

FADE IN:

EXT. ANCIENT WOODS - NIGHT

FADE IN: The "TITLE THEME" begins in darkness, and as the music emerges, a BARN OWL takes wing, gliding through moonlit woods, mist swirling in its wake. SUPERIMPOSE MAIN TITLES. Then, as the title sequence and "TITLE THEME" both end, CROSSFADE TO:

EXT - RUINED ABBEY/AERIAL VIEW - NIGHT

Aerial view of a distant ruined abbey, a CROWD of concert-goers with motorcycles, caravans, and cars fanning out from a brightly lit stage erected before the ruins. As the aerial view gets closer, the music tracks segue from the "TITLE THEME" to the introduction to "WITCHY STEW." SUPERIMPOSE name and location of ruined abbey.

The aerial view swoops toward the brightly-lit abbey where a banner proclaims the event as a "Live TV Broadcast of a May-Eve Concert by Morgen and the Trashbabies," then past the banner up into the lighting grids, revealing 800-1200 screaming fans as the NINE TRASHBABIES strut and pose provocatively on stage.

EXT - RUINED ABBEY/LIGHTING GRID - NIGHT

The Barn Owl perches high in the ruins to peer down at the action below.

EXT - RUINED ABBEY - NIGHT

A large SECURITY FORCE protects the stage where Morgen's BAND plays the song, but the attention is on MORGEN and the Trashbabies performance. The ethnically diverse Trashbabies wear costumes cut to accent their figures as they strut and pose throughout "WITCHY STEW."

MORGEN (singing)

Look at their hair... the things they wear! Oh, the things they do.
Designed to please, they strut and tease,
And brew their Witchy Stew.

The sultry Trashbabies illustrate his complaints, to everyone's delight.

FIRST TRASHBABY

High heels!

SECOND TRASHBABY

Short skirt.

THIRD TRASHBABY

I'm dressed to flirt.

FOURTH TRASHBABY

Does this look all right?

FIFTH TRASHBABY

I wanna dance!

SIXTH TRASHBABY

Always a chance . . .

SEVENTH, EIGHTH & NINTH TRASHBABIES

Tonight may be the night!

ALL THE TRASHBABIES HOWL

Morgen tries to take his case to the crowd, but the Trashbabies pout, pose, smile, and call attention to themselves.

MORGEN (singing)

They hide their guile behind a smile. They'll put a spell on you!
Late at night . . . by candlelight, They're cookin' Witchy Stew.
Women dare not be so fair, and not be wicked too!

Morgen retreats as the Trashbabies steal the show, but comes back for one more attempt to warn his audience.

MORGEN (singing)

Lip gloss and scent, mascara meant to set a snare for you!
All you see is in their recipe, for makin' Witchy Stew!

NINTH TRASHBABY (singing)

A little show, just lets you know . . .

The EIGHTH TRASHBABY cocks a hip to the crowd, arches her back and hikes up her skirt to caress her well-formed derriere, looking back over her shoulder at the crowd as she sings.

EIGHTH TRASHBABY (singing)

I'm here to have some fun.

She touches the tip of one finger to her backside triggering a SIZZLE in the music tracks. The busty SEVENTH TRASHBABY toys with a zippered leather top, revealing ample cleavage.

SEVENTH TRASHBABY (singing)

If you see a lot of me . . .

The FOURTH, FIFTH and SIXTH TRASHBABIES strut downstage, taunting the audience as all the Trashbabies sing.

TRASHBABIES (singing)

What harm has been done?

The Trashbabies execute a smart about-face to confront Morgen.

ALL THE TRASHBABIES HOWL

Again, Morgen tries to take his case to the crowd.

MORGEN (singing)

They hide their guile behind a smile. They'll put a spell on you!
Late at night . . .

The stage lights dim. The Third Trashbaby lights a candle, then holds it in front of herself, stroking it suggestively as the other Trashbabies file by to light their candles from its flame.

MORGEN (singing cont'd)

By candlelight . . . they're cooking Witchy Stew!

The procession led by the Ninth Trashbaby undulates toward Morgen as he retreats toward the makeshift wings as the Trashbabies advance.

MORGEN (singing cont'd)

Women dare not be so fair, and not be wicked, too . . .

Morgen exits and the candle-lit Trashbabies follow Morgen out of view, leaving only the Band on stage. Spotlights pan the screaming crowd!

INT – MANSION/BALLROOM – NIGHT

In a dimly-lit room, recording industry Moguls and Guests celebrate as they watch the show on a Big Screen TV. At the back of the room, ADAM FULLER, the record label A&R man has to shout over the din to tell Morgen's manager, RODNEY HAZELTON, the good news.

ADAM

They've approved the demo! I can schedule the studio time
whenever you're ready.

RODNEY

Great! I'll tell Morgen and get back to you.

Adam gives Rodney a “thumbs up” and backs off to watch the show. TV personality ANGELA KNIGHT slips into the chair vacated next to Rodney.

ANGELA

You look happy!

RODNEY

Angela! Glad you could come!

ANGELA

I want him!

RODNEY

Everybody wants him!

ANGELA

An entire show! Interview, featured clips . . .

RODNEY

(smiling)

You say “when,” and I’ll make it happen!

When the musical introduction to “THE STRANGER” begins, all attention turns back to the event unfolding on TV. The crowd in the Ballroom and the crowd at the concert both CHEER Morgen’s return. Rodney shouts over the din.

RODNEY

Are you seeing this?

EXT – RUINED ABBEY - NIGHT

A single follow spot tracks Morgen to the front of the stage, where he makes eye contact with the eager girls in the front rows, allowing a lucky few to touch the toe of his boot or trouser leg.

MORGEN (singing)

Baby, won't you tell me all your dreams?
And, Baby, if things aren't all you dreamed they'd be,
Listen. I'll help you if I can.

Morgen crouches down to touch the fingertips of the most fortunate of his Female Fans.

MORGEN (singing cont'd)

Closer. Let me take you by the hand.
I'm the one they call The Stranger!
I can help make your dreams come true.
I'm the one they call The Stranger!

Morgen sings the next line to a particularly attractive YOUNG LADY in the second row.

MORGEN (singing cont'd)

Listen and I'll tell you what to do . . .

The Young Lady falls apart, tears streaming, light-headed.

EXT - RUINED ABBEY/BACKSTAGE – NIGHT

"THE STRANGER " continues as Security Personnel rush Morgen through the ruins.

EXT – HIGH ON THE RUINED ABBEY WALL – NIGHT

The Barn Owl watches Morgen's escape below.

EXT- RUINED ABBEY – OWL'S POV

From the Owl's vantage point, Fans scramble through the ruins, seeking Morgen.

EXT/INT – RUINED ABBEY/LIMO – NIGHT

Morgen's vocal to "THE STRANGER" continues in the music tracks as he collapses onto the plush rear seat of a waiting Limousine, closes his eyes, and shuts out the world.

MORGEN (singing V.O.)

Poor child. Close and rest your eyes.

Lie back. Soon you'll realize you can trust in me.

The limousine drives slowly forward, through the sudden crush of Fans who press against the windows, calling to Morgen, trying to get his attention.

MORGEN (singing V.O.)

Listen, and the world will go away.

It begins to rain. Enough fans seek shelter to allow the limousine to disappear into the night.

Morgen (singing V.O.)

Closer. Listen only to what I say . . .

EXT/INT - RUINED ABBEY EXIT/LIMO – RAINY NIGHT

The limousine drives out the gate and away from the ruined abbey.

TRASHBABIES (singing V.O.)

So pretty, perdee, per-dee-per, deeper, deeper . . .

EXT/INT – LIMOUSINE (TRAVELING) – RAINY NIGHT

Morgen lets his head fall back, his eyes still closed.

The DRIVER checks his rearview mirror. Morgen is resting. The Driver turns his attention back to the road and the rain-struck windshield, cleared each time the windshield wipers swish hypnotically side-to-side. The Trashbabies chorus and music tracks fade away.

INT - MANSION/BALLROOM - NIGHT

Roughly 140 informally ostentatious Guests crowd the Ballroom. Few females are over thirty and few males are under thirty, a typical recording industry soiree. A buffet is serviced by young, attractive WAITRESSES and BARTENDERS dispense drinks. A BUTLER wends his way through the press of guests, and speaks to Rodney.

BUTLER

Excuse me, sir. There's a telephone call . . .

RODNEY

(excitedly)

I'll take it in the office.

BUTLER

Yes sir . . .

Rodney hurries away through the crowd.

INT - MANSION/GALLERY - NIGHT

Free of the crowd, Rodney hurries along the gallery to the Library door.

INT - MANSION/LIBRARY - NIGHT

Rodney enters, closes the door and hurries to the telephone.

RODNEY (into the phone)
Hello? Great. No. I'll meet you at the archway.

Rodney hangs up and moves quickly across the Library toward another door.

EXT – MANSION/GATEWAY UNDER BRIDGE – RAINY NIGHT

It is raining harder as the limo enters through the open gateway and continues on toward the mansion, where a large number of expensive cars are parked on the verge before the great house.

EXT - MANSION/ARCHWAY – RAINY NIGHT

The overhead light comes on, then Rodney comes out the door and under the archway carrying an umbrella. He hurries past a red Sports Car and steps back, out of the rain at the entrance to the archway as the limo approaches. Rodney opens his umbrella.

EXT - MANSION/ARCHWAY – RAINY NIGHT

Shielded by his umbrella, Rodney hurries to the arriving limousine and opens the passenger door.

EXT/INT - MANSION/ LIMO – RAINY NIGHT

Rodney climbs into the car.

RODNEY
Morgen? Wakey, wakey . . .

Morgen groans as he awakens.

RODNEY (cont'd)
You look like hell warmed over! The show was great! The sound was everything they said it would be, the girls were never better and you were sensational!

MORGEN
(still bleary-eyed)
Great.

RODNEY
C'mon. I'll sneak you up the back . . .

MORGEN

(dismayed)

Oh, no! How many?

RODNEY

A hundred and fifty, maybe. Promoters, regional reps, a few select members of the press.

Morgen groans again.

RODNEY (CONT'D)

Angela Knight can't wait to meet you . . .

MORGEN

I'm really not up for this . . .

RODNEY

Come on! You can be tired tomorrow!

Rodney drags Morgen toward the rear passenger door.

EXT - MANSION/ARCHWAY – RAINY NIGHT

Rodney climbs out of the limo, holding the umbrella to shield Morgen, but Morgen climbs out, takes a deep breath, steps out from under the umbrella, lets the rain fall on his upturned face.

RODNEY

C'mon! I'm getting soaked!

Morgen lowers his face, then sees the sports car parked under the archway.

RODNEY (cont'd)

(to the Driver)

Thank you. That'll be all.

MORGEN

(reacting to the new car)

It's here!

Like a child with a new toy, Morgen goes under the archway, caressing the hood of the gleaming sports car as the limousine drives away.

MORGEN (CONT'D)

You didn't say my car arrived!

Rodney does not approve of the sports car and shows it as he joins Morgen.

RODNEY
(lowering his umbrella)
It's just a car, Morgen.

Morgen opens the driver's door and slips behind the wheel, enjoying his prize, one foot still outside on the ground.

MORGEN
It's not just a car. It's MY car.

RODNEY (CONT'D)
Oh, c'mon!

MORGEN
My getaway car . . .

EXT/INT - MANSION/ARCHWAY/SPORTS CAR - NIGHT

The keys are in the ignition. Morgen switches on the dashboard lights. The fuel gauge reads FULL.

MORGEN
It's got a full tank.

RODNEY
For what you paid for it . . .

Morgen draws his leg inside and shuts the door, leaving Rodney outside, under the archway. Rodney tries the door, but it's locked.

RODNEY (cont'd)
Morgen?

Morgen straps on the safety belt, turns the key, and starts the engine.

EXT - MANSION/ARCHWAY - NIGHT

Under the archway, the sports car's motor ROARS to life. Rodney punches numbers into his cell phone.

EXT/INT - MANSION/ARCHWAY/SPORTS CAR - NIGHT

Inside the car, the dashboard phone rings. It takes Morgen a moment to locate it and pick it up.

EXT - MANSION/ARCHWAY - NIGHT

RODNEY

Come on, Morgen!

The car's head lights switch on, illuminating the rain.

RODNEY (cont'd)

You can't go anywhere . . .

EXT/INT - MANSION/ARCHWAY/SPORTS CAR - NIGHT

Morgen grins and lowers the window a crack.

RODNEY

(at the window)

Having fun?

Morgen hands the sports car's handset to Rodney.

MORGEN

I'm taking it for a test drive.

RODNEY

C'mon, Morgen, don't fool around. Everyone's waiting for you.
The girls will be along in a few minutes!

MORGEN

(putting the car in gear)

It'll wake me up.

EXT - MANSION/ARCHWAY - NIGHT

As the sports car rolls out into the rain, Morgen switches on the windshield wipers. Shielding himself with his umbrella, Rodney follows the car outside the archway onto the gravel driveway.

EXT - MANSION/GRAVEL DRIVEWAY BY ARCHWAY – RAINY NIGHT

The Trashbabies chorus to "THE STRANGER " fades up as Morgen closes the window and steps on the gas, spinning GRAVEL from the rear tires. Rodney YELPS and shields his face as the car speeds away. Then, seeing that he now holds his own cell phone and the sport car's handset, turns angrily and goes back inside the mansion.

EXT – MANSION/JUNCTION OF GRAVEL/PAVED DRIVEWAY – RAINY NIGHT

As the sports car turns onto the paved driveway, a gasp in the music tracks accompany a flash of lightning that reveals the Barn Owl perched in a tree above the turn. As the car passes below, the Owl takes flight and follows it out of view.

EXT - MANSION/DRIVEWAY AND GATE – RAINY NIGHT

A thunderclap underscores the sports car narrowly missing the sides of the heavy, wrought-iron gate under the bridge, followed overhead, by the Barn Owl.

EXT - COUNTRY ROAD/SPORTS CAR – RAINY NIGHT

A peal of thunder signals the start of a montage of Morgen driving, and peering through the rain-streaked windshield at the road ahead, Morgen's POV, distorted by the rain. INTERCUT WITH:

EXT - COUNTRY ROAD (AERIAL MONTAGE) – RAINY NIGHT

The Barn Owl's POV of the sports car roaring along the road below.

EXT/INT – COUNTRY ROAD/SPORTS CAR - RAINY NIGHT

"THE STRANGER" continues as the Trashbabies chorus returns. Morgen peers through the distorted windshield, watching for an opportunity to really open it up for his "test drive."

TRASHBABIES (singing V.O.)

So pretty, per-dee, per-dee-per, dee-per, deeper . . .

Montage of Morgen driving the sports car through the pouring rain, the Owl's POV of the car racing along the country road below, and the car approaching and passing various locations at the side of the country road.

MORGEN (singing V.O.)
Poor thing! You're really feeling sleepy.
Lie back. All those eerie feelings will go away.
Softly. Surrender is no sin. Easy! Open up and let me in . . .

The rhythmic slap of the windshield wipers and steady drone of the tuned exhaust is replaced by the rhythmic music tracks as the Trashbabies chorus returns. Morgen's eyelids droop and his head nods as he races through the rainy night. A new voice is heard, as if a speaker at his side is trying to awaken him.

LAURA (V.O.)
Morgen. Morgen?

On the third try, Morgen's sleepy eyes open, slightly at first, then wide with terror.

LAURA (cont'd, V.O.)
Morgen!

Through the windshield a Doe is visible standing in the center of the road, frozen in Morgen's headlights, its glowing eyes staring back at him. The sports roars toward the transfixed doe.

INT – SPORTS CAR – RAINY NIGHT

Morgen turns his head, pulling the wheel hard over in the same instant. The car leaves the wooded road, vegetation crashing against the windshield, then clears suddenly as Morgen veers onto a previously unseen side road, at right angles to the country road.

MORGEN (singing triumphantly)
I'm the one! The Stranger!

EXT- RHODODENDRON LINED LANE – PRE-DAWN

The rain has stopped. The Owl watches from a branch of a tree. As Morgen drives by on the flowery lane below, the Owl ruffles its feathers, releasing a shower of SILVERY MOONDUST!

MORGEN (singing)
I'm the One. I make your dreams come true!

As the car roars by, the FIRST MUSE, a beautiful girl in a short, diaphanous gown, trails silvery moon dust as she dances out into the road behind the car.

MORGEN (singing V.O.)
I'm the One! The Stranger!

Further along, the SECOND MUSE, similarly attired, dances out into the roadway to watch the car speed away.

MORGEN (singing V.O.)

Listen and I'll put my spell on you.

A THIRD MUSE watches the car pass, but quietly blends back into the forest.

EXT – SHRINE SITE - DAWN

The shrine is a small Stonehenge-like circular construction on a level section of hillside. In the center of the circle is a solitary standing stone. A trilithon of two tall vertical stones bridged by a lintel stone forms the entrance to the circle. A smaller trilithon lies opposite, set to frame the entrance to a chamber within the hillside above the shrine.

On the hill above the stone circle, LAURA, a beautiful young woman, the incarnation of the goddess of love, wearing a floral tiara streaming multi-colored ribbons through her long hair, stands near a DOLMEN, a large stone set atop three smaller stones. The dolmen seems to point toward the sunrise that slowly suffuses the scene, streaming through the tree tops above. Laura is excited by the mellow roar of the sports car's approach, O.S. The final chords of "THE STRANGER" ring off in the music tracks. Morgen's name is like a sigh on her lips.

LAURA

Morgen.

EXT – FLOWERY COUNTRY LANE/LAURA'S POV - DAWN

Approaching along the lane, nearly hidden by banks of Rhododendrons, we see the sports car, convertible top up as before.

EXT - FLOWERY COUNTRY LANE/SPORTS CAR - DAWN

The top is down. Morgen is in fresh clothing, taking in the sights.

EXT – WOODED COUNTRY LANE/CLEARING - DAWN

Sunbeams filter through dense branches of huge trees, falling on a WHITE STAG, (preferably of seven tines). Hearing the approaching car, the stag becomes alert to danger.

EXT – FLOWERY COUNTRY LANE/SPORTS CAR – DAWN

Morgen reacts to the sight of the handsome stag staring at him between the trees.

EXT – WOODED COUNTRY LANE/CLEARING - DAWN

Suddenly, the stag glances left, then bolts away into the denser woods.

EXT – NARROW STONE BRIDGE ON WOODED COUNTRY LANE – DAY

Morgen turns back to the lane to see what startled the stag and stops the car before the stone bridge that effectively narrows the lane.

Three painted “GOTHS,” statuesque beauties clad in fantastically wrought body armor, designed more to provoke than to protect, cross the bridge and walk toward him. Grinning broadly, Morgen rises to sit on top of the back of his driver’s seat to get a better look at them as they pass.

MORGEN

Late night?

A huge Brindled Mastiff emerges from the rhododendrons next to Morgen’s car and “woofs” at Morgen. Morgen instantly slides back down into his seat and speaks softly to the First Goth.

MORGEN

Big dog . . .

FIRST GOTH

What brings you here?

MORGEN

(turning on the charm)

You want the truth?

As the Goths pass, the dog comes between them and Morgen, stopping and staring at Morgen.

SECOND GOTH

That is slyly spoken.

THIRD GOTH

Like a deceiver spoken.

FIRST GOTH

Intended, perhaps, to mislead?

The huge dog continues to stare, evaluating Morgen sitting in the sports car.

MORGEN

(nervously)

Truth serves me well enough . . .

SECOND GOTH

Truth serves not.

THIRD GOTH

It is its own unbending master.

FIRST GOTH

(dismissing MORGEN)

The Tomb of Every Hope.

MORGEN

(a parting shot)

Then, I shall serve Truth.

Dumbfounded by his idiotic retort, Morgen is relieved when the mastiff releases him from its baleful gaze and trots off after the Goths.

MORGEN

(muttering under his breath)

Goths . . .

Morgen watches the Goths in his rearview mirror as he puts the car in gear and begins to drive slowly onto the bridge. He's still watching them in his rearview mirror as the car begins a sharp decent on the far side of the bridge.

EXT – FLOWERY COUNTRY LANE/IRRIGATION DITCH - DAY

Matching descent angle as the sports car, convertible top up, rolls off the lane into a watery ditch.

EXT/INT – IRRIGATION DITCH /SPORTS CAR – DAY

The car thuds to a halt, deploying its airbag, waking Morgen. At first, he's dazed and confused, but comes to his senses when realizes what has happened.

MORGEN

Damn!

Morgen switches off the ignition, unfastens his safety belt and struggles to open his door, partially blocked by the side of the ditch, as he emerges from a cloud of residue from the car's deflated airbag.

EXT – FLOWERY COUNTRY LANE/DITCH - DAWN

Morgen looks at the front end, partially buried in mud. From the angle and depth, it went into the ditch, he will need a tow truck to get it out.

He climbs out of the ditch. There's no help insight, but a sign reading "Morningstone" offers hope of help, possibly just over the hill. Morgen sighs and starts walking.

EXT – MORNINGSTONE HAMLET/MORGEN'S POV - DAY

Coming around a bend in the road, Morgen takes heart. A quaint hamlet consisting of a few shops on either side of the lane that divides to encircle a tiny central green with a red phone box.

Morgen strides downhill toward the hamlet going directly to the phone box.

EXT - HAMLET/PHONE BOOTH ON GREEN - DAY

Morgen tries the pay phone, but the line is dead.

A sign over a nearby garage reads "SMYTHE'S WELDING AND AUTO REPAIR." In front of the shop is an old-fashioned hand-primed gasoline pump. Morgen enters the garage.

EXT - HAMLET/DRY GOODS SHOP - DAY

"DRY GOODS" is painted on a shop window on the far side of the green. FIONA, an attractive lady who appears to be in her mid-30's, peers at Morgen through the window. Her platinum hair is cut to frame her face, giving her the appearance of a human version of the Barn Owl.

INT - HAMLET/SMYTHE'S GARAGE - DAY

Morgen is dismayed. The tractor before him has no engine. SMYTHE, a ruddy, dark, muscular, sympathetic giant of a man, has taken the motor apart and it is spread all over his work bench.

SMYTHE

I'd be glad to, sir, soon as I get this back together.

MORGEN

When will that be?

SMYTHE

Should have it running by tomorrow . . .

MORGEN

Terrific. Is there another garage?

SMYTHE

I'm afraid I'm it, sir.

MORGEN

Great. Do you have a phone I can use?

SMYTHE

(glad to be useful, at last)

Yes, sir!

Smythe goes to the open garage doors.

EXT - HAMLET/SMYTHE'S GARAGE - DAY

Smythe points to the phone booth on the green. As Smythe speaks, Morgen comes into view.

SMYTHE

Right there on the green, sir!

EXT - HAMLET/PHONE BOOTH ON THE GREEN - DAY

The empty phone booth, Morgen's POV.

MORGEN (V.O.)

I tried that . . .

EXT - HAMLET/SMYTHE'S GARAGE - DAY

MORGEN

It's out of order.

Smythe is doubtful that his suggestion will be helpful, but offers it, anyway.

SMYTHE

You might try the pub . . .

MORGEN

(hopefully)

The pub?

SMYTHE

(pointing the way)

Right up around the bend, sir.

MORGEN

Will it be open at this hour?

SMYTHE

The bar won't be, but the door will.

MORGEN

Thank you! I'll give it a shot.

Smythe finds Morgens expression "give it a shot" amusing. Morgen starts off in the direction Smythe indicated, but as he walks away, Smythe's sympathetic expression is replaced by a secretive and knowing look. He nods at Fiona, watching from the shop across the green.

EXT - HAMLET/DRY GOODS SHOP - DAY

Fiona smiles as she watches from her window.

EXT - HAMLET/PUB - DAY

The pub looks closed, but as Morgen approaches, he hears the intro to "MORNINGSTONE" coming from inside. The music is louder when Morgen opens the door.

INT - HAMLET/PUB - DAY

The pub is in darkness and it takes Morgen a moment for his eyes to adjust. We hear the grind of a movie projector under the "MORNINGSTONE" music tracks. Morgen walks toward the area where a film is being shown, his attention drawn to the screen.

In front, and facing the screen, six teenagers: AMY, BARBARA and CLIO, attractive girls who look about sixteen or seventeen years old; and KEVIN, NIGEL and BILLY, handsome lads about the same age, sit at a long table upon which is the projector. Laura sits on the far side of the projector, hidden by the machine. All seem unaware of Morgen's presence, O.S.

EXT - DOLMEN (MOVIE) - PREDAWN

In the foreground near the dolmen above the stone circle, the Muses tend their Cauldron of Inspiration, mounted on a tripod of owls, heated over an open flame beneath it. The First Muse plucks a Celtic harp, itself a work of art. The Second Muse stirs the cauldron and sings the obbligato, and the Third Muse taps on a Bodhran.

EXT- STONE CIRCLE - PREDAWN

In the center of the circle, Laura, in her long, gold-trimmed gown, crowned with the beribboned floral tiara, her long hair cascading to mid-thigh, stands on the stone steps that surround the single upright stone, scanning the horizon.

LAURA (singing)
Come, share this with me. Make my dream your own.
It will ever be . . . Morningstone.

INT - PUB - DAY

During the instrumental bridge, Morgen, illuminated by the reflected glow from the movie screen, takes a seat at the back, undetected by the teenagers.

EXT - DOLMEN (MOVIE) - PREDAWN

The First Muse runs her hands through the vapor that spills over the edge of the cauldron, as if casting a spell. Her sister Muses play the local music as before.

LAURA (singing V.O.)
Mystery and destiny, forever intertwined . . .

EXT – DAWN BREAKS OVER THE COUNTRYSIDE

Laura shields her eyes against the brilliant sunrise as she sings.

LAURA (singing)
Revealed for all the world to see, that all who seek may find.

EXT- STONE CIRCLE - PREDAWN

Laura steps down from the stone “stairs” at the base of the upright stone, moving toward the trilithon entrance to the stone circle, as if going to meet the sun.

LAURA (singing)
I provide the key. Through me the path is shown.

Still seeming to be singing to the sunrise, Laura indicates the standing stone behind her.

LAURA (singing)
Behold your legacy . . .

REVERSE ANGLE: The sun rises over the standing stone, as if a flame atop a candle. Laura is in silhouette, her perfect figure revealed through her gown by the sunlight.

LAURA (singing)
Morningstone.

MATCHING SHOT: Laura stares wistfully out at the orchards and fields below the shrine site. In another moment, Laura would whisper Morgen's name and the sports car would appear on the country lane between the hedgerows, but before that can happen, the movie cuts to:

ANOTHER ANGLE revealing the three Goths (hereinafter the FURIES), standing outside the trilithon entrance to the stone circle, silent, disdainful witnesses to Laura's haunting incantation.

INT - PUB - DAY

Morgen is mystified, unable to take his eyes off the movie screen. To him, the Furies are the "Goths" he met at the bridge in his "dream," just before he crashed into the ditch.

EXT – STONE CIRCLE/CHAMBER ENTRANCE (MOVIE) - DAWN

At the rear of the stone circle, set into the hillside, a smaller trilithon frames the entrance to a chamber, formed by two thick roughly hewn stones capped by a stone lintel. Above the chamber entrance, THREE FATES spin and weave. They wear beautifully embroidered robes with cowls that tend to hide all but their faces. They appear serene, lovely . . . and blind, their silver-white pupils like miniature moons.

Nevertheless, they weave, and from the Third Fate's lap, a huge tapestry covered in countless galaxies, drapes down, covering much of the area directly before the chamber. The angry Furies march into frame, but the Fates, knowing their minds, are the first to speak, the meter of their lines suggesting *Elizabethan Drama*.

FIRST FATE
The thread is short.

SECOND FATE

And thin.

THIRD FATE

It calls for skill.

FIRST FURY

All-knowing Fates, how can you sit and weave?

The Muses arrive in time to hear the Furies' complaint. Indeed, it is aimed at them.

SECOND FURY

The goddess lies defiled!

THIRD FURY

(disdainfully)

All nature weeps.

FIRST FATE

(warning the FURIES)

Gently!

SECOND FATE

Lest, by your own violent moods,
This slender thread be broken.

FIRST FURY

Let it break!

SECOND FURY

Man thinks himself divorced from Nature's law.

THIRD FURY

And, in contempt, upon Greed's altar spends
His craven lust!

FIRST MUSE

(to the FATES)

Shall Furies now guide Fate?

FIRST FURY

Do Muses still guide Man?

THIRD FATE

(to stop the bickering)

Enough! Enough!

FIRST FATE

Even as the Furies gird for vengeance,
So, the Muses seek with sacred Truth
To wean Man from his folly.

SECOND FURY

Fates, hear us!

THIRD FURY

No single champion comes to sip their brew.

FIRST FURY

No single hero does their song inspire.

SECOND FURY

Our loving sisters are, themselves, bemused,
If they seek good in Man.

SECOND FATE

Enough! Enough!

THIRD FATE

The thread is short.

FIRST FATE

And thin.

SECOND FATE

It calls for skill.

THIRD FURY

The Laws of Nature are beyond appeal!

FIRST FURY

Sisters, by your leave?

The Furies stalk OUT OF VIEW, glaring at the MUSES as they EXIT.

THE FATES

(in unison)

Farewell!

The Muses exchange worried glances. Do the Fates mean to let the Furies have their way?

SECOND MUSE

Must also bid farewell.

The Third Muse hurries to kiss each of the Fates good-bye, while the First and Second muse watch nervously. During the leave-taking, the Third Muse pulls a long strand of her own hair and adds it to the dwindling skein of the Fates. Blushing, the Third Muse hurries back to her sisters and they exit. The Fates smile and wag their heads at the attempted subterfuge. Of course, they knew what the Third Muse would do.

Nearby, the Furies have seen the trick and are not so forgiving.

SECOND FURY

Have they no shame?

THIRD FURY

The Fates are with the Muses.

FIRST FURY

They conspire
To frustrate justice!

The Second Fury leads the march as the indignant Furies return to confront the Fates.

SECOND FURY

Nature lies betrayed.

THIRD FATE

(patiently)

See you not the wheels within the wheels?

FIRST FATE

Would you deny their final, loving gift?

SECOND FATE

A single hair upon which all depends?

THIRD FATE

The thread is short.

FIRST FATE

And thin.

SECOND FATE

It calls for skill.

THIRD FURY

(coldly)

We are not moved.

THIRD FATE

Things shall be as they will.

INT - PUB - DAY

Scribbles appear on the screen, marking the end of the film reel. The pub lights are switched on and the projector is switched off. Morgen rubs his eyes, adjusting to the sudden light change.

Laura, dressed in a sensible country tweed, her long hair exquisitely braided, giving it the appearance of a short, business-like cut, raises the screen to reveal a blackboard upon which is a diagram (derived from Joseph Campbell's "Hero With a Thousand Faces"), a circle split by a horizontal line with "reality" and "conscious" chalked in above the line; "mystical encounter" and "unconscious" below; and "threshold" on the line. Turning to address her class, Laura sees Morgen at the back.

LAURA

What do the characters . . . represent?

Morgen recognizes her as the beauty who sang in the movie and is interested. The teenagers are highly motivated and their dialogue is fast-paced.

KEVIN

Nature deities.

BILLY

The Ninefold Muse.

BARBARA

The denigration of the goddess.

LAURA

(to Barbara)

Oh? Why do you say that?

BARBARA

Well, ever since society became patriarchal, men have been putting women down. The embodiment of the female principle, the mother goddess, is reduced to a bevy of ineffectual, bickering, departmental nymphs.

LAURA

Comment, Clio?

CLIO

What Barbara says may be so, but in this instance, I think it is safe to say that the fragmentation of the goddess is a device of exposition, used to reveal the crises dramatically through a confrontation between various aspects of her character.

LAURA

Who are the Furies?

Morgen is particularly attentive. After all, he "met" them on the road.

BARBARA

Goddesses of vengeance.

NIGEL

Forces of Nature opposed to mankind.

BILLY

The obstacles to be overcome.

AMY

The guardians of the threshold.

Laura indicates the "threshold" on her blackboard diagram.

LAURA

And the Muses?

BILLY

The goddesses who seek to inspire man.

CLIO

The keepers of the cauldron.

LAURA

The Cauldron of Inspiration. What about it?

KEVIN

It's the reward.

CLIO

The womb through which the enlightened one becomes the twice born.

NIGEL

Enlightenment.

LAURA
(writing it on the blackboard)
Enlightenment.
(turning back to her class)
What about the Fates?

KEVIN
The Past, Present and Future.

AMY
Impartial nature. What shall be, will be.

LAURA
What are they doing?

KEVIN
Weaving the thread.

LAURA
The thread! All right! What about the thread?

AMY
It's short.

KEVIN
And thin.

TEENAGERS (in unison)
It calls for skill.

LAURA
It calls for skill. What does it symbolize?

KEVIN
Time.

AMY
More than time. There's an implied threat in the delicacy of the thread. It could snap.

BILLY
Doesn't the thread . . . well, the strand of the Muse's hair, represent the hero?

LAURA
The hero!

Laura write it in the blackboard. As Laura continues, Morgen begins to sway, his exhaustion and the shock of his misadventure catching up with him.

LAURA (cont'd)

The Key! The Chosen One.

Laura is excited, having guided the discussion to the most important point of the lesson.

LAURA

(turning back to her class)

The single hair upon which all depends.

With a crash and a thud, Morgen falls unconscious, half under a table. Laura and the teens go to the collapsed figure. Billy is the first to recognize the rock superstar in their midst.

BILLY

It's Morgen. Morgen!

NIGEL

(impressed)

The pop star?

BARBARA

What's he doing here?

KEVIN

(knowingly)

"The Stranger"

Laura bends close to Morgen, taking his hand.

LAURA

Morgen.

The teens crowd closer, strangely detached as they speak.

BILLY

Bit of the old 'Witchy Stew', eh?

KEVIN

The cycle begins anew.

NIGEL

Just passing through?

LAURA

Morgen?

BARBARA

Perhaps, he's come to stay . . .

KEVIN

Wouldn't be a hero, then. Nothing but an adventurer.

Kevin draws his finger across his throat to indicate the fate that awaits adventurers.

AMY

The cycle would be incomplete.

LAURA

Morgen!

With a gasp, Morgen regains consciousness. Laura and the teens show no hint of malice as Morgen gathers his wits.

MORGEN

What happened?

LAURA

You fainted.

BILLY

You're Morgen, aren't you?

MORGEN

Yeah.

Morgen starts to his feet, but rises too quickly and is instantly dizzy. Laura helps him to a seat.

LAURA

Easy . . .

CLIO

Are you here for our Spring Festival?

BILLY

Will you be performing?

LAURA

(calling for order)

Class, please!

MORGEN

Sorry, gang. I just came in to use the phone.

The teens are disappointed, but Kevin dutifully fetches the telephone from the bar.

LAURA

All right, everyone. That's enough for now. And don't forget, final fittings this afternoon. Now, off with the lot of you!

The teens groan, but obediently file out of the pub. Morgen believes he's disrupted Laura's class.

MORGEN

Sorry, if I messed things up . . .

LAURA

Oh, we managed to cover all the important bits.

MORGEN

Well, that's good. My car's stuck in a ditch and the local garage won't be able to get to it before tomorrow.

Morgen depresses the telephone cradle several times, but fails to get a dial tone. He hands the phone to Laura.

MORGEN (cont'd)

It's dead.

Laura holds the receiver to her ear, then places it back in the cradle.

MORGEN

Do you have a cell?

LAURA

A cell?

MORGEN

A cell phone? Wireless?

LAURA

Our links with the outside world are tenuous, at best.

Morgen shudders.

LAURA (cont'd)

You're trembling. You're not hurt?

MORGEN

I'm all right. Delayed reaction, I guess.

LAURA

You've had a shock.

MORGEN

No, I'm fine, now. Really. Just tired.

LAURA

You need a lie down . . .

MORGEN

You're probably right. Are there rooms here?

LAURA

There are, but I'm afraid everything's been booked for our Spring Festival.

MORGEN

Just my luck.

LAURA

There's a cottage. A bit off the beaten track, but you could rest, there.

MORGEN

Does it have a phone?

LAURA

Sorry. There's never been a phone there. It's ages old, built to house pilgrims to our ancient shrine. But I can take you there.

MORGEN

You have a car?

LAURA

(leading the way)

Not exactly.

Laura leads Morgen toward a side door of the pub.

LAURA

This way . . .

MORGEN

By all means.

EXT - PUB (SERVICE DOOR) - DAY

Laura's gaily decorated pony cart stands ready by the service door. The body is painted wickerwork and the frame is of sensuously curved wood featuring a carved floral motif, painted in bright colors. Morgen is impressed.

MORGEN

I don't believe it!

LAURA

Do you like it? It's traditional, this time of year.

MORGEN

Big on tradition around here, aren't you?

LAURA

Definitely!

As Morgen climbs aboard, he eyes the pony warily.

MORGEN

Can that little guy manage both of us?

LAURA

Whisht! He thinks he can, and he will.

The cart shifts slightly. Morgen grabs the side rail.

MORGEN!

You're sure you know how to drive this thing?

LAURA

The "little guy" knows enough to keep us out of a ditch.

Morgen winces, reacting to the verbal jab. Laura is aglow with mischief.

LAURA (cont'd)

(a playful warning)

Hold on!

Laura clucks to the pony and the cart shoots forward. Morgen holds on for dear life. Laura smiles, then offers a hand to Morgen.

LAURA
I'm Laura. Laura Webster

MORGEN
Laura Webster.

LAURA
(finishing for him)
And you're Morgen.

MORGEN
(abashed)
Right.

EXT – COUNTRY LANES/PONY CART - DAY

Montage of Laura and Morgen riding in the pony cart. Laura tries to point out the natural and cultivated beauty of the landscape, but Morgen is more interested in the charms of the tour guide as the obligato introduction to “THE LIKES OF YOU” begins. The underlying ambient sound of the pony cart is subdued. Morgen and Laura do not sing on camera.

MORGEN (singing V.O.)
I've never seen The Likes of You.
Are you a dream, or a dream come true?
You're more than my imagination can conceive
Please let me touch you, that I may believe.

Morgen's rapt attention amuses Laura. She suddenly wheels the pony cart off the country lane and onto an ascending dirt track. Her obligato returns as she snaps the reins and the pony dutifully pulls the cart up the hill.

EXT - UPHILL DIRT TRACK THROUGH WOODS/PONY CART - DAY

Laure and Morgen ascend the steep track in the pony cart.

EXT – STONE CIRCLE /PONY CART - DAY

The music tracks give way to the ambient sound effects as the pony cart arrives at the stone circle. The clearing inside the stone circle around the large central, solitary, upright stone, is well-tended, and the view from the leveled portion of the hillside is breathtaking.

LAURA
Morningstone!

Laura springs from the cart. Morgen follows, but is unsteady on his feet and clings to the side of the pony cart to keep his balance.

MORGEN

My legs feel wobbly.

LAURA

You're on sacred ground. In these hollow hills, gods and goddesses dwell - the Gentry. Fairies, if you prefer. Still, you're safe enough in broad daylight.

Laura walks toward the trilithon entrance to the stone circle. Morgen, steadier now, follows.

MORGEN

Oh?

LAURA

According to legend, one of three fates is sure to befall a mortal brave enough, or foolish enough, to visit the shrine by night. The hoped for one is rarely granted.

MORGEN

And that is?

Laura stops before the trilithon entrance, turning back to face Morgen.

LAURA

That communion with the Ninefold Muse that makes bards of minstrels.

Morgen comes closer, their isolation suggesting romance, but neither makes the first move and the moment passes.

MORGEN

I see. And the more common fates?

LAURA

Madness . . . or death.

Something in the way she said it gives Morgen pause. He steps back a pace, and takes in the view from the hill.

MORGEN

That would tend to keep the lines down.

LAURA

It's not much further to the cottage.

Laura returns to the pony cart and Morgen follows. When they are both aboard, Laura drives the pony cart up the hill, past the dolmen.

EXT – HILLSIDE/DOLMEN (MORGEN'S POV) – DAY

View of the dolmen from the passing pony cart.

EXT – SHRINE/TOP OF THE HILL/PONY CART - DAY

Laura is serene and seems distant as the cart crests of the hill and starts down the other side. Morgen is sure that, for a moment, there was something between them.

MORGEN

I don't get it.

LAURA

What don't you get?

MORGEN

You. Here.

LAURA

Where else would I be?

MORGEN

I saw the film. You know you're talented.

LAURA

A purely a local effort for the heritage class.

EXT – DIRT TRACK IN WOODS DESCENDING/PONY CART - DAY

Laura turns her attention to braking the pony cart, as it begins its decent. "THE LIKES OF YOU" returns in the music tracks.

MORGEN (singing V.O.)

When you come near, I feel dazed and weak.

I dare not move. I dare not speak.

I don't know why. This feeling's new.

I've never seen The Likes of You.

The wooded track on this side of the hill is overgrown and they duck some low-lying branches as they descend.

MORGEN (singing V.O.)

Will you, like a lover's moon, flee the morning sun,
Or will you constant be? Are you The One?

EXT - BROOK NEAR COTTAGE/PONY CART – DAY

The ambient sound returns with a vengeance as the pony cart SPLASHES across the brook, startling Morgen, who never saw it coming. The rattling cart and splashing water dampen his ardor as effectively as a cold shower might.

EXT – COTTAGE/PONY CART - DAY

The dripping pony cart arrives at the Cottage.

MORGEN

Regular all-terrain vehicle...

Laura frowns as she sees smoke rising from the cottage chimney.

LAURA

You have company.

Morgen frowns. too. They dismount from the pony cart and go to the door.

INT - COTTAGE/GREAT ROOM - DAY

The cottage has an open floor plan. Just to the left of center, a sofa and coffee table act as a room divider. Along the opposite wall is a built-in stone fireplace and mantelpiece. On the front wall, to the left, there's a writing desk below a sunny window.

Directly opposite the front door, there is a door leading to the back of the cottage. The kitchen and breakfast nook are to the right. Before a large, cast iron stove, Fiona, seen earlier in the shop across the green from Smythe's garage, stirs herbs into a bubbling stew pot as Laura and Morgen enter.

LAURA

Fiona?

FIONA

Laura!

LAURA

Aren't you supposed to be in the village?

Fiona wipes her hands on a towel to greet Morgen.

FIONA

Without a bite to eat or a drop to drink in the cottage? A fine how-do-you-do that'd be, for a famous guest who's come all the way from America!

(to Morgen)

I'm Fiona.

Fiona offers her hand to Morgen. Morgen bows slightly, and kisses it. Laura rolls her eyes.

MORGEN

Fiona. I'm Morgen.

LAURA

(to Fiona)

Aren't you supposed to be seeing to the costumes?

FIONA

First things first, dear.

(to Morgen)

Welcome to Morningstone cottage.

MORGEN

Thank you.

Fiona takes a wine bottle from a wicker basket, (in which several more bottles may be seen), pulls the cork and pours the beverage into three goblets already waiting on the kitchen table.

FIONA

I believe this calls for a toast. I brought these along for a welcome, made entirely from local fruits and herbs.

LAURA

Fiona's Nectar. Careful Morgen. It's potent.

FIONA

To you, Morgen. May your needs be provided, your desires fulfilled and your memories commend us!

MORGEN

I'll drink to that.

Fiona's elixir is strong enough to take the breath away.

MORGEN

Wow! Is this what you drink when you're out of tea?

FIONA

(taken aback)

I could put on the kettle . . .

MORGEN

No, please. This is fine!

FIONA

Oh good! So, you'll be here for our festival?

LAURA

Morgen's only staying until his car is back on the road.

FIONA

Long enough, but I haven't made up a room . . .

As Laura speaks, she starts toward the interior doorway at the back of the cottage.

LAURA

I'll do that. You finish up and I'll drive you into the village.

Laura disappears from the doorway and Fiona turns back to the stove to stir her Ambrosia.

FIONA

So much to do and so little time . . .

MORGEN

Something smells delicious.

FIONA

Ambrosia. It's a traditional at the cottage. The recipe is as old as the hills . . .

Fiona turns to face Morgen as she removes her apron.

FIONA (cont'd)

Morgen with an "e."

MORGEN

Yes. Morgen with an "e." I'm surprised you knew that.

FIONA

Something as important as that, I make it my business to know. And all those teachers and what not, trying to correct the spelling, and you, even when you were a tyke, fighting to keep it as it was on your blanket. You were right, you know. It singles you out from all the other Morgans. It identifies you, should anyone be looking for you, Morgen with an “e.”

MORGEN

That’s what the nurse said, way back when. Whoever signed me in changed it to an “a,” and she threw a fit. She said to copy it exactly as it was on the note, in case anyone came looking for me.

FIONA

Good for her! There’s a lot in a name.

MORGEN

Well, so far, no one’s come looking, so . . .

FIONA

Sure of that, are you?

MORGEN

Well, not that I’ve heard of.

FIONA

It’s like having a festival name.

MORGEN

What’s a festival name?

FIONA

Names like Fairchild, Merriweather, and Greenwood, all surnames given to children conceived at festivals.

MORGEN

Really?

FIONA

Well, under the circumstances, a girl couldn’t be expected to know just who the father might be, could she? There’s a lot in a name.

Fiona’s explanation sets Morgen’s thoughts racing. Never a spelling mistake. A way to identify him. He hadn’t notice Laura enter the room, so when she speaks, he’s startled out of his reverie.

LAURA

Fiona, are you ready?

FIONA

Just about.

Fiona looks around the room, pointing out the cottage's amenities to Morgen.

FIONA (cont'd)

You've wood for a fire, plenty to drink and plenty of ambrosia, but it still needs to simmer for a few hours. If you feel peckish before then, there's bread in the basket, baked fresh for the festival.

(to Laura)

You've made up his room?

LAURA

(pointing out the other amenities)

Yes. And there's wood in the fireplace, matches on the mantle, pen and paper, on the writing desk, should you feel inspired. You know how to light the lamp?

MORGEN

Yes, thank you.

LAURAS

Sorry to have to rush off like this, but the festival . . .

FIONA

So much to do and so little time.

MORGEN

I'll be fine.

Morgen goes to the front door as Laura and Fiona move quickly to the pony cart.

LAURA

(calling back to Morgen)

Bye for now. Get some rest!

MORGEN

I will, and thank you both.

EXT – COTTAGE/PONY CART - DAY

Laura and Fiona both spring into the pony cart, wheel it about and start toward the brook.

EXT – COTTAGE – DAY

Morgen waves goodbye from the doorway.

EXT - BROOK NEAR COTTAGE - DAY

Fiona waves goodbye as Laura drives the pony cart back across the brook.

EXT – NARROW, WOODED TRACK - DAY

“THE LIKE OF YOU” returns in the music tracks as the pony cart drives out of sight.

MORGEN (singing V.O.)

Will you, like a lover’s moon, flee the mornings sun,
Or will you constant be? Are you the one?
Don’t go away. Stay near me now.

EXT – COTTAGE – DAY

Morgen goes back inside the cottage.

MORGEN (singing V.O.)

I’d keep you close . . .

INT - COTTAGE/REAT ROOM – DAY

Morgen pauses to take in his lonely surroundings.

MORGEN (singing V.O.)

If I knew how.

The song continues as Morgen goes to the kitchen table and pours himself another goblet of Nectar. He sips and shudders, then lifts the lid over the stew pot to glory in the aroma of Fiona’s Ambrosia, but musters enough discipline to replace the lid without giving in to his hunger. He opens the wicker basket and turns back a cloth covering to reveal a loaf of bread baked in the shape of a nude woman! Amused, Morgen goes to the living area with his goblet and the loaf of bread, sees the matches and an hourglass on the mantle over the fireplace. He turns the hour glass over, sees the sand start to fall, then, goes to the sofa, takes another sip of Nectar, and grinning, traces the contours of the Lady bread with his fingertips.

MORGEN (singing V.O.)

If I sound strange, please trust me do.

MORGEN (singing V.O. (cont'd))
I've never seen The Likes of You.
The Likes of You. The Likes of You.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT - COTTAGE/GREAT ROOM - DUSK

The hourglass has run out, the room is darker, the sunlight gone from the window over the writing desk, where the kerosene lamp is lit and a note, folded like a pup tent, awaits. Morgen, covered with a blanket, is asleep on the sofa. A cheery fire burns in the fireplace. but a tiny explosion in the fireplace awakens Morgen, and he sits up. The blanket slides down to reveal that in one hand, he's hugging the loaf of bread to his chest. Realizing it, he quickly tosses it onto the coffee table. The room is illuminated by the oil lamp and flickering fire in the fireplace. As Morgen gets his bearings, he sees the note, and reads it by the light from the kerosene lantern.

INSERT: HANDWRITTEN NOTE. "You look like you need rest more than company. Laura."

MORGEN (V.O.)
Laura?

Morgen hurries to the front door, opens it and steps outside.

EXT – COTTAGE - DUSK

Morgen stands outside, gazing toward the wooded path beyond the brook. Laura is nowhere to be seen. He sighs, turns, and goes back inside, closing the door behind him.

EXT - BROOK NEAR COTTAGE – DUSK

The Barn Owl watches from its perch in a tree overlooking the brook.

INT – COTTAGE – DUSK

Montage: Morgen does not sing the song on screen, but "BEMUSED: FIRST CANTO" plays in the music tracks as he ladles some of Fiona's ambrosia from the stew pot into a wooden bowl, sips some of her Nectar, sits at the kitchen table, sopping up the last of the Ambrosia from the bottom of his wooden bowl with the final piece of the exotic loaf of bread.

MORGEN (singing V.O.)
It's not clear, and I can't be sure.
I get the strange sensation that I've been this way before.
The feeling is elusive. It's like trying to pick up sand.
The more you try to hold it, the less stays in your hand.

Resolved, Morgen takes a final slug of Nectar straight from the bottle, sets the empty bottle on the table, rises and goes to the front door as the music tracks fade away.

EXT – COTTAGE – MOONLIT NIGHT

Morgen comes out and starts walking toward the brook.

EXT - BROOK NEAR COTTAGE – DUSK

The Barn Owl watches from its perch as Morgen arrives at the brook. Morgen picks his across the brook on stepping stones. Then starts up the narrow, wooded track. The Barn Owl silently takes flight.

EXT – NARROW, WOODED TRACK - NIGHT

Moonlight filtering through the trees barely lights the trail as Morgen ascends the hill from the cottage side.

INSERT: CLOUDS SCUD PAST THE FULL MOON

EXT – DOLMEN – NIGHT

Morgen comes out of the woods over the crest of the hill, looking up at the night sky. He looks down at the stone circle and stops. After a beat, he moves laterally across the hill, away from the dolmen, into the rocky area of brush and trees above the stone circle. The scene darkens.

INSERT - CLOUDS SCUD PAST FULL MOON - NIGHT

The clouds begin to clear.

EXT – HILLSIDE ABOVE STONE CIRCLE – MOONLIT NIGHT

Morgen finds a position where he can look down into the stone circle, sits, and leans back against a tree trunk, cradled by its spreading roots and partially hidden by nearby brush. DISSOLVE TO: Morgen's eyes are closed, as if asleep. His eyes open suddenly when the Morningstone CHOIR begins singing "IN THIS PLACE."

CHOIR (singing V.O.)
"In This Place" where I am . . .

Morgen leans forward to peer down into the stone circle below.

EXT – STONE CIRCLE (MORGEN’S POV) - NIGHT

Torches are evenly spaced around the stone circle below. The upright stone is draped with buckskin cloak and crowned with an antlered headdress. Fiona conducts the a cappella women’s Choir, gathered outside the stone circle.

CHOIR (singing)

Those who seek me shall find me here. If they seek me here.

EXT – HILLSIDE ABOVE THE TORCH-LIT STONE CIRCLE – NIGHT

Morgen shudders, listening to the eerie acapella choir.

CHOIR (singing V.O.)

If they see, with their eyes closed, They will surely find me here,

EXT – TORCH-LIT STONE CIRCLE/CENTRAL STANDING STONE – NIGHT

Out beyond the trilithon entrance to the stone circle, the choir sings the last phrase.

CHOIR (singing V.O.)

“In This Place.”

Duration 0:44

Montage: The end of the a cappella opening marks the start of Morningstone’s Rite of Spring, a pageant of sympathetic magic based on a heathen concept of Humanity’s place in Nature. The ritual described is based on ancient traditions, meant to bring humans into harmony with nature (and vice versa). If one accepts that Morningstone is a paradise, then its gods and goddesses must be performing their ritual to put Morgen in touch with its mystery by introducing him (or perhaps by re-introducing him), to his carnal nature.

(On paper, intercuts disrupt the flow of the action and the sequence is made more frustrating, than informative, so I represent each element as a complete action in itself (they will be shot that way), although in the edited film, they will modify and enhance each other when intercut. I trust the reader’s imagination will find the procession and dance suggested by the music to “IN THIS PLACE” provides a most eloquent description of the action.

MONTAGE: EXT – HILLSIDE ABOVE STONE CIRCLE – NIGHT

Starting at 0:45, immediately following the acapella choir, Morgen, startled by the nearby crash of a gong and beat of drums, crouches, pressing closer to the tree, and cranes his neck to discover the source of the sound, coming from the general direction of the dolmen.

The Morningstone ORCHESTRA of Renaissance-costumed men and boys play a *Diatonic Melody*, (rhythmic strings, woodwind melody). At the stone circle, Fiona and the Choir don masks. On the hillside Morgen is a hidden observer. Back at the stone circle, during the *Diatonic Melody*, Fiona puts on a white, feathered mask that covers her forehead, eyes and nose, lending her an owl-like look. Following her example, the rest of the choir dons its totem masks. Before the section ends, Morgen notices Fiona and the choir are gone.

Diatonic Melody Duration 1:03

Starting at 1:48, near the dolmen, the all-male Orchestra starts playing the *First Pentatonic Section* (*horn takes melody*). At the stone circle, Fiona and masked choir are still nowhere to be seen. Toward the end of the *First Pentatonic Section*, the orchestra turns its attention to the hilltop and Morgen follows their gaze.

First Pentatonic Section Duration 0:32

Starting at 2:20, on the Hilltop, with the entry of *The Second Pentatonic Section* (Panpipes carry the melody), Fiona, wearing her Owl-like mask, leads the decorated pony cart into view, over the top of the hill. Laura stands alone in the cart and without a mask, wearing her gossamer-like, multi-layered gown and crown of flowers. She smiles enigmatically, eyes staring blankly as if drugged, or perhaps possessed. Amy, Clio, and Barbara, each wearing masks, one on each side of the cart and one following behind, carry garlanded poles all joined at their peak, forming a pyramid over Laura's head. The masked choir follows, hiking their gowns up under their belts, letting the excess material fall down over their belts, shortening their dresses to display their legs, or, more importantly, make it possible for them to run faster, when the time comes.

Second Pentatonic Section Duration 0:48

Starting at 3:08, the *Recapitulation of the Diatonic Melody*, (melody on strings), on the dirt track, Fiona, Amy, Barbara, Clio, Laura, and the pony cart continue down toward the stone circle. The Masked Choir abandons the procession to descend upon the Orchestra by the dolmen.

Recapitulation Diatonic Melody Duration 0:38

Starting at 3:42, *Pentatonic Development* (brass takes melody and counterpoint), the masked Choir arrives at the dolmen, emboldened by the anonymity provided by their masks, the ladies move provocatively through the orchestra, each one promoting her charms for all. The musicians are hard-pressed to concentrate on their music as the orchestra conductor tries to signal the choir to move on.

3:58, Before the trilithon entrance to the stone circle, the teenagers stop, allowing the pony cart to pass out from under their floral pyramid and enter the stone circle. They then come together, making a single floral pole of their three separate ones, and lean it up against one side of the trilithon entrance, before taking positions along the outside perimeter wall of the stone circle. Inside the stone circle, Fiona leads the pony cart around the hide-draped central upright stone with its antlered headdress.

Duration 0:32

Starting at 4:14, *Pentatonic Development* continues as the Choir abandons the Orchestra and hurries downhill to the stone circle to take spectator positions outside the broken slab wall.

Duration 0:16

Starting at 4:30, *Polyrhythmic Pentatonic Development* begins as the masked Choir ladies take their positions, outside the stone circle. Inside the stone circle, Fiona completes a circuit of the antlered central standing stone and with the entrance of the Panpipes, Laura springs from the cart to begin her dance. *Duration 0:15*

Starting at 4:45, Upbeat Dance Music featuring Panpipes. Inside the stone circle, all eyes are on Laura's dance as it goes from sensual to erotic with the increase in the tempo. At the dolmen, the musicians playing Panpipes tradeoff between them, each increasing the tempo. Intercut with Morgan, hidden on the Hillside, watching and becoming excited by Laura's Rite of Spring Dance as her movements seems dictated by the Panpipes. *Duration 0:55*

Starting at 5:40, With the entrance of the FIRST ELECTRIC GUITAR (not present in the Orchestra), Morgen may not realize it, but in his aroused mental state, his imagination is taking control of both the music and Laura's dance. As the tempo increases, the faces and performances of the Conductor and the musicians show they are surprised and the Panpipes, now playing counterpoint, are hard-pressed to keep up with the increasing tempo, while at the stone circle, the faces of the teenagers and choir show they are surprised by the intensity of Laura's frenzied dance, but Owl-masked Fiona, with the pony cart outside the stone circle, glances up at the Hillside and smiles, knowing Morgen is now directly involved in the pageant, and calmly turns and leads the pony cart away. *Duration 0:26*

Starting at 6:06, the entry of ADDITIONAL ELECTRONIC INSTRUMENTS increases the tempo, as Morgen's jerks and twitches "conduct" the electronic instruments. In the stone circle, the focus is on the antler-crowned stag's hide cloaked, central upright stone, as Laura's dance become more frenzied and with the ever-accelerating tempo, she begins tearing off her clothes. *Duration 0:50*

Starting at 6:56, the Ritardo begins. Laura, naked, her back to the choir and shielded from Morgen's view by the central monolith, stops, stands for a moment, and then, under the watchful gaze of the choir, walks slowly to the upright stone, ascends the steps, grabs to the buckskin cloak in both hands, and pulls herself up, embracing the stone with her shapely legs. On the hillside, Morgen tries to see the action, but the antler-crowned standing stone is between him and Laura's finale. *Duration 0:47*

EXT – HILLSIDE ABOVE STONE CIRCLE – NIGHT

From its perch in a nearby tree, the Barn Owl shrieks, startling Morgen. An answering shriek from the excited masked women pulls Morgen's attention back to the action below.

EXT - STONE CIRCLE – NIGHT

Taking up where the owl's shriek left of, the masked ladies bolt and joyfully dash away into the surrounding darkness.

EXT – DOLMEN - NIGHT

The excited menfolk roar, shout and, abandoning their instruments, run down to the stone circle, some seizing torches to light their way as they chase down their women.

EXT – HILLSIDE ABOVE STONE CIRCLE - NIGHT

Morgen presses himself back into the darkness of the tree trunk, so he won't be seen by any of the men, now on the move.

EXT – HILLSIDE ABOVE STONE CIRCLE – NIGHT

A shower of silvery moon dust falls from the perch in the tree where the Barn Owl had been.

EXT – STONE CIRCLE - NIGHT

Few torches remain to light the area, but within the circle, the scowling Furies guard the sacred ground. The happy Muses help Laura to her feet and wrap Laura in a doeskin blanket. She holds it closed, then happily hurries off through the trilithon, and starts up the dirt track leading over the hill toward the cottage. Beyond her, some distant torches have become stationary, but others continue their pursuit, further afield.

EXT – HILLSIDE - NIGHT

Morgen watches Laura as she hurries up the hill toward the dolmen.

EXT – DOLMEN – NIGHT

Laura hurries up the dirt track, but casts a furtive glance toward Morgen's hidden observation post, and smiles.

EXT- HILLSIDE ABOVE STONE CIRCLE – NIGHT

Morgen waits until Laura starts down the far side of the hill, before he rises from hiding. He starts across the hillside toward the dirt track, revealing the Three Fates, behind him, smiling benignly, their blind eyes seeming to watch, as they continue to weave their tapestry and the Intro to "PEEPING TOM" comes up in the music tracks, signaling the start of the Love Chase montage, in which the hunter becomes the prey.

HILLSIDE: starting at 0:05. Morgen moves back across the hillside toward the dirt track.

MORGEN (singing V.O.)

I love the way your play your role
A proper lady fair . . .

Duration 0:06

WOODED DIRT TRACK: starting at 0:11. Laura moves happily through the woods on the dark, dirt track leading back to the cottage, alone and unafraid.

MORGEN (singing V.O.)

But when you take an evening's stroll,
It's not to take the air.
It's no use your denying what you do. I saw it all,
For I was out there spying.

Duration 0:14

HILLTOP OVERLOOKING DIRT TRACK TO COTTAGE starting at 0:25. Morgen stands on the hilltop, a silhouette against the bright full moon.

MORGEN (singing V.O.)

Now you're up against the wall.

Morgen starts down the dark, narrow, wooded track.

MORGEN (singing V.O.)

I know your darkest secret. I was witness to your rite.

Duration 0:08

NARROW, WOODED TRACK: starting at 0:34. Laura continues blissfully along the dark, narrow, wooded track.

MORGEN (singing V.O.)

Your erotic transformation -- I saw it all tonight.

Duration 0:04

NARROW, WOODED TRACK: starting at 0:38. Morgen begins to lope down the track, watching for Laura.

MORGEN (singing V.O.)

I knew if I was clever, no one need ever know,
So, I was there, my lady fair. I sure enjoyed the show.

Duration 0:13

NARROW, WOODED TRACK: starting at 0:51. Laura pauses, listens, then smiles and hurries on, careless about her covering doeskin.

MORGEN (singing V.O.)
Unbidden, hidden, I watched you.
I viewed the whole charade;
Your beauty rare, all pink and bare,
Before me all displayed.

Duration 0:11

NARROW, WOODED TRACK: starting at 1:02. Morgen continues to lope along the dirt track, watching for his quarry.

MORGEN (singing V.O.)
I have witnessed your diversion,
Know your wanton appetite,
Your erotic recreation . . .

Duration 0:09

NARROW, WOODED TRACK: starting at 1:11. Smiling, Laura looks back up the hill, then moves quickly off the track into the woods.

MORGEN (singing V.O.)
I was watching you tonight!

MUSES, FATES AND FURIES (singing V.O.)
Peeping Tom! Peeping Tom! Peeping Tom peeping.

Duration 0:05

STONE CIRCLE Starting at 1:16. The merry Muses sing their lines.

MUSES, FATES AND FURIES (sing)
Peeping Tom! Peeping Tom, keeping out of sight.

Duration 0:03

NARROW, WOODED TRACK: starting at 1:19. Morgen stands, listening.

MUSES, FATES AND FURIES (singing V.O.)
Peeping Tom! Peeping Tom! Peeping Tom creeping.

Duration 0:03

STONE CIRCLE/ABOVE DARK CHAMBER: starting at 1:22. The Fates sing as they weave the tapestry that partially covers the embedded trilithon cave entrance. The Furies draw back the tapestry, revealing the dark entrance.

MUSES, FATES and FURIES (sing)
Can't go on, Peeping Tom, Peeping in the night.

Starting at 1:24, the growling Mastiff explodes out of the dark chamber and leaps out of the stone circle to give chase as the Furies sing over the other goddesses.

FURIES (sing)
Creeping through the night!

Duration 0:02

WOODS: starting at 1:26. Laura, wrapped more cautiously in her doeskin blanket, moves cautiously through the woods.

MORGEN (singing V.O.)
The passion in your nature, so craftily concealed,
Has now been exposed, my love –

Laura trips, then keeps her balance by hopping over roots in time to the musical triplet.

MORGEN (singing V.O.)
Your secrets all revealed. *Duration 0:11*

NARROW, WOODS: starting at 1:37. Morgen's reacts and enters the WOODS.

MORGEN (singing V.O.)
What's done is done. You've had your fun. *Duration 0:04*

WOODS: starting at 1:41. Morgen stalks his quarry through the woods.

MORGEN (singing V.O.)
And now you'll pay my price.
You'll come to me prepared to be

Like Laura before him, Morgen hops over the same roots, in triplet time.

MORGEN (singing V.O.)
A carnal sacrifice. *Duration 0:08*

WOODS: starting at 1:49. Laura watches from cover as Morgen draws nearer.

MORGEN (singing V.O.)
There's no use in your pretending
You're some humble acolyte. *Duration 0:06*

WOODS: starting at 1:55. Morgen seems to scent her, and moves toward her hiding place.

MORGEN (singing V.O.)
I observed your dedication. I saw everything tonight! *Duration 0:07*

WOODS: starting at 2:02. Laura bolts from hiding.

FURIES FATES AND MUSES (Singing V.O.)
Peeping Tom! Peeping Tom! Peeping Tom peeping.

Morgen pursues her.

FURIES, FATES AND MUSES (Singing V.O.)
Peeping Tom! Peeping Tom, keeping out of sight. *Duration 0:05*

STONE CIRCLE: starting at 2:07. All sing, but each trio has a different agenda.

MUSES (singing V.O.)
Peeping Tom!

FATES (singing V.O.)
Peeping Tom!

FURIES (singing V.O.)
Peeping Tom creeping.

FATES (singing V.O.)
Can't go on . . .

MUSES (singing V.O.)
Peeping Tom,

FURIES (singing V.O.)
Peeping in the night. *Duration 0:06*

WOODS: starting at 2:13. Laura flees downhill through the dark woods. Morgen chases, gaining on her.

FURIES, FATES AND MUSES (singing V.O.)
Peeping Tom! Peeping Tom! Peeping Tom peeping.
Peeping Tom! Peeping Tom, keeping out of sight.
Peeping Tom! Peeping Tom!

Laura's doeskin snags on a branch and is almost torn from her grasp.

FURIES, FATES AND MUSES (singing V.O.)
Peeping Tom creeping.

Laughing, Laura pulls her doeskin free of the branch as she dashes behind a large tree trunk.

FURIES FATES AND MUSES (singing V.O.)
Can't go on, Peeping Tom, *Duration 0:20*

EXT – BROOK NEAR COTTAGE – NIGHT

Morgen, hot on her heels, leaps to the other side of the tree trunk.

FURIES, FATES AND MUSES (singing V.O.)

Peeping in the night!

The song stops abruptly as Morgen tries to grab Laura, but a DOE springs from behind the tree, startling him and sending him tumbling into the chilly brook. Morgen splashes to his feet, stunned by the cold water, bewildered as he watches the Doe bound away. In response to a menacing growl, he turns to confront the Mastiff, on the cottage side of the brook. Morgen freezes in place, afraid to make the slightest move.

FIRST FURY (O.S.)

What brings you here?

Morgen turns cautiously to confront the three Furies, blocking his retreat.

MORGEN

(frightened and angry)

As if you didn't know . . .

SECOND FURY

That is boldly spoken.

THIRD FURY

Like a challenge, spoken.

FIRST FURY

Intended, perhaps, to provoke?

MORGEN

I've reason enough to be provoked.

SECOND FURY

Abandon reason.

THIRD FURY

Before you is a mystery.

FIRST FURY

A wonder not attained by reason.

The Mastiff barks. Morgen whirls to defend himself, but the dog tentatively wags its tail. The Furies scowl at the dog. Its tail droops and it slinks away, leaving the path to the cottage clear. Morgen turns back to confront the Furies, but they are gone! Morgen shouts into the darkness.

MORGEN

There must be some reason!

The final verse of “In This Place” comes up in the music tracks.

CHOIR (singing V.O.)

If they see... with their eyes closed.

With no one upon whom to vent his spleen, Morgen sloshes out of the Brook, and soaked to the skin, squishes his way up to the cottage. From its perch in the tree over the brook, the Barn Owl shakes silvery moon dust from its feathers and watches Morgen slosh up to the Cottage, go inside, and shut the door.

INT – COTTAGE – MORNING

Morgen, sleeping on the sofa, is awakened by the sunlight streaming in the window over the writing desk. There is no pup tent folded note. He sniffs the air, then sits up and peers over the back of the sofa toward the kitchen area.

INT – COTTAGE/KITCHEN AREA – MORNING

Using the handpump by the sink, Fiona is pumping water into a pot.

MORGEN

Do I smell coffee?

Fiona is startled, looking first to the door to the back of the cottage, and then to where Morgen’s head sticks up over the back of the sofa.

FIONA

Oh, Morgen. You gave me a start!

MORGEN

Sorry.

FIONA

Did you sleep there all night?

MORGEN

I must have.

FIONA

I thought you were still in back. And yes, that’s is coffee. I know you don’t care for tea. How do you like your coffee?

Morgen gets up from the sofa and goes to the kitchen table.

MORGEN

Bit of sugar. Bit of milk.

FIONA

Cream?

Morgen sits at the table while Fiona prepares his coffee.

MORGEN

Even better.

FIONA

Sleep well, did you?

MORGEN

Strange dreams.

FIONA

I'm not surprised. You drank a whole bottle of my Nectar.

Fiona brings Morgen his coffee.

MORGEN

I did, didn't I?

Fiona goes back to the stove area.

FIONA

Boiled, poached, scrambled or fried?

MORGEN

Well, I'm all right, now.

FIONA

How do you like your eggs?

Fiona shows Morgen the eggs in her hand.

EXT – NARROW, WOODED TRACK – DAY

The Mastiff lies in the woods, just off the track, alert, listening as Fiona and Morgen approach.

FIONA (V.O.)

Your coming to Morningstone was no accident . . .

As Fiona and Morgen come into view, the Mastiff rises and tentatively wags its tail. Seeing the huge dog up ahead, Morgen grows wary. The Mastiff approaches, swinging its tail, going straight toward Morgen. Morgen freezes in his tracks. Fiona smiles warmly.

FIONA

It seems you've got a friend.

MORGEN

I'm not so sure about that.

The huge dog licks Morgen's hand.

FIONA

There, you see? He's just saying "hello."

MORGEN

Or tasting me, to see whether I'm worth eating.

FIONA

He's being friendly. Pet him.

Morgen pets the dog. The Mastiff wags its tail happily, turns and trots ahead, leading the way along the track.

FIONA (cont'd)

Now, there's a gift. A natural way with animals. That's always a good sign.

MORGEN

Or he's already had breakfast.

Fiona laughs. Morgen begins to feel more relaxed and rather proud of his 'gift'.

FIONA

As I was saying, you, coming here to Morningstone, was no accident. You, an enchanter . . .

MORGEN

Enchanter?

FIONA

Well, song and chant used to mean the same thing, didn't they? And you set words to music and even sing the songs.

FIONA (cont'd)

You're an enchanter by definition, casting spells on all the young ladies. And songs are spells, aren't they? Once you've heard one, there's no telling when it'll come back to you, going 'round and 'round in your head, even when there's no music to hear. That's a kind of magic, I'd say.

MORGEN

I never thought of it in quite that way.

FIONA

You ought to. You, with the world by the ears, so to speak. Who can say what sort of mischief you might cause, or what good you might do?

We hear a sudden FLUTTER, O.S. and Fiona points excitedly at the path ahead.

FIONA (cont'd)

(happily)

Oh, look, Morgen!

The Mastiff with intense concentration, stalks a LAPWING PLOVER, a pathetic sight, struggling along the track at a distance, dragging one wing.

MORGEN (sympathetically)

It's been hurt!

Fiona Laughs. Morgen is shocked by her laughter.

MORGEN (cont'd)

(indignantly)

It's got a broken wing.

FIONA

Never!

Morgen hurries forward to try to hold the dog. Reacting to Morgen's approach, the Lapwing flutters along all the faster. Fiona laughs again, as she tries to explain it all to Morgen.

FIONA (cont'd)

Morgen, it's a lapwing! There's a nest nearby.

MORGEN

(sternly)

It's hurt.

FIONA

No, Morgen . . .

The Mastiff, upset by Morgen's approach, rushes at the Lapwing. It soars away, it's "broken" wing whole. Morgen stands abashed, tricked by a bird! The dog barks indignantly as it gives up the pursuit. Fiona catches up, controlling her mirth, sympathetic to Morgen.

FIONA (cont'd)

I tried to warn you. But never mind. It's a good omen. A secret will be revealed to you.

MORGEN

(wryly)

I can't wait.

FIONA

(amused)

Well, if you won't listen . . .

EXT – SHRINE - DAY

The Choir and the Orchestra are scattered throughout the area, some by the dolmen, some along the path to the stone circle, others by the trilithon entry. The men wear rich tunics over shirts with billowy slashed sleeves, and tight hose, some topping it all off with feathered caps, lending a Renaissance aura to the event. The ladies wear garlands in their hair and lovely gowns featuring ribbons and bows that beg to be undone.

The Mastiff, Morgen and Fiona appear on the hilltop. A hush falls over the Choir and Orchestra as they maneuver and crane their necks to see. The Mastiff leads Morgen and Fiona through the crowd. The teenagers are among the people who silently step aside to let Morgen and Fiona pass, then follow at a discreet distance.

MORGEN

Fiona?

FIONA

(beaming)

Yes, Morgen?

MORGEN

I recognize these people.

FIONA

That's nice . . .

MORGEN

From my "dream."

FIONA

But you were only a spectator, then . . .

EXT – STONE CIRCLE – DAY

They arrive at the trilithon entrance to the stone circle. The entrance to the chamber in the hillside is clear, but there is nothing but darkness within. The rest of the crowd of villagers begin to take positions around the perimeter.

FIONA

And here you are!

The Mastiff, inside the stone circle stands by the upright stone, waiting for Morgen.

MORGEN

Now what?

FIONA

You go in, of course.

The teenagers in the crowd begin to softly chant “Morgen,” a chant quickly taken up by the encouraging crowd.

FIONA (cont'd)

Go on . . .

As the crowd softly chants, Morgen takes a deep breath, then steps inside the stone circle. The Mastiff turns and trots toward the entrance to the chamber.

Morgen sees Billy giving him an encouraging “thumbs up,” but when Morgen turns to look back at Fiona, she is gone. Morgen looks back at the dark entrance to the hillside, as the Furies come out of the dark chamber into the light. The soft chant stops.

FIRST FURY

What brings you here?

The Mastiff comes to “heel” at Morgen’s side. Everyone seems to be waiting for Morgen’s answer. The Mastiff nudges Morgen’s arm with its huge head.

MORGEN

That all depends . . .

The Furies exchange intense glances. Morgen's remark has triggered the first sign of a chink in their armor. Morgen glances at Billy, grinning and now showing "thumbs up" in both hands.

SECOND FURY

That is shrewdly spoken.

THIRD FURY

Like a riddle, spoken.

FIRST FURY

(regaining her hostile poise)

Intended, perhaps, to beguile?

Morgen phrases his answer carefully, trying to keep whatever advantage he may have won.

MORGEN

Beguile? With only the simple magic of song?

SECOND FURY

Simple magic may deceive.

THIRD FURY

It is a dangerous dependency.

FIRST FURY

A thread both short and thin.

Suddenly, Morgen knows the answer! He smiles at the excited teenagers, then confidently faces the Furies.

MORGEN

It calls for skill.

Morgen is mildly disappointed that no one cheers, but the Furies stand aside, leaving the entrance to the chamber clear.

SECOND FURY

(to her sister goddesses)

Wheels within wheels.

THIRD FURY

(a warning to Morgen)

Tread softly, Fool.

FIRST FURY

The world without is not the world within.

Morgen is startled by an unexpected boom of drums in the suddenly solemn crowd. The Choir sings the whole moan “TOMB OF EVERY HOPE,” a chilling whole tone pattern. Morgen shudders, then steps warily toward the dark entrance to the hillside, the huge Mastiff at his side warily watching the Furies. As Morgen and the Mastiff pass the Furies, the Mastiff slinks and suddenly scampers ahead into the darkness.

EXT - SHRINE/INSIDE DARK CHAMBER - DAY

Morgen gropes his way forward, his eyes slowly adjusting to the dark. The dog seems nervous.

MORGEN

What’s the matter? Big brute like you, afraid of the dark?

The Mastiff answers with an ear-splitting “woof” that makes Morgen jump. Then the dog seems to pass through the interior wall of the chamber and disappear, although Morgen can hear its claws scraping on the stone slab floor. Morgen goes to the dark corner where the dog disappeared, and gropes along the wall until he finds the tunnel the dog took to get out of the chamber. Morgen has to get down on all fours to follow, but he can clearly hear the dog continuing to claw its way along the stone slab corridor.

MORGEN (cont’d)

(under his breath)

If you can fit, so can I.

INT – STONE CLAB CORRIDOR

Morgen enters the stone slab corridor, following the sound of the Mastiff’s claws scraping over the stone slabs. “THE TOMB OF EVERY HOPE” continues in the music tracks, but grows fainter as it builds to a climax.

As Morgen continues to grope his way along the stone slab corridor, there is nothing but the sounds of Morgen’s struggles, as the dark corridor gets lower and tighter, finally forcing Morgen to crawl forward on his belly.

MORGEN

(muttering to himself)

This better lead to something more than a bowl of dogfood.

Suddenly, as Morgen crawls forward, the floor seems to fall away at the same time the Mastiff rises before him and slobbers all over his face!

MORGEN

Ahhh! Down! Get down! Sit!

INT – TOMB OF EVERY HOPE – DAY

The floor of the Tomb of Every Hope is formed of large slabs of uneven stone, down the center of which flows a narrow brook. Its walls are irregular, providing "balconies" and "walkways" in the rock. The stone slab corridor Morgen has been crawling through enters through a wall about two feet off the floor. Dim light filters into the open cave-like vault, through an irregular natural oculus in the "roof" above. When Morgen tumbles into the vault, another light appears, casting strange shadows on the walls of the vault from torches illuminating a "balcony" above, where the blind Fates weave destiny. They address Morgen without looking up from their work.

FIRST FATE

She's yours, to do with as you may.

SECOND FATE

(gesturing to the area near Morgen)

Behold!

A torch ignites, revealing the Mastiff, resting quietly before a wretched nude figure, curled up in a ball, chained to the wall of the vault.

THIRD FATE

Before you is a mystery revealed.

Morgen disguises his distress by feigning "professional" interested in the Fate's theatrics.

MORGEN

I must admit, you put on quite a show.

FIRST FATE

Go.

SECOND FATE

Look, you, close upon your former love,
Whose limbs embraced you; kisses brought you joy . . .

THIRD FATE

Here, fettered, scourged, polluted by your lust.

As Morgen moves toward the chained figure, the Mastiff moves aside to allow him to approach. The prisoner is covered with welts and bruises, partially hidden by her long hair.

MORGEN

Laura?

Wincing sympathetically, Morgen gently parts the long hair to see the victim's face. It is Laura.

MORGEN (cont'd)

Laura?

Laura stares up at Morgen, apparently without recognizing him. He leans in closer and Laura suddenly screams and launches herself at him, teeth bared. Morgen falls backward, escaping her attack. The Mastiff bolts in fright, barking at both of them. When Laura's ferocious charge is arrested by her chains, her laughter is maniacal. Horrified, Morgen staggers to his feet and rages at the Fates.

MORGEN (cont'd)

What the hell is this?

Laura mews, a ghastly sound under the circumstances.

FIRST FATE

Is she not Nature, harnessed to your will?

SECOND FATE

Through your abuse, unbalanced.

A whoosh and flare of light from torches igniting on both sides of the stone slab corridor, reveals it is now guarded by the scornful Furies.

FIRST FURY

(ignoring Morgen, to the Fates)

Now, hear us!

SECOND FURY

His perverse nature, Nature now perverts
And courts annihilation!

THIRD FURY

He must die!

FIRST FURY

Now, let the mountains quake and spew forth fire . . .

As the First Fury rages, the rock slabs beneath Morgen's feet split and slide apart, revealing molten rock below, and dumping the water that flows through the center of the vault into the chasm, creating steam fiery flares into the vault. The terrified Mastiff begins to slip toward the fiery chasm, but Morgen grabs it by the scruff of the neck and pulls it to safety. As the rumbling and quaking continues, Morgen clings to a rock and the dog to keep them both from falling in.

FIRST FURY (cont'd)

And by the earth he scorned, he'll be consumed!

INT – FIERY CHASM (MORGEN’S POV)

INSERT of steam and fiery explosions rising from bubbling magma.

INT – TOMB OF EVERY HOPE - DAY

The Third Fate pulls the thread she had been working into the tapestry back out, closing the vault floor, sealing off the fiery chasm and re-establishing the brook bed.

THIRD FATE

(patiently)

This is a trial!

FIRST FATE

Let cooler heads prevail.

SECOND FURY

(coldly)

Such cooler heads bring icy thoughts to mind . . .

Wind howls into the vault through the opening to the stone slab corridor, its icy vapor freezing the Morgen, the Mastiff and the brook.

SECOND FURY (cont’d)

In deathly cold, we’ll see his race entombed!!

SECOND FATE

(indicating the dog)

And what of other creatures?

The Second Fate cuts the thread being worked into the tapestry, causing the howling wind to cease. As the Mastiff and Morgen thaw, Laura sobs.

THIRD FATE

Nature weeps . . .

The Third Fate pulls the cut thread from the tapestry and the brook begins to flow. The Mastiff shakes itself from head to tail, and Morgen, hugs himself and rubs his arms in an effort to restore circulation. But the Furies are still determined to rid Nature of Mankind. The Third Fury speaks softly, thoughtfully, her delivery more horrifying.

THIRD FURY

(to her sister Furies)

Lest every living creature share his doom,
Might we not work a pestilence for Man?

FIRST FURY
(embracing the idea)
A plague, specific to this hateful race . . .

THIRD FURY
(endorsing it)
That other creatures spared, whose lives are lived
Obedient to law.

The Fates stop weaving. Saddened, Laura looks at Morgen. Morgen, fearing her assent, cries out!

MORGEN
(to the Fates)
What law is that?

Morgen struggles to come to grips with his situation. In the dreadful, pregnant silence, the Mastiff moves to Morgen's side and sits, speechlessly supporting Morgen's cause.

MORGEN
(grateful for the dog, but . . .)
Does no one speak for Man?

The Muses step out of the darkness into the pale light from the oculus.

FIRST MUSE
You loved her, once.

SECOND MUSE
Her scars and angry wounds may, yet, be healed.

THIRD MUSE
Through your devotion, Nature be restored!

SECOND FATE
(to Morgen)
The chains are yours.

The Second Fate throws an ornate key to Morgen. He catches it, but is uncertain what he should do.

MORGEN
(with considerable dread)
To do with as I may?

FIRST FATE

Divorce from Nature is a strange conceit,
Indulged by Man, alone, and to his shame.

The Fates and the torches that illuminated them dissolve in a veil of shimmering silvery
moondust, but the grim Furies remain a danger as the Muses move to Morgen's defense.

FIRST MUSE

(to Morgen)

It's not too late. Your vows you may renew!

SECOND MUSE

Your husbandry attune to Nature's law.

THIRD MUSE

(indicating LAURA)

Release her! Dedicate your life anew
And sing her song for everyone to hear!

Laura rises, holding out her arms for Morgen to unlock her shackles, but he hesitates.

MORGEN

Let Nature take her course? Am I a fool?

LAURA

(sadly)

An honor rare bestowed on mortal head.

The Furies sneer, convinced Morgen has failed his test.

FIRST FURY

(to the Muses)

Nature's balance is a sacred trust.

SECOND FURY

(to Morgen)

Survive or die.

THIRD FURY

(to Laura)

The outcome will be just.

The Furies and their torches dissolve in a shower of silvery moondust, leaving only the single
torch that burns near Laura to illuminate the scene. And still, Laura stands, a dark silhouette,
holding out her shackled wrists to Morgen.

FIRST MUSE

The thread is short and thin.

SECOND MUSE

It calls for skill.

THIRD MUSE

We've done all that we may. Do what you will.

In a final shower of silvery moondust, the Muses dissolve into darkness. The Mastiff, whines, trying to coax Morgen to action. As Morgen studies the key he holds, the final torch's light dims, and the sound of Laura's shackles hitting the floor echoes through the Tomb of Every Hope. Morgen turns to Laura, holding the key out to her, but she is already walking away, her scars and angry wounds gone, her beauty restored, softly revealed by the dim light from the oculus above.

Morgen and the Mastiff follow. Laura moves behind the Cauldron of Inspiration, illuminated more by the brightest beam from the oculus above, than by the fire flickering below, and stirs its contents with an ornate ladle. The Mastiff sits, avoiding getting close to the fire burning beneath the cauldron, but Morgen moves closer, staying respectfully on the side opposite Laura.

MORGEN

I would have freed you.

LAURA

I know.

Laura raises the ladle and holds it out to Morgen, who inhales the aroma of the liquid.

MORGEN

What's in it?

LAURA

Inspiration.

MORGEN

Oh.

LAURA

Are you afraid, Morgen?

MORGEN

Cautious.

LAURA

Only a Fool wouldn't be . . .

Laura begins to withdraw the ladle, but Morgen grasps her wrist to stop her, raising her hand and the ladle to his lips. He sips from it, and smiles. Laura watches him as she lowers the ladle into the cauldron. Suddenly, his eyes widen in shock. Laura cradles him in her arms and lowers him gently to the floor as he topples.

LAURA

A fearless, romantic Fool . . .

She kisses him on his forehead, then departs leaving Morgen stretched out on the floor. The Mastiff crawls closer and begins slobbering on Morgen's face, retreating when Morgen begins to glow in a cloud of silvery moon dust.

INT- MORGEN'S LAIR

On screen, the Tomb of Every Hope transforms into a setting of heathen splendor, furnished for a Chief Bard. A massive bed carved of oak and a number of classical period and late medieval musical instruments, inlaid with gold, ivory and colored enamels and furnishings of shining silver and gold are among the treasures on view.

Morgen rises to all fours, muttering to his reflection in the polished side of the cauldron.

MORGEN

Bemused, again.

As the Mastiff approaches, Morgen quickly springs to his feet.

MORGEN (cont'd)

Oh no you don't . . .

The Mastiff rises to its hind legs, puts its front paws on Morgen's shoulders, and slobbers all over Morgen's face.

MORGEN (cont'd)

Ahh! Down! Down! Sit!

The Mastiff sits obediently, eagerly awaiting further orders. Morgen sits on the huge oaken bed.

MORGEN (cont'd)

(muttering to the Mastiff)

Laura *Webster*. The *webs* she *weaves*. And *laurels* are the prize awarded to honor a bard -- or mock a Fool.

He rises from the bed and signals to the dog.

MORGEN (cont'd)

Come on. There's much to do, and little time to do it.

Morgen strides away, the Mastiff by his side, following the brook that flows through his lair as "THE FOOL" begins in the music tracks.

MORGEN (singing)

I am Truth. I am Reason. I am Magic.

The brook disappears into a crack in the floor. Morgen and the Mastiff march on.

MORGEN (singing)

Harmony of the Carnal and the Mystical.

EXT – CLEFT IN WOODED HILLSIDE - DAY

Morgen and the Mastiff emerge from the cleft in the hillside above the Sacred Pool.

MORGEN (singing)

I am Man!

The brass section of the assembled male Orchestra plays the fanfare, while the rest of the orchestra and the choir cheer him on. Acknowledging their homage with a graceful wave of his arm, Morgensings his song, the Mastiff at his heels, as he leads the crowd down the wooded path from the cleft in the hillside.

MORGEN (singing)

I lived in a cave for a year and a day,
Fathered by a sun ray.
Once I was a bull. Now I can't say.
You'll have to find your own way.
I was once an eagle, strong and free.
There's nothing that I can't be.
Once I was a Word. Now I'm a key.
You'll have to learn to trust me!

INSERT: Follow the brook as it emerges from the hillside and empties into the Sacred Pool.

MORGEN (singing V.O.)

Chief bard of the ancients am I,
Anointed in the sacred pool.

EXT – PATH ABOVE SACRED POOL - DAY

Smythe and an equally large fellow “honor their mentor” by hoisting Morgen up onto their shoulders. The giggling Choir, breaks away, hurrying out of sight up a fork in the path that leads away from the sacred pool.

MORGEN (singing)

My ancestral home is the sacred grove.
Honor your Mentor, “The Fool!”

With the Mastiff dogging their heels, the two biggest men carry Morgen on their shoulders and lead the procession down the path toward the sacred pool.

MORGEN (singing)

I’ve been around the universe several times.
Wine flows from my grape vines.
I’ve taught your musicians. I’ve taught your mimes.
Poets learn from my rhymes.

EXT - BRIDGE OVER SACRED POOL - DAY

Borne aloft onto the bridge and knowing what will inevitably happen next, Morgen quickly pulls off his boots. Kevin and Nigel each pick one up and follow along.

MORGEN (singing)

At home on land, in sea, or sky,
When I pass the trees sigh.
You knew me before, well I never do die
I merely transmogrify!
Chief Bard to immortals am I.
O’er fantastic realms do I rule!
There’s none to whom I need bend my knee.
Honor your leader . . .

As Morgen sings the words, “The Fool” the big men “honor” him by hurling him off the bridge into the sacred pool.

MORGEN (singing)

“The Fool!”

EXT – SACRED POOL – DAY

2:16 – 2:31, the orchestra laughs heartily. The Mastiff runs off the bridge and down to the shoreline. The water is cold and Morgen surfaces almost immediately.

The Mastiff leaps into the pool to “save” Morgen. Morgen, determined not to get clawed by his “rescuer,” quickly swims to the other side of the pond. With Kevin and Nigel each carrying a boot, the orchestra meets Morgen as he emerges from the sacred pool.

MORGEN (singing)

Multiple mysteries to me are known,
Everywhere the wind’s blown.

Morgen strips off his shirt as the orchestra crowds around him, blocking him from view. Billy pushes his way through the crowd, bearing the antlered crown and buckskin cloak seen previously on the standing stone inside the stone circle. Morgen’s song continues, but he’s hidden from view by the Orchestra, so Morgen does not sing the next verses on screen.

MORGEN (singing V.O.)

Revealed thus in monotonous tone,
Lord of the standing stone.
I am a rock in a stormy sea.
Goddesses have loved me.
Some would protect me by Royal Decree.
Others would revile me!

The Mastiff emerges from the sacred pool, and shakes itself, soaking the men nearest him, who quickly move away from him, revealing Morgen, wrapping himself in the deerskin cloak as he sings on screen.

MORGEN (singing)

Chief Bard of the ancients am I
Wit is my singular tool.

During the next line, Morgen places the antlered headdress on his head.

MORGEN (singing)

Beloved am I of the Ninefold Muse,
And still, you call me “The Fool.”

During the musical segue, Morgen and the Mastiff lead the crowd back up to the bridge, followed closely by Billy, Kevin, Nigel, and Smythe and his fellow strongman leading all the rest. DISSOLVE TO:

INT- UNDERGROUND GROTTA MONTAGE

The grotto is smaller than the Tomb of Every Hope, but composed of the same rock formations. It is an upper level, and at the far end of the grotto, the brook runs into the grotto’s pool, which comprises three quarters of the small chamber, the other quarter being the stone floor. A single, wall-mounted torch casts a gleam across the water.

In the music tracks, the instrumental segues to "DOG ROEBUCK, AND LAPWING" as Laura swims underwater to the rocky shore where Fiona waits with a stack of towels. Laura breaks the surface silently and rises, like Venus, from the pool. Fiona wraps Laura in a huge towel, and begins to pat her dry.

Light also filters into the scene through a passageway to the outside, wherein Amy, Clio, and Barbara weave flowers onto Laura's pony's *hackamore* bridle. The bridle is ornamented with a "unicorn horn" attached to its *browband*, and a "goatee" attached to a *fiador* under the chin strap, to support the classic "unicorn" look. As the teenage girls prepare Laura's Unicorn, they sing the lyrics to "DOG, ROEBUCK, AND LAPWING" in harmonious rounds.

AMY, CLIO, BARBARA (sing)

Dog, Roebuck, and Lapwing,
Your nonsense song makes my ears ring.
Between the lines, I hear you sing,
Dog, Roebuck, and Lapwing.

Intercuts with the teenage girls singing and preparing the pony include:

Fiona draping Laura in a golden fishnet, her only covering apart from her very long hair.

Fiona fixing Laura's floral tiara into place.

Laura rising, with Fiona still arranging her fishnet and long hair, as she starts toward the passageway to the outside.

Amy cuddling a big Hare, starting up the passage to outdoors, followed by Barbara, leading the Unicorn, and Clio, walking alongside, still adding a few more flowers to the Unicorn's bridle. As the song fades away, Fiona, Laura, the Unicorn and the teenage girls continue up the passageway, out of sight.

EXT – SHRINE SITE/HILLTOP - DAY

The Choir and Orchestra are positioned on the hilltop overlooking the stone circle.

EXT – SHRINE SITE/FLOWER-COVERED DOLMEN - DAY

Morgen, wrapped in the buckskin cloak and wearing the antlered headdress, waits by the flower-covered dolmen. Close by, the Mastiff reclines, its head in its paws. Morgen watches for activity at the stone circle, below.

EXT – SHRINE SITE/STONE CIRCLE (MORGEN’S POV) - DAY

The stone circle is empty and silent. The Orchestra (O.S.), begins tuning up. Morgen turns his attention to the hilltop.

EXT – SHRINE SITE/HILLTOP - DAY

Orchestra Leader raises his baton, then signals to the orchestra. The drum beat signals the intro to "THE MYSTERY" and the wedding montage begins.

Fiona leads the “unicorn” over the hilltop into view as the Choir begins to sing. Laura rides side-saddle, wearing only the garland in her long hair, combed down over her, held in place by her golden fishnet, holding the Hare in her lap, and dragging one foot along the ground.

CHOIR (singing)

Freya... (Freya!) Janu... (Janu!)
Ishtar... (Ishtar!) Danu... (Danu!)

The release is a thematic of "MORNINGSTONE." As it begins, Amy, Clio, and Barbara join the Choir. Fiona leads the Unicorn toward the DOLMEN, turning the Unicorn to display Laura’s charms and dismount to Morgen. Laura slides down from the Unicorn just before the Choir’s reentry in the vocal tracks. Laura releases the Hare, but the excited Mastiff does not pursue it. Laura goes to Morgen.

CHOIR (singing)

Life-giver, Ageless Miracle, Love!

As the descending arpeggio in the music tracks plays, Laura shrugs off her golden fishnet and embraces Morgen. They kiss.

CHOIR (singing)

All-conceiver, Joyous Harmony, Love.

The CHOIR and ORCHESTRA continue the song.

CHOIR (singing)

Freya... (Freya). Janu... (Janu!)

Fiona looks back as she leads the unicorn back to the hilltop. Grimly, she glances back at Laura and Morgen, releasing a shimmer of silvery moondust.

CHOIR (singing, V.O.)

Ishtar... (Ishtar!)

Laura leads Morgen toward the flower-covered dolmen.

CHOIR (singing, V.O.)

Danu... (Danu!)

Fiona is gone! The Unicorn is unattended, stamping its hooves anxiously.

CHOIR (singing, V.O.)

Gentle Deceiver!

We see the First Fate draw the strand of the Muse's hair toward the tapestry.

CHOIR (singing, V.O.)

Eternal Weaver!

Laura and Morgen embrace again before the flower-covered dolmen. Suddenly, over his shoulder, Laura frowns, triggering a montage of quick cuts from Laura's POV.

CHOIR (singing V.O.)

(Freya, Janu, Ishtar, Danu!)

The Three Furies watch grimly, Laura's POV.

Surprised and concerned, Laura reacts to the sight of the Three Muses watching sadly.

Becoming frightened, Laura sees the Third Fate attempt to weave the strand of the Muse's hair into the tapestry, it snaps.

The Mastiff rises to meet the charging unicorn.

Morgen shrugs off his buckskin cloak. Behind him, the unicorn lowers its horn for the kill.

The Mastiff knocks the unicorn off target, causing both to crash into Morgen, knocking his antlered headdress off as tumbles head-first into the flower-covered stone dolmen.

EXT – AMBULANCE TRAVELING - DAWN

An ambulance speeds along the country road.

EXT/INT - AMBULANCE TRAVELING - DAWN

Morgen lays on a stretcher inside the ambulance, a watchful PARAMEDIC by his side. Morgen opens his eyes, but otherwise remains still. The Paramedic notices.

PARAMEDIC

Back with us, are you?

MORGEN
Is Laura all right?

PARAMEDIC
Who?

MORGEN
The lady who was with me.

PARAMEDIC
(concerned)
There was a lady with you?

MORGEN
The unicorn attacked us.

PARAMEDIC
(relieved)
A unicorn, was it?

MORGEN
A pony dressed up like a unicorn.

PARAMEDIC
Had a bit to drink, have we?

MORGEN
No.

PARAMEDIC
Away day?

MORGEN
What?

PARAMEDIC
Tripping? Hallucinogens?

MORGEN
No. What about the lady?

PARAMEDIC
(concerned again)
Was there someone with you in the car?

MORGEN

What car?

PARAMEDIC

The one you wrapped around the tree.

MORGEN

I never hit a tree. I went off the road into a ditch.

PARAMEDIC

Tall, leafy ditch, was it?

Morgen doesn't answer. As the Paramedic speaks, he shines a penlight into Morgen's eyes, but his voice grows fainter, lost in the opening bars of "BEMUSED: SECOND CANTO."

PARAMEDIC (cont'd)

All right. Stay with me now. Do you know where you are?

Morgen stares silently. The Paramedic reacts quickly, preparing to treat Morgen for shock.

MORGEN (sung V.O.)

Is it real, or just in my mind.
Is it all coincidence, or has it been designed?
There's something still that's missing,
And I still don't understand.
If it is some kind of magic,
Will it be mine to command?

EXT – HOSPITAL EMERGENCY ENTRANCE – DAWN

The ambulance pulls up at the emergency entrance. Hospital staff hurry out to aid the Paramedics as they unload Morgen.

INT. MANSION/ STAIRWAY TO PRIVATE ROOMS - DAY

Rodney marches up the broad stairway to the upper floor.

INT. MANSION/GALLERY – DAY

Rodney marches purposefully along the long hall, then, without knocking, enters Morgen's room.

INT. MANSION/MORGEN'S ROOM - DAY

Morgen sits on a wheeled desk chair, somewhat askew from the desk upon which is a computer, widescreen monitor, and midi-controller keyboard. His left leg, in a walker cast, is propped up on a pillow on the seat of a second chair, against the back of which rest his forearm crutches. The large computer screen displays an image of a Mastiff.

RODNEY

(ignoring the Mastiff on the computer screen.)

Working hard?

MORGEN

Hardly working.

RODNEY

Well, today's the big day!

Morgen reaches over, retrieves his crutches, carefully lowers his left leg with its heavy, well-autographed cast, swings around on the wheeled desk chair and gets up. Rodney opens and holds the door for Morgen and they go out into the gallery.

MORGEN

It will be great to get out of this thing.

INT. MANSION/GALLERY – DAY

The two men move along the gallery to the top of the large stairway.

RODNEY

They're installing the whirlpool, now. It should be ready by the time we get back.

INT. MANSION/STAIRWAY TO PRIVATE ROOMS - DAY

Morgen hands his crutches to Rodney.

MORGEN

Here. Take these, will you?

RODNEY

What are you going to do?

Morgen grabs the balustrade with both hands and begins hopping downstairs, one at a time, on his good foot.

MORGEN

Go downstairs . . .

Rodney scurries along beside Morgen, holding out his arms to catch him, should he misjudge the steps and stumble. They make it safely to the foot of the stairs, and Morgen retrieves his crutches. Rodney is red-faced and distressed. Morgen is grinning.

RODNEY

Next time you decide to do some damn fool thing like that, at least give me a warning!

MORGEN

We made it, didn't we?

As the two continue down the corridor at the foot of the stairs, the buzzing sound of the small, hand-held, plaster-cutting circular saw comes up in the soundtrack.

INT. HOSPITAL PLASTER CAST ROOM - DAY

Morgen and Rodney watch the DOCTOR'S ASSISTANT remove Morgen's plaster cast. When it splits apart, the Assistant hands it to the Doctor, who offers both halves to Morgen.

DOCTOR

Do you want to save these?

Morgen takes the two halves of the cast.

MORGEN

No. But I don't want to see them online, either.

DOCTOR

Sit down.

Morgen sits, and the Doctor manipulates Morgen's ankle.

DOCTOR

How's that feel?

MORGEN

Kind of stiff.

DOCTOR

That's normal. No pain?

MORGEN

Not really.

RODNEY

How long before he can go back to work?

DOCTOR

Doing rock and roll shows?

RODNEY

We're supposed to go into the studio to cut a new album next week.

DOCTOR

That might be a little soon.

Morgen stands up, placing his left knee on the seat of the chair.

MORGEN

How's this?

DOCTOR

Probably all right, as long as you just stand there, but don't get ahead of yourself. Do the exercises I gave you.

Morgen hands the cast halves to Rodney, takes the cane that replaces his crutches, and starts for the door.

DOCTOR (cont'd)

And I want to see you again in three months.

RODNEY

Three months!

DOCTOR

Sooner, if he starts having pain.

EXT/INT - LIMOUSINE - DAY

Rodney sits on the right, behind the Driver, looking out the window. Morgen is lost in thought.

MORGEN

The question was, "What do the characters represent?"

RODNEY

What question?

MORGEN

The question put to the class, and what followed was all about what the characters represented. And as I look back at it, I suspect it was all for my benefit.

RODNEY

We're discussing your dream, again?

MORGEN

My "experience."

RODNEY

When you were unconscious.

MORGEN

Or when I was exploring the unconscious.

RODNEY

THE unconscious, or YOUR unconscious?

MORGEN

They may be one and the same. But I believe I've unraveled the mystery of the dog.

RODNEY

"The Mystery of the Dog." That has a ring to it. Sort of like "The Hound of the Baskervilles."

MORGEN

Do you want to hear it or not?

RODNEY

I'm all ears.

MORGEN

Some ten-thousand years ago, give or take a few centuries, dogs were as wild as their cousins, the wolves, carnivorous predators, probably hunting in packs, like humans, following the animal herds that made up most of their diet. But somewhere along the line, canines and humans discovered that they hunted better together.

That early, mutual interdependence resulted in the domestic dogs of today, selectively bred for behavioral traits human most desired by their canine companions -- guard dogs, hunters, war dogs, pets, but when I first saw that monster emerge from the Rhododendrons, it was with the Goths, who I later learned represented the Furies, goddesses whose mission is to defend Nature against human abuse, and it was a truly terrifying animal. The second time I saw it, was during a confrontation with those Furies, and it turned its back on the Furies and went off on its own.

RODNEY

Lucky for you.

MORGEN

We became friends, cautiously at first. Not sure what to expect, but the third time the Furies confronted me, the dog was by my side, and led me into the deepest, darkest test of my adventure, where I represented Mankind, and the Furies sought to destroy me.

RODNEY

And you still think that dog was your friend?

MORGEN

Absolutely. One Fury caused the earth to open, revealing a fiery pit into which I was meant to fall. I clung to a rock, and it was the dog that began to slide toward that pit. Instinctively, I grabbed it by the scruff of its neck and in that instant, the Fates intervened. The earth closed and we were saved. The second Fury called up a howling wind that froze the air and with it, both of us. Again, the Fates intervened, maybe to save the dog, but me with him, and with me, all Mankind.

RODNEY

Wow! So, by saving the dog, you saved all life on Earth! That should be worth, at the very least, your own comic book.

MORGEN

(ignoring Rodney's sarcasm)

The Furies weren't finished. The third Fury was the most cunning and dangerous. She spoke more softly, thoughtfully, suggesting "Lest every living creature share his doom, might we not work a pestilence for Man?"

RODNEY

Nasty!

MORGEN

The first Fury loved the idea of a "A plague specific to our hateful race," and the other chimed in, "that other creatures spared whose lives are lived obedient to Nature's law."

RODNEY

Nature's law. Are we talking survival of the fittest? Kill or be killed? and if so, do you think the prey considers itself obedient, or does the law of the jungle just apply to the hunter-killers?

MORGEN

By befriending Man, Dog is doomed to share our destiny.

RODNEY

So what? Now you want to a dog?

Morgen sighs, wags his head and turns to stare out the look out the window on his side of the car.

INT – MORGEN’S ROOM

Morgen sits in front of his MIDI workstation. Musical notation fills the monitor screen.

RODNEY

I can arrange for you to hold rehearsals here, but why? It’s not like you’ve never played the songs before.

MORGEN

Actually, it is. I’ve written some new material for a theme album.

RODNEY

Forget it! We’re recording the songs already submitted and approved.

MORGEN

No, we’re not. This is a perfect opportunity to do something nobody else is doing. It incorporates the best songs we’ve been showcasing, but introduces some new ones that will take us all to a whole new level.

RODNEY

You don’t change horses in the middle of a stream.

MORGEN

We’re not in the middle of the stream. We’re on the bank, seeing the other side for the first time – and we’ve got time. Let’s take advantage of it, and do something really special.

RODNEY

The selections have been made. The band’s rehearsed them. The Trashbabies know their parts.

MORGEN

Call them all together. Adam Fuller, too. I'll show them what I have in mind and then we'll decide. If it's a go, we still have three months to pull it all together.

Reluctantly, Rodney elects to humor Morgen.

RODNEY

You're out of your mind.

INT. MANSION/DINING ROOM – DAY

At the meeting, Morgen, Rodney, Adam (the label's A&R man), all nine Trashbabies and the Band crowd around the oversized dining room table, well-supplied with drinks and snacks.

ADAM

Your May Eve concert came in with an incredible, U.S. TV 30 share!

Everybody cheers!

ADAM (cont'd)

It's the best we've ever done, so we've arranged to celebrate your new album with a Halloween Special from the haunted abbey! The idea is to capitalize on the hit singles Witchy Stew and The Stranger, both of which you introduced during the May Eve broadcast, so it's imperative they both stay in the show. As for the new songs, none of which I'd heard until now, I'd say most will fit in with our Halloween theme, but no "Peeping Tom."

MORGEN

"Peeping Tom" observes a Rite of Spring intended to arouse May Eve revelers, and send them screaming and giggling into woods, fields and pastures in pursuit of lascivious adventures.

Rodney rolls his eyes, but Morgen ignores him and continues.

MORGEN

In Homeric simile, the form was “Even as” one thing or person is -- or was, “so” is – or was, something or someone else.” It’s at the root of all sympathetic magic ritual, including the Rite of Spring, in which indiscriminate copulation was believed to increase the herds and provide bountiful harvests. One might even argue that sympathetic magic is at the root of The Lord’s Prayer’s “Thy will be done on Earth as it is in Heaven.”

ADAM

One might, but one damn well better not! To compare “The Lord’s Prayer” to licentious heathen ritual may be more offensive than Peeping Tom. And it won’t matter how innocent or clever your motives may be, the song has to stand on its merit, and without your accompanying explanation, it comes across as celebrating, even encouraging a perversion that particularly targets and exploits young women.

MORGEN

But that’s not . . .

ADAM

Hey! I’m your A&R man. My job is to develop you and help you select a repertoire that has hit potential. “Peeping Tom,” or any attempt to defend “Peeping Tom,” would be a distraction that might hurt all we’ve done so far.

SECOND TRASHBABY

I’m not really comfortable with it, Morgen.

FOURTH TRASHBABY

Especially if it’s going to hurt us . . .

THIRD TRASHBABY

We don’t need it, so why do it?

MORGEN

Fine. We’ll scratch Peeping Tom.

ADAM

Thank you. Now, about *THE FOOL*. I take it you're all on board for that?

The band and the Trashbabies voice uniform support for the tune.

ADAM (cont'd)

It's a good song, but I'm not convinced that it's strong enough to support an entire album. It's clever, but it's a novelty song . . .

MORGEN

It's a novelty song -- on the surface -- the bombastic ravings of a clown, but it is also a bardic credential song, and given its moment in the sun, should create such a stir that this album will not only get to the top of the charts, but may stay there for a very long time.

ADAM

What makes you think so?

MORGEN

Totally apart from the music, the lyrics and the order in which they are presented, have meaning far beyond the words on the page. If I may . . .

Morgen takes several stapled stacks of lyric sheets from the tabletop, and distributes them to all present, starting with Adam and Rodney. Rodney scowls as he starts to read the pages.

RODNEY

You're not going to be able to go around and explain this, any more than you can "Peeping Tom."

MORGEN

Our fans and audiences will discover its secrets for themselves.

RODNEY

I wouldn't bet on it.

DRUMMER

I like it.

FIRST TRASHBABY

I like it, too.

THIRD TRASHBABY

We all do.

MORGEN

Thank you. Shall we look at the first verse?

Adams gestures for Morgen to “bring it on.”

MORGEN

It begins, “I am Truth. I am Reason. I am Magic. Harmony of the Carnal and the Mystical. I am Man.” And continues, “I lived in a cave for a year and a day.” The cave is the Womb of the Earth. The year and a day is the ancient year of thirteen lunar cycles, of Twenty-eight days, which only comes to 364 days, one short of a full solar cycle, so they had to added a day to bring it up to the full 365, and that day, outside the lunar year, is dedicated to The Fool, the Lord of Misrule.

RODNEY

You gotta be kidding. Nobody’s gonna get that!

MORGEN

The verse establishes “The Fool” as born on Earth where these cycles prevail, another reference to Earth Mother, and concludes, “Fathered by a sun ray,” a clear statement of the fool’s lineage – born of Sky Father and Earth Mother, a godling, maybe, but an Earthling, beyond question.

ADAM

Sounds like a tough sell . . .

MORGEN

This divergence between the lunar and solar cycles led to the old prison sentence, “Lock him away for a year and a day.”

RODNEY

Where's it say that? I don't see that anywhere.

MORGEN

We can put it in the liner notes.

The band and the Trashbabies are growing uncomfortable.

ADAM

Seriously, how do you plan to get the word out?

MORGEN

In the album notes, through our fan club, on the internet, in interviews . . .

Adam grins at Morgen, then holds up Morgen's notes.

ADAM

It might work. I've heard your demo and I've got the lyrics. Let me go through them and get back to you.

Rodney is stunned that Adam has agreed to consider the new material, but the Band and Trashbabies are pleased. Morgen and Adam respectfully shake hands, and Adam nods to Rodney.

ADAM (cont'd)

I'll see myself out.

After Adam exits, the Lead Guitarist is the first to speak.

LEAD GUITARIST

He's all right!

Rodney rises and leaves the room without another word.

DRUMMER

What's with him?

Morgen shrugs.

INT - MANSION/EXERCISE ROOM - NIGHT

Morgen sits on a platform above a therapeutic whirlpool bath, soaking his left calf and ankle. Without knocking, Rodney enters, waving the handful of pages Morgen handed out at the end of the meeting.

RODNEY

Where's this going?

MORGEN

Where's what going?

RODNEY

You've been undermining me.

Still at a loss, Morgen is put off by Rodney's waspish accusation.

MORGEN

How have I been undermining you?

RODNEY

Skipping out on the party. Leaving me to make excuses after I'd arranged to have everybody who was anybody here to meet you.

MORGEN

You're back on that?

RODNEY

We're supposed to be a team. You may be the quarterback, but I'm the one who calls the plays. You get all the glory, but I'm the guy who fields the team.

MORGEN

Really?

RODNEY

Yeah, and we had a game plan – a new album all ready to go, an album I've been talking up for weeks, while you've been diddling around on your computer.

MORGEN

Diddling?

RODNEY

And now, you call a team meeting, to lay out a new game plan, without even consulting me.

MORGEN

I didn't call the meeting. I asked you to call the meeting. And the new game plan is the result of my "diddling" and coming up with new and exciting material. When the doctor sidelined us longer than we anticipated, it gave us time to consider some fresh ideas.

RODNEY

You pitched them to the band behind my back.

MORGEN

I pitched them to the band first, because if they weren't on board, there'd be nothing to discuss. And they had reservations, which is why I asked for the meeting, to present my ideas, and their reservations to you and Adam.

RODNEY

He's an A&R man. He works for the label. I'm your manager!

MORGEN

You're the manager. You arrange travel, bookings, hotels, account for all the revenues we generate, make sure the laundry's done, and you're great at it. But I write the songs, so the playbook is mine. I'm the quarterback, the coach, and I design and run the plays!

RODNEY

Well, I'm your whole front office, and if you want to keep it that way, you better make sure I'm kept in the loop. Everybody liked the old album. Everybody was on board and ready to record.

Rodney waves Morgen's printout as he continues.

RODNEY (cont'd)

This song alone requires a full orchestra, a choir and way more studio time, so don't be surprised when Adam turns it down.

Rodney storms out. Morgen is angry, but controlled. He turns off the whirlpool, sits a moment in silence, then begins drying his leg with a towel.

EXT – UNIVERSITY (ESTABLISHING) -DAY

PROFESSOR (V.O.)

It is what it says it is.

INT – PROFESSOR'S OFFICE – DAY

The Professor has a copy of Morgen's notes in front of him.

PROFESSOR

It's a credential song, and that makes it a job application.

INT – MANSION/OFFICE - DAY

Rodney paces in front of his desk, holding the phone to his ear.

RODNEY

A job application?

PROFESSOR (V.O., on the phone)

One submits one's qualifications when applying for a job.

INT – PROFESSOR'S OFFICE – DAY

PROFESSOR

If he's applying for a job as a street sweeper, I'd say he's over-qualified, but it fails to cite any schools, courses, specialized training, where, when, and who administered the programs, and what grades, degrees, or qualifications he earned. And that makes it a riddle.

INT – MANSION/OFFICE - DAY

RODNEY

A riddle? What about all that ancient mythological stuff?

INT – PROFESSOR’S OFFICE – DAY

PROFESSOR

I didn’t have time to check it all, and some of his references are obscure, but they’re substantially accurate. More to the point, he’s got a lot going on in the non-conforming couplets between verses.

INT – MANSION/OFFICE - DAY

RODNEY

So, you’re saying it’s not all pseudo-intellectual bullshit.

PROFESSOR (V.O., on the phone)

The verses are meant to show his qualifications . . .

INT – PROFESSOR’S OFFICE – DAY

PROFESSOR

. . . a litany of his esoteric knowledge, but he finishes each quatrain with a couplet that reveals his true identity and motives. The first time he says, “Chief Bard to the ancients am I, anointed in the sacred pool. My ancestral home is the sacred grove. Honor your mentor, the Fool.” When I read that, I figured he was claiming descent from ancient Druids, and maybe he is, but the next time the couplet appeared, it was “Chief Bard to Immortals am I. O’er fantastic realms do I rule. There’s none to whom I need bend my knee . . .

INT – MANSION/OFFICE - DAY

Rodney paces as he listens to the Professor voice on the phone.

PROFESSOR (V.O., on the phone)
Honor your leader, the Fool!”

RODNEY
And . . .

PROFESSOR (V.O., on the phone)
Well, I missed that the first time through . . .

INT – PROFESSOR’S OFFICE – DAY

PROFESSOR
But by stating clearly that he rules over realms of fantasy, that makes the Immortals who dwell there, fantasies too.

INT – MANSION/OFFICE - DAY

RODNEY
So, he admits he just dreams them up!

PROFESSOR (V.O., on the phone)
He not only dreams them up, he orders their days, and says so!

Feeling justified in his suspicions, Rodney is pleased to hear the Professor’s interpretation.

PROFESSOR (V.O., on the phone)
In his third couplet, he writes, “Chief Bard of the ancients am I.
Wit is my singular tool.” And that’s the real deal!

INT – PROFESSOR’S OFFICE – DAY

PROFESSOR
Wit is his singular tool! He claims to be beloved of the Ninefold Muse, but still, we’d call him a Fool. And that would likely be so. He sees things we don’t see, hears things we can’t hear, and experiences things we’d fail to understand, and might reject as pseudo-intellectual bullshit when he tries to shares them.

INT – MANSION OFFICE – DAY

Rodney weighs the Professor's interpretation of Morgen's song before answering.

PROFESSOR (V.O., on the phone)

Hello?

RODNEY

Well, you've given me a lot to consider, and I thank you for your time and your insights, professor. And keep an eye out for your mail. You should receive my donation within a few days.

INT – PROFESSOR'S OFFICE – DAY

PROFESSOR

I will. And thank you!

Obviously disturbed by the Professor's findings, Rodney quietly hangs up the phone.

INT. MANSION/MORGEN'S ROOM – DAY

Morgen sits at his Midi Workstation, glancing up at the monitor where music notation is displayed, but writing new notation by hand on a score sheet. Rodney enters without knocking.

RODNEY

How're you doing?

MORGEN

(indicating the monitor display)

I'm making progress.

RODNEY

The powers that be are backing "The Fool," full orchestra and all. But Adam wants you to come up with a "visceral, mystical rocker," to go along with it, whatever that means.

MORGEN (grinning)

Harmony of the carnal and mystical.

RODNEY

You got one of those in your playbook?

MORGEN

I will have.

RODNEY

Okay! I'll leave you to it.

Rodney exits. Morgen goes to his window and looks out over the beautiful grounds of the estate as the intro to "BEMUSED: THIRD CANTO" begins. The song reflects Morgen's thoughts and he does not sing it on screen.

MORGEN (sung V.O.)

Seems so distant, but still so sublime.
It's not that space has been displaced,
So much as, maybe, time.

Morgen leaves the window and goes back to his workstation as "BEMUSED; THIRD CANTO" concludes in the music tracks.

MORGEN (sung V.O.)

Could it just be inside of me, born of my hopes and fears.
A tale to tell? A magic spell? The Music of the Spheres?

Morgen switches on some equipment, loads Finale (a music application), sets up the connections between his keyboard and the program, then plays the arpeggio and first few bars of the "MYSTICAL ENCOUNTER." As he plays, we see notation appear on the computer monitor.

MORGEN (sung V.O.)

Can this be defined as simple-minded superstition?

Elsewhere in the room, a printer spits out pages of sheet music. Morgen examines them and is pleased.

MORGEN (sung V.O.) (cont'd)
Just another sign, of some neurotic condition.

INT. MANSION/REHEARSAL HALL - DAY

Morgen hands out sheet music to the members of the band.

MORGEN (sung V.O.)
You say it's déjà vu and you – you trust your intuition.

The DRUMMER starts to play. The other musicians join in as their parts come up.

MORGEN (sung V.O.) (cont'd)
I knew that's what you'd do, It's true. I had a premonition.

As the Trashbabies file in, Morgen, wearing a lavalier microphone, sings as he hands them their sheet music.

MORGEN (sings)
This is a Mystical Encounter, reality revised.
Everything required, recognized.

The nine Trashbabies, in groups of three, surround three separate mike stands, and sing their background vocals. Morgen paces, singing and conducting their separate entries.

MORGEN (sings)
We maybe could ignore simple temporal dislocation.
But this is something more – more like predestination.
If this is second-sight, you can't ignore the implication.

Elsewhere in the room, an excited Rodney directs a phone receiver at the band to share the sounds.

MORGEN (sung V.O.)
O, stay with me, tonight and seek celestial confirmation!

INT. ADAM'S OFFICE (MOS) – DAY

Grinning happily, Adam listens to the song over the phone.

MORGEN AND TRASHBABIES (sung V.O.)

If the sun should rise in the west now, I won't be surprised.
I can see the fire in your eyes.

The song dominates the soundtrack as, at the end of the last line before the instrumental release, Thrilled, Adam starts pumping his fist in the air, and shouting gleefully into the phone.

INT. RECORDING STUDIO/MAIN ROOM - DAY

During the instrumental release, studio technicians place microphones, amplifiers, drums, and the headphones on the musicians. Then the Band and extra horn players play the session. Starting with Morgen's vocal re-entry in the soundtrack, cut between him, wearing headphones and singing in an isolation booth, and the several featured musicians, playing the song.

MORGEN (sings)

I'm drawn to you. You're drawn to me,
Like we were magnetized!

INT. RECORDING STUDIO/CONTROL ROOM - DAY

Adam slowly raises the volume slide on Morgen's vocal track as the excited Sound Engineer, anticipating the move, watches the plasma readers on a 24 TRACK RECORDER.

MORGEN (sung V.O.)

Pulse rate ever higher. Feel it rise!

Rodney, pleased with himself, watches everything from a sofa set up behind the engineering console. He glances at a business card, then punches a number in his cellphone.

INT. TV STUDIO/ANGELA KNIGHT'S OFFICE (MOS) – DAY

Angela picks up the phone that blasts in her ear. She holds the receiver at arms-length for a beat, then, realizing what and who she is hearing on the phone, brings the receiver closer to her ear.

MORGEN (sung V.O.)

You know that what I feel is real, not my imagination.

INT - RECORDING STUDIO/STUDIO - DAY

Rodney holds the phone toward the monitors so Angela can hear the song.

MORGEN (sung V.O.)

You're too close to conceal your erotic inclination.

INT. TV STUDIO/ANGELA KNIGHT'S OFFICE (MOS) – DAY

As Angela listens, she smiles, then glances quickly around her office to be sure no one is listening or seeing her reactions.

MORGEN (sung V.O.)

I feel your heat. Oh, your subtle undulation.

INT. RECORDING STUDIO/ISOLATION BOOTH - DAY

The Trashbabies, in headphones, sing the background, reflected in the glass of Morgen's isolation booth. Inside the isolation booth, Morgen, also wearing headphones, sings the verses.

MORGEN (sings)

The feeling is so sweet. I tremble in anticipation.

This is a . . .

The Trashbabies sing their background harmonies in the open room. Revealed through the observation window, Rodney still holds the phone out to the monitors, while Adam, the recording engineer, and his assistant work the board.

MORGEN (sung V.O.)
Mystical Encounter. It cannot be disguised.

INT. TV STUDIO/ANGELA KNIGHT'S OFFICE (MOS) – DAY

Angela listens happily, nodding her head and tapping out the rhythm on her desktop.

MORGEN (sung V.O.)
Now feel my desire . . . localize!

When Morgen sings “localize,” Angela’s mouth drops. She recovers, taking another quick look around to be sure she wasn’t seen, then laughs. We see her happily scrawling “Morgen” in a late October date box on her desktop calendar, as the music fades away.

EXT. MANSION/ARCHWAY (ESTABLISHING) – DAY

A TV production van is parked by the archway. The door to the ground floor is ajar and heavy cables run from the van into the mansion.

INT. MANSION/LIBRARY - DAY

A TV CREW tapes TV personality Angela Knight, sitting with Morgen, interviewing him for her show. The atmosphere is friendly, but charged, Angela probing and Morgen displaying all the wit, charm and charisma that have made him a superstar.

MORGEN
I'd only been out for a matter of hours, but for me, whole days had passed. And I can recall everything, every word said to me. And the music – especially, the music. That's what inspired Mystical Encounter.

ANGELA
Do you think this was a real out-of-body experience? Could Morningstone be a real place in another dimension?

MORGEN

We may have to redefine reality. It was certainly real to me, but even if it wasn't, you must have had a particularly vivid dream.

ANGELA

Yes, but dreams aren't real.

MORGEN

Aren't they? Once you've dreamed them, they become part of your experience.

ANGELA

Was your Mystical Encounter a dream?

MORGEN

Not to me, it wasn't. And if it was, it's now a matter of record.

ANGELA

Morgen, I have to ask. Do Fates, Furies, and Muses really exist?

Morgen pauses to think his answer through.

MORGEN

I'm not sure. "Fragmentation of the goddess is merely a device of exposition, used to reveal the crisis dramatically through a confrontation between various aspects of her character." I learned that from a teenage girl taking a heritage class in a pub. And that's a perfect example of what I meant when I said everything I needed to know was revealed to me while I was there!

Angela fastens on the "newsworthy" item.

ANGELA

But if Furies, Fates, and Muses are just facets of a greater Goddess, who is she?

Again, Morgen considers before he answers.

MORGEN

She's known by many names, in many tongues, and every culture known to Man. She called herself "Laura Webster," but that was just a clue to her real identity. A Webster is a web maker, an archaic form for weaver, both ancient names for Fate. As Laura, she's the prize much sought by poets, the laurel won by the bard best-beloved of the Ninefold Muse. I saw her as a beautiful woman, the incarnation of the goddess of love, but she revealed herself as Nature. Mother Nature, we'd say, but we wouldn't mean it like we used to. "Divorce from Nature is a strange conceit, indulged by Man, alone, and to his shame." That's why we're in the mess we're in, today. "Nature's balance is a sacred trust. Survive or die, the outcome will be just." And that kinda makes me wonder if the human race can survive Nature's justice?

ANGELA (warily)

What do you think?

MORGEN

Honestly, I don't know. Once upon a time, music and magic were believed to go hand in hand. Enchantment was the way ancient bards brought Mankind into harmony with Nature, their songs were spells that elevated human consciousness. If that were still true, imagine what that world could be like, what our futures might hold in store.

ANGELA

That's asking a lot from a song . . .

MORGEN

But it's worth a try, isn't it? An invocation of the Ninefold Muse. It may be a fairytale. Maybe no such music ever existed, but the idea that it might is magical in itself. And the timing couldn't be better for casting a musical spell. Halloween is our one holiday devoted to magic and the supernatural.

INT - TV STUDIO/KNIGHTLINE SET - NIGHT

The set is cozy; an armchair by a fireplace, a China teapot, teacup, and saucer on a small table to one side of the armchair, a floor lamp casting a warm glow on Angela, sitting prettily forward, on the edge of her seat, giving her closing lines with earnest intensity.

ANGELA (ON TV)

Despite his phenomenal success, Morgen has his detractors. He's accused of sexism by feminists who resent the name and on-stage antics of his notorious Trashbabies, while others object to the occult overtones they perceive in songs like "The Stranger" and "Witchy Stew."

INT. MANSION/LIBRARY - NIGHT

Morgen and Rodney sit before the big screen TV, watching KNIGHT ON THE TOWN.

ANGELA (on TV)

These latest, candid revelations will, no doubt, just add fuel to the fires of their discontent.

RODNEY

(sarcastically)

Thanks a lot!

ANGELA (on TV)

But I like Morgen. He's a challenge, but he always leaves me something to think about. And if dreams do come true, why not this one? So I say. "Good luck, Morgen with an "E." It's nice to have you back.

On TV, the shot goes wide to include the show's logo, *KNIGHT ON THE TOWN*, as ANGELA pours herself a cup of tea. Rodney turns off the big screen TV.

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

"Knight on the Town" is brought to you, in part, by . . .

MORGEN

Thank you, Angela.

RODNEY

You should thank her. Remind me to send her a dozen roses. What were you thinking? You know better than to talk like that in public. We're lucky it's a Halloween special. I can say it was all hype for the show.

MORGEN

It wasn't all hype.

RODNEY

This whole "Mystical Encounter" thing has become an obsession with you, and now, you're saying your inspiration comes from an imaginary goddess. How am I supposed to handle that?

MORGEN

As I remember it, "Mystical Encounter" was a direct result of your attack on "Peeping Tom."

RODNEY

"Mystical Encounter" is a good song -- a great album title, but it's not a religion!

MORGEN

You weren't there.

RODNEY

I was there. You were unconscious.

MORGEN

I was elsewhere.

RODNEY

You're still elsewhere. And I'm starting to wonder if and when you're coming back. European TV may buy it, but it'll never play in the Midwest.

MORGEN

"Truth serves not. It is its own unbending master."

The PHONE RINGS.

RODNEY

Oh, thank you. That's such a relief. I feel much better, now.

MORGEN

You going to answer the phone?

RODNEY

Absolutely! It's part of my therapy. At least once a day, I try to talk to someone who's not insane.

Morgen leaves Rodney to deal with the phone call.

INT. MANSION/GALLERY - NIGHT

Rodney's voice fades as Morgen walks away down the gallery

RODNEY (O.S.)

Hello? Oh, Did you? Yeah, he's good with interviews.

Suddenly, Morgen veers to one side and stumbles into a column. Bewildered, he presses his fingers to his temples, then straightens up, takes a deep breath, and carefully resumes his course.

EXT. RUINED ABBEY (ESTABLISHING) – DAY

Grips are erecting the stage and setting the lights before the wall of the ruined abbey. Remote location TV production vans are also present. Morgen, walking briskly with his cane, enters the ruins, going into what was once an inner courtyard.

EXT. RUINED ABBEY/BACKSTAGE – DAY

Within the former inner courtyard, a motor home serves as the Green Room. Next to it is a smaller van with a cardboard sign in the windshield, “Makeup and Hair.” Morgen suddenly stops, then moves closer to study a flowering vine growing out of the interior wall.

INSERT: Small blue flowers growing out of the cracks in the wall. Morgen’s hand reaches in to touch the small flowers.

SYLVIA, the makeup lady, wearing a smock over her street clothes, walks toward her makeup van. Morgen calls to her.

MORGEN

Excuse me!

SYLVIA

Yes? Oh, my goodness. It’s you!

MORGEN

Do you know what these little flowers are?

Sylvia comes over to look more closely.

SYLVIA

I don’t, but I think my mother called them Periwinkles.

MORGEN

Periwinkles.

SYLVIA

I’m not sure if she meant the flowers or the color, but they are pretty, aren’t they?

MORGEN

More than pretty. We call this a ruin, but what’s in ruins is our work. These tiny flowers are Nature reclaiming – literally “re-covering” our rubble.

SYLVIA

I think they cut them back before the start of the tourist season.

MORGEN

And every year, they come back. Do you know if this abbey was built over an earlier, pre-Christian site?

SYLVIA

I wouldn't know. I'm not from around here.

MORGEN

I'm Morgen, and I'm not from around here, either.

SYLVIA

I know who you are. I'm Sylvia, your makeup lady. Pleasure to meet you.

MORGEN

You, too. I'll guess I'll be seeing you, later.

SYLVIA

You will.

INT. RECREATIONAL VEHICLE AT RUINED ABBEY - NIGHT

The vehicle is crowded. The Band and the Trashbabies listen to Morgen's interpretation of the significance of the upcoming Halloween concert.

MORGEN

I'm only pointing out that the May Eve concert fell on one of the two nights when the borders between the worlds are ill-defined. The other is Halloween, and here we are, doing another concert from the same ruined abbey where it all began.

SEVENTH TRASHBABY

That is kinda spooky.

Rodney enters the motorhome.

FIRST TRASHBABY

It certainly sets a mood.

RODNEY

Okay, people, on stage in five minutes.

The Second Trashbaby quickly pours herself a cup of tea.

SECOND TRASHBABY

No you don't! Without my tea, I'll never hit the high notes!

THIRD TRASHBABY

Tea? I'd need a major operation!

The Drummer is first to rise.

DRUMMER

Come on! Let's do it!

The Band shouts affirmatively. Morgen sets aside his cane, and goes to the door with them.

RODNEY

You okay?

MORGEN

Great!

EXT. RUINED ABBEY/BACKSTAGE - NIGHT

Morgen, Rodney, the Band and the Trashbabies exit the Green Room motor home and start across the inner courtyard to go to the stage. On the way, Sylvia singles Morgen out.

SYLVIA

Oh, just look at you! And after all my hard work! What have you done to yourself?

Sylvia drags Morgen to her makeup van.

FOURTH TRASHBABY

Watch her, Rodney. She's after Morgen's bones.

INT. RUINED ABBEY/MAKEUP VAN - NIGHT

Rodney scurries into the van behind Sylvia as the rest of the troupe continues on its way to the STAGE, O.S.

FIFTH TRASHBABY (O.S.)

It's happened before . . .

SIXTH TRASHBABY (O.S.)

I'd keep an eye on her . . .

RODNEY

Now, what's the holdup?

SYLVIA

This'll just take a minute.

Sylvia steers Morgen into a chair.

RODNEY

I thought you'd done all that.

SYVIA

We want to look our best, don't we?

RODNEY

Well, hurry it up, will you?

SYLVIA

It reflects on me, too, you know. With the whole world watching.
Chin up, dear.

Nervously standing by, Rodney has one eye on his watch as Sylvia plies her trade. Morgen sits back in the chair and closes his eyes. "THE FOOL IN CONCERT" reveals Morgen's thoughts.

MORGEN (sung V.O.)

I lived in a cave for a year and a day, fathered by a sun ray.
Once I was a bull. Now I can't say.
You'll have to find your own way.
Chief bard of the ancients am I. Wit is my singular tool.
Beloved am I of the Ninefold Muse, or am I simply a fool?

EXT. RUINED ABBEY - NIGHT

Pan the excited crowd as the music segues to the rock section of "THE FOOL IN CONCERT."

INT. VIDEO PRODUCTION VAN - NIGHT

The DIRECTOR and SWITCHER work the row of monitors.

EXT. RUINED ABBEY - NIGHT

Montage of the camera and lighting crews in action, and in the area immediately in front of the stage, a full orchestra plays along with the band as Morgen and the Trashbabies perform. Rodney, in the wings, is delighted that the show, nearly over, has been great so far.

MORGEN (sings)

I've been around the universe several times.
Wine flows from my grape vines!
I've taught your musicians. I've taught your mimes.
Poets learn from my rhymes.
At home on land, in sea or sky, when I pass, the trees sigh!
You knew me before. Well, I never did die!
I merely transmogrified!
Chief Bard to Immortals am I! O'er fantastic realms do I rule!
There's none to whom I need bend my knee!
Honor your mentor, The Fool!

Montage: The music crossfades from "THE FOOL" to the haunting "MORNINGSTONE (FATE) THEME), as the curtain hides Morgen, the Band and the Trashbabies.

In slow-motion we see Morgen is triumphant; the Band and Trashbabies are excited as they set up for the last song and reaction shots of Rodney, and the technicians.

LAURA (sung V.O.)
Mystery and Destiny, forever intertwined
Revealed for all the world to see

EXT. RUINED ABBEY (OWL'S AERIAL POV) NIGHT

“MORNINGSTONE” contributes to the sense of wonder and foreboding as the Barn Owl flies through the mist, and over the crowd toward the brightly lit abbey.

LAURA (sung V.O.)
That all who seek may find.
I provide the key. Through me the path is shown.
Behold your legacy, Morningstone.

EXT. RUINED ABBEY/RAFTERS - NIGHT

The Barn Owl lands and perches, high in the rafters.

EXT. RUINED ABBEY - NIGHT

The slow-motion montage ends, revealing a mob of some six hundred teenagers, some quite young, held in check by security guards and a squad of police in riot gear. The curtains part to reveal a recreation of the Morningstone Choir, wearing garlands, gowns, and simple masks, facing the crowd on graduated, elevated platforms on the stage.

“SWEET MYSTERY, Morgen’s finale begins in real time as the choir sings acapella and sways to Morgen’s interpretation of “THE MYSTERY,” his invocation of the Ninefold Muse, supported by harps and percussion in the orchestra.

TV SHOW CHOIR (sings)
Life giver! Ageless Miracle! Love!
Freya! (Freya!) Janu! (Janu!)
Ishtar! (Ishtar!) Danu! (Danu!)

The Choir's next line signals the beginning of the entry for the full orchestra.

TV SHOW CHOIR (sings)

All conceiver! Joyous Harmony!
Freya! Janu! Ishtar! Danu!
Freya! (Freya!) Janu! (Janu!)
Ishtar! (Ishtar!) Danu! (Danu!)
Gentle Deceiver! Eternal Weaver!
Freya! Janu! Ishtar! Danu!

The lights come up, revealing Morgen's band as they play, adding the heavy rhythms and wailing guitar that signal the Trashbabies' entrance. The Trashbabies prance into view, taking positions across the entire front of the stage, bringing the wildly excited crowd to its feet.

TRASHBABIES (sing)

If a song can touch the true you,
Influence the things that you do,
Let this song flow in and through you,
And feel its power passing to you!

The Trashbabies turn, extending their arms to call attention to Morgen's entry, as he is elevated from beneath the stage in a cloud of fog, and struts forward to join the Trashbabies, working the crowd, supported by the Choir's singing.

MORGEN (sings)

Come nearer! Let me see you!
Let me feel your loving touch!
Breathe life in me with your kisses!
Only you can do so much!
Near you the wildest beast stands tame!

TRASHBABIES AND CHOIR (sing)

Sweet Mystery!

MORGEN (sings)

Sharing the wondrous magic in your name!

TRASHBABIES AND CHOIR (sing)

Life giver! Ageless Miracle! Love! Freya!

MORGEN (sings)

In your bower, keep me! Soothe me!

TRASHBABIES AND CHOIR (sing)

Janu!

MORGEN (sings)

Let me feel your warm caress!

TRASHBABIES AND CHOIR (sing)

Ishtar!

MORGEN (sings)

Fill my ears with your sweet music!

TRASHBABIES AND CHOIR (sing)

Danu!

MORGEN (sings)

Grant me peace and tenderness!

Your perfect love is your great fame!

TRASHBABIES AND CHOIR (sing)

Sweet Mystery!

MORGEN (sings)

All is made greater when made in your name!

TRASHBABIES AND CHOIR (sing)

All conceiver! Joyous Harmony! Love!

INT. RUINED ABBEY/ PRODUCTION VAN - NIGHT

The rock instrumental release takes over as the Morgan and the Trashbabies dance, prance and work the crowd. We can't hear the Director shouting to the engineer which camera he wants to cut to, but during the sequence insert shots of the Band, the Orchestra, The Choir, Crowd Reactions, and Morgan and the Trashbabies working the crowd fill the monitors.

EXT. RUINED ABBEY - NIGHT

Rodney wags his head, amazed and delighted by the unbelievable reaction from the crowd. The focus returns to the live, on-stage show as Morgan and the Trashbabies sing.

MORGEN AND TRASHBABIES (sing)

If a song can touch the true you,
Influence the things that you do . . .

The Crowd feels the song flow in and through them!

MORGEN AND TRASHBABIES (sung V.O.)

Let this song flow in and through you . . .

On stage, the show goes on.

MORGEN AND TRASHBABIES (sung V.O.)

And feel its power passing to you!

TV SHOW CHOIR (sung V.O.)

Freya! Janu! Ishtar! Danu!

TRASHBABIES AND CHOIR (sing)

Freya!

MORGEN (sings)

Lie with me in sunny meadows!

TRASHBABIES AND CHOIR (sing)

Janu!

MORGEN (sings)

In darkened groves, be by my side!

TRASHBABIES AND CHOIR (sing)

Ishtar!

MORGEN (sings)

In swift flowing water, bathe me!

TRASHBABIES AND CHOIR (sing)

Danu!

MORGEN (sings)

Reveal your nature! Be my guide!

Mistress of Earth, Air, Water, Flame.

TRASHBABIES AND CHOIR (sing)

Sweet Mystery!

MORGEN (sings)

All feel the awesome power of your name!

TRASHBABIES AND CHOIR (sing)

Gentle Deceiver! Eternal Weaver! Love!

The Band and Orchestra take over, building to the final cadence. The curtain closes over the Choir, the Band, Morgen and the Trashbabies. Outside, the crowd is over-the-top! As Morgen, the Trashbabies and the Band exit, Morgen staggers. Momentarily confused, he glances up at the lighting grid above.

The Barn Owl stares down at him from the lighting grid.

Rodney, glad-handing the Band and the Trashbabies, looks for Morgan, and sees him still on stage, looking up at the grid, looking pale.

Rodney hurries toward Morgen. Morgen drops to his knees. Rodney shouts Morgen's name.

The Band and the Trashbabies turn to see what the commotion is.

The Barn Owl shifts its feet, as if preparing to go after its prey.

Rodney tries to catch Morgen as Morgen pitches face first onto the stage.

A HAND-HELD CAMERAMAN hurries to record it all. The Trashbabies and Band block his angle, and as he maneuvers for a better one, Security Guards prevent him from getting closer.

On the floor, Morgen's eyes are open.

Low Angle shot of the floor, Morgen's POV, as grass sprouts up through the stage floor.

The Owl takes flight from the lighting grid above.

Rodney tries to lift Morgen, but a Security Guard cautions him not to move Morgen.

Flowers grow up through the stage.

CROSSFADE TO:

EXT. SHRINE/FLOWER-COVERED DOLMEN - DUSK

The sun is setting. PAN from the antlered headdress resting in a bed of flowers to reveal Morgen, nude, his head cradled in Laura's lap, awakening where he fell. Laura is also nude, but modestly covered by her long hair.

LAURA

Morgen.

Morgen is bewildered. They are alone.

MORGEN

Am I really back?

LAURA

You never left.

MORGEN

But I thought . . .

Laurel pulls Morgen's buckskin cloak over him and holds him close.

LAURA

You've done all that we asked of you.

MORGEN

Sweet Mystery! But did anyone listen?

LAURA

(smiling happily)

Millions. Your “Mystical Encounter” is now a matter of record.
You saw to that.

MORGEN

And that’s it? Now it’s all up to them?

LAURA

It always was.

INSERT: The Camera tilts up to capture the brilliant sunset. “DOG., ROEBUCK AND LAPWING” comes up in the music tracks. SUPERIMPOSE CREDIT TITLES. The sun sets as the song fades away. The Barn Owl takes flight, disappearing into the dark. Remaining END CREDITS ROLL IN SILENCE.

FADE TO BLACK.