

BY THE BOOK

Written by

Lizz-Ayn Shaarawi

Lizzayn@gmail.com

FADE IN:

INT. COTTAGE - DAY

A simple room, poor but well kept. On a long, wooden table lies a beautiful PRINCESS-- eyes closed, breath still.

An apple rests on her upturned palm, a single bite removed.

The WHINNY of a horse breaks the silence. The cottage door bursts open and PRINCE CHARMING strides in.

He pauses when his gaze lands on the Princess. He drinks in her beauty like a man just rescued from love's desert.

PRINCE

My love. My heart's true desire.

He rushes to her side and kneels. The apple catches his eye and he frowns.

PRINCE

Blasted bewitchment.

Turning away from the vile cause of her entrapment, he returns to gaze upon her. His fingertips caress her face.

He leans close. His lips brush her cheek, her neck. His breath stirs the hair that drapes by her ears.

He closes his eyes and allows his lips to drift across hers. And again, but he kisses her harder this time.

A gasp escapes him as he leans back. He studies her face for a sign of movement. Distracted, he turns away.

The Princess's fingers twitch. The apple falls from her hand and rolls across the floor.

A smile plays at the Prince's lips.

PRINCE

My love wakes.

The Princess's eyes fly open to reveal yellow orbs with streaks of red. A low growl unfurls from her throat.

The Prince whirls around just as she launches herself at him. Drool drips from her slack mouth.

The Prince dodges her and pulls a wrapped box from his pocket.

PRINCE  
A valentine, my love?

She lunges for him. He drops the box and his fingers wrap around his sword's hilt. He yanks but the sword holds fast. A quick glance reveals the hilt is caught in his belt.

The Princess snarls and charges. The Prince backpedals away. Just as she reaches him, his foot lands on the apple and he slips and falls to the ground, just out of her grasp.

As he attempts to untangle the sword, he rolls under the table. She grabs his ankle and pulls. He kicks until she releases him and clambers to his feet.

She dashes toward him as he darts away, trips, and lands on the edge of the table. The Princess lunges again.

The table tips up with his weight and slams into the underside of her chin with a loud crack.

The Princess staggers back, though her arms still reach out and her hands still clench open and closed.

The sword pulls free of the scabbard. The Prince hacks and slashes as blood and gore dots the walls and the prince with each swing.

The Prince wipes a bit of gore off his cheek and flicks it onto the floor in disgust.

PRINCE  
Really? Again?

Deflated, he steps around the overturned table and over the crushed apple.

He trudges out the door as he drags his sword along the ground behind him.

PRINCE  
(sotto)  
What's in those apples?

The door slams closed behind the Prince.

SMASH TO BLACK.

TITLE: SOMETIMES YOU HAVE TO KISS A LOT OF HOMICIDAL ZOMBIES BEFORE YOU FIND YOUR TRUE LOVE. DON'T GIVE UP.

FADE OUT.