

LORIN

INT. ROYAL PALACE - AMBERLE'S ROOM - DAY

Amberle is on her bed drawing with focused intensity when a BREEZE flutters her papers. Startled, she finds Lorin entering from the balcony doors. He's formally dressed in the distinctive uniform of the Chosen.

AMBERLE

Lorin, are you insane!

LORIN

I like to keep the Home Guard on their toes.

She hastily hides her latest sketch and stands.

LORIN

You haven't been to any of the festivities this week. You trying to avoid me?

AMBERLE

Had to rest, Uncle Arion's orders.

LORIN

But you are coming to the banquet tonight?

She doesn't answer. They are framed against the open balcony doors and a Maxfield Parrish sky. He softly asks...

LORIN

What happened when you touched the Ellcrys? One minute you were fine, the next you passed out.

AMBERLE

I'm still trying to figure it out myself.

LORIN

You know what I think? You realized you're going to be sharing a dorm with six guys for the next year and couldn't take it.

Both crack up. Amberle lets herself relax.

AMBERLE

Actually, it's my Uncle Arion who's not happy about that.

LORIN

I'm surprised he isn't making you
live in the palace.

AMBERLE

He can't. Once our service
officially begins, we're forbidden
to step outside the walls of the
Garden for a year.

LORIN

That's going to be tough.

AMBERLE

I know. The two of us stuck under
the same roof.

LORIN

It's a very small roof. Don't
worry, I saved you the best bed.

Her eyes flirtatiously narrow.

AMBERLE

Next to you?

LORIN

Under me.
(off her look)
They're bunk beds.

Their faces inch closer. Their voices are hushed.

AMBERLE

What if I want to be on top?

LORIN

I'm willing to take turns.

Their mouths glide towards a kiss.

AMBERLE

Promise.

LORIN

Cross my heart.

Their lips finally connect. However, they're so passionate,
they lose their balance and tumble onto the bed, LAUGHING.