

MORNINGSTONE

An Original Screenplay by
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"MORNINGSTONE"

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FADE IN:

EXT. ANCIENT WOODS - NIGHT

A BARN OWL takes wing, gliding through the moonlit woods, mist swirling in its wake. MORNINGSTONE TITLE THEME. SUPERIMPOSE MAIN TITLES.

EXT. RUINED ABBEY - NIGHT

Emerging from the mist, the barn owl flies toward the NOISY ruins, where CONCERT-GOERS crowd the area before a brightly lit stage. Banners proclaim the "LIVE" BBC broadcast of a May-Eve concert by MORGAN AND THE TRASHBABIES. In addition to the working BBC crews, there is a large security presence.

SEGUE FROM MORNINGSTONE TITLE THEME TO WITCHY STEW.

Screaming CONCERT-GOERS fail to drown out MORGAN AND THE TRASHBABIES' performance of WITCHY STEW.

The barn owl settles high in the concert lighting grid.

Pop star MORGAN NEWBEGIN and the nine ethnically diverse TRASHBABIES, wearing glittering costumes cut to accent their gorgeous figures, strut, slink, prance and pose throughout the song.

MORGAN (singing)

Look at their hair, the things they wear.
O, the things they do!
Designed to please, they strut and tease
And brew their WITCHY STEW.

SEVENTH TRASHBABY (singing)

A little show just lets you know...

EIGHTH TRASHBABY (singing)

I'm here to have some fun...

NINTH TRASHBABY (singing)

If you see a lot of me...

Three more Trashbabies strut downstage, teasing the audience.

TRASHBABIES (singing)

What harm has been done? Huh?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MORGAN (singing)
 They hide their guile behind a smile.
 They'll put a spell on you!
 Late at night, by candlelight...

The lights dim. Colored fog spreads over the stage.

MORGAN (singing) (CONT'D)
 They're cooking WITCHY STEW!

The Trashbabies undulate toward Morgan through the fog.

Morgan retreats to the wings.

MORGAN (singing) (CONT'D)
 Women dare not be so fair
 And not be wicked, too...

The Trashbabies follow Morgan out of view. The MUSIC fades.

EXT. RUINED ABBEY/BACKSTAGE - NIGHT

Morgan collapses onto a chair as the Trashbabies pass.

FIRST TRASHBABY
 (to Morgan)
 How are you holding up?

SECOND TRASHBABY
 (helpfully)
 I have some tablets.

The Sixth Trashbaby steps behind Morgan and massages his neck.

SIXTH TRASHBABY
 You know he won't take anything.

Morgan shrugs into the massage and grins up at the girls.

MORGAN
 One more to go.

INT. MANSION/BALLROOM - NIGHT

In the dimly lit room, a crowd of recording industry moguls and tag-alongs watch the LARGE SCREEN HDTV. The screen shows spotlights panning the excited crowd at the Abbey as a CHANT of "MORGAN" begins amid the CHEERS.

At the back of the room, attractive ANGELA KNIGHT slips into the empty chair next to Morgan's manager, RODNEY HAZELTON.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ANGELA

Rodney?

RODNEY

Angela! I'm so glad you could come.

ANGELA

I want him.

RODNEY

Say when and I'll make it happen.

ANGELA

What's this about the Trashbabies breaking up?

RODNEY

Don't believe the tabloids.

ANGELA

That's why I asked.

RODNEY

It's nothing. Minor spats. They're just exhausted. They've been on tour for six months. They get the next two weeks off while Morgan and the band lay down music tracks for the new album. Then the band gets two weeks off while Morgan and the girls do the vocals.

ANGELA

What about Morgan?

RODNEY

Morgan?

Both CROWDS, on TV and in the ballroom, CHEER as the music to THE STRANGER begins and Morgan comes back on stage for his final number.

RODNEY (CONT'D)

(shouting)

He can go forever. Look at him!

INSERT of Morgan on the large screen HDTV.

RODNEY (CONT'D)

He's superman!

EXT. RUINED ABBEY - NIGHT

The crowd's CHANTING turns into a HAPPY ROAR.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Morgan's moves to the edge of the stage, playing particularly to the eager young girls in the front rows, letting a lucky few touch his boots or trouser leg, generous with his eye contact.

MORGAN (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.

Morgan crouches down, touches the fingertips of the most fortunate of his frantic female fans.

MORGAN (singing) (CONT'D)
 Closer.
 Let me take you by the hand.

The crowd reaction is deafening.

MORGAN (singing) (CONT'D)
 I'm the one they call THE STRANGER!
 I can help make your dreams come true.
 I'm the one they call THE STRANGER!

Morgan skips along the edge of the stage, making eye contact, singing to a YOUNG FEMALE FAN in the second row.

MORGAN (singing) (CONT'D)
 Listen and I'll tell you what to do...

The Young Female Fan falls apart, dizzy, tears streaming.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. RUINED ABBEY/BACKSTAGE - NIGHT

The song continues as SECURITY PERSONNEL rush Morgan to a waiting LIMO.

EXT. RUINED ABBEY/GROUNDS (OWL'S POV) - NIGHT

Fans scramble around and through the ruins, seeking Morgan.

EXT. RUINED ABBEY (INT - LIMO) - NIGHT

Exhausted, Morgan collapses into the limo's plush seat.

FORMAT NOTE: Lyrics not sung on camera are shown in italics.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MORGAN (singing V.O.)
*Poor child.
Close and rest your eyes.
Lie back.
Soon you'll realize you can trust in me.*

EXT. RUINED ABBEY GROUNDS - NIGHT

Some 60 fans mob the limo as it moves toward the exit.

MORGAN (singing V.O.)
Listen...

EXT. RUINED ABBEY (INT - LIMO) - NIGHT

Morgan closes his eyes to the madness about him. FANS press hands and faces against the windows, calling to him, but all we hear is the song.

MORGAN (singing V.O.)
And the world will go away.

EXT. RUINED ABBEY/EXIT - NIGHT

A gentle rain begins to fall as the limo breaks free of the fans, disappearing into the night.

MORGAN (singing V.O.)
Closer...

EXT. RAINY ROAD (INT - LIMO) - NIGHT

The windshield wipers swish hypnotically. The CHAUFFEUR picks up the mobile phone and punches a number.

MORGAN (singing V.O.)
Listen only to what I say...

TRASHBABIES (singing V.O.)
So pretty, perdee, per-dee-per, deeper, deeper...

INT. MANSION/BALLROOM - NIGHT

Some sixty or so informally ostentatious guests attend the recording industry soiree in the now brightly lit ballroom.

Opposite the dark, giant screen TV, BARTENDERS dispense drinks and a buffet is served by mini-skirted COCKTAIL WAITRESSES.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Blocking one ear against the NOISY GUESTS, Rodney shouts into his cell phone.

RODNEY

Yeah? Great. No. I'll meet you.

Rodney moves through the press of guests toward a door.

EXT. BRIGHTLY LIT MANSION - NIGHT

Rain falls gently as the limo drive past the luxury cars parked on the grass and along the driveway.

EXT. MANSION/ARCHWAY - NIGHT

Rodney steps into the archway beneath the main entrance, moving past a gleaming red Ferrari (Superamerica or F430 Spider convertible) toward the forecourt. The limo's headlights sweep over him.

EXT. MANSION/FORECOURT - NIGHT

Rodney hurries to Morgan's limo and slips inside.

EXT. MANSION/FORECOURT (LIMO) - NIGHT

RODNEY

Morgan? Wakey, wakey...

Morgan GROANS.

RODNEY (CONT'D)

(sympathetically)

You look like hell warmed over. C'mon. I'll sneak you up the back. You can shower...

MORGAN

(dismayed)

Oh, no! How many...

RODNEY

Not that many. 50. 60. Promoters, regional reps, a few select members of the press.

MORGAN

I'm really not up for this...

RODNEY

C'mon. You can sleep in, tomorrow!

EXT. MANSION/FORECOURT - NIGHT

Morgan gets out of the limo. Eyes closed, he tilts his face up into the gentle, refreshing rain.

RODNEY
(O.S., to the CHAUFFEUR)
Thanks. That'll be all.

Rodney takes Morgan's arm, propelling him toward the archway. Morgan opens his eyes, sees the Ferrari and shrugs out of Rodney's grasp.

MORGAN
The Ferrari's here!

EXT. MANSION/ARCHWAY - NIGHT

Morgan caresses his new car as the limo pulls away.

RODNEY
(indulgently)
It's a car, Morgan.

MORGAN
Oh, no, Rodney. It's MY car!

Morgan slips behind the wheel.

EXT. MANSION/ARCHWAY (INT - FERRARI) - NIGHT

The keys are in the ignition. Morgan locks the door, leaving RODNEY standing outside.

RODNEY
Morgan?

MORGAN
(softly)
My getaway car...

Morgan straps on the safety belt, starts the engine.

EXT. MANSION/ARCHWAY - NIGHT

Rodney knocks on the side window, his voice rising.

RODNEY
C'mon, Morgan!

The headlights switch on, illuminating the falling rain.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Rodney pulls a cell phone out of his pocket, punches some numbers.

EXT. MANSION/ARCHWAY (INT - FERRARI) - NIGHT

The car cell phone rings, startling Morgan. He finds it.

MORGAN

Hello?

EXT. MANSION/ARCHWAY - NIGHT

Rodney talks into his cell phone.

RODNEY

Having fun?

EXT. MANSION/ARCHWAY (INT - FERRARI) - NIGHT

Grinning, Morgan lowers the window a bit. Rodney leans in.

RODNEY

You can't go anywhere...

Morgan hands Rodney the car cell phone.

MORGAN

I'm gonna take it for a test drive.

RODNEY

Angela Knight. "Knight on the Town?" She's inside, Morgan, waiting to meet you.

MORGAN

(putting the car in gear)

It'll wake me up.

Morgan closes the side window, switches on the windshield wipers and accelerates.

EXT. MANSION/FORECOURT - NIGHT

Shielding himself from the rain, Rodney follows the Ferrari out from under the archway.

RODNEY

Come on. Don't do this!

Rodney YELPS, shields his face from the stinging gravel kicked up by the spinning wheels as the Ferrari speeds away.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RODNEY (CONT'D)
 (shouting)
 Morgan!!!

EXT. MANSION - NIGHT

The Ferrari turns onto the driveway. A lightning flash reveals the barn owl, perched in a tree over the driveway.

EXT. MANSION/GATE - NIGHT

The sports car speeds under a bridge and through an open wrought iron gate, followed on high by the barn owl.

EXT. COUNTRY LANES (INT - FERRARI) - NIGHT

MONTAGE of Morgan driving and the glistening road ahead, distorted by falling rain, revealed by the windshield wipers.

INTERCUT WITH:

EXT. COUNTRY LANE (AERIAL/OWL'S POV) - NIGHT

The sports car races along the slick road.

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

EXT. COUNTRY LANE (INT - FERRARI) - NIGHT

The windshield wipers slap back and forth hypnotically.

TRASHBABIES (singing V.O.)
So pretty, perdee, per-dee-per, deeper, deeper...

LAURA (V.O.)
 Morgan?

LAURA'S VOICE sounds like she is in the car with Morgan.

LAURA (CONT'D)
 (a warning)
 Morgan!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Morgan's sleepy eyes open wide with terror.

Through the windshield, we see a DOE standing in the road.

Morgan pulls the wheel hard over, runs off the road to avoid the doe, then swerves back onto the road.

EXT. COUNTRY LANE - NIGHT

The trembling doe watches the sports car speed away.

MORGAN (singing V.O.)
I'm the one!

EXT. RHODODENDRON LINED COUNTRY LANE - BREAK OF DAWN

The rain has stopped. From a tree, the barn owl watches the sports car speed by on the wet road. It ruffles its feathers, releasing a shower of silvery moon dust.

MORGAN (singing V.O.)
THE STRANGER!

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

MORGAN (singing V.O.) (CONT'D)
I'm the one. I make your dreams come true!

The SECOND MUSE, similarly attired, dances out onto the roadway to watch the car speed away.

MORGAN (singing V.O.) (CONT'D)
I'm the one. THE STRANGER!

Beside the bridge, the THIRD MUSE watches joyfully from hiding. As the car roars over the bridge, she twirls onto the bridge in its wake.

MORGAN (singing V.O.) (CONT'D)
Listen and I'll put my spell on you.

EXT. SHRINE SITE - MORNING

A Stonehenge-like construction set into the eastern face of a hillside, surrounding a central standing stone. Three stones set into the hillside frame a cave entrance.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LAURA, dressed in a long, gold-trimmed gown, crowned with a floral tiara streaming multi-colored ribbons through her shining thigh-length hair, stands by the central standing stone, staring out over the countryside to the east.

Morgan's sports car approaches, nearly hidden by the Rhododendrons that line the rural lane below the hill.

LAURA reacts to the DRONE of the approaching sports car.

LAURA
(hopefully)
Morgan?

EXT. RHODODENDRON LINED LANE (INT - FERRARI) - MORNING

The top is down. Morgan drives slowly through the lush countryside in the open sports car.

EXT. RHODODENDRON LINED LANE - MORNING

Sunbeams fall on a WHITE STAG with seven point antlers.

It bolts away as the Ferrari approaches, top down.

Morgan watches the stag run away.

Turning his attention back to the road, Morgan slams on the brakes to keep from running into the THREE FURIES, statuesque Goth divas wearing scanty, ornate body armor.

As they draw near, Morgan sits atop the back of his seat, the better to see them.

MORGAN
(cheerfully)
Good morning, ladies!

A HUGE BRINDLED MASTIFF steps out of the rhododendrons, approaches the car and stares up at Morgan.

MORGAN (CONT'D)
(nervously)
Whoa! Big dog!

FIRST FURY
What brings you here?

MORGAN
You want the truth?

SECOND FURY
That is slyly spoken.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

THIRD FURY

Like a deceiver spoken.

FIRST FURY

Intended, perhaps, to mislead?

MORGAN

The truth will have to serve . . .

SECOND FURY

Truth serves not.

THIRD FURY

It is its own unbending master.

FIRST FURY

(dismissing MORGAN)

The tomb of every hope.

The Furies move on down the road. After a beat, the mastiff releases Morgan from its baleful gaze and follows them.

Relieved, Morgan drops down behind the wheel and, scowling at the Furies in his rear view mirror, puts the car in gear.

MORGAN

(muttering disdainfully)

Goths . . .

EXT. RHODODENDRON LINED LANE/BROOK - MORNING

The Ferrari, TOP CLOSED, rolls off the road and THUDS into a BROOK.

EXT. RHODODENDRON LINED LANE (INT - FERRARI) - MORNING

The AIR BAG DEPLOYS with a BANG, awakening Morgan.

MORGAN

Damn!

Morgan unfastens his safety belt and pushes his door open.

EXT. RHODODENDRON LINED LANE/BROOK - MORNING

Morgan emerges from the choking residue from the air bag deployment. Dismayed, he wades into the brook to inspect the car. Although the damage looks minimal, it will take a tow truck to get the Ferrari back on the road.

EXT. RHODODENDRON LINED LANE (INT - FERRARI) - MORNING

Morgan leans inside, pushes aside the deflated air bag. The cell phone cradle is empty. Remembering how gleefully he gave it to Rodney, he slams the steering wheel in frustration.

EXT. RHODODENDRON LINED LANE/BROOK - MORNING

Morgan climbs up onto the lonely road. Nearby, a rusty, overgrown marker proclaims "MORNINGSTONE 2 Km." Morgan SIGHS, then enters the narrow lane indicated and starts walking.

EXT. HAMLET - DAY

It is just a few shops on either side of a tiny green with a bright red phone booth in its center.

EXT. HAMLET/PHONE BOOTH ON GREEN - DAY

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

MORGAN

Great.

Morgan goes to nearby "SMYTHE'S WELDING AND AUTO REPAIR."

EXT. HAMLET/SHOP - DAY

FIONA, lovely, late 30's, looking uncannily like a human version of the barn owl, watches through the shop window.

INT. HAMLET/SMYTHE'S GARAGE - DAY

SMYTHE, a huge, muscular mechanic, in the middle of an overhaul of his tractor's engine, shares Morgan's dismay.

SMYTHE

Glad to, sir, soon as I get this back together.

MORGAN

When will that be?

SMYTHE

Should have it running by tomorrow...

MORGAN

Terrific. Is there another garage?

SMYTHE

I'm afraid I'm it, sir.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MORGAN

Great. Do you have a phone?

SMYTHE

(helpfully)

Oh, yes sir!

Smythe goes to the open garage door.

EXT. HAMLET/SMYTHE'S GARAGE - DAY

Smythe points at the phone booth.

SMYTHE

Right there on the green, sir!

MORGAN

I tried that one. It's out of order.

SMYTHE

Oh. You might try the pub...

MORGAN

Yeah?

SMYTHE

(pointing)

End of the street, sir.

MORGAN

Thanks a lot!

Morgan starts toward the pub.

SMYTHE

I'll stay right on this, shall I? Just in case.

MORGAN

Great! Thanks, again!

Behind Morgan's back, Smythe grins toward the shop across the green.

EXT. HAMLET/SHOP - DAY

Through the shop window, Fiona smiles back at him.

EXT. HAMLET/PUB - DAY

Morgan enters the dark pub.

INT. HAMLET/PUB - DAY

The GRIND of a Bell & Howell 16mm movie projector grows louder as Morgan walks toward the area where a film is being shown.

AMY, BARBARA and CLIO, attractive girls, 16, and KEVIN, NIGEL and BILLY, boys about the same age, sit at a long table, watching the movie.

EXT. SHRINE SITE (MOVIE) - PREDAWN TWILIGHT

Behind the standing stone, a cauldron, tended by the Three Muses, boils over an open fire. The First Muse plays a Celtic harp. The Second Muse stirs the cauldron and sings the obbligato line. The Third Muse dances and plays a tambourine.

Laura, in her gold-trimmed gown and floral tiara, stands by the central standing stone, gazing out over the countryside.

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

INT. HAMLET/PUB - DAY

Morgan takes a seat at the back, undetected by the teenagers.

EXT. SHRINE SITE (MOVIE) - PREDAWN TWILIGHT

Laura goes to the cauldron, wafting its vapors into her face.

LAURA (singing)
Mystery and destiny...
Forever intertwined,
Revealed for all the world to see
That all who seek may find.

She steps up onto a low stone wall at the back of the shrine and turns back toward the east.

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

EXT. SHRINE VIEW OVER THE COUNTRYSIDE (MOVIE) - DAWN

As Laura sings, the sun rises directly over the top of the standing stone, like the flame atop a candle.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LAURA (singing)
Behold your legacy.
MORNINGSTONE!

EXT. SHRINE SITE (MOVIE) - DAWN

The sullen Furies move into view by the entrance to the shrine site, silent, disdaining witnesses to Laura's incantation.

INT. HAMLET/PUB - DAY

Morgan reacts to the sight of the Furies on the screen.

EXT. SHRINE/CAVE ENTRANCE (MOVIE) - DAY

At the back of the shrine site, above the cave, the Three FATES, serene, lovely and blind -- their pupils silver-white -- spin and weave. From the THIRD FATE'S lap, a huge tapestry of countless galaxies drapes down over the cave entrance. The angry Furies march forward, but the Fates speak first.

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?

SECOND FURY
The goddess lies defiled!

THIRD FURY
(disdainfully)
All nature weeps.

FIRST FATE
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...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

THIRD FURY

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

The Muses abandon their cauldron to protest.

FIRST MUSE

(to the FATES)

Shall Furies now guide Fate?

FIRST FURY

Do Muses still guide Man?

THIRD FATE

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.

THIRD FATE

Enough! Enough!

FIRST FATE

The thread is short.

SECOND FATE

And thin.

THIRD FATE

It calls for skill.

THIRD FURY

The Laws of Nature are beyond appeal.

FIRST FURY

So, sisters, by your leave?

Glaring at the Muses, the Furies stalk away.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

THE FATES
(unison)
Farewell!

The Muses exchange glances.

SECOND MUSE
And we
Must also bid farewell.

The Third Muse kisses each of the Fates good-bye, while the First and Second Muse watch nervously. During the leaving-taking, the Third Muse pulls a long strand of her own hair and adds it to the Fates' dwindling skein. Blushing, the Third Muse hurries back to her sisters and they exit. The Fates smile.

The Furies have witnessed the Muse's intervention.

SECOND FURY
Have they no shame?

THIRD FURY
The Fates are with the Muses.

FIRST FURY
They conspire
To frustrate justice!

The Furies storm back to confront the Fates.

SECOND FURY
Nature lies betrayed!

FIRST FATE
O, see you not the wheels within the wheels?

SECOND FATE
Would you deny this final, loving gift?

THIRD FATE
A single hair upon which all depends?

FIRST FATE
The thread is short.

SECOND FATE
And thin.

THIRD FATE
It calls for skill.

THIRD FURIES
(unison)
We are not moved.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

THE FATES

(unison)

Things shall be as they will.

INT. HAMLET/PUB - DAY

The reel ends. The lights come on and the projector is switched off.

Laura, dressed in sensible country tweed, her long hair up in braids, walks to the front of the class and raises the screen, revealing a blackboard.

On the blackboard is a circle split by a horizontal line with "reality" and "conscious" above the line; "mystical encounter" and "unconscious" below the line; and "threshold" on the line.

LAURA

What do the characters...

Laura pauses briefly when she sees Morgan at the back.

Morgan recognizes her.

Blushing slightly, Laura continues.

LAURA (CONT'D)

...represent?

KEVIN

Nature deities.

BILLY

The Ninefold Muse.

BARBARA

The denigration of the goddess.

LAURA

Oh?

BARBARA

The embodiment of the female principle, the mother goddess, is reduced to a bevy of ineffectual, bickering, departmental nymphs.

LAURA

Clio?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CLIO

(to Barbara)

Here, I think the fragmentation of the goddess is a device of exposition, employed to reveal the crises dramatically through a confrontation between various aspects of her character.

BILLY

(to Clio)

Sometimes, you're almost as scary as she is!

LAURA

Who are the Furies?

BARBARA

(to Clio and Billy)

Goddesses of vengeance.

AMY

The guardians of the threshold.

LAURA indicates the "threshold" on her chalk 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.

NIGEL

Enlightenment.

LAURA

(writing it on the
blackboard)

Enlightenment. What about the Fates?

AMY

The Past, Present and Future.

KEVIN

Impartial nature. What shall be, will be.

LAURA

What are they doing?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BILLY
Weaving the thread.

LAURA
The thread! All right! And what about the thread?

AMY
It's short.

KEVIN
And thin.

TEENAGERS
(unison, with some giggling)
It calls for skill.

LAURA
It calls for skill. What does it symbolize?

NIGEL
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!

Morgan begins to sway in his seat.

LAURA (O.S.) (CONT'D)
The Key! The Chosen One. The single hair upon which all depends!

We hear a THUD. Laura and the teens crowd around Morgan, out cold on the floor.

BILLY
That's Morgan. Morgan Newbegin!

NIGEL
(impressed)
The pop star?

BARBARA
What's he doing here?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KEVIN
(knowingly)
The Stranger...

Laura takes Morgan's hand.

LAURA
Morgan?

EXT. COUNTRY LANE (INT - FERRARI) - NIGHT

FLASH FRAMES: Morgan, drowsy, driving through the rain.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. HAMLET/PUB - DAY

The teens crowd closer, strangely detached as they speak about Morgan, part of a greater conspiracy.

KEVIN
The cycle begins anew...

NIGEL
(to CLIO, as if she
knows)
Just passing through?

LAURA
Morgan?

BARBARA
(sinister)
Perhaps he's come to stay...

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

Kevin draws his finger across his throat.

AMY
(nodding agreement)
The cycle would be incomplete.

LAURA
Morgan!

EXT. COUNTRY LANE - NIGHT

Through the rain spattered windshield, we see the doe standing in the road, arrested in the headlights.

INT. HAMLET/PUB - DAY

Morgan bolts back to consciousness.

MORGAN

What happened?

LAURA

You seem to have fainted.

BILLY

You're Morgan, aren't you?

Morgan rises unsteadily. Laura helps him to a seat.

LAURA

Easy! You're sure you're all right?

CLIO

Have you come for the Spring Festival?

NIGEL

Did you bring the Trashbabies?

LAURA

Order, please!

MORGAN

I just came in to use the phone.

While Kevin fetches the dial phone from the bar, Clio leans close to Morgan, speaking softly, seductively.

CLIO

You've fans, here, Morgan. It'd be worth your while...

LAURA

All right. That's enough. Don't forget, final fittings this afternoon. Now, buzz off, the lot of you!

BILLY

(to Clio)

What was that supposed to mean?

MORGAN

Sorry, if I messed things up...

LAURA

Oh, we covered all the important bits.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MORGAN

(dialing a number)

My car's stuck in a ditch and the garage can't get to it before tomorrow.

Morgan holds the phone to his ear, depresses the cradle several times, listens, then hands the receiver to Laura.

MORGAN (CONT'D)

It's dead.

Laura holds the receiver to her ear.

MORGAN (CONT'D)

Do you have a cell?

Laura doesn't understand the question.

MORGAN (CONT'D)

A cell phone? Wireless?

LAURA

Oh, no. Sorry. No signal, here.

Laura returns the handset to Morgan.

LAURA (CONT'D)

(sympathetically)

I'm afraid our links with the outside world are tenuous, at best.

Morgan has trouble putting the land line back in its cradle.

LAURA (CONT'D)

You're trembling.

MORGAN

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

LAURA

You've had a shock.

MORGAN

I'm fine, really. Just tired.

LAURA

You need a lie down...

MORGAN

I don't suppose there's a hotel?

LAURA

Nothing so grand as that. There is a cottage! A bit off the beaten track, but you could rest there.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MORGAN

Is there a phone?

LAURA

(amused)

Sorry. I don't think there's ever been one out there. It's ages old, built to house pilgrims to our ancient shrine. Shall we?

MORGAN

By all means...

EXT. HAMLET/PUB/SIDE DOOR - DAY

Laura's gaily decorated wicker pony cart is painted with brightly colored flowers.

MORGAN

Nice wheels.

LAURA

(happily)

It's traditional, this time of year.

Laura springs lightly into her pony cart.

MORGAN

(climbing in)

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

LAURA

I can keep us out of the ditch. Hold on!

Laura CLUCKS and the cart shoots forward. Morgan clings to the cart frame.

EXT - PONY CART IN FLOWERY LANES - DAY

Morgan's appreciation of Laura's charms grows as they drive through the countryside in the pony cart.

MORGAN (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 could conceive.
Please let me hold you, that I may believe.*

*Giddy, this close to you,
But all the same,
If I dared ask, would you
Tell me your name?*

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LAURA
 (like she heard him)
 Oh, I'm Laura. Laura Webster.

MORGAN
 Laura.

LAURA
 (after a beat)
 And you're Morgan.

MORGAN
 (grinning foolishly)
 Yeah.

Laura laughs and snaps the reins. Morgan rocks, then clings to the cart as the pony trots up a wooded hillside track.

MORGAN (singing V.O.) (CONT'D)
*I dare not move. I dare not speak.
 This close to you, I feel dazed and weak.
 Though it sounds strange, I swear it's true.
 I've never seen THE LIKES OF YOU.*

EXT. SHRINE - DAY

The song fades away as the pony cart stops outside the stone circle.

LAURA
 (indicating the
 megalithic shrine)
 Morningstone!

Laura jumps down. Morgan follows cautiously.

MORGAN
 My legs feel wobbly.

LAURA
 (teasing)
 You're on sacred ground. In these hollow hills, gods and goddesses dwell. Fairies, if you prefer. But you're safe enough in broad daylight.

MORGAN
 Oh?

LAURA
 One of three fates is sure to befall any mortal foolish enough to visit the shrine by night. The hoped-for one is rarely granted.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Laura goes toward the monolith. Morgan follows.

MORGAN

And that is?

LAURA

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

Laura moves around the stone, away from Morgan. He goes the other way to block her.

MORGAN

Ah! And the more common fates?

LAURA

Madness. Or death.

MORGAN

That would tend to keep the lines down.

LAURA

It's not much further to the cottage.

They return to the pony cart and drive on up the hill, past a low stone table made from a large generally flat stone set atop three smaller stone "legs."

MORGAN

I don't get it.

LAURA

What?

MORGAN

You. Here.

LAURA

Where else would I be?

MORGAN

Well, you're talented, for one thing.

LAURA

Enough for the local heritage class.

EXT. PONY CART ON NARROW WOODED TRACK - DAY

Laura and Morgan ride in her pony cart.

MORGAN

Were the others 'locals', too?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LAURA

Of course. Did one of our ladies catch your fancy?

MORGAN

Could be.

LAURA

Intriguing! I wonder who'd be your type?
One of the Fates?

Morgan doesn't answer.

LAURA (CONT'D)

No? A Fury? Their charms are more obvious.
But perhaps you find them challenging?

Morgan grins, but still doesn't answer.

LAURA (CONT'D)

A Muse, then? Be a help in your career!

MORGAN

My career's doing fine.

Morgan makes eye contact.

EXT. PONY CART NEAR COTTAGE/BROOK - DAY

The pony cart SPLASHES NOISILY into the brook, startling Morgan.

LAURA

Here we are!

EXT. COTTAGE - DAY

Smoke rises from the cottage chimney. Laura stops the dripping pony cart by the door.

MORGAN

(muttering)

Regular all terrain vehicle...

LAURA

You have company.

INT. COTTAGE/GREAT ROOM - DAY

A great room stretches the entire width of the cottage. The kitchen area is to the right of the front door and there is a fireplace in the wall opposite the door.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Laura and Morgan find Fiona at the stove, adding meat and herbs to a bubbling stew pot.

LAURA

Hello!

FIONA

Is that you, Laura?

LAURA

You're supposed to be in the village.

Fiona, a slightly more mature beauty and consummate flirt, wipes her hands and turns to them.

FIONA

Without a bite to eat or a drop to drink in the cottage? A fine welcome that'd be, to a famous guest, all the way from America!

She offers her hand to Morgan.

FIONA (CONT'D)

I'm Fiona.

MORGAN

Fiona? I'm Morgan Newbegin.

FIONA

(mysteriously)

Yes. There's a lot in a name...

LAURA

(to Fiona)

What about the costumes?

FIONA

First things first, dear.

Fiona takes a wine bottle from several in a basket and pours three goblets of wine.

FIONA (CONT'D)

I make this myself, from our local fruits and herbs.

LAURA

Fiona's Elixir. Careful, Morgan. It's potent.

MORGAN

Beats tea!

FIONA

(handing out GOBLETS)

Oh, you'll like it here, Morgan.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MORGAN

I already do!

FIONA

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

MORGAN

I'll drink to that.

The elixir takes his breath away.

FIONA

You'll be here for Laura's festival?

LAURA

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

FIONA

(to Laura)

I haven't made up the room...

Laura starts toward the bedroom door.

LAURA

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

FIONA

(muttering)

So much to do...

MORGAN

(to Fiona)

Is there something I can do to help?

FIONA

(heavy with innuendo)

Oh, I dare say...

LAURA

(from the doorway)

Where are the linens?

FIONA

In the hall closet.

Fiona pours a bit of elixir into the pot and stirs the stew.

MORGAN

Something smells delicious!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FIONA

Ambrosia. It's traditional here at the cottage. So, tell me, Morgan. How do you come by a festival name?

MORGAN

I beg your pardon?

FIONA

Newbegin. Like Fairchild, Greenwood and Merriweather. Surnames given to children conceived at festivals.

MORGAN

Oh?

FIONA

Well, under the circumstances, a girl couldn't be expected to know just who the father might be.

Morgan's face reveals his struggle with the implications. Fiona LAUGHS wickedly.

LAURA (O.S.)

(from the bedroom)

Are you about ready, Fiona?

FIONA

(teasing)

Oh, just about...

LAURA (O.S.)

Then would you turn the cart around, please?

FIONA

All right, dear.

(to Morgan)

There's wood for a fire, plenty to drink and plenty of stew, but it still needs to simmer for an hour or so. If you feel peckish before then, there's fresh baked bread in the basket. Is that it?

Fiona takes a last look around.

FIONA (CONT'D)

Oh, pen and paper, should you feel inspired. First impressions can be so...exciting. Well then! Enjoy your stay.

MORGAN

I'm sure I will. Thanks, again.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FIONA
My pleasure, Morgan, really.

INT. COTTAGE/BEDROOM - DAY

Laura takes a blanket from a chest of drawers.

MORGAN
I can do that.

LAURA
If you would...

Laura hands Morgan the blanket.

MORGAN
No problem.

LAURA
Sorry to have to rush off like this.

Laura starts out the door.

LAURA (CONT'D)
It's the pageant. There's so little time...

INT. COTTAGE/GREAT ROOM - DAY

Laura moves quickly to the front door.

MORGAN
Laura! Thank you.

LAURA
You're welcome. Bye for now!

Laura exits. Morgan goes to the door to see her off.

EXT. COTTAGE - DAY

Laura springs into the pony cart, takes the reins.

FIONA
No need to rush...

LAURA
Isn't there?

Laura CLUCKS to the pony and drives away. Fiona waves good-bye to Morgan, who waves back from the cottage doorway.

INT. COTTAGE/GREAT ROOM - DAY

Morgan tosses the blanket on the sofa, goes to the kitchen and pours himself another elixer. He sips, shudders, then lifts the stew pot lid to enjoy the aroma. He replaces the lid, opens the basket and turns back a cloth covering to reveal a loaf of bread baked in the shape of the Venus of Willendorf.

He grins, takes the "naked lady bread," goes to an hourglass on the mantle, upends it and watches the sand begin to fall. Finally, he stretches out on the sofa and sips his elixer.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. COTTAGE/GREAT ROOM - EVENING

The hourglass has run out. The sunlight is gone from the windows.

Morgan, asleep on the sofa, clutches the loaf of naked lady bread to his chest. He awakens to the music of MYSTICAL ENCOUNTER WITH LAURA. Bewildered, he looks around, as if taking in his surroundings for the first time.

He sees Laura in the kitchen, stirring the stew. Realizing that he is still clutching the loaf of naked lady bread, he places it on the coffee table, and goes to join Laura.

Startled by his touch, Laura whirls to face him.

MORGAN (singing V.O.)
I'm drawn to you. You're drawn to me...

They gaze into each other's eyes, then kiss ferociously.

MORGAN (singing V.O.) (CONT'D)
Like we were magnetized!

They cling to each other, kissing, nuzzling, exploring with ever-mounting passion.

Morgan sweeps Laura off her feet and carries her to the sofa as she continues to rain kisses on him.

He sets her on the back of the sofa.

They start to undress each other, but in their eagerness, they topple over the sofa and he tumbles off onto the floor.

MORGAN (singing V.O.) (CONT'D)
Pulse rate ever higher. Feel it rise!
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MORGAN (singing V.O.) (CONT'D)

*You know that what I feel is real, not my imagination.
You're too close to conceal your erotic inclination.
I feel your heat! O, your subtle undulation!
The feeling is so sweet. I tremble in anticipation!
This is a MYSTICAL ENCOUNTER.
It cannot be disguised!
Now feel my desire localize...*

Laura is gone.

On the floor, dazed, Morgan stares at the crushed loaf of "naked lady bread" he holds in his hand.

The music fades slowly as Morgan gathers up the bread crumbs and his goblet and goes to the kitchen.

He lifts the lid to the stew pot, delighting in the aroma.

EXT. COTTAGE - EVENING

Morgan gazes toward the woods beyond the brook, sopping up the last of his stew from the bottom of a wooden bowl with a chunk of bread. He puts the bread into his mouth, goes inside, reappears, without the bowl and heads to the brook.

EXT. COTTAGE/BROOK - EVENING

Morgan crosses the brook and sets out along the narrow wooded track.

The barn owl watches from a tree.

EXT. SHRINE/STONE TABLE - NIGHT

The area is bathed in bright moonlight.

Morgan comes INTO VIEW, pauses nears the stone table.

Shadows pass over the stone table and Morgan looks up.

EXT. THIN CLOUDS SCUDDING OVER FULL MOON - NIGHT

BEMUSED: FIRST CANTO expresses Morgan's thoughts.

MORGAN (singing V.O.)

*It's not clear...
And I can't be sure.*

EXT. SHRINE/STONE TABLE - NIGHT

Morgan leaves the stone table and moves over to the hillside above the shrine.

MORGAN (V.O.)
*I get the strange sensation
That I've been this way, before.*

EXT. SHRINE/WOODS - NIGHT

Morgan gazes down at the shrine. After a beat, he sits down, cradled by the roots of a big tree, partially hidden by brush.

MORGAN (singing V.O.)
*The feeling is elusive
It's like trying to pick up sand.*

EXT. THIN CLOUDS CLEARING FROM FULL MOON - NIGHT

MORGAN (singing V.O.)
The more you try to hold it...

EXT. SHRINE (MORGAN'S POV) - NIGHT

The lonely moonlit shrine, below.

MORGAN (singing V.O.)
The less stays in your hand.

EXT. SHRINE/WOODS - NIGHT

Morgan sleeps.

CHOIR (singing O.S.)
IN THIS PLACE...

The singing awakens Morgan. He shifts position, reacting with awe to the transformation in the shrine, below.

EXT. SHRINE (MORGAN'S POV) - NIGHT

Torches light the edge of the stone circle. A horned stag headdress and hide are draped over the central standing stone.

Beyond the circle, a women's CHOIR sings. They wear colorful gowns, ribboned garlands in their hair and exotic masks! Fiona, dressed in a flowing white gown and a white, feathered mask that emphasizes her owlish look, conducts the Choir.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CHOIR (singing)

Where I am.
Those who seek me shall find me here.
If they seek me here...
If they see...
With their eyes closed...

EXT. SHRINE/WOODS - NIGHT

Morgan sneaks downhill and hides behind some shrubbery.

CHOIR (singing O.S.)

They will surely find me here...

EXT. SHRINE - NIGHT

Morgan's view of the Choir.

CHOIR (singing)

IN THIS PLACE.

EXT. SHRINE/WOODS - NIGHT

Morgan reacts to the CRASH of a gong and BOOM of a drum.

EXT. SHRINE/BELOW THE STONE TABLE - NIGHT

An ORCHESTRA of local males features percussion, brass, woodwinds, a string section and two harps.

EXT. SHRINE/WOODS - NIGHT

Morgan watches and listens to the Orchestra, then glances back at the shrine.

EXT. SHRINE - NIGHT

The Choir is gone.

PROCESSION MONTAGE: The Orchestra, Choir and featured players INTERCUT with Morgan's reactions.

The masked Choir undulates into view at the top of the clearing, dances past the Orchestra, the anonymity of their masks releasing inhibitions as they promote their charms.

Clio, Barbara and Amy appear, masked, at the top of the clearing, scattering flower petals before Fiona, who leads the pony cart.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Laura, wearing no mask, rides in the cart.

As Fiona draws the pony cart inside the stone circle, the teenage girls break off to join the Choir.

EXT - SHRINE/WOODS - NIGHT

Morgan, still hidden, cannot take his eyes off Laura.

EXT - SHRINE - NIGHT

DANCE MONTAGE: Fiona leads the pony cart around the inside of the stone circle.

Laura dismounts and begins to dance around the antlered, hide-draped standing stone.

Fiona leads the pony cart away.

EXT - SHRINE/WOODS - NIGHT

COVERAGE for the DANCE MONTAGE includes Morgan's progressively excited reactions.

EXT - SHRINE/BELOW THE STONE TABLE - NIGHT

ADDITIONAL COVERAGE includes featured musicians from the Orchestra, including the formidable Smythe on the Pan Pipes.

EXT. SHRINE - NIGHT

Laura, trancelike, dances sensuously to the music.

As the tempo increases, her dance becomes more suggestive and she begins shedding her clothes.

Finally, naked and exhausted, Laura collapses at the base of the horned stag headdress and hide-draped standing stone.

EXT - SHRINE/BELOW THE STONE TABLE - NIGHT

The Orchestra divests itself of its instruments and dons masks!

CHOIR (singing O.S.)

If they see...

With their eyes closed.

EXT. SHRINE - NIGHT

For a beat, silence reigns. Then, owl-masked Fiona twirls away, trailing silvery moon dust.

The masked Choir, SHRIEKING and GIGGLING, bolts down the hill, toward the dark fields below.

EXT. SHRINE/BELOW THE STONE TABLE - NIGHT

Abandoning its instruments, the masked Orchestra pursues, grabbing torches, fanning out along both sides of the shrine.

EXT. SHRINE - NIGHT

The Furies appear, assuming defensive postures, guarding the sacred ground.

The Muses enter the stone circle, help Laura to her feet and cover her with a doeskin.

Laura wraps the doeskin around herself like a bath towel, then grinning at the Muses, hurries off in the direction of the cottage.

EXT. SHRINE/WOODS - NIGHT

Morgan rises from hiding to follow Laura, revealing behind him and unknown to him, the "blind" Fates weaving.

EXT. WOODS/NARROW TRACK - NIGHT

LOVE CHASE MONTAGE: Laura moves merrily along the dark, narrow wooded track, careless about her doeskin covering.

Morgan stalks her through the woods, out of sight, but slowly gaining on her.

MORGAN (singing V.O.)

*I love the way you play your role,
A proper lady fair,
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.
Now, you're up against the wall.*

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

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MORGAN (singing V.O.) (CONT'D)
*Your erotic transformation...
 I saw it all tonight!*

*I knew if I were clever,
 No one need ever know,
 So I was there, my lady fair.
 I sure enjoyed the show!
 Unbidden, hidden, I watched you.
 I viewed the whole charade.
 Your beauty rare, all pink and bare,
 Before me all displayed!*

*And as you swayed, each move you made
 Revealed a new delight.*

Laura looks suspicious. The scene darkens.

MORGAN (singing V.O.) (CONT'D)
*No part of you escaped my view.
 I spied on you tonight!*

EXT. DARK CLOUDS PASS OVER THE FULL MOON - NIGHT

FATES, FURIES, MUSES (singing V.O.)
PEEPING TOM! PEEPING TOM!
PEEPING TOM *peeping!*
PEEPING TOM! PEEPING TOM!
Keeping out of sight
PEEPING TOM! PEEPING TOM!
PEEPING TOM *creeping.*
Can't go on, PEEPING TOM,
Peeping in the night!

EXT. DARK CLOUDS CLEAR FROM THE FULL MOON - NIGHT

FATES, FURIES, MUSES (singing V.O.)
Creeping through the night!

EXT. WOODS/NARROW TRACK - NIGHT

Morgan draws closer. Laura pinches her doekin closed and watches the woods as the moonlight brightens the track.

MORGAN (singing V.O.)
*You've nothing left to hide, my love.
 I will not be denied...
 And nothing's going to stop me now,
 Until I'm satisfied.
 Make no mistake. What I want, I'll take.
 You know I'll see it through.*

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MORGAN (singing V.O.) (CONT'D)
*I'll get you now. I know just how. I'll
 have my way with you.*

*There's no use in your pretending
 You're some humble acolyte.
 I observed your dedication.
 I saw everything tonight!*

EXT. WOODS - NIGHT

Laura bolts into the woods.

Morgan breaks cover to pursue her.

Laura hides in some underbrush.

Morgan pauses, listens.

A DARK FOUR-LEGGED, WOLF-LIKE FORM lopes through the woods,
 CRACKING the underbrush.

Puzzled, Morgan tries to fix the direction of the new SOUND.

Laura grins and bolts from cover.

FATES, FURIES, MUSES (singing V.O.)
PEEPING TOM! PEEPING TOM!
PEEPING TOM peeping!
PEEPING TOM! PEEPING TOM!
 Keeping out of sight!
PEEPING TOM! PEEPING TOM!
PEEPING TOM creeping!

Morgan sees her and begins the chase anew.

FATES, FURIES, MUSES (singing V.O.) (CONT'D)
Can't go on, PEEPING TOM...
Peeping in the night!

Morgan is closing fast!

The DARK, FOUR-LEGGED WOLF-LIKE FORM speeds through the woods.

FATES, FURIES, MUSES (singing V.O.) (CONT'D)
PEEPING TOM! PEEPING TOM!
PEEPING TOM peeping!
PEEPING TOM! PEEPING TOM!
 Keeping out of sight!
PEEPING TOM! PEEPING TOM!
PEEPING TOM creeping!

EXT. WOODS/NARROW TRACK - NIGHT

As Laura runs by, her doeskin snags on a branch and trails behind her.

Morgan is nearly upon her.

FATES, FURIES, MUSES (singing V.O.)
Can't go on, PEEPING TOM...
Creeping in the night!

EXT. COTTAGE/BROOK - NIGHT

Laura bolts behind a tree, laughing, trailing her morphing doeskin behind her!

Morgan springs around the tree to catch her, but a DOE bursts into view in Laura's stead!

Startled, Morgan tumbles into the brook as the doe escapes.

Morgan leaps to his feet in the cold brook, bewildered. He reacts to a SPLASHING SOUND behind him, but sees nothing.

A single, DEEP-THROATED, BLOOD-CURDLING, MIND-NUMBING BARK freezes Morgan where he stands.

He slowly turns his head to the cottage side of the brook where the huge brindled mastiff stands, GROWLING MENACINGLY.

FIRST FURY (O.S.)
 What brings you here?

The mastiff falls silent. Morgan slowly turns his head to see the Furies on the woods side of the brook, blocking his retreat.

MORGAN
 (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?

MORGAN
 The reason I'm here . . .

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SECOND FURY

Abandon reason.

THIRD FURY

Before you is a mystery.

FIRST FURY

A wonder not attained by reason.

Can they possibly mean the dog? Morgan turns his head to look, but the huge dog is gone.

He turns back in time to see a last sprinkling of silvery moon-dust, but the FURIES have disappeared, too!

MORGAN

(shouting angrily)

There must be some reason!

No answer comes. Warily, Morgan SPLASHES out of the brook and stalks away to the cottage.

EXT. WOODS - NIGHT

From a tree, the barn owl ruffles its feathers and watches Morgan SLOSH away.

INT. COTTAGE/GREAT ROOM - NIGHT

A cheery fire burns in the fireplace. A LOUD POP escapes from the fire.

Morgan, covered in the blanket, awakens on the sofa. His clothes and hair are dry. The unbroken loaf of naked lady bread is on the coffee table.

The writing desk light is on and on the desktop is a note, folded like a pup tent.

Morgan goes to it, opens it, reads it and drops it, open, on the desktop.

INSERT of the handwritten note. "You looked like you needed rest more than company. Hope I'll see you tomorrow. Laura."

EXT. COTTAGE - NIGHT

Morgan appears in the doorway, calls out into the darkness.

MORGAN

Laura?

INT. COTTAGE/GREAT ROOM - NIGHT

Morgan returns to the coffee table, pondering the "reconstituted" loaf of naked lady bread.

CHOIR (singing V.O.)

If they see...

With their eyes closed.

Morgan goes to the writing desk, reads Laura's note, again, then sits down and starts to write.

INSERT of the paper as Morgan writes, "I dreamt I woke up..."

CROSS FADE TO:

INT. COTTAGE/BEDROOM - DAY

Sunlight streams in through the windows. Morgan awakens, sits up, sniffs the air and quickly pulls on his pants.

INT. COTTAGE/GREAT ROOM - DAY

A coffee pot percolates on the stove top.

Fiona sits at the writing desk, reading Morgan's notes on his "dream".

MORGAN (O.S.)

Find what you're looking for?

Morgan stands in the doorway, more fatigued than rested, not pleased to find Fiona going through his notes.

FIONA (O.S.)

Morgan!

Fiona calmly rearranges Morgan's papers.

FIONA (CONT'D)

You gave me a start.

Fiona rises and hurries to the stove, dropping Morgan's notes off on the table as she passes.

FIONA (CONT'D)

I was just about to call you. I made coffee.
I remembered you didn't much care for tea.

Sullen, Morgan sits at the table and picks up his notes.

MORGAN

You've read all this?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Fiona pours Morgan's coffee and brings it to him.

FIONA

Three times over. I found it fascinating.
Cream and sugar?

MORGAN

It was just a dream.

Morgan doesn't touch his coffee. Fiona sits at the table.

FIONA

Oh, I don't think so. More a mystical vision,
full of symbolism and hidden meanings. You
begin, "I dreamt I woke up," and then you
keep reawakening, moving ever deeper into the
magic realm, moving on to ever higher spiritual
planes.

MORGAN

(sarcastically)
If you say so.

FIONA

You're naturally attracted to our Laura, but
when you try to possess her, you discover
your encounter is mystical, not physical, and
you wake up! You know, Morgan, to go to the
shrine at night is to risk madness, even death.

MORGAN

I only dreamt I went to the shrine.

FIONA

Mmm. But what a dream it was!

Fiona moves seductively closer to Morgan. Morgan is
increasingly uncomfortable. Fiona straightens up to
concentrates on her dream analysis.

FIONA (CONT'D)

May I?

Morgan surrenders his notes to her.

FIONA (CONT'D)

Here, Laura obviously represents Truth,
cleverly revealed one stitch at a time...

MORGAN

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

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FIONA

Ooo, that is lovely, Morgan. You have such a way with words. Your coffee's getting cold.

Morgan adds a teaspoon of sugar to his coffee and stirs. Fiona continues to peruse Morgan's notes.

FIONA (CONT'D)

Take Peeping Tom. Laura, your goddess, obviously has nothing to hide. According to you, everyone for miles around has witnessed her rite. Threat of exposure will hardly bend her to your will.

And just when you think you'll have her, she goes into a doe and escapes, her mystery intact. Truth proves more elusive than you imagined. Her escape is beyond all reason and that, Morgan, is magic, reality revised. It's obvious that her purpose is to be revealed and you have been chosen for her revelation.

MORGAN

(sarcastically)

That's why she dumped me in the brook!

Fiona hands Morgan's notes back to him.

FIONA

Immersion in the "Stream of Consciousness" is symbolic of rebirth and spiritual evolution.

MORGAN

(unconvinced)

Higher spiritual planes?

FIONA

(teasing)

Morgan, who sang the chorus?

Fiona rises and goes to the stove. Is that silvery moon-dust in her wake? Morgan turns thoughtful.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. SHRINE - NIGHT

At the back of the shrine, above the cave, the Fates spin, weave and SING, their huge tapestry covering the entrance to the cave. The Muses dance and SING around the horned stag headdress and hide-draped standing stone.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FATES, MUSES AND FURIES (singing)
PEEPING TOM! PEEPING TOM!
PEEPING TOM peeping!

The Fates energetically weave their tapestry as they SING.

FATES, MUSES AND FURIES (singing) (CONT'D)
PEEPING TOM! PEEPING TOM!
 Keeping out of sight!

The happy Muses dance merrily as they SING.

FATES, MUSES AND FURIES (singing) (CONT'D)
PEEPING TOM! PEEPING TOM!
PEEPING TOM creeping!

The threatening Furies release the leashed mastiff and watch it dash toward the wooded trail to the cottage as they SING.

FATES, MUSES AND FURIES (singing) (CONT'D)
 Can't go on, PEEPING TOM...
 Creeping in the night!

EXT. NARROW WOODED TRACK - DAY

The mastiff lies just off the track, alert, listening to Fiona and Morgan as they approach around a bend. Flirty Fiona hangs on Morgan's arm.

FIONA
 Your coming to Morningstone is no accident,
 Morgan, whatever you might think...

The dog rises, tentatively wags its tail, moves to greet them. Morgan grows wary. Fiona grins.

FIONA (CONT'D)
 You've got another friend.

MORGAN
 I'm not so sure about that.

The dog licks Morgan's hand.

FIONA
 There, you see? He likes you.

MORGAN
 He may just be tasting me...

FIONA
 He's being friendly. Pet him.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Morgan pets the dog. It wags happily, then turns and trots ahead, leading the way along the track.

FIONA (CONT'D)

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

MORGAN

Maybe he's just not hungry...

Fiona laughs.

FIONA

As I was saying, your coming here is no
accident. You, an enchanter...

MORGAN

Enchanter?

FIONA

Song and chant mean the same thing, don't
they? And you set words to music and sing
the songs. You're an enchanter by definition,
casting spells on all the young ladies.

Songs are spells. Once you've heard a song,
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.

MORGAN

I never thought of it quite that way.

FIONA

You ought to. You, with the world by the
ears. Who knows what sort of mischief you
might get up to -- or what good you might do?

We hear a sudden FLUTTER, O.S.

FIONA (CONT'D)

Oh, look, Morgan!

The mastiff stalks a LAPWING PLOVER, a pathetic sight,
struggling along the ground, dragging one wing.

MORGAN (O.S.)

It's been hurt!

Fiona laughs. Morgan is stung by her laughter.

MORGAN (CONT'D)

It's got a broken wing.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FIONA

Never!

Morgan hurries forward to try to hold the dog. The lapwing FLUTTERS along all the faster.

FIONA (CONT'D)

It's a lapwing, Morgan! There's a nest nearby.

The dog charges the bird, but it flies away! The dog BARKS and pursues. Morgan realizes he's been tricked.

FIONA (CONT'D)

I told you! But never mind. It's a good omen. A secret will be revealed.

MORGAN

I can't wait.

EXT. SHRINE - DAY

The Choir and Orchestra are scattered throughout the area, some by the stone table, some by the path, others by the stone circle. Their colorful costumes lend a Renaissance air to the event. A HUSH falls over the crowd. They watch as the mastiff leads Morgan and Fiona toward the shrine.

MORGAN

(to Fiona)

I recognize these people.

FIONA

That's nice...

MORGAN

From my dream.

FIONA

But you were just a spectator then, Morgan.

Morgan glances uneasily at Fiona, but she is smiling and nodding to her friends in the Choir and Orchestra as she and Morgan pass through the crowd.

MORGAN (singing V.O.)

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

Smythe holds his pan pipes ready as he stands, grinning, his huge frame, blocking Morgan's path.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

After an awkward beat, Morgan speaks.

MORGAN (CONT'D)

I don't suppose the tractor's working?

Smythe turns contrite, holding up his pan pipes as an excuse.

SMYTHE

Well, as you see, sir.

Smythe steps aside to let Morgan pass.

SMYTHE (CONT'D)

(hopefully)

I'll have it up and running tomorrow, sir!

Morgan turns to Fiona, but she's gone! He continues through the crowd.

Morgan arrives at the entrance to the stone circle. Inside, the Fates sit above the cave entrance, which is hidden by the tapestry they weave. Below, the Furies stand guard.

The Teenagers are in the crowd gathered around the entrance to the Shrine Site. They move aside to allow Morgan and the mastiff to enter the circle of stones. Inside, the circle, the dog skulks behind the central standing stone, reacting to the hostile Furies' glares. The horned stag headdress and hide of the night before is nowhere to be seen.

FIRST FURY

(to Morgan)

What brings you here?

MORGAN

It all depends, doesn't it?

SECOND FURY

That is shrewdly spoken.

THIRD FURY

Like a riddle, spoken.

FIRST FURY

Intended, perhaps, to beguile?

MORGAN

Beguile? The simple magic of a song...

SECOND FURY

Simple magic may deceive.

THIRD FURY

It is a dangerous dependency.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FIRST FURY

A thread both short and thin.

Morgan sees the teenagers grinning in anticipation. Billy gives Morgan a "thumbs up." Morgan REMEMBERS!

MORGAN

It calls for skill.

The Furies draw the tapestry to one side, revealing the entrance to the cave.

SECOND FURY

Wheels within wheels.

THIRD FURY

Tread softly, fool.

FIRST FURY

The world without is not the world within.

The Furies stand aside to let Morgan pass.

Morgan glances up at the Fates, then steps warily toward the dark mouth of the cave. The mastiff follows, slinking quickly into the cave past Morgan and the Furies.

EXT. SHRINE/INSIDE THE CAVE ENTRANCE - DAY

Morgan stops to allow his eyes to adjust to the dark. The mastiff goes to one dark side of the cave and waits.

MORGAN

(to the dog)

Decided to come along, did you?

Morgan moves toward the mastiff. It disappears into a low, narrow, stone-lined corridor. After a beat, Morgan follows, entering the stone slab corridor on his hands and knees.

MORGAN (CONT'D)

This better be worth it...

INT. CAVE/STONE SLAB CORRIDOR - DAY

Morgan gropes his way along the dark descending corridor, which becomes steadily narrower and lower.

The dog's BARK ECHOES in the corridor.

Morgan inches along on his belly as he crawls through the darkness.

INT. CAVE/VAULT - DAY

Slabs of uneven stone form the floor of the vault, down the center of which a narrow brook flows. Irregular walls provide "balconies" and "walkways" in the stone.

Morgan squeezes out of the corridor into the vault.

On a balcony above, the Fates, illuminated by torches, work their tapestry.

FIRST FATE

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

SECOND FATE

Behold!

A torch ignites, revealing the mastiff, lying quietly before a wretched figure chained to the wall of the vault.

THIRD FATE

Before you is a mystery revealed.

FIRST FATE

Go.

SECOND FATE

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

The mastiff crawls aside as Morgan approaches. The long-haired rag-clad figure is covered in welts and bruises.

THIRD FATE

Here, fettered, scourged, polluted by your lust.

Morgan parts the long hair. The wretched creature is Laura.

MORGAN

Laura?

Laura SCREAMS, launches herself at Morgan, her charge violently arrested by her chains as Morgan staggers back. The mastiff bolts, turns and begins to BARK. Laura's LAUGHTER is shrill, insane.

MORGAN (CONT'D)

(shouting)

What the hell is this?

The dog continues barking. Laura MEWS invitingly.

FIRST FATE

Is she not Nature, harnessed to your will?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SECOND FATE

Through your abuse, unbalanced...

An ominous RUMBLE signals the appearance of the Furies. The dog falls silent.

FIRST FURY

Now, hear us!

The Furies block the entrance to the corridor. Their torches cast creepy shadows on their scornful faces.

SECOND FURY

His perverse nature, Nature now perverts
And courts annihilation!

THIRD FURY

He must die!

FIRST FURY

Now, let the mountains quake...

The stone beneath Morgan's feet parts. As the brook empties into the chasm, steam and fire erupt into view.

FIRST FURY (CONT'D)

...and spew forth fire...

INT. CAVE/FIERY CHASM - DAY

We see bubbling magma, fiery eruptions and rising steam.

FIRST FURY

That by the earth he scorned...

INT. CAVE/VAULT - DAY

The mastiff slips toward the fiery chasm. Morgan grabs the scruff of its neck with one hand, and the rock face with the other and holds on to keep them both from falling in.

FIRST FURY

...he'll be consumed!

The Third Fate pulls a thread from the tapestry. The cave floor closes, sealing off the molten chasm, restoring the brook bed.

THIRD FATE

This is a trial.

FIRST FATE

Let cooler heads prevail.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SECOND FURY

Such cooler heads bring icy thoughts to mind...

Wind begins to HOWL out of the corridor and icy vapors blow across the vault, freezing Morgan, the mastiff and the brook!

SECOND FURY (CONT'D)

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

The Second Fate cuts the thread. The HOWLING WINDS subside.

SECOND FATE

And what of other creatures?

THIRD FATE

Nature weeps...

Laura sobs. The Third Fate works another thread into the tapestry as Morgan, the mastiff and the brook thaw.

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 the solution)

That other creatures spares, whose lives are lived
Obedient to law.

Shuddering with cold and terror, Morgan addresses the Furies.

MORGAN

Why me?!

(to the Fates)

Why me?

I never claimed to represent Mankind!

FIRST FATE

Divorce from Nature is a strange conceit...

SECOND FATE

Indulged by Man, alone, and to his shame.

The Muses emerge from the darkness near the top of the vault.

FIRST MUSE

You loved her, once.

SECOND MUSE

Her scars and angry wounds may yet be healed.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

THIRD MUSE

Through your devotion, Nature be restored!

THIRD FATE

The chains are yours.

The Third Fate throws a key to Morgan. He catches it.

MORGAN

To do with as I may?

The Fates dissolve away in a shimmering veil of silvery moon-dust.

FIRST MUSE

(pleading)

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

SECOND MUSE

Your husbandry attune to Nature's law.

THIRD MUSE

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

Morgan stares at the key he holds in his hand, but makes no move to free Laura.

The Furies sneer at the Muses as they take their leave.

FIRST FURY

Nature's balance is a sacred trust.

SECOND FURY

Survive or die.

THIRD FURY

The outcome will be just.

The Furies and their torches dissolve away in moon-dust, leaving only the single torch near Laura to illuminate the scene.

FIRST MUSE

(resigned)

The thread is short and thin.

SECOND MUSE

It calls for skill.

THIRD MUSE

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

In a final shower of moon-dust, the Muses dissolve into darkness.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Morgan looks, again, at the key he holds in his hand. The mastiff WHINES.

Morgan SIGHS and moves to free Laura. Her empty shackles mock him.

Unnerved and suddenly fearful, Morgan grabs the last torch and moves quickly to the center of the vault, swinging the torch from side to side.

He spies a shadowy object, just beyond the torchlight. He moves toward it. The mastiff follows.

The shadowy object is the cauldron. As Morgan moves closer, the dog BARKS and backs away.

Morgan peers over the rim into the dark cauldron, then tosses the key inside. A PLOP and a SPLASH later, Morgan reacts to three drops of liquid on the back of his hand. As he watches, they suddenly penetrate and disappear under his skin.

The cauldron BUBBLES ominously and a golden glow emanates from within. Morgan frantically rubs the back of his hand on his trousers, then staggers and winds up sitting on the vault floor, grinning idiotically at his reflection in the side of the cauldron as the TRANSFORMATION THEME begins.

A golden shaft of light shines forth from inside the cauldron, illuminating the entire vault as it grows ever brighter.

The nervous mastiff moves out of the way as a bed of carved oak, a gilded chair and writing desk, and a variety of musical instruments, inlaid with ivory, enamel and ribbons of silver and gold, appear in showers of gold dust. The light from the cauldron fades as rows of torches ignite all around the vault. The TRANSFORMATION THEME ends.

INT. CAVE/TRANSFORMED VAULT - DAY

Morgan rises, muttering to his reflection on the side of the cauldron.

MORGAN

Bemused again? Once more, I play the Fool.

Morgan throws himself into the center of his huge oaken bed, settling comfortably into his pillows.

MORGAN (CONT'D)

And where's my Laura, now?

Morgan sits up in the middle of his bed.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MORGAN (CONT'D)

She's not yet mine!

He springs from the bed and moves quickly across the vault.

Morgan LAUGHS as the mastiff runs ahead, leading the way up a narrow path hidden in the stone.

MORGAN (singing) (CONT'D)

I am Truth! I am Reason! I am Magic!

Morgan stops, halfway up the path, turns and waves one arm over the vault, showering it in gold dust. Full of himself, he continues his climb.

MORGAN (singing) (CONT'D)

Harmony of the carnal...

A stone frame, incised with strange letters and symbols, supports a vine-shrouded exit. The letters and symbols briefly shine golden as Morgan passes through.

MORGAN (singing) (CONT'D)

And the mystical...

EXT. CAVE EXIT ON HILLTOP OVERLOOKING SACRED POOL - DAY

The men and women of the Orchestra and Choir CHEER as Morgan parts the flowering vines and emerges into the daylight.

MORGAN (singing)

I am Man!

The dog BARKS as the men of the Orchestra lift Morgan up and carry him away from the giggling women of the Choir.

MORGAN (singing) (CONT'D)

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.

EXT. DEEP WOODS - DAY

Morgan is borne aloft by the men and the mastiff dances alongside.

MORGAN (singing)

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!

EXT. DEEP WOODS/SACRED POOL - DAY

The pond is fed by a spring that emerges dramatically from the hillside, through a cleft stone. As they approach the pond, Morgan pulls off his boots!

MORGAN (singing)
 Chief Bard of the ancients am I...
 Anointed in the Sacred Pool.
 My ancestral home is the Sacred Grove.
 Honor your mentor, THE FOOL!

The men hurl Morgan into the pond. The mastiff BARKS from the shore, but Morgan quickly surfaces, laughing. He splashes water at the dog, then wades ashore.

MORGAN (singing) (CONT'D)
 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.

Billy solemnly carries the horned stag headdress and hide to Morgan at the shoreline. Morgan pulls off his wet shirt and accepts the horned stag headdress and hide as the men crowd near, blocking him from view.

MORGAN (singing) (CONT'D)
 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 transmogrify!

The crowd parts to reveal Morgan, looking majestic in the horned stag headdress and hide.

MORGAN (singing) (CONT'D)
 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, THE FOOL!

Morgan and the dog lead the entourage of men and boys away from the pond, back into the woods.

MORGAN (singing) (CONT'D)
 Multiple mysteries to me are known.
 Everywhere the wind's blown...
 Revealed, thus, in monotonous drone...
 Lord of the Standing stone!

EXT. SHRINE/STONE TABLE - DAY

The women throw the last of their flowers onto the stone table and retreat as Morgan, the men and the mastiff appear at the top of the hill.

Morgan marches directly to the flower-covered stone table, but the men give it a wide berth as they continue down the hill.

MORGAN (singing)

I am a rock in a stormy sea.
Goddesses have loved me.
Some would protect me by royal decree...
But others would revile me.

Chief Bard of the Ancients am I.
Wit is my singular tool.
Beloved am I of the Ninefold Muse,
And still you dare call me THE FOOL!

Morgan looks toward the stone circle, below, and turns thoughtful.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. CAVE/UNDERGROUND GROTTO - DAY

The grotto is smaller than the vault. Torches in the wall provide illumination. The brook runs into the deep, dark pool, comprising three quarters of the chamber, the other quarter being smooth, uneven stones.

Laura swims underwater toward the bank.

Fiona wraps Laura in her doeskin as she rises, like Venus, from the water.

Nearby, Amy, Clio and Barbara sing rounds and weave flowers onto Laura's pony's bridle, which features an ornamental "unicorn horn."

AMY, CLIO, BARBARA (singing)

DOG, ROEBUCK AND LAPWING,
Your nonsense song makes my ears ring.
Between the lines, I hear you sing,
DOG, ROEBUCK AND LAPWING.

The song continues throughout the following MONTAGE:

Laura sits by the side of the pool, while Fiona combs out her long hair.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The teenage girls weave flowers around the pony's reins as they sing.

Laura slips out of her doeskin and Fiona drapes her in a golden fishnet.

Fiona places Laura's garland on her head and carefully arranges her long hair to cover her nudity.

Cuddling a RABBIT, Amy leads the way out of the grotto. Barbara follows, leading the unicorn. CLIO walks alongside the unicorn, still adding blossoms to the unicorn's tack.

Finally, as the song fades away, Fiona and Laura follow the girls out of the grotto.

EXT. SHRINE/STONE TABLE - DAY

Morgan stands by the flower-covered stone table.

EXT. SHRINE - DAY

Beyond the stone circle, the Orchestra plays and the Choir sings and plays tambourines.

Fiona leads the unicorn into view.

Laura rides sidesaddle on her unicorn, holding the rabbit in her lap, wearing only her golden fishnet and the garland in her hair.

Amy, Clio and Barbara orbit Laura, tossing flower petals.

CHOIR (singing)

Freya... Freya!
Janu... Janu!
Ishtar... Ishtar!
Danu... Danu!

Amy, Clio and Barbara run to join the choir.

Fiona continues to lead Laura and her unicorn up the hill to Morgan, standing by the flower-covered stone table.

EXT. SHRINE/STONE TABLE - DAY

Laura slides off the unicorn and releases the rabbit.

The mastiff watches, but does not pursue the rabbit.

Fiona leads the unicorn away.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The nurse pushes Morgan back on his pillows.

NURSE

There, there. You're all right, now. You're in hospital...

Rodney hurries to Morgan's side, interrupting the nurse.

RODNEY

Morgan! Morgan, it's me! Rodney.

MORGAN

Rodney?

RODNEY

I'm right here, Morgan...

NURSE

I'll just ring for Doctor...

The nurse hurries away.

MORGAN

Did I hit the doe?

RODNEY

The doe? What doe? You saw a doe?

MORGAN

I didn't hit it?

RODNEY

You went into a ditch. The impact deployed the airbag and that sent a signal to a satellite which then dispatched an emergency response team to the crash site! The police say you were probably asleep at the wheel. They want a statement. Just a formality...

The disapproving nurse returns to Morgan's bedside.

RODNEY (CONT'D)

(glaring at the nurse)

Drugs and alcohol have been ruled out.

MORGAN

How long was I out?

NURSE

Doctor will be along in a minute...

RODNEY

Nearly six hours.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NURSE

I really must insist you wait for doctor...

Morgan lifts his arm to look at his bandaged hand.

MORGAN

What happened to my hand?

RODNEY

Just a scratch, but you finally managed to break a leg!

NURSE

Doctor's on his way.

RODNEY

An ankle, really.

NURSE

Doctor will tell you all about it.

The DOCTOR enters.

DOCTOR

Well, well, well! What have we here? Back among the living, eh?

NURSE

He's just come 'round, Doctor.

DOCTOR

Well, we'll just have a look, shall we?

The doctor brandishes a penlight, raises one of Morgan's eyelids to shine the light on Morgan's pupil.

We see the penlight from Morgan's POV.

MORGAN (singing V.O.)

Seems so distant...

WHITE OUT AND DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. RUINED ABBEY - DAY

From the bright sun, tilt down to reveal the ruined abbey. There are few tourists in sight.

MORGAN (singing V.O.)

But still so sublime.

Morgan, with Rodney at his side, explores the ruins. Morgan wears an orthopedic boot on his left foot and walks with crutches.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MORGAN (singing V.O.) (CONT'D)
*It's not that space has been displaced
So much as, maybe, time.
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!*

EXT. RUINED ABBEY/COURTYARD - DAY

The music fades as Morgan and Rodney enter the courtyard. Rodney keeps one eye on the few nearby tourists.

MORGAN
I don't know what I'm looking for. A sign, I suppose.

RODNEY
This place gives me the creeps.

MORGAN
Some abbeys were built over more ancient sacred sites.

RODNEY
(a whispered warning)
Tourists.

MORGAN
Look!

Morgan kneels down to examine a delicate cluster of tiny flowers growing out of a crack in the abbey's stones. He touches the tiny flowers.

MORGAN (CONT'D)
This is it!

RODNEY
What?

MORGAN
Look! They're everywhere!

Two nearby female tourists stare at them as Rodney helps Morgan to his feet.

RODNEY
Lovely. I think we should be getting back.

MORGAN
This isn't a ruin! It's a triumph!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RODNEY

Let's talk about it in the car.

Rodney clicks open his cell phone as he hurries Morgan out of the courtyard.

EXT. RUINED ABBEY - DAY

The limo approaches quickly and stops. Morgan and Rodney hurry toward the limo.

The two female tourists come into view, conferring in the background.

FIRST TOURIST

(distantly)

I'm sure he's somebody...

Morgan and Rodney climb into the limo.

SECOND TOURIST

Omigod! It's Morgan!

FIRST TOURIST

(a shriek)

Morgan!

EXT. RUINED ABBEY (INT - LIMO) - DAY

As Rodney slams the door, he shouts at the chauffeur.

RODNEY

Go!

The car lurches off, throwing Rodney back into his seat.

EXT. RUINED ABBEY - DAY

The First Tourist shouts to a couple of approaching male tourists.

FIRST TOURIST

That was him! That was Morgan!

The Second Tourist takes photos of the departing limo.

EXT. RUINED ABBEY GROUNDS/EXIT (INT - LIMO) - DAY

Morgan explains his revelation.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MORGAN

We call it a ruin, but it's our work, man's work that's in ruins. Nature's work is ongoing, recovering, literally, in this case. Recovering the ruins with living vegetation. These little flowers, fair warning...

RODNEY

Those tiny things? What kind of flowers are they?

EXT. RUINED ABBEY - DAY

The limo drives away.

MORGAN (V.O.)

I don't know...

EXT. MANSION (ESTABLISHING) - DAY

INT. MANSION/LIBRARY - DAY

Rodney sits at his desk, talking on the phone. Morgan enters with a handfull of papers.

RODNEY

Sounds great, Angel. Hey, hold on a minute. He just walked in.

Rodney covers the mouthpiece with his hand.

RODNEY (CONT'D)

Angel's been invited to spend a few weeks in Marrakesh, so she wants to know when we'll be going into the studio.

Morgan reaches out and Rodney hands him the receiver.

MORGAN

Hello, Angel.

(pause)

Much better, thank you. Listen, no problem with the trip. Have a great time.

(pause)

Don't worry about it. I'm just getting started on the new charts.

Rodney raises a quizzical eyebrow.

MORGAN (CONT'D)

Sure, call in when you get there.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MORGAN (CONT'D)

(pause)

You, too. Bye!

Morgan hands the receiver back to Rodney.

RODNEY

Bye-bye, Angel.

(pause)

Yeah. You, too!

Rodney hangs up the phone.

RODNEY (CONT'D)

What new charts? The guys are ready. They've been woodshedding the charts for weeks.

Morgan sits in the leather chair across the desk from Rodney.

MORGAN

That's what I came to talk to you about. Here, look at these.

Morgan hands the papers to Rodney. Rodney scans the papers.

MORGAN (CONT'D)

I'm onto something really hot.

RODNEY

What is this? What full orchestra? What choir? What...

MORGAN

It's the "Morningstone" music. Check out the lyrics to "THE FOOL."

Rodney gives Morgan a look, flips through the papers, then begins to read.

MORGAN (CONT'D)

Incredible or what? And it's all real!

RODNEY

Real? What's real? What are you talking about. This is all nonsense...

MORGAN

At first glance, it seems like nonsense, but once you get into it...

RODNEY

Into what?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MORGAN

The hidden meanings in every line. I checked it out. You ever heard of the Song of Amergin?

RODNEY

Who released it?

MORGAN

Not that kind of song. Read "THE FOOL" from the top.

RODNEY

I lived in a cave for a year and a day...

MORGAN

Okay, the cave is the womb of the earth. The year and a day is the ancient lunar year of 13 months, or moons, of 28 days each, all adding up to 364 days, one short of a complete solar year of 365 days. Which means you have to insert a day -- a day dedicated to the Lord of Misrule, "THE FOOL!" But the next line, "Fathered by a sun ray," clinches it.

RODNEY

(frustrated)

Clinches what?

MORGAN

Earth Mother. Solar Father. This is not about some fantasy world. The one place in the known universe where these specific cycles hold true is here, on Earth!

RODNEY

So? What's the point?

MORGAN

It's an ancient, ancient form...

RODNEY

(laughing at Morgan)

I don't care what it is. Nobody's gonna get it...

MORGAN

They'll get it. They have to. It's all true and "THE FOOL" provides the credentials!

RODNEY

Credentials? Now, you WANT everybody to think you're a fool?

MORGAN

Not just a fool, "THE FOOL."

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RODNEY

C'mon, Morgan. You've got ten great songs,
all ready to go, right now!

MORGAN

We can come back to them. The Morningstone
music won't wait. I've got to get it down
while it's still fresh in my mind. Six weeks,
tops!

RODNEY

Morgan...

MORGAN

Rodney, I'm not writing the lyrics. I'm not
even composing or arranging the music. I'm
transcribing. Transcribing! You know what
that means?

Rodney holds up "THE FOOL" lyric sheet to Morgan.

RODNEY

(concerned)

This is way out on the edge, Morgan. Maybe,
over the edge...

MORGAN

So?

RODNEY

C'mon, Morgan, this is some pretty esoteric
stuff, even for you. What if the fans don't
get it?

MORGAN

They'll get it.

RODNEY

(exasperated)

I don't get it!

MORGAN

(confidently)

You will. It's a spell.

Rodney sighs.

RODNEY

Okay! We've made it this far and we're not
washing dishes, yet.

Morgan grins ironically.

CROSSFADE TO:

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FLASHBACK

INT. NAUTICAL MOTIF BAR - NIGHT

The bar is jumping, its rowdy patrons crowded onto a tiny dance floor. On a low stage in one dark corner, ROAD KILL, four musicians in matching attire -- an electric bass player, two guitarists and a drummer, seated in the back corner, beneath a blowfish light fixture -- provide the driving rhythms that keep the customers and booze moving. The lead singer is a younger Morgan, out of place in a blousy shirt and jeans.

MORGAN & ROAD KILL (singing)

We were just tryin' to tell it like it is and
We were just tryin' to roll away the stone
We were just tryin' to clean the cobwebs off your mind!

MORGAN (singing)

But you're out of your mind, and

MORGAN & ROAD KILL (singing)

OH MAMA, oh Ma-ma.
Hey mama, look what you done!
OH MAMA, oh Ma-ma,
You took away the morning sun!
OH MAMA, oh Ma-ma.
Where can you hide? Where can you run?
OH MAMA, oh Ma-ma.
Hey Mama, look what you done!

As Road Kill plays the instrumental release, the stage lights flash on and off rapidly. Morgan looks toward the bar.

Behind the bar, SAL, the burly gangster who owns the joint, points at the clock -- nearly 1:45. He draws his finger across his throat.

Morgan nods and glances at the drummer. The drummer nods as he plays the fill that brings them back into the song.

MORGAN & ROAD KILL (singing) (CONT'D)

You wouldn't listen to what we had to say.
You were afraid that the truth would strike at home.
You thought the light of awareness would make you blind!

MORGAN (singing)

But you're so damn blind, and

MORGAN & ROAD KILL (singing)

OH MAMA, oh Ma-ma.
Hey mama, look what you done!
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MORGAN & ROAD KILL (singing) (CONT'D)
 OH MAMA, oh Ma-ma,
 You took away the morning sun!
 OH MAMA, oh Ma-ma.
 Where can you hide? Where can you run?
 OH MAMA, oh Ma-ma.
 Hey Mama, look what you done!

The song ends. Morgan steps self-consciously back from the microphone. WREN, Road Kill's lead guitarist, addresses the crowd.

WREN
 That's all for tonight folks. Last call, so
 order up. And let's have a big hand for
 Morgan, the wailin' dishwasher!

There are just a few appreciative shouts from the wasted crowd. Morgan blushes as Wren shakes his hand and BUDDY, the bass player pats him on the back.

WREN (CONT'D)
 Thanks for filling in.

BUDDY
 You done good, man.

MORGAN
 Thanks.

A BOOZY BIMBO staggers to the tiny bandstand.

BOOZY BIMBO
 Wren? Have you heard anything? How's Frankie
 doin'?

Morgan leaves, heading for the bar.

WREN
 Don't know.

BIMBO
 I still can't believe he O. D'd. He seemed
 like he always knew what he was doin'.

Morgan catches Sal outside his office door.

MORGAN
 So, what do you think, boss?

SAL
 I think there's a lot of dishes piled up back
 there!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MORGAN

I'll take care of them. What about tonight?
I figure maybe I got something extra coming.

SAL

Hey, I pay you to wash dishes. You want to
get paid for tonight? Do the dishes! You
want to get paid for singing? Talk to the
band! I already paid them!

MORGAN

That's not right, Sal.

Sal, always on a short fuse, explodes.

SAL

Are you starting with me? I don't believe
it! You're starting with me?

For a beat, it looks like Morgan might decide to take Sal
on, but Morgan sees a BOUNCER watching intently, and SIGHS.

MORGAN

Sal, I'm not starting anything.

(pause)

As a matter of fact, I'm finished. Do your
own dishes.

SAL

(shouting)

What? What did you say? You walk out on me,
you don't ever come back! You hear me?

The Bouncer glares at Morgan as he passes.

SAL (CONT'D)

And I want you out of my garage, tonight!

EXT. NAUTICAL MOTIF BAR - NIGHT

The door swings shut behind Morgan.

SAL (O.S.)

Tonight! You hear me?

MORGAN

(muttering)

Everyone on Buzzards Bay heard you, Sal.

EXT. GRAND ARMY OF THE REPUBLIC HIGHWAY - MORNING

Morgan trudges along the narrow highway, carrying his Navy
duffel bag slung over his shoulder.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

As cars approach, he turns, smiles and sticks out his thumb. As they pass without stopping, he turns and trudges on.

A BEAUTIFUL GIRL pulls her new Mustang Convertible to the side of the road and smiles up at Morgan.

BEAUTIFUL GIRL
Need a lift, sailor?

Morgan smiles and hurries to the car.

MORGAN
How far you going?

BEAUTIFUL GIRL
Providence. I've got a dentist appointment.

MORGAN
Providence is good.

BEAUTIFUL GIRL
Hop in.

Morgan throws his duffel bag behind the seat and climbs in.

MORGAN
Nice wheels.

BEAUTIFUL GIRL
My Daddy got it for me for my 18th birthday.

The girl steps on the gas and roars back onto the road. Morgan grabs the door pull and hangs on.

BEAUTIFUL GIRL (CONT'D)
So, are you in the Navy?

MORGAN
Not any more. I'm sort of between jobs,
hanging out, taking in the sights.

BEAUTIFUL GIRL
What do you do when you're working?

Morgan hesitates for just a moment before answering.

MORGAN
I'm a rock and roll singer...

END FLASHBACK

INT. MANSION/BALLROOM - DAY

Morgan goes to his music workstation, sets aside his cane, switches on the computer, controller keyboard, drum machine, emulator, mixing panel, amplifier and other peripherals.

As his music program loads, his hands come to rest on his music keyboard.

Morgan begins to play and the digital plasma display flashes into action.

The computer monitor displays musical notation appearing in real time as Morgan plays.

MORGAN (singing V.O.)
*Can this be defined
 As simple minded superstition...*

INT. MANSION/EXERCISE ROOM - NIGHT

Morgan soaks his ankle in a portable whirlpool tub.

MORGAN (singing V.O.)
*Just another sign
 Of some neurotic condition?*

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. MANSION/BALLROOM - DAY

Morgan's Band sets up for rehearsal.

MORGAN (singing V.O.)
You say it's deja-vu and you...

Morgan hands out sheet music to the Band.

MORGAN (singing V.O.) (CONT'D)
You trust your intuition!

The DRUMMER plays the drum riff.

MORGAN (singing V.O.) (CONT'D)
*I knew that's what you'd do! It's true!
 I had a premonition!*

The band begins to play the music.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. MANSION/EXERCISE ROOM - NIGHT

Under Rodney's watchful eye, Morgan, standing under a weighted yoke, goes up and down on tiptoe in time to the music.

MORGAN (singing V.O.)
*This is a MYSTICAL ENCOUNTER!
Reality revised!*

INT. MANSION/BALLROOM - DAY

Rodney hands out sheet music as the Trashbabies sweep into rehearsal, dressed in street clothes.

The band is playing and Morgan sings into a hand-held mike.

MORGAN (singing)
Everything required, recognized!

The Trashbabies try out their chorus of "ahhs."

Rodney likes what he hears.

MORGAN (singing) (CONT'D)
We, maybe, could ignore...
Simple temporal dislocation,
But this is something more...
More like predestination.

The Trashbabies' chorus of "ahhs" enters, beautiful and chilling.

MORGAN (singing) (CONT'D)
If this is second sight,
You can't ignore the implication!
O, stay with me, tonight,
And seek celestial confirmation!

INT. MANSION/EXERCISE ROOM - NIGHT

Soaking in the whirlpool, Morgan stares at a nude statuette of a dancing nymph in an alcove next to the fireplace.

MORGAN (singing V.O.)
*If the sun should rise in the west, now...
I won't be surprised.
I can see the fire in your eyes!*

INT. RECORDING STUDIO/STUDIO - NIGHT

A studio brass section plays the instrumental release.

INT. RECORDING STUDIO/CONTROL ROOM - NIGHT

Morgan, Rodney, the Band and Trashbabies listen and work with the studio engineer.

INT. RECORDING STUDIO/ISOLATION BOOTH - NIGHT

Wearing a headset, Morgan sings his part into the microphone.

MORGAN (singing)
I'm drawn to you. You're drawn to me...
Like we were magnetized!

INT. RECORDING STUDIO/CONTROL ROOM - NIGHT

The enthusiastic Trashbabies and Band crowd the control room.

MORGAN (V.O.)
Pulse rate ever higher. Feel it rise!

INT. RECORDING STUDIO/ISOLATION BOOTH - NIGHT

MORGAN continues to sing his part.

MORGAN (singing)
You know that what I feel is real,
Not my imagination.
You're too close to conceal
Your erotic inclination.

INT. MANSION/EXERCISE ROOM - NIGHT

Morgan caresses the dancing nymph statuette with his fingertips. Laura could have been the model.

MORGAN (singing V.O.)
*I feel your heat!
And O, your subtle undulation!
The feeling is so sweet.
I tremble in anticipation.*

The marble nymph appears to enjoy Morgan's touch.

MORGAN (singing V.O.) (CONT'D)
*This is a MYSTICAL ENCOUNTER! It cannot be
disguised.
Now feel my desire localize!*

RODNEY (O.S.)
(shouting excitedly)
Morgan!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Morgan guiltily jerks his fingers away from the nymph.

RODNEY (CONT'D)

I just talked to Fuller, the director of programming!

As Rodney approaches, Morgan holds up one hand to keep his excited manager from breaking the mood.

MORGAN

Do you feel it?

RODNEY

What?

MORGAN

She was here. So close, I could almost touch her. She's gone, now.

RODNEY

Next time, I'll knock.

MORGAN

The music keeps her close...

Rodney glances at the statuette.

RODNEY

I don't know. When you're made of marble, it's hard to get away. And being up on a pedestal probably inhibits her, too. One false step and she's gravel.

Morgan gives Rodney a withering look, but Rodney is unabashed.

RODNEY (CONT'D)

I just got off the phone. I did it! I booked the show. Costumes, choir, orchestra; the whole nine yards!

They kept angling for late night, telling me prime time was already locked in for the next five hundred years or so, and then, all of a sudden, pow! It comes to me!

"Halloween night," I say. "Bump the horror flick." And they did! They loved it! Halloween from the haunted abbey! Prime time, just like that!

MORGAN

(recognizing destiny)
Halloween...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RODNEY

Yeah. I know that's not much time...

MORGAN

Weird, huh?

Rodney realizes they are not talking about the same things.

RODNEY

Yeah. Weird.

INT. MANSION/LIBRARY - DAY

A TV crew tapes ANGELA KNIGHT, interviewing Morgan for her show.

MORGAN

For me, whole days had passed. Even now, I recall everything that happened, every word. And the music. Especially, the music. That's what inspired the new album. The music of Morningstone.

ANGELA

You're giving me chills.

MORGAN

I know the feeling.

ANGELA

Morgan, is there such a place as Morningstone? Is Morningstone real?

MORGAN

We may have to redefine reality. It was very real to me--like a particularly vivid dream.

ANGELA

But dreams aren't real.

MORGAN

They're real dreams.

ANGELA

Was Morningstone a dream?

MORGAN

Too real to be a dream and too fantastic to be real. Let me put it this way. Movies are real, aren't they? Real actors and actresses play the roles, no matter how fantastic those roles may be. Even monsters come to life.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ANGELA

But those are special effects, Morgan.
Illusions.

MORGAN

Illusions shared by everyone in the theater.
Illusions that are memorable and become part
of the audience's experience.

ANGELA

But, still, illusions.

MORGAN

We're both here, now, but by the time this
show airs, we'll both be somewhere else, doing
something else, so what the audience sees
won't be real, will it?

ANGELA

But it will have been real, Morgan. A matter
of record.

MORGAN

Oh, I like that, Angela. A matter of record.
And now, the music of Morningstone is a matter
of record. Before, I was the only one who
heard it. Now, everyone can.

Morgan talks INTO CAMERA, addressing the viewers, directly.

MORGAN (CONT'D)

The CD is on its way to stores, folks, but
check your local listings. Chances are, you
can experience it all, "live," by satellite,
on Halloween night!

ANGELA

You got in the plug.

Morgan grins.

ANGELA (CONT'D)

All right, Morgan. Back to Morningstone.

MORGAN

I wish!

ANGELA

Why you? Why should Morgan Newbegin be so
honored by the Muses?

MORGAN

Well, I'm a musician.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ANGELA

That's all? No special reason?

MORGAN

"Abandon reason! Before you is a mystery! A wonder not attained by reason!"

Angela stares at Morgan, framing her next question. MORGAN only pretends to be contrite.

MORGAN (CONT'D)

Sorry. I'll try to behave...

ANGELA

Why should the Muses speak through you?

MORGAN

I don't know. I've done very well in music. Maybe they figure I owe them. The least I can do is sing a song or two for them.

Mind you, the Furies don't take it seriously. They don't think anybody's listening. And the Fates are pretty tight-lipped about the outcome.

ANGELA

Do you believe in Furies, Fates and Muses?

MORGAN

I met them. I talked with them. But I can't say I believe in them. "Fragmentation of the goddess is merely a device of exposition."

I learned that in Morningstone, from a teenage girl in a pub! Like I was saying, everything I needed to know, was revealed to me, one way or another, while I was there!

ANGELA

If the Furies, Fates and Muses are just facets of a single, greater goddess, who is she?

MORGAN reacts to a sudden sense that Fate is guiding the interview.

MORGAN

Wow. Welcome to "The Twilight Zone."

Angela cocks an eyebrow and waits for Morgan's answer.

MORGAN (CONT'D)

"Divorce from Nature is a strange conceit, indulged by Man, alone, and to his shame."
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MORGAN (CONT'D)

(sadly)

And the proof is, Angela, that you had to ask.
(a revelation)

And you had to ask! That's why we're here!

Angela stares at Morgan.

MORGAN (CONT'D)

Don't you love a good mystery?

ANGELA

I'm not following you.

MORGAN

Who is she? She's known by many names, in many tongues, to every culture since time began. "Laura Webster" she told me, but a Webster is a web-maker, a weaver, nicknames for Fate.

We call her Mother Nature, but we don't mean it, not the way we used to. "Nature's balance is a sacred trust. Survive or die, the outcome will be just." But justice, after the way we've behaved toward her, could well be fatal, couldn't it?

That's where the magic comes in.

ANGELA

I'm listening...

MORGAN

Music and magic go hand in hand. They're supposed to bring Mankind into harmony with Nature, for the good of all creation.

ANGELA

How?

MORGAN

Through incantations to elevate the spirit and evolve consciousness -- musical spells.

ANGELA

Sounds like a lot to ask of a song.

MORGAN

Worth a try, though, isn't it? Maybe it's a fairy tale. Maybe no such music ever existed or ever will, but the idea that it might is magical.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MORGAN (CONT'D)

And the timing couldn't be better. Halloween! The holiday devoted to magic and the supernatural. The night when the boundaries between the natural and supernatural worlds all but disappear. Who can say what might happen?

CROSSFADE TO:

INT. TV STUDIO/KNIGHT ON THE TOWN SET - NIGHT

The set is cozy; an armchair, fireplace, china teapot, cup and saucer on a small table, a floor lamp casting a warm glow on Angela, sitting prettily forward on the edge of her seat, as the stage manager and crew jockey for position.

ANGELA

Despite his phenomenal success, Morgan has his detractors. Some feminists resent the name and the onstage antics of the notorious Trashbabies. Others object to the occult overtones they perceive in such songs as "The Stranger" and "Witchy Stew."

INT - MANSION/LIBRARY - NIGHT

Morgan and Rodney watch the show on the giant screen TV.

ANGELA

(on TV)

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

RODNEY

Thanks a lot!

MORGAN

Shhh!

ANGELA

(on TV)

But I like Morgan. He gives me something to think about. And if dreams can come true... Well, I'll be watching, and I expect most of you will, too!

On TV, the shot widens out to include the show's logo, "ANGELA KNIGHT'S KNIGHT ON THE TOWN", as Angela pours herself a cup of tea.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

(on TV)

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

Rodney switches off the TV.

MORGAN

Thank you, Angela!

RODNEY

You should thank her! Remind me to send her
a couple of dozen long-stemmed roses.

MORGAN

You have no faith in people.

RODNEY

You can't say those things in public! We're
lucky it's a Halloween special. I can tell
everyone it was just hype for the show.

MORGAN

It's not just hype.

RODNEY

The hell, you say! Look, I'm the last one to
interfere in the creative process, Morgan,
but this whole Morningstone thing. It's become
some kind of obsession!

If some imaginary goddess inspires you, who
am I to question? Whatever it takes to make
a deal, right? I mean, if it's working, I
don't fix it. You know me!

And the music's great, okay? So, I keep my
mouth shut. Mind you, I thought the other
album was hot, too, but, if Morningstone is
what's driving you now...

MORGAN

Yeah?

RODNEY

We're talking now, Morgan, right? Just like
the old days? I mean, for the last few months,
I let you go, let you get it out of your
system, let you get the music down while it
was still fresh, okay? But this is serious
time, right?

MORGAN

If you'd been there...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RODNEY

(angrily)

I was there, Morgan! I was there for six hours! Six hours by your bedside, praying! I was there and so were you! You weren't off cavorting around Stonehenge. You were just lying there, the next thing to dead! So, when you came around, I didn't care if you sounded a little nuts. I was so glad to have you back, I didn't care what you said!

But at the abbey, you asked if I could "see" it. You were raving about wildflowers and nature reclaiming her own, and I listened. But I didn't see it. No magic owls. No goddesses speaking in iambic pentameter. Nothing. And the other day, by the marble nymph, you asked me if I felt it. Well, I didn't. I didn't feel it then and I still don't. I don't feel anything!

Morgan and Rodney both fall silent.

RODNEY (CONT'D)

(softly)

That's not true. I feel something. I feel left out.

Morgan hugs Rodney. Rodney SIGHS and pulls away.

RODNEY (CONT'D)

Just promise me your lady friend isn't going to show up in a fishnet in the middle of the show, okay? I mean, this is going out "live." Truth is, European TV may be ready for it, but it'll never play in the midwest...

MORGAN

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

The phone rings.

RODNEY

(sarcastically)

Oh thanks, Morgan. I feel so much better, now that we've had this little chat.

MORGAN

You going to answer the phone?

RODNEY

Absolutely! It's part of my therapy.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MORGAN

See you in the morning.

RODNEY

At least once a day, I try to talk to someone sane.

Morgan leaves Rodney to deal with the phone call.

INT. MANSION/GALLERY - NIGHT

Rodney's voice fades as Morgan comes out into the gallery.

RODNEY (O.S.)

Hello? Did you? Hey, does he have a way with the press, or what?

Suddenly, Morgan veers to one side, loses his balance and stumbles into a fluted Corinthian column. Morgan places his fingertips to his temples, momentarily bewildered, but then, straightens up, takes a deep breath and resumes his course, moving more carefully.

INT. RUINED ABBEY/RECREATIONAL VEHICLE - NIGHT

Morgan, the Trashbabies and the Band chatter in the crowded recreation vehicle. Rodney enters.

RODNEY

All right, people...

THIRD TRASHBABY

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

FOURTH TRASHBABY

Tea? I'd need a major operation!

RODNEY

All right! All right! This is it! On stage in five minutes!

DRUMMER

Let's do it!

The Band shouts affirmatively and Morgan rises with the Band as Rodney leads them all out the door.

RODNEY

How're you feeling?

MORGAN

Great!

EXT. RUINED ABBEY/BACKSTAGE - NIGHT

They all pile out of the recreational vehicle and start toward the stage, but the MAKEUP LADY, lurking outside the makeup trailer, waylays Morgan.

MAKEUP LADY

Oh, look at you! And after all my hard work!

The Makeup Lady drags Morgan into the makeup trailer.

FIFTH TRASHBABY

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

INT. RUINED ABBEY/MAKEUP TRAILER - NIGHT

Rodney scurries into the makeup trailer as the rest of the troupe continues on its way.

RODNEY

Now, what's the holdup?

MAKEUP LADY

This'll just take a minute...

The Makeup Lady steers Morgan to a chair.

RODNEY

(to the MAKEUP LADY)

I thought you'd done all that.

MAKEUP LADY

We want to look our best, don't we? It reflects on me, too, you know. With the whole world watching. Chin up, dear.

Rodney stands by, one eye on his watch, as the Makeup Lady plies her trade. Morgan closes his eyes and relaxes.

MORGAN (singing 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

The music SEGUES to the live performance as spotlights pan the excited crowd.

INT. RUINED ABBEY/REMOTE VIDEO PRODUCTION VAN - NIGHT

The director and switcher sit in front of a row of monitors.

The director signals the next "take."

EXT. RUINED ABBEY - NIGHT

Morgan, his Band and the Trashbabies perform. Coverage includes camera and lighting technicians in action, the orchestra in the orchestra pit, crowd reactions and Rodney, reacting in the wings.

MORGAN (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.
 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!

The music fades quickly.

SLOW MOTION cuts of Morgan, the Band, the Trashbabies, Rodney, the fans, the technical crew, all setting up for the last song. And the Barn Owl, winging its way toward the ruins!

LAURA (singing V.O.)

*Mystery and destiny,
 Forever intertwined,
 Revealed for all the world to see,
 That all who seek may find.
 I provide the key.
 Through me the path is shown.
 Behold your legacy,
MORNINGSTONE!*

The Band joins the orchestra. Hundreds of fans press toward the stage, held in check by security guards and police in riot gear.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The curtains part to reveal a set suggestive of the shrine site and a CHOIR of 30 women in garlands and gowns, carrying tambourines.

Back in real time, the orchestra plays, the choir sings and sways to the music, an interpretation of the wedding song from Morningstone, an invocation of the Ninefold Muse.

CHOIR (singing)
Gentle Deceiver! Eternal Weaver! Love!
[Freya! Janu! Ishtar! Danu!]

Morgan's Band begins to play, a driving force within the orchestra, signaling the Trashbabies' entrance as they dance across the entire front of the stage, bringing the wildly excited crowd to its feet.

TRASHBABIES (singing)
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!

Morgan emerges from the "cave entrance," strutting with the Trashbabies, working the SCREAMING crowd, supported by the choir and orchestra.

MORGAN (singing)
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 (singing)
SWEET MYSTERY!

MORGAN (singing)
Sharing the wondrous magic in your name!

CHOIR & TRASHBABIES (singing)
Life Giver! Ageless Miracle! Love!

MORGAN (singing)
In your bower, keep me! Soothe me!
Let me feel your warm caress!
Fill my ears with your sweet music!
Grant me peace and tenderness!
Your perfect love is your great fame!

TRASHBABIES (singing)
SWEET MYSTERY!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MORGAN (singing)

All is made greater when made in your name!

CHOIR & TRASHBABIES (singing)

All Conceiver! Joyous Harmony! Love!

MORGAN & TRASHBABIES (singing)

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!

CHOIR (singing)

Freya! Janu! Ishtar! Danu!

MORGAN (singing)

Lie with me in sunny meadows!
In darkened groves, be by my side!
In swift flowing water, bathe me!
Reveal your nature! Be my guide!
Mistress of Earth, Air, Water, Flame...

TRASHBABIES (singing)

SWEET MYSTERY!

MORGAN (singing)

All feel the awesome power of your name!

CHOIR & TRASHBABIES (singing)

Gentle Deceiver! Eternal Weaver! Love!

Morgan waves good-bye, bows and begins backing toward the "cave entrance."

Morgan collapses on stage.

Concerned Fans react anxiously to Morgan's collapse.

INT. RUINED ABBEY/REMOTE VIDEO PRODUCTION VAN - NIGHT

The director shouts instructions to the camera crews and switcher.

EXT. RUINED ABBEY - NIGHT

Ashen-faced, Rodney rushes past the happy Trashbabies.

Reacting to Rodney's action, the Trashbabies turn, then react with shock to sight of Morgan, down.

Rodney kneels by Morgan's side. Security personnel quickly gather around the fallen star.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The Trashbabies are shunted aside by PARAMEDICS, rushing to Morgan's aide.

The Paramedics push through the security cordon and move Rodney aside so they can get to Morgan.

Despairing, Rodney rises, lifting his eyes toward the heavens. His expression changes to one of horror!

DISSOLVE TO:

SLOW MOTION, through Rodney's frozen expression, the Barn Owl flies back toward the woods, disappearing into the mist.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. SHRINE - DAY

Morgan awakens in Laura's arms, on the ground by the flower-strewn stone table, dressed in the Horned stag headdress and hide.

LAURA

Morgan?

Bewildered, Morgan sits up and takes in the scene.

Below, Fiona leads the "unicorn" away.

LAURA (CONT'D)

Your song. You did mean to come back?

The mastiff BARKS. Morgan looks toward the hilltop, where the mastiff wags a welcome, but does not approach.

MORGAN

Am I really back?

Laura smiles and snuggles close to Morgan.

MORGAN (CONT'D)

I'm not lying in a hospital or anything...

LAURA

You're here with us. With me.

MORGAN

It's just... Well, I thought...

LAURA

You've done all we asked.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MORGAN

Well, yes, but I don't know. Was anyone listening?

LAURA

Millions, I should think.

MORGAN

Still, one concert? One performance? What if they don't...understand? What if..?

LAURA

It's all a matter of record, now, Morgan.

MORGAN

But, Laura, beloved, do we dare believe one recording can possibly change the world?

Laura smiles warmly, moving onto her bed of flowers, drawing Morgan along with her.

LAURA

The mortal world is no longer your concern.

Morgan hesitates, pondering the ramifications of Laura's line.

Laura kisses Morgan deeply as she unfastens his buckskin tunic.

The DRUMS sound and the Choir and Orchestra take up THE MYSTERY where they left off.

CHOIR (singing)

Gentle Deceiver! Eternal Weaver!

The horned stag headdress and hide drop to the ground at the base of the flower-strewn stone table.

CHOIR (singing) (CONT'D)

Love! Freya, Janu, Ishtar, Danu!

THE MYSTERY FADES. A mist rises. MORGAN and his immortal friends dissolve away.

EXT. DESERTED SHRINE SITE - NIGHT

The flowers of Laura's inviting bower wilt, turn to dust and blow away.

From its perch in a nearby tree, the Barn Owl takes wing, flying through the swirling mist.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. RUINED ABBEY - NIGHT

Rodney's bereaved face appears in the swirling mists.

RODNEY
(screaming)
MORGAN!

Rodney's desperate cries fade with his image.

RODNEY (CONT'D)
(more distantly)
MORGAN!
(faintly)
MORGAN!

FADE TO BLACK.

SUPERIMPOSE END CREDIT ROLL.

AMY, CLIO, BARBARA (singing V.O.)
DOG, ROEBUCK AND LAPWING.
Your nonsense song makes my ears ring.
Between the lines, I hear you sing,
DOG, ROEBUCK AND LAPWING!

The ROUNDS continue with the CREDIT ROLL on the BLACK SCREEN until the SONG AND MUSIC slowly FADE AWAY. Remaining CREDITS roll in silence.

THE END.