'm still not giving you  
my number.  
Caitlyn should be any minute.  
I'm here, I'm here.  
I'm sorry.  
It's about time.  
We should start the show.  
I know, I'm sorry.  
Hello, Lady Isabelle.  
Caitlyn, your dress is stunning.  
Thank you.  
This is exactly the sort  
of thing I'd like to wear  
to the New Year's Eve party.  
Where did you get it?  
Actually, I-  
Did you take it  
from the office?  
Is that one of  
our spring line?  
Caitlyn designed it.  
Doris.  
You did?  
Caitlyn, this is gorgeous.  
Thank you.  
Do you have others?  
I'd love to wear something  
like it to my party.  
What now?  
Yes, she has lots  
of other designs.  
Wouldn't you like to wait  
until you see the show  
this evening?

Oh, well, certainly.  
But if Caitlyn's other designs  
are this good...  
Caitlyn, shall we meet tomorrow  
to go over what you have?  
Yeah, sure.  
That would-  
that would be great.  
Text me your location and  
a time and I'll be there.  
Great.  
Abigail, I didn't-  
We just need to get  
the show started.  
Right.  
I'll go tell the stage manager.  
No, I want you to go backstage  
with Doris.  
And you help Leighton.  
And I want you to stay there.  
Everything has to go smoothly.  
Ok, I can do that.  
Did that just happen?  
That just happened!  
Lady Isabelle will be wearing  
one of your dresses  
when the prince asks her  
to marry him.  
I don't even know  
what to do with that.  
Abigail does not  
look very happy.  
Who cares?  
I care.  
She's my boss.  
What if she fires me?  
She's not gonna fire you.  
She just exiled you backstage.  
Although I guess this means  
you're not gonna get  
to meet the prince.  
Oh, I am so ok with that.  
I've had enough fairy tale  
for one evening.



Here you are, Your Highness.  
Oh, thank you, Barnaby.  
Oh, hello?  
Good, someone found my phone.  
Hi, uh, that's my phone.  
Yes, it is.  
Hello, Caitlyn.  
Wait... is... Jeff?  
You said you weren't going  
to give me your phone number.  
And technically I didn't.  
I just gave you my entire phone,  
it seems.  
I suppose you want it back?  
Yes, please.  
Um, I can come to you.  
No, no.  
My place is a mess.  
I was heading out shortly soon,  
I could drop it by.  
Really?  
That would be great.  
I need to get ready  
for a meeting.  
I'll text my address  
to the phone.  
Alright then.  
See you soon.  
[message alert]  
So, wait.  
A future princess wants  
one of your designs  
and a cute model answers  
your phone when you call it?  
You should buy  
a lottery ticket.  
Right?  
Uh, speaking of future princess,  
I have to call Lady Isabelle.  
Oooh.  
Yes, that would work perfect.  
I'll see you then.  
Thank you.  
That was the designer that

I told you about last night.

Designer?

Yes.

The one with the dress that  
I liked so much.

I have a few errands  
to run first

but perhaps we could meet  
for lunch.

Sounds lovely.

Where are you off to dressed  
so casually?

I'm returning a lost mobile.

Oh.

Why don't you have one of  
the staff to do it?

I'm sure that Barnaby-

No, no, no, no, no.

I'd rather do it myself.

Why?

That's not the sort of thing  
a prince should be doing.

That's why.

I like the idea of doing things  
regular people do.

Yes, but we're  
not regular people.

Doesn't that bother  
you a little?

No, not in the slightest.

Hmm.

Well, I like the idea of being  
regular every now and then.

I will see you at lunch.

Yes.

Lady Isabelle will be here  
in a couple of hours.

Lady Isabelle.

that is so cool.

See, I knew it would just take  
someone with taste  
seeing your work.

Oh, she definitely has taste.

She is so elegant.

I feel like a bull in a china shop around her.

Did you even see the prince?

No.

Abigail didn't let me come out front by the time they left. Well, maybe he'll come with her.

Mmm.

Oh, we need to straighten up. Yeah, it might just be easier if we moved.

Ok.

Oh- Oh-

Kitchen.

Are you sure you don't want me to return the phone, Your Highness?

No, this will just take a minute.

[knocking]

You were right.

We meet again and I am indeed embarrassed.

This isn't precisely what I meant but...

Hello.

Oh, Doris, this is Jeff.

Um, Jeff, this is my roommate, Doris.

Lovely to meet you.

Why do you look so familiar?

You must have been in a magazine or something.

I've been in a few, yes.

Well, that must be it then.

Anyway, thank you again for returning this.

Do you want me to give you a reward or something?

No, no.

It's not necessary.

You came all the way down here.

Really, it was no bother.

Maybe you could buy him  
a cup of coffee?  
We need to get our place ready  
for our visitor, remember?  
Well, I can take care  
of that and...  
you want a cup of coffee,  
don't you, Jeff?  
As a matter of fact, I do.  
Ok, I shall get my coat then.  
Here.  
I'll need to help you.  
Thank you.  
You know that this is just me  
saying thank you.  
We're not...  
Oh, no.  
Of course not.  
Besides, I'm seeing someone,  
so no ulterior motives.  
Ok.  
Doris, I'll see you later.  
Lovely to meet you.  
You, too.  
Have fun.  
[gasps]  
Oh my... ok.  
Pick up.  
Pick up!  
[phone ringing]  
No!  
Ok.  
Oh my gosh.  
There you go.  
Thank you.  
Mmm.  
This is good coffee.  
I'll have to remember  
this place.  
There's one on, like, every  
four blocks so it won't be hard.  
Shall we sit?  
Sure.  
We don't have these back

at home.

You don't?

I thought you were from Britain.

Your accent.

No.

No, I'm from a small country  
in Europe.

Most people have  
never heard of it.

I'm only in New York  
for a short while.

Oh, well, how are you  
liking it so far?

I love it.

It's so energetic and colourful.

There's just so much to do.

Why, yesterday I took  
the subway.

You- you've never ridden  
a subway?

No.

It was amazing.

It was a little crowded and  
there were some unusual smells  
but uh, besides that it was  
quite an adventure.

It can be.

Maybe next time you can take  
a cab.

[laughs]

So what is it like working  
in fashion?

It seems so glamorous.

Well, I'm just an assistant  
so I haven't really experienced  
the glamour part of it all yet.

Yet?

What are your aspirations?

I wanna be a designer.

Hmm.

I mean, I am a designer,  
I just haven't had much  
success in it yet.

But I'm hoping that

that's all about to change.  
Really?  
I have this amazing opportunity.  
I don't wanna talk  
too much about it  
because I don't wanna  
jinx it  
but it could really be  
a new beginning for me.  
That's exciting.  
Well, not as exciting  
as riding the subway.  
No.  
No, it's not.  
So you said you're  
seeing somebody?  
Yes, for a couple years now.  
Sounds serious.  
Yes.  
There may be an  
engagement soon.  
Really?  
Have you decided how  
you're gonna pop the question?  
It's actually been decided  
for me.  
How does that happen?  
It's a tradition of sorts.  
All the men in my family  
have proposed just  
before the stroke of midnight  
on New Year's Eve.  
Really?  
That's so romantic.  
It's supposed to symbolize  
a fresh start.  
A new beginning,  
so to speak.  
Two lives becoming one.  
That's crazy romantic.  
I'm totally stealing that  
when I get engaged.  
Is that happening soon?  
Considering I'm not even

dating anybody?

No.

Not this New Year's Eve,  
that's for sure.

There will be more.

You know, I hear they  
have one every year.

[laughs]

Well, this is me.

So thank you for rescuing  
my phone,  
which I must have left upstairs.

I leave that everywhere.

It's like a sickness.

I really need help.

Perhaps that could be your  
New Year's resolution.

You know, it's almost as good as  
getting engaged  
at the stroke of midnight.

Thanks again.

Good luck.

Jeffery.

Isabelle.

What're you doing here?

Well, I told you.

I was meeting with the designer,  
Caitlyn.

Wait, you're-

Is everything alright,

Your Highness?

Highness?

He's the prince!

He's the- he's

the prince.

Oh, Jeffery, you should  
be ashamed of yourself  
not telling her  
who you really are.

I know.

I'm truly sorry.

No problem, your...

excellency?

You call him

"Your Highness".  
Please, just call me Jeffery.  
Not Jeff?  
Um, no.  
Jeff is busy with  
his modeling career.  
You'll have to forgive him.  
He enjoys his anonymity here  
perhaps a little too much.  
Certainly.  
Anyway, I believe it's fate  
bringing us all together.  
Caitlyn, your designs  
are lovely.  
Thank you, Doris.  
You're welcome,  
Your Highness.  
Oh, uh, or soon-to-be highness?  
Lady Isabelle is just fine.  
Oh.  
Oh, this is it.  
Elegant and romantic.  
I- I love it.  
You really like that one?  
I do, I love it.  
It'd make me feel like  
a princess.  
Metaphorically speaking,  
of course.  
What do you need to have it done  
by New Year's Eve?  
Doris, would-  
would you help?  
Make a dress for a lady?  
Yeah.  
Uh, yes.  
Great.  
Well, then we just need to talk  
measurements and fabric.  
I believe that's our cue,  
Barnaby.  
Yes, Your Highness.  
Isabelle, I'll see you at lunch.  
Alright, darling.



Again, I'm sorry.  
You did warn me not  
to be embarrassed.  
Ok.  
Let's get started.  
I will go grab the measuring  
tape.  
Alright.  
[sighs]  
Well, it's official.  
Isabelle's going to wear  
Caitlyn's dress.  
Mom, it's ok.  
No, it is not ok.  
This is your opportunity,  
not Caitlyn's.  
She stole your shot.  
She didn't steal anything.  
Lady Isabelle liked her dress  
and I don't blame her.  
It was beautiful.  
I am the editor in chief  
of one of  
the leading fashion magazines  
in the world.  
I decide what is beautiful  
and what isn't.  
Well, there's nothing we can do  
about it now  
because she's already  
made up her mind.  
Well, maybe we can get her  
to change her mind.  
Especially if Caitlyn  
can't deliver.  
I hate it when your eyes  
do that.  
It usually means you're  
plotting something.  
You know, it's going  
to take a lot of work,  
helping the prince  
and Lady Isabelle plan  
the New Year's Eve party.

Far too much work  
for me by myself  
but luckily I have  
an assistant.  
But mom, if you load Caitlyn up  
with party planning  
then she's never gonna be able  
to work on the dress.  
Oh.  
Yes, sure, but... ok, but I...  
happy to do it.  
Now I have to plan the New  
Year's Eve party, too.  
What?  
Why?  
Because Abigail says so.  
I'm supposed to meet the Prince  
and Lady Isabelle  
this afternoon for  
a catering audition.  
Ok, free food and  
a handsome prince?  
I'm sorry, what's  
the problem again?  
He didn't tell me that  
he was a prince.  
Princes should be required  
to identify themselves.  
They should have to wear, like,  
a name tag or a badge.  
He did say he was sorry.  
What if I said something  
that would have caused  
an international incident?  
And now I need to work on  
the party with him?  
How am I supposed to do that  
and get the dress ready in time?  
We'll figure it out.  
This is crazy.  
Yesterday I was living a normal  
life and now today  
I'm somehow mixed up  
with royalty?

Well, if it's a choice  
between royalty and normal  
I'll choose royalty any day.  
You don't know that.  
Yeah, I do.  
Royalty comes with  
a castle.  
[laughs]  
I'm officially addicted to this  
coffee and it is all your fault.  
Thank you, Your Highness.  
Jeffery is fine.  
Is Lady Isabelle coming?  
No, we're dividing  
and conquering.  
It was this or choosing  
centerpieces and I thought food  
was much more  
in my wheel house.  
Mmm.  
That is wonderful.  
You don't get out much,  
do you?  
I told you.  
Yes, well you didn't  
tell me it was  
because you were  
a prince.  
Yes, but remember, you said  
you wouldn't be embarrassed.  
But I was.  
You made me feel like-  
Caitlyn, I... I liked being just  
Jeff for a little while.  
It was nice talking to someone  
who treated me  
as a person instead  
of just a prince.  
I didn't mean to hurt  
or embarrass you.  
I hope you can forgive me.  
Well, I presume that  
this is all for us.  
Yes, well, they gave us

lots of options.

It appears they gave us

all options.

Let's see what we have.

Marrow with framboise glise.

Sounds interesting.

Does it?

Not bad.

No.

Ok.

We'll um... we'll put that  
in the maybe column.

So, the next one.

Artisanal seaweed  
and oyster croquettes.

Sounds interesting.

Hmm.

An intriguing combination.

Do you eat fancy stuff like this  
all the time?

No, no, not always.

Last week we had a simple  
duck confit with pine foam.

That's simple?

Yes, why?

What do you eat?

Food.

Like, real food.

You know, the kind of stuff  
Jeff would eat.

Yes, well, Jeff is not throwing  
a New Year's Eve ball  
attended by people who  
expect fancy things like this.

Yes, well, you know,

I think deep down everybody just  
wants a good juicy hot dog.

Hmm.

Do you know what?

Hmm?

That does sound good.

Mmmhmm.

This is remarkable.

Right?

It's so much better  
than pine foam.  
Best hot dogs in the city.  
Life-changing.  
[laughs]  
You live in such  
a strange world.  
I know.  
I mean, strange to me.  
I just- I could never fit in  
with your friends.  
Most of them are hangers-on.  
They like the idea of being  
in proximity to royalty.  
So then why invite them  
to your party?  
The ball is a fundraiser for  
the royal family's foundation.  
We sponsor scholarships  
and after school programs  
for at-risk youths.  
You'd be shocked at the-  
at the statistics of the...  
Sorry.  
I've been accused of getting  
a little carried away  
when I'm talking  
about the foundation.  
I think there's a difference  
between carried away and caring.  
You're passionate about it.  
There's nothing wrong with that.  
I love it when I get a chance  
to make a real difference  
in people's lives.  
So these hangers-on,  
they just write big cheques  
to come to your party?  
Well, no, we auction off  
pieces of artwork  
from the royal collection.  
They should be  
arriving tomorrow.  
Really?

Yes.

I used to be an art teacher.

Art teacher to dress designer.

I bet that's an  
interesting story.

Why don't you come  
by the mansion tomorrow  
and tell me all about it?

If a prince is asking me  
to do something am I allowed  
to say no?

Absolutely.

Of course I could have you  
thrown into a dungeon for it  
but you could say no.

[laughs]

I should um... I should probably  
get going.

You know, we only have four days  
to get the dress ready  
for Lady Isabelle.

Right.

We wouldn't want  
to disappoint her.

No.

Hey.

Hey.

How was it?

It was... not terrible.

That's good, right?

Yeah.

Yeah, it is.

What can I do?

Make some coffee.

It's gonna be a long night.

Good morning.

I'm up. I'm good.

I'm doing it.

No, no, no, no, no.

Stop. Stop.

Ooh.

Yeah, you're doing this wrong.

No.

No, I'm so sorry.

No, it's ok, it's ok.  
It's an easy fix.  
Were you up all night?  
No.  
Maybe.  
What's the date?  
The 28th.  
It's three days until the ball.  
Actually, that's only, like,  
two days until the fitting.  
There's so much to do  
for the party.  
There's so much to do.  
Abigail, she... she keeps going,  
keep requests,  
like how is it supposed  
to happen?  
Oh, ok, Caitlyn,  
just relax.  
Ok?  
I'll call in sick to work today.  
It'll be fine.  
No, I cannot ask you to do that.  
It's ok, I want to.  
Unless, of course,  
you wanna trade places  
and I'll go look at fabulous  
works of art  
with the handsome prince.  
It's not like that, we're  
just planning a party.  
I don't care what it's like.  
In my head this is the perfect  
princess fantasy.  
Only it's you instead of me,  
but I'm good with  
living vicariously.  
Ok, please Doris,  
between the dress and the party  
and the whole prince thing,  
it's stressful enough.  
Let's not make this something  
that it doesn't need to be.  
Alright.

[phone rings]  
Abigail.  
Hello, Abigail.  
I know.  
Yep, I know.  
I know.  
Ok.  
I- I'll be right there.  
Go.  
I got this.  
Ok, I'm going.  
You know you're not actually  
moving, right?  
Mmmhmm.  
Yep.  
You're late.  
I know, I'm sorry.  
Oh, that's alright, they have  
just started to unpack  
the artwork so...  
Good.  
Caitlyn, I'm not giving you  
too much work, am I?  
No.  
No, not at all.  
Everything should be done  
in time.  
Should be?  
Isabelle, perhaps we should talk  
about an alternative  
for your dress-  
It will be done.  
Everything will be done  
in time.  
Well what about the party?  
You're not going to drop  
the ball on that, are you?  
No.  
The music, the food,  
the flowers?  
And we're reviewing the artwork  
this morning.  
I think Caitlyn has  
everything well in hand.



I'm sure she does.  
Well, Abigail and I are off  
to find fabulous things to go  
with my fabulous dress  
and afterwards  
perhaps we can go over  
seating charts for the party.  
Sounds great.  
Wonderful.  
Goodbye.  
Shall we?  
Well, we have a little time  
before they're ready for us  
to look at anything, so...  
coffee?  
I have so much to do  
before the ball.  
I- I don't know if I have time  
for coffee.  
Well, lucky for us the person  
throwing the ball does.  
Don't make me threaten you  
with the dungeon again.  
Coffee it is.  
[laughs]  
Ok.  
Caitlyn, you really  
should relax.  
It's going to work out  
just fine.  
Yeah.  
I hope so.  
You sound unsure.  
I've never made a dress  
for a real live human being  
other than myself.  
Well, I have the utmost  
confidence in you.  
It just- it... has to be  
special, you know?  
I mean, especially if you're  
gonna... you know.  
Ask Isabelle to marry me.  
Yes.

The fashion show the other night, that looked spectacular. Oh, yes, well Abigail does nothing less than spectacular. It must be really challenging working for someone so... exacting.

Exacting.

That is a word I will have to remember.

It's not always a barrel of laughs but I have learned so much.

It's basically been like a crash course in fashion. You know, sometimes I feel like the crash test dummy, though. If it's any consolation I feel like that most days myself.

Hmm.

Is this that point in the conversation where the rich, handsome prince with the beautiful girlfriend is going to tell me how hard his life is?

No.

No, no, no.

My position affords me great luxury and great reward. And I'm not just talking about the palaces.

Oh, palaces.

More than- more than one?

Yes.

I can't even keep track.

But seriously, it is an honour to be a member of the royal family.

The people of our country are hard-working, decent and generous.

I hear a "but" coming.

But a lot of things

are decided for you.

Like what?

Like who your friends are,  
where you can go to school,  
and who you shall marry.

Excuse me, Your Highness.

There's a call from your father.

Take a message.

You want me to take a message  
from the king?

Yes, I do.

May I take a message,  
Your Majesty?

I like this for you.

Oh, that is quite pretty.

I love when designers  
give me things to wear.

What do you think about this?

Mmm...

Message received.

Thank you.

I just wanna give you everything  
you want,  
whether it's the party  
or the dress.

You seem concerned.

Well, Caitlyn's never done  
anything like this before  
and it might be a good idea  
to have a little back-up plan.  
You know, just in case.

Oh.

Well, what did you have  
in mind?

Oh, well, um... this is just  
off the top of my head  
but many of the dresses in  
the fashion show are available.  
Maybe you could look  
at a few of those  
and see if anything might do.

I mean, just in case something  
happens with Caitlyn's dress.

Well, I suppose

that isn't a bad idea.

Having a back-up plan  
couldn't hurt.

Exactly.

But I'm sure that Caitlyn  
will come through.

It would take something quite  
big for me  
to change my mind  
about that dress.

So wait.

The first thing you ever  
designed was a princess costume?

It was for the school play.

My mother, bless her heart,  
she tried so hard,

but I took one look at it  
and went "no, please, let me".

How old were you?

Uh, six.

Brilliant.

So that made you want  
to become a designer?

Well, it primarily made me  
wanna become a princess,  
but yeah.

I never thought of it that way.

To me it's always  
been just clothes.

Oh, no.

It's so much more than that.

Fashion is about expressing  
ourselves from the inside  
by what we wear on the outside.

So if fashion  
was your calling,  
why the detour  
into teaching art?

I was young and felt like  
I needed a back-up plan.

Before I knew it that back-up  
plan had taken over.

So then one day you just decided  
to change your whole life?

Yeah.

Believe it or not it was part of  
a New Year's resolution.

Really?

Mmmhmm.

You're kidding.

No.

It was kind of  
one of those things.

I had broken up  
with someone  
that I had been seeing  
for a while.

Nothing dramatic, we just...

we wanted different things.

And that started making me think  
about the other things  
that I wanted in my life.

It was kind of time  
for a fresh start.

I find that quite remarkable.

Thank you.

But of course you did also say  
that about the hot dog.

Pales in comparison.

Oh, wow.

I love this one.

It is lovely.

Here's this sort  
of average woman  
and she's wearing  
this stunning gown.

Look at the way  
she's holding her face.

Like she can't believe  
how beautiful she looks.

This is how the dress  
made her feel.

This is what fashion can do.

That's her fresh start.

I think we should go  
with this china.

Ok.

I'm not convinced

about the flatware though.

Oh, I can have them bring in

others and you can see it.

Yes, let's do that.

Great.

Any update on the dress?

It will be ready for your

fitting tomorrow.

Wonderful.

And the art auction?

It's all set.

The pieces are beautiful.

I can't believe they're willing

to give them up.

Part of being royalty is making

tough choices

for the greater good.

Certainly gives me an insight

into the world

that most aren't able

to appreciate.

The extent of royalty and

nobility in my family ends

with my uncle Duke.

Yes.

Being Lady Isabelle is much more

than just a title I inherited

and should I one day be asked to

join the royal family

I'll consider it a great honour.

It's much more than just

a childhood fairytale about

becoming a princess.

I think you'll make

a great princess.

Oh, thank you.

I do, too.

Now, if we could just convince

Jeffery to embrace that.

I'm sure he will.

Yes.

He just needs to focus.

Distractions are such

a terrible thing.

Don't you think?  
I thought for sure Caitlyn  
would crack under the pressure  
and then I could swoop in  
and save the day.  
Mom, just leave it alone.  
I can't find one of  
my dresses  
that Isabelle would want,  
anyway.  
Well, keep looking.  
We have to find something  
that's ready to go  
before everything  
comes crashing down.  
Why would it crash down?  
Because we're going to give it  
a little push.  
Mom, why is this  
so important to you?  
Leighton, why isn't this  
more important to you?  
Because I want to succeed  
or fail on my own merits,  
not because my mother  
is playing puppet master.  
My darling, this is  
a cut-throat business.  
I am just trying to provide  
a few advantages.  
And I appreciate that.  
But just don't do anything  
too crazy.  
I will be the very picture  
of restraint.  
Just a little...  
push.  
Oh, let me see.  
This could work.  
Ok, I've got a couple hours  
until I need to get back  
to the mansion.  
What can I do?  
Go take a nap.

You must be exhausted.  
It's two days until the ball.  
I can sleep next year.  
Ok.  
Grab some beads.  
Ok.  
Oh, wow.  
This is beautiful.  
It's a beautiful design.  
You know, you and Lady Isabelle  
are almost exactly  
the same measurements.  
You should ask for it back after  
the ball and you can wear it.  
Where would I wear  
a dress like this?  
Yoga?  
This would be a great  
yoga dress.  
No, this dress is definitely  
made for a princess.  
[phone rings]  
Hello, Abigail.  
Yes, but I'm supposed to-  
Right, but... now?  
Ok.  
I'll be right there.  
Now there's an emergency at  
the office with the next issue.  
I have to go in.  
What?  
You know she's trying  
to overwhelm you, right?  
Yeah.  
[knocking]  
Now what?  
Jeffery.  
Wh- what're you doing here?  
I'm on the way to review  
the auction brochures.  
Abigail suggested  
you should join me.  
Unless you are  
sick of me by now.



No.

I couldn't get sick of you.

But I can't.

Abigail is making me  
go into work.

She said she wanted you  
to sign off  
on the brochures personally.

Ok.

Would you be able to bring them  
by the office for me to review?

I would.

Ok, great.

Doris, do you need anything?

If I do I can handle it.

Would it help if Barnaby stayed  
here in case a need arises?

That would be amazing,  
if Barnaby doesn't mind.

If that's what you want,

Your Highness.

The driver can take you  
wherever you need to go.

Or, if all else fails, I'm an  
old pro at the subway now.

Well, thank you again,

Barnaby.

And Doris, if you need anything  
please call.

Ok.

Well, that was interesting.

Quite.

Ok, so do you see  
any other problems?

No.

Excellent work.

I never would have seen  
half those errors.

I work at a magazine.

It's my job.

Well, thank you.

You have gone above  
and beyond on everything.

Oh, no. Thank you.

You've been so kind  
and supportive.  
You and Isabelle,  
of course.  
You know, I never...  
I never really did hear how  
the two of you met.  
We were introduced  
at a ceremony.  
I can't remember what for.  
Monarchies love  
their ceremonies.  
Oh, yes.  
Well, they have to use  
all those scepters.  
[laughs]  
Yes.  
Anyway, she'd heard that one  
of our board members  
was planning on stepping down  
and was interested  
in taking over his place.  
Well, that sounds really nice.  
Isabelle is a lovely young woman  
and I care for her deeply.  
I feel like there's  
a "but" coming.  
My father has decided it's time  
for him to step down  
and for me to take over  
the throne.  
However, he insists  
that I marry first.  
What do you want?  
Shall I escort you home now?  
Oh, no.  
You don't have to do that.  
It's no bother.  
I need to retrieve Barnaby,  
anyway.  
Right.  
Um, well, in that case,  
thank you.  
You know, you can sit down

if you want, Barnaby.  
Thank you, miss.  
I'm fine.  
How do you do that?  
Do what, miss?  
Just stand there.  
Quietly, not moving.  
I've had a lot of practice,  
miss.  
How long have you worked  
for the prince?  
I joined the employ of the royal  
family when Prince Jeffery  
was ten years old.  
Wow, that's a long time.  
You must know him pretty well.  
I'd say so, yes.  
He seems like a good guy.  
Yes, he is.  
And Miss Caitlyn seems  
quite lovely, as well.  
She is.  
She's the best.  
[knocking]  
Shall I?  
Uh, sure.  
Go for it.  
Barnaby.  
Hello, Ms. Miller.  
Abigail.  
Hello, Doris.  
I came to talk to Caitlyn  
about the party planning.  
Well, I thought she was  
at the office with you.  
[gasps]  
Is this Isabelle's dress?  
Yeah, it's not done yet  
but that's...  
She's going to love it.  
[gasps]  
Is that the prince I see?  
Where?  
Right there.

To the right.

**(Barnaby):**

I'm sure it's him.

Over to the right.

I don't think so.

Well, maybe I was mistaken.

Would you just tell Caitlyn that

I will speak to her tomorrow?

It's only a couple days

until the new year.

Do you have any resolutions?

I want to make sure that the  
foundation is in good shape.

Of course there will be  
a wedding to plan.

Right.

What about you?

What are your resolutions?

Oh, I have a few.

A million.

How about top three?

Ok.

I want to take more chances.

Because quitting your  
art teacher job to pursue  
a dream career

was playing it safe?

That's the thing.

You know, I did that and then  
I started another job  
that wasn't actually  
what I wanted.

I didn't really start taking  
chances until...

Until when?

Until you and Isabelle  
came along.

You know, now my design  
is gonna be worn by nobility  
and featured on the cover  
of a magazine.

What are your other resolutions?

The usual.

Friendship, love, silly stuff.  
Love is not silly.  
Not if you're doing it  
correctly, at least.  
It should be exciting  
and unexpected.  
It should come out of nowhere.  
I hope that'll happen to me  
some day.  
I hope so, too.  
Mom, I got your message.  
What's going on?  
Come look.  
What... is that Caitlyn's dress?  
The one and only.  
Until now.  
What're you talking about?  
What is the biggest sin  
in the world of exclusive,  
one-of-a-kind fashions?  
That they're not one-of-a-kind.  
Exactly.  
So, what?  
You're gonna have someone  
make a duplicate?  
How are you gonna do that  
in two days?  
We don't have to.  
We just have to make people  
think there's another dress.  
I have someone in the art  
department working on it  
and when they're done nobody's  
gonna know it isn't real.  
Ok, I still don't understand.  
Then we'll have  
someone publish the photo  
and it won't be one-of-a-kind  
anymore.  
And Isabelle won't want it,  
and we'll have a Leighton Miller  
original  
ready to take its place.  
Mom, do you remember when I said

don't do anything too crazy?  
Leighton, I am just trying  
to help you launch your career.  
Mom, this is not the way I wanna  
become successful.  
I could never live with myself.  
Ok.  
You promise?  
No more cartoon villain plots?  
I promise.  
Um, well...  
have a good evening.  
Thank you.  
You too.  
Barnaby. Shall we?  
Ok.  
Let's get to work.  
What was that?  
What was what?  
The whole "have a good evening"  
and "you too"  
and let's both stare at  
the floor uncomfortably thing  
that just happened.  
That didn't happen.  
Uh, yeah.  
It really did.  
Ok, well maybe spending  
so much time with him  
has made it easy to forget  
that he might be proposing  
to another woman in 48 hours.  
You're falling in love with him.  
No I'm not.  
I'm just-  
Caitlyn, I saw how you were  
looking at him earlier.  
See, that's the thing.  
I can't do that.  
It's not right.  
He was looking at you  
the same way.  
Don't say that.  
Why not?

Because he's dating Isabelle.  
And he may be asking her  
to marry him.  
But what if he doesn't?  
Doris, he's a prince.  
He's gonna be king.  
I don't fit in that world.  
It's a fairy tale and fairytales  
don't exist.  
Ok, so you're not  
falling in love with him,  
but do you like him?  
It doesn't matter.  
Because it's not gonna be me  
that he's kissing at midnight  
on New Year's Eve.  
Is there anything I can do  
to help  
with whatever may be troubling  
you, Your Highness?  
What makes you think something's  
troubling me, Barnaby?  
Because I've known you  
since you were a child.  
If I may say so, Your Highness,  
you've never been very good  
at disguising your feelings.  
Something that's landed me  
in a spot of trouble  
more than a few times.  
Do you remember  
when you were 16,  
the incident with the car?  
The one I took without  
permission and proceeded  
to knock down an 18th century  
statue with?  
That would be the one.  
I have a vague recollection,  
yes.  
What I remember is the look  
on your face the next time  
you were driven somewhere.  
Even though you were traveling

in a way that a person  
of your station is expected to,  
it's not what you wanted.  
You wanted to do it your way.  
Yes, that's true.  
But look how that turned out.  
Maybe it was worth the risk.  
The statue of my great  
great-grandfather  
would likely disagree.  
If Caitlyn is-  
She is.  
But when I took that car  
for a drive  
somebody could have  
gotten really hurt.  
It's not worth the risk.  
Hello.  
This is Lady Isabelle Collins.  
I'd like to speak with  
King Richard, please.  
Thank you.  
[sighs]  
It's perfect.  
Isabelle, you look radiant.  
I do, don't I?  
Brava, Lady Isabelle.  
Thank you, Barnaby.  
But the real cheers  
go to Caitlyn.  
Oh, I couldn't have done it  
without Doris.  
Oh.  
Well, you both deserve  
the credit.  
I couldn't be happier.  
We still have a few small tweaks  
to make.  
Um, let me mark.  
They'll be done in time  
for the party tomorrow?  
Oh yeah, this is easy stuff.  
We'll do this,  
we'll have it cleaned



and we'll deliver it  
in the morning.  
Wonderful.  
This is the start of big things  
for you, I predict.  
Excuse me, I'll be right back.  
Caitlyn?  
Are you ok?  
I'm fine.  
I'm sorry, I just got  
a little...  
dreams don't come true  
very often,  
so it's just  
a bit overwhelming.  
If you're overwhelmed  
by this  
imagine what it'll be like  
when everyone at the party  
sees the dress.  
We may have to reassign  
Barnaby to be your bodyguard.  
Right.  
Um... about that.  
I don't think that going to the  
party is a great idea for me.  
Nonsense.  
You arranged the entire gala.  
The staff can run it,  
and Abigail will be here  
to make sure.  
But when your dress  
makes its debut  
everyone will want to speak  
to you.  
You will be the centre  
of attention.  
Yeah, but I shouldn't be.  
You and Isabelle should be.  
Especially if you're  
going to...  
Ask her to marry me.  
Are you going to ask her?  
Well, it certainly is what

everyone's expecting  
me to do, right?  
I think that being there  
would be very hard for me.  
Are we still talking  
about the dress?  
Of course we are.  
There's nothing else we could be  
talking about, right?  
I suppose not.  
It's a shame, really.  
You know, look on  
the bright side.  
You got to ride the subway.  
Yes.  
Yes, yes, I did.  
And I had a delicious  
hot dog.  
Life-changing.  
I told you.  
And what was that cheese  
on top?  
No. No one knows.  
It is best not to ask questions  
like that.  
Where did Caitlyn go?  
I wanted to ask her  
about the ball.  
Oh, I think she just stepped out  
to get some air.  
Is she alright?  
Oh, I'm sure she'll be fine.  
These last few days have been  
great for her.  
I don't think I've ever seen  
her this happy.  
Because of the dress?  
Yeah.  
Yes.  
Because of the dress.  
Ok, I've got what I need.  
We'll see you tomorrow.  
Oh, I'll walk you down.  
Oh, ok.

I demand an answer  
to this cheese mystery.  
I could threaten to throw  
someone in the dungeon  
if I must.  
You throw a lot of people  
in dungeons, do you?  
Yes, it's amazing.  
Everybody loves it  
in my country.  
There you are.  
Ah, Isabelle.  
We were just-  
Thank you again,  
Caitlyn.  
The dress is simply beautiful.  
You're welcome.  
Uh, we should get going.  
Ok, um, I'll be back  
this afternoon  
to go over the placements  
of the artwork.  
That's alright, Caitlyn.  
I can take care of it.  
Why don't you focus  
on the dress?  
Ok.  
Will do.  
Just give a call  
if you need anything.  
You know, Isabelle, I can  
take care of all the details  
of the ball if you-  
Oh, no, no.  
We- we must make sure everything  
is perfect  
before my mother  
and father arrive.  
Isabelle, I would have thought  
that by now you would have  
learned that when it comes  
to our parents  
there is no such thing  
as perfection.

Still, I'll handle it  
from here on.  
You need to focus.  
On what?  
The future.  
Our future.  
This could be a very important  
evening for us, Jeffery.  
Yes, I suppose you're right.  
You're going to be  
a king some day.  
And when that happens you'll  
need someone by your side  
to support you.  
Someone that is acquainted  
with our world.  
Someone who is not  
all starry-eyed  
over the fairy tale fantasy  
of a happy ever after.  
But don't you  
want fairytale?  
Don't you want happily  
ever after?  
What I want is you.  
The real you.  
I know you've been enjoying  
your anonymity  
while we've been here  
in New York  
but it's time to say  
goodbye to Jeff  
and return to  
who you really are.  
Prince Jeffery.  
You know I only want  
what's best for you.  
I care about you.  
We always say that.  
What?  
That we care for each other.  
Well, it's true, isn't it?  
Yes, yes, yes.  
Of course it is.

But I just sometimes wonder  
why we don't say  
we love each other more often.  
I'll be in my room  
if you need me.  
Alright.  
That is a really  
beautiful dress.  
You've said that, like,  
ten times in the last hour.  
Well, it doesn't make it  
any less true.  
Are you really not gonna go  
to the party?  
I haven't decided yet.  
Will Abigail even let you not  
go to the party?  
Oh, I'm sure she'd love  
the opportunity  
to be in the spotlight.  
Well, you know I love you,  
and if you don't wanna go  
to the glamorous royal  
New Year's Eve party  
then I support you 100 percent.  
But I am totally going  
without you.  
[laughs]  
I wouldn't have it  
any other way.  
[clink]  
[knocking]  
Who could that be?  
Oh, I hope it's another prince.  
Does Jeffery have a brother?  
As a matter of fact,  
he does.  
Really?  
So you mean I still have a  
shot at becoming a princess?  
Is he single?  
No.  
My other son is married  
with two children.

Your other son?

Yes, Peter.

That would be Jeffery's brother.

So that would make you the...

King Richard.

Huh.

I apologize for  
the unannounced visit.

Barnaby told me where to  
find you and I thought it best  
to expedite a conversation.

Oh, it's ok.

It's not every day that a king  
shows up at your doorstep.

I hope you don't mind  
talking here.

Oh, not at all.

It's probably best we keep Doris  
away from you.

She gets a little excited  
around royalty.

Yes, I gathered that after  
she attempted to kiss my ring.

Sorry.

I'll get straight to the point.

I came to New York  
a little early  
after a call from Lady Isabelle.

About what?

Well, she's concerned that  
your relationship with Jeffery  
may be complicating things  
between them.

No, Your Majesty,  
it's- it's not like that at all.

We've just been planning the  
New Year's Eve ball together.

That is- that is it.

So you don't have feelings  
for Jeffery then?

The more pressing question,  
of course, is whether those  
feelings are reciprocal.

Jeff, um... Jeffery

is a good man,  
and he's going to ask  
Lady Isabelle  
to marry him tomorrow night  
as planned.  
Good.  
I'm pleased to hear it.  
Can I ask you a question?  
Of course.  
Have you been happy as king?  
Leading a nation is about  
tradition, humility, sacrifice.  
These are things  
that last a lifetime.  
Happiness can be measured  
in moments.  
Happiness is fleeting.  
Isn't that why we should  
hold onto them  
for as long as we can?  
Well, it has been very nice  
meeting you, Caitlyn.  
It has been a pleasure  
to meet you, Your Majesty.  
Hello, father.  
Ah, Jeffery.  
You weren't supposed to be here  
'til tomorrow.  
Yes, well I thought I'd come  
a little early,  
make sure things are still  
on track.  
Why wouldn't they be?  
I spoke with Caitlyn Enderby  
a little while ago.  
You- you did what?  
It's alright, relax, Jeffery.  
I didn't banish her from  
the kingdom, we just talked.  
About what?  
The nature of happiness,  
it seems.  
What?  
Never mind.

She seems like a lovely  
young woman.  
She is.  
And if circumstances were  
different then perhaps...  
look, I have been a king  
for a very long time.  
I was 18 when your grandfather  
passed away.  
I know.  
It's in the history books.  
Yes. But I prefer not to be  
carried off the throne,  
I would prefer to step down  
gracefully.  
But in order to do that  
I need to know  
that my successor  
is ready to step up.  
I know all of this, father.  
Having a stable king is very  
important to the country.  
That's why I married  
your mother  
so soon after I became King.  
And I learned to love her.  
You don't need to convince me,  
father.  
I'm prepared to step up.  
But father, if circumstances  
were different.  
Your life is so weird.  
I know.  
It would be so much easier  
if I thought that Jeffery  
would be happy but  
he doesn't love her.  
I don't think she  
loves him, either.  
Well then do something  
about it.  
What can I do?  
Tell him that you're  
in love with him.



I've known him  
for four days.  
I'm not in love with him.  
Ok, well then tell him that  
you're falling in love with him.  
Tell him that you think  
he's your soul mate.  
Tell him that you want to live  
happily ever after with him  
because you can't deny  
that any of that's true.  
Even if it's true,  
it doesn't matter.  
Happily ever afters  
don't exist  
and I don't believe  
in fairytales.  
Look at that dress.  
That is a fairytale waiting  
to come true.  
But not for me.  
I'm sorry about my father.  
Oh, don't worry about it.  
He's just looking out for you.  
It's his job.  
Still.  
Caitlyn.  
Are you sure everything's ready  
for the ball tomorrow  
since you won't be there?  
Oh, I'm sure.  
It's going to be wonderful.  
Well then thank you  
for everything.  
No, thank you.  
Isabelle?  
We have a huge problem.  
What's wrong?  
Look familiar?  
That's my dress.  
No, it... it can't be.  
Obviously it is.  
Caitlyn stole someone's design  
and she's trying to pass it off

as her own.

What?

No, that's- that's not true.

I promise.

Isabelle, I am so sorry,  
but it appears that you are  
a victim of a hoax.

Caitlyn?

I swear to you, Isabelle,  
this is my design.

Caitlyn, just stop the act.

No one's buying it.

There must be some  
kind of explanation.

I don't understand  
what's happened, but it has.

Isabelle, if you'll just give  
Caitlyn the chance to-

I'm sorry.

The idea was to have  
something original  
and regardless of the  
circumstances I can't wear this.

Well, luckily you have  
a back-up.

You have a Leighton Miller  
original.

Would you like to go  
try it on now?

Oh, and Caitlyn?

You're fired.

Jeffery, I didn't steal  
that design.

I believe you.

You do?

Of course.

This dress could only have come  
from you.

I'm sorry.

Your Highness-

Don't try to stop me,  
Barnaby.

I wasn't.

I was going to wish you luck.

You're going to look  
amazing in that.  
Well, I suppose  
it's good enough.  
I need to speak to Isabelle.  
Oh, well we were  
just talking-  
Abigail.  
I don't know  
what just happened  
but I am certain  
that you are behind it.  
I suggest you leave quickly  
before I call the royal guard  
to have you arrested.  
The royal guard can't arrest  
anyone in this country.  
I assumed that she wouldn't  
know that.  
Well played.  
Well, considering  
the circumstances  
I think we should  
go double check  
all the arrangements  
Caitlyn made.  
I don't think that  
will be necessary.  
Jeffery, I know the two of you  
became friends  
over the last few days  
but we must ensure  
that everything goes  
smoothly tonight.  
I'm not going to ask you  
to marry me.  
What?  
Isabelle, what just happened?  
Jeffery, I can't wear  
that dress.  
It's not about the dress,  
it's not about Caitlyn  
for that matter.  
It's about us.

You and me.  
Are you breaking up  
with me?  
Isabelle, I am sorry.  
But what about the throne?  
Your father will never  
accept this.  
Then I'll give up the throne.  
Oh, Jeffery.  
Isabelle, you just called  
the dress "good enough".  
None of this is good enough.  
And yes, we care about each  
other but I don't love you.  
And I don't think that you  
love me, either.  
I know that I can't just be  
a regular person  
but if happily ever after exists  
then I want to find it.  
Doris, I need to speak  
to Caitlyn.  
It's too late.  
What do you mean?  
She's gone.  
She took a bunch of her stuff  
and left.  
Gone where?  
She went to go stay  
with her folks.  
I don't think she's coming back.  
I see.  
Well... if you speak to her,  
tell her...  
tell her thank you  
for the hot dogs.  
They were indeed  
life-changing.  
What does that mean?  
It means goodbye.  
Come here.  
Barnaby, I'm going to spend  
some time with the staff  
to make sure everything's in

place for the ball this evening.

Yes, Your Highness.

Your father has gone out,  
he asked me to tell you  
he wishes to speak to you  
when he returns.

Right.

Yes.

Is it childish of me to put  
that off as long as possible?

Not at all, Your Highness.

And I need you to run  
an errand for me.

Certainly.

Please deliver this to Doris.

Ask her if she will send it  
to Caitlyn at her parent's home  
in Connecticut.

Sir, if I may?

Perhaps you should deliver this  
in person.

Connecticut isn't far.

I didn't get a chance  
to say a proper goodbye.

I don't know if I could do that  
in person.

Please, Barnaby.

Doris ratted me out, huh?

I promised to ask the King  
to make her a Duchess.

I always liked you, Barnaby.

I have something for you.

Great. Isabelle is suing me?

No, it's from...

Miss Caitlyn, may I ask you  
a rather personal question?

Sure.

When did you realize  
you liked him?

Here.

The coffee shop after  
he returned my phone.

He was telling me how  
he had ridden the subway

and it was this incredible  
journey and so joyful,  
and I thought how nice it would  
be to have someone  
that could experience that kind  
of joy in my life.

What's this?

Invitation to the ball tonight.  
Barnaby, I can't go to that.  
Prince Jeffery will not  
be proposing  
to Lady Isabelle tonight.

What?

He didn't do that because-  
No, no.

It wasn't because of you.  
He did that for himself and  
for Lady Isabelle, I think.  
I'm proud of him.

I'm happy for him.

I still can't go to that ball.

Why not?

Because I liked being in that  
world for a little, it was fun.

Princes and Kings  
and fairytale gowns made  
for princesses, but...  
fairytales aren't real.

Not for people like me.

Caitlyn, we are approaching  
the new year.

It's a time of wishes  
and dreams and hopes  
for what lies ahead.

Anything is possible.

Even if I wanted to go I don't  
have anything to wear.

You designed a dress fit  
for a princess.

It would be a shame for it  
not to be worn.

Thank you, Barnaby.

You're welcome.

[classical music plays]

Father.

Jeffery.

I went to check on Isabelle this morning and imagine my surprise when I found out that she was not coming to the ball because you broke up with her.

We don't love each other.

We had a deal.

This was part of your taking the throne.

I don't want the throne.

What?

Give it to Peter.

At least one of your sons won't be a disappointment.

Jeffery you are not a disappointment.

A frustration, perhaps, but not a disappointment.

Is this about Caitlyn?

No.

I mean, not like that.

But she showed me it's not about the titles or the fancy clothes we wear, it's about what makes us truly happy.

And does she make you happy?

Very much so.

Well, as a wise young woman once said

"you should hold on to happiness for as long as you can".

But the circumstances.

I created the circumstances.

I can change them.

Are you sure?

I'm the King.

I can do whatever I like.

[laughs]

Your Majesty.

Isabelle.

Jeffery.

Aren't you going to ask me  
to dance?

For old time's sake.

Of course.

I have a New Year's resolution.

Would you like to hear it?

Very much so.

I shouldn't settle for  
good enough anymore.

Neither of us should.

That's a good resolution.

And maybe there really is a  
fairytale out there waiting  
to come true for both of us.

I haven't found mine yet  
but you may have found yours  
and I can't be the one  
to keep you from it.

I care about you too much.

Thank you.

[crowd gasps]

You have some nerve  
showing up here.

Mom!

Leave her alone.

Leighton.

Caitlyn, I am really sorry  
about everything.

She took a picture  
of your dress  
then had the magazine's  
art department  
mock up that picture  
for the paper.

Why are you telling me this?

Because I'm hoping maybe you'll  
show me how you can come up  
with something so beautiful.

And maybe give me tickets  
to your first show.

You really think that

I can have a show?

I know you will because Appliqu



magazine is going to sponsor it.

Isn't that right, mom?

Well, I can't just-

Mom, can you really

just stand there

and tell me that this dress

isn't amazing?

It's very nice.

Thank you, Abigail.

And if you would like

your job back...

No, but thank you.

It's almost midnight.

It's time for a fresh start.

May I have this dance?

I would love to.

You look beautiful.

Thank you.

For what?

For helping me to believe

in fairytales again.

What about the tradition of

proposing on New Year's Eve?

I heard they have one

every year.

If you're not busy...

I'm not busy.

six... five... four...

three... two... one...

Happy New Year!

Happy New Year.

[cheering and applause]

Happy New Year.

Happy New Year.