

TO LOVE A MONSTER

A short film by

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SAMPLE

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AUDIO: SAPPY PROFESSIONS OF LOVE FROM A ROM-COM FADE INTO --

1 INT. LIVING ROOM - SUNSET

1

Wrapped up on the couch, illuminated by only the flickering glow of the TV, is BORIS. He is a college-age monster. Features as expected. Long fangs, stringy and messy hair, green skin, and patches of werewolf like fur that jut out from his gothic, yet modern, clothing.

A kiss is heard from the TV. BORIS blushes, squeezing his blankets tight as--

BAM! The door swings open and in walks, Mary, Boris's roommate, hands full of shopping bags.

MARY

BORIS! Are you wearing that?

He looks down, slightly offended.

BORIS

Uh, yeah, it's comfy.

MARY

Not really date material, though.

The world crashes around Boris.

BORIS

Oh no.

MARY

Oh God, don't tell me...

He springs up.

BORIS

How long until I meet her?

MARY

Uh, like 10 minutes.

BORIS

No, no, no, no, no!

MARY

Look, if it makes you feel any better, she's usually pretty--

He scurries off to--

MARY (CONT'D)
 (under her breath)
 Late...

2 INT. THE BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS 2

Potion like bottles of soaps and deodorant are strewn about Mary's mostly normal bathroom. His bottles read things like "Deodorant for the abhorrently smelly" and "Soap for beastly hands."

He peers into his grotesque eyes and takes a deep breath.

BORIS
 Ok, Boris. You got this.

On the top of the counter, he grabs a tube of toothpaste. In big letters it reads: *Paste for breath that kills!*

Boris places it on a brush and gets to scrubbing.

3 INT. LIVING ROOM - SAME 3

Mary unloads her shopping bags, taking out a dress or two and holding it up in the mirror. She winks at herself, swimming in her own vanity.

4 INTERCUT 4

Boris opens up a cabinet, taking out an abnormally huge brush. On the handle it reads, *Brush for the grotesquely hairy.*

Boris raises it to his bird's nest, ripping hairs as he attempts to tame it.

BORIS
 AH!

Mary smiles at herself in the mirror as she tries a new dress.

MARY
 Everything OK in there?

BORIS
 Possibly.

He places down the brush and searches through the cabinet again, this time taking out a razor.

He lifts it to the patches of fur on his face, running it down. It scratches and catches on a patch.

He lets go of the handle to see it dangling from his fur.

BORIS (CONT'D)

Oh God.

He tugs on it, ripping off a patch. He stares in horror at the clump of fur on the razor blade.

BORIS (CONT'D)

MARY!

She sighs, placing down her dresses and walking into the bathroom.

MARY

What could possibly--

Boris stares back with puppy eyes.

MARY (CONT'D)

Awww, you poor thing. Let's get you some much needed TLC.

She takes a tie from her hair.

MARY (CONT'D)

You have to dress to impress.

She spins around, cutting to --

5 INT. CLOSET - SECONDS LATER

5

She shuffles through his clothing.

MARY

No. No. No. Oooo, maybee... But no. Ooooo, YES.

She takes out a set, snapping to--

6 INT. THE BATHROOM - LATER

6

Mary spins her hand around in his thick hair, grunting.

MARY

And... VOILA!