

THE LETTER

by

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SAVED BY THE LETTER

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EXT. MAGICAL FOREST - DAY

A little fairy flies to the bank of a brook in the middle of a beautiful forest full of life and colors. A second fairy appears from nowhere and pushes her into the water. Both fairies laugh and chase each other between the flowers.

In the distance, far, far away, a tall, white mountain stands lonely under gray clouds.

EXT. TOP OF THE MOUNTAIN - DAY

A tiny hut rests at the top of the deserted remote peak. Everything is covered in snow. The day is gray, thick clouds twirl, it's going to snow again. There's no tree nearby. There is no color either.

In the distance, A MASSIVE FIGURE covered in fur plows through the snow towards the hut. A set of KEYS jingle with every step.

INT. HUT - DAY

It's really cold and dark in here. The only light comes from some small holes punched in the dark and damp walls. There are no windows.

Someone writes with CHALK.

In one corner, a single thin mattress rests on the floor, covered with a stained bed sheet. There's also a BUCKET nearby. Was that a rat running down the floor?

On another corner, ALADAN writes with sharp and fast strokes on the wall with a CHALK. He is a skinny tall ELF OF THE FOREST, apparently 15 years old but probably much older.

His intense blue eyes and long blond hair contrast with his emaciated face. A tooth is missing and there are bruises all over his body. His right arm is hold by a self made sling.

THE WALL is covered in white, tiny, dense hand writing. All the space is used.

He shivers. A puff of breath comes out from his mouth and nose. He adjusts his cape although it makes no difference.

Aladan stretches to write on one of the few empty spaces but something restrains him.

ALADAN

Rhaich!

HIS FOOT is constrained by a thick, rusty chain, bolted to the wall with a huge lock. The skin on his ankle has peeled off around the chain.

He tries to stretch a bit more. He freezes. His pointy ears prick up. Listens. A shade of terror on his face. Now we hear it too: KEYS jingle.

He stretches as much as he can and writes quickly on the empty space. His broken arm hurts. His ankle BLEEDS badly.

The door to the hut SLAMS OPEN. Snow flies inside. Aladan puts the chalk in his pocket and stands at ease near the mattress, like a soldier.

A HUGE FEMALE OGRE enters inside, barely fits the door. She dresses in heavy, dark furs. More than seven feet tall, nearly as wide. She puts the key in her pocket.

Aladan follows every movement with his eyes.

The Ogre takes the bucket near the mattress and throws the liquid and not so liquid contents outside. She puts the empty bucket back in the same place.

ALADAN (CONT'D)

May you close the door, please?
Today it's colder than usual.

The Ogre looks at Aladan with empty eyes. She snorts. Walks to the written wall with heavy steps. The door remains open. Aladan sighs.

The Ogre sits down in front of the wall. Even sitting down she's taller than Aladan. She takes a piece of raw meat from her pocket, takes a bite and looks at the written wall.

Aladan looks at the piece of meat with hungry eyes.

The Ogre grunts.

Aladan walks to the wall and looks up. He starts reading with a beautiful voice.

ALADAN (CONT'D)

Once upon a time, in a Kingdom far,
far away, a princess lived behind
the tall walls of the castle...

The Ogre listens carefully as she bites a chunk off the raw meat.

Several DISSOLVES as Aladan reads the story.

ALADAN (CONT'D)

... so the King sent her loved one
to fight his enemies, knowing he
would probably never come back ...

The Ogre reacts to the King's decision by showing her fists.

Aladan moves his good arm up and down, and hops in place, like riding a horse. He's a great story teller.

ALADAN (CONT'D)
... and she waited and waited and
waited, until her blonde hair
turned to ashes and her fair skin
was plowed with streams of age ...

The Ogre dries a tear rolling down her cheek.

Aladan's stomach rumbles. He puts his hand on it, trying to hide the noise.

ALADAN (CONT'D)
... and that's how the Princess
found the true meaning of love.
Sealed with a kiss.

The Ogre looks at the text as if she could read it.

ALADAN (CONT'D)
(clears throat)
The end.

The Ogre stands up. Aladan reacts by instinct protecting his wounded arm. She takes an apple from her pocket and throws it to Aladan. He catches it mid air and bites it eagerly.

The Ogre walks to the door. Aladan takes another bite. He looks at his own writing and smiles.

ALADAN (CONT'D)
You adore love stories.

The Ogre stops at the door frame. Looks at Aladan.

ALADAN (CONT'D)
(mouth full)
Do you have anyone special?

Without warning, the Ogre PUNCHES Aladan hard on the face, so hard that makes him fly in the air and fall hard on his wounded arm. He muffles a scream. The chain digs deep in his ankle.

Aladan's first reaction is to look for his apple. Oh, there it is. He tries to reach it but the chain yanks at his ankle. Too far.

He sighs, rolls on his back and holds his arm. It hurts badly. He checks himself for anything else broken. Another tooth is moving a little. Aladan sits and looks at the Ogre, who pants heavily. Aladan calms down.

ALADAN (CONT'D)
I'm sorry if I offended you. I
truly deserved it.

Aladan examines the Ogre with his smart eyes.

ALADAN (CONT'D)
(testing her reaction)
I hate... love stories... they are
not like real life.

The Ogre nods slightly. She agrees. Aladan notices. She is more emotional than usual. Aladan risks his neck.

ALADAN (CONT'D)
He doesn't love you?

The door bangs the wall, pushed by the wind. To Aladan's surprise, the Ogre starts crying softly. Aladan's eyes open wide. He thinks fast. After a very long silence.

ALADAN (CONT'D)
I can help you.

The Ogre looks at him, annoyed. What the hell are you talking about?

ALADAN (CONT'D)
I can make him love you.

The Ogre grits her teeth in anger. She walks to Aladan and rises her fist, ready to strike again. Aladan cowers, protecting his arm.

ALADAN (CONT'D)
A letter!

The Ogre's fist stops inches from him.

ALADAN (CONT'D)
I can write him a letter that will
make him fall in love with you.

The Ogre looks at him for a long time. How can that be possible? Aladan points at his written wall.

ALADAN (CONT'D)
You know I can do it. That's why
you -- you made me your guest,
isn't it?

The Ogre looks at the wall, full of Aladan's calligraphy. A letter. Maybe. She nods once, with energy.

ALADAN (CONT'D)
But there are two conditions.

The Ogre grunts. What is it?

ALADAN (CONT'D)
It must be a letter written on
paper. With black ink. Otherwise it
won't work.

The Ogre thinks for a moment. It makes sense. All right.

ALADAN (CONT'D)
And then you will free me.

-- END OF SAMPLE --

-- Please, contact me --

-- if you are interested in the full script --