

INT. TOWER DUNGEON

SIR WAVERLY stands, exhausted, broadsword in hand, facing ANNETTE, who appears chained in a puzzling and curious manner around the waist only.

ANNETTE

(impatiently gesturing with her chin at her single, strategically positioned restraint)
Well?

WAVERLY

Milady, if I cut...there...I could injure you. And
a knight doesn't pick...those kind of locks...w—with his hands—like some—some—.

ANNETTE

(eyeroll, frustrated)

You haven't changed since we were twelve. For all I know, you borrowed your armor off the
man who *really* fought his way up here.

WAVERLY

(anxious, horrified)

Of course not, milady! I slew six of the kobold guards! Just yesterday I became a first squire with
honors and an acting spot at the king's table—

ANNETTE

Then shut up, go around behind me, wrap your arms around me like this (gestures with her
hands) and pull. The lock. Apart.

WAVERLY

Milady! Your hands aren't bound! You could easily—

ANNETTE

SHUT. UP.

Sir Waverly does what she says, tensely at first. The lock comes off surprisingly easily. She
smiles and traps his hands, then turns and kisses him. He acts surprised, but kisses back.

WAVERLY

(suddenly stopping, on guard)

Your abductor has yet to show himself.

ANNETTE

(smiling coyly, waving a hand)

I took care of Rhindle. Did you know it's not the *head* of a dragon that you need to cut off?

INT. TOWER DUNGEON

SIR WAVERLY stands, broadsword in hand, facing ANNETTE, who appears chained around the waist only.

ANNETTE

Well? Should I wait for someone else to free me?

WAVERLY

Milady, if I cut that chain around your...lower parts...I could injure you. And a knight doesn't pick--those kind of locks--w--with his hands--like some--some--.

ANNETTE

I'll die an old maid in these chains. You haven't changed since we were twelve. For all I know, you borrowed your armor off the man who *really* fought his way up here.

WAVERLY

Of--of course not, milady! I slew six of the kobold guards! Just yesterday I became a first squire with honors and an acting spot at the king's table--

ANNETTE

Then shut up, get behind me, wrap your arms around my waist, angle down a bit, and pull. The lock. Apart.

WAVERLY

Milady! Your hands aren't bound! You could easily--

ANNETTE

SHUT. UP.

Sir Waverly moves behind Annette. Their sprites merge into one.

WAVERLY

Ah, milady, I think I have it--wha? That lock opened very easily...oh--mmfph!

ANNETTE

You're a better kisser than you let on.

WAVERLY

W--wait--mmph--milady--your--your abductor has yet to show himself...

ANNETTE

Oh, please. I took care of Rhindle. Did you know that it's not the *head* of a dragon that you need to cut off?

