

THE STATUE IN THE PARK

By

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FADE IN:

EXT. FAIRY KINGDOM FOREST - NIGHT

Hurried footfalls. Panicked breathing.

Moonlight streaks through the canopy, as the silhouette of a long-limbed man darts amongst the trees.

The man shoulders a duffel bag while holding an oil lantern and broomstick in one hand, and a gold-handled butterfly net in the other.

His frightened eyes narrow as he hears approaching footsteps.

As he creeps amongst the trees, his weathered face appears in a streak of moonlight, revealing GRANDPA HARRY, a gray-haired gentleman in his seventies.

The snapping of twigs catches his attention. He spins round, scanning the shadows as footsteps approach.

KING ZAEB (O.S.)  
Your misguided actions have brought  
this upon yourself.

Grandpa Harry ducks down behind a tree, scanning the area for the source of the voice.

KING ZAEB (O.S.)  
You are no longer welcome here.  
You've been warned. Don't. Come.  
Again!

Grandpa Harry turns and sprints away. Dropping the gold-handled butterfly net, as he retreats into the shadows.

INT. CANAL BOAT - GRANDPA HARRY'S BEDROOM CLOSET - NIGHT

Grandpa Harry places a glass jar that holds a ball of blue light on an empty shelf. His eyes narrow as he watches the ball of blue light buzz and dance around in the jar.

GRANDPA HARRY  
So it's true. You do exist.

The sounds of children laughing and splashing water.

INT. PUBLIC SWIMMING POOL - DAY

Families and children splash about in the water.

ALAN (O.S.)  
I can't do it, Mom. I won't.

ALAN TROTTIER III, a wide-eyed, pudgy-faced, ten-year-old boy, stands on a diving board, several feet above the water. He grips the railing in fear, as he eyes the children playing in the water below.

MRS. TROTTIER (O.S.)  
Then you leave us no choice, Alan.

Alan's hands inch along the railing as he turns and faces MRS. TROTTIER, a plump woman in her thirties standing behind him. She shakes her head as she watches him edge towards her.

MRS. TROTTIER  
You will stay with my father, your Grandpa Harry.

ALAN  
But, Mom. That's not --

Mrs. Trottier points toward the edge of the diving board.

MRS. TROTTIER  
We had a deal, remember? Conquer your fear or --

ALAN  
Oh, Mom.

MRS. TROTTIER  
This is a swimming holiday we're going on. You'll be expected to take the plunge. To dip your toe.

Alan shakes his head as he dashes past her, and down the concrete steps of the stairwell.

MRS. TROTTIER  
Suit yourself.

She rushes toward the edge of the board and leaps into the air. Flailing as she splashes into the water below.

INT. TRAIN CARRIAGE - DAY

Mrs. Trottier leafs through the pages of a book. She slams it shut and eyes a bespectacled Alan seated in a booth. She studies the front cover of the book:

A QUIZ MASTER'S GUIDE TO SOLVING PUZZLES & RIDDLES.

She shakes her head as she watches Alan pull another book from his suitcase and lay it on the table. It's titled:

MYTHOLOGICAL & FANTASY CREATURES OF THE FAIRY WORLD.

MRS. TROTTIER

I really wish you'd take your head out of the clouds for just one moment. And come back to the real world. It can't be healthy for you, reading all this nonsense.

ALAN

It's just make believe, Mom. None of it's real. Fantasy.

MRS. TROTTIER

That's exactly my point.

Alan snatches the book from her and leafs through the pages, stopping on a picture of a hand breaking an egg over a bowl.

ALAN

I've got one.

He pulls out a sandwich tin, opens it and pulls out two boiled eggs.

MRS. TROTTIER

We don't have time, Alan.

ALAN

What has to be broken in order to use it?

He studies one of the eggs, holding it up for Mrs. Trottier to see. But her attention is drawn to the TRAIN CONDUCTOR standing on the platform.

MRS. TROTTIER

I don't know. What?

As Alan holds up the egg, the Train Conductor blows a whistle, distracting Mrs. Trottier.

MRS. TROTTIER

You take good care of yourself, Alan Trottier the Third. Stay out of trouble, you hear me? Stay. Out. Of. Trouble.

ALAN

I don't even know him, Mom. Please.

MRS. TROTTIER

Then this will be the perfect opportunity to get to know your Grandpa Harry.

Alan sighs. Residing in the fact that he has lost the argument. He looks at her one last time, with pleading eyes.

Mrs. Trottier glances at the two boiled eggs he's holding.

MRS. TROTTIER

Make sure you eat those. And I packed a pair of swimming shorts for you. Should you decide to take the plunge. Grandpa Harry enjoys a good dip this time of year.

Mrs. Trottier exits the carriage.

The train moves out of the station as Alan watches Mrs. Trottier wave at him from the platform.

ALAN

It was an egg, Mom.

He cracks one of the eggs and peels away the shell.

EXT. COUNTRYSIDE - DAY

The train blows its horn as it speeds along the track.

INT. TRAIN CARRIAGE - DAY

Alan leafs through the pages of a book. He stops on a page filled with paintings and drawings of forest clearings filled with balls of white light dancing through the air.

As he scans the drawings, his eyes focus on a caption at the bottom of the page. It reads: Will-o'-the-wisps.

EXT. TRAIN STATION PARKING LOT - DAY

The wheel of a push-bike makes its way to a curb.

The heel of a man's boot kicks the stand down. The boot belongs to Grandpa Harry as he dismounts the bike. This is no ordinary bike, this is a two-seater, a tandem.

In the background, the horn of an arriving train blows. Catching Grandpa Harry's attention.

EXT. TRAIN STATION PLATFORM - DAY

Alan hesitates for a second before exiting the train. He glances left and right as he heads toward the exit.

EXT. TRAIN STATION PARKING LOT - DAY

Alan and Grandpa Harry stare at each other. They both ponder for a few seconds, before Alan makes the first move.

ALAN

Are you my Grandpa?

Grandpa Harry marches up to Alan and snatches his suitcase out of his hand. Taken aback by the weight of it.

GRANDPA HARRY

Who else would I be? Would I be doing this, if I wasn't?

Alan shrugs.

GRANDPA HARRY

What do you have in here? The kitchen sink?

He lifts the suitcase up and down.

ALAN

Books.

GRANDPA HARRY

Come along, young man. Time's a wasting. Evening will be setting in soon and we have a fair journey ahead of us.

Alan eyes the vehicles in the parking lot. Not taking much notice of the tandem, as he steps toward Grandpa Harry.

ALAN

Cool. Where's our ride? What kind of car do you drive?

Grandpa Harry stifles a laugh as he points at the tandem.

ALAN

Are you kidding me?

Grandpa Harry places Alan's suitcase in a wicker basket at the front of the bike. Then stares at Alan.

GRANDPA HARRY  
Problem with folks today. No  
stamina.

Alan looks on slack-jawed as Grandpa Harry mounts the front  
saddle of the bike.

GRANDPA HARRY  
Chop, chop. Get a move on. I'm not  
getting any younger.

Alan rolls his eyes as he heads toward the bike.

GRANDPA HARRY  
Put these on.

He whips out a nineteen-thirties helmet and goggles and hands  
them to Alan. Alan reluctantly slips them on.

ALAN  
I'm glad I'm not fashion-conscious.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - DAY

Vehicles TOOT their horns as they speed by the tandem.  
A petrified Alan grips the handlebars as vehicles whiz by.

EXT. PUBLIC PARK - DAY

Grandpa Harry and a red-faced, breathless Alan peddle the  
bike towards an entrance gate in the distance.

ALAN  
How much farther?

GRANDPA HARRY  
We'll be there soon.

ALAN  
That's what you said an hour ago.

As they cycle towards the gate, Alan raises his eyebrows at  
the sight of a wooden statue's head above the treetops.

EXT. CANAL TOWPATH - DAY

Grandpa Harry and Alan make their way along the towpath.  
Passing canal boats moored along the embankment.

ALAN

Where are we going?

GRANDPA HARRY

Not far.

His gaze shifts to a moored canal boat in need of some paint.

MOMENTS LATER

Alan's suitcase drops from his hand as he looks on slack-jawed at the moored canal boat. He scans the peeling paint and rusty portholes dotted along the hull.

ALAN

Are you serious? You live on that?  
I'm not getting on that thing. It's  
a floating disaster waiting to  
happen.

GRANDPA HARRY

Don't be ridiculous, she's a fine  
vessel in tip-top condition.

Alan turns toward Grandpa Harry, watching him pull the tandem onto the roof of the canal boat. Locking it into place.

GRANDPA HARRY

I'm guessing your mom forgot to  
mention this. And you probably  
don't remember. The last time you  
were here, you were just a toddler.  
No bigger than...

Grandpa Harry motions as to how big Alan was.

Alan stares at an unsteady plank of wood laid across the water between the embankment and the front of the canal boat. His gaze drifts to the surrounding, murky-brown water.

GRANDPA HARRY

If you don't fancy coming aboard, I  
have a sleeping bag and tent that  
you can use. You can catch forty-  
winks out here, if you like? I'm  
sure you'll be safe.

He chuckles as he disappears inside the canal boat.

GRANDPA HARRY (O.S.)

But you'd better watch yourself.  
Lots of crazies about.

ALAN

What are you talking about?  
Crazies? What are crazies?

GRANDPA HARRY (O.S.)

You know, crazy folk.

Alan's attention is drawn to the clatter of galloping horses hooves as they head in his direction.

GEMMA (O.S.)

Look out!

Alan's eyes widen in fear as he watches GEMMA PUDDLE-DUCK, a pig-tailed, ten-year-old girl gallop a pony towards him. She waves at him to get out of the way.

GEMMA

Don't just stand there. Get outta  
the way! Get off the towpath!

Without thinking, Alan crosses the plank of wood backwards and finds himself standing on the front of the canal boat. He watches Gemma and the pony retreat into the distance.

A hand grabs Alan's shoulder making him jump.

He spins round and sees Grandpa Harry.

GRANDPA HARRY

Told you. Crazies. They're not all  
there. A few screws loose.

ALAN

Who was that?

Alan watches Gemma dismount and climb aboard a canal boat.

GRANDPA HARRY

I don't know. You'd better go ask  
her.

ALAN

What? I'll do no such thing.

GRANDPA HARRY

Suit yourself. Just thought you  
might appreciate the company.

ALAN

You just called her crazy.

Grandpa Harry ponders, then dashes inside as Alan looks on.

GRANDPA HARRY (O.S.)  
Come on. Supper's on the stove.

INT. GRANDPA HARRY'S CANAL BOAT - ALAN'S BEDROOM - DAY

Grandpa Harry dumps Alan's suitcase on the bed as Alan looks toward a porthole, eyeing the towpath outside.

ALAN  
How safe is this thing? It doesn't  
feel very sturdy.

Grandpa Harry pulls a folded sheaf of paper from a pocket and unfolds it, pinning it to a corkboard on a wall.

ALAN  
What's that?

Alan stares at the sheaf of paper.

GRANDPA HARRY  
House rules. You abide. There won't  
be a problem.

Grandpa Harry crosses to the entrance.

GRANDPA HARRY  
You don't, use your imagination.

Alan watches him exit.

ALAN  
House rules. What house rules? This  
is meant to be a holiday. I'm not  
in school. I'm on vacation.

Alan's eyes dart over the handwritten list of rules.

ALAN  
In by sundown, you have to be  
kidding --

Alan jumps at the sound of a RINGING BELL.

INT. SMALL KITCHEN - DAY

Alan sits on a stool at a breakfast bar. He stares at a steaming fish on a plate.

Grandpa Harry sidles up to him, dropping a wedge of lemon on the plate. He watches Alan prod the fish with a fork.

GRANDPA HARRY  
It's trout.

Alan continues prodding the fish with the fork.

GRANDPA HARRY  
I caught it in the canal. Very  
tasty.

ALAN  
What? You caught it in that soup  
out there. Arrgh. Disgusting.

As he pushes the plate away...

ALAN  
Forget it. I'm not eating --

GRANDPA HARRY  
Only joking. Eat up. It's going  
cold. Fishmonger fresh that one.

Still unsure, Alan continues prodding the fish with the fork.

INT. GRANDPA HARRY'S CANAL BOAT - ALAN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Grandpa Harry stands in the doorway, leafing through the pages of a book. Observing paintings of magical creatures.

He catches a glimpse of the Will-o'-the-wisps, before slamming it shut, and placing it on a dresser.

GRANDPA HARRY  
You don't actually believe in any  
of this stuff, do you? Pure  
nonsense. Good-night.

He flicks off the light switch.

LATER

As Alan lies in bed, staring up at the ceiling, he hears the main doors opening and closing in the background.

He bolts upright and makes a beeline for the porthole. He watches Grandpa Harry step onto the towpath.

Grandpa Harry shoulders the duffel bag, as he carries the oil lantern in one hand and a fishing rod in the other.

EXT. CANAL TOWPATH - NIGHT

Alan adjusts his spectacles, as he chases after the silhouette of Grandpa Harry up ahead.

Up ahead, Grandpa Harry stops and listens to the crunching of gravel underfoot. He smiles and continues on towards an entrance sign that reads: PUBLIC PARK. VISITORS WELCOME.

EXT. PUBLIC PARK - NIGHT

Alan crouches behind a tree. He watches Grandpa Harry step behind the TALL WOODEN STATUE in the middle of a clearing. He scans it from head to base.

It looks similar in appearance to a very large totem pole.

ALAN

Whoa!

As he eyes the statue's carved face, and large, beady eyes, a flash of brilliant white light startles him.

ALAN

Grandpa. Grandpa!

He composes himself and runs toward the statue. He circles the base of the statue, scanning the surrounding area. And the footprints left in the dirt.

ALAN

Grandpa. Huh. Grandpa, where are you? Grandpa, where did you go?

Alan stares slack-jawed at the statue's face. He edges left and right, sensing that the head and eyes of the statue are following him.

ALAN

Weird.

The eyes of the statue follow him as he turns and runs off, retreating into the distance.

INT. GRANDPA HARRY'S CANAL BOAT - ALAN'S BEDROOM - DAY

Morning sunlight spills in through the porthole.

The shadow of a dog appears in the doorway.

## SMALL KITCHEN

As Grandpa Harry prepares breakfast, his attention is drawn to terrified screams coming from Alan's bedroom.

GRANDPA HARRY

Alan. Alan! What's wrong?

He heads in the direction of the screams.

## HALLWAY

As Grandpa Harry nears Alan's bedroom door, the screams morph into laughing and giggling and he hears...

ALAN (O.S.)

What's your name, boy?

## ALAN'S BEDROOM

A relieved Grandpa Harry stands in the doorway watching Alan cuddle and play with a gray-haired dog on his bed.

The dog licks Alan's face.

ALAN

Arrgh, that's disgusting. You're drooling over me.

Alan notices Grandpa Harry standing in the doorway.

GRANDPA HARRY

Glad to see that you two have finally met. That's Tucker. He's a Weimaraner.

Alan studies Tucker's face, then glances at Grandpa Harry. The resemblance is uncanny.

ALAN

Hi there, Tucker.

He leans in close to Tucker's ear, whispering...

ALAN

You're not related, are you?

GRANDPA HARRY

What was that?

Alan and Tucker stare at Grandpa Harry.

ALAN

Nothing. Just asking him if he wants to go for a walk.

GRANDPA HARRY

Excellent idea, but it's already on the list, young man. Tucker will be walked twice a day. Once in the morning and once before sundown.

Grandpa Harry points at the corkboard.

KITCHEN

Alan sits at the breakfast bar. He stares at a bowl of cereal when Grandpa Harry plops down next to him.

GRANDPA HARRY

Do you recall what we discussed yesterday?

He places the sheaf of paper that he gave Alan on the counter. And points at the rules.

GRANDPA HARRY

Indoors by sundown. No unauthorized excursions after dark.

He taps the sheaf of paper.

GRANDPA HARRY

It's right there. In black and white. Handwritten. Something that folks today find hard to do.

ALAN

What? But -- but you --

GRANDPA HARRY

No buts.

ALAN

But how did you -- where did you go last --

GRANDPA HARRY

This discussion is closed. Follow the rules, young man. Read them. Digest them. Obey them. Understand?

He points at Alan's bowl of cereal.

GRANDPA HARRY

Eat up. You have a busy day ahead of you. You'll be needing a lot of energy.

ALAN

What? I do? Why?

EXT. CANAL TOWPATH - DAY

Grandpa Harry shoves a tin of purple paint and a small paintbrush into Alan's hands as he stares at the peeling paint on the hull of the canal boat.

ALAN

You can't be serious?

GRANDPA HARRY

You don't have to do it all at once. You just need to make a start, a bit at a time.

Alan scans the canal boat. Studying how long it is. And then eyes the small paintbrush.

ALAN

What about you? Aren't you going to help?

GRANDPA HARRY

I have to go into the village. Pick up supplies. I live on a boat in case you hadn't noticed.

He places the wicker basket on the front of the tandem.

GRANDPA HARRY

Make sure you do as much as you can. No slacking.

He mounts the bicycle and peddles away. Retreating into the distance as Alan looks on dumbfounded.

GRANDPA HARRY

And look out for those crazies. They're everywhere. I probably won't make it back until after dark. So I'll see you in the morning.

Alan watches Grandpa Harry wave, as he disappears through the entrance to the public park.

ALAN

Some holiday this is turning into.

Tucker trots to the side of Alan.

ALAN

Ever get the feeling that you're  
being taken advantage of, Tucker?

Tucker barks as he plops down on his haunches.

ALAN

I'm sure there are laws against  
this kind of thing.

Alan turns and studies the hull of the canal boat and the  
surrounding water.

LATER

As Alan paints the hull of the canal boat, he's startled by  
the clatter of hooves and neighs of a horse. He falls back  
onto the embankment almost spilling the paint over himself.

ALAN

That's just great!

He turns and sees the faces of Gemma Puddle-Duck and her pony  
peering down at him.

GEMMA

What are you doing?

ALAN

What does it look like? I'm baking  
a cake.

GEMMA

No need to be rude. You're  
painting.

ALAN

Then why ask?

Gemma scans Alan's poor attempt at painting, and the terrible  
streaks and lines that he's left in the paint.

GEMMA

You're doing it wrong.

ALAN

What?

GEMMA

You can't apply a fresh coat of paint until that has been removed first.

ALAN

I know what I'm doing, thanks.

Gemma steps forward, shoving her pony's reins in Alan's hands as he scrambles to his feet. Alan notices the large eyes of the pony staring at him.

GEMMA

No need to look so nervous. Buster here is vegetarian.

ALAN

I thought all horses were -- oh, never mind. What do you want?

Buster neighs as Gemma pulls off some of the peeling paint on the hull of the canal boat and shows Alan.

GEMMA

All this has to come off first.

ALAN

And how do you propose we do that?

GEMMA

We? What makes you think I want to help you? I don't even know your name. I'm Gemma Puddle-Duck.

She sticks out her hand. Ready to shake hands.

ALAN

What kind of a name is that?

GEMMA

And what do they call you? Mr. Snarky Pants?

ALAN

I'm Alan. Alan Trottier the Third.

Gemma bursts out laughing.

GEMMA

And you think my name is funny.

She grabs one of his hands and they shake.

GEMMA

Pleased to make your acquaintance,  
Alan Trottier the Third. Gemma  
Puddle-Duck at your service, your  
next door neighbor.

She points toward her canal boat in the distance.

INT. GRANDPA HARRY'S CANAL BOAT - ALAN'S BEDROOM - DAY

Shouldering a backpack, Gemma stares in awe, as Alan pulls  
out book after book from his suitcase.

GEMMA

What are you, some kind of mobile  
library? Bit of a bookworm, eh?

ALAN

I like to read.

GEMMA

You don't say?

Gemma pulls a book from her backpack, and hands it to Alan.

ALAN

What is this?

GEMMA

I thought that you could use some  
assistance. Some help.

As Alan opens the book, Gemma notices the title of the book  
Alan was reading on the train:

MYTHOLOGICAL & FANTASY CREATURES OF THE FAIRY WORLD.

GEMMA

Something that you'll find useful.

INT. OUTDOOR SUPPLIES STORE - DAY

Grandpa Harry stands at a cash register counter with a basket  
loaded with a dozen empty glass jars.

The STORE CLERK studies the glass jars in the basket.

STORE CLERK

Anything else?

Grandpa Harry places a butterfly net on the counter.

STORE CLERK

You sure must be catching a lot of butterflies, Harry.

GRANDPA HARRY

You could say that. They're keeping me up all night.

A confused Store Clerk bags up the glass jars.

EXT. CANAL TOWPATH - DAY

The sun sets as...

Alan watches Gemma lead Buster along the path towards her canal boat in the distance.

He holds up the book Gemma gave him and studies the title on the front cover: A GUIDE TO CANAL BOAT MAINTENANCE.

ALAN

Thanks for the guide. And the help.  
And don't forget about --

Gemma glances back at Alan.

GEMMA

I won't.

EXT. GRANDPA HARRY'S CANAL BOAT - NIGHT

As Gemma knocks on a porthole, Alan's face appears.

EXT. PUBLIC PARK - NIGHT

Alan ducks down behind a tree.

ALAN

Look.

He turns, facing Gemma and points over his shoulder.

Gemma peers over Alan's shoulder, spotting Grandpa Harry standing at the base of the statue.

She notices he's shouldering a duffel bag, and holding the fishing rod, oil lantern and the butterfly net.

GEMMA

I get the oil lantern.

She glances at Alan.

GEMMA

But what's with the fishing rod and butterfly net? I don't get it. How are you meant to fish in the dark? Or catch butterflies?

Alan grabs her and leads her toward another tree.

ALAN

Keep watching.

They crouch down behind the tree. Watching Grandpa Harry as he circles around the base of the statue.

GEMMA

Well, I'm waiting.

They watch Grandpa Harry pull a large gold key from under his shirt and hold it up to the moonlight before disappearing behind the statue.

GEMMA

We need to get closer.

ALAN

We can't, there's no cover. Nowhere to hide.

A flash of bright white light causes them to jump with a start, sending them falling backwards.

GEMMA

What was that?

Alan grabs Gemma and leads her towards the STATUE.

ALAN

See. He's gone. Just disappears. One second he's right there, and then gone. Like a magician.

Gemma and Alan circle around the base of the statue. Staring up at the ominous face and eyes.

GEMMA

This thing always gives me goose bumps. I always feel like it's --

ALAN

Watching.

They share a look.

GEMMA

Yeah.

ALAN

Weird.

GEMMA

Creepy.

He scans a trail of footprints that lead up to the base of the statue and circle around it.

GEMMA

Where'd he go?

ALAN

I dunno. Those are his footprints.  
Told you, didn't I? Vanished.

GEMMA

No one just disappears, Alan. It's impossible. Even for a magician. I'm sure there's a simple explanation.

Alan notices a weathered, moss-covered bronze plaque at the base of the statue. As he leans in to study it, Gemma yanks him back.

GEMMA

C'mon. He's obviously not here.

ALAN

But -- but --

Alan eyes the plaque as Gemma pulls him away.

GEMMA

You can ask him when you see him tomorrow. Find out what he has to say for himself. But right now, I need my pillow.

ALAN

But, but - I wanna stay, find out where he went.

Gemma drags Alan towards the entrance as the eyes of the statue follow them, watching them recede into the distance.

ALAN (O.S.)

I don't get it. Where could he be?  
You can't just disappear like that.

EXT. FAIRY KINGDOM FOREST - NIGHT

With his eyes closed, Grandpa Harry edges around the trunk of a tree as a ball of white light floats by.

Opening his eyes, Grandpa Harry dive-rolls, scooping the ball of white light out of the air with the butterfly net.

GRANDPA HARRY  
You'll make an excellent addition  
to my collection.

The ball of light buzzes as it tries to escape from the net. Dragging Grandpa Harry through the tall grass and bushes.

GRANDPA HARRY  
Stop that. Stop that. Stop that  
right now!

As he struggles to hold on to the butterfly net, he fishes in a pocket and pulls out a glass jar.

MOMENTS LATER

A hand tightens the lid of the glass jar as the ball of white light buzzes around inside it trying to escape.

INT. GRANDPA HARRY'S CANAL BOAT - ALAN'S BEDROOM - DAY

Alan jolts awake at the sound of a RINGING BELL. Then...

GRANDPA HARRY (O.S.)  
Alan Trottier, will you come here  
right this instant. What is the  
meaning of this?

EXT. GRANDPA HARRY'S CANAL BOAT - DAY

Alan and Grandpa Harry stand on the embankment. Grandpa Harry's eyes narrow as he scans the sanded down hull.

GRANDPA HARRY  
Look at it. It's a mess. What did  
you do to it?

ALAN  
You don't understand. I was just  
doing what I was told. It's in the  
book. The manual that --

GRANDPA HARRY

What manual? What are you talking about? I didn't give you a book.

Grandpa Harry edges forward, eyeing the sanded down hull.

ALAN

The book Gemma gave me. Gemma Puddle-Duck. Your neighbor. She lives right --

GRANDPA HARRY

What have I told you? You shouldn't be listening to these crazies.

ALAN

What? She's not crazy. I'm trying to explain.

GRANDPA HARRY

Go to your room.

A slack-jawed Alan stares at Grandpa Harry.

GRANDPA HARRY

Now.

ALAN

But --

GRANDPA HARRY

Now!

Alan crosses the plank of wood and enters the canal boat.

INT. GRANDPA HARRY'S CANAL BOAT - ALAN'S BEDROOM - DAY

Alan sits on his bed, leafing through the pages of the book Gemma gave him. Stopping on a photo of a canal boat. He ponders for a second before slamming closed the book.

ALAN

Thanks a lot, Gemma Puddle-Duck.  
Thanks for nothing.

KITCHEN

Alan and Grandpa Harry sit at the breakfast bar eating. Alan takes a piece of his food and slips it under the table as Grandpa Harry studies a newspaper article.

Tucker helps himself to the piece of food, licking Alan's fingers in the process. When suddenly...

GRANDPA HARRY (O.S.)  
I saw that?

Shocked, Alan shares a look with Grandpa Harry.

ALAN  
I know. It's in the rules.

GRANDPA HARRY  
Then why don't you follow them?

Grandpa Harry goes back to reading his newspaper. Ignoring the angry eyes of Alan.

ALAN  
Look, Grandpa. I just want you to know that --

Grandpa Harry points at the doorway.

GRANDPA HARRY  
Follow the rules.

Alan places the book that Gemma gave him next to Grandpa Harry and leaves.

A few moments pass, and Grandpa Harry glimpses the book. He studies the front cover before folding up the newspaper and picking up the book and opening it.

As he leafs through the pages, his eyes widen.

GRANDPA HARRY  
Oops. So that's how you do it.

GRANDPA HARRY'S BEDROOM

KNOCK-KNOCK-KNOCK.

ALAN (O.S.)  
Grandpa. Grandpa. You in there?

The door slides open and Alan peers in.

ALAN  
Huh.

He edges into the room, eyeing paintings and drawings of magical creatures and landscapes on the walls.

ALAN

No way. What is this?

As he edges forward, he spots a walk-in closet locked with a padlock and goes toward it. As he plays with the padlock, a hand grabs his shoulder, spinning him round.

Alan stares at Grandpa Harry glaring at him. He fails to notice that Grandpa Harry is wearing swimming shorts and toweling himself down.

GRANDPA HARRY

Rules, young man, rules.

Grandpa Harry checks the padlock.

GRANDPA HARRY

Don't touch that. Don't even think about trying to open it. It's on the list.

ALAN

Why? What's in there?

GRANDPA HARRY

Medicine. Stuff for old folks. Nothing a young boy with a curious mind like yourself would be interested in.

Alan's not buying this.

ALAN

But you said that you don't believe in any of --

GRANDPA HARRY

Don't touch things that don't belong to you. And keep your nose out of my affairs.

Alan scans the drawings and paintings on the walls.

ALAN

What's in there?

GRANDPA HARRY

You're not allowed in here. It's strictly off limits to eyes as young as yours.

ALAN

But you said that you didn't believe. What's all this then?

GRANDPA HARRY  
It's nothing, that's what it is.  
Nothing. Plain and simple.

ALAN  
But --

As Grandpa Harry ushers Alan towards the door, Alan notices Grandpa Harry's swimming shorts.

ALAN  
Have you been swimming -- in that?  
That's disgusting.

GRANDPA HARRY  
Don't knock it until you've tried  
it, young man. C'mon.

EXT. GRANDPA HARRY'S CANAL BOAT - DAY

Alan and Grandpa Harry are on the front deck. Alan watches the early morning sunlight glisten on the water's surface.

ALAN  
I'm not going in that.

GRANDPA HARRY  
If that's how you feel.

Grandpa Harry holds up a dog lead.

EXT. PUBLIC PARK - DAY

Alan falls flat on his face as he catches sight of Tucker bounding away into the distance. Alan scrambles to his feet, holding the lead in one hand, as he adjusts his spectacles.

ALAN  
Tucker, get back here. Right now!

He brushes himself down and marches after Tucker.

MOMENTS LATER

Alan appears from behind a tree. He observes the wooden statue as he marches toward it.

ALAN  
Tucker. This isn't funny.

A dog BARKING catches his attention and he spots Tucker playing ball with someone. He can't see who Tucker is playing with as they're hidden behind the statue.

ALAN

There you are, boy.

As he rounds the statue, his eyes widen on seeing Gemma.

ALAN

You... you got me into trouble with your silly ideas. Thanks a lot.

He rushes up to Tucker and grabs Tucker's collar.

GEMMA

What are you talking about?

ALAN

My Grandpa wasn't very happy.

Alan attaches the lead to Tucker's collar and walks away. Paying no attention to Gemma as...

GEMMA

I was trying to help.

ALAN

Yeah, well, I don't need your help.

Gemma stares, slack-jawed and lost for words.

GEMMA

Good. You can paint it yourself.

ALAN

I will.

Alan storms off.

Gemma fails to notice the eyes of the wooden statue eyeing her and Alan, as he heads toward the entrance gate.

GEMMA

If that's the case, I want my book back. You obviously don't need it. And you obviously aren't interested in finding out what your grandpa is up to. So I guess you won't be needing my help later. Thanks for the gratitude.

Alan stops on hearing this and glances back at Gemma. She has a point as he ponders before continuing on.

ALAN (V.O.)  
 Seriously. Couldn't you have told  
 me this earlier?

INT. GRANDPA HARRY'S CANAL BOAT - ALAN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Grandpa Harry gives an agreeable nod as he snaps shut the book Gemma gave Alan. He eyes Alan sitting on the bed.

GRANDPA HARRY  
 Why?

ALAN  
 Because now I'm going to have to  
 eat a lot of humble pie.

GRANDPA HARRY  
 You can thank that girl for me.  
 What's her name again? Oh, yes,  
 Gemma. Maybe she can help you with  
 the painting.

ALAN  
 That's what I'm talking about. I  
 don't think she'll be coming round  
 here again any time soon.

GRANDPA HARRY  
 The book belongs to her, doesn't  
 it? If she wants it back, I suggest  
 that --

Alan holds up a palm of a hand -- gesturing Grandpa Harry to stop talking.

LATER

Alan is in bed. He listens to the sound of the main doors opening and closing. He rolls over and closes his eyes.

EXT. TOWPATH - NIGHT

Grandpa Harry's silhouette retreats into the distance.

EXT. PUBLIC PARK - NIGHT

A flash of white light shrinks away leaving the wooden statue standing alone in the clearing.

EXT. FAIRY KINGDOM FOREST - NIGHT

Grandpa Harry screws the lid of a glass jar closed as a ball of white light buzzes around inside it. He places it inside his duffel bag and shoulders it.

As he picks up the butterfly net and fishing rod, his eyes widen in fear on hearing the rustling of leaves and the approaching pitter-patter of footfalls behind him.

He ducks down behind a tree, scanning the area.

GRANDPA HARRY

Oh, no.

Grandpa Harry's eyes narrow, as he listens to the approaching footfalls get closer and louder. Thudding through the undergrowth towards him.

He gets up and stumbles forward, dropping the fishing rod and butterfly net.

GRANDPA HARRY

Must get back. Must get back.

As he darts away, he loses his footing. Tripping over his feet and falling to the ground as...

Hundreds of pairs of eyes emerge from the darkness. Surrounding Grandpa Harry as he staggers to his feet. He holds up the oil lantern and waves it in front of him.

GRANDPA HARRY

I'm warning you. Stay back!

The eyes converge on him.

GRANDPA HARRY

Zaeb, that you?

KING ZAEB (O.S.)

King Zaeb, to you.

A pair of black boots march towards Grandpa Harry and stop in front of him. As he crawls backwards, away from the approaching boots, Grandpa Harry looks up... eyes widening.

KING ZAEB (O.S.)

You were warned not to come back.  
Not to enter this realm again. And yet you keep coming. Kept breaking the rules that were laid down before you. Kept taking that which does not belong to you.

Grandpa Harry glances at the fishing rod and butterfly net.

GRANDPA HARRY

Please, I only wanted to --

KING ZAEB (O.S.)

Silence!

The pair of black boots edge closer to Grandpa Harry. Then... the portly, freckled-face of KING ZAEB, the Fairy King appears out of the shadows.

He kneels down in front of Grandpa Harry. King Zaeb wears a jewel-encrusted gold crown on his head.

KING ZAEB

Where is she?

GRANDPA HARRY

Who?

KING ZAEB

On your travels, you mistook her for one. Taking her across the threshold, through the portal and back into your world.

King Zaeb leans toward Grandpa Harry, coming within an inch of his face. His eyes glistening under the moonlight.

KING ZAEB

You were entrusted to look after them. You were their keeper. Their guardian and protector. You were their caretaker. Instead, you took them into your world. For your own pleasure.

GRANDPA HARRY

I didn't mean any harm by it. I couldn't help --

KING ZAEB

Don't play coy with me. You know who I refer to. We want her back. I want her back. Returned to me.

Grandpa Harry's eyes widen.

GRANDPA HARRY

I don't know who you're talking about!

KING ZAEB  
The Fairy Princess. My daughter.  
Esmerelda!

King Zaeb clicks his fingers.

KING ZAEB  
Hoagie. Hoagie. Where are you?

A ball of smoke appears, and HOAGIE, a stout, narrow-faced fellow, wearing a monocle and straw hat emerges. He steps alongside King Zaeb.

HOAGIE  
Yes, M'lord.

KING ZAEB  
Fetch the prison carriage.

Hoagie tips his hat and disappears into the shadows.

GRANDPA HARRY  
Prison carriage? Hold on a second!

INT. GRANDPA HARRY'S CANAL BOAT - ALAN'S BEDROOM - DAY

Alan bolts upright to find Tucker curled up next to him. He watches the morning sunlight streak in through the porthole.

GRANDPA HARRY'S BEDROOM

The door slides open and Alan and Tucker appear in the doorway. Alan scans the room and the empty bed as he enters.

ALAN  
Where is he, Tucker? Where's  
Grandpa Harry? Grandpa! Grandpa,  
are you here?

He walks off with Tucker trailing behind.

ALAN (O.S.)  
Grandpa, where are you?

EXT. GRANDPA HARRY'S CANAL BOAT - DAY

Alan stands on the front deck eyeing the tandem on the roof.

ALAN  
Grandpa.

Alan glances at Tucker on the embankment. His gaze drifts back and forth along the towpath, then shifts to Gemma's canal boat in the distance.

ALAN  
Where is he, boy?

Tucker slumps back on his haunches, shaking his head.

ALAN  
Me neither.

INT. GRANDPA HARRY'S BEDROOM - DAY

Alan smashes the padlock on the closet door with the tin of purple paint. Smashes it again. The padlock drops to the floor. Alan glances at Tucker sitting in the doorway.

ALAN  
Well, there's no going back now.

He steels himself as he grabs the closet door handles. Taking a deep breath, he slides them open.

Alan's eyes widen in shock as he stares at shelves packed with hundreds of glass jars filled with dazzling balls of white light.

ALAN  
No way.

As he scans the shelves filled with glass jars, he notices several sketchbooks on a shelf, and the broomstick mounted on the back wall with two wall hooks.

Alan edges forward and picks up a glass jar, examining the ball of white light buzzing around inside it.

ALAN  
What is it, Tucker?

He starts unscrewing the jar and stops halfway.

ALAN  
You don't think it's dangerous, do you?

He glances at an excited Tucker who's standing behind him, wagging his tail. Alan slowly removes the jar's lid.

ALAN  
What are you waiting for? You're free.

The ball of light rises out of the jar and stops in front of Alan's face. It inches closer to Alan's face, almost touching his nose as he looks on slack-jawed.

ALAN  
You look familiar.

The ball of light buzzes around Alan's head and shoots out the doorway, heading down the hallway.

ALAN  
Hey, come back here. Come on, boy!

Alan darts out the entrance with Tucker close on his heels.

EXT. PUBLIC PARK - DAY

Alan is within touching distance of the ball of light as he chases it towards the wooden statue.

ALAN  
Where do you think you're going?  
Hey, get back here!

He tries to grab it as it darts out of reach. As he chases after it, his attention is drawn to a round wooden door materializing at the base of the statue.

ALAN  
A door?

As Alan tries grabbing the ball of light, the door at the base of the statue eases open.

ALAN  
But to where?

Alan dashes forward, making one last attempt to grab the ball of light which causes him to lose his footing and balance. He stumbles forward as the ball of light enters the doorway.

ALAN  
Oh, no. Tucker. Help me!

Alan loses his balance and topples through the doorway as Tucker looks on wide-eyed. Watching the doorway shrink away.

INT. TUNNEL OF LIGHT

Alan tumbles through a swirling whirlpool of bright light, as he watches the ball of light speed into the distance.

ALAN  
What's happening?

He screams in fear as he tumbles away.

EXT. FAIRY KINGDOM FOREST - DAY

A door at the base of a large oak tree swings open and the ball of light shoots out, followed a few moments later by Alan who tumbles out. Rolling across the ground.

Alan comes to a stop, sprawled across the ground. He stares up at the canopy of twisted branches. His eyes widening as he spots the outlines of two red suns in the sky.

ALAN  
That's impossible. Where am I?

Alan scans the surrounding trees and foliage as he climbs to his feet. He notices a weathered sign that reads:

WELCOME TO THE MYSTICAL & MAGICAL LAND OF THE FAIRY KINGDOM

ALAN  
The Fairy Kingdom? Is this some kind of joke?

He heads toward the door at the base of the oak tree when the rustling of bushes and the sound of someone whistling a merry tune catches his attention.

ALAN  
Huh!

He turns and goes toward the sound.

EXT. FAIRY KINGDOM FOREST - CLEARING - DAY

The back of a tall gray-skinned creature makes its way round the base of a tall tree. Its bulging round eyes peer up at the rainbow-colored fruit hanging from the branches up above.

This is BUMBLES. He's a Troblin. A half troll, half goblin creature with large floppy ears and a tuft of white hair on the top of his head. Shackles around his ankles CLINK.

Frustration spreads across his face as he jumps up, trying to reach one of the odd-shaped fruit hanging from a branch.

BUMBLES  
Oh, dear. Oh, dear.

He continues jumping as...

A slack-jawed Alan appears from behind a bush and looks on, as Bumbles attempts to grab one of the fruit.

Alan's eyes widen as he notices several large straw baskets on the ground filled with the fruit.

ALAN

What the? This can't be real. This has to be a joke.

He makes a beeline for Bumbles, carefully stepping through the long grass as he makes his way amongst the baskets.

ALAN

Some kind of illusion.

Bumbles continues jumping and whistling, oblivious to Alan as he sneaks towards his back. When he hears...

ALAN (O.S.)

Excuse me. Excuse me.

Bumbles reels around with a start, staring wide-eyed at Alan standing in front of him.

ALAN

I can help you with that.

BUMBLES

Who, who are you?

ALAN

Alan. Alan Trottier, the -- the...

BUMBLES

With what?

Alan points at the fruit dangling from the tree branches.

BUMBLES

What are you doing here?

Alan marches over to the tree and peers up at the fruit.

BUMBLES

You shouldn't be here. You'll get us both in trouble.

ALAN

But I can help.

He eyes the fruit hanging on the branches.

BUMBLES

How?

MOMENTS LATER

Fruit drops into a basket at the base of the tree as...

Alan stands on the shoulders of Bumbles. Picking the fruit off the branches of the tree as Bumbles looks on.

ALAN

What did you say your name was again?

BUMBLES

Bumbles.

ALAN

And you're a --

BUMBLES

A Troblin. Half goblin, half troll.

A fruit drops in the basket.

ALAN

And I thought you were going to be all grizzly and nasty.

Bumbles lowers Alan to the ground, eyeing him.

BUMBLES

Oh, no. That's a misconception. Most trolls and goblins are nice to a degree, as long as you don't get on the wrong side of them.

He picks up a fruit and hands it to Alan.

ALAN

Thanks.

He pockets the fruit.

BUMBLES

There are certain things and creatures that you wouldn't want to meet.

ALAN

Like what?

BUMBLES

Dragons.

Alan gulps as he glances around.

Bumbles goes toward a strange looking contraption and picks it up. Shouldering it. It looks like a mobile water spray.

BUMBLES

But if you know what you're doing,  
they can easily be defeated with a  
little...

He holds up a nozzle and squeezes a button. Launching a jet of water into the branches of a tree. When suddenly...

The snapping of branches and heavy footfalls approaching catches their attention.

BUMBLES

Oh, dear. It's the Commander.

ALAN

Who?

Alan's eyes widen as...

GRUMBLE-PANTS (O.S.)

What have we here?

A much larger Troblin emerges from the shadows and lumbers toward them. Its large feet pounding the ground as it makes a beeline for them. This is COMMANDER GRUMBLE-PANTS.

Alan looks on slack-jawed as Grumble-Pants steps toward him.

GRUMBLE-PANTS

Speak up. I don't have all day.  
There's work to be done.

Alan edges back as Grumble-Pants steps toward him.

ALAN

I'm Alan. Alan Trottier the Third.

GRUMBLE-PANTS

Alan Trottier the what? What a  
silly name.

ALAN

Yeah, and who are you?

GRUMBLE-PANTS

I'm Commander Grumble-Pants.

Alan giggles, trying hard to stifle a full-blown laugh as...

GRUMBLE-PANTS

Something amuses you, boy?

Alan shakes his head as Grumble-Pants clicks his fingers.

Alan's eyes widen in fear as he hears approaching footfalls and the CLINKING of metal and several large, menacing Troblins emerge out of the shadows. Striding towards Alan.

GRUMBLE-PANTS

And these are my troops. Why are you here, Alan Trottier the Third?

Alan eyes the shackled ankles of the Troblins.

ALAN

I'm looking for someone. My Grandpa Harry. I think he's here somewhere.

On hearing this, Grumble-Pants's eyes sparkle.

GRUMBLE-PANTS

I think the Fairy King will be most interested and amused in meeting you, won't he boys?

ALAN

The Fairy King?

GRUMBLE-PANTS

Our Master. We do his bidding.

Alan glances at Bumbles.

ALAN

I don't think so.

Bumbles steps in front of Alan.

BUMBLES

Unfortunately, Alan was heading home, weren't you?

GRUMBLE-PANTS

Out of the way, imbecile.

The other Troblins mumble and laugh amongst themselves, as Grumble-Pants steps forward. Pushing Bumbles out of the way as he tries to grab Alan.

Alan ducks out of the way, sprinting into the distance.

GRUMBLE-PANTS

After him! Don't let him escape.  
The Fairy King will be most pleased  
if we catch him.

Grumble-Pants and the other Troblins give chase as Bumbles watches Alan run off.

MOMENTS LATER

Alan screams as he glances back at the chasing Troblins. He sprints toward the door at the base of the oak tree.

ALAN

Please work. Please work.

He pulls open the door and enters just as Grumble-Pants reaches for him. His fingertips just missing Alan.

GRUMBLE-PANTS

Come back here!

INT. TUNNEL OF LIGHT

As Alan tumbles through the swirling light, he glimpses Grumble-Pants and the other Troblins tumbling through the light behind him.

EXT. PUBLIC PARK - DAY

The doorway at the base of the statue forms and Alan bursts through, rolling across the ground in front of Tucker. As Alan climbs to his feet, the doorway shrinks away.

As he steps toward it, the pounding of bodies hitting it on the other side catches his attention.

GRUMBLE-PANTS (O.S.)

Don't come back, you hear me? Stay  
away. You do not belong here.

Alan watches the shrinking door vanish as he steps toward it.

ALAN

It's gone, Tucker. The door's gone.  
We're safe.

Alan steps forward and touches the area where the door was.

ALAN

Come on, boy.

Alan sprints toward the entrance gate to the canal.

INT. GRANDPA HARRY'S CANAL BOAT - ALAN'S BEDROOM - DAY

Alan sits on the edge of the bed, eyeing the book Gemma gave him. He glances at Tucker slumped in the doorway.

ALAN

What do you think, boy?

He darts out of the room with Gemma's book.

EXT. GEMMA'S CANAL BOAT - DAY

Alan watches Gemma play jump-rope on the towpath in front of her canal boat as he edges toward her.

Gemma stops playing jump-rope and stares at him.

GEMMA

What do you want?

Alan holds up the empty glass jar and her book.

GEMMA

The cat got your tongue?

She glances at the glass jar.

GEMMA

I don't collect insects. You'll have to do better than that.

ALAN

No, that's not what it's for. It's for something else.

Alan edges closer.

ALAN

I need you to come with me.

GEMMA

Why should I? All you've done is been rude to me. Ignored me. I was only trying to help.

ALAN

Please. It's about my Grandpa. There's stuff I need to show you. Important stuff.

GEMMA

Important?

Alan nods.

ALAN

The statue in the park. There's something I need to show you. It's more than just a statue. It's a --

GEMMA

No!

Gemma swings the rope and jumps.

ALAN

It's really a --

GEMMA

Go find someone else to play with. And I'll take my book back, if it's all the same to you?

Alan stares at her for a second, placing her book on the grass as he walks away. Looking along the canal.

ALAN

There isn't anyone else. You're the only person I know here. The only person that'll believe me.

Gemma stops jumping and watches Alan retreat towards his canal boat. She ponders for a second and jumps up and down.

INT. GRANDPA HARRY'S CANAL BOAT - ALAN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Alan sleeps in bed when there is a KNOCK at the porthole.

KNOCK-KNOCK-KNOCK.

Alan stirs, bolting upright. Wiping sleep from his eyes as he stares at Tucker sleeping at his side.

ALAN

What was that, Tucker?

He wipes the sleep from his eyes and puts on his spectacles as another KNOCK at the porthole catches his attention.

He glances at the porthole and sees Gemma's face peering in.

MOMENTS LATER

Gemma and Alan stare at each other.

GEMMA

This had better be real important like you say, Alan Trottier the Third. Especially after what you said to me. Otherwise --

GRANDPA HARRY'S BEDROOM

A wide-eyed Gemma stands at the closet entrance scanning hundreds of glass jars filled with balls of light.

GEMMA

You weren't kidding, were you? What are they?

ALAN (O.S.)

I think I know. But I'm not sure you'll believe me. I don't believe it myself. But after what happened, I think they're real.

Gemma turns and sees Alan sitting on the edge of the bed. Leafing through the pages of a book.

GEMMA

Well, don't keep me in suspense.

ALAN

I think they're Wisps.

GEMMA

Say that again.

He points at a drawing in the book.

ALAN

Will-o'-the-wisps. See.

Alan holds up the book for Gemma to see. He points at drawings and paintings of Will-o'-the-wisps.

GEMMA

Don't be stupid. They're not real. Nothing in that book is real.

ALAN

I'm telling you. They're real all right.

GEMMA

Sure they're real. And I'm sure you really saw trolls with large floppy ears as well.

ALAN

Technically, they weren't trolls. They called themselves Troblins. Half troll, half goblin.

GEMMA

Come on. Prove it.

She steps into the closet and grabs the broomstick.

GEMMA

And I bet this is a witch's broomstick and your grandpa uses it to get around. Maybe he even has a wizard's cloak, a pointed hat and a big black cat to go with them.

ALAN

Now you're being silly. My Grandpa gets around on his bike. Not a broomstick.

She holds the broom out in front of her, chanting...

GEMMA

Abracadabra. Abracadabra. Let me fly away.

Alan looks on slack-jawed.

ALAN

What are you doing?

Gemma lets go of the broom. It clatters to the floor.

GEMMA

Oh well. It was worth a try.

ALAN

Who's being silly now?

EXT. PUBLIC PARK - NIGHT

Tucker creeps amongst empty glass jars from Grandpa Harry's closet that lie open and scattered around the base of the statue. He plops down and stares at...

Gemma and Alan standing in front of the statue. Both shouldering backpacks. Alan unscrews the lid of the last glass jar.

ALAN

Ready?

Gemma shrugs.

Alan releases the ball of blue light. It spirals out of the jar and buzzes around their heads. Then shoots toward the round door.

GEMMA

Whoa! That one's different. It's blue. Why's it blue?

Alan shrugs as...

The door swings open and the ball of blue light darts through the doorway, retreating into the distance.

Alan glances at Tucker.

ALAN

You stay here, boy. Okay? Guard the statue.

Tucker BARKS.

ALAN

That's a good boy. Bye, Tucker. Come on.

He grabs Gemma as Tucker looks on.

GEMMA

What's in there?

ALAN

Nothing. It's just a tunnel.

Gemma raises her eyebrows, as she watches the swirling tunnel of light retreat into the distance.

GEMMA

I'm not sure about this.

Alan pulls her toward the door as Tucker watches.

INT. TUNNEL OF LIGHT

Gemma SCREAMS as she tumbles through the swirling light.  
Following Alan into the distance.

GEMMA

Where. Are. We. Going?

She shoots off into the distance.

EXT. JAGGED MOUNTAIN CLIFF - DAY

A translucent crystal castle stands on the clifftop.

INT. TRANSLUCENT CRYSTAL CASTLE - LARGE CIRCULAR ROOM - DAY

Walls. Ceiling. Floor. Everything is translucent.

At the center of the room, King Zaeb sits on a crystal throne  
in deep thought as he stares into a crystal orb that he is  
holding. The doors swing open and...

Hoagie enters with Grumble-Pants and Bumbles at his side.

KING ZAEB

What is it, Hoagie?

HOAGIE

Grumble-Pants has news that may be  
of interest to you, M'lord.

Grumble-Pants pushes forward a trembling Bumbles.

GRUMBLE-PANTS

M'lord.

This catches the attention of King Zaeb.

INT. AUDITORIUM - DAY

Grandpa Harry sits cross-legged in a steel cage.

He's surrounded by baskets of rainbow-colored fruit. As he  
bites into a fruit, King Zaeb appears in front him.

KING ZAEB

It appears that someone has come  
looking for you.

GRANDPA HARRY

Who?

KING ZAEB

A boy named Alan Trottier. Do you know of such a boy?

GRANDPA HARRY

That's impossible. Where is he? What did you do to him?

KING ZAEB

He was frightened away. But it seems curiosity has gotten the better of him.

King Zaeb pulls the crystal orb from a pocket and holds it up for Grandpa Harry to see. An image of Alan and Gemma appears through a cloud of smoke.

KING ZAEB

He has returned. And this time, he's brought a friend. A young girl.

GRANDPA HARRY

What are you going to do?

As Grandpa Harry watches the image of Alan and Gemma in the crystal orb, the image slowly fades to that of a volcano spewing glowing lava and volcanic ash.

KING ZAEB

Have a little fun with them. Hoagie, Hoagie. Where are you, Hoagie?

Hoagie appears alongside King Zaeb.

HOAGIE

M'lord.

King Zaeb hands Hoagie the crystal orb.

KING ZAEB

It appears we have ourselves some visitors that have crossed into this realm.

Hoagie's eyes widen in fear as he stares at the orb.

KING ZAEB

Uninvited guests.

HOAGIE

Not the Beast of Fire, M'lord.

GRANDPA HARRY

What was that? What are you planning on doing? That's my grandson you're talking about.

KING ZAEB

Nothing to concern yourself with.

He stares at the image of the spewing volcano in the orb.

EXT. FAIRY KINGDOM - VOLCANO - DAY

The silhouette of a huge winged beast zips upward through the ash and smoke billowing from the mouth of the volcano. The silhouette rises skyward, diminishing into the distance.

KING ZAEB (V.O.)

Is your grandson capable of standing up for himself? A test of character is what I seek.

INT. AUDITORIUM - DAY

Grandpa Harry shakes his head as he glares at King Zaeb and Hoagie from the confines of the steel cage.

GRANDPA HARRY

You'll be lucky. The boy can't bring himself to swim. Let alone anything else.

King Zaeb edges forward.

GRANDPA HARRY

Scared of his own shadow, that one. The only thing that interests that boy, is riddles. And burying his nose in books.

King Zaeb narrows his eyes.

KING ZAEB

Riddles, you say? Tell me more.

EXT. FAIRY KINGDOM FOREST - DAY

Gemma stands at the doorway at the base of the large oak tree. She watches the tunnel of swirling light. She turns toward Alan.

GEMMA

Where are we?

Alan points at the sign.

GEMMA

The Fairy Kingdom? This is too much.

ALAN

It makes sense, if you think about it.

GEMMA

Does it? Because it really isn't making much sense to me.

Alan pulls a book from his backpack and leafs through it.

ALAN

How else would you explain it? Most people don't walk through doors found on statues, do they?

GEMMA

So where do you think your grandpa is?

ALAN

I don't know. Maybe we can find someone that can help us.

Behind them, the ball of blue light whizzes back and forth.

EXT. ROOFTOP OF TRANSLUCENT CRYSTAL CASTLE - DAY

King Zaeb nods to Hoagie.

HOAGIE

Is this wise, M'lord? Could we not take him prisoner?

KING ZAEB

The boy will get a fair chance.

HOAGIE

M'lord.

Hoagie morphs into a large Griffin. The Griffin spreads its huge wings as King Zaeb mounts him.

KING ZAEB

Onward and upward, Hoagie.

HOAGIE/GRIFFIN

Are you sure this will work,  
M'lord?

The Griffin and King Zaeb head skyward.

EXT. SKIES OVER THE FAIRY KINGDOM - DAY

The silhouette of the huge winged beast spirals and darts through the air, gliding and bursting through clouds.

KING ZAEB (V.O.)

It will be the last time we see  
either the boy or the girl. The  
Beast of Fire will see to that.

A terrifying ROAR echoes, as the silhouette of the winged beast swoops by.

EXT. TRANSLUCENT CRYSTAL CASTLE - DAY

The Griffin and King Zaeb retreat into the distance. Framed against the globes of the two suns.

EXT. FAIRY KINGDOM FOREST - ANOTHER AREA - DAY

As Alan and Gemma make their way through the tall grass, Alan's attention is drawn to the rustling of bushes and plodding footfalls.

ALAN

Did you hear that?

GEMMA

I didn't hear anything. Come on.

As Alan goes to follow Gemma, the snapping of a branch causes him to peer round and scan the surrounding trees.

ALAN

There. You must've heard it that  
time?

Gemma goes to say something when she hears the rustling of bushes coming from behind a tree.

ALAN

Told you.

He gestures her to take a look and Gemma shakes her head.

ALAN  
Not afraid, are you?

GEMMA  
What if it's one of those things?

ALAN  
Listen, I have an idea.

He goes toward her and whispers in her ear.

MOMENTS LATER

The branches of a bush shake and Bumbles appears from behind it. He steps forward, scanning the surrounding trees. As he lumbers forward, he notices Gemma's backpack on the ground.

As he steps toward it, Gemma and Alan appear behind him. They sneak towards him, watching him pick up Gemma's backpack and study it. Curiosity sweeping across his face.

BUMBLES  
Hello. Alan. Alan Trottier the  
Third! Where are you?

Alan and Gemma share a look and together they...

ALAN & GEMMA  
Boo!

Bumbles leaps into the air with a start and sprints away, screaming in fear.

BUMBLES  
Leave me alone. Get away from me!

GEMMA  
I thought you said he was a troll.

ALAN  
A Troblin.

They watch Bumbles stop and stare back at them.

BUMBLES  
You!

Alan and Gemma look on shocked as Bumbles breaks into a run and charges at them.

GEMMA  
What now?

ALAN

Don't worry. We're friends.

Gemma shakes her head. Not in agreement.

EXT. SKIES OVER THE FAIRY KINGDOM - DAY

A terrifying ROAR.

The winged beast, RAZOR TOOTH bursts out of a cloud, flapping his wings. He's a massive gold dragon with huge gold eyes.

The dragon soars and twists through the air, as it dives down toward the distant outline of the Fairy Kingdom Forest dotted on the horizon.

EXT. FAIRY KINGDOM FOREST - ANOTHER AREA - DAY

Bumbles holds the nozzle of his mobile water spray unit in his hand, as he peers down at Gemma and Alan.

BUMBLES

Hello, Alan Trottier the Third.  
Who's your friend?

Alan nudges Gemma forward.

GEMMA

Gemma Puddle-Duck.

As she holds out her hand, Bumbles embraces them with his long arms and hugs them.

BUMBLES

It's so good to see you again, Alan  
Trottier the Third.

He lets go of them and steps back, holding up Gemma's backpack. She grabs it and shoulders it.

LATER

Alan, Gemma, and Bumbles make their way through the tall grass, as they head towards the edge of the forest. Unaware that the ball of blue light is following them from a distance.

GEMMA

That's so unfair. Banishing you  
like that.

BUMBLES

And that's why I came looking for you, Alan. And here we are. All safe and --

A distant ROAR catches their attention.

Gemma steps forward. Eyeing the horizon.

GEMMA

What was that?

INT. TRANSLUCENT CRYSTAL CASTLE - LARGE CIRCULAR ROOM - DAY

King Zaeb sits on his throne observing the images of Gemma, Bumbles, and Alan in the crystal orb.

The image morphs into Razor Tooth, as he rolls and flies towards the distant outline of the Fairy Kingdom Forest.

EXT. EDGE OF FAIRY KINGDOM FOREST - DAY

Gemma, Bumbles, and Alan emerge from the treeline. All three of them stare up at the sky, observing the outline of Razor Tooth as he swoops down towards them.

GEMMA

What is that?

ALAN

Bumbles, is that what I think it is? Is that a --

BUMBLES (O.S.)

Run away!

Alan glances back and sees Bumbles flailing in terror as he sprints away. Alan watches him disappear into the forest.

GEMMA

Alan. Alan! What is it?

ALAN

It looks like a dragon.

GEMMA

Sorry, that sounded like dragon.

As Alan nods, fear washes over Gemma.

GEMMA

What are we going to do?

ALAN

I don't know.

The ball of blue light whizzes by Alan, circling around his head. Startling him.

ALAN

Whoa!

As he watches the ball of blue light, it makes a beeline for Bumbles's mobile water spray on the ground. It BUZZES around the mobile water spray.

ALAN

What are you trying to tell me?

He watches the ball of blue light hover and dart around the mobile water spray.

ALAN

Use that? Is that what you want me to do?

As he turns toward Gemma, the ball of blue light flies away.

GEMMA

I don't like the look of this, Alan.

EXT. SKIES ABOVE GRASSLANDS - DAY

Razor Tooth's wings flap up and down as he corkscrews downward. His eyes narrow as he spies the distant outlines of Gemma and Alan on the ground.

GEMMA (V.O.)

Alan. Alan! I think Bumbles had the right idea. Let's go!

As Razor Tooth swoops down, he unleashes a jet of fire.

EXT. EDGE OF FAIRY KINGDOM FOREST - DAY

Gemma glares at Alan.

GEMMA

Now. Alan.

ALAN

Wait. I have an idea.

GEMMA

Are you crazy?

Alan glances at the mobile water spray and darts toward it. He picks it up and heaves it onto his shoulders.

GEMMA

What are you doing?

As Gemma heads toward him, Razor Tooth ROARS and swoops down, gliding over their heads. Sending them to the ground.

GEMMA

Alan!

ALAN

Help me.

Gemma helps Alan to his feet.

GEMMA

What are you going to do?

Alan holds up the water spray's nozzle.

GEMMA

Are you mad? That's a dragon.

ALAN

Do you have any better suggestions?

GEMMA

Bumbles had the right idea.

She grabs him and leads him back to the trees.

ALAN

No!

He shakes her off and turns. Staring up at the sky. Watching Razor Tooth loop-the-loop as he ROARS.

Razor Tooth turns back on them, spewing a huge jet of fire.

GEMMA

That's a mean looking dragon, Alan.  
And you're just, well, you're just  
a boy.

EXT. SKIES ABOVE GRASSLANDS - DAY

Razor Tooth unleashes a jet of fire as he swoops down. Straight for Gemma and Alan.

EXT. EDGE OF FAIRY KINGDOM FOREST - DAY

Alan grabs one of Gemma's hands.

ALAN

Ready?

She nods.

Alan steps forward, aims the nozzle of the mobile water spray at the approaching Razor Tooth.

GEMMA

Good luck.

She backs away towards the treeline as...

Alan watches a jet of fire scorch the earth in front of them as Razor Tooth heads toward them.

GEMMA

Now. Do it now!

Alan steels himself as he watches Razor Tooth.

He hits the water release controls on the nozzle.

A jet of water shoots upward just as Razor Tooth prepares to spew more fire. Extinguishing the flames and fire bursting from Razor Tooth's mouth.

Razor Tooth coughs and sputters.

GEMMA (O.S.)

I don't believe it. You did it. You actually did it!

Alan glances back at a slack-jawed Gemma.

ALAN

Thanks for the vote of confidence.

Razor Tooth coughs and splutters balls of black smoke as he crashes down in front of them. Covering Alan and Gemma in a blanket of soot. He picks himself up and stares at them.

RAZOR TOOTH

I want to thank you.

Gemma and Alan gawk at Razor Tooth.

ALAN & GEMMA

You can talk.

RAZOR TOOTH  
Of course I can talk. I'm a dragon.

They reel back as Razor Tooth lumbers toward them.

RAZOR TOOTH  
For a long time now I've had a Fire  
Frog stuck in my throat.

ALAN  
A what?

RAZOR TOOTH  
A Fire Frog. Nasty little critters  
that take up residence in the  
throats of dragons.

Razor Tooth coughs. A large florescent red frog shoots out of his mouth and lands on the ground.

RAZOR TOOTH  
And that seems to have done the  
trick.

The Fire Frog burps a ball of soot and hops away.

Alan and Gemma watch the Fire Frog retreat into the distance.

GEMMA  
That's really weird.

ALAN  
Yes it is.

Razor Tooth rears up on his haunches. Leans toward Alan.

ALAN  
So, you... you weren't going to eat  
us?

Razor Tooth chuckles.

RAZOR TOOTH  
Things are not always as they seem  
or appear to be, Alan Trottier the  
Third.

Razor Tooth edges away from them.

Spreading his wings, Razor Tooth rises into the air.

Gemma watches Razor Tooth retreat into the distance.

They watch Razor Tooth vanish over the horizon.

Gemma glances around.

GEMMA

What happened to... where's that  
bumbling...

Bumbles appears from the trees and stalks toward them.

BUMBLES

Has he gone? Is he still here?  
Terrible beast, that Razor Tooth.

He scans a soot-covered Gemma and Alan.

BUMBLES

What happened to you?

He steps in front of Alan. Ruffles his hair.

BUMBLES

Good thing I had that.

He points at the mobile water spray.

GEMMA

That's debatable.

Gemma shakes her head.

Alan pulls off his spectacles. Wipes them clean. Slides them  
onto his nose.

ALAN

Really. It was nothing.

GEMMA

Was that the best you could come up  
with?

She stomps around Alan, eyeing the mobile water spray.

ALAN

Look. It was the ball of blue  
light.

GEMMA

What?

ALAN

The ball of blue light. Didn't you  
see it? Hovering over it. It was  
the one that helped us. We should  
be thanking it.

GEMMA

What are you talking about?

BUMBLES

Now. Now. It worked, didn't it?

Gemma rolls her eyes.

GEMMA

No thanks to you.

BUMBLES

He saved us.

GEMMA

From what? A vegetarian dragon!

Bumbles steps toward Gemma. Wipes soot off Gemma's face and shoulders. Looks down at her. All serious.

BUMBLES

I can see why you're upset.

Bumbles examines her soot-covered clothes and face. Then eyes his reasonably clean attire.

GEMMA

I seem to remember we were on our way somewhere.

BUMBLES

Oh, yes.

Gemma grabs Alan and drags him away.

EXT. AUDITORIUM - DAY

King Zaeb shakes his head as he stares into the crystal orb. He watches an image of Razor Tooth spiral down into the mouth of the volcano.

KING ZAEB

Useless. Useless. Useless.

He pockets the orb and eyes Grandpa Harry in the steel cage.

KING ZAEB

If a job needs doing. Do it yourself.

He paces.

KING ZAEB

A simple task. Did I ask too much?  
Hoagie. Hoagie.

Hoagie appears.

HOAGIE

M'lord.

KING ZAEB

The usual stuff doesn't seem to be  
working.

HOAGIE

What do you have in mind, M'lord?

EXT. GRASSLANDS - DAY

Gemma, Alan, and Bumbles make their way through the tall  
grass unaware that the ball of blue light is following them.

ALAN

And this Fairy King, is he the one  
that has my Grandpa?

BUMBLES

I'm sure of it.

GEMMA

How far away is this castle? Will  
it take us long to get there?

BUMBLES

Not far. Especially if you pick up  
the pace.

He strides ahead of them.

Gemma scans the horizon. Looking for signs of a castle.

GEMMA

I don't see anything.

EXT. SKIES ABOVE GRASSLANDS - DAY

Clouds swirl in the background as the Griffin carrying King  
Zaeb swoops down towards the distant silhouettes of Gemma,  
Bumbles, and Alan on the ground below.

KING ZAEB

Hurry, Hoagie. Hurry!

The Griffin squawks.

EXT. GRASSLANDS - DAY

Gemma's eyes widen as she looks up at the sky. She watches King Zaeb and the Griffin swoop down towards them.

GEMMA

Alan. Alan!

Alan and Bumbles look toward Gemma.

ALAN & BUMBLES

What?

Gemma points toward the sky as...

King Zaeb and the Griffin set down in front of them.

The Griffin flaps its wings as King Zaeb leaps onto the ground and marches toward them.

KING ZAEB

You are the one called Alan? Alan  
Trottier the Third, yes?

ALAN

Do you know where my Grandpa is? Do  
you know where Grandpa Harry is?  
Who are you?

He edges toward King Zaeb. Keeping an eye on the squawking Griffin as he nears.

KING ZAEB

You will be given a number of  
riddles to solve. Should you  
succeed, you will be allowed to  
leave.

ALAN

What about my --

KING ZAEB

But you must promise never to  
return.

ALAN

What about Grandpa Harry? Where is  
he? Do you know where he is?

Gemma steps alongside Alan.

GEMMA

What happens if Alan doesn't get them right? What then?

KING ZAEB

I suggest that you don't fail.

He wheels around and heads toward the Griffin. Leaping onto its back. Rising into the air.

KING ZAEB

Hoagie.

Gemma, Bumbles, and Alan watch King Zaeb and the Griffin head skyward. Retreating into the distance.

ALAN

Bumbles.

He turns and faces Bumbles.

ALAN

Who was that? Was that him? Was that the Fairy King?

BUMBLES

Yes. He is the Fairy King. The keeper of this world. He oversees everything that goes on here. I am sure he's the one that knows where your Grandpa is.

INT. TRANSLUCENT CRYSTAL CASTLE - LARGE CIRCULAR ROOM - DAY

King Zaeb sits on his throne, staring into the crystal orb. He watches the images of Gemma, Bumbles, and Alan making their way through the tall grass.

KING ZAEB

Let the games begin.

EXT. GRASSLANDS - DAY

Alan leads Gemma and Bumbles through the tall grass.

As they make their way through the grass, the landscape slowly changes around them. They stare in awe as ice and snow sweeps across the lands all around them.

GEMMA

What's happening, Alan?

ALAN

I don't know.

BUMBLES

Oh, dear. Oh, dear.

They huddle together as the ground under their feet freezes over, covered in a blanket of snow and ice. As they watch, wide-eyed with fear...

The ground shakes and tremors, and huge icicles shoot up from the ground all around them.

KING ZAEB (V.O.)

What lives in winter, dies in summer, and grows with its root upward?

The ground continues to shake and rumble all around them.

GEMMA

Who's that?

ALAN

It's him.

Alan pulls off his spectacles. He watches hundreds of icicles shoot up from the ground.

GEMMA

Alan. Do something.

BUMBLES

I agree with Gemma, Alan. Do something!

They struggle to remain standing as the ground shakes.

Alan wipes his eyes dry. Slipping his spectacles back on.

ALAN

Lives in winter. Dies in summer.

He blows on his hands and rubs them.

ALAN

Grows upward.

He scans the icicles. Watching one emerge out of the ground. It shoots towards the sky.

ALAN

I know this.

As they huddle together, the icicles close in on them.

GEMMA

Hurry!

Icicles continue to shoot out of the ground.

ALAN

Icicles. It's icicles. They melt in summer and form in winter. It's icicles.

Alan steps forward.

ALAN

Icicles. The answer you're looking for is icicles.

The snow and ice covering the landscape melts, forming pockets of water all around them.

KING ZAEB (V.O.)

Drats.

INT. TRANSLUCENT CRYSTAL CASTLE - LARGE CIRCULAR ROOM - DAY

King Zaeb rises from his throne, as he studies the crystal orb and the images of Gemma, Alan, and Bumbles.

EXT. GRASSLANDS - DAY

King Zaeb appears in front of Gemma, Alan, and Bumbles. They watch him clap as the scenery around them slowly changes.

GEMMA

What's happening?

ALAN

Whoa!

A sandy beach replaces the snow under their feet as an endless red-colored ocean forms in front of them and they find themselves standing on a...

EXT. SANDY BEACH - DAY

A red sun beams down.

King Zaeb kneels and picks up a white pebble. He tosses it up and down for them to see.

KING ZAEB  
White, isn't it?

They watch him toss the pebble up and down in his hand.

KING ZAEB  
Listen carefully. If you throw a  
white rock...

He studies the pebble.

KING ZAEB  
In this case, a pebble.

He throws the pebble towards the water.

Gemma, Bumbles, and Alan watch the pebble skim across the surface of the water several times before sinking.

KING ZAEB  
Into a red sea, what does it  
become?

Gemma stares at the water.

GEMMA  
That's easy. It becomes re --

ALAN  
No!

Alan edges toward the shoreline.

KING ZAEB  
Time runs out, boy.

A grandfather clock appears in front of them.

The second hand ticks anticlockwise.

Tick. Tick. Tick.

KING ZAEB  
You do not know.

Alan scoops up a handful of red water and watches it trickle between his fingers. Red droplets hit the sand.

The second hand continues to tick.

ALAN  
Wet. It gets wet, doesn't it?

King Zaeb stamps his feet in frustration.

KING ZAEB

The next one will not be so easy. I  
promise. It will be harder.

He vanishes.

BUMBLES

That was close, Alan Trottier the  
Third.

GEMMA

Sorry. Red sea. White pebble. Trick  
question, right?

Alan shakes his head as he stares at his reflection, and the  
reflection of the two suns in the water.

EXT. JAGGED MOUNTAIN CLIFF - DAY

Sunlight reflects off the translucent crystal castle.

ALAN (V.O.)

Not really.

INT. TRANSLUCENT CRYSTAL CASTLE - GAMES ROOM - DAY

King Zaeb and Hoagie walk through the interior.

KING ZAEB

I fear I underestimated this boy. I  
fear the tests are too easy.

He clicks his fingers.

A nine-foot-tall snowman appears in front of them.

KING ZAEB

I believe the boy isn't keen on  
getting his toes wet.

HOAGIE

What do you have in mind, M'lord?

King Zaeb clicks his fingers.

Paintings start forming on the crystal walls.

A frozen waterfall.

A riverbank.

An endless ocean with swirling waves.

A swirling river.

King Zaeb clicks his fingers.

Rain clouds form across the ceiling.

Lightning forks.

Thunder rumbles.

KING ZAEB

This way, Hoagie.

A full-length mirror appears in front of him. He steps through the rippling glass, vanishing from view as Hoagie follows King Zaeb into it.

EXT. SANDY BEACH - DAY

Gemma, Bumbles, and Alan stand at the shoreline, staring out to sea when the ground shakes.

BUMBLES

Oh, no. Not again.

GEMMA

What's happening?

They grab each other as they struggle to stand.

The ocean and beach melt away.

ALAN

It's happening again.

As they watch, the landscape and scenery transforms into...

EXT. SNOWY LANDSCAPE - DAY

Alan, Gemma and Bumbles hold on to each other for dear life, as huge snowflakes whizz by, just missing them.

The ground rumbles and shakes.

GEMMA

Not again. Not the icicles.

Alan's eyes widen.

ALAN

It's not. Look!

Hundreds of snowmen of various shapes and sizes spring up from the newly formed snow on the ground.

GEMMA

What are they?

ALAN

They look like snowmen. Hundreds and hundreds of them.

Hundreds of snowmen explode out of the snow-covered ground.

Tiny snowmen. Tall snowmen. Fat snowmen. Twenty-foot-tall snowmen. Standing all around them.

The beady eyes of the snowmen stare at Bumbles, Alan, and Gemma as the ground shakes.

GEMMA

Oh, no!

A snowman marches on the spot.

Followed by another snowman and another. Until every snowman marches on the spot.

The ground trembles under their feet.

BUMBLES

I don't like this.

GEMMA

Do something.

ALAN

What do you want me to do?

The snowmen march faster. Their footfalls grow louder as their feet pound the ground. BOOM. BOOM. BOOM.

GEMMA

I'm scared.

KING ZAEB (V.O.)

Do not be frightened.

King Zaeb appears in front of them.

He clicks his fingers.

The snowmen stop marching.

The snowflakes slow to a trickle and stop.

King Zaeb moves towards Alan.

KING ZAEB

An imagination is key to  
everything. Without it. We are  
lost.

ALAN

Is that the riddle?

The globes of the two red suns appear overhead.

KING ZAEB

No. No. No.

King Zaeb stares at the suns.

KING ZAEB

Just something for you to think  
about.

King Zaeb watches water droplets form on a very tall snowman  
and glisten under the sunlight.

KING ZAEB

What do you call an old snowman?

The snow under their feet melts.

Alan watches the snowmen lose their shape as the two suns  
beat down. They start to melt under the sunlight.

Pools of water form all around them as the snow melts.

ALAN

Old snowman. Melts.

Alan glances at the pools of water forming all around them.

Fear washes over Bumbles and Gemma.

ALAN

Ice. Water.

A smile spreads across Alan's face.

KING ZAEB

You do not know this one.

The level of the water rises as the snowmen melt away.

Alan watches a snowman melt and topple over.

ALAN

When they melt away. They leave  
nothing but water.

He stares at King Zaeb.

ALAN

The answer is water. An old snowman  
is called water.

KING ZAEB

You cannot know them all.

King Zaeb clicks his fingers and vanishes.

The level of the water rises around them. Forming a --

EXT. ENDLESS OCEAN - DAY

They watch the water rise to their waists.

GEMMA

I really don't fancy swimming.

ALAN

Neither do I.

A small wooden boat appears in front of them.

ALAN

Get in. Bumbles.

Bumbles helps Gemma and Alan into the boat, and climbs in.

The three adventurers watch snowmen collapse into the water.

GEMMA

How many's that?

ALAN

What?

GEMMA

How many riddles so far?

ALAN

Icicles. Pebbles. Snowmen. Three.  
That's three so far.

A very tall snowman lists and crashes into the water.

BUMBLES

How many more?

ALAN

I don't know.

GEMMA

Great. This could go on forever.

She leans over the boat and stares at her reflection in the water. King Zaeb's image appears in Gemma's reflection.

GEMMA

Look.

She grabs Alan. Points at the water.

ALAN

What? There's nothing there.

INT. TRANSLUCENT CRYSTAL CASTLE - GAMES ROOM - DAY

King Zaeb watches the images of Bumbles, Gemma and Alan fade away in a mirror. He stares at himself.

EXT. ENDLESS OCEAN - DAY

Gemma, Bumbles, and Alan scan the endless water. It stretches into the distance all around them.

The face of King Zaeb appears above them. He peers down at them and cackles.

ALAN

What now?

GEMMA

Look.

They look up at King Zaeb's face staring down at them.

An enormous hand descends. Splashing into the water. Creating huge tidal waves.

ALAN

Hold on!

Bumbles grabs Gemma as he grips one side of the boat.

BUMBLES

Hold on, Gemma Puddle-Duck!

The enormous hand churns the water all around them, forming swirling tidal waves that rock the boat.

GEMMA

We're going to die.

Alan grabs Gemma.

ALAN

Don't be silly. It's just a test,  
isn't it, Bumbles? The Fairy King  
is testing us.

BUMBLES

Oh, yes, Alan Trottier. Just a  
test.

He looks on. Not entirely convinced.

Waves grow larger and larger. Rocking the boat.

KING ZAEB (V.O.)

What runs and has no feet.

Waves crash into the boat, sending it to the top of a huge  
tidal wave that carries it across the ocean.

KING ZAEB (V.O.)

Roars but has no mouth?

Gemma, Bumbles and Alan scream in fear as the huge tidal wave  
gathers speed, carrying the boat across the water.

KING ZAEB (V.O.)

What am I?

EXT. BOAT - DAY

A smile spreads across Alan's face as he shares a look with  
Bumbles and Gemma.

ALAN

That's easy. Too easy.

GEMMA

Well, say it. What are you waiting  
for?

Alan stumbles to his feet. Struggling to stay standing.

ALAN

The answer is the ocean.

KING ZAEB (V.O.)

Very good.

The waves vanish as quickly as they appeared. Calmness returns to the water.

The sound of someone clicking their fingers.

The scenery slowly melts away and a rainbow forms over the...

EXT. GRASSLANDS - DAY

Four silhouettes stand on the crest of the rainbow.

EXT. TOP OF RAINBOW - DAY

A slack-jawed Gemma, Bumbles, and Alan stand opposite King Zaeb. They eye his freckled-face and black boots.

Fear washes over their faces as they notice the rolling green landscape of the Fairy Kingdom way below.

GEMMA

What just happened?

ALAN

Where are we?

KING ZAEB

I am purple, red, yellow, and green. The King cannot reach me...

He clicks his fingers.

Gemma and Bumbles watch Alan's clothes change to that of a king. A crown appears on his head.

ALAN

What? What's wrong?

Gemma and Bumbles laugh.

Gemma points to her head.

Alan removes the crown from his head and eyes it.

KING ZAEB

... and neither can the Queen.

King Zaeb blinks and a crown appears on Gemma's head. And her clothes change to that of a queen.

Alan laughs.

KING ZAEB

Show my colors after the rain. And  
only when the sun comes out. What  
am I?

ALAN

I don't understand.

Alan fiddles with his robe.

ALAN

A king? A queen?

KING ZAEB

You do not know this one. It is  
settled then, young Alan Trottier --

ALAN

No. Wait. That's not what I said.

King Zaeb clicks his fingers.

A large wooden chest appears in front of Alan and Gemma.

The chest opens. King Zaeb pulls out a handful of gold coins  
and lets them trickle through his fingers.

KING ZAEB

A part of heaven, though it touches  
the earth. Some say it's valuable,  
others... no worth.

The coins bounce on the rainbow. Tumbling over the edge and  
plummeting to the green landscape below.

KING ZAEB

What am I?

Gemma, Bumbles and Alan watch the coins fall away.

KING ZAEB

You can't say fairer than that. Two  
for the price of one.

He flicks a coin at Alan. He snatches it out of the air and  
studies the face of King Zaeb on it.

KING ZAEB

Come, boy. This is no harder than  
the others.

A grandfather clock appears, floating in the air. The second  
hand ticking towards twelve.

Tick. Tick. Tick.

The second hand moves toward the twelve.

GEMMA

Alan. Now would be a good time.

The second hand continues ticking.

GEMMA

Alan!

The second hand ticks. Five. Four. Three. Two...

GEMMA

Alan! Please!

One.

The sound of an alarm buzzing.

KING ZAEB

Too late.

The scenery melts away.

Alan spins around. He watches Gemma and Bumbles slowly fade away. He reaches for them.

ALAN

No.

BUMBLES

What's going on?

GEMMA

Alan. Alan. Help us!

King Zaeb laughs in the background.

INT. TRANSLUCENT CRYSTAL CASTLE - AUDITORIUM - NIGHT

Hoagie empties the glittering contents of a small cardboard box into the cupped palms of King Zaeb.

HOAGIE

Careful, M'lord. We don't want any accidents.

Hoagie studies the front cover of the box.

It reads: LIGHTS OUT POWDER.

King Zaeb turns, and faces a wide-eyed Grandpa Harry in the steel cage. Grandpa Harry eyes the glittering powder in King Zaeb's palms.

GRANDPA HARRY

What is that?

King Zaeb smiles as he takes a deep breath and blows the glittering powder over Grandpa Harry.

KING ZAEB

He's going to have to do this alone, Harry.

Grandpa Harry's eyes grow heavy as the interior spins and blurs around him.

GRANDPA HARRY

What did you do?

KING ZAEB

Sleep tight, don't let the bed bugs bite.

EXT. FAIRY KINGDOM FOREST - NIGHT

Alan kneels at the base of the large oak tree, shaking his head as he eyes Grandpa Harry slumped on the ground.

GRANDPA HARRY

I'm awfully tired, Alan.

He struggles to keep his eyes open.

ALAN

C'mon, Grandpa.

GRANDPA HARRY

Help me up, Alan.

As Alan struggles to help Grandpa Harry up, hundreds of beady eyes appear all around them.

ALAN

What's going on? What have you done with them?

The eyes grow larger as they converge on Alan.

KING ZAEB (V.O.)

Run, boy. Run!

The ground tremors as heavy footfalls approach.

ALAN  
Where are they?

KING ZAEB (V.O.)  
Run, boy!

Alan's eyes narrow as he watches Grumble-Pants emerge out of the shadows, surrounded by hundreds of Troblins. Their feet clobber the ground as they make a beeline for Alan.

ALAN  
Grandpa!

He turns and watches the door swing open.

As the Troblins approach, Alan and Grandpa Harry enter the tunnel of swirling light and diminish into the distance.

INT. TUNNEL OF LIGHT

As Alan and Grandpa Harry tumble through the swirling light, the face of King Zaeb appears all around them.

KING ZAEB  
If you wish to save your friends.  
One final task, you must perform.

King Zaeb laughs as his face fades away.

ALAN  
What final task, you never said  
anything about doing a task? I  
don't understand. It's not fair.

EXT. PUBLIC PARK - NIGHT

The round door on the statue forms and Alan and Grandpa Harry tumble out, falling to the ground.

As Alan scrambles to his feet, the door shrinks away.

ALAN  
He took her, Grandpa. The Fairy  
King has Gemma.

He glances at Grandpa Harry.

GRANDPA HARRY  
Get me home, Alan. I am tired and  
weary.

INT. GRANDPA HARRY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Alan appears at the doorway. He watches Grandpa Harry slumped on the bed. Barely able to keep his eyes open.

ALAN

I can't find him. Tucker's gone,  
Grandpa.

Grandpa Harry tries to sit up, but slumps back on the bed, staring up at the ceiling.

ALAN

What am I meant to do?

GRANDPA HARRY

You're going to have to go at this  
alone, Alan. My strength is  
drained. King Zaeb used Lights Out  
Powder on me. He cast a spell on  
me.

ALAN

He what?

GRANDPA HARRY

Sleeping powder.

He points at the walk-in closet.

GRANDPA HARRY

Take the broom, Alan. Use the  
broom. You'll find what you're  
looking for much quicker, if you  
use the broom.

ALAN

That's silly, Grandpa.

As Alan slides open the closet doors, Grandpa Harry holds up the gold key.

Alan stands in the walk-in closet doorway holding the broom.

ALAN

Grandpa. Grandpa!

He rushes to Grandpa Harry, plopping down next to him. Eyeing the gold key on the chest of a sleeping Grandpa Harry.

ALAN

It's just a broomstick, Grandpa.

He lets go of the broom. It clatters to the floor.

ALAN

It doesn't even float. It doesn't do anything.

As he eyes the broom, the blue light emanates from one of Alan's pockets, catching his attention.

ALAN

You! What are you doing here? How did you --

The ball of blue light bursts from his pocket as Alan jumps to his feet. He watches the blue light zip round the room. Stopping over the broomstick and the gold key.

EXT. JAGGED MOUNTAIN CLIFF - DAY

The two red suns glare down.

Huge birds weave and dart around the top of the castle.

King Zaeb's outline stands at a top floor window.

INT. TRANSLUCENT CRYSTAL CASTLE - LARGE CIRCULAR ROOM - DAY

King Zaeb plops down on the throne. He eyes Hoagie and Gemma standing in front of him.

GEMMA

Haven't you done enough, already?

King Zaeb pulls the orb from a pocket.

GEMMA

Why are you doing this?

EXT. FAIRY KINGDOM FOREST - CLEARING - DAY

Troblins collect fruit from tree branches. Grumble-Pants climbs onto the shoulders of Bumbles as Troblins watch.

GRUMBLE-PANTS

Like this?

BUMBLES

Yes.

Bumbles struggles to his feet as Grumble-Pants stands precariously on his shoulders.

Grumble-Pants reaches for a piece of fruit way up above, as Bumbles edges under the branches of a tree.

GRUMBLE-PANTS

I can't say that it feels very safe, but the boy might be on to something.

Troblins start climbing onto the shoulders of each other.

GEMMA (V.O.)

What about Bumbles?

KING ZAEB (V.O.)

He's back where he belongs.

INT. TRANSLUCENT CRYSTAL CASTLE - LARGE CIRCULAR ROOM - DAY

Gemma steps in front of King Zaeb.

GEMMA

You didn't, did you? That's just mean of you.

King Zaeb looks away from her.

GEMMA

You're mean. How could you?

She stalks away.

KING ZAEB

Wait.

Hoagie steps towards Gemma.

KING ZAEB

Hoagie.

King Zaeb shakes his head.

KING ZAEB

Let her go.

HOAGIE

But Master.

KING ZAEB

Hoagie.

They watch Gemma leave.

KING ZAEB

She is right. But we have more pressing matters.

EXT. PUBLIC PARK - NIGHT

The ball of blue light buzzes around Alan, as he inserts the gold key into a keyhole on the bronze plaque.

The round door forms and swings open.

ALAN

Cool.

He holds up the broomstick, studying it as he steps through the doorway and into the tunnel of swirling light. The ball of blue light follows him through the doorway.

ALAN

I sure hope this works.

The round door slams shut, shrinking away. Leaving a fading inscription on the bronze plaque that reads:

LOOK CLOSELY AND YOU WILL SEE  
A DOORWAY TO THE HIDDEN KINGDOM DEEP WITHIN.

EXT. TRANSLUCENT CRYSTAL CASTLE - DAY

Razor Tooth flaps his wings as he hovers in front of the window. Staring at King Zaeb.

KING ZAEB

Do what you must.

Razor Tooth heads skyward. Flapping his enormous wings as he retreats into the distance.

EXT. FAIRY KINGDOM FOREST - DAY

Alan pulls on his bicycle helmet and goggles as he mounts the floating broomstick. As he grips the handle, it jolts forward, heading skyward.

ALAN

Whoa! No way! This thing really works!

Alan shoots off into the distance, leaving a trail of smoke.

INT. TRANSLUCENT CRYSTAL CASTLE - LARGE CIRCULAR ROOM - DAY

King Zaeb marches toward Hoagie.

KING ZAEB

The boy is on his way.

EXT. SKIES OVER FAIRY KINGDOM FOREST - DAY

Alan weaves his way amongst fluffy clouds. Eyeing the landscape below.

ALAN

Yee-Haw!

Alan corkscrews downward, as Razor Tooth bursts from a cloud, ROARING in his direction.

INT. TRANSLUCENT CRYSTAL CASTLE - AUDITORIUM - DAY

Large crystal doors swing open. King Zaeb and Gemma enter. King Zaeb leads Gemma towards several large, empty steel cages in the center of the floor.

Gemma gawks at the empty steel cages.

GEMMA

If this is the jail. Where are the prisoners?

King Zaeb spins around.

KING ZAEB

Unfortunately, I've never been able to hold anyone. It seems the tasks that I set are just too easy.

GEMMA

You could've fooled me.

KING ZAEB

Yes. Yes. On this occasion, you are right.

He stalks away from her.

KING ZAEB

But that riddle, riddles were easy enough.

GEMMA

And that's why you've kidnapped me?

KING ZAEB

Kidnap is a strong word. Besides, it's tradition. I must be seen to put up a fight. Otherwise we'd get all types entering here.

GEMMA

If you ask me. It seems a little silly. Scaring away those that find their way in here. Surely you'd be happy?

King Zaeb steps towards her.

KING ZAEB

You'd think so, wouldn't you? But they're never happy with leaving here empty-handed. Sooner or later, they just can't help themselves and start pilfering. Taking that which does not belong to them.

GEMMA

Like Alan's grandpa?

King Zaeb nods.

GEMMA

Uh, I see. When you put it like that. It must get very annoying.

KING ZAEB

Just a little.

The crystal doors swing open. Hoagie scurries in.

HOAGIE

Master. It's Razor Tooth. He's about to engage the boy.

Gemma's eyes widen.

KING ZAEB

Excellent. Let's see what your friend, Alan, is made of.

EXT. SKYLINE - DAY

Alan bursts from a cloud with Razor Tooth close on his tail. Razor Tooth ROARS as he dives and rolls after Alan.

Razor Tooth makes a grab for the tail of the broomstick and just misses. ROARING in anger.

ALAN

Is that the best you can do?

Alan glances back at Razor Tooth as he heads upward.

Razor Tooth watches Alan loop-the-loop.

RAZOR TOOTH

This kid's good.

He flaps his wings. Gives chase.

Several white clouds explode as Alan zips through them one after another.

Alan rolls. Dives. And ducks out of Razor Tooth's reach.

Alan glances around.

ALAN

Where are you?

Alan looks behind him as...

Razor Tooth rises up in front of him.

ALAN

Whoa!

He pushes the handle of the broomstick down. Taking himself into a nosedive.

Razor Tooth stops midair, as Alan retreats into the distance.

Alan glances back at Razor Tooth as he recedes into the distance.

ALAN

No way!

Razor Tooth watches Alan vanish over the horizon.

RAZOR TOOTH

Not everything is what it appears to be. Good luck, boy.

He flaps his wings, wheels around and heads off in the opposite direction.

EXT. TRANSLUCENT CRYSTAL CASTLE - LARGE CIRCULAR ROOM - DAY

King Zaeb shakes his head as he stares into the orb.

KING ZAEB

Typical.

He jumps up and marches toward the entrance.

EXT. SKYLINE - DAY

The outline of the Crystal Castle draws closer.

Alan watches a crystal tower fast approach, as the ball of blue light buzzes around him.

ALAN

Is that it? Is that where he lives?

The ball of blue light buzzes, disappearing into Alan's pocket, as he swoops down towards the distant outline of the translucent castle on the horizon.

Alan streaks past the castle and arcs upward.

EXT. TRANSLUCENT CRYSTAL CASTLE - DAY

Alan scans the rooftop of the tower.

ALAN

Wow!

He pulls on the handle and swoops around the tower.

INT. TRANSLUCENT CRYSTAL CASTLE - LARGE CIRCULAR ROOM - DAY

King Zaeb glances at Hoagie standing at the entrance.

KING ZAEB

Bring him to me.

HOAGIE

Master.

The doors swing open. Hoagie storms out.

EXT. TRANSLUCENT CRYSTAL CASTLE - DAY

As Alan circles the top of a tower, his eyes widen in fear as he watches a huge GOLDEN EAGLE swoop down in front of him.

Alan hovers in front of the Golden Eagle, watching it flap its wings as it edges towards him.

GOLDEN EAGLE  
Do not be frightened, boy. My  
Master seeks an audience with you.

Alan eyes the Golden Eagle.

GOLDEN EAGLE  
Follow me.

ALAN  
Where am I? What is this place?

The Golden Eagle squawks.

GOLDEN EAGLE  
No time for questions, boy.  
Especially if you wish to save your  
friend.

ALAN  
Gemma.

Alan approaches the Golden Eagle.

ALAN  
How do I know I can trust you?

GOLDEN EAGLE  
My apologies. I am Hoagie. Servant  
to the guardian of this realm.

ALAN  
What do you want from me?

GOLDEN EAGLE  
Only what you seek. Now. To the  
Crystal Castle. If you don't mind?

Alan follows the Golden Eagle, as he turns and dives toward  
the rooftop.

MOMENTS LATER

The Golden Eagle and Alan land on the rooftop.

EXT. ROOFTOP OF TRANSLUCENT CRYSTAL CASTLE - DAY

Alan hops off the broomstick. He stares at the floor.

ALAN  
Is the whole thing made out of  
crystal?

The Golden Eagle nods.

ALAN

Is it safe? It's not going to shatter or anything?

GOLDEN EAGLE

This is the Crystal Castle. It will not break.

Alan grabs the broomstick and spots the diminutive outline of King Zaeb in the large circular room way below.

ALAN

Where do I go?

Two crystal doors materialize and open.

The Golden Eagle points with one of its wings.

GOLDEN EAGLE

That way.

The doors swing closed as Alan enters.

INT. CRYSTAL STAIRCASE - DAY

Alan descends the steps. He watches King Zaeb's outline through the crystal floor and walls. He reaches a doorway.

INT. CRYSTAL CORRIDOR - DAY

Alan makes his way towards a pair of large crystal doors. He notices King Zaeb's outline sitting on the throne in the middle of the circular room.

INT. LARGE CIRCULAR ROOM - DAY

King Zaeb watches Alan's outline approach the entrance.

He clicks his fingers. The doors swing open.

Alan stands at the entrance.

KING ZAEB

You finally made it. Welcome.

He gets up. Goes towards Alan.

ALAN

What have you done with her? Where is she? Where's Gemma?

He stalks towards King Zaeb.

ALAN

Why have you brought us here?

KING ZAEB

To finish your journey. To finish what you started. This is the very edge. The border, the boundary of the Fairy Kingdom.

ALAN

What are you talking about? I'm not on a journey.

KING ZAEB

Are you sure?

ALAN

Yes, I'm sure. I just want to get my friend and get out of here.

King Zaeb marches over to the throne and slumps down.

KING ZAEB

If you say so.

Alan nods.

KING ZAEB

I shan't keep you here any longer than is necessary.

He claps. Hoagie enters.

HOAGIE

Master?

Alan's eyes widen.

ALAN

The eagle, that was you?

Hoagie tips his hat at Alan.

KING ZAEB

Is it ready?

HOAGIE

Yes.

He bows and scampers away.

KING ZAEB

Master Alan. Time to prove yourself. This way.

He heads towards the entrance.

ALAN

Prove myself? What are you talking about? What do you want from me?

KING ZAEB

Time grows short. We do not have time for questions. Make haste. Your friends require your assistance.

Alan chases after King Zaeb as he exits.

ALAN

What are you talking about?

The doors swing closed behind them.

INT. HUGE CRYSTAL HALL - DAY

Alan's eyes widen as he stares at what looks like a swimming pool and diving board in the distance.

KING ZAEB

I did what I could. Unfortunately, I didn't have much to work with. Your grandfather was unable to give me a solid description of what he calls a swimming pool.

Alan scans the water as he approaches the edge of the pool. He spots a palm tree with a length of rope tied round the base of its trunk on the opposite side.

He follows the rope upward and loses sight of it as it disappears into the heavens. He watches the rope come back on itself.

A crystal cage hangs from the rope. The silhouette of Gemma stands inside the cage.

ALAN

Gemma!

He watches Gemma slump to the floor of the cage.

ALAN

Everything's going to be okay. I'm coming!

KING ZAEB

She can't hear you.

Alan steps closer to the edge of the pool. He stares at the rippling water.

KING ZAEB

What's wrong?

He points at the diving board several feet above the water.

ALAN

You don't understand, I can't.

Alan gulps as he stares at the diving board.

KING ZAEB

You can't, or you won't? But decide quickly, she does not have a lot of time.

INT. CRYSTAL CAGE - DAY

Gemma watches Alan.

GEMMA

Alan! Help me!

She hits the crystal bars of the cage.

INT. HUGE CRYSTAL HALL - DAY

Alan stares at the water.

ALAN

Why would you do this?

KING ZAEB

It's simple. Cross the water and save your friend. Conquer your fear, Alan Trottier the Third. Save Gemma.

He points at the diving board.

ALAN

No. I can't.

KING ZAEB  
Do not be afraid.

ALAN  
I can't do it.

KING ZAEB  
Yes you can.

Alan prepares to mount the broomstick.

KING ZAEB  
Hoagie.

Hoagie appears behind Alan, snatching away the broomstick, as the ball of blue light bursts from one of Alan's pockets. Only to find its way into a glass jar.

A glass jar held by King Zaeb.

KING ZAEB  
Oh no you don't, that'll be enough of this tomfoolery.

ALAN  
Hey. What do you think you're doing?

KING ZAEB  
You must do this on your own, Alan. With no aid or assistance.

Hoagie hands King Zaeb the broomstick.

ALAN  
It's just a Wisp. How can it help me?

KING ZAEB  
It's not what you think. Why don't you show him, daughter.

He releases the ball of blue light from the jar. It floats out, and in a glorious flash of rainbow colors, transforms into PRINCESS ESMERELDA.

KING ZAEB  
This is the Princess. My daughter, Princess Esmerelda.

Alan's eyes widen in awe as he stares at Princess Esmerelda.

ESMERELDA

Hello, Alan Trottier the Third.  
It's a pleasure to finally make  
your acquaintance.

KING ZAEB

Jump into the water. Swim across  
and save her. Time grows short.

A burning candle appears at the base of the palm tree.

The candle's flame flickers under the rope.

The strands of the rope smolder.

INT. CRYSTAL CAGE - DAY

Fear washes over Gemma as she hits the cage's bars.

GEMMA

Alan! Help me, Alan!

She watches the candle burn under the rope.

INT. HUGE CRYSTAL HALL - DAY

Alan climbs the steps to the diving board.

King Zaeb watches Alan step nervously towards the edge of the  
diving board.

Alan peers down at the water. He grabs hold of the railing.

ALAN

I... I can't.

KING ZAEB

Perhaps this will encourage you.

He clicks his fingers. Alan's attention is drawn to the sound  
of a dog barking.

ALAN

Tucker. How did he -- where did he?

His eyes widen in fear as he spots Tucker doggy paddling in  
the water.

KING ZAEB

Curiosity got the better of him.  
And he followed you in.

ALAN

It's okay, boy. I'm coming.

Alan inches towards the edge of the diving board. He glances at King Zaeb, Gemma in the crystal cage, and Tucker.

He closes his eyes. Takes a deep breath. Leaps into the air and falls toward the water.

INT. CRYSTAL CAGE - DAY

Gemma watches the strands of the rope snap one after another.

The cage jolts.

She SCREAMS in terror.

GEMMA

Alan, hurry!

INT. HUGE CRYSTAL HALL - DAY

Alan swims through the water. He grabs hold of Tucker and directs him to the other side.

ALAN

It's okay, Tucker. This way.

Tucker and Alan reach the opposite side.

King Zaeb stands near the diving board. He turns toward Hoagie. Points at the candle.

KING ZAEB

Extinguish the flame.

HOAGIE

Master.

Hoagie vanishes. And reappears at the base of the palm tree.

Hoagie blows out the candle flame as Alan approaches.

HOAGIE

Good day, Master Alan.

He bows.

HOAGIE

And to you, Tucker.

He pats both their heads.

Tucker barks.

Alan glances past Hoagie. Watches the last of the strands of rope break.

ALAN

No!

The crystal cage plummets towards the floor.

Hoagie jumps up and grabs the end of the rope. He lets the crystal cage descend slowly to the floor.

HOAGIE

I'm not in the habit of letting things break, Master Alan.

Hoagie sets the crystal cage down and it vanishes.

Gemma stumbles toward Alan and grabs him.

ALAN

Are you okay?

She nods.

King Zaeb walks across the surface of the water.

KING ZAEB

I believe these belong to you.

He hands the broomstick to Alan. Followed by the gold-handled butterfly net that Grandpa Harry dropped at the very start.

ALAN

Does this mean that we can --

KING ZAEB

Yes. You're both free to go, if you so desire it?

Alan studies the butterfly net.

ALAN

Is this the reason why --

King Zaeb claps. A flash of bright light.

EXT. GARDEN OF THE WILL-O'-THE-WISPS - NIGHT

Gemma, King Zaeb, and Alan crouch down behind a tree trunk. Alan watches hundreds of balls of white light emerge out of holes dotted across the ground.

ALAN

Is that -- Are they --

King Zaeb nods as Alan leafs through the pages of a book. Stopping on a page filled with the drawings and paintings of Will-o'-the-wisps.

ALAN

And you want me to --

King Zaeb nods.

KING ZAEB

As long as you promise never to take them through the portal and into your world. The job is yours.

ALAN

Yes, of course.

His eyes widen as he stares in awe at the hovering Wisps.

KING ZAEB

Excellent. You will be their caretaker. The grounds keeper.

He holds up the gold key that Grandpa Harry gave Alan.

EXT. FAIRY KINGDOM FOREST - NIGHT

King Zaeb, Gemma, Alan, Hoagie, and Tucker hug each other at the base of the oak tree, as the door swings open.

KING ZAEB

Are you sure there's nothing more that I can do for either of you?

Gemma's eyes light up. One last thing, perhaps.

EXT. FAIRY KINGDOM FOREST - CLEARING - DAY

Fruit drops into large straw baskets, as Troblins collect fruit from the branches of trees.

Standing amongst them are Grumble-Pants and Bumbles.

GRUMBLE-PANTS

C'mon, what are you waiting for?

BUMBLES

Do I have to?

Bumbles glances at the fruit hanging from the branches.

GRUMBLE-PANTS

The Fairy King demands it.

As Bumbles kneels, allowing Grumble-Pants to climb onto his shoulders, a flash of light startles them.

Hoagie appears and marches toward them. He pulls out a large scroll and unravels it.

HOAGIE

From this day forth, all Troblins are free to do as they please by order of King Zaeb. They are no longer required to pick fruit for the Fairy King. Neither are they at his Lordship's beck and call.

Shackles around the ankles of the Troblins vanish.

HOAGIE

You are free to go.

With that, he disappears in a puff of smoke.

Troblins break into a raucous and smile.

INT. TRANSLUCENT CRYSTAL CASTLE - LARGE CIRCULAR ROOM - DAY

King Zaeb beams as he stares at images of the Troblins in his crystal orb. He watches them dance and sing with joy.

INT. GRANDPA HARRY'S BEDROOM - CLOSET - DAY

Grandpa Harry places the broomstick on the wall hooks.

EXT. GRANDPA HARRY'S CANAL BOAT - DAY

Tucker stands on the embankment observing Gemma and Alan as they finish painting the last area of the hull purple.

ALAN

Grandpa, we've finished.

Alan moves the paintbrush over the last patch of the hull. Covering it in purple paint. Leaving it streak free.

He steps back as...

Grandpa Harry appears on deck, dressed in swimming shorts and holding a towel. He leaps onto the embankment, stepping alongside Gemma and Alan. Admiring the freshly painted hull.

They stand their admiring the hull.

GRANDPA HARRY

All that needs doing now, are those pesky portholes. Who's up for doing that?

ALAN

Grandpa!

GRANDPA HARRY

Only kidding.

He eyes the freshly painted hull.

GRANDPA HARRY

Okay, then. Who's up for dipping their toes?

They look at him like he's mad.

GRANDPA HARRY

C'mon, what are you waiting for?

They watch him step forward and leap. Splashing into the murky-brown water.

ALAN

I think I'll give it a miss until I get home, if it's all the same to you, Grandpa?

EXT. TRAIN STATION PLATFORM - DAY

Gemma beams as she holds up the gold key in front of Alan.

ALAN

Look after them, Gemma Puddle-Duck.

Gemma embraces Alan, giving him a huge hug.

MOMENTS LATER

Gemma, Grandpa Harry, and Tucker watch Alan get on the train. They watch him make his way through a carriage, and take a window seat.

INT. TRAIN CARRIAGE - DAY

Alan looks out the window and sees Gemma and Grandpa Harry waving at him, as the train pulls out of the station.

His eyes widen on glimpsing the ball of blue light as it circles around Gemma, disappearing into one of her pockets.

EXT. TRAIN STATION PLATFORM - DAY

Gemma holds up a book and flips through the pages. Stopping on drawings and paintings of Will-o'-the-wisps.

They watch the train retreat into the distance.

GEMMA

Bye!

GRANDPA HARRY

Bye!

Tucker BARKS as the train diminishes.

GEMMA

Take care, Alan Trottier the Third.

The sounds of laughing children and splashing water.

INT. PUBLIC SWIMMING POOL - DAY

Alan stands on the diving board, staring down at all the children playing and splashing about in the water below. His gaze shifts to Mrs. Trottier standing behind him.

MRS. TROTTIER

Well, what's this miracle that you wanted to show me, young man?

She raises her eyebrows, taken aback as Alan jumps off the diving board. Flailing as he splashes into the water below.

Mrs. Trottier steps toward the edge of the diving board. She looks down and sees Alan treading water below. Her shocked expression changes to a smile.

MRS. TROTTIER

Don't go anywhere.

She leaps into the air, plunging into the water.

FADE OUT.