

# Prince Blossom - Dating Profile Interview Script

## PREAMBLE:

### Legend:

- INT - Scene takes place in an internal location.
- EXT - Scene takes place in an external location.
- FX - Effects (Audio/Visual).
- FADE IN/OUT - Transition.
- VO-FX - Voice-Over Effects.
- # - Scene description.
- PB - Prince Blossom shorthand.
- \*\* - Mid-dialogue direction.

### Characters:

Prince Blossom

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## Scene 001:

FADE IN:

INT: The highest spire of the Prince's most luxurious castle - Night.

FX: Sounds of the cold night winds and night creatures fading into a cozy candle-lit atmosphere.

VO-FX: Slight echo and reverb to mimic high spire conditions. The sound of the Prince should come from slightly afar.

# The Prince lounges on his ornate bed, twirling a thornless rose and letting his mind wander in melancholy.

PB: \*Sighs\*.

FX: Barely audible wing flapping followed by bird feet resting on cobblestone.

# The Prince notices a bird land on his windowsill.

PB: Oh. Well, well, well. Hello there, little one.

# The Prince lets the rose fall on his bed and looks up toward the ceiling.

PB: Come to gaze upon the despondent prince, have you?

# The Prince sits up on his bed.

PB: \*Lightly chuckles\* Or perhaps you're simply hungry.

# The Prince gets up from his bed and picks up a slice of fruit tart he had on his dining table and brings it toward the bird.

FX: Sounds of picking up a ceramic plate and hardwood footsteps that get slightly louder as the Prince gets closer to the bird.

# The Prince breaks off a piece of the tart and brings it toward the bird so that it can eat it. The Prince then takes a seat on the windowsill.

FX: Sounds of a small tart piece being broken.

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PB: Here. Feast. A tart fresh from my kitchens. \*Pause\* Well, relatively fresh.

# The Prince laughs seeing the little bird devour the tart.

FX: Bird pecking at the tart piece.

PB: \*Laughs\* Famished, were you? Slow down. There's more where that came from.

PB: If there's one thing I don't want for, it's warm baked goods. \*Lightly chuckles\*.

# All of a sudden, another bird lands on the windowsill and begins to peck at the Prince's hand.

FX: Wings flapping quickly followed by bird feet hitting cobblestones and then pecking.

# The Prince is slightly surprised at the newcomer.

PB: Oh, another one?

PB: \*Smiles\* More the merrier, I suppose.

# The Prince hums lightly as if a thought just came to him.

PB: Hm... I wonder...?

# The Prince puts the plate down on the windowsill and stands up. He then quickly moves toward the large ornate bookcase on the far wall.

FX: Sounds of the ceramic plate being placed on cobblestone, followed by silk cloths shuffling, and then hurried footsteps on hardwood moving away and getting quieter.

PB: Where is it...?

# The Prince runs his hands over many books before finally settling on one.

FX: Sounds of a hand running over leatherbound book spines.

PB: Aha! Found it.

# The Prince takes out the book and thumbs through it.

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FX: Sounds of an old leatherbound book being taken out of a bookcase followed by the sounds of someone quickly thumbing through a book.

PB: Here it is. Hm... Interesting.

# The Prince then walks back towards the birds.

FX: Sounds of footsteps on hardwood get louder as the Prince comes closer to the birds.

PB: Right, how should I do this?

# The Prince puts his finger on a passage and reads it.

PB: "To imprint a message on any woodland creature, one must bind an honest contract between said creature and witch. The contract can be created with simple verbal order and then sealed through an offering of food."

# The Prince looks towards the birds peacefully eating the tart.

PB: The tart covers the food offering... Looks like I just have to make my intentions known then.

# The Prince coughs to clear his throat and throws out his hand in dramatic flair.

PB: \*Clears his throat\* Creatures of the woodlands, hear me! I wish to initiate a contract and imprint a message upon you!

# The birds stop eating for a second to look at the Prince, and then they continue eating again without a care in the world. The Prince looks a bit dejected because he expected more flair.

FX: A crescendo that swells up before being anticlimactically cut.

PB: Well, I suppose not all magics can have flair.

PB: \*Clears his throat\* Anyhoo. This is my message! Listen clear.

PB: I, Prince Apfel Octavius Blossom The Third, am searching for the fairest unwed hand in my lands and the lands beyond!

PB: Ever since my star foretold birth, I have lived a life of decadence and luxury as the oldest prince of Everius.

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PB: In my youth, I served under the noble and courageous Sir Gallahad, servicing him in his quest to rid the land of dragons. But I much preferred the brief respites I got in the woodlands; where I lent my voice to the birdsong, frolicked amongst the greenery, and made chains of daisies to adorn my armor.

PB: Now, I am next in line for the throne of Everius but yet I yearn for something so much more than power.

PB: Ever since I could remember, I yearned for love. True love. Not the "love" that haunts my courts, the "love" that only exists for houses to consolidate power. A love that is nothing more than a transaction.

PB: No. I want more. I need more.

# The Prince pauses and sighs.

PB: \*Sighs\* But alas, I have yet to find it. And my heart grows colder by the day I'm without it.

PB: Many people have asked for my hand in marriage, but I've rejected them all. Life is too short to settle for wooden clogs.

PB: If I have to go house by house with crystal slipper in hand until I find my one true love, I will.

PB: Perhaps that might seem overly picky to most, but in the end, when I find what I'm looking for. It will all be worth it. And that's what matters.

PB: So, here I am. Casting myself to the world in hopes that my love will heed my call and come to me.

# The Prince pauses to catch his breath.

PB: Now, I shall describe myself, so that you may see me clearly.

PB: I am 5 fouts and 11 inches in height, and weigh 12 stones or a 170 pounds.

# The Prince blushes and clears his throat.

PB: \*Clears his throat\* And my other more...intimate measurements can safely be described as more than adequate.

PB: As for my age... Well, let's just say that a prince never tells.

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# The Prince squirms, disgruntled.

PB: But you can think of me to be around 30 winters...or thereabouts.

# The Prince waves the uncomfortable information away.

PB: I am also a connoisseur of baked goods. From fresh bread to pastries, pies, tarts, and anything in between!

PB: And... If possible, I would be greatly delighted if my love could provide me with such goods.

PB: To eat the bread baked with love by the hands of my one and only would taste the sweetest of them all.

PB: I also quite enjoy the art of tea, and have imported many varieties from all around. And every morn, I bundle up in my silk robes to taste them and try to pick out the intricacies within.

PB: Beyond that, I spend my days visiting the many cordwainers within my kingdom and sampling their shoes.

PB: I also enjoy visiting my wonderful horses in the royal stables come evening. Taking them out to the woodlands and enjoying some time alone in nature is one of my greatest delights.

PB: And I would so very much enjoy sharing that experience with you. Taking you out to a flowery field surrounded by clean air and clear skies. Rolling within the flowers, hand in hand, and sleeping under the warmth of the sun with you by my side. Oh, how wonderful that would be.

# The Prince breathes out deeply with a content sigh as if his mind is in some fantasy he has created. He then regains his senses.

PB: Uh, that's enough of the things I like, I think. I would like to give an accurate impression of my character, so I must mention the things I would much rather go without as well.

PB: I dislike heights. Oh, and cleanliness is paramount to me. Places full of dust and cobwebs are terrible for my constitution—unless I want to enjoy an evening of runny noses and watering eyes.

PB: I also dislike meat. I much prefer more delicate foods. I find meat to be bloody, greasy, and overall a flavorless slog to eat.

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PB: And I despise the smell of metal. I smell nothing more than blood, death, and misery in their presence.

PB: Beyond all of that, I have so much I can offer you. And by my side, your every want and desire shall be fulfilled—as long as sword fighting isn't one of the skills you require.

PB: My three castles will allow you to live in whichever corner of the land you prefer.

PB: And I will adorn you with the finest silks and furs from all around the world.

PB: Nothing more will delight me like taking care of you. After all, it wouldn't be fit for a prince to do any less for his one and only. And... I would be remiss if I didn't say that I want that from you as well.

PB: I want someone affectionate, caring, someone that will see me for who I am, and accept me wholly. Someone that I can show my love to in its entirety, whether we're alone or otherwise. Stuffy etiquette be damned.

# The Prince calms down after his long monologue and wonders what more he can say.

PB: Hm... What else can I say? I poured my whole heart into this and I—

# The Prince suddenly quietens as if he just remembered something that he would rather not say.

PB: Oh. Right. If you're hearing this message, then you most likely understand the implications of it concerning me.

PB: Like my grandmother before me, I too dabble in witchcraft.

PB: I by no means support or condone the actions of my grandmother, the so-called "Evil Queen."

PB: However there are so many tomes full of tremendous knowledge that my grandmother created that are now locked away in the forbidden wings of the castle, their lore lost.

PB: I've learned and slowly acquired great things from within. Things such as love potions, powerful plants that can cure great maladies, herbs that can enlighten even the most rotten food.

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PB: Hells, I've even acquired a magic mirror that compliments me every day! Though, it doesn't do much else, however...

PB: I've been practicing the magics of my foremothers since I was just a boy, and now, finally, after so much failed searching, I will put it to use with this message.

PB: I hope it finds you, my love. I hope we can finally be united.

# The Prince pauses, takes a deep breath, and then throws out his hand.

PB: That is my message. And I seal it through the power within my blood.

# The birds eating the tart gain a magical metal ring on one of their legs. The birds are unfazed. The Prince then waves the birds away.

PB: Go! Go now! Spread my message across the lands!

# The birds just look at the Prince. The Prince looks at the birds, unimpressed.

FX: Bird chirp.

PB: \*Sigh\* Agh, alright then. Go after you finish the tart.

FX: Happy bird chirp.

# The Prince goes back to his bed.

FX: Footsteps on hardwood getting quieter as the Prince goes further away.

# The Prince picks up the rose and smiles at it. He then whispers.

PB: I cannot wait to see you, my love.

FADE OUT: