

HALIFAE

PILOT

The Halfling

By:

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TEASER

EXT. SUGAR WOODS - NOVA SCOTIA - NIGHT - SUMMER

Stars illuminate a dark, still, mossed, forest.

CHIRP CHIRP CHIRP - CRICKETS SING

Move through CLEAR TUBES that TAP MAPLE TREES, deeper into the wood-- a light MIST covers the ground.

HOWLS as animals of the night proclaim their song.

We push further through another set of CLEAR TUBES.

The SAP starts to flow with a gentle GLOW-- we move deeper, the mist more dense.

GROWL - 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 - SNOW OWL (rotates its head; blinks; takes off)

DRUM DRUM DRUM - the beat gets LOUDER, FASTER as an ages old, MYSTICAL MAPLE TREE comes into view. HEAVY FOG DISSIPATES.

From inside, a LIGHTNING-LIKE FLASH ignites the BARK and VEINS of this tree.

The tree COUGHS a GLOWING DUST as the BEAT STOPS.

An eery SILENCE as we FADE OUT on THE TREE; the DUST still GLOWS on the BLACK SCREEN.

GHEE-HA-HA - BABY LAUGHS... (and another... and another...)

A CELTIC LULLABY PLAYS-- part of the initial, slower BEAT.

EXT. COASTLINE - NOVA SCOTIA - NIGHT

The dust, still aglow, becomes STARS.

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

ZOOM - pass a SPOTLIGHT that whirls in its (LIGHT)HOUSE.

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

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

REVEAL: A quaint VICTORIAN HOUSE, with a GREEN LIGHT, laser-like, that BEAMS 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

A large, out of date, PLAYSKOOL BABY MONITOR beams a green light from a side table as we REVEAL: BELLE (35), beautiful, black hair, fair, looks young for her age, rocking her NEWBORN, BABY MORGANE.

Belle radiates a glow as she hums-- LACE curtains cast a shadow about her face; Mother Mary-like. The nursery is dated, we're in the 80's.

The specks of light transform into human-sized FAIRIES, WINGS, WANDS and all. MIRA BELLE/MIRA (60's in human years), the crone, buxom, faded ginger hair; ARA BELLE/ARA (30's), the mother, tall, dark and venetian; and CRYSTA BELLE/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 who's chosen... it's not
for us to--

BELLE
No-- no, no...
(looks up)
She's half-- At best!

ARA
You know *SHE* changed that by decree
before--

BELLE
This has nothing to do with her!

Belle hugs Morgane close.

Crysta's in the crib batting the FAIRY MOBILE.

CRYSTA
(flippant)
We aren't saying she IS... But she
may be... We won't know until her
moon cycle has sync'd.

MIRA
We must be checking on the other
babes who have crowed.

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

ARA
You only have seven years left...

They both look to Morgane who has otherworldly BLUE EYES.

Ara kneels down; looks up to Belle.

ARA (CONT'D)
If she is, it'll be nice to have
her close.

Ara brushes Morgane's cheek with her finger.

ARA (CONT'D)
She needs a protective layer.

BELLE
(jolts Morgane away)
NO!

Baby Morgane whimpers.

Ara's up.

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

Crysta makes faces in a CRIB ACTIVITY MIRROR-- she sets off a musical feature.

MIRA	BELLE (CONT'D)
You want her to be in danger	(not listening)
then?	NO!
(looks to Crysta)	
Would you focus PLEASE!	

Crysta climbs out, arms crossed. She sulks back to Mira and Ara.

ARA
We don't really have a choice
dearest.

The three fairies stand next to each other; Mira centerstage.

BELLE
Please don't.

MIRA
(waves her wand)
I give the gift of protection; when
she falls she will bounce!

Morgane plumps up in Belle's arms.

ARA
(waves her wand)
I give the gift of sight; may she
see clearly when inspired.

Morgane's EYES change from BLUE to BROWN.

BELLE
That's enough!

CRYSTA
Rules are rules...
(waves her wand)

I give the gift of... awkwardness;
making her strong of character!

Morgane sticks her finger in her nose and audibly POOPS her diaper. She starts to cry alongside her distraught mother.

MIRA

Long live the Emerald Empire. Awen.

ARA

Awen.

CRYSTA

Awen.

BELLE

(through tears)

Awen.

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. He leans down with tears in his eyes; a strong gaze with his wife. Blaire's arms extend around mother and child. 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. Both parents smile through tears.

The boys throw themselves on top of Belle and Blaire, like a shield-- a family moment.

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

ACT 1

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 set of legs in cotton, PLAID PAJAMA PANTS and BARE FEET, stop at the door. They kick a LARGE 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 enter from another angle. They wear MOCCASINS and traditional BOXERS-- they 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 PLAID 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's out the door. Morgane closes it; inspects the latch.
 She heads to the kitchen.

INT. KITCHEN

Blaire hands Morgane the plated breakfast with pride.

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 a beauty, 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; grabs her breakfast. She moves out the back screen door; gaze still on her dad.

MORGANE
The latch is broken again...

EXT. DECK PATIO - CONTINUOUS

Morgane turns forward; focused on her food. She's 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 the eggs.

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

Morgane chuckles. Odyssey grabs his napkin to wrap the wound.

ILIAD
(grabs Morgane's plate)
Les' see...
(Morgane opens her hand)
Aw, that there's nuthin'.

ODYSSEY
'Least yer startin' this year with
a bang!

Iliad runs the plate inside. Homer's on WATER HOSE duty-- to wash the deck; Odyssey applies pressure to Morgane's hand.

Iliad's back. He 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; falls beneath her eyes. She sits in meditation by a small KOI POND. Her backyard is surrounded by dense woods.

AUMMMMMMMMM

She chants.

A RAVEN lands on her LEFT SHOULDER.

PENELOPE

(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)

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