

LITTLE RED

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EXT. MAGIC FOREST - DAY

Summertime. A forest alive with vibrant colors and the joyous sing-song of birds; its beauty is somewhat surreal.

Fast asleep on a tree stump sits LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD, 12, with her picnic basket next to her.

The warm voice of an elderly NARRATOR accompanies the scene:

NARRATOR (V.O.)
Yes, Little Red Riding Hood... Once upon a time, life was a fairy-tale. But since then...

She snaps awake from this DREAM, and faces--

EXT. POST-APOCALYPTIC MAGIC FOREST - DAY

Her present world. A gloomy, dying forest. It snows lightly. All is quiet; the ground is littered with dead song birds.

Little Red Riding Hood sits on the same stump, but she is now seventeen years old.

NARRATOR (V.O.)
Things have changed.

The young woman's face is sprinkled with small cuts and dirt. Her eyes are sleepless. Her lips cracked. The hooded cape and clothes are torn, their colors faded.

There's a bandaged wound on her hip, red with blood.

The teen rubs her hands together, breath visible. She holds out her open palm to catch some snow flakes, only to see--

It is not snow, but ASHES. She is not surprised.

NARRATOR (V.O.)
Evil no longer hides underneath grandmother's clothes, or tries to lure you with false, kind words.

She observes the blackish, twisted branches above her, then notices the fading sunlight. It is dusk.

She gets up with a sudden urgency, her body aching, and briefly checks the bandages and medicines in her basket.

Picking up the basket, the woman hurries deeper into the woods, slowed down by her hip wound.

EXT. POST-APOCALYPTIC FOREST (DEEPER) - LATER DAY

She now runs along beaten paths, always keeping an eye on the diminishing day light. No sign of life around her.

NARRATOR (V.O.)
In some ways, however, the tale is still the same.

EXT. POST-APOCALYPTIC MAGIC FOREST, GRANDMA'S HOUSE - NIGHT

The ash rain has stopped.

Breathing hard, hand pressed against her wound, Little Red Riding Hood reaches a clearing and stops, eyes fixed on--

A cabin, twenty meters in front of her.

Out front is an old mailbox with a child's drawing on it. It shows a younger Little Red Riding Hood and her grandmother.

Candle light shines through one of the cabin's windows.

Little Red Riding Hood listens... She can't hear a thing, doesn't see any danger. A trace of hope enters her face.

She takes a step towards the cabin, before--

The nearby HOWL of a wolf stops her.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

The monsters, as you have come to know, aren't all too different.

She closes her eyes, then knowingly looks up at the sky as--

A FULL MOON slips out from behind a cloud.

The wolf howls again, closer now.

Its howl is answered by another wolf. Two wolves. Three. Four... Too many to count, all around her.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

You've recognized them, I am sure.

Panting, Little Red Riding Hood drops the basket and reaches into it. She scurries past medicine and bandages to find--

An old MACHINE GUN, currently disassembled.

She hastingly puts it together, when--

A set of YELLOW EYES appears in the woods to her left. The creature growls at her, terrifying and otherworldly.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

The big ears to hear you with.

She expertly ejects the gun's magazine, anxiously noticing new growls and eyes in every direction.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

The big eyes to see you with.

Too afraid to blink, the teen watches the threats grow in numbers. She again reaches into the picnic basket.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

And the big teeth to eat you with.

She retrieves a half-empty magazine marked with duck tape. A single word has been crudely written across it:

"SILVER"

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Remember, little one... This is a world with no stars to wish upon. Where true love's kiss will not wake you from a bad dream.

Numerous SILHOUETTES, big and bipedal, lurk between the trees around her. The beasts growl in unison.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

And where princes and shining knights have been the first to fall.

Her trembling hand holds the ammo, unable to use it, when--

An old woman's sickish COUGHS erupt from inside the cabin. Little Red Riding Hood reacts, but can't see anybody.

The WEREWOLVES are about to step out of the woods. There are clouds of hot breath, as well as snouts, fangs and claws.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Here, nobody lives happily ever after.

Her hand seizes to tremble and tightly clasps the magazine.

With an expression both hard and combative, her gaze moves away from the cabin. She stands tall, racks in the magazine.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Here, you survive.

To the ferocious sounds of attacking werewolves, Little Red Riding Hood lifts up her gun...

NARRATOR (V.O.)

(emotional)

One day at a time.

...and takes aim.

CUT TO BLACK