The Prince & Me 3: A Royal Honeymoon

By Blayne Weaver
(sighs heavily)
I know, Soren.
You don't have to say it.
We're behind schedule,
Your Majesty.
I need your signature
on these,
there are some RSVPs
you need to accept or decline,
and I'm a little concerned
about the calendar on your return.
Soren...
where is the queen?
Conveniently, she too
is behind schedule.
Move the interview to noon.
I visit the orphanage at nine...
I'm not changing that...
and I'll be back on Monday.
Still no word
from Copenhagen Hospital?
Queen Paige.
King Edvard.
I feel as if
I haven't seen you in ages.
You haven't.
You 've been a very busy king.
And a terrible husband,
making you wait this long
for your honeymoon.
I should be ashamed.
You should.
I am.
Couldn't get government
to shut down for me.
Then what good is it being king?
Precisely.
(Soren clears throat)
Pardon the interruption,
Your Majesties,
but if you do intend
to go on your honeymoon,
you might want
to catch your plane.
I don't think I've ever had a Christmas without snow. I think I'm going to miss it. What, on a secluded island? Ohh!

Eddie, I can't wait. Really. It's just different. I've... I've always had a white Christmas. But the island's going to be great, as long as I'm with you.

(Soren clears throat) Personally... I don't like the sun. I'm fair, you see.
Yes, we see, Soren. Thank you.
(excited chatter)
(excited chatter)
Oh, dear.

PAIGE:
Is that the prime minister? What is he doing here?

SOREN:
of a photo opportunity. Probably wants to come along.
Queen Paige, give us a smile.
- Your Majesty.
- John. How was your trip? Exhilarating, Your Majesty.
Where did you go?
- On a tour of the north country. Sounds lovely.
But I'm delaying you. I only wanted to wish you well on your honeymoon, and to present my queen with an early Christmas gift. Oh, that's very sweet.
What is it? It's a little guide to royal protocol: Tips, notes, suggestions. Thought I was doing pretty good
for a farm girl from Wisconsin.
I think the queen is doing
a wonderful job.
Yes, well, we all have room
for improvement, don't we?
Goodness knows your schedule
will be busy enough when you get back.
I'm hoping to start
at Copenhagen Hospital.
Oh.
I just assumed that your medical career
would be put on hold.
Being queen is not
a part-time position.
Well, it's lucky for us, then,
that the queen is so talented
and versatile.
Mm, we are lucky.
Well, Your Majesties.
If I may, Your Majesty,
at no point in the last six months
did I believe
you would benefit from a...
"how to be a queen" manual.
Thank you, Soren.

WOMAN:
Your Majesty, how did you choose
the Caribbean for your honeymoon?

MAN:
any other stops, Your Majesty?
Soren, who else knows
where we're going?
Apart from everyone?
I'm afraid the royal honeymoon
is rather big news.
What is it, Paige?
Eddie...
I just want to be alone with you.
Then I have an idea.
Soren.
(whispering)
Well, but, sir, what about
all my arrangements?
- Eddie?
- Shh. Surprise.

(whispering)

**SOREN:**
I'll alert the pilot.
Of course I got the monarch

to sign it. He had no choice.
The royal couple

suspects nothing.
They're off on their honeymoon.
And by the time they return.
It will be too late.
Good.
The equipment

is already arriving.
When you give the word,

my men will be ready
to take it all down.

(sinister chuckle)

Excellent.
Hello.
Shoo!
Shoo!

**EDVARD:**
buried in the mountains,
under the protection of the Crown

for 350 years now.
A little behind the times,

but beautiful, remote, as you can see.
I haven't been here since I was young.

**PAIGE:**
I can't wait!
Belavia.

**PAIGE:**
Oh, Eddie!
It's beautiful!
Well, it's, uh... desolate.
Secluded.
Hmm. Perhaps we should have
landed at the main airport, or at least arranged a... car. I like the adventure of it all. Do you know this is the first time in years that I've arrived somewhere and wasn't greeted by a parade or a band... not counting Wisconsin, of course.
How does it feel? Well, kind of... liberating.
No paparazzi. No politicians. No one to see me do this!
(Eddie giggles) No one to hear me do this!
Hello, Belavia!
(voice echoes) Except for the pilot, about whom I completely forgot.
Oh, Queen Paige, you 've done it now.
(both shrieking delightedly) So, tell me again why we sent that plane back. No luck? Well, they're all gone in there.
Early Christmas vacation, I guess. And this... is useless.
Someone will be along.
We could literally freeze to death before then. Speaking of which, I'm not sure we've brought the right attire for Belavia. Those new bikinis of yours, for instance. Did you know that no one will shake my hand unless I extend it first? I don't know why you 're reading that thing. Just learning how to be a queen.
Complicated stuff.
(horse whinnies)
Look. Look! We're rescued.
You must be joking.
You 're not joking.
Okay.
(speaking foreign language)
Hello.
Are you going into town?
(speaking foreign language)
I don't think he speaks English.
Hello!
Hotel? Belavia... you take us?
(speaking foreign language)
Yes.
(speaking foreign language)
Don't look so pleased
with yourself, Miss Translator.
What'll we do about the bags?
Uh, the bags...
can you take the bags?
(speaking foreign language)
(speaking foreign language)
Okay.
Okay, okay.
He seems to think it's okay.
Yeah, well, I got that part.
I suppose we could
send someone for them
when we get to the hotel.
(mimics foreign language)
(driver commands horse)

**EDVARD:**
Could we, uh... slow down a bit?
(speaking foreign language)
What's the international sign for
"Please don't kill us
in your small, brown cart?"
Eddie, look,
there's a wild goat.
We must be near
the nature preserve.
(singing in foreign language)
(both mimic singing)
Ho!
Ho!
Thank you.
This is great!
That was, uh...

PAIGE:

EDVARD:
That was... that was fun.
Bye-bye.
(speaks foreign language)
Brrr!
("We Wish You a Merry Christmas" playing)

- PAIGE:

- EDVARD:

PAIGE:
Hello?
(brass bell dings)
Hey.
That...
is my great-great-great...
great-grandfather.
He was the one who put Belavia under the protection of the Crown.
And that is the Belavian monarch, Prince Georgiev.
(Paige gasps;
man speaking foreign language)
I'm sorry. You startled me.
Oh, English!
I think you give me heart attack!
I'm sorry. We were just looking at the portrait.
And you yell in my ear.
I know.
I mean, I'm sorry.
Do I know you?
Um...
Uh... I don't believe so.
We actually
just need a room.
Yes, I do.
I know you.
Oh, my king and queen!
I'm sorry I did not recognize you.
And I said I'm having a heart attack!
I'm feeling much better now.
How could I not know
you are gracing my hotel?
Nobody knows.
Yeah, our being here
is a bit of a secret.
Just avoiding the paparazzi,
you understand.
- Ah. Nosy people.
- Yes.
Marcellus understands.
You have come to the right place.
No one will bother you here.
So, what can Marcellus do
for his king and queen?
Well, actually, there is one thing.
We had to leave our bags
at the side of the road by the airport.
- Airstrip.
- Right. Airstrip.
See, there wasn't
enough room in the cart.
You leave your bags
on the road?
On the side of the road.
Yes, seemed like
a really good idea at the time.
Do not worry.
I will send someone for them.
If the wild dogs or bears did not get
to them, everything will be fine.
Wild dogs?
Sorry, bears?
And it's your honeymoon!
How romantic!
I read all about it
in the magazines.
Now, I'll put you in the best room
in all of Belavia.
Come, follow me.
We have many facilities.
We have restaurant.
We have skis.
We have snowmobiles.

EDVARD:
was this about the bears?
Is that just a rumor, or?
Oh, dear.
Our honeymoon suite.
Wow.
Nice, yes?
Yes, yes.
It's, um... really...
There's certainly a lot of...
nature.
Yes. Belavia is full of nature.
It's our national treasure.
And now for you,
our local specialty...
Brekikka.
Ah.
Thank you.
Thank you. It's very kind.
You 're welcome.
I leave you now.
Strong.
Sweet.
Uh, I forgot to say...
Thank you, King and Queen,
for staying at my hotel.

BOTH:
What do you mean,
they're in Belavia?
How could this be?
I've been trying
to reach you for hours!
I saw them
with my very own eyes
at my very own hotel!
But they're supposed
to be on an island!
I guess they
changed their minds.
They must know something!
- But how could they?
- Well, how could they?
Ohh! I deeply.
Deeply dislike them.
I am, on the whole, displeased.
Oh, I too, sir.
I'm displeased to my very soul.
Well, what can they do?
Nothing.
Nothing?
I have the prince's signature.
I'm going to call an emergency
session of Parliament.
They will clearly see
the value of these oil reserves.
Um... with all due respect, sir,
you 're talking about our dashing
young king and his charming bride,
the same beautiful couple
that makes headlines
on a daily basis.
If they discover what is going on,
we could have a problem.
Oh, no!
Oh, yes, sir!
Well, then, do something!
What are you suggesting?
I don't know! Keep them busy!
Perhaps I could distract them.
Yes. Distract them.
W-wait.
Oh. yes.
I have just the thing.
(beep)
(sinister chuckle)
(traditional local music playing)
(soft chatter)
It feels like Christmas, doesn't it?
It does, yes.
And considering it's a good
two degrees above freezing,
I believe a toast is in order.
My. How fancy.
Oh, quite fancy.
- I am a king, you know.
- Right.
To my gorgeous, brilliant wife,
who is quite the trouper
for putting up with her
sometimes cranky husband
and for finding us
some warmer clothes.
I don't deserve you.
I guess you 're just lucky.
Scott?
Sorry?
Scott?
Paige?
Holy cow!
Paige Morgan!
Hey!
- Scott! How are you?
- Good. Really great.
I'd ask how you are, but it'd be
kind of a dumb question...
Your Majesty.
Scott, this is my husband,
King Edvard.
Eddie, this is Scott Alberson.
King Edvard!
Just, um, Eddie.
Scott, nice to meet you.
We went to high school together.
Yeah, like, a million years ago.
It wasn't that long ago.
Well, let's see now.
Since high school, she's gone
to college, med school...
Oh! And become
queen of Denmark!
Scott, what are you doing here?
You mean, what am I doing
in a tiny little country,  
middle of nowhere,  
no one's ever even heard of?  
Yes, that's what I mean.  
Well, you know  
I'm a journalist now.  
I was in Lithuania  
doing a travel piece.  
Someone told me about  
this amazing nature preserve.  
Thought I'd check it out.  
(Paige laughs softly)  
Scott, can you do us a favor  
and not tell anyone we're here?  
We kind of just want to be alone.  
Right. Of course not.  
The... the press, you know.  
Right! Alone!  
Okay, yeah, I'm gone.  
Seriously, I'm gone.  
Nice to meet you.  
- Eh, Eddie!  
- Yo!  
Good night, Paige.  
By the way...  
is it Dr. Paige now,  
or Queen Paige?  
It's... Paige.  
It's still... just Paige.  
Wow.

EDVARD:  
the subject.

- PAIGE:

- EDVARD:

PAIGE:  
the wild dogs got to them.

EDVARD:  
I'm so sorry.  
We'll deal with it later.
Thank you, Marcellus. Good night.
- Good night, Your Majesties.
- Good night.
So, this Scott fellow...
was he, um,
a very good friend?
He was. I haven't seen him
since graduation.
Were you... did you...
date at all?
Eddie, are you jealous?
Jeal...? No!
- Should I be?
- Yes.
We dated in high school.
Right.
But you broke up.
I wanted to go to med school.
He wanted me to be
someone else.
Oh.
I think he's over it.
Mmm. Don't know.
Bet you 're quite hard to get over.
Well, between you and me...
Mmm?
I like you a lot more
than I ever liked him.
Yeah?
Yeah.
(sighs appreciatively)
(cock crows)
No, l... I'm just saying
that I don't look very dignified.
Maybe I should go back.
Oh, Eddie, don't be silly.
It's the only outfit I could find
that would fit you.
Besides,
you 're not a king right now.
You 're just a guy
on his honeymoon.
Yeah, a very silly-looking guy
on his honeymoon.
PAIGE:
He looks pretty good.
Hey, guys.
Scott! Um...
Hi.
Whoa, Eddie, that is some outfit!
All right, that's it.
I'm going back.
I'm just kidding.
Come on,
what are you guys doing?
You up for a little boarding?
Oh, no. I'm just a skier.
I've actually never tried it.
Better not. Wouldn't want
to kill the king.
Well, actually,
I'm a pretty good skier.
- It's not that different, is it?
- No.
Oh... I don't know.
Aw, you don't mind, do you?
You can follow on your skis.
- Okay.
- Cool!
Let's go get you some gear!
Well... here we are.
This is it?
It's nice.
Looks easy enough.
You'll be just fine.
Now, uh, remember...
keep your weight forward
and use your hands.
Right. We'll see you
at the bottom.
Yeah.
- (Scott laughs)
- And, uh, be careful.
Oh, I could do that.
Or maybe not.
Oh, boy.
Eddie?
Are you okay?
Ow.
Hey, come on!
Yeah, baby!
You sure you want to do this one?
I mean, we could always go back in.
First one down.
Ha ha!
Come on, come on!
(woman cries out in distress)

SCOTT:
What's the matter?
(woman cries out in foreign language)
I'm coming, I'm coming!
Come on, come on, come on!

EDVARD:
where, where? What?
Through here?

- CHILD:

- EDVARD:
No, no, no, no. Stay.
It's all right.
Don't move.
It's okay.
- It's okay. I got it.
- (child cries out)
Give me your hand.
Give me your hand.
(wood creaking)
(mother speaking anxiously)
- (child cries out)
- Wait.
Paige! Paige!

- PAIGE:

- SCOTT:
Come on.
(bystanders clapping and cheering)
(mother and child
speaking foreign language)

PAIGE:
Let me see your wrist.
You were, uh...
That was, uh...
that was, uh... really...
(clears throat)
...cool, what you did back there.
Well, it's just what anyone
would have done.
Not anyone.
He's going to be okay...
just a few scrapes and bruises.
You okay, Eddie?
Yeah. I think
a little respite is in order.
Yeah, I think we've had
enough excitement for today.
We'll see you, Scott.
Okay.
Oh, thanks for the lesson.
Yeah.
Anytime.
Oh, Eddie. A wolverine.
They're everywhere here.
This place is wonderful.
You said it covers half the country?
Yes.
- Oh, wow, look.
- (eagle calling)
Imperial eagle.
Why don't more people
know about this,
this preserve?
Well, Belavia's
an undeveloped country.
It's to their advantage,
in many ways.
Maybe we could help them.
You know,
promote some eco-tourism.
It's a brilliant idea.
Eddie, look.
A deer. Do you think
it'll let us get closer?
I'm sure it wouldn't mind,
if you asked it politely.
Shh. She's onto us.
Where'd she go?
Outwitted by a deer.
She was right here.
What are those doing here?
I don't know.
I'm going to find out.

OLIVER:
Not a tree trunk, not a twig,
not a little furry creature left.
Translate that.
- Excuse me.
- What?
(laughing)
Your Majesty.
Your Majesties.
You 're Danish.
Who are you, sir?
Oliver Laertes, Foreign Ministry.
I wish I had known you were coming.
I would have arranged a greeting.
What are you
and all these men doing here?
I'm here to make sure
everything is proceeding as planned.
You must be here
for a surprise inspection.
Inspection of what?
Um... the clearing of the forest.
For what?
To make room for the pipeline.
An oil pipeline?
Who ordered this,
and by what right?
Um... I believe
Prime Minister Polonius has obtained
all rights to the local oil reserves,
with the signed agreement
of the Belavian monarch, of course.
This must be
where he went on his trip.
Let me be clear, Mr. Laertes.
Please. Oliver, Your Majesty.
Oliver.
This endeavor is not the will
of Denmark.
I don't know what
the prime minister thinks he's doing,
but he does not have
the blessing of Parliament,
nor mine.
Where can I get a land line?
Um... the nearest one's in town.
Thank you.
- Oh, and Oliver.
- Yes, Your Majesty?
Don't cut anything down.
Of course not, Your Majesty.
(speed dialing)
(telephone rings)
Yes! Put him on immediately!
Tell him it's Oliver!

**MARCELLUS:**
all day he has been calling... Mr. Soren.
Soren. Talk to me.
Yes. Yes, I understand.
What?
Um, thank you, Soren.
Patch me through
to the prime minister, will you?
- Well?
- It's true.
Polonius is attempting to seize
the land by eminent domain
and has proposed an amendment
to the Conservation Act
in order to allow him to drill for oil.
Can he just do that?
Not just that, he's called an emergency
session in Parliament to vote on it,
three days from now.
But that's Christmas Eve.
He doesn't care.
He... he's running for reelection.
He thinks that this travesty
will clinch it for him.

- SOREN:
- What was that?
Oh, he is, is he? Um...
No, that'll be all.
Let me know
if you hear anything else.
He's tied up.
We need to go home, Eddie.
You 'll talk to Parliament.
Yes. I need to speak
to the prince first.
Mr. Soren says that the jet
is standing by.
Unless...
Unless we fight Polonius from here,
right here from Belavia.
We bring the media here,
to the very land
this proposal would destroy.
They would love it.
"Royal couple takes up cause
on honeymoon."
That would also give you
time to see the prince.
But what about your honeymoon?
Paige, I'm sorry.
Eddie, we have the rest of
our lives to be together.
Are we going
to save Belavia or what?
You are an amazing woman.
Let's do it!
(clock chiming)
Pardon me, Your Majesty.
The prince is not available.
Not available?
This is urgent business.
Yes, Your Majesty,
but he was not expecting you.
Are you telling me
he will not see me?
No. No, Your Majesty,
it's simply... he's busy.
But he did instruct me
to invite you and your queen
to our holiday ball tonight.
Holiday ball.
All right. Fine.
Please tell the prince we accept.
I look forward
to speaking to him tonight.
Yes, Your Majesty.
Thank you.
No, that's great, Scott.
As soon as you can, okay?
- Please.
- Of course.
- Paige?
- Eddie.
- How'd it go?
- Was that Scott?
Yes! I ran into him again.
Great news. Soren said that
all the major papers
and television stations
are on their way,
and Scott's been helping out,
making calls to smaller outfits.
That's good news.
What happened?
What did the prince say?
He didn't.
He wouldn't see me.
What? He wouldn't
see you? Why?
I don't know. It's quite clear
something's going on.
You know, I haven't been
refused an audience since...
well, ever.
I've never been refused.
Does he know we only have
two days to stop this thing?
I assume so, but maybe not.
He's invited us to his
holiday ball tonight.
- Have you not heard
from Polonius?
- No.
(Oliver clears throat)
Excuse me, Your Majesties, um,
but I couldn't help overhearing.
If I may.
I am told the prince can be
a rather difficult man.
In what way?
Perhaps a little senile.
It's hard to say.
He does seem to have
a special dislike for the Crown.
Really?
But you will see for yourself.
If there's anything I can do to...
No, Oliver, you can do your part
by staying those bulldozers, okay?
Of course, Your Majesty.
Good day.
What do we do now?
The prince will be here very soon.
I can't wait any longer.
I need to start talking to Parliament.
I've no doubt Polonius
is doing exactly the same.
Marcellus!
I don't care if his phones are busy.
This is my fourth call.
Put me through to him now!
Well, yes, Madame Chairman,
that is exactly the case.
You have my deepest gratitude
for your support.
Good day.
(telephone rings)
Yes?
Mr. Prime Minister.
With all due respect, Your Majesty, what exactly are you doing in Belavia? Well, it's a funny thing. I, uh, discovered that you intended to demolish one of my kingdom's national treasures while I was out of town. Merely a coincidence. That I doubt, because I know your tactics. Do you really think this little publicity stunt of yours is going to stop me? I do, yes. Don't go to battle with me, Your Majesty. You don't have the stomach for it. Belavia is under the protection of the Crown. You will not destroy it for political gain. I will not allow it. Do you think the people will thank you for higher gas prices? My people care about more than just gas prices. Oh, do they? We'll see about that. Enjoy your honeymoon. Your Majesty. (dial tone) Polonius? Yes. You know, I don't believe he's very fond of me. He's been busy lobbying the legislators to vote for his measure. How are we doing? Well, the Speaker seems inclined.
Some are shortsighted, but...
once we have the prince behind us,
Parliament will fall in line.
Speaking of which,
look what Marcellus found for you.
Great.
Let's go and talk to the prince.
(traditional local music playing)
Bravo!

- WOMAN #1:

- WOMAN #2:
(low) Wait. Stay there
and don't move your muscles.
(sounds fanfare)
Their Royal Majesties,
King Edvard and Queen Paige.
(applause)
It's going to be a great party.
Hey, guys.
Wow. You look... gorgeous.
Just like prom, huh?
You 'll be happy to hear,
I called in all my chips,
even saw one of my friends
from BBC Nature checking in already.
Thank you, Scott.
Your help is appreciated.
Your Majesties, Prince Georgiev
would like you to join him at his table.
Of course, Oliver, thank you.
Would you excuse us, Scott.
Oh, yeah.
Actually, Your Majesty, I have arranged it
so that your friend can join us.
Cool!
Thanks.
Lovely.
Scott.
(whispering)
Okay. Sure.
What was that?
I was just saying
that tonight is off the record.
You know, no reporting.
Good thinking.
So, you went to the prom
with this guy.
Forget about Scott.
Focus on the prince.
Yeah, but prom, isn't that...
significant?
The prince.
We need his support.
Right. Later we'll talk
about this prom business.
Yes.
May I present King Edvard
and Queen Paige of Denmark.
The Honorable
Prince Georgiev III of Belavia.
My Queen, a word of caution.
Local custom requires that women
avert their eyes from the prince.
Why?
It's a custom hundreds
of years old. Protocol.
Your Highness, I need to speak
to you about the nature preserve.
We love...
We love Belavia, Your Highness.
The people have made us
feel very welcome.
Prince Georgiev,
you signed an agreement
with the Danish prime minister
regarding oil rights. Why?
I had no choice.
You gave me no choice.
Sorry. I don't understand.
It is your will,
so Polonius said.
You pretend to be a friend to us.
You 're no friend.
You send here
people like that one,
with bulldozers to destroy
what is best about Belavia.
And what do we get in return?
A pittance.
I give you my word.
I knew nothing about this
before this week.
Yes, of course.
You don't know what your
own government is planning.
Are you calling me a liar?
And am I too a liar sent here
to destroy your country?
I didn't mean to offend Your Majesty.
You didn't offend me.
Lunderstand your position.
My father often dealt with men
who made promises.
They tried to take our farm.
They almost did.
But you are wrong about us.
The king and I have taken on
your cause on our honeymoon,
and if you value your kingdom,
you will listen to him,
because right now he's
the only one who can help you.
- If what you say is true...
- It is.
Then I will listen.
She's a good wife. Smart.
Brilliant.
Yes.
I will be very careful
not to make her angry in the future.
That's probably wise.
I was rude.
Please accept my apology.
I accept.
Perhaps you can
make it up to me with a dance.
It will be an honor, my queen.
(traditional local music playing)
(traditional local music continues)
(music ends; applause)
EDVARD:
tomorrow I will hold
a press conference
in the preserve
and show the world
what everyone would be losing
if the forest were razed.
You think they'll listen?
The people will,
and so will Parliament.
You have much faith
in your people.
And yours.
Which is why I'd like you standing
next to me at the press conference.
I would be honored.
Thank you, Scott,
for all your help.
No problem.
He's done it. He's going
to save the preserve.
You, um... you really love him,
don't you?
I do.
More than I ever
thought possible.
I should go.
Oh. Okay.
Good night. Thank you.
- Sure.
- For everything.

- OLIVER:

- SCOTT:
What are you doing
in my room, man?
- Sorry for the fright, Scott.
- What are you doing here?
How was the party?
Fun time?
From what my aide tells me,
things didn't go all that well.
So tell me, what happened tonight that was not part of our plan? What is going on? Hmm? You told me this was just about Paige and the king. My business is not your concern.
You were instructed to distract them, to sabotage their so-called honeymoon. That's what I paid you for. That's why I pulled you out of that small-town paper. And this... is the best you can do?
Ahh.
"The king and queen of Denmark save the life of an 8-year-old."
Yes, I've read it. Everyone's read it. It made headlines all over the world. And what do you counter this hero story with, Scott? Oh. Here it is. I don't care if he looks silly on a bloody snowboard. I'm trying to ruin a man, not make him blush. Well, you know what? I'm not up for this anymore, so... That was a mistake. Let me ask you a question, Scott. Do I look like a man to be trifled with? You have no idea what I've done to reach my position, or what I will do to maintain it. Let me tell you what the consequences of you reneging on our deal would be. The queen will learn that you are in fact not her friend, but an opportunist.
after monetary gain.
I would then make it my business
to destroy any hopes you may have
of becoming an important writer.
And last, but certainly
not least, my friend,
is that note on your mother's farm.
You promised! You promised!
Do you understand what I'm saying?
Do you understand what I'm saying?
Do you understand what I'm saying?
Yeah.
Good.
Then tomorrow
we up the stakes.
Tomorrow, nothing goes right
for this boy-king.
We must show the world
his incompetence.
Good night.
You will tell no one
that the prime minister is here.
Understood?
Understood?
(knock on door)
Yes?
Good morning, Your Majesty.
Is, um, the king available?
Um... no, he's getting ready.
Can I help you?
(shower running)
Um... no.
Yes. I've arranged your
transportation to the conference.
Whenever you 're ready,
Your Majesty.
Thank you, Oliver.
(water rushing)

**EDVARD:**
- (objects crashing)
- Eddie?

**EDVARD:**
Are you okay?
Ow.

**MAN:**
Here they come.

**WOMAN:**
be spending Christmas in Belavia?
Will you really do battle
with Prime Minister Polonius?
I will explain everything
at the press conference. Thank you.
Your Majesty, what happened?
He slipped in the shower.
I didn't slip. I was scalded
by some extremely hot water,
and so I leapt out.
You leapt?
Doesn't matter, does it?
I've got a very,
very good feeling about today,
and I don't want anything to ruin it.
What's the itinerary?
When you arrive
at the nature preserve,
the press and Prince Georgiev
will be waiting.
And here is your transportation...
very environmentally friendly.
- Great.
- Eddie, look who it is.
Thank you, Oliver.

**EDVARD:**
(driver speaking foreign language)
Who's this guy?
(speaking foreign language)
Okay!

**EDVARD:**
the look of this fellow.

**PAIGE:**
Kind of looks like a Mob guy.
- **DRIVER:**

- **EDVARD:**

**OLIVER:**
Your Majesties. See you there!

**EDVARD:**
(low)
Have fun.

**MAN:**
Couldn't miss this.
Yeah. Yeah,
it's a big deal, I guess.
It is... not every day a king goes up
against his prime minister.

**EDVARD:**
It's definitely his brother.
Or his cousin.
I think he said it was his dad.
His dad?
Or his son.
Or his son!
It's his dad or his son.
(Paige laughs)
Are we nearly there?
I wonder where they are.
I hope they didn't have an accident.
There.

**OLIVER:**
Brilliant.
Is King Edvard riding in a sleigh?
Apparently.
Excuse me, won't you?
The queen! The queen!
Go! Go!
Oliver, what are you doing?
- Why are we getting off here?
- Excuse me!
I thought it might be better,
Your Majesty. You see...
- Are you okay?
- Yeah, I'm fine.

**OLIVER:**
(horses neigh)
Aah!
Eddie!

**PAIGE:**
- Eddie!
- Paige!
Somebody help! Eddie!
Eddie!
- Oh, no! Eddie!
- Look out!
Eddie!
(horses neigh)
Look out!
(onlookers shouting)
Eddie, oh!
(grunting)
Eddie! Eddie.
He got some good distance.
Eddie, are you okay?
Yes.
I'm f...
Scott, help me.

**OLIVER:**
May I please have your attention.
Regretfully,
under the circumstances,
we're obliged to cancel
today's press conference.
We look forward to seeing you
once the king recovers.

- **SCOTT:**

- **EDVARD:**
I did not tell you to cancel
the press conference.
You were buried in snow, sir.
I apologize for any misunderstanding.
In less than 18 hours,
Parliament will vote,
and unless Prince Georgiev and I
get in front of those cameras,
this fight is done.
You understand?
I'll get on it right away, sir.
Here. Eddie,
do you want to talk?
No. No, I don't want
to talk about it.
Not now, okay?
Maybe not ever.
(knock on door)
(sighs) Enter.

SCOTT:
I just, uh...
I just wanted to check up
on Edvard.
You all right?
Yeah.
No!
Pretty far from all right, actually.
Do you know why?
My shower
attacked me this morning,
I've just been
in a sleigh-riding accident,
and, unless something
drastic happens,
tomorrow afternoon
Parliament will vote
to destroy this country's
nature preserve.
So, nope,
all right is what I am not.
Eddie.
And am I somehow
responsible for all that?
(mouthing silently)
I don't know, are you?
What are you talking about?
I don't know.
You seem to be around
an awful lot, I know that.
Every time I turn around,
there's my wife's
good pal Scotty.
Now, why is that, hmm?
I mean, this is...
my honeymoon, isn't it?
Or at least it's supposed to be.
You know what?
You 're absolutely right.
I'm gonna take off.
- Yeah.
- Bye.
(doors open, close)
Are you... happy now?
You were just incredibly rude
to my good friend for no reason.
Oh, no reason?
Look at me!
Scott didn't knock you out.
He didn't burn you in the shower.
He didn't wreck the sleigh.
Just because you 're having a bad day
doesn't mean you need to... blah!
Sorry, "bad day"?
Bad...? This isn't a bad day, Paige,
this is a public relations nightmare!
Well, I'm sorry you were
so miserable on our honeymoon!
Well, then maybe
you shouldn't have been spending
so much time with your boyfriend!
Boyfriend? That's...
that's really mature, Eddie.
And just for the record, I wanted
to spend yesterday with my husband,
but you stupid boys
wouldn't stop competing
even though you 've already won!
(mimics her)
(doors slam)
I need a drink.
(traditional local music playing)
Thank you.
My pleasure, Your Majesty.
I spoke to Prince Georgiev, per your instructions.
He would like to sit down with you in one hour to discuss the rescheduled news conference.
Um...
Great.
Excuse me, Your Majesty, but is something bothering you? No, I'm fine. Thank you.
Here's the thing, right? Why is he always hanging around? Whom are we talking about, sir? You know, him.
"Eh, Scott!"
The queen's schoolmate.
I know what you're going to say. I'm jealous.
That is ridiculous.
I mean, what do I have to be jealous of?
She's with me!
I mean, we're married.
We live in a castle.
And I'm... I'm...
I'm a good catch, hmm?
Hmm?
For some reason... shh...
this trip, I can't seem to do anything right.
These beers are strong, aren't they? Maybe...
the queen has given you reason to be jealous? She'd never do anything to hurt me.
I trust her implicitly.
(snickering)
Such a funny word, isn't it?
What word is that, sir?
"Lmprincipal." 
Perhaps... 
the relationship they had 
is troubling you. 
Exactly! 
He knows things about her 
that I will never know. 
What made her laugh as a girl... 
what it was like to be her first kiss. 
But she's mine now, right? 
That's right, Your Majesty. 
I'm being so foolish. 
I'm going to find her, 
and I'm going to tell her 
how lucky I am that she's mine. 
I'm going to do that... 
right now. 
(onlookers exclaiming; 
camera shutter clicking) 
Ah. 
Melancholy Dane. 
Check, please. 
You look pretty out here. 
Scott. You scared me. 
Sorry. 
So I guess I caused you 
a lot of trouble, huh? 
It's not your fault, um, but... 
I don't think we should spend 
any more time together. 
Hey, hey, hey. 
Wait, wait, wait. 
I don't know, you know... 
seeing you again 
after all these years... 
reminds me of that last 
Christmas we spent together. 
Scott. 
(chuckles) 
Remember? 
I remember it was freezing, 
and you had to put 
your arms around me.  
- Yeah.
- No, Scott.
Pai...
PAIGE:
Just be a moment, madam.
Oliver, what happened?
I believe the king had a few too many...
"mind erasers," I believe they're called.
I just had a beer.
He missed his meeting
with the prince.
The prince was not happy.
That's not like Eddie at all.
Thank you for bringing him home.
It was a pleasure to carry
the leader of my homeland...
over my shoulder.
Paige, are you cross with me?
No, honey.
That would be terrible.
I love you so much, it hurts.
I love you too.
Eddie, there's something
I need to tell you.
(snores softly)
Eddie?
(softly)
Thank you.
("God Rest Ye Merry,
Gentlemen" playing)
Hi.
Merry Christmas Eve.
Paige, why does my head hurt?
You drank too much last night.
You want to sit?
Yes.
I'm sorry.
Me too.
No, it's my fault.
I shouldn't have gone off on
your friend like that.
I was stupid and...
jealous.
Eddie, I have
to tell you something,
and you 're not going to like it.
Okay.
This is kind of awkward.
Bad awkward?
Not good.
Maybe bad.
Good morning, Your Majesties.
Oliver, will you just
give us a minute, please?
Sir, the prime minister's here.
Here? In Belavia here?
Yes, and he would like to speak
to you at your earliest convenience.
(exasperated sigh)
Fine. Could you tell him that
I'll meet him in the hotel library
in 15 minutes.
Paige, I'm really sorry.
I'm going to have
to go and see him.
Who knows what he's up to.
Can we talk about this later?
Yeah. Yeah.
Okay.
It's not...
bad bad, is it?
Well, we'll talk later.
Thank you for seeing me,
Your Majesty.
John, I hope you 're not here to try
and make me change my mind.
I've already persuaded a number
of the legislators to join my cause.
Yes, I'm well aware,
but there may be other factors
you might want to consider.
May I sit?
- What is this?
- It's a book.
A tell-all, I believe they call it.
It doesn't paint your young bride
in the best light.
How did you get this?
You should read it, really.
We just added an especially juicy
chapter following last night's events.
It's great stuff,
complete with pictures too.
There's even a great one of you asleep on a barroom floor.
But this one...
is my favorite.
What do you want?
Drop this issue.
Go honeymoon
in the tropics as planned,
or your dirty laundry will become
a number-one bestseller.
Are you ready for that?
Is your queen?
(laughing)
Uh, it's over. We're leaving.
Why?
We lost the fight.
Eddie, what happened?
Better question...
What happened
with Scott last night?
He... kissed me.
For the record, Paige...
someone kissing you
falls under the category of bad bad.
Eddie, you don't think that l...
What?
Kissed him back? Did you?
No.
No, of course not.
So it was a...
a one-way kiss?
Yeah, I would say so.
I slapped him.
He's, um...
he's written a book, Paige.
A tell-all about the two of you,
complete with a picture
of him kissing you...
on our honeymoon.
That's... this is why
we've got to go...
before this book comes out, courtesy of Polonius.

Polonius.
Eddie, we didn't do anything wrong.
Oh, that's not how it looks.
This book would... embarrass the Crown.
No. It would embarrass me.
You are the Crown.
Paige, you are the queen of Denmark.
Yes.
And as queen, I will not run away from slander, and neither should you.
It's not me I'm worried about.
I'm not going anywhere. Excuse me?
You heard me.
I haven't done anything wrong.
In fact, I have been wronged by someone I thought was a friend.
I won't back down.
I can't.
I'm not going to pretend to be someone I'm not.
What do you mean?
Just because Scott and Polonius say something is true, you think people will believe it.
Well, I don't.
People know me better than that, and they should know that somebody's trying to blackmail us.
Sit down.
Hey, hey.
Never for a moment believe that I would want you to change.
You 're the woman I married.
You 're the girl I want, and you will be...
You are a brilliant queen.
Then let's go forward.
I can take a little
embarrassment if you can, if I know it's the right thing. It is the right thing, isn't it? Yes. I love you... Paige Morgan. I love you. Three hours till the vote. (distant bell tolling)

EDVARD:
Scott! You and I need to talk. Uh... I got a plane to catch.
- Call the prince.
- A press conference. I'm on it! Hey!
- You don't mind, do you?
- (man speaking foreign language) Thank you.
Now... driving I can do. (Scott groans) All right!
Now, I didn't want it to have to come to this, but I'm going to have to show you how we take care of things back home. Ugh! Aaahhh!
Actually, we Danes are quite fond of pugilism. The conference is at the castle in an hour. The reporters are on their way. I am really sorry. I don't want to hear you say you 're sorry. Was this Polonius' idea or yours? A bit of both. I've been writing it for a while. It was just about Paige
and me at high school.
I needed the money.
But then the prime minister
contacted me.
I guess he was,
uh, fishing for dirt.
On you, Paige.
On me?
Yeah.
I, uh...
I told him about the book.
He said he could get it published...
if I just, um...
embellished things...
a little bit.
If you lied, you mean.
Hey, I told you,
I needed the money, okay?
Paige...
my family's farm is going under.
So, anyway, then he says, uh,
"Oh, we're probably going to need
some pictures to go with the book."
When you guys came to Belavia,
he gave me the scoop
and flew me out here.
I was in Lithuania,
but I had no idea
it involved this oil thing,
and I certainly didn't know that
that Oliver creep was involved until...
Well, uh, until I did.
Well, he fooled us too.
So what are we going to do
about this?
You 're sure
the prince understands?
I've explained everything.
You 'll speak first, then Scott.
Never been on this end
of a press conference before.
Just tell the truth, okay,
that Polonius brought you here,
he told you what to do,
and then paid you to write
a salacious expos on the queen.
Hey! It's my family's farm, okay?
It's all we've got.
Scott! We've been friends
for a long time.
Our parents are friends.
We cared a lot
about each other at one point.
If that means anything to you,
you need to make this right.
We will do everything
we can for your family,
but right now,
this country's future
is at stake.
Your Majesty.
You 're supposed
to be on a plane.
Change of plans.
We're not running away
because of your lies.
So you call a press conference
and have Mr. All-American
spill his guts about
the evil prime minister.
Is that about right?
Something like that, yes.
Now, if you 'll excuse us,
the reporters are waiting,
as is our Parliament.
You don't expect me to allow you
to tarnish my reputation, do you?
You 'd draw a sword on your king?
Well...
you will not pass.
The reporters are right inside.
Yes, and Oliver has his instructions.

**PAIGE:**
You will not be attending
this press conference.
Like hell he won't!
Aah!
Paige... go to the press conference.
Eddie.
Go.
I've got it.
You're a young fool.
And you, sir...
are an old fool.
You have no idea
what it takes to govern a country.
What? With lies and deceit?
(Polonius chuckles)
My people will believe
what I tell them to believe.
The people will believe the truth.
Aah!
(chatter)
Gentlemen. Ladies.
Quiet, please.
In 20 minutes, we shall adjourn
to the chamber for the vote.
Thank you all for attending
this special session of the Folketing
during your holidays.
Come on, it's this way.
No, it's this way.
I'm not done yet.
(chuckles)
I run this country.
You are a figurehead.
I am the head of state.
(chatter)

**MAN:**
There's something going on.
The king had better not be
standing him up again.

**OLIVER:**
Thank you all for coming.
As you know, King Edvard
and Queen Paige of Denmark
came to Belavia to impede progress,
to stop what could be a great
economic boon for both our countries.
You cannot defeat me!
I can, and I will.
Information has come to our attention.
I warn you that this material
is sordid in nature.
Stop!
It's the king...
and the prime minister?
Eddie!
Wait, I have this manuscript.
It's really very saucy!
Enough!
Do you yield?
(camera shutter clicks)

MAN:
a question for the Post.
That was impressive.
Don't act so surprised.
We're on TV.

PAIGE:
(mutters)
You 're my hero.
(camera shutter clicks)
May I have your attention, please.
(inaudible speech)
Attention, please.
His Majesty is speaking.
The prime minister
has attempted to coerce
and blackmail us,
even tarnish the queen's good name,
all in an effort to steal and destroy
the resources of Belavia.
I speak directly to Parliament
when I ask you to vote down
the measure before you.
This kingdom
and its natural resources
belong to its own people...
and any attempt
to usurp them is a crime.
Denmark will help Belavia.
But not by taking... by giving.
By developing
its greatest assets. Its people.
Its vast forests,
and the unique wildlife they harbor.
Queen Paige and I will work tirelessly
to promote the wonders of this country.
And so...
on this Christmas Eve...
I urge you to remember what is
important to the Belavian people
and to Denmark.
Lurge you to vote
with your heads...
and with your hearts.
Thank you, sir.
And now, Scott Alberson
would like to say a few words.
Scott?
Hi.
Scott Alberson.
I wrote this book.
None of it is true.
Oh, yeah, and I'm a big jerk.
Questions?
Thank you.
Soren?
Pardon me, Your Majesty,
I didn't mean to interrupt your...
relaxing holiday.
I thought you should know
that Parliament has voted.
It's a landslide.
Belavia is safe.
Eddie!
- What?
- We did it.
- We did it?
- We won.
- We did it?
- We did it.
- (smooching noises)
- Hello?
Hello?
I'm still here.

**PAIGE:**
Yes. If I may. I wanted to say something poignant.
And here it is...
you did this, the two of you...
and I'm very proud of you.
Thank you, Soren.
You're welcome.
Now...
may I speak with the king, please?
Yes.
Hello, Soren?
Really?
Well, I will let her know.
Thank you, Soren.
Let me know what?
Nothing. Just got your Christmas present.
Oh.
(Scott clears his throat)
So, uh, I'm going to take off.
I'm sorry.
Really.
Okay.
Scott, you did the right thing...
eventually.
You're a good guy.
You just need to remember that.
Quite a girl you got there.
Yeah. I know.
Oh, by the way, I spoke to the governor of Wisconsin...
who spoke to your mother's bank.
You did? You did that?
They're going to help you work out a more reasonable payment plan.
Everything's going to be fine.
Thank you.
Thank you. I'm, uh...
I'm going to try and earn this.
Good.
Thank you.
Come here, you.
(siren blares)
(horse neighs)
Okay.
(man chanting in foreign language)
("God Rest Ye Merry,
Gentlemen" playing)

WOMAN:

PAIGE:
Look at you, Mr. Romance.

EDVARD:
and a particularly special one.
What do you mean?
Your Christmas present.
I figured you 'd need a new one...
for your new job.
What?
Soren took a call
from the chief resident
at Copenhagen Hospital
this afternoon.
I hear doctors have
a very exhausting first year.
But do you think I should?
I could put it off...
you know, focus on being a queen.
Is that what you want?
No.
I don't think there's
only one way to be a queen.
This is my way.
Well, at least we had
a relaxing break
before you start work.
I had a wonderful time,
a wonderful honeymoon.
Merry Christmas, Paige.
Merry Christmas, Eddie.
(traditional local music playing)
Shall we?
I think so.
(onlookers clapping)
(traditional local music continues)
(laughing and calling out)