

**EMO UNICORN
PRODUCTIONS
PRESENTS...**

the **parcel**view

2x06

"Emy and the Chinese Dragons"

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THE PARCEL VIEW

FADE IN:

INT. EMY'S APARTMENT - DAY

EMY's eyeballs roll to the back of her head, before she tumbles like a rag doll to the floor, landing with a dull THUD. Unconscious.

Stay on Emy's face. Eyes closed. Face buried in the carpet. Commotion in the background drowns into...

Silence.

A long, serene silence.

Then, a KNOCK on the door.

Emy stirs awake. She sits up, yawning and stretching her arms. Rubs the sleep from her eyes and takes in her surroundings.

A coy smile. A wider angle reveals she's inside...

INT. FIXER-UPPER HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Badly painted walls, dismantled furniture, a sagging roof.

The walls are strewn with framed photos of a younger Emy. Some with her father, Hank. Some with an unidentified blonde woman -- her mother?

Emy rises to her feet and heads for the door.

Nostalgia written on her face, she admires the scene. Runs a finger across a dusty bookshelf, glances at a misshaped clay pot that says 'BY EMY, AGED 6' on its surface.

Past a family photo of Disneyland, she opens the door.

On the other side: FREYA. She wears a garish suit jacket, sunglasses, her hair tight in a ponytail.

FREYA

We need to talk.

EMY

(intense)

How could you?

Emy's breathing rate increases. This time, she reacts by SLAMMING the door...

But it bounces off Freya's foot. No pain expelled.

Emy marches away to the centre of the house. Freya shadows behind her.

EMY (CONT'D)
Leave me alone.

FREYA
Not 'til you know why I did it.

EMY
(huffing)
Go away! I don't want to be friends
with you anymore.

FREYA
Good. You're getting it already.

BEHIND THEM: the house linearly shifts along like background scenery on *'The Flintstones'*. They seamlessly end up in...

EXT. PARK - CONTINUOUS

The background shifts from an open grassy knoll to an intangible children's playground.

FREYA
It's time you realised you're
nothing but an inconvenience. A
roadblock to other people's
happiness.

Emy fails to mask her pain.

FREYA (CONT'D)
Your own father would rather play
golf in Wisconsin with some floozy
than deal with you.
(beat)
Your childishness pisses me and
Kingsley and Marley off. And let's
not start on your mother--

EMY
Alright. Stop!

The background shifts to...

EXT. HIGH SCHOOL - CONTINUOUS

The school building fills the frame behind them.

Freya coldly puts a hand on Emy's shoulder.

FREYA

Moral of the story is: it's time to stop measuring life in unicorns and rainbows and realise nobody loves you.

(sweetly smile)

Can you do that for me?

Emy shakes her hand in defiance and breaks away from Freya's grip. She scurries into the school premises.

Freya grins with dark satisfaction.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. HOSPITAL - DAY

Emy unconscious in a hospital bed, wired up to tubes and a heart monitor. The dull lighting makes her skin ghostly.

DOCTOR STANLEY (black, mid 40s) stands in front of the her in mid-conversation with a deeply concerned Freya and KINGSLEY.

KINGSLEY

What's wrong with her, doc?

DOCTOR STANLEY

That's the thing: the neuroscan came back normal -- blood work and X-Rays the same. I've never seen anything like this.

MARLEY (O.S.)

Damn socialist health care.

MARLEY saunters into the scene as though happy hour is about to commence, cigarette hanging from his mouth.

Freya gives him the 'look'. He rolls his eyes and stubs the cigarette out on a sideboard.

DOCTOR STANLEY

(to Kingsley)

We may have to discuss other, more drastic options, Mr Jacobs.

KINGSLEY

Mr Jacobs. That's me, yessir.

MARLEY

(to Freya)

No 'Uncle' Hank, then? What kind of man is he, not being here for his... daugh-- nephew. Niece. Whatever the term...

FREYA

You're not exactly running your train on time, Mussolini.

MARLEY

Hey, Emy's the girl downstairs I borrow cups of sugar and money from. Not my family.

KINGSLEY

Real nice, Pike.

Doctor Stanley dismisses his own confusion at the incessant yapper of everyone else.

DOCTOR STANLEY

And how about Mrs Jacobs?

FREYA

I found her number on Emy's cell, but it's ringing straight through.

Stanley's pager beeps. Only a quick glance results in him heading to the exit.

DOCTOR STANLEY

Excuse me...

Doctor Stanley exits, the victim of an intimidating stare from Marley on the way out.

Marley then approaches the bedside.

MARLEY

How's she doing?

Kingsley and Freya glare at him.

MARLEY (CONT'D)

What? I said I was sorry.

KINGSLEY

No, you didn--

HANK (O.S.)

Great news!

Hank stands in the door way in Hawaiian shorts and a T-Shirt, more jovial than appropriate, his arms in the air.

HANK (CONT'D)

I spoke to Wendy, and we've made up! It's, uh... conditional -- that's the word. Huh. She wants us to go to couples counselling -- but if I pay for a holiday to Augusta, eh, I'm sure she'll change her mind.

The news goes down like a lead balloon. You can hear the sound of fists tightening.

INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR - DAY

Freya stands at a pay phone, pressing the rigid steel number pad. In her other hand is a torn handwritten note that says '*EMY'S Mom: 555-87837*'.

The telephone rings. And rings.

And rings.

FREYA

Come on...

Freya impatiently taps the note against the receiver. She swivels around and back again to pass the time.

She sees something, just as Kingsley strolls up from behind.

KINGSLEY

Hi--

She shoves the receiver into his possession.

KINGSLEY (CONT'D)

Okay then.

Freya weaves through several NURSES and DOCTORS and past a wheeled-in empty hospital bed so she can talk to

SUNNY.

FREYA

Can't believe I'm saying this, but I'm glad to see you.

SUNNY

You're always glad to see me.

FREYA

Really? Someone clearly didn't watch season one of 'Freya and the Boxes from Satan'.

(recollects)

Look, I need to help Emy.

SUNNY

To put your conscience at ease?

FREYA

No. Cause she's my friend. And I sort of feel guilty for my actions.

SUNNY

Very well.

Sunny pulls out a small ring box-shaped parcel from his pocket. Freya is underwhelmed as she takes it.

FREYA
No bazooka?

The box opens to reveal a tiny red pill. She holds it up -- the pill glistens against the fluorescent light.

SUNNY
Take it.

FREYA
Where's the blue pill?

A sardonic glare from Sunny.

FREYA (CONT'D)
I'm not taking any drug 'til I get
advice from a responsible adult.

She glances back at the telephone where Kingsley was, but isn't now.

Marley appears from Emy's hospital room. He doesn't notice Freya as he heads to a vending machine.

FREYA (CONT'D)
(mumbles)
I said 'responsible'.

SUNNY
Miss James, your dawdling isn't
recommended.

She grunts.

FREYA
Fine. But if anything bad happens,
I'll deliver a fist addressed to
your face.

One last look at the pill before she swallows it.

INT. HIGH SCHOOL CLASSROOM - DAY

Science class. Up front: MISTER BLACK scrawls a formula on the blackboard for the deadening eyes of his class.

Two years younger than the other STUDENTS, Emy is positioned dead centre. In her suit jacket gear, Freya sits menacingly behind. She throws a paper ball at Emy's head.

FREYA

Advanced physics class? Impressive.
Pointless considering you'll spend
the rest of your life in that
craptacular apartment, but
whatever.

EMY

I got over that.

FREYA

For now.

MISTER BLACK

Miss Jacobs! Don't make me
demonstrate velocity by sending you
back down to your grade at great
speed.

EMY

Sorry, sir.

Emy forcibly transfixes her eyes on the blackboard, doing all she can to ignore Freya.

Freya develops a mischievous look. She stands...

Only to LAUNCH back into her seat. She SEIZURES violently, her loud mumbles and wild kicks against the wooden desk ignored by everyone.

Ceiling tiles directly above begin to CRACK, sending a shower of plaster over Freya and the desk.

Freya crumples to the floor, OUT OF SHOT. She GROANS.

She clambers to her feet, and we notice her clothes have switched from the uniform into her normal grungy attire.

The floor QUAKES. Freya grips onto the desk for support, until -- nothing.

Abrupt stillness.

Freya analyses the scene around her, confused.

FREYA

Whu-- where am I?

Her eyes dart. She sees Emy and taps her on the shoulder.

FREYA (CONT'D)

Hey Emy... Emy! Where am I? I'm guessing... not Kansas. My brain feels like it got thrown out a window. Emy!

She continues to tap. Emy struggles to ignore, before she swats Freya's hand away.

EMY

Don't.

FREYA

Emy?

EMY

After all that, you're going to play the oldest trick in the book?

FREYA

All what? I just got here.

EMY

How naive do you think I am?

MISTER BLACK

Miss Jacobs, I've had enough!
That's detention.

Emy GROWLS under her breath. She bolts upright, kicking her chair back into Freya's desk, then storms out.

EXT. HIGH SCHOOL - DAY

Same high school exterior as before, except the building has gained a storey. Emy storms down the front steps. She avoids eye contact with Freya even though she runs in front of her.

FREYA

What trick? What's going on?

Emy lightly barges past her.

FREYA (CONT'D)

I'm... sorry?

This makes Emy pause.

EMY

Sorry?

FREYA

For everything.

EMY

No, you're not.

And she continues on. The scene behind her shifts horizontally along again until both women are outside...

EXT. SPACE CAMP - CONTINUOUS

A mélange of structures on an endless landscape of grass. A hedge maze at the front, a state-of-the-art glass laboratory in the middle, a large observatory on top of a hill with a telescope sticking out at the back.

Freya and Emy pass a sign imaginatively titled 'SPACE CAMP', which awkwardly combines science insignia like NASA with the Girl Scouts of the USA logo.

FREYA

That doesn't matter right now. I think you're in grave danger.

EMY

I always have been since I met you.

FREYA

No, I mean, you're in God knows what condition in a hospital bed.

Freya's moment of self-realisation.

FREYA (CONT'D)

It's a dream! Duh!

The scene slides across to...

EXT. PARK - CONTINUOUS

A swing set provides the background.

EMY

After what you said to me: the apartment, my mother... if you told me the sky was blue or Justin Bieber was hot, I wouldn't believe you.

(pause)

You didn't say why you used my dad to humiliate me.

FREYA

I didn't say any of those things.

Awkward silence.

FREYA (CONT'D)

I swear. As for Wendy and your dad, you needed to know sooner rather than later. You needed to realise--

EMY

(glumly)

Nobody loves me?

In front of Emy, THREE CHEERLEADERS materialise from thin air. They tower over her. Emy directs her eyes down, ready for her punishment.

CHEERLEADER 1

Look girls, it's Emily Jacobs.
Mom's a flake and her dad's a
drunk.

CHEERLEADER 2

(snide)
Ugh. The freak.

CHEERLEADER 3

I hear she's, like, all OCD -- but
look how clumped up her hair is.

Cheerleader 3 touches Emy's hair.

CHEERLEADER 3 (CONT'D)

Oh my gosh, she's totally
disgusting. I bet she hasn't even
showered for, like, a century.

Emy bats the hand away.

The Cheerleaders react with FURIOUS ANGER. They SCREAM like banshees, pushing and shoving a helpless Emy backwards.

FREYA

Hey!

Cheerleader 1 shoves Emy to the ground, before the three turn their attention to Freya. With an almost guttural, animal SNARL, they crowd over her.

They force Freya backwards with a couple of pushes.

Freya responds with a good old fashioned swing of the fist. A right hook to Cheerleader 1's arm. With a look of anguish, Cheerleader explodes in a PUFF OF SMOKE.

A shove to Cheerleader 2 -- PUFF OF SMOKE.

At this point, Cheerleader 3 cowers for fear. Freya takes pleasure in approaching her. Fists clenched. Blood lust in her eyes.

FREYA (CONT'D)

Y'know, most of the time I dream
about my mom being killed, so,
trust me when I say, I'm going to
enjoy this.

She goes for a left hook...

Freezes. Freya flicks her ear instead. PUFF OF SMOKE.

She reaches an arm out to a still-grounded Emy.

FREYA (CONT'D)

You okay?

Emy glances at Freya's hand timidly. She resolves to reach out. Is hoisted to her feet.

EMY

Thanks.

(then)

Guess you are a different Freya.

FREYA

Yes, I am me. Me I am. Can we return to the real world now?

Emy strolls away, innocent smile on her face.

FREYA (CONT'D)

Emy?

Freya follows.

INT. EMY'S APARTMENT - DAY

The apartment has been vastly redesigned. A tasteful fuchsia interior design, framed Monet on the walls, science paraphernalia sprawled about. Also, a breakfast nook.

Dressed as though he's on a cruise, Kingsley waits patiently as Marley flounces in the kitchenette, preparing waffles.

EMY

Voilà.

FREYA

It's your apartment...

EMY

Since Kingsley and Marley moved in, it's been great. I can afford nice things. Have you seen my Chinchilla Cat Plate collection?

Marley places the waffles on a plate and serves them to Kingsley. He kisses Kingsley on the forehead.

FREYA

Oh... God. Are you two a... couple?

MARLEY

Someone clearly needs to get their gaydar repaired.

FREYA

Oh.

(dryly)

Somehow I'd always suspected...

EMY

I think it's so cute.

MARLEY

Not as cute as the wedding will be.
Ain't that right, Kingsley?

Kingsley nods.

FREYA

(to Kingsley)

Don't you talk now?

Kingsley nods again.

FREYA (CONT'D)

Honestly? Vast improvement.

In the distance where Emy's bedroom is normally located, Sunny walks past and down the corridor.

INT. PARISIAN GARDENS CORRIDOR - MOMENTS LATER

Dressed as a regular mailman, Sunny goes to deliver some letters through the mail slot when Freya intercepts.

SUNNY

Can I help you?

FREYA

How do I put this? Parcels: gimme
gimme gimme.

SUNNY

You live in apartment five?

As Freya looks confused, Sunny rummages through his mail-bag and retrieves three letters.

FREYA

Where's my parcel?

SUNNY

If you ordered from *Amazon*, they're
behind due to all the snow.

FREYA

Stop sounding all normal-like.
You're Sunny. You're magic.

SUNNY

Just doin' my rounds, lady.

Freya eyes him up.

FREYA
You don't know who I am, do you?
Sunny, this isn't--

SUNNY
Sunny? I'm Jack, the unemployed
mailman if you don't let me get on
with my job.

He departs.

This leaves Freya to mull over the three letters in front of her. She tosses the first one over her shoulder.

FREYA
Bill.
(reads next envelope)
"Congratulations, you've won--"

She tosses that one too.

Something piques her interest about the logo on the third letter. She tears it open and reads:

FREYA (CONT'D)
"Dear Miss James, we regret to
inform you have not been selected
for this summer's Space Camp."
(then)
Screw you too, Space Camp.

From OFF SCREEN: Emy SCREAMS.

INT. EMY'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

They are screams of delight, which a panicked Freya finds out when she charges in. Emy has the same Space Camp branded letter in her hand.

EMY
I got into Space Camp!

Kingsley and Marley stroll over to her.

MARLEY
Oh that is just darling news, bunny
rabbit. A super special congrats to
you!

FREYA
You sound ridiculous.

Kingsley pats Emy's head in congratulations.

VOICE (O.S.)
Huh. Congratulations, honey.

All eyes dart to the door where...

HANK is, arms wide open. Emy dashes to him for a big hug. He swings her around 360 degrees. Collective happiness.

Apart from Freya, who gives a cynical stare towards Hank.

INT. HOSPITAL - DAY

Emy in bed. Her condition has not changed.

Marley and Hank are in the room. Marley slumps back on a chair, half asleep. Hank meanwhile strolls back and forth, less worried than impatient. Checks his watch.

Silence between the two. No eye contact.

The generic phone BLEEP alarms. Hank grabs the phone from his pocket, reads, and puts a hand to his head.

HANK
Damn it.
(to Marley)
I've gotta deal with this. Nice
talkin' to you, eh.

As Hank speed-walks out of the room, Marley glares back.

Kingsley re-enters.

KINGSLEY
Was that Hank?

MARLEY
Yup.

Kingsley bolts in the direction Hank went.

INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS

Kingsley scurries down the corridor.

KINGSLEY
Wait up!

Hank obliges this command, but acts put out by doing so. Kingsley reaches him before they walk-and-talk.

KINGSLEY (CONT'D)
I know what you're going through.

HANK
Eh?

KINGSLEY

Having an estranged daughter. I have a lil' one: Alice. She don't trust me, but for reasons much bigger than finding love elsewhere.

HANK

What's your point, Connor?

Kingsley frowns.

KINGSLEY

Patience. Try staying in Emy's life in someway. Don't self-destruct and lose her, like I did Alice.

HANK

Huh, that's a bit hard. I have a mortgage in Virginia, you know?

KINGSLEY

You made the effort to come to Chicago to sign divorce papers. Make the effort for Emy, too. Even if it's just for a coupl'a days.

HANK

Thanks for the advice, eh, Bill Cosby. Now, I've got more important things to deal with.

Hank storms away, leaving Kingsley gobsmacked.

INT. EMY'S APARTMENT - DAY

Continue from Emy and Hank's hug. Hank puts Emy down and ruffles her hair, which brings a corny grin to her face.

HANK

We've gotta celebrate this. When your mom gets home, we'll cook anything you want.

EMY

Daddy's Special Sloppy Joes?

HANK

You got it.

EMY

And your world famous super chocolate fudge brownie milkshakes?

HANK

Anything you want. Your friends can come along too. How 'bout it, Freya?

As Freya opens her mouth, the scowl on Emy's face dominates the view.

EMY

I don't want you there. I saw the look you gave dad.

FREYA

Emy, I--

HANK

Like it or not, she's your best friend. You may be mad at her now but I bet you'll miss her like crazy tonight.

EMY

I... guess...

HANK

Go on, invite her.

Silence.

EMY

Freya?

FREYA

I'll be there...

HANK

Great!

FREYA

(forced)

I better put something more partyin' partyin' yeah on.

Without subtlety, she rushes out of the scene as though she's escaping. This is ignored by the others: Marley hugs Kingsley, Hank hugs Emy.

INT. PARISIAN GARDENS CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS

Freya presses against the wall, a deep breath.

As the breaths continue, a condensation cloud increasingly appears from her mouth until she resembles a dragon. She shivers, hugs herself for warmth.

Reaches for the door next to her.

INT. FREYA'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

The downtrodden entrance is as normal.

But when Freya steps towards the middle, the apartment is actually the living room of a small yet cozy suburban house. Nothing out of the ordinary here (*technically*).

She shivers again. Looks out of the window and sees an epic SNOWSTORM outside.

FREYA
Well played, *Amazon*.

Freya grabs her winter coat from the coat stand.

As she puts it on, MELODY JAMES appears from the kitchen, sporting an apron and whisking eggs in a bowl.

MELODY
Freya, put your hat and gloves on, it's below zero out there.

FREYA
Okay, mom.

She reaches for her deerhunter with the adorable little fla--
Wait, mom?!

She swivels to Melody. Her eyes water and mouth quivers in bewilderment.

MELODY
Are you okay? You don't look well.

Freya stampedes to her mom. She clutches her by the hips, grips tightly for dear life. Tears stream down her face.

FREYA
Mom...

MELODY
What's the matter? Here, sit down, tell me all about it.

FREYA
For the first time in forever, there's nothing wrong. I've missed you so much.

MELODY
(confused)
I've been here all day.

The front door, which has transformed O.S. to match the suburbia, opens. In comes ZACHARY JAMES, clothes out of alignment shows a busy, normal, day at work.

ZACHARY
Hey gang. What's shaking?

Zachary goes over to Melody. Gives her a peck in the cheek.

Freya grabs him in a never-ending hug. Zachary is lightheartedly taken back by this.

ZACHARY (CONT'D)

Woah, easy there, Lemon.

MELODY

I don't know what's wrong with her.

ZACHARY

Neither do-- oh, is this about wanting a car again? 'Cause in this economy, a car is about six-thousand hours worth of hugs.

(looks at watch)

And I have Cubs tickets.

Freya finally loosens her grip.

MELODY

Not tonight. Jessica and Hank have invited us over for dinner.

ZACHARY

So much for a fun evening.

MELODY

Oh no. That'll come when we get home later.

FREYA

Ewww, parents, gross.

MELODY

Besides, tonight is all about Emy. You joining us Freya?

Her daughter pauses.

FREYA

Join you?

MELODY

For dinner.

Freya charges towards the exit. At the door, her hand goes clean through the handle. The momentum of this makes her stumble forward and CRASH through the paper door.

INT. PARISIAN GARDENS - LOBBY - CONTINUOUS

RIP!

Freya tumbles to the ground. She picks herself up and opens the heavy duty entrance to the building.

Thundering outside. Rain floods the floor in front of her as the downpour is apocalyptic in stature. Taxis and PASSERS-BY swim past the sidewalk.

Melody and Zachary appear behind her.

MELODY

Ready to go?

CLOSE UP on Freya as she blinks.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. SCHOOL CAFETERIA - DAY

End blink.

It's lunchtime. STUDENTS either line up for their state supplied lunches, or frolic about at their tables in some shape or form.

Freya tensely sits at the centre table, along with Emy, Hank, Melody, Zachary, Marley, and Kingsley. Table decked out in candles and food served on silver platters.

Emy points to the ceiling.

EMY

You see those ketchup stains? It's the exact formation of the Canis Major constellation.

The others strain their eyes.

MARLEY

Oh... yeah...

ZACHARY

Looks like someone holding a tray of Ferrero Rocher.

Everyone laughs, apart from Freya and Kingsley.

VOICE (O.S.)

Sorry I'm late.

The voice belongs to JESSICA JACOBS (45, blonde, motherly, 1950s housewife look). She hugs Emy, positions next to her.

Freya goes wide-eyed at the sight.

JESSICA

Congratulations on getting into Space Camp. I'm so proud of my Emy-boo.

EMY

Thanks, mom!

JESSICA

I knew you'd get in. They'd be stupid not to...

While Jessica rambles inaudibly, Zachary privately nudges Freya on the shoulder.

ZACHARY

Did you get into Space Camp?

FREYA

No.

ZACHARY

Oh well. You're doing well at math though?

FREYA

Not really, though I'm making a killing selling smokes in the girl's bathroom.

ZACHARY

That's my girl!

Freya slinks into her chair with a warm smile, comfortable.

Back with Jessica, she's stopped dead when she notices Emy wiping a cup mark off the table with the sleeve of her shirt.

It's immediately dry, yet she won't stop trying to clean it. The intensity on Emy's face grows as the table surface starts to scratch.

JESSICA

It's dry, Emy-boo.

EMY

(distracted)
Could be dry-er.

JESSICA

That's enough.

Emy won't stop cleaning it.

JESSICA (CONT'D)

(mostly to herself)
It's getting worse.
(then)
Not to mention the Principal called and told me about today. You got a detention!

EMY

Oh mom, I didn't--

JESSICA

My Emy! A detention! It's these damn schools going down the drain; teachers who'd rather let education and discipline standards slip than risk their pay cheque, and then punish sweet girls like you just to exert their power.

EMY

But--

JESSICA

You know what? I've had enough. Emy, I'm taking you out of school. I'll teach you at home myself.

EMY

But mom...

JESSICA

Don't argue with me, Emily. I know what's best for you. I've always known best. You might not agree with my methods, but I know how to fix you.

Hank almost does a spit-take as he knocks back the contents of a hip flask.

HANK

Huh. That's not a good idea.

Jessica shoots him a look.

JESSICA

Why? Because you won't get the house to yourself on weekdays?

HANK

(rolls eyes)

No.

Long pause as he musters up an answer.

HANK (CONT'D)

Because I love Emy at full capacity as it is...

Emy, Jessica and Hank have a gooey moment which ends, you've guessed it, with a group hug.

Freya watches with reverence. She looks to Kingsley, who stands in a distant-state. Like he's not all here.

KINGSLEY
 (zombie-voiced)
 Wake up, Emy. Please wake up.

This startles Freya. Kingsley drops back into his chair.
 Staring off into the distance.

Then:

KINGSLEY (CONT'D)
 Please--

Freya flinches.

FREYA
 Did anyone hear that?

EMY
 Hear what?

FREYA
 Kingsley spoke. "Wake up, Emy."
 (reminding herself)
This is a dream. You need to wake
 up, before it's too late.

Emy laughs it off.

EMY
 Don't be ridunkulous, FJ.

FREYA
 Explain the giant banana.

Lo and behold, a giant banana floats like a blimp behind Emy.

FREYA (CONT'D)
 And why are we having a goddamn
 banquet in the middle of a school
 cafeteria?

HANK
 Eh, they sell some damn good
 fishsticks.

Another round of the laughter and, by the way Freya throws
 her arms up, it's at the expense of her.

FREYA
 Fine. If I have to save you myself,
 so be it.

EMY
 What's wrong? Is it 'cause you
 didn't get into Space Camp?

FREYA
I don't want to go to crappy Space
Camp, so nyeugh.

Then her eyes widen. She clicks her fingers.

FREYA (CONT'D)
Of course!

Freya steps away from the 'dinner table'.

The more she picks up speed, the more everything slows down until every hair on her individually waves in the air like a HDTV demonstration. She runs through a wall, which causes her to fade into...

INT. CAR [PARKED] - CONTINUOUS

Freya, less goth-y, sits in the back seat. She crosses her arms, bored. Hank is in the driver's seat. He's arguing with Jessica.

HANK
I don't care about Disneyland.

JESSICA
You cared about Disneyland when you
booked it.

Freya rolls her eyes. She puts in some iPod earphones and lies down on the back seat...

She shoots back up when she sees a younger Emy sat in the seat next to her.

HANK
It's not in our budget anymore.

JESSICA
What is in our budget, Zach?

EMY
Daddy, are we going to see Goofy?

HANK
Shut the hell up Emy!

Tears stream down Emy's face.

JESSICA
Don't you yell at my daughter.

HANK
Oh, your daughter? Huh? You know
what? Let's go to Disneyland, enjoy
Space Mountain, and pose with some
asshole in a Mickey Mouse costume.
(MORE)

HANK (CONT'D)

And then after that, you can make your own way home. I'm staying.

JESSICA

Hank?

HANK

There's another woman, Jessica, and - uh, she hasn't made it her mission in life to make mine a living hell.

JESSICA

Let's go Emy.

Emy, distraught, looks to her parents, as Jessica opens the door and heads out.

EXT. PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS

Jessica climbs out of the car. She opens the back door and picks up a distraught Emy. She comforts her as Emy lets out audible wails.

Freya calmly steps out the other side. Observes the scene.

HANK

Good luck surviving on a substitute teacher's wage.

JESSICA

Go to hell!

The car engine ignites. The car squeals from nought to forty, veering into busy traffic as it speeds away.

JESSICA (CONT'D)

Everything's gonna be okay.

FREYA

(to herself)
Hopefully.

Freya holds her index fingers to her temple.

Clamps her eyes shut. Concentrates deeply. Regimented breathing as though she's about to give birth...

FREYA (CONT'D)

(to herself)
Come on...

She opens her eyes.

EXT. SPACE CAMP - NIGHT/CONTINUOUS

Darkness. When Freya glances around, she smiles.

FREYA

David Blaine eat your heart out.
Now if only someone'd show me where
I need to be.

A heavy BUZZ cues an illumination of yellow lightbulbs that surround an arrow saying 'WAY OUT' in the middle. It points towards the hedge maze.

FREYA (CONT'D)

Getting good at this mind control
thing...

(then)

One Bradley Cooper please. Extra
topless.

Nothing happens.

Freya grumbles as she approaches the beginning of the hedge maze. Beside the entrance is a notification, which says:

FREYA (CONT'D)

"Congratulations, you're nearly
there. All that separates you and
freedom is the Ursa Minor Hedge
Maze. Walk in the same formation as
the constellation and you're good
to go, but just one step out of
line and you could find yourself
lost forever."

She takes a step back.

FREYA (CONT'D)

Great.

Freya reluctantly enters the hedge maze.

INT. HEDGE MAZE - CONTINUOUS

Freya rotates full circle, only to find when facing the entrance that it has transformed into a hedge wall. She presses her hand against it. Rock solid.

She walks forward until coming to a corner.

Takes a right and heads to the next corner. An exacerbated look eschews her face.

Takes a second right -- same result again.

A third right.

Now Freya meets a problem when she comes to the end -- two possible directions, left or right, no distinguishing features to either route.

Freya mouths 'Eenie Meenie Miney Moe'. Finger points left, right, left, right, left, right, left, right... finishes on the right side.

Minus confidence, she trudges down that path.

A bird's eye view of the maze shows the Ursa Minor path, of the box shape with a tail curving upwards going to a well lit end point. The remainder of the maze is a German expressionist style jagged mess.

Freya walks deeper into the jagged mess.

A single snowflake descends from the sky.

INT. HOSPITAL - DAY

By Emy's side, Kingsley concentrates towards her, shuffling back and forth. APRIL and STARK enter one after another.

APRIL

Howdy?

KINGSLEY

Hey there.

STARK

(off Emy's frail frame)

Whoa. She's like... whoa.

April moves over to Emy's side. She picks up a hand and strokes it light.

APRIL

Oh my poor Emily, doll. Do the doctors know what's up?

STARK

(aside)

Heh. What's up, doc.

DOCTOR STANLEY (O.S.)

Well, we might have found the cause.

Doctor Stanley enters carrying an X-Ray folder.

STARK

Oh. Sorry. Didn't see you.

DOCTOR STANLEY
Getting a bit crowded in here.
Emily certainly has a lot of
friends.

KINGSLEY
A cause, doc?

Doctor Stanley heads to the window, reveals the X-Ray itself,
and holds it against the faint light.

DOCTOR STANLEY
Seems it was in front of our eyes
all along.
(re: X-Ray)
We've found bruising in the brain
that's quite strange. Take a look.

When Doctor Stanley points it out, Kingsley's mouth can't
help but gape open.

EXT. HEDGE MAZE - CONTINUOUS

A snowflake has turned into a snowstorm, fog-like, impossible
to see beyond a couple of yards ahead.

Freya trudges through several inches of thick snow,
desperately heading down all sorts of paths in the hedge
maze. Can't find a way out.

A panicked look.

She presses against a hedge wall. Hammers her dark pink fists
against it. Every punch weaker.

FREYA
Help...

Around another corner, Freya TRIPS, landing face first in the
snow. She applies all her energy just to stand upright.

Doubles over, sapped. Her skin ghostly. She holds onto
herself for warmth.

She resigns to the floor.

Freya makes a foetus shape in the snow. The snow's downpour
is so rapid that a duvet-like blanket immediately covers
everything but her face.

FREYA (CONT'D)
(croaks)
Daddy...

Eyes become heavy.

ANGLE -- FREYA'S P.O.V.

She fades into unconsciousness.

With her last blink, a shadowed figure frantically drags themselves towards her in the distance. Even close up, they aren't identifiable.

P.O.V. closes.

BACK TO SCENE.

Zachary wipes the blanket of snow away and lifts Freya up in his arms.

ZACHARY

I've got you, Lemon.

He carries her away, hedge walls parting like Moses and the river ensuring an easy escape.

On Freya's still body.

INT. FREYA'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Freya, now in pyjamas, wakes in the suburban version of her apartment. Room is only lit by dancing flames from the coal fire. Zachary and Melody stand over her, her dad with a cup of hot chocolate piled with marshmallows.

Emy lies on the other couch in her Space Invaders pyjamas.

ZACHARY

Hey, sleepy face. We've made you some hot chocolate.

MELODY

How you doing?

Melody presses her hand against Freya's forehead.

MELODY (CONT'D)

Jesus, you're burning up.

FREYA

I'm-- I'm okay.

MELODY

Well take it steady. Watch some movies and relax.

ZACHARY

We'll be in the other room if you need anything. No tap dancing, alright?

FREYA

(laughs)
Thanks.

Zachary puts the hot chocolate on the coffee table next to Emy's. He and Melody pet her before exiting the room.

FREYA (CONT'D)

I ruined your special dinner.

EMY

No you didn't.

FREYA

I don't know what got into me.
Must've been the atmos.

EMY

We'll go to the elementary
cafeteria next time.

FREYA

Make sure it's not my school. Swear
the burgers were made of rats...

Freya closes her eyes.

EMY

Isn't this nice.

FREYA

I do like hot chocolate.

EMY

No, I mean, *this*. I've forgotten
what it's like to be an eighteen
year old -- awful taste in music,
boys, parties... parents.

FREYA

I could live like this forever.

EMY

Who says we can't?

FREYA

(dreamlike)

But we must return to home, to the
broken plumbing and frequent close
shaves with death.

Little do Emy and Freya notice how the apartment around them
GLITCHES with incomprehensible 8-bit lines. The fireplace
disjoints, the TV stands on the ceiling momentarily.

INT. HOSPITAL - CONTINUOUS

Continue from the last scene: Kingsley, April, Stark, and
Doctor Stanley examine the X-Ray.

DOCTOR STANLEY

I can't believe I didn't see this
the first time.

On Emy's X-Ray, the doctor points to the brain region where a FACE can be made out. Not crystal clear, but it's there. If you want to see it.

STARK

It... sort of looks like a face.

APRIL

Don't be ridic--
(squints)
Oh, yeah, it does.

KINGSLEY

You kids are crazy.

STARK

My uncle had a bruise on his brain
that looked like Ray Charles.

KINGSLEY

What now, doc?

DOCTOR STANLEY

I don't want to make a hasty
diagnosis, but if these vitals keep
worsening... we're looking at a
long term stay. I want you to be
prepared for that.

KINGSLEY

Can't you do anything for her?

DOCTOR STANLEY

I'm going to bring in a specialist.
For now... talk to her. Keep her
company. It's as much about your
emotions as it is her recovery.

Kingsley drifts away from the doctor's words as his eyes lock onto the X-Ray with dread.

He leans in closer. Squints.

KINGSLEY'S POV

As his eyes adjust to the image, the brain-smudge shifts a little until the face becomes clearer...

FREYA'S face.

INT. FREYA'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

The apartment GLITCHES again.

EMY

Whoa. That's not right.

Freya sits up, alert, to see Emy as she stares at the cups of hot chocolate.

EMY (CONT'D)

Aw, you have less than I do. Here.

Emy picks some marshmallows off hers. She puts them on top of Freya's until the pile topples.

They smile.

INT. HOSPITAL LOBBY - DAY

Marley steps through the automatic doors.

He spots Hank in the distance, as he speaks to an eager, large-busted BLONDE NURSE (20s). Their gestures suggest some sort of flirty role playing.

MARLEY

(mutters)

Son of a bitch...

Marley creeps into earshot.

BLONDE NURSE

Are you a patient, Mister Jacobs?

HANK

Uh. Well, I was just visiting my *cousin*, but I'm afraid I need medical attention. It appears someone's stolen my heart.

Nurse giggles like Betty Boop.

BLONDE NURSE

Should I see if a doctor's available?

HANK

Only you can help me, sugar.

BLONDE NURSE

I'm not really into older guys.

HANK

C'mon. Huh? I've got experience.

The nurse grins a little, but then rolls her eyes playfully. She ambles off, but Hank follows behind. He looks down at her behind as they walk.

Marley crushes an empty cigarette carton and throws it towards a bin. Straight in. Two points to Marley.

EXT. BEACH - NIGHT

Freya, Emy, their families, Marley, and Kingsley walk onto the tranquil beach in their swim gear. The sky's canvas a beautiful sunset, yellow and pink entwined.

EMY

Oh, awesome!

They come to a sand castle, the height of which reaches Emy's sternum, with homemade flags coloured in wax crayon on top.

EMY (CONT'D)

I can't believe Steve's still here.
I built him when I was six.

FREYA

Steve?

EMY

Don't you name your sand castles?

FREYA

No.

(thinks)

Though if I did, I'd call them
Sandy Sandington.

As the others crowd around a pre-made campfire, Emy and Freya watch as the tide comes in. It rushes past, but unnaturally circles around everyone, plus the sand castle and campfire, to keep them dry.

The tide recedes.

EMY

I challenge you to a sand castle
building contest.

FREYA

Bring it!

They charge towards the buckets and spades positioned where the campfire is. Freya and Emy grab the required equipment at the same time--

JESSICA

Kids, do you have a moment? You can
build your sand castles after.

They stop themselves, but making sure they hold the buckets and spades ready to go.

EMY

What is it, mom?

JESSICA

Tonight's the last night before you head off to Space Camp for six weeks. And I just wanted you to know that--

EMY

Actually, mom, I've been thinking...

Everyone turns their head to Emy.

EMY (CONT'D)

Space Camp sounds mega-exciting and all, but... I don't want to go. Why go exploring the deepest regions of space when I have everything I want here?

HANK

Are you sure that's what you want?

EMY

Of course. I've got a great family and great friends. Why I ever wanted anything more than that is beyond me.

HANK

Me and your mom are so proud of you, sweetheart.

Marley, Kingsley, Melody, and Zachary nod in agreement.

Freya too. She hugs Emy.

As they hug, the sky GLITCHES into a grotesque uncontrollably flickering array of blues, greens, purples, browns.

Again, nobody notices.

INT. HOSPITAL - DAY

Doctor Stanley is gone; April and Stark are going. They wave back at Kingsley as they exit.

KINGSLEY

Bye now.

Feigning an upbeat attitude, Kingsley checks if the coast is clear. When that's the case, he reaches his arms out, ready for an emotional outburst--

Marley enters, so Kingsley rewinds his demeanour.

MARLEY

Can you believe that asshole?

KINGSLEY

(sighs)

What now, Marley?

MARLEY

Emy's jerk of a father. I swear to God, he's out there chasing tail while his kid is in a coma.

KINGSLEY

Maybe he's tryin' to cope.

MARLEY

Jesus Christ, Kingsley. You are so goddamned naive in your unwavering optimism. You really gonna defend him?

Kingsley rubs his temple -- he can't get into this.

KINGSLEY

You seen Freya about?

MARLEY

Nah.

KINGSLEY

I saw her talkin' to Sunny earlier. And now... she's in there.

Kingsley points to Emy's brain.

MARLEY

What the hell are you going on about?

KINGSLEY

Freya's face was in the X-Ray. She's in Emy's head. Or... dreams.

Marley just laughs it off.

MARLEY

Isn't that a bit... farfetched?

KINGSLEY

Remember when Freya said she teamed up with a talking stuffed dolphin?

Pause.

MARLEY

Okay, 'spose it makes some sense.

Kingsley walks over to Emy. Barely masking sadness in his eyes, he holds her lifeless hand.

And then: her whole body SHUDDERS into life -- convulsing.

KINGSLEY

What-- Emy? What's going on?

MARLEY

That ain't good.

KINGSLEY

Yeah I can see that, Marley!

Monitors BEEP uncontrollably as Emy's body tremors. Doctor Stanley races in, flanked by a FEMALE NURSE.

DOCTOR STANLEY

Stand back, guys. Give us room.

Kingsley and Marley back away as the Nurse holds Emy's shoulders down. The doctor checks Emy's pulse. Lifts an eyelid and shines a light into her eye.

EXT. BEACH - NIGHT

A SPOTLIGHT shines right into Emy's face, coming from the ocean. She shields her face, but the light seems to go right through her hand.

INT. HOSPITAL - DAY

Emy's body calms as the doctor checks the monitors.

Finally, she's at peace.

KINGSLEY

The hell was that?

DOCTOR STANLEY

I'm not sure. We'll need to run more tests.

(to the nurse)

Get me a blood panel.

The nurse nods and heads out of the room.

DOCTOR STANLEY (CONT'D)

She's weak.

MARLEY

Well do something about it!

DOCTOR STANLEY

I don't know what to do, sir. Her condition is deteriorating, but we don't know what the problem even is.

(beat)

Stay with her. I'll be back soon.

The doctor scurries out in a hurry.

EXT. BEACH - NIGHT

Emy sits between Hank and Jessica, backs to us, as they wrap their arms around her, watching the calm ocean.

EXT. PARISIAN GARDENS - ROOFTOP - NIGHT

The same gorgeous sunset. Freya approaches Marley and Kingsley, who huddle against each other for warmth. Snuggles!

Kingsley rests his head against Marley's shoulder.

MARLEY

Such a beautiful view.

FREYA

Dreamlike.

MARLEY

It's times like this I'm so happy to be alive.

Freya nods in agreement.

FREYA

I've got to ask...

MARLEY

Go ahead, sugar plum.

FREYA

How did you and Kingsley, you know... get together?

MARLEY

We're not a couple.

FREYA

Then why the cuddling?

MARLEY

We're one big happy family, Freya. You, Emy, your parents -- I was looking for love in the wrong places when it was staring in front of me all along.

(MORE)

MARLEY (CONT'D)

You guys are my life and I'm not afraid to show my affections.

(then)

And the sex with Kingsley is great!

FREYA

(genuine)

That's adorable!

MARLEY

Shame Kingsley's not great at pillow talk. Or any talk at all.

Kingsley straightens his posture and stares at them.

MARLEY (CONT'D)

I didn't mean to offend you, Conrad, come on.

KINGSLEY

(zombie-like)

I don't know if you can hear me but-

-

MARLEY

He keeps doing this. No idea why.

KINGSLEY

I don't know what I'd do without either of you! You need to wake up! Emy! Freya!

A proverbial slap to the face for Freya. Her eyes dilate, the moment of self-realisation. She darts her head around, and analyses her surroundings.

FREYA

Crap, it's a dream.

MARLEY

Feels real to me.

FREYA

That's the point.

She heads to the exit.

MARLEY

Where are you going?

FREYA

To find Emy.

MARLEY

Stay a while. I've made cheese straws.

Kingsley's eyes widen. He stretches out an arm and SCREAMS:

KINGSLEY

Emy...!

INT. HOSPITAL - CONTINUOUS

Kingsley stands over Emy.

KINGSLEY

C'mon, kiddo. You can do it. You're gonna be okay -- you just gotta get outta there.

He holds her hand tight.

INT. FREYA'S APARTMENT - DAY

Freya's normal borderline dilapidated apartment.

She's at the foot of the table, surrounded by Emy, Kingsley, Marley, Jessica, Hank, Melody, and Zachary. All eyes directed towards Freya.

Melody nudges Zachary in the ribs. He stutters.

ZACHARY

Thanks for being here. We've been talking and... we're concerned for you. Your behaviour has been, shall we say, erratic.

FREYA

Is this an intervention?

ZACHARY

Nooooo. No. Of course not. Interventions are for alcoholics and heretics.

Another nudge to the ribs.

ZACHARY (CONT'D)

Point is, if there's anything you want to get off your chest--

MELODY

We're here for you.

HANK

Huh. I guess we all are, eh?

JESSICA

Listen to us. We know what we're talking about.

Kingsley shoots to his feet.

KINGSLEY

You are dreaming! Come back to us!

Emy alertly addresses Freya, looking the most self-aware since she fell into unconsciousness.

EMY

Freya?

JESSICA

Ignore Kingsley. He's ill.

EMY

(to Freya)

This... isn't...?

Freya emotionally nods as Marley, Kingsley, Jessica, and Hank fade away. Emy tries to grab Jessica but her fingers slip right through her.

EMY (CONT'D)

Mom?

FREYA

They'll be fine.

(to Melody and Zachary)

I just need a quiet moment alone with you.

ZACHARY

Wow, could you teach me the disappearing trick you just did? Be great after Hank's had a few--

FREYA

Dad, listen.

(pause)

Every day, in the real world, I have to walk around knowing I never had a proper chance to say goodbye...

MELODY

Goodbye? You don't have to go.

FREYA

I wish that was the case, I really do.

Sadness in Melody and Zachary's eyes.

ZACHARY

If that's what you want, Lemon, we're not gonna fight--

Freya leaps over and captures them in a hug. Her head over Melody's shoulder, waterworks from her eyes, equal mixture of sadness and happiness.

Zachary strokes her hair.

ZACHARY (CONT'D)
We'll be together soon, I promise.

She leans backwards.

Zachary and Melody wave goodbye as their bodies turn transparent. They vanish into thin air.

Freya wipes her face with her sleeve.

EMY
How did you do that?

FREYA
Lucid dreams. You can do literally anything when you put your mind to it. For example...

Freya strains before...

It rains Skittles onto the table, the sweets collide with wood to a DEAFENING series of TAPS. Emy guiltily takes a red one and eats it.

The walls GLITCH again, this time the distortion overlays with distortions of other familiar scenes like the cafeteria.

This time, Emy and Freya notice.

EMY
What was that?

FREYA
Our minds. And if I'm inside yours, that means you have to take total control of it.

EMY
I don't know how.

FREYA
Be strong.

EMY
I'm not the strong type.

The background slides away horizontally so we're back in:

INT. HIGH SCHOOL CLASSROOM - CONTINUOUS

The classroom where Emy received her detention. It has three walls with other familiar locations including the Sears Tower tacked on the fourth side.

Emy and Freya, back to their seats as before.

FREYA

You are strong. The only way out of here is to solve the Ursa Thingy maze at Space Camp. That's sure not something I could solve.

EMY

Then what happens?

FREYA

We escape into the real world. Or a special bonus stage.

EMY

I mean, then what happens? Do I skip in a field while my dad runs away with Wendy? Do I build another Steve as my Mom...

(pause)

There's nothing for me.

FREYA

Emy, you could be President if you wanted to. Nobody's stopping you.

EMY

He is.

Along comes Mister Black, detention slip hangs from his thumb and index finger, more devastating than a doodlebug.

MISTER BLACK

Quite frankly I'm surprised, Miss Jacobs. It's as though you don't want a future.

FREYA

Hey, that's uncalled for.

MISTER BLACK

Oh shut up, Freya, you meddling little bitch.

Freya spots a dangling lump of rubber hanging from Mister Black's neck. She stands as he cowers.

MISTER BLACK (CONT'D)

What are you doing? Get away.

FREYA

Jig's up, Professor Hyde White.

She tugs the mask to reveal...

EMY

Dad?!

Hank in Mister Black's suited costume. He fumes.

HANK
Huh. I can explain.

JESSICA (O.S.)
What's going on?

Jessica materialises from nowhere next to Hank. Both look inhuman with the same dangling rubber from their necks, as if melting prosthetic masks.

HANK
(points at Freya)
She's being a bad influence on Emy,
as always.

JESSICA
(to Emy)
I forbid you to be friends with
this girl. Her 'issues' and your
'medical issues' aren't compatible.

EMY
But mom...

JESSICA
That's final, young lady.

FREYA
You wish...

Freya grabs the rubber from Jessica and Hank's neck and starts to remove their masks. They PEEL OFF to reveal:

Jessica and Hank -- but monstrous, contorted versions.

Demons.

HANK
(low growl)
You're coming with us!

EMY
No...

FREYA
Fight it, Em--

Hank STRIKES Freya in the face, full force. She goes down instantly, landing in a numb daze.

Jessica storms to Emy. Emy offers little resistance as she's taken by the wrist and lead out of the classroom like an insolent child.

Hank stands over Freya and delivers A COUPLE OF SLAPS for unnecessarily good measure.

ANGLE -- FREYA'S P.O.V.

Blurred vision. Hank grabs Freya by the leg. Takes a quick look back, before he drags her across the classroom.

The ceiling above transforms from the mouldy tiles, to a golden sky, to a clinical hospital ward.

She slowly fades... and fades...

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

INT. EMY'S APARTMENT - DAY

CONTINUE P.O.V.

Freya's vision comes to. Refocuses accordingly as the sound of SCRUBBING grows louder.

She gets to her feet.

BACK TO SCENE.

The scene: Emy's normal apartment, clean and clinical. Emy crouches on the ground, dousing a cloth in a soapy bucket of water. She scrubs the ground fervently.

Freya goes over to her.

The piece of ground Emy scrubs is cleaner than area surrounding it -- wooden flooring as spanking new as the day it was laid down.

She scrubs harder and harder and harder. Her face screws up in determination.

FREYA

We have to go.

EMY

Not until it's spotless.

FREYA

I think you're done...

EMY

I mean, the whole of the Parisian Gardens. I have to start at the epicenter and clean outwards.

FREYA

We don't have time.

Freya tugs at Emy's arm. When she refuses to budge, Freya applies more force which is equally resisted.

EMY

No!

FREYA

Emy...

EMY

I don't want to leave.

FREYA

It's simple. Watch.

Freya stomps over to the front door. She opens it, turning back to Emy as it swings ajar.

FREYA (CONT'D)

See?

EMY

What about the cage bars?

FREYA

What are you--?

Freya realises the front door is barricaded by a series of radial black bars.

RUMBLE!

Freya steps back into the centre.

The four walls of the apartment COLLAPSE one by one with a CLANG. The end result: they are encircled in the background by darkness, and by a twenty foot high birdcage in the foreground.

Freya runs to the bars. Shakes at them. Very sturdy.

FREYA (CONT'D)

A bird cage?

EMY

Like Steve had.

FREYA

The sand castle?

EMY

My budgie was called Steve too.

Freya strikes her elbow against the cage bar. Nothing but pain for her as she rubs her elbow.

FREYA

Listen, Emy, this is all your mind.
You have to control it.

EMY
How did you do it?

FREYA
Well I--
(static garble)
HKADSFJYRTEOFJSOFDNOFDIVNSDI.

Freya glitches, her mouth and eyes distort in different directions as her body movement loops two jittering frames.

The cage bars transform into static, while the background flickers to seizure inducing proportions.

Emy tries to register it all, scared out of her mind.

She GASPS.

INT. HOSPITAL - CONTINUOUS

ANGLE -- EMY'S P.O.V.

Her eyes shoot open. Deep breathing. In and out. In and out. Increasing in panicked volume and tone.

Looks towards Kingsley, stood across the room, peering out of the window.

BACK TO SCENE.

Emy's eyes are barely open, although the breathing is there. It's a waking nightmare.

Her left leg desperately twitches.

But. She. Cannot. Move.

ANGLE -- EMY'S P.O.V.

She passes out.

FADE TO:

INT. EMY'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

CONTINUE P.O.V.

The sky and cage bars above calm into normality.

BACK TO SCENE.

As does Freya.

FREYA
Did everything just jump?

EMY

I saw Kingsley. Real Kingsley.

FREYA

How?

EMY

I passed out and I was back in the hospital room. I tried everything I could to get his attention but... My mind wasn't up to it. Story of my life.

FREYA

Enough of your self-deprecation, Conan O'Brien.

EMY

It's not easy, okay?

FREYA

Only you can will us to the Ursa Maze-r. Push all that negative crap away. There's nothing to worry about.

EMY

Okay, I'll... I'll try.

Emy forces her eyes shut and holds her hands against her face. Concentrates really hard. Verbally strains.

The cage bars SHATTER like glass into piles of nothingness. Then the darkness melts into a golden sunset. The ground beneath grows gorgeous green grass.

FREYA

Yes! You go girl!

Rome wasn't built in a day, but Emy's building an entire Space Camp with her mind in seconds. The observatory walls slam themselves into a workable structure.

The maze spawns upwards--

CHEERLEADER 1 (O.S.)

Freak!

CHEERLEADER 2 (O.S.)

Mommy's girl!

Freya gazes behind her where--

An anti-Emy coalition, hand-painted banner saying "EMY SUCKS AND IS DISGUSTING AND STUFF!", marches towards them -- the three cheerleaders, Mister Black, and the Parisian Gardens landlord OWEN SKINNER.

FREYA
Negative crap away, Emy. Away!

EMY
I can't do it!

FREYA
Emy!

CHEERLEADER 3
(shouts)
What do we want?

ANTI-EMY COALITION
To kill Emy!

CHEERLEADER 3
(shouts)
When do we want it?

ANTI-EMY COALITION
Now!

They charge towards her with PRIMAL WAR CRIES--

Emy physically wavers, brain overloads--

The scenery behind her glitches and decays--

The observatory collapses--

The hedge maze withers and dies--

The sky goes blood red before it fades to black--

The crowd are metres away--

Freya closes her eyes...

The coalition momentarily slows down...

As Emy gives up thinking, she glances at Freya.

Sees Freya open her eyes and nod towards her confidently. Emy weakly smiles.

Freya turns to the coalition.

FREYA
Power of heart. And cannons.

BANG! BANG! BANG!

From an unseen origin, CANNON BALLS catapult towards the coalition. They collide with the cheerleaders and Owen Skinner with force.

Each explode upon impact into crystallised white powder, their remains a stark contrast to the black ground.

BANG!

A ball flies through Mister Black to rid the coalition once and for all. The scene plunges into silence.

Freya with a self-satisfied grin.

FREYA (CONT'D)

See? Told you there was nothing to worry about. I have mind cannons.

EMY

What would I ever do without you?

FREYA

I kinda like you, Em. And there's a lot of others back out there that kinda do too.

Emy forces her eyes shut again.

With little effort, the observatory rebuilds itself, the sky turns a colourful hue, and the hedge maze grows upwards to complete the scene.

EXT. SPACE CAMP - CONTINUOUS

Freya and Emy walk to the entrance where the sign is. Emy mouths the instructions.

EMY

Easy. As if you don't know what an Ursa Major looks like, I've known that since I was eight.

FREYA

I wasted my childhood on Japanimation.

EMY

It's one of the simpler shaped constellations -- a box with an upwards tail.

The maze GLITCHES temporarily.

FREYA

Show, don't tell.

They walk into...

EXT. HEDGE MAZE - CONTINUOUS

Emy leads the way, forward to the first corner.

Takes a right towards the next corner. Every stride displaying a rare confidence from Emy.

Another right. Emy so into this that Freya has to semi-run to keep up. March forward to the next corner.

But as they rotate:

JESSICA (O.S.)

Wait!

The voice comes from behind. Freya and Emy's eyes widen.

When they move backwards, Jessica stands in the middle of the aisle, dressed formally. Desperation reigns on her face, fully aware of what's happening.

Freya puts a hand on Emy's shoulder.

FREYA

Emy...

EMY

I can handle this.

Freya steps away.

Emy approaches Jessica with a steely determination.

JESSICA

You can't leave.

EMY

You abandoned me...

JESSICA

I know--

EMY

No, mom, let me finish. I had a hard childhood and my head went all... wobbly. I needed you, yet you decided to crash out my life. You let it die, left me to fend for myself. An eighteen year old girl who can't rely on a safety net of their own mom and dad. How fair is that, mom?

JESSICA

It's not... but you can't control fate, Emy, no matter how much you apply your science and logic.

EMY

You had a choice that day not to leave forever.

JESSICA

What would've happened if I hadn't gone? It was clear you were coming out of your shell the longer I was gone. I was holding you back. I isolated you in a bubble and I didn't even realise.

FREYA

Then why can't she leave here?

Jessica takes a deep breath.

JESSICA

Because I miss her.

Jessica and Emy are overwrought in emotion. Emy conceals her tears by holding her hands over her face.

FREYA

Don't listen to her.

JESSICA

She's right. Absolutely right.

EMY

Mom?

JESSICA

You're far smarter and grown-up than I ever was. Forget about me and my mistakes. Be the special girl I know you are. I'm just sad I can't be there to see it.

Jessica holds out her arms.

Emy obeys and goes over to her, arms wide open. They embrace in a hug, tears streaming down their faces.

EMY

I'm sorry too.

Jessica and Emy's watery pupils look at each other. As she strokes Emy's hair...

Jessica slowly dissolves into grains of sand, which disperse in an upward wind towards the darkening sky. Soon the golden sky is extinguished.

Emy is left with hugging air. She stands alone, wiping a tear away from her face, trying to compose herself.

Freya approaches her, looking at the sky.

FREYA

Why has the sky gone black?

EMY

I'm a bit emotional.

FREYA

Good thing I'm not. The sky'd be full of *Linkin Park* songs.

EMY

Now where were we?

With a collective wry smile, they continue through the maze. Go through the third corner again.

They come across the fork in the maze - to go left or right. As Freya is about to play 'Eenie Meenie Miney Moe' again, Emy leads her to the left.

EMY (CONT'D)

The Ursa Major points upwards at a left angle.

FREYA

Your call, Emy Spacey.

The left path is more defined than the right one, namely there are no possible diversions. They head down the first of three lines...

Then the second line... The golden, glowing hum of the finish clearer. Above the maze wall is a half-seen sign saying 'CONGRATULATIONS' in fluorescent lights.

EMY

Just one more...

When they take the acute angle onto the finishing path, Emy LOUDLY SCREAMS.

There stands Hank, engulfed in shadow. The only things that shine in the light are the demonic smile on his face, and the axe he holds.

HANK

Daddy would like a word with you.

He CHARGES at them--

Emy and Freya run for their life--

Down the three strands of the Ursa Major constellation--

Into the jagged maze of the right turn.

Hank closely follows--

A chaotic series of lefts and rights--

Emy's hyperventilation echo throughout--

In a split second, Freya notices a T-shaped section--

Tugs Emy and they dive in.

As Hank's footsteps reverberate, both girls wrap themselves as tightly to the blind corner as possible...

Footsteps louder and louder...

They stop.

Freya puts her hand over Emy's mouth to muzzle her breathing. Emy understands, tries to calm herself down.

The footsteps pick up, crunching away into the distance.

FREYA

Has your dad ever threatened you
with an axe?

EMY

No, I stayed up past my bedtime and
watched a scary movie that one
time. Never again.

The footsteps get louder.

FREYA

(whispers)
Sssshhhh... can you remember our
way back to the Ursa?

Emy nods.

FREYA (CONT'D)

(whispers)
Okay. We'll run on a count of
three. Ready?
(pause)
Three... two... one!

Freya and Emy hold hands as they dash from the T-section--

They run the precise mirror image of the course they had taken to get in--

Both check behind their shoulder constantly--

Nothing--

The hedge walls GLITCH--

Its momentary transparency shows Hank next to them behind the adjacent wall--

Emy involuntarily SCREAMS--

To the next corner, Freya and Emy DODGE Hank's axe swing by a whisker--

The momentum sets Hank back--

Only for a moment--

They re-enter the fork in the road--

Emy and Freya transfer from the right to the left--

Hank does too seconds later--

FREYA (CONT'D)
Nearly... there...

The golden hum of the finish point nears--

For the first time, the dream ending signal is seen: a quiz-show style GIANT RED BUTTON--

So... Damn... Close...

Until... Emy trips!

When Freya tries to tug her upwards, she sees--

Hank ominously over them, axe at the ready. He slows down. Takes great pleasure from these two sitting ducks.

HANK
(demonic growl)
I never wanted you.

EMY
Go to hell!

FREYA
Tell 'im, Emy!

HANK
And you. Sticking your nose in
other people's business, huh, you
remind me of her mother. Bitches,
everywhere.

Hank raises the axe high in the air, blade targets towards Emy and Freya...

He swings...

Marley appears from nowhere and tackles Hank to the floor!

Hank drops the axe as he falls. He reaches out to grab it when a FOOT crushes his arm.

HANK (CONT'D)
ARRGGGHH!

This foot belongs to Kingsley.

He punches Hank in the face.

Kingsley and Marley hold up Hank, they take an arm each. A small river of blood runs from his nose, a bruise around his right eye.

He can barely look Emy and Freya in the face.

MARLEY
Now apologise, toots.

HANK
For what?

Marley punches him in the stomach.

HANK (CONT'D)
Okay, okay, huh, sorry all right?

MARLEY
(to Emy)
You accept the apology?

EMY
I--

FREYA
No.

So Marley punches Hank in the mouth.

Hank spits out blood.

He becomes transparent. His body transforms into a silvery goo and, 'Alex Mack' style, splashes to the ground. Hank soaks through the grass and disappears.

FREYA (CONT'D)
Nice timing guys, but I completely forgot to think about you. How did you appear?

EMY
When I'm in times of need, I think of my family.

Freya helps Emy onto her feet.

FREYA
Now can we go home? Any other bad guys, Emy?

EMY

I once accidentally broke a toaster. Him, maybe?

MARLEY

That was me. I just didn't get 'round to telling you.

FREYA

Anything else? Kingsley?

Kingsley doesn't say anything.

FREYA (CONT'D)

I'm gonna miss you being this way.

Simultaneously, they turn to the giant red button in front of them. The finish point.

Emy, Kingsley, Freya, and Marley line up in formation and link arms, *'Wizard of Oz'*-esque.

They exchange proud looks with each other.

They skip towards the button.

When they reach there, Emy steps forward.

EMY

Thanks, guys.

She SLAMS her hand against the button.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. HOSPITAL - DAY

Emy shoots up in bed to a sitting position...

Which takes Kingsley and Marley by surprise, Kingsley almost spit-taking his coffee.

INT. CLOSET - SAME

Freya wakes up in an awkward position in a tiny room where her legs bend upwards against the wall.

A mop caresses her face.

FREYA

He stuffed me in a closet? Nice.

She clambers to her feet.

INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR - SAME

ANGLE ON the closet door, as NURSES, DOCTORS and PATIENTS amble by, the hospital operating as normal...

There's a CRASH as objects tumble over inside.

Everybody turns to look at the door. Freya exits.

FREYA

What?

She scurries off.

INT. HOSPITAL - DAY

Doctor Stanley stands next to the window with Kingsley, X-Ray folder in hand. He opens Emy's scan and points to the brain. The smudge has gone.

DOCTOR STANLEY

I don't know what happened, but the mark on Emy's brain just vanished.

KINGSLEY

How old's the scanner?

DOCTOR STANLEY

Remember when '*Little Nemo*' was released?

KINGSLEY

No.

DOCTOR STANLEY

About ten years before that.

KINGSLEY

Thanks, doc.

Doctor Stanley leaves while Kingsley joins Marley and Freya around Emy's bed.

EMY

I had the most wonderful dream.
(points)
And you, and you, and you were there...

FREYA

You're okay now, that's what's important.

(beat)

About the whole Wendy thing...

EMY

I shouldn't have covered my eyes
from the truth. My dad's not great.
I've got to live with it.

FREYA

It'll get better over time.

VOICE (O.S.)

Excuse me, I-- Emily!

At the door: it's JESSICA JACOBS!

She runs over to Emy and embraces her in a hug.

EMY

Mom!

JESSICA

I'm here, honey.

On Freya, Kingsley, and Marley exchanging looks.

INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR - DAY

Freya and Kingsley walk-and-talk.

KINGSLEY

Jessica answered the phone when you
gave the receiver to me. Guess she
wanted to avoid your sarcasm.

FREYA

Haha, Rodney Dangerfield. So what's
the story?

KINGSLEY

How do you mean?

FREYA

In general. Emy and her Mom.

KINGSLEY

Jessica was always a bit paranoid.
She was afraid of bad things
happening to Emy the moment she
stepped out of the house.

FREYA

So like a normal mother?

KINGSLEY

Well, Emy was quite home bound.
Moreso when Hank left. And sadly
some of Jessica's more... obsessive
behaviour rubbed off onto her.

FREYA

But I haven't seen her once in the two years lived across from Emy.

KINGSLEY

Jessica was a substitute teacher, covering the whole northwest, rarely working in Chicago itself. One day she was offered a full time job at a school in Cleveland. It was perfect: her parents were there, and the stress of travelling miles daily would be gone.

(beat)

But Emy didn't want to go. She was afraid of leaving the apartment, never mind the state. Jessica made the decision as she was making much more money in Cleveland, she'd live with her parents, and fly back and forth to the Chicago on weekends. It was tough for Emy at first. Mrs Woodbridge had to stay with her for days at a time. But then a funny thing happened: you arrived.

FREYA

Me?

KINGSLEY

The fact is, you helped Emy come out of her shell. Jessica realised this when Emy said she wanted to go to college. She thought she was causing her daughter to regress every time she came home -- she was the safety net, the reminder -- so she decided to turn the apartment into an unofficial dorm so Emy could experience independence.

(then)

Haven't you asked Emy about any of this before?

FREYA

No. To be honest, I thought it was a taboo topic.

KINGSLEY

Why?

FREYA

(shrugs)

I thought her mom was dead.

And with that, they walk into the distance.

INT. HOSPITAL SECOND CORRIDOR - DAY

Marley unwraps a fresh pack of cigarettes from the cellophane wrapping -- the automatic doors near.

A door opens in front of him to reveal Blonde Nurse from earlier, hair and clothes out of alignment. She giggles to herself, a look of 'how pathetic'.

Hank follows right behind.

HANK

Wait, eh. I swear that wasn't normal huh. It's just you're so hot. Come back!

Marley coughs. Hank shuts his eyes in embarrassment.

Turns to Marley.

HANK (CONT'D)

Marty, I didn't see you there.

MARLEY

Sure you didn't. Just so you know, your daughter is awake.

HANK

Eh.

MARLEY

Your ex-wife is also here.

Hank lights up like a kid at Christmas.

HANK

Fantastic! You wait here, eh, I'll just get some papers from the car and we'll get this whole thing--

MARLEY

Let me help you.

FIST TO THE FACE! Hank slams to the floor, this time sporting an all too real bloody nose.

SECURITY GUARD (O.S.)

Hey!

A SECURITY GUARD heads towards them.

Marley crouches beside the downed Hank.

MARLEY

Let me tell you something, asshat. My dad was a deadbeat and I didn't turn out too good.

(MORE)

MARLEY (CONT'D)

It's damn fortunate for you Emy is
a lot better than I ever was,
'cause I take issue with anyone
that screws up a kid's life.

The Security Guard grabs Marley by the shoulder.

SECURITY GUARD

Let's go, tough guy.

Marley holds up his arms in mock-innocence as he lets
Security Guard guide him out the doors.

Remain on the pathetic heap of Hank.

EXT. CHICAGO - DAY/NIGHT

The sun sets over the city as car lights pour through the
streets in TIMELAPSE speed.

INT. EMY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Emy lays in bed, bedside light on, duvet half undone.

In comes Jessica. There's a feeling of cold distance when
they exchange smiles. Jessica tucks the duvet in.

Emy blocks Jessica from turning the light off.

EMY

Did you sign the divorce papers?

JESSICA

Well, me and your dad are as good
as divorced anyway. But I'm not
signing anything 'til he pays the
child maintenance he should've paid
during your teen years. I'm in no
rush.

EMY

Will I... you know...?

JESSICA

No, I promise you'll never see him
again if you don't want to.

Silence.

EMY

I want you home.

JESSICA

We've been through this. I don't know if you realise but since the apartment became your own, your confidence has been... like a mega-Emy.

(beat)

It's better being around friends than me at your age anyway.

EMY

But I can have all that and you.

JESSICA

You have your life in Chicago. And mine's in Cleveland.

EMY

(screaming)

Do you hate me?!

Jessica is gob-smacked by the sudden outburst from the tiny frame of Emy.

JESSICA

Of course I don't. Don't even--

EMY

You abandoned me.

JESSICA

None of this will make sense until you become a mother. Then you'll realise the sacrifices you're willing to take to give your child the best in life.

EMY

Even if it means not being a part of it?

JESSICA

I wanted you to grow.

EMY

You risked my life on some crackpot theory, mom. You teach a few psychology courses and suddenly you know how to diagnose and treat me?

JESSICA

We'll talk more in the morning, Emy-boo.

Jessica turns to leave.

EMY

No.

Jessica turns back. Emy sits up. Looks defiant.

EMY (CONT'D)

We wont.

Jessica sighs. Hurt, but almost... proud. She smiles and heads out of the room.

Leaving Emy alone.

FADE TO BLACK.

END OF EPISODE