

HALIFAE

PILOT

The Halfling

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TEASER

FADE IN:

EXT. SUGAR WOODS - NOVA SCOTIA - NIGHT - SUMMER

Stars illuminate a dark, still, mossed, forest.

WOMAN (V.O.)

The Fae world works in mysterious  
ways...

CHIRP CHIRP CHIRP

WOMAN (V.O.)

Just when you get to know one  
aspect of it...

Move through clear tubes that tap maple trees-- deeper into  
the wood; a light fog obscures the ground.

WOMAN (V.O.)

It flips.

HOWLS

We go further into dense forest; another set of clear tubes.

WOMAN (V.O.)

A defense mechanism I suppose.

The sap starts to flow with a gentle glow-- we move even  
deeper, the fog more dense.

GROWL - a LYNX CAT keeps watch in a tree.

DRUM DRUM DRUM - a quiet BEAT as we push beyond another set  
of brighter tubes... more of them; web-like.

HOOT - a SNOW OWL rotates its head; blinks; takes off.

WOMAN (V.O.)

They are what you do not expect.  
They've made a world untouched by  
man in their own backyard.

DRUM DRUM DRUM - LOUDER, FASTER.

WOMAN (V.O.)

On that night, the Fae Queen  
departed her teeny, tiny little  
body and left a massive void to be  
filled...

The fog breaks as we see an ages old, Mystical Maple Tree. A lightning flash ignites the bark and veins of the tree.

It COUGHS a glowing dust-- the BEAT drops.

An eery SILENCE as we FADE OUT on this tree; the glowing dust stands still on the BLACK SCREEN

WOMAN (V.O.)

The question was, by who?

GHEE-HA-HA - A BABY GIGGLES...--again...--and again...

A CELTIC LULLABY PLAYS-- part of the DRUM BEAT.

EXT. COASTLINE - NOVA SCOTIA - NIGHT

The dust, still aglow, become stars in the sky.

Look down, we're racing over a turbulent shoreline -- we're flying!

ZOOM - pass a spotlight that whirls in its lighthouse.

Bank right, we move onto land; over wooded areas; trees blow fierce.

REVEAL

EXT. GLACE HOUSE - HALIFAX, N.S. - CONTINUOUS

A quaint victorian house beams a green light, laser-like, upward from a rooster wind vane on the roof.

The MUSIC FADES-- a WOMAN'S gentle HUM continues the lullaby.

THREE SPECKS of flickering light float into a Juliet window above a wrap-around porch.

INT. NURSERY/MORGANE'S ROOM - NIGHT

CLOSE ON a large, out of date, Playskool baby monitor that beams a green light from a side table.

REVEAL

BELLE (35), beautiful, black hair, fair, looks young for her age-- rocking her NEWBORN, BABY MORGANE.

Belle radiates a glow-- lace curtains cast a shadow about her face; Mother Mary-like. The nursery is dated, we're in the early 90's.

The specks of light transform into human-sized FAIRIES-- wings, wands and all. MIRA (60's in human years), the crone, buxom, faded ginger hair; ARA (30's), the mother, tall, dark and venetian; and CRYSTA (late teens/early 20's), the maiden, thin, lanky, pixie cut blonde-- they all wear Hocus Pocus style attire.

Belle smiles with dreamy eyes. Morgane coos and giggles.

BELLE  
(Gaelic)  
*Meet Morgane Be--*

MIRA  
*Hello Morgane.*  
(to Belle)  
*Your Rooster has been lit.*

ARA  
(English)  
Our Empress has alchemized.

Belle's face contorts-- her glow dims; eyes widen.

BELLE  
But that means...

Belle's sight drops to her baby-- the fairies cast an ever so soft shadow onto mother and child.

CRYSTA  
She might be--

BELLE  
Don't say it!

Crysta wanders the room. She inspects/plays with baby toys.

MIRA  
We'll see... it's not for us to--

BELLE  
No-- no, no...  
(looks up)  
Morgane's half--

ARA  
*SHE* changed that by decree before--

Belle hugs Morgane close.

Crysta's in the crib batting the fairy mobile.

CRYSTA  
 (flippant)  
 We aren't saying she *IS*... Won't  
 know until her moon cycle's sync'd.

Ara leans into Belle and Morgane. She places a hand on Belle's shoulder and looks to Mira.

ARA  
 There's something more pressing...

They both look to Morgane who has otherworldly BLUE eyes--  
 like her mother.

Ara kneels down; looks up to Belle.

ARA (CONT'D)  
 You're the heir apparent. You must  
 come home.

BELLE  
 This is my home!

MIRA  
 They... They won't let you stay,  
 we've been sent to--

BELLE  
 Not happening.

Belle sobs.

Ara brushes Morgane's cheek with her finger.

ARA  
 She needs a protective layer.

BELLE  
 (jolts Morgane away)  
 NO!

Baby Morgane whimpers.

Ara stands.

BELLE (CONT'D)  
 Shhh... shhh. Dinnae fash, dinnae  
 fash mo phàiste. Mama loves you.



MIRA  
Shall we?

BELLE  
I'm not going with you.

ARA  
But--

BELLE  
I need time... can you just--

Mira and Ara look at each other, Crysta files her nails.

ARA  
Yes, of course... what do you think dawn?

MIRA  
Dawn?! That's a week in--

Ara leans in, an inaudible whisper, to Mira.

MIRA (CONT'D)  
Fine but if you're not back... they'll have our wings!

BELLE  
I'll be there.

The fairies transform back into flecks of light. They float out the window into turbulence-- swept away.

Belle looks down to see Morgane's tears have a slight glow.

BLAIRE GLACE (36), tall, dark and handsome, even with that '80s mullet, enters the room with the other baby monitor in hand.

Blair walks toward his wife, a strong gaze between them, leans down with tears in his eyes. Blaire's arms blanket them. The Celtic LULLABY resumes.

We back out of the nursery as three YOUNG BOYS (all 11), one's fair, one's dark and one's ginger, all rush in. They laugh and play in their Ninja Turtle pajamas.

The boys throw themselves on top of Belle and Blaire.

Belle waves her hand to close the door to the nursery; it shuts in our face.

END TEASER

ACT ONE

INT. OUTSIDE MORGANE'S BEDROOM DOOR - MORNING

The sun floods in on the nursery door; it ages before us.

SUPER:

12 YEARS LATER...

1999

Morning commotion.

A YOUNG MAN, from the waist down, slides by the door, in boxer briefs and wool socks-- he KNOCKS the door on his way, keeps sliding into...

BARITONE YOUNG MAN

Eh! Don't be a hoser already!

BARITONE'S legs in cotton, plaid pajama pants and bare feet, stop at the door. They kick a rope dog toy.

BARITONE YOUNG MAN (CONT'D)

(sotto/to himself)

Jeez! C'mon already, gimme ma caffee first...

KNOCK KNOCK

MORGANE (O.C.)

(through the door)

Five more minutes...

BARITONE YOUNG MAN (CONT'D)

(KNOCK KNOCK)

Wake up sleepy!

MORGANE (O.C.)

Five minutes!

Baritone moves along.

A third pair of LEGS, aka PITCHY, enter. They wear moccasins and traditional boxers and stop at the door.

KNOCK KNOCK KNOCK KNOCK KNOCK...

PITCHY YOUNG MAN

(synched with knock)

Mor, Mor, Mor, Mor, Mor, Mor...

MORNING!

MORGANE (O.C.)

I'M UP ALREADY!



Pitchy moves along.

MORGANE (O.C.) (CONT'D)  
 Jezus, Mary and Joseph...  
 (to someone)  
 Them guys think the sky is gunna  
 fall if ya want five dang more  
 minutes!-- Dontcha think Nan?!

The door opens to legs in ill-fitting mens jeans that trip over NAN, a NEWFOUNDLAND DOG-- who's already down the hall.

MORGANE (CONT'D)  
 Guess not... Shesh!  
 Eryone's'n sucha flippin' rush!

We continue up an oversized lumberjack shirt, buttoned to the collar to meet tween MORGANE B. GLACE (12), tall, stocky, towhead blonde. She wears thick, chunky glasses.

As she leaves her room we see the empty rocking chair; it sways gently.

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Morgane stops at a picture of Belle-- one of many.

MORGANE  
 Morning mama.

She kisses the picture, catches her own reflection in the glass. She pulls away; takes her fingers and tries to smooth her face to look like Belle's in the reflection.

Morgane steps back; foot lands on the dog slobbered rope toy; she loses balance, falls on her butt.

INT. KITCHEN

THUMP THUMP

Morgane's thick posterior, cushions the blow-- and bounces?

Blaire, now a silver fox, looks up to the ceiling; mid eggs going from pan to plate.

BLAIRE  
 Ya okay up ther?!

MORGANE (O.C.)  
 NAN!

INTERCUT. Nan comes up the stairs tail between her legs.  
Morgane grabs the rope toy-- holds it up with a scowl.

MORGANE (CONT'D)  
This yours?

Nan meets Morgane with gentle licks.

MORGANE (CONT'D)  
We talked about this...  
(bigger licks/laughs)  
Okay, okay I forgive you.

Morgane's laugh echoes through the hall as Blaire places the eggs and a banana into a smiley face-- a proud artist.

Morgane comes down the stairs. Nan follows.

INT. BOTTOM OF THE STAIRS

The front door is open.

MORGANE  
(to Nan)  
You openin' doors agin?

Nan runs out and down the porch. Morgane closes it; inspects the latch.

INT. KITCHEN

Morgane saunters over to Blaire; he hands her breakfast.

BLAIRE  
Happy birthday beauty!--  
Fresh squeezed grapefruit juice?

Morgane grimaces like she's sucking on a lemon. Blaire hugs her and kisses her forehead.

BLAIRE (CONT'D)  
Grapefruit's a brain food!

Morgane hangs her head.

MORGANE  
Mama was so beautiful daddy...

BLAIRE  
(hands her juice)  
Yes she was.

Blaire turns to an island counter; butters toast.

BLAIRE (CONT'D)  
And so are you.

MORGANE  
Not like her though.

BLAIRE  
No! Even better! Like you!

Morgane summons a smile; she backs out of the screen door.

MORGANE  
Latch is broken again...

EXT. DECK PATIO - CONTINUOUS

Morgane turns forward; focused on her food; oblivious to the many balloons and streamers that decorate the table/pergola.

HOMER/ILIAD/ODYSSEY  
SURPRISE!

Morgane startles-- her beautiful, suave FRATERNAL TRIPLET BROTHERS (23): HOMER, sandy blonde hair, brown eyes, medium height/build; ILIAD, almost black hair, thin, tall, green eyes; and ODYSSEY, thicker and taller build, ginger hair, brown eyes, napkin tucked into shirt collar.

SMASH

Morgane drops her juice; saves the plate.

HOMER	MORGANE
(Gaelic)	(Gaelic)
<i>Shit!</i>	<i>Shit!</i>

BLAIRE (O.S.)  
HEY! Use them words better!

Morgane kneels, grabs pieces of glass; cuts her hand as the triplets rush over. A few blood droplets fall onto her eggs.

HOMER  
(sotto to Morgane/smiles)  
Think we used 'em pretty proper!

Morgane chuckles. Odyssey grabs a cloth napkin.

ILIAD

Les' see...

(Morgane opens her hand)  
Aw, that there's nuthin'.

ODYSSEY

'Least yer startin' this year with  
a bang!

Odyssey applies pressure to Morgane's hand.

Iliad kneels down. He looks at the glass in the sunlight;  
stacks the pieces.

ILIAD

I'll fire up the kiln this weekend--

ODYSSEY

REE-REE-REE... Back it up princess.  
We gotta gusher pops!

Morgane laughs.

CUT TO:

EXT. TWIXT PROPERTY - MORNING

PENELOPE TWIXT (34), cute, wild curly hair, green eyes, a  
shawl drapes her head; falling over her eyes. She sits in  
meditation by a small koi pond-- surrounded by dense woods.

PENELOPE

(chant)  
AUMMMMMMMMM

A RAVEN lands on her LEFT SHOULDER.

PENELOPE (CONT'D)

(Gaelic)  
*Good morning Hercules.*

HERCULES WHISTLES and makes MUSICAL SOUNDS.

SNIFF SNIFF - Penelope's nose lifts

PENELOPE (CONT'D)

Do you smell that?

WHISTLE

PENELOPE (CONT'D)

Blood.  
(legs push up to stand)  
(MORE)

PENELOPE (CONT'D)  
 We are in the grips of a lunar  
 eclipse.

She folds forward, steps back into downward dog, Hercules  
 walks around her back/body as she moves through a vinyasa.

PENELOPE (CONT'D)  
 (moving)  
 She will reach her pinnacle  
 tonight.

CLICK CLICK - Hercules version of talking

Penelope inhales halfway up, her fingers pet Koi fish in the  
 pond-- she plays with them in the water; exhale, back to  
 Uttanasana (forward fold).

PENELOPE (CONT'D)  
 Goddess help the energy flow  
 through me... that I may surf the  
 cosmic waves...

Hercules retakes his post on her shoulder. Penelope exhales  
 deeply, looking into us. She wraps her hand around a staff  
 that's planted in the earth.

PENELOPE (CONT'D)  
 Give me strength--  
 They're gunna be bat-sheet cray...

CUT TO:

INT. GORSEBROOK HIGH SCHOOL - CLASSROOM 111 - DAY

THWIP-- the kids shoot spitballs and throw paper planes  
 across the room; they jump from desk to desk; play tag, etc.

In a melting pot of ethnic diversity, kids frolic about a  
 boisterous classroom-- wildlings in their pen.

Morgane sits in the front desk closest to the window, setting  
 up her new colorful, fuzzy troll-pens and My Little Pony  
 notebooks.

She's hit in the head with a paper plane as she fills in a  
 blank paper fortune teller square.

ROCIO UGARTE (12), undergoing treatment for Non-Hodgkin  
 Lymphoma, bald with a tuque-- would-have dark hair, beautiful  
 aqua eyes, a pill bottle on her desk; she receives the paper  
 fortune teller over Morgane's shoulder.

Enter ANGELICA (12), Morgane's nemesis, mean girl meets pre-teen Tracy Flick, pretty, red hair; PRIYA (12), one of Angelica's minions; and ELOISE (12), another minion-- they have Morgane in their tractor beam.

ANGELICA  
You're in my seat.

MORGANE  
(stutters)  
Www-wha--?

ANGELICA  
No duh! There's a chart on the door.  
(picks up a troll-pen)  
AS IF! Ugh, so last year. You know we're freshmen now, ya?

Angelica laughs with her posse.

ANGELICA (CONT'D)  
(leans in close)  
Is your prescription worse this year?...  
(snatches Morgane's glasses)  
Can you see through these things?  
And EW, what are you wearing?!

MORGANE  
Th-They're m-my b-b-brothers--

ANGELICA  
(to posse/glasses on)  
Aw, poor thing... thinks good looks transfer through clothing!

The mean girls draw attention from the energized room.

ROCIO  
Hey! Be nice wouldja! You've gotten so mean!

PRIYA  
Talk to the hand baldy.

Everyone stops-- aghast. Angelica looks to Priya in disgust.

ANGELICA  
(takes glasses off)  
She has can-cer... do you know how bad that is politically?!  
(back to Rocio/the room)  
(MORE)

ANGELICA (CONT'D)  
 Sorry, we're working on her  
 sensitivity.

The chaos resumes.

ELOISE  
 (points)  
 You're back there...

Somber, Morgane and Rocio pack up-- defeat.

BELL RINGS

Penelope enters the room. She HUMS the lullaby.

Morgane's eyes begin to lighten. All the children simmer  
 down; return to their seats-- even tidy along the way?!

MORGANE  
 (sotto)  
 I know that--

PENELOPE  
 Take a seat please!

Morgane zips her backpack. Rocio looks at her nice diving  
 watch, 9:01; pops the prescription pill bottle-- downs a  
 tablet; moves the bezel to 11:01.

ANGELICA  
 (to Morgane)  
 Hurry up Pillsbury!  
 (to Penelope)  
 We're just waiting for them to  
 bounce...

PENELOPE  
 Bounce?

ANGELICA  
 To their assigned seats!

PENELOPE  
 Look, there's one there...  
 (next to Morgane)  
 And two more back there.

ANGELICA  
 Bb-but... they're not...

PENELOPE  
 Early birds get the worm! Go on...

Angelica sits next to Morgane; flicks the troll pen at her; it hits her right eye.

MORGANE  
(sotto/rubs eye)  
Owww.

Eloise and Priya take the seats in back.

ANGELICA  
(under breath)  
Dough girl loser.

MORGANE  
I need m-m-my g-glasses--

Angelica holds them out across the aisle; pelts them onto the ground just before Morgane's hand gets there.

CLINK

Her right lens cracks in two but remains in the frame.

ANGELICA  
Oops. My bad.

Morgane reaches down; rubs the lenses; puts them on-- exhale.

PENELOPE  
I'm Miss Twixt and I'll be your  
homeroom teacher for this year--  
perhaps if you're lucky, your  
advanced science teacher too--

Penelope turns to the board; writes **MISS TWIXT**. She chalks out a schedule.

PENELOPE (CONT'D)  
Take a look around...  
(faces the class)  
This'll be your spot for the  
year... so memorize it and get to  
know your neighbors.

Angelica eyeballs Morgane-- revenge!

FEEDBACK -- The P.A. SPEAKER BLARES

P.A. SPEAKER  
(Ferris Bueller-like)  
Whoops, sorry 'bout that!  
We're working with A.V. on  
feedback...

(MORE)



P.A. SPEAKER (CONT'D)  
 Welcome back and a special welcome  
 to all the Frrfreshmen!-- Be kind  
 Gorsebrookians! We were all there  
 once!  
 Today's lunch special--  
 (covers mic)  
 Really-- Haggis?!  
 (back on)  
 Paddy's got haggis-- Yum!

Everyone contorts their face except one kid, JUSTICE KAKEMBO (12), who perks up with a large smile-- quick adjustment, he reads the room; sticks out his tongue, yuck!

P.A. SPEAKER (CONT'D)  
 Today's assembly's at eleven-  
 fifteen sharp in the gym as we meet  
 and greet our fantastic Gorsebrook  
 staff. Heading this ship of course,  
 my favorite naval veteran,  
 principal Captain J. Hook! We here  
 jus' call'im Cap'n Hook.

Penelope rolls her eyes-- extreme exhale.

Rocio taps Morgane; hands the paper fortune teller back up.

P.A. SPEAKER (CONT'D)  
 Don't forget those placement tests  
 tomorrow!-- And now, please stand  
 for our national anthem...  
 (more feedback)  
*O'Canada. Our home and native  
 land...*

The anthem fades as CHEERLEADERS CHANT from a distance.

Like fire cutting through fog, the BROWN in Morgane's eyes changes to BLUE-- she's spotted cheerleading practice in the field. She lifts her busted glasses to rest on her head.

We drift out the window.

EXT. CLASSROOM 111 - WINDOW - CONTINUOUS

Move up an old maple tree to a branch with THREE CHRYSALIDES-- they hatch in a glow.

INT. CLASSROOM 111

MORGANE'S POV: glimpse away from the cheerleaders to the minuscule *flashes* in the tree.

BACK TO NORMAL: eyes flood to BROWN-- glasses back down.  
Morgane squints.

INT./EXT. BOAT - OCEAN - MORNING

Blaire captains the B.G. RANNSAICH a small former Royal Canadian Navy Minesweeper converted into a oceanographic research vessel-- a mini version of Cousteau's Calypso.

His crew, the triplets, complete tasks.

-Odyssey welds equipment on the stern.

-Homer stands at the bow; holds a mini sonar meter, a technological device of his creation for sea life detection.

-Iliad's in a harness. He hangs off starboard-- replacing a glass porthole.

EXT. OCEAN VIEW - UNDER WATER

REVEAL: Something watches Iliad make the repair. He turns around, sensing...

ILIAD  
(through the water)  
Mom?

INT. BOAT - BRIDGE

A cozy cabin is scattered with ancient wisdom books and oceanic magazines about whales and albinism.

Family pictures overtake a back wall. Belle's picture is framed and welded to the dash panel.

Blaire reads a book about blue whales, takes a sip of coffee in the captain's seat. He yells out the window to Homer.

BLAIRE  
How we lookin'?

HOMER  
(yells from the bow)  
I think we should head south! We gotta pod of dolphins headed that way.

BLAIRE  
Aye.

Blaire inputs coordinates.

Odyssey enters the bridge. He takes off his work gloves.

ODYSSEY  
New sonar's up and running.

BLAIRE  
'Tis a fine day for sea sploration.

ODYSSEY  
Anything unusual?

BLAIRE  
Other than blue whales havin' a  
heart four feet wide?  
(chuckles)  
Eh, not so far... gunna meet up  
with some dolphins here now.

ODYSSEY  
Albion's out there. We find him,  
he'll lead us to the portal.

BLAIRE  
We find the portal, we find  
Atlantis.

ODYSSEY  
You'd think a hundred and fifty-  
foot albino whale would be easy to  
find!

Blaire radios coordinates.

Iliad enters in silence-- in his own world. He sits, draws  
both hands through his hair.

BLAIRE  
Ya okay son?

ILIAD  
Ya ever feel mom around?

Blaire closes the book; places it on the dash. He gazes at  
his wife's picture.

BLAIRE  
All the time son-- all the time.

All the men take a moment. Homer enters.

HOMER

Everything okay? How's the repairs  
goin'?

BLAIRE

All good son. Ili's been busy.

ILIAD

Makin' progress. Fit's perfect.  
I'll have all the portholes  
replaced by the end of the week.

ODYSSEY

Glance's Glass to the rescue.

All the men high five each other-- onwards.

INT. CLASSROOM 111 - DAY

Morgane still stares out the window, looks to the top of the  
class to see Angelica mid-oration. Confused, she turns, grabs  
Rocio's wrist; watch reads **11:00AM**-- Rocio POPS her pills.

Penelope rests her chin on her hand. She fights a yawn.

ANGELICA

(in one breath)

--And I was like AS IF! White Point  
Beach was like whatever, but I ate  
the best lobster EVER at Dalvay by  
the Sea, yeah we spend at least  
three weeks there every year,  
unfortunately, father's work at the  
House of Commons kept him away but  
the plan is for me to go into  
politics--

PENELOPE

Very good! Ah, Angelica Howard, so  
you're...

ANGELICA

(proud)

Phillip Howard's daughter.

PENELOPE

What branch of government would ya  
pursue?

ANGELICA

Like, wife of a Premier maybe...  
Oh! Better, Prime Minister's wi--

CLAP CLAP CLAP

Penelope interrupts the exposition; the class joins in.

Angelica curtsies-- a ballerina at the end of a performance.

PENELOPE

Wow, great-- Glad you... really  
good... really thorough Angelica!  
Let's see... Morgane? Wanna go  
next?

Morgane slides out of her desk; shoulders cave-in as she  
walks the plank to the front of the class.

MORGANE

(snapping her fingers)  
Wwwhu-- wwwh-- what was the qqu--  
qqu--question?

PENELOPE

What do you want to be when you  
grow up?... Oh no-- your glasses!

Angelica makes eyes at Morgane-- don't you dare!

MORGANE

Jjjust an acci, acci-dent. I-I'd  
like to be an ass-s-asss-

Class laughs.

ELOISE

You wanna be ass?!

PRIYA

Awk-ward...

Class laughs harder.

PENELOPE

Shush!

MORGANE

Aaastronaut.

PENELOPE

Lovely! And what inspired that  
dream?

MORGANE

I-I-I wan-na-na f-fly.

ANGELICA  
 (sotto)  
 Only way that lard'll--

BELL RINGS

PENELOPE  
 Well done! So we'll continue  
 tomorrow.

Students exit the classroom.

Morgane and Rocio take out a mason jar with water and  
 retrieve flowers from their backpacks.

Penelope erases the board.

Morgane and Rocio stop by Penelope's desk with a makeshift  
 bouquet.

PENELOPE (CONT'D)  
 (turns)  
 For me?! So sweet!

MORGANE  
 Sss-sorry. I-I-I get nervous in  
 front of sss-so many people.

ROCIO  
 She has to snap her fingers!

PENELOPE  
 Well then I apologize for putting  
 you on the spot!

MORGANE  
 It-it's okay. Daddy says it'll g-g-  
 ggo away as I get ol-older.

PENELOPE  
 Ya know! I think he's right!-- Now  
 double time!

MORGANE  
 Ya c-comin'?

PENELOPE  
 Right behind ya!

Morgane and Rocio leave.

Penelope places the flowers on her desk; smells them. A lady  
 bug walks across a bloom. She makes a bridge with her finger.

She walks the lady bug over to a window.

BELL RINGS

SETH O'LEERY (35), pudgy, nothing special, enters in a police uniform, he comes up behind/startles Penelope.

SETH  
How's the first day goin'?

PENELOPE  
(annoyed)  
Lotta energized kids today.

SETH  
Oh ya?

PENELOPE  
Ya.

SETH  
Tell me about it over dinner?

PENELOPE  
Ya? You wanna make me dinner?

SETH  
(laughs)  
You know I can't cook.

PENELOPE  
Ah... that's right. Well I'm  
fasting tonight.

SETH  
Ah, anything particular?

PENELOPE  
Lunar eclipse.

Penelope's gaze falls on Morgane's seat-- Uh-oh blood smear.

She rushes out.

PENELOPE (CONT'D)  
Sorry... Duty calls!

SETH  
Whatabou--  
(she's gone)  
Tonight?

INT. CORRIDOR

Penelope, brisk walk, heads toward the gym entrance.

CAPTAIN HOOK (O.S.)  
 (into mic)  
 All these other people... they were  
 on time ya see!

PENELOPE  
 (sotto)  
 Oh no!

Starts to run.

CAPTAIN HOOK (O.S.)  
 (patronizing)  
 --And even waiting a few extra  
 moments means you're stealing from  
 all of us... When that second bell  
 rings you should be seated.

INT. GYMNASIUM - DAY

Rocio and Morgane stand in front of PRINCIPAL JAMES HOOK (66), tall, dark and gangly, with a thin, twisted mustache, a bad toupée and black parade gloves (his left hand doesn't move like his right), at the midline of a basketball court, in front of the whole school-- Roald Dahl-like characters.

BLOOD seeps through Morgane's oversized, sun-washed jeans.

CAPTAIN HOOK  
 --I'll let it slide this one time,  
 but let it be known, to all...  
 (looks around)  
 It's immediate detention in future!

A laugh is held back. Morgane looks around; cowers.

CAPTAIN HOOK (CONT'D)  
 You think this is funny?!

Penelope rushes onto center court.

Another laugh... Another.

LONE TEACHER  
 (yells)  
 Is she okay?!

Oblivious, Captain Hook looks around.



Penelope reaches the girls; takes off her sweater and wraps it around Morgane's waist.

PENELOPE

C'mon...

CAPTAIN HOOK

Oh dear! Get thee to an infirmary!

The whole gym starts to chatter.

Morgane looks to the floor; blood seeping down her pant leg.

MORGANE

AHHHHHHHHHH!

END ACT ONE

ACT TWO

INT. BATHROOM - DAY

Morgane sits in a lone bathroom stall. Penelope hands her yellow school sweats under the door and moves to the feminine dispenser; gets a pad.

Rocio guards the entrance.

PENELOPE

--Your mom hasn't spoken to you about this yet?

The entrance to the bathroom pulls open.

ROCIO

(slam)  
Occupied! Take a walk!

MORGANE

(sniffles)  
She's gone.

PENELOPE

Oh, I'm-- I'm so sorry.

MORGANE

Not l-like now...

Penelope hands the pad to Morgane under the stall-- goes back for more pads.

PENELOPE

Just peel off that sticker and place it length wise, from bow to stern.

MORGANE

It smells.

PENELOPE

Yeah-- and sometimes it might feel... uncomfortable.

Morgane starts to cry.

MORGANE

And how long does it last?

Morgane opens the stall door. The sweatpants are super tight and too short. She slugs out.

PENELOPE  
Depends... usually a few days.

Penelope holds out the pads. Morgane takes them in her arms.

PENELOPE (CONT'D)  
For later-- you'll be sure to tell  
your Pa, eh?

Penelope places her hands on Morgane's shoulders.

PENELOPE (CONT'D)  
Hey-- it's a beautiful thing. This  
is your womanhood... Your  
menstruation cycle is like how the  
moon sheds its light from full to  
dark every month, every moonth!

Penelope chuckles. Morgane manages half a smile.

PENELOPE (CONT'D)  
Get it? Moonth? Month?

Morgane nods.

PENELOPE (CONT'D)  
And then all that energy will  
regather, building from dark to a  
big bright full moon...  
(no response/sly)  
You know what else it means?

Both perk up.

PENELOPE (CONT'D)  
You gals get to miss that boring  
old assembly and go home!

Penelope runs her fingers through Morgane's bright blonde,  
thick hair-- mother-like.

PENELOPE (CONT'D)  
Whatcha think Rocio? Make sure she  
gets home, okay?

Rocio folds her arms and puffs up her chest.

ROCIO  
On it.

INT. CLASSROOM 111 - DAY (LATER)

Penelope sighs as she watches Morgane's awkward gait through the window-- a friendly giant to Rocio's delicate, petite frame.

The girls cross a paved walk; hopping over cracks.

PENELOPE

(sings/sways)

*Don't step on any cracks or you'll  
break your--*

(stops)

*Mother's? Father's? Back...*

(shakes her head)

Ugh. Dark.

MONTAGE: MORGANE & ROCIO - DAY

- Morgane and Rocio climb up a buttercup flowered hill.

- They roll down the other side of it.

- The girls ask questions to their paper fortune teller.

- They avoid cracks on a side street sidewalk.

- Morgane cries a little; Rocio makes her laugh; three tiny *glowing flecks* flicker behind them.

- In a shallow ocean bay, the girls jump from stone to stone; it's low tide.

- Morgane leans down to cup grape jellyfish in the water.

- Rocio pets starfish.

- Between them, a sea creature-- was that a *mermaid?!--* SPLASH out of, and right back into the water. They only catch a glimpse of the fin.

- They stop at a fish'n'chip truck.

EXT. DOCKS - DAY

The girls sit on a stone wall that overlooks fishing boats. They pillage the vinegar fries.

MORGANE

--But the reindeer and sled marks!  
Nah Paloma doesn't know what she's  
talkin' bout...

ROCIO

She said she stopped believing when she was seven...

MORGANE

Well there ya go! Santa was like, not even gunna bother with this one... but he had to give *you* presents.

ROCIO

That's it! Totally! I mean really, the whole coal thing... I haven't met anyone who got coal! EVER! Even when they shoulda.

MORGANE

So true.

ROCIO

Wanna come see Hector?

Morgane offers Rocio the last fried chip.

ROCIO (CONT'D)

I'm full.

MORGANE

(eats the last fry)

He bit me last time!-- You shoulda got a kitten.

ROCIO

Nah man! Every magician needs a white rabbit! He's the best! He was just in a mood. Raoul bounced a ball on 'em poor thing-- stupid little brothers, you're lucky yours are old.

MORGANE

Is he still getting presents?

ROCIO

Every Christmas...

MORGANE

Well that settles it.

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD STREET - DAY

The girls continue to avoid cracks on their stroll home.

The kid who perked up for the haggis, Justice, is in a tree-- he crawls across a branch that's pretty high up there.

MORGANE

What the heck's he doin'?!

Morgane forgets her footing; steps on a CRACK.

ROCIO

That kid's so weird...

Morgane looks down-- loses it.

MORGANE

I'm cursed! I'll be cursed now!

ROCIO

(Lackadaisical)

No you're not... won't be.

MORGANE

(weepy)

I AM, I AM! How long has it been since I stepped on a crack?!

The toothpick that broke the camel's-- Morgane cries harder.

MORGANE (CONT'D)

And now... oh dear lord my brothers! My dad!

ROCIO

Here, I'll step on a crack too.

MORGANE

Dontcha dare! I can't lose you too!

The girls jump onto the asphalt road.

ROCIO

Knock on that tree and we'll do a jinx-back.

Morgane runs to a tree, knocks on it, runs back, locks pinkies with Rocio.

MORGANE/ROCIO

(move pinkies circularly)

Jinx back, double pinky round the side. Double pinky, jinx back.

Morgane exhales.

MORGANE

At least you know magic!

Morgane dries her eyes; takes a moment to compose herself.

ROCIO

You okay?

MORGANE

Has your mom said anything about...  
IT?!

ROCIO

I guess, I just always heard about  
it 'cause Paloma got hers. But your  
mom's gone... Makes sense you  
wouldn't--

(a beat)

The doctors say, well, I'm not to  
expect mine anytime soon--

MORGANE

Ugh, so lucky...

ROCIO

(looks at her watch)

All the medicines and everything...  
they say, my growth is "stunted" or  
something.

BEAT.

MORGANE

I'm sorry.

ROCIO

For?

Both girls stop in the middle of a four way intersection.  
Morgane leans down; gives Rocio a hug.

MORGANE

That you're sick.

REVEAL: Rocio's chin, cradled by Morgane's shoulder, gyrates  
ever so slightly. She squeezes her eyes to close, only for a  
second though...

Immediate re-composition-- are those them dang *three little  
light flecks* fluttering by her head?

The *flecks* fly into a tree.

The hug releases as they walk backwards down their respective streets-- a slow walk away from the other.

MORGANE (CONT'D)  
When's chemo?

ROCIO  
One thirty-- You'll be okay?

MORGANE  
Don't worry 'bout me. Just need a shower!

ROCIO  
(lightbulb)  
Oooooo... I'll ask if you can come next time! They give you soooo many popsicles. Root beer's my favorite.

MORGANE  
Ooooo! Yes! Ask them! I'll come.

ROCIO  
Feliz cumpleaños mi hermana!

Rocio reaches into the side pocket of her backpack; takes out a small velvet box and under-throws it to Morgane.

ROCIO (CONT'D)  
Think fast!

MORGANE  
(catches the box)  
Well geez, what's this?!

She opens an adjustable pewter ring that looks like a small cat. Morgane adjusts the cat's head and tail to fit.

MORGANE (CONT'D)  
WOWWWWW... Thank you! I LOVE IT!

The girls in dramatic fashion blow kisses to one another across the intersection.

ROCIO  
Hasta mañana!

MORGANE (CONT'D)  
Buenas tardes!

They pivot and skip down their respective streets.

REVEAL: Morgane passes a tree-- the *light flecks* follow.



EXT./INT. GLACE HOUSE - DAY

Morgane arrives home. It's the cute little Victorian house we saw in the Teaser-- it's beautiful but sad in the overgrown gardens around the property.

She skips the stairs, two at a time, up to the porch; key under doormat--

And she's in. A tail wagging Nan, follows her up the stairs.

INT. MORGANE'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Morgane's room has changed a lot, it's still powder pink and THAT rocking chair's in its place.

Now, there's posters of The Spice Girls, Britney Spears, and N'Sync on her walls. A bed with white Christmas lights that thread the bed frame-- where her crib once was.

A wooden dollhouse, Polly Pockets strewn around, a Ninja Turtle Pizza Van; Lava Lamp; some blown up pink furniture.

She runs into an adorable custom bathroom, mini sink, shower. She places her new ring on a stone dish.

INT. SHOWER

Morgane watches blood whirl down the drain.

MORGANE  
(soft cry)  
How is this magic?

INT. BATHROOM - LATER

Morgane unravels the pad-- is there an up side to this thing? She turns it around, winces at it.

INT. LIVING ROOM/KITCHEN/LAUNDRY - LATE AFTERNOON

Morgane hops down the stairs, plaid shirt and bloody pants act as her pompoms. She does a CHEER at the bottom-- moves seen earlier from cheerleading tryouts.

REVEAL: the house is kind of a mess-- newspapers cover the coffee table; mens jackets and shoes strewn all around; coffee cups; family photos on every wall.

Morgane throws her dirty clothes into the washing machine-- starts a load.

She tidies; piles mens clothes by the washer; empties the coffee; cleans the mugs. Puts away dishes from breakfast.

She feeds Nan.

Now she's organizing mail on a console by the front door. The only picture of her, as a newborn, and Belle together, sits there in a frame.

A mirror hangs above the table, she leans into it, and again, smooths her face.

BARK BARK BARK

Nan startles her.

MORGANE

Okay, okay. Let's go!

She opens the door-- Nan's off.

EXT. GLACE GARDEN - CONTINUOUS

Morgane and Nan 'round the house to a lush herb garden.

She waters the plants; plays with worms, beetles and caterpillars. Her eyes turn BLUE again as she whispers to the creatures; glasses up.

Morgane sits in front of a large Weeping Willow tree with a little library at the base; contains a super old, faded leather-bound version of Peter Pan, original edition of Alice In Wonderland and Through the Looking Glass, a dictionary, a thesaurus, The Way Things Work by Neil Ardley.

Morgane grabs the dictionary. BROWN eyes, glasses down. Looks up **period** and then **menstruation**.

Willow branches dangle and caress her back.

INT. LIVING ROOM/KITCHEN - EVENING

Blaire and the triplets arrive home with presents. Morgane's busy prepping homegrown veggies.

BARK BARK

Nan directs them to the kitchen. She sniffs at one present in particular.

BLAIRE  
Where's that birthday girl?!

MORGANE  
In here! Thought we'd have chowder.

Blaire holds a cube shaped present with a bow.

BLAIRE  
(excited)  
Wanna come open your present?  
--What happened to yer glasses?!

MORGANE  
Dropped 'em-- Before dinner?!

BLAIRE  
Aw, well, Iliad'll fix 'em. C'mon!

Everyone goes for the couch.

Iliad places a birthday tiara on Morgane's head.

ILIAD  
(inspects glasses)  
I'll give'r a go... Add 'em to the  
pile. Probly won't be ready 'til  
Monday.

Blaire places the present in her lap as the guys giggle.

ODYSSEY  
I wonder what it is!

Morgane, meticulous, unties the bow.

HOMER  
You gotta just git in there!

Homer rips paper from a wrapped side.

MORGANE  
(jolts the box)  
I got it, I got it!

BLAIRE  
Careful! Careful, let'er do it son.

HOMER  
Fine, fine... where'd you come  
from?!

Morgane sighs. Odysseus rubs his hands together.

Iliad rubs her back.

Morgane unwraps a plain cardboard box; opens the top-- like Olive when she gets into Little Miss Sunshine...

MORGANE

Ahhhhh! WHHHAAA?! This is the best present EVER!!!!

Her squeal makes the eyes twitch on the men as they laugh. She pulls out a BROWN-EYED SIAMESE KITTEN from the box; its ears cower.

HOMER

How's yer day now?!

MORGANE

Wha?! How'd you?!

BLAIRE

Is that the one you wanted?!

MORGANE

YESSSSSS! Oh thank you daddy! Homer! Iliad! Ody! Thank you!

Morgane hugs Blaire.

BLAIRE

Careful! Don't wanna break the wee thing!-- Old MacDonald was gonna put the poor thing down 'cause didn't have the right eye color.

ILIAD

What's her name?

MORGANE

She's a she?!

ILIAD

Well, you got enough guys around here!

HOMER

You and poor ole Nan! Hope she doesn't eat her.

MORGANE

No, no she won't!

ILIAD

So...

She holds up the tiny creature.

MORGANE  
Definitely a Dinah!

ILIAD  
Let's see-- I concur.

BLAIRE  
Alrighty, I'ma gunna get started on  
the famous-- infamously famous! Top  
secret Glace family chowdah.

MORGANE  
You need help?!

Blaire kisses his daughter.

BLAIRE  
Nah, you tend to the wee lass.  
Relax birthday girl!

Morgane cradles Dinah in her arms.

SNIFF SNIFF

Nan pokes around.

MORGANE  
Look Nan... a baby kitty!

Nan licks Dinah-- who's the size of her tongue.

MORGANE (CONT'D)  
You'll be an excellent auntie Nan.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT (LATER)

Morgane plays with Dinah on the living room floor; the rest  
of the presents are open-- a litter box, food dish, and cat  
toys strewn about. Nan eyeballs a cat dancer.

The guys sit around the room with TV trays; Iliad now wears  
the birthday tiara. They chow down and watch Jeopardy.

ILIAD  
(mid-spoonful)  
Who is Walt Whitman!

HOMER  
Anyone need more crackers?

Iliad and Blaire raise their hands.

Homer's into the kitchen.

Morgane slurps her chowder on the floor.

Then, her eyes go wide, a squishiness below, she drops her head to take an inconspicuous gander-- specks of blood seep through her pants.

ALEX TREBEK (O.S.)

A round of time marked by the  
recurrence of some phenomenon or  
occupied by some recurring process  
or action.

BLAIRE

What is a PERIOD!

Morgane inhales a piece of bacon-- it's stuck in her airway.

Odyssey sits behind her, a big swat to the back-- the chunk of partially chewed meat hurls out across the room.

CREAK/BOOM-- front door blows open.

ODYSSEY

Ya okay?

BLAIRE

Ya gotta chew my love... That dang  
door!

Blaire's up to inspect the latch/lock.

Morgane coughs and reaches for an afghan atop an ottoman; drapes it over her shoulders.

BLAIRE (CONT'D)

Hey Home?

HOMER (O.C.)

Ya!

BLAIRE

Grab a water too...  
(to himself)  
Gunna need a new latch again.

HOMER

You got it!

BLAIRE

Thanks son.

She grabs the litter box; puts Dinah in it.

MORGANE

Bedtime.

BLAIRE

Aw, really? You sure you don't  
wanna watch Star Trek? Yer fav!

Blaire shuts and locks the door.

Morgane leans into her dad-- a kiss on the cheek.

MORGANE

Got those tests tomorrow.

BLAIRE

Alright sweetheart. Night night!

She sends air kisses to her brothers at the base of the stairs. Homer's back, and places a water bottle in the litter box-- kiss kiss.

HOMER

Sweet dreams princess.

She bolts upstairs; the Afghan falls from her shoulders.

BLAIRE

Oi!

All the men stare at her wide-eyed.

Morgane freezes on the stairs. Her chin shakes. She might just burst into tears right here.

END ACT TWO

ACT THREE

INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Morgane's gaze falls to Dinah.

BLAIRE

...We didn't get a progress report!  
How was your first day at  
Gorsebrook?

Quick recomposition. She pivots.

MORGANE

Ya know, school!

BLAIRE

How's Rocio?

MORGANE

Still in treatment... full report  
at breakfast.

BLAIRE

Sounds good.

She rushes upstairs.

INT. TOP OF THE STAIRS - CONTINUOUS

Morgane stops to listen.

ODYSSEY (O.S.)

That was weird.

BLAIRE (O.S.)

What?

ODYSSEY (O.S.)

When doesn't she wanna talk about  
school?

INTERCUT.

BLAIRE

Proibly just tired.

INT. MORGANE'S ROOM - NIGHT

Nan WHIMPERS outside Morgane's room.



MORGANE

Nan, you can sleep with us tomorrow-  
(to Dinah)  
She needs space.

INT. MORGANE'S ROOM - LATER

Morgane comes out of a steamy bathroom.

Morgane presses play on a boom box.

MUSIC CUE: "HIT ME BABY ONE MORE TIME" BY BRITNEY SPEARS.

Morgane SINGS to the tune-- not a bad lil' voice on her. She dances around, takes a feather boa out of an extremely bling closet; sequins galore.

INT. LIVING ROOM

The MUSIC bleeds through to the living room. The men watch Star Trek: The Next Generation. INTERCUT.

BLAIRE

(looks up)  
She's fine.

The guys chuckle.

Morgane dances around setting up a litter box and food station. Dinah sniffs around.

She grabs some fairy wings from behind her door; jumps onto her bed-- with no effort at all!

She practices choreography from Britney's music video.

Morgane's eyes glow BLUE; wings bounce to the beat.

MUSIC FADES to CRICKETS.

We float out the window and over, into a large blood moon.

PRELAP: DRUM DRUM DRUM

EXT. TWIXT BACKYARD - NIGHT

Penelope beats an elk hide drum, dances in rhythmic movement around a fire.

Hercules rests on a nearby branch.

PENELOPE  
Spirit move through me-- I open  
myself to your power.

She stops; throws herbs and spices onto the flames.

PENELOPE (CONT'D)  
I carry the Cosmic codes of Magick  
and myth making. Made of stardust  
and water-- I am the dream of the  
Great mysteries come alive!

The fire grows more fierce.

WOLF HOWLS

SLAM - a door closes.

Seth stands in his boxers.

SETH  
Ya almost done?

Penelope rolls her eyes; drops the beat.

PENELOPE  
You knew this was happening...

Seth turns to go back inside.

SETH  
Ugh. Gets longer and longer every  
time.

Penelope double takes the flames. She winces into them.

PENELOPE  
(to Seth)  
We need to talk.

She takes the engagement ring off her finger.

We follow embers back up to the sky where three bright flecks  
of light, shooting star-like, dance around the moon.

EXT./INT. MORGANE'S ROOM - NIGHT

The three flecks fly closer/descend into Morgane's Juliet  
window.

Morgane SNORES LOUDLY.

The room is dark... it's like she just collapsed into sleep; an arse in the air, wings stick up from her back-- did those things just flutter on their own?!

Dinah's asleep around her head.

One fleck lands on the Ninja Turtle Truck rooftop Pizza Slinger-- launches a plastic pizza pie. Another's in the wooden dollhouse, lands on a doll's bed. And a third flickers around Morgane's head-- which's at the foot of her bed.

The fleck near Morgane transforms into Mira.

Dinah stirs.

MIRA  
(hushed tone)  
C'mon! We've work to do!

TINY LAUGHS as the other flecks play.

Ara materializes into human-size; straddles the pizza truck.

ARA  
You're right-- she's got good toys  
though... great workout.

Crysta transforms; but forgets to get out of the dollhouse... she breaks out of it-- Dinah's up.

CRYSTA  
Ow!... Well crap.

MIRA  
That's not suspicious at all...

Ara sits in the rocking chair; Dinah joins her.

ARA  
Do you think she is?

MIRA  
(thinks)  
Is it beyond coincidence though?  
Moon cycles come at this age...

ARA  
The window is closing. Regardless,  
Belle needs her. We must initiate  
her.

Crysta shakes the dollhouse from her arm.

MIRA  
Would you stop lollygagging!

Morgane SNORES like a train.

CRYSTA  
Is that healthy?!

MIRA  
Had to layer her for protection.

CRYSTA  
You think she'll fly?

MIRA  
The test-- to be sure.

ARA  
Hmmm. But-- how long will it...

Crysta takes out a vial of sparkling, glowing emerald dust.

MIRA  
Careful with that. Just a micro...  
that'll wear off by dawn.

Crysta holds the vial under Morgane's nose.

CRYSTA  
So if she is then...

Morgane inadvertently SNORTS the whole vial of pixie dust.

Mira eyeballs Crysta.

CRYSTA (CONT'D)  
(turns slowly)  
Sorrriiirry...

MIRA  
This is why we measure the dosage  
ding dong.

Morgane slowly starts to float above the bed.

ARA  
Can we be nice? We all make  
mistakes...

Mira and Ara fly/rush, to hover, at the top of the bed--  
where Morgane's feet are.

MIRA  
She's one of the chosen.

Crysta joins them.

Morgane's feet glow green on all their faces. Whatever they're looking at, is hidden to us-- for now.

ARA  
(sotto)  
I knew it!

CRYSTA  
Huh-- So that's it?

Morgane stirs-- back to that train-like SNORE.

MIRA  
SHHH!  
(whisper)  
Well... that's that.

Mira looks to Dinah in Ara's arms. She waves her fingers around the kittens eyes, they turn a brilliant BLUE.

MIRA (CONT'D)  
(to Dinah)  
You're to protect Morgane Belle  
Fae. Understand?

Dinah nods-- like she understands.

CRYSTA  
So if she wasn't...

MIRA  
She'd only be floating.  
(moves her wand like a  
pointer)  
You see this pattern here?

CRYSTA  
The Emerald Crest!

MIRA  
How long do you think 'til it wears  
off?

ARA  
Sans clapping? Maybe twenty-four  
hours?

MIRA  
We must register this with the  
Imperial House of the Emerald Fae  
immediately...

Ara kisses the kitten; places Dinah back on the bed.

ARA

Really? Just leave her like this?!

Mira rolls her eyes over to Crysta.

MIRA

Nothing to be done-- 'cept wait!

CRYSTA

--Said I was sorry!

MIRA

You're lucky Glace knows of this potentiality! But you'll have to explain yourself to the I.H.E.F. on an incident report regardless...

CRYSTA

Wha? Nuh-uh... was an accident!

MIRA

Yes-huh.

Crysta looks to Ara.

ARA

(shrugs)

We make mistakes... and then we file reports, and then we don't make mistakes again kiddo.

CRYSTA

You guys suck.

Mira shrinks back to a speck of light; then Ara; then Crysta.

They're out the window; Crysta's glow lags behind-- sulking.

INT. KITCHEN - EARLY MORNING

SIZZLE

Blaire breaks eggs into a skillet.

Homer reads the newspaper.

AHHHHHHHHH - from upstairs.

Blaire races out of the kitchen, Homer's behind him.



MORGANE

But Mist--Cap'n Hook said this is  
the only time! Otherwise, I'm in  
BASIC!

ODYSSEY

(shakes his head)  
Ugh, that bugger.

ILIAD

Is he still weird 'bout  
clocks?

HOMER

Just for a year.

Blaire places egg eyes with a cantaloupe smile in front of  
Morgane.

She gives Homer a death stare through her broken lens.

HOMER (CONT'D)

Okay, okay... kind of...

(a beat)

Passionate? This morning aren't we?

MORGANE

(seething)

I can't have any basic classes on  
my record... starting when?

(more passionate)

Starting now! This year affects  
where I will place in high school  
and if I don't have all A.P.  
classes in high school...

(more passionate)

Say *bye-bye* McGill engineering!

Blaire perks up, lightbulb; leaves the kitchen.

ODYSSEY

Are ya sure that's what ya want?

Morgane's death stare shoots to Odyssey.

MORGANE

What. Do. You. Mean?

ODYSSEY

Dang girl, yer so cold!

(drinks coffee)

I mean! Ya don't have to go there  
because we went there. Jus' sayin'--  
are ya sure that's what you want?

MORGANE

I want to be an astronaut!



ODYSSEY

Okay, okay.

MORGANE

That's totally different from what you do!

(stabs her egg)

See, you're the one who followed daddy into the sea.

ODYSSEY

And you might wanna do that too.

MORGANE

NOOOOOO... I wanna fly! I wanna be weightless.

ODYSSEY

Well happy dang birthday then!

Silence.

ILIAD

You know... the deep ocean, it is like space.

(Homer/Odyssey shoot a look-- don't start again)

Jus' sayin'... They train in water.

SLURPS/CHEWS/UTENSIL DINGS

All eat their breakfast.

Blaire comes back with some old Doc Martens.

BLAIRE

What about these?--

(everyone's quiet)

What happened?--

ILIAD

(looks up)

Mom's old shoes?

Odyssey reaches to knock the sole of one.

ODYSSEY

Oh yeah! Lead!

INT. LIVING ROOM - MORNING

The guys sit on the couch; twiddle their fingers.

Morgane descends the staircase in her hand-me-downs, dark pants this time. She steps very slowly/careful-- she's barely on the ground.

HOMER  
 (looks to Odyssey)  
 Whatabout yer ankle weights?

JUMP CUT:

INT. LIVING ROOM - MORNING (LATER)

Odyssey straps on 80's style sandbag ankle weights.

ODYSSEY  
 These my ole pants?

MORGANE  
 Ya.

ODYSSEY  
 They comfy?

MORGANE  
 Ya.

Odyssey pulls the pants down over the weights.

ODYSSEY  
 You can't even tell.  
 (stands)  
 Wanna ride?

MORGANE  
 Ya.

ODYSSEY  
 I'm so much smarter than you.

MORGANE  
 Ya-- Nooo!

ODYSSEY  
 (winks)  
 Gotcha.

On Morgane's feet-- 'walking' like a sting-ray shuffle.

The floor DISSOLVES from wooden floorboards to grass.

EXT. GORSEBROOK PARK - MORNING

Morgane shuffles over grass into a hollowed out tree trunk;  
Gorsebrook Junior High in sight.

Rocio sits inside. She stares at her watch/talks to a beetle.

ROCIO  
--You think she forgot? I wish I  
slept longer...  
(turns to shuffling)  
'Bout dang time!

MORGANE  
I woke up floating!

ROCIO  
Well you don't have to...

MORGANE  
I'm serious!

ROCIO  
Sure...

Morgane leans down to take off her ankle weights.

MORGANE  
I might need help putting them back  
on.

ROCIO  
Are you for real?!

They're off.

MORGANE  
Huh? That's weird.

ROCIO  
Did you hit your head?

MORGANE  
(stomps feet)  
No! I swear! I don't know why?!

ROCIO  
It's okay but we gotta-- where's  
yer ring?

MORGANE  
Oh no I forgot it!

Rocio's head hangs.

Morgane picks up the weights-- confused.

MORGANE (CONT'D)  
I swear! It happened!

ROCIO  
Well if, you're not gunna fly...  
(looks to the weights)  
You still need them things?

MORGANE  
Guess not...

We float onto and stare at the deserted ankle weights.

MORGANE (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
I got a kitten last night!

ROCIO (O.S.)  
No way!

PRELAP - BELL RINGS

INT. GYMNASIUM - MORNING

Morgane and Rocio just make it in the door. They grab the last two desks in the back--

Captain Hook stands on an elevated platform with a mic in his good hand; gloves still on, they never come off.

He notices the girls; shakes his head.

CAPTAIN HOOK  
(sotto)  
Tsk, tsk. These children...

Rocio retrieves medication. She POPS the bottle; swigs a pill.

CAPTAIN HOOK (CONT'D)  
(into mic)  
Ahoy! This morn we shall commence upon placements for this year. Mr. Smee, would you do the honors of turning our beautiful hour glass?

Captain Hook turns to Vice Principal STANLEY SMEE (early 60's), short, round, overweight with small, circular teashades, he struggles to turn an oversized hour glass.

MR. SMEE  
Aye-aye! Good luck students.

CAPTAIN HOOK

BEGIN!

The students open their test booklets.

Morgane looks through the booklet, smiles; scribbles like an unleashed windup toy. Her booklet fills, the pages turn.

DISSOLVE:

INT. GYMNASIUM - LATER

Morgane shakes out her hand.

Captain Hook and Mr. Smee walk up and down the aisles of the rows of students.

Rocio looks to her watch; **10:32 A.M.** Captain Hook sees her and scowls... He heads her way as she takes another pill.

CAPTAIN HOOK

(confiscates Rocio's  
booklet)

Come with me.

Morgane watches as Rocio's led out of the room-- but she's quick to refocus. A gentle BURP, she continues writing.

INT. CAPTAIN HOOK'S OFFICE - MORNING

Rocio sits in an ornate, oversized chair-- Captain Hook paces, hands clasped behind his back as he orates:

CAPTAIN HOOK

We use the sands of time in this school. The ticking of clocks is quite distracting you see--

ROCIO

But my doctor says...

CAPTAIN HOOK

Don't worry about your doctor. If you need reminders, you can use the class bell... or we can send a student if that's too much for you to remember! But no personal clocks are allowed on campus ya hear?

ROCIO

Uh-huh.

CAPTAIN HOOK

The way you children use language these days. It's all, like-like-like, but-but-but, um-um-um, me-me-me... this generation has no respect! Spoiled! The lot of ya!

(a beat)

Now... try again.

ROCIO

Yes-- no clocks.

CAPTAIN HOOK

Yes--?

ROCIO

Yes sir.

Captain Hook's secretary, MRS. FITCH (50'S), a large woman resembling a pig, wears a beehive hairdo, sits outside his open office door-- she's an obnoxious gum chewer.

CAPTAIN HOOK

(yells)

Mrs. Fitch!

She types on an antique Royal.

MRS. FITCH (O.C.)

Yes sir?!

CAPTAIN HOOK

Please allow our Miss Ugarte here an extra ten minutes to complete her examination.

Rocio moves out of the office.

ROCIO

Can I get my--

CAPTAIN HOOK

At the end of the school year.

Rocio widens her eyes.

ROCIO

But it was my--

CAPTAIN HOOK

I've heard it all missy... end of the year.

Captain Hook places the watch in a sound proof safe full of confiscated watches-- locks it.

INT. FRONT OFFICE

Rocio sits at the edge of Mrs. Fitch's desk; opens her booklet.

Captain Hook turns over a small hour glass.

CAPTAIN HOOK

I'll even give you those extra  
thirty seconds-- my generosity  
surprises even me sometimes Mrs.  
Fitch!

Captain Hook chuckles at himself; leaves the office.

INT. GYMNASIUM - LATE MORNING

The large hour glass is almost done. Morgane looks over her work, BURPS more audible; an ever-so-light glow comes out.

Angelica makes eye contact with Morgane from across the gym-- she makes an "L" with her hand on her forehead.

ANGELICA

(mouths)

LOSER!

RING RING RING - Mr. Smee RINGS a handbell as the last grain of sand runs out.

MR. SMEE

PENS DOWN!

Morgane places her pen and paper on the desk.

Captain Hook re-enters the gym. He gets a thumbs up from Mr. Smee.

CAPTAIN HOOK

(claps)

Well done children! Well done!

CLAP CLAP CLAP

Mr. Smee, the teachers, and the students all begin to clap.

Morgane stands from her desk and becomes weightless again. She sits back down; clings to the desk.

MORGANE

Oh no...

Students clear out around her. The shoes aren't enough to keep her on the ground.

She puts her backpack on, still not enough.

Morgane sees/grabs Rocio's pack and shuffles out the door.

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Morgane stumbles to the bathroom. She holds onto lockers and door handles along the way.

Penelope's down the hall. She's mid-conversation with another teacher-- a double take at Morgane's odd behavior.

PENELOPE

But testing isn't the be all, end all-- So sorry, will you excuse me--

Penelope starts toward Morgane.

Morgane burps and flatulates into the bathroom.

INT. BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Angelica applies mascara in the mirror; looks over.

ANGELICA

Ugh. You. Period pants again?!

BURP/FART

Morgane emits barely glowing pixie dust from both ends.

ANGELICA (CONT'D)

EWWW! Could you be more gross?!

Morgane tries to respond but burps and farts interrupt her. She drops Rocio's bag; tries to pick it up but floats up to the ceiling.

ANGELICA (CONT'D)

(drops mascara)

What the?!

Penelope enters. Both girls are terrified.

PENELOPE

Clear out!



Angelica high tails it.

MORGANE  
 I-I-I d-don't--  
 (burp)  
 Know--  
 (fart)  
 How to c-c-control i-i-it!

Penelope starts a quiet chant.

PENELOPE  
 Aad Guray Nameh, Jugaad Guray  
 Nameh, Sat Guray Nameh, Siri Guru  
 Dayvay Nameh.

Rocio rushes into the bathroom.

ROCIO  
 Morgane?!

She spots her backpack.

MORGANE  
 (quick descension)  
 AHHHHHHHHHHH.

ROCIO  
 (to backpack)  
 Phew! There you are!

Rocio sees Morgane hit (and lightly bounce off of?!) the floor.

Angelica rushes in with Eloise and Priya. They trip over Rocio.

ROCIO (CONT'D)  
 What happened?!

ANGELICA  
 I'm tellin' ya she's fly--

Morgane rolls over onto her back. A TOOT emits from below.

Priya and Eloise, incredulous, roll their eyes to Angelica-- yeah right.

END ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

INT. CLASSROOM 111 - AFTERNOON

Penelope sits at her desk. She stares at her wildflowers.

Angelica sulks in a student desk. Her stepmother, DRUSILLA HOWARD (30), dressed in a sophisticated grey suit, talks on her flip phone.

DRUSILLA  
 (into cell)  
 Yeah, we're almost done here...  
 (low but audible)  
 AS IF! She's just tryin' to get  
 attention again--

Penelope shifts in her seat; looks to Angelica-- poor thing.

DRUSILLA (CONT'D)  
 (louder)  
 Fine, fine I'll make the  
 appointment... But I'm getting that  
 Hermes.  
 (listening)  
 Love you too.

Drusilla flips the phone shut.

DRUSILLA (CONT'D)  
 We done?

ANGELICA  
 I'm not lying! I saw her!

DRUSILLA  
 We are THIS close to sending you  
 away for professional help ya hear!  
 (to Penelope)  
 I'm so sorry, her mother had a  
 history of psychosis so, ya know.

PENELOPE  
 What was her condition?

DRUSILLA  
 Well, she had a psychotic break  
 when Phil and I...

TAP TAP TAP - on the window part of the classroom door.

Blaire's here.

Penelope walks Drusilla to the door.

DRUSILLA (CONT'D)  
 (sotto)  
 She's committed now-- thank the  
 Lord! She tried to kill me!

DRUSILLA (CONT'D)  
 C'mon Pin, make moves!

Angelica grabs her backpack; stuffs a sweater into it.

PENELOPE  
 Pin?

DRUSILLA  
 (sotto)  
 Pinocchio-- she's definitely going  
 to need a nose job.

Penelope opens the door as Angelica leaves in a huff;  
 followed by Drusilla.

INT. CLASSROOM 111/HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Drusilla passes by Blaire out into an empty hallway.

DRUSILLA  
 Well hello! And you are?

BLAIRE  
 Blaire-- Blaire Glace.

DRUSILLA  
 You must be Morgane's father! My  
 sincere apologies for this child's  
 behavior. She's a menace.  
 (leans into his chest)  
 And not mine!

Blaire moves toward Angelica. He bends down.

BLAIRE  
 Are you okay?

ANGELICA  
 (yells)  
 I saw her fly!

Drusilla shrugs her arms at Penelope-- what to do with this  
 child!

Blaire's eyes widen as he looks both ways, ensuring the hall is empty. He lowers his tone.

BLAIRE

I bet you did! But ya know what?

ANGELICA

What?!

BLAIRE

I'd sure appreciate it if you'd keep that between us for now. What's your name?

Angelica softens into Blaire's kind eyes.

ANGELICA

(sotto)

Angelica.

BLAIRE

Oh wow! From St Francis?!

(Angelica nods)

You've grown so much since I last saw you! A beautiful young woman now!

Angelica smiles-- an actual, organic smile!

BLAIRE (CONT'D)

It's just best for everyone, until we can figure out what's going on... Okay?

Angelica has tears in her eyes.

ANGELICA

Okay.

BLAIRE

Okay... Best be off now.

DRUSILLA

Let's go!

Blaire heads into the classroom. Drusilla storms down the hall; Angelica tries to keep up.

DRUSILLA (CONT'D)

And now I'm so late for tea with Cordelia... she's a major donor for you're father's reelection-- you're so inconsiderate ya know! Are you trying to ruin his campaign?!

Angelica wipes tears.

DRUSILLA (CONT'D)  
Your maternal side-- I tell ya.  
Glad I'm not your mother--

Drusilla flips her phone open and dials as they pass an intersecting hall-- we see Smee standing alone with a large grin on his face as the Howards exit the school.

INT. CLASSROOM 111

Penelope sits at her desk; Blaire's in a student desk.

PENELOPE  
Thanks for coming so promptly.

BLAIRE  
Of course-- we decided to keep 'er docked today. Mrs...?

PENELOPE  
Miss Twixt... Penelope-- I was moved by you're interaction with Miss Howard.

Blaire looks out the window at Rocio with her arm over a teary Morgane's shoulders.

BLAIRE  
Well, she's not wrong is she? Seems like there's more going on to incite her behavior... Angelica's I mean.  
They were friends throughout elementary...

PENELOPE  
And... does your daughter have a history of flying?

BLAIRE  
I shoulda kept her home today...

Outside the window Rocio does a funny dance. Morgane laughs through her tears.

PENELOPE  
I really want to help Mr. Glace--

BLAIRE  
Blaire-- please.

PENELOPE

Blaire... I want to help if I can.  
There's a fear of the unknown in  
this town that's dangerous for  
those like Morgane--  
(clears throat/sotto)  
And myself.

Penelope looks around the room-- is it bugged?

Blaire looks into Penelope; she into him.

BLAIRE

Wanna take a walk?

CUT TO:

INT. HOOK'S OFFICE - AFTERNOON

Smee enters breathless. Hook dips a quill into ink; fills out  
paperwork.

CAPTAIN HOOK

'Tis it, Smee?

Smee flaps his arms like wings, winded and unable to speak.  
He points to the sky. Hook sits at his desk; writes.

CAPTAIN HOOK (CONT'D)

Can't understand you Smee...

Smee flies over to and falls halfway onto Hook's desk; grabs  
his arm. Drinks water out of Hook's glass-- Hook aghast.

SMEE

NEVERLAND!

Hook lights up; both men giddy.

EXT. SCHOOLYARD - GORSEBROOK - SIMULATNEOUS

Morgane and Rocio sit on the grass.

MORGANE

Where'd he take ya?

ROCIO

Got a warning... Something about no  
clocks?

MORGANE

So it's true! How bizarre! Where's--

ROCIO  
 He said I can't get it back 'til  
 end of the year--

Rocio's teary now.

ROCIO (CONT'D)  
 Papa got it for my birthday-- he  
 said it's for when I get back on  
 the swim team... Mom's gunna be so  
 mad.

MORGANE  
 Why?

ROCIO  
 She'll think I lost it!  
 (a beat)  
 Who doesn't use clocks in school?!

INT. GLACE HOUSE - KITCHEN - AFTERNOON

Blaire sits in a chair at the kitchen table.

The triplets are spread out around the kitchen.

HOMER  
 Can you trust her?

BLAIRE  
 I believe I can, son.

ILIAD  
 You shoulda talked to us first.

BLAIRE  
 I know, son, I know. Things are  
 changing. Changing fast... again.

ODYSSEY  
 (looks to Iliad and Homer  
 then to Blaire)  
 We trust you, Pops. If you think  
 this was right. I just don't think  
 we're ready yet.

BLAIRE  
 Penelope feels pretty strong about  
 us telling her.

HOMER  
 But Da... She's just a kid.

Blaire looks to the ajar laundry door; clothes piled high.

He walks over, picks up some clothes to put in the washing machine; takes clothes out. REVEAL: blood stained jeans.

Blaire transfers Morgane's clothes to the dryer.

BLAIRE  
(sotto)  
She's not a kid...

ODYSSEY  
Was' that?

BLAIRE  
(starts dryer/turns)  
She's not only a kid... got more of  
yer mother then she knows.

ILIAD  
I wish mom was here... Do you think  
she's okay? She'd know what to do.

Blaire's over to Iliad; Homer wraps around them; Odyssey around them.

BLAIRE  
I hope so... We'll be alright ya  
know. Whatever comes.

ILIAD  
(chuckles through tears)  
Ya just had to fall in love with an  
heir to a fairy empire!

BLAIRE  
Eh now! That's your mother you're  
talking 'bout.

We back out of the kitchen as Iliad wipes his eyes and FLOAT up to the...

INT. TOP OF THE STAIRS - CONTINUOUS

Morgane sits with fishing net, tied to the banister, over her shoulders. She's wide-eyed through busted glasses, she listens and brushes Dinah with vigor on her lap.

BLAIRE (O.C.)  
(chuckles)  
You think anyone'd believe us?



## ODYSSEY (O.C.)

I don't think Morgane's gunna  
believe us-- Whata we say? It's  
true, it's all true?! All those  
bedtime fairytales mom told.

INTERCUT. Odyssey breaks into a giggle-- the absurdity!

The guys drop like dominoes until everyone convulses with  
hysterical laughter.

## ILIAD

And that she-- and that Morgane's--

## HOMER

(barely audible)  
A fairy empress.

Morgane tries to listen harder through the laughter.

## BLAIRE

No, no, no son!  
(everyone quiets)  
She might be the next fairy  
empress! Tink's grand niece.  
(a chuckle)  
Tasked with protecting the fae  
world from the greed of humanity...  
(more serious/quieter)  
Lord knows what else.

Morgane's jaw drops.

The wind blows the front door open at the bottom of the  
stairs.

Dinah jumps from Morgane's arms. She reaches for Dinah but--

THUMP THUMP THUMP - somersaults and lightly bounces down the  
stairs.

The guys are up.

## BLAIRE (CONT'D)

Shhh!--  
Morgane?!

INT. FRONT DOOR - CONTINUOUS

Blaire rushes to the open front door.

Morgane's already out-- running after Dinah.

BLAIRE  
(Gaelic)  
*Shit.*

The boys rush up behind him. Blaire puts his arm up to block them from going out the door.

HOMER  
Eh! Use them words better!

BLAIRE  
Touché.

ODYSSEY  
Shouldn't we?

Morgane disappears into the woods.

BLAIRE  
She needs time--

Blaire closes the door, but then opens it again.

He turns back inside, picks up a framed photo of Belle.

BLAIRE (CONT'D)  
She's on her way beloved.

Blaire brings the photo to his chest.

END ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE

EXT. GLACE PROPERTY/FOREST - LATE AFTERNOON

Morgane follows Dinah who dashes under low tree branches;  
under a log-- Morgane's lost her trail.

MORGANE

Crap!

(MUAH MUAH MUAH)

Here DINAH!

Morgane stills, no movement.

THWIP - branches move.

MORGANE (CONT'D)

C'mon Dinah!

She grabs a stick, it helps her move deeper into the forest.

MORGANE (CONT'D)

You're gunna need a full bath and  
tick inspection if you don't come  
out right now!

She pierces the stick through dense bushes; investigates  
rustles.

WOMAN (V.O.)

There are many ways into the lands  
of the fae...

SNAP - the branch breaks.

MEW MEW

MORGANE

Dinah?!

Morgane pivots; follows the sound back through the bushes.

MEW MEW MEW

MORGANE (CONT'D)

Here kitty, kitty-- C'mon!

She sees Dinah trot into the base of a hollow tree trunk and  
get sucked in like a vacuum cleaner.

MORGANE (CONT'D)

DINAH!

Morgane rushes over, frantic, leans down to the opening.

WOMAN (V.O.)  
But the fastest way is by the root  
systems of forest...

A vortex pulls her in but she won't fit, her rump is stuck outside-- a Winnie the Pooh scenario.

INT. TREE TRUNK

Morgane's hair blows wild. Her glasses rip off.

MORGANE  
DINAH!! Where're you?! I can't see!

INTERCUT. A DEER trots by Morgane's derrière; it looks both ways-- then pushes its snout into her arse.

SHLOOMP - Morgane is suctioned into the tree.

WOMAN (V.O.)  
And before you know it...

The forest quiets once more.

The deer moves on.

INT. FAIRY COTTAGE - EVENING

Mira, Ara, and Crysta sit around a quaint fairy living room.

It's a chic log cabin with French country decor and crystal chandeliers all around the room.

Crysta throws popcorn in her mouth from a candy striped cup.

They all watch an empty fireplace; a rooster wind vane sits alone on the mantel.

PLOP - Dinah falls from the chimney.

Ara rocks in a chair; pats her lap.

Dinah leaps into Ara.

AHHHHHHH - a distant scream gets louder and louder...

CLINK - Morgane's busted glasses fall; the other lens CRACKS as it bounces out of the fireplace.

KER-PLUNK - the chimney coughs out a beautiful, tall, lean,  
BLUE eyed tween girl with shining, otherworldly blonde hair.

WOMAN (V.O.)

You're not in Kansas anymore.

Drab, oversized boy hand-me-downs, hang off her now slender  
physique.

MIRA

Hello Morgane.

THE END