

ROWAN SIDES

27.09.24

****Please tape with a Yorkshire English accent****

INT. BALLROOM - MEANWHILE

Ericia and Rowan with their best royal posture, stand awkwardly by each other. Marie, and Rowan's own Valet commanding them with exaggerated facial expressions from across the hall. "Talk to each other goddammit" is the shared sentiment. They both jump at it--

ERICIA
Pleasantries.

ROWAN
I like your dress.

← **START
Scene**

ERICIA (CONT'D)
Sorry?

ROWAN
(clear throat)
I quite like your dress. Your
seamstress does fine work.

ERICIA
Oh. I'll pass on the compliment.

ROWAN
Of course. Of course when we're
married all your gowns will
glimmer, like mine...

Ericia nods.

ROWAN (CONT'D)

-My suits!

(clear throat)

I don't wear gowns. I'm a man.

Ericia nods. She decides to grant him a return compliment:

ERICIA

I quite like your shoes.

ROWAN

Thank you. They're my dad's actually.

ERICIA

I thought they were a bit big for you.

ROWAN

Really? I don't think so.

MOMENTS LATER

Rowan & Ericia are forced to dance. Ericia is a pro by now. Marie watching proudly. But Rowan-- his moppy, thick but luscious hair getting the way of his view. The same shoes he talked-up proving cumbersome and oversized, so much that he's constantly mashing on her foot. until--

She trips up and falls! Rowan is disappointed in himself, throws a look at his parents giving him 'the look'. His inclination is to laugh, but swallows it and lends the princely hand.

ROWAN (CONT'D)

Are you okay?

ERICIA

(rising up stone faced)

Yeah.

She has a bruise on her elbow.

ROWAN

(pointing at the bruise)

Are you sure?

ERICIA

Oh I didn't even feel it.

Rowan looks at his shoe. Slightly dented.

ROWAN

Oh no.

Drops to his knees and dusts it off while Ericia is still on the floor. She smiles at him but he is too ashamed to look at her now.



END
Scene