

SCRIPT TITLE

Written by

Name of First Writer

Based on, If Any

Address  
Phone Number

EXT. FIELD- NOBELIA - DAY

Harper wakes up in a field to a deafening animal scream. She lets out a small squeak when she sees she is not in her bed.

HARPER

Mom!?

We hear strange bird sounds, whoops and chirps. She calls again.

HARPER (CONT'D)

Mom?! Are you here?

BORGHILD (O.S.)

Be quiet!

Harper spins to see BORGHILD, a small woodland creature the size of a house cat - somewhat cute but not cute enough to want to pet.

BORGHILD (CONT'D)

Did you not hear the hunting cry of the Snorgle just now? You've as good as invited it to dine.

(spits, then)

Though your clothes are very ugly, maybe that will help.

Another ear splitting scream rends the air. The ground starts to shake. Borghild's ears flatten back.

BORGHILD (CONT'D)

It's too late. Run!

Harper runs after Borghild toward a line of trees. The screeching is insistent now. The ground shakes, Harper falls. She scrambles up and launches herself after Borghild. They run into a hole in a huge redwood tree trunk. The hidden door slams behind them.

INT. TREE TRUNK

They are in near black, the only light from the thin outline of the door. Harper is knocked off her feet again with the shaking of the ground. Little lights appear, coming up to her feet, too many, too fast. She panics, whimpering against another attack. Borghild clamps a paw on her mouth and shakes her head. As Harper's eyes adjust she sees that there are little baby Borghilds carrying candles towards them.

INT. TREE TRUNK- LATER

A passage of time- they have clearly been waiting for a while, sitting on the floor looking alternately bored and scared when there is a bit of noise. The Snorgle is a patient monster. Finally, they hear a scream further away and a deathly squish. Tearing of flesh and chewing noises. Harper is horrified, but Borghild is just relieved.

BORGHILD

Finally! I'm hungry too. Come down,  
join us for a snack.

Harper follows the legion of kids and Borghild down a sloping tunnel leading deeper into the ground. She has to be on hands and knees, but it's very wide. She lifts up her leather-padded knee.

HARPER

Functional. Good on you mom.

The tunnel empties out in a surprisingly large chamber with a dining table and nearly 20 mini chairs around it, a couple of larger ones pushed in the corner. Harper stares at the high ceiling.

BORGHILD

Had to expand. Got tired of the  
ceiling crumbling down on us every  
time a Wink came over.

Borghild pushes a larger chair close to the table.

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She picks up a large stick and points it at him.

NADIM

What are you going to do with that?

HARPER

This.

She swings it at his feet while lunging forward. In avoiding the stick, Nadim trips backward, falling. She wrestles the pack off as Nadim tries to right himself. Out pops a fuzzy creature. It chitters appreciation.

HARPER (CONT'D)

Argh! What is it?! Its attacking  
me, get it off, get it off!

The creature, SQUILL, is on top of her. Squill is a fuzzy cross between a mini panda and a bat. Squill is chittering at her happily, licking her hands like a puppy.

HARPER (CONT'D)

Oh. It's your pet.

NADIM

Oh no, do *not* call him a pet. He will gouge your eyes out.

HARPER

What?!

Harper jumps up, knocking Squill to the ground, dashing away from him.

NADIM

I'm kidding. Squill is incapable of harming anyone. Too soft. But do not get him mad. You'll wake up bald.

(ruffles his hair)

Took forever to grow back.

Squill holds his arms out to Harper. She picks him up and cradles him.

HARPER

You are adorable. Are you adorable?  
Yes, you are. Yes, you are.

Squill mumbles appreciatively and snuggles closer.

NADIM

Great. You'll never get him back in the pack now. And forget putting him down.

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She grabs the kettle and hangs it on the hook over the fire, takes a cake from the plate of prettily colored rice cakes. Suddenly she hears shrieking and turns to see BUMBUKU kicking with newly sprouted badger legs.

NADIM (CONT'D)

Take it off, take it off!

They both rush to Bumbuku. Harper reaches in and flings it off the hook. It lands on its feet, still yelling.

BUMBUKU

How could you do that to me!? I was minding my own business.

Bumbuku spies the plate of rice cakes, now missing a bite.

BUMBUKU (CONT'D)

You ate my sweet rice?!

HARPER

I'm sorry, I didn't know they were yours! I'll get you new ones.

Bumbuku sits petulantly.

BUMBUKU

If you had taken care of me I would have helped you.

(arrogant)

I grant wishes.

HARPER

The wish for tea? Because that's what I was going for...