

~Tales From The Islands Of Illamiraila~

Dance Of The Wanderers

[Season 1; Episode 0 — Woman's Blues (Pilot)]

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Written by Thaddeus Coleman

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Scene 1: INT. The Deacon Blues Bar. Night.

The sounds of a lively bar atmosphere can be heard—people chatting, gossiping, laughing, and cheering. A lone young woman is sitting at the bar, watching as the bartender expertly pours liquor into the glass in front of her. This woman is Kathleen Nyro.

KATHLEEN NYRO (V.O.):

I love this sight.

She watches the long line of falling alcohol connecting the bottle to the glass, intently—mesmerized by it.

KATHLEEN NYRO (V.O.):

Its beautiful dance helps calm my mind when everything becomes too chaotic.

The last of the liquor makes it into the glass. She watches a few drops pop up from her glass and then all motions stop.

KATHLEEN NYRO (V.O.):

And when it can't do that the movement at least helps me to put everything in order.

EXT. Burning Wreckage. Night.

Panning over broken stones and flaming rubble. The sides of the scene are faded and blurry as if looking from the POV of someone who has just awakened from being knocked out. The eyes close.

KATHLEEN NYRO (V.O.):

Why did you come to me as Noella?

The eyes open again. Back on the rubble, but now, something new is here. Floating above the stones and flames is a ghostly humanoid projection. A Spirit.

KATHLEEN NYRO:

Chr—Christine?

NOELLA (a.k.a. CHRISTINE):

I am Noella, Mother of the Illamiraila Islands and the ill-fated sister to the Spirits.

The eyes close and open again. Noella is now very close. Her face almost completely fills the

view. Her image is very clear and definite.

NOELLA:

Sentenced to curse 10,000 souls for my calamitous and erstwhile actions.

The eyes close.

NOELLA (V.O.):

Kathleen Nyro...

KATHLEEN NYRO (V.O.):

I can't be. I can't.

INT. The Deacon Blues Bar. Night.

The screen fades back into the bar.

KATHLEEN NYRO:

Pour me another, DT.

DT simply glares at the full glass in front of her.

KATHLEEN NYRO:

Come on, DT. It's been a rough week.

Stare. Stare.

Deantoni points to the drink.

DEANTONI:

And what should I do with that perfectly untouched drink.

She makes an offering gesture to him.

KATHLEEN NYRO:

My gift to you.

DEANTONI:

You're worse than the drunks, Kay. It's disrespectful not to drink your drink?

KATHLEEN NYRO:

I lost my job.

DEANTONI:

I know girl and I'm sorry but—

KATHLEEN NYRO:

And I lost my apartment.

DEANTONI:

Lalla's letting you crash with her.

KATHLEEN NYRO:

Lost my apartment, because it was destroyed by an evil, vicious robot that proceeded to chase me through the city! DT! My mind, my body—my nerves! Need calm.

DEANTONI:

Okay, okay, but next time you're drinking with me.

DT pulls a new glass from the counter, wipes it with a towel before placing it in front of Kathleen. He slowly pours the liquor into the glass as Kathleen watches. A small smile crosses her face though it soon fades into a worried look as a familiar voice echoes in her mind.

NOELLA (V.O.):

You are the last soul that I claim.

EXT. The Deacon Blues Bar. Night.

From an aerial view we see Kathleen leaving the bar. The Deacon Blues can be read on a big sign on the roof of the bar. Kathleen gets on a heavy built motor scooter, revs it, turns on a portable radio, and takes off.

EXT. Illamiraila Main Island. City. Night.

Kathleen rounds a bank and continues down a hill, the cityscape behind her. The radio broadcasts a duo of late night disc jockeys.

MALE DJ (LINDSAY):

And that was Stoneman Gale by The Fish People. What a great song that was! What about you Stevie? Did you get a kick out of it?

FEMALE DJ (STEVIE):

Oh yeah! The drumming was so crisp and clear. Gets me so excited, Lindsay! Ow, but for what?

MALE DJ (LINDSAY):

Could it be for the ethereal drumming of the Wanderers?

FEMALE DJ (STEVIE):

Oh! You know me so well. Yeah, the Festival of the Wanderers is just around the corner. I just can't wait, Lindsay!

MALE DJ (LINDSAY):

Well, who isn't excited for the Festival?

The noise of the radio fades into the background as Kathleen reaches her destination—a two floor house.

KATHLEEN NYRO:

Everyone on the Island...everyone 'cept for me.

Kathleen gets off her bike and kicks down the kickstand. She affectionately pats the head of her bike before entering the house.

Scene 2: INT. Lalla's House. Night.

Inside the house it's dark and quiet. Kathleen gets ready for bed; taking a shower, changing her clothes, and doing some light exercises in her room.

INT. Lalla's House. Kathleen's Room. Night.

Afterwards, she jumps into her bed. She lies on top of her covers. Restless, she squirms around in the sheets being taunted by endless thoughts.

KATHLEEN NYRO:

What's going to happen to me if—

YOUNG LALLA (V.O.):

I've been curs—

KATHLEEN NYRO:

It's not like then.

YOUNG KATHLEEN NYRO (V.O.):

Get away from her you stupid!

MAN'S VOICE (V.O.):

This is all your fault.

KATHLEEN NYRO:

I can't think.

YOUNG LALLA (V.O.):

Get away from me!

YOUNG NOELLA (V.O.):

I don't have a home anymore.

EZRA (V.O.):

Come with me, Kathleen.

MAN VOICE (V.O.):

You don't belong here anymore.

YOUNG KATHLEEN NYRO (V.O.):

I'm so sorry Lalla.

KATHLEEN NYRO:

Argh! I can't focus.

She pops up out of bed and messes up her hair. Frustrated. She stares up at the ceiling. She sees the hanging light and watches it patiently.

KATHLEEN NYRO:

It's moving.

It's not moving. She takes a look around the room.

KATHLEEN NYRO:

Everything is.

Still sitting, she puts her feet on the floor and sighs.

KATHLEEN NYRO:
Movement without motion.

INT. Lalla's House. Living Room. Night.

She walks out of the room and into the living room. It's dark, but some moonlight is shining through a large window. Kathleen lies down on the couch and turns on the TV. A newscaster is reporting on an earlier report.

NEWSCASTER:
Earlier today we sat down with Delta-Almini president, Charlie Almini, and talked with him about the new DASbot task force and the Incident last week involving an out-of-control prototype bot.

The screen cuts away from the newscaster to an interview room with two men sitting across from each other at a table. On the right is the interviewer and on the left is Charlie Almini. He's sitting crossed legged with a cigarette in his hand.

INTERVIEWER:
And how do you explain the DASbot that ran amok on the Big Island last week? How safe are these things? Are we safe?

As Charlie's sitting in his seat, he's slightly shaking, not so much like he's a junkie, but like he's antsy—full of energy and wants to moves—and also bit agitated.

CHARLIE ALMINI:
Are we safe?

Charlie takes a huge drag of his cigarette and flicks it on the floor.

CHARLIE ALMINI:
Listen Dick, or whatever your name is! I've been working on this <beep> project for 10 years with people with more—with people who piss more intelligence and and and <beep> talent than your whole <beep> family! So, listen up Dick, those inept cowards didn't break into a DASbot—they couldn't—they hijacked an old Delta prototype made before we merged. <Beep> thing's more than a decade old. Now, get those <beep> cameras outta my face. I got *real* work to do.

Kathleen angrily switches off the television and slams the remote control down on the table.

KATHLEEN NYRO:
I miss my old apartment.

She buries her head into the couch cushion and clamps a pillow around her head, trying to force sleep—or something akin.

Scene 3: EXT. City Streets. Day.

We see various shots of this particular city block, ending with one of Kathleen's parked bike.

INT. House. Day.

Kathleen is standing in front of an older couple inside their home. The man is very animated as he speaks to her.

HUSBAND:

A woman's breast should have character! They should tell everyone where've you been! Where you are! Where you are going! But those—

He points out Kathleen's breasts with both hands, palms open as if presenting some grand evidence.

HUSBAND:

Those breasts just tell me that you're young. Look at my wife!

He steps aside and points to his wife in the same manner.

HUSBAND:

Her breasts tell me a complete story—she's a mother—raised our children right, a hard worker, she's lived! They tell me so much!!

His wife seems happy with the praise.

HUSBAND:

Your breasts, your breasts don't say anything about you as a person! As a woman!

The man turns to his wife again.

HUSBAND:

Right? Nothing at all.

WIFE:

Oh, yes, nothing at all.

Kathleen simply smiles at the couple. Then she looks down at her breasts.

KATHLEEN NYRO:

Did you hear that, Breasts? You're too shy. Where is that going to get you? Hmm? Nowhere. In 10 years, when I'm far, far over there, you're still going to be right here. Are you okay with that?

Kathleen's breasts do not answer. Kathleen looks up at the couple.

KATHLEEN NYRO:

You're right. Nothing at all. (Beat) Goodbye, now.

Kathleen turns around and leaves.

EXT. City Streets. Day.

Cut to a montage of Kathleen cruising on her bike and delivering packages.

KATHLEEN NYRO (V.O.):

She said, "the last soul I claim." but that could mean anything. (Sigh) No it couldn't. But cursed people usually have symptoms. And don't have any symptoms.

Each time Kathleen returns to the road from delivering packages, she's followed by more and more cats and dogs. She doesn't really notice.

KATHLEEN NYRO (V.O.):

I remember after Lalla was cursed, she was followed by animals for a while. They can sense when something is wrong.

Kathleen is carrying a package and turns around to find an army of animals behind her.

KATHLEEN NYRO:

And something is definitely not wrong.

Scene 4: INT. Lalla's House. Kathleen's Room. Night.

It's night again and Kathleen is in her bed unable to sleep. She's staring deeply at what's above her. Her eyes are wide open, filled with uneasiness or perhaps terror.

KATHLEEN NYRO:

I can see myself.

She continues to stare, unflinchingly. Her pupils seem so small in seas of white. She blinks.

KATHLEEN NYRO:

I'm moving.

INT. Lalla's house. Kitchen. Morning.

It's morning and Lalla's kitchen is full of people. Lalla is at the stove cooking and smiling. Kathleen's sitting at the table with her head down. She looks pretty exhausted. To the right of her is a guy and to his right is another girl; both around Lalla's and Kathleen's age. The two turn towards Kathleen.

IAN:

What's up with you?

RINGO:

You look totally zombified.

KATHLEEN NYRO:

I feel like an old lady.

She stretches out her right hand holding it in midair and stares at her fingertips with a keen focus. She traces the length of her right arm with two fingers of her left hand, eyes never losing focus of her outstretched fingertips.

KATHLEEN NYRO:

I can feel the length of the day. The day is long.

Ringo turns from Kathleen to Lalla.

RINGO:

Lalla, I think we've lost your girl.

Lalla turns around holding a full breakfast plate. She walks over to Kathleen and places the plate in front of her on the table. Lalla smiles and pats Kathleen on the head. With her serene face and strange markings on her forehead, she looks like some heavenly being.

LALLA KAMAKA:

Oh, little sis, just needs to wake up.

Still with her hand hanging in the air and still very focused on her fingernails, Kathleen can just make out the blurred image of the kitchen doorway in front of her.

KATHLEEN NYRO:

Little sis? I'm older than you.

LALLA KAMAKA:

Are you?

Lalla returns to the stove.

The blurred image of the doorway gives way to a crystal clear vision of an aged Noella. Her hand extended like Kathleen's—the apparition mouths something for Kathleen only.

KATHLEEN NYRO:

Pur—pose.

IAN:

Purpose?

The vision vanishes and another guy walks into the kitchen. This is Ezra.

KATHLEEN NYRO:

What do you want from me?

Ezra frowns at the apparent slight and pulls up a chair right next to Kathleen, who instinctively puts down her hand and moves away from him.

EZRA KAMAKA:

I thought we weren't fighting.

KATHLEEN NYRO:

We aren't.

He nudges closer and she nudges an equal distance away. Ezra looks at Ian who simply shrugs and Ringo who mouths 'She's weird.' Lalla passes a plate of food to him, hugs him from behind, and kisses him on the cheek.

LALLA KAMAKA:

I'm glad you're back.

EZRA KAMAKA:

Right on time for the Festival.

Lalla shoots up, beaming with joy!

LALLA KAMAKA:

And this year's going to be the best!

She looks at everyone at the table.

LALLA KAMAKA:

I get to experience it with everyone I love! Watch me dance!

While Lalla's going on about the Festival of the Wanderers, Kathleen turns to Ezra.

KATHLEEN NYRO:

Ezra, I'm glad you're back, too. Really.

EZRA KAMAKA:

Yeah?

KATHLEEN NYRO:

Yeah. And about the job, um, thanks.

Ezra nods his head a few times.

EZRA KAMAKA:

Okay. (Beat) How's it working out anyway?

Kathleen breathes in deeply before answering.

KATHLEEN NYRO:

I get to drive. (Beat) And you know me and my bike. I love to ride it. Gives me time to think.

She gives him a weird smile. Almost convincing.

Scene 5: EXT. City Streets. Day.

Kathleen is riding through the city streets again. She seems to be done with her deliveries for the day and is just riding. And thinking.

KATHLEEN NYRO (V.O.):

It gives me plenty of time to think, like: Why did you come to me as Noella instead of Christine?

She zooms down tight alleyways, lost in thought. From the walls it looks as if some faint something is forming—trying to reach out to her but it's too weak. Too faint.

KATHLEEN NYRO (V.O.):

Why did you—why betray me again? We were supposed to be like sisters—lost in a home that was less than homey.

The vague transparent body takes on less vague features—arms trying to grab her and featureless faces trying to speak to her. She speeds up as if trying to escape it, yet it doesn't seem like she has truly noticed it yet.

KATHLEEN NYRO (V.O.):

Hmm, if I'm cursed, I might have to leave this place. But I'm not cursed.

The dark mass that's chasing her is calling, screaming at her. It has many voices all jumbled together, speaking in an incoherent mess.

FEATURELESS FACE (Woman's Voice):

The last soul that I claim.

FEATURELESS FACE (Man's Voice):

This is your fault.

FEATURELESS FACE (Old Man's Voice):

You'll bring ruin to us.

FEATURELESS FACE (Young Girl):

Kathleen, I can help you.

FEATURELESS FACE (Female's Voice):

They'll abandon you.

FEATURELESS FACES:

KATHLEEN!! CURSED!!

Faster and faster she goes. The arms follow faster and grow more violent.

KATHLEEN NYRO (V.O.):

Everyone born here is connected to the Spirits, but the Cursed are more so. They're haunted by them. But I'm definitely not—

Dead end. She slams on the brakes! Her bikes slide across the concrete for a while before coming to a stop. She quickly gets off her bike and turns around to see what's there, but there's nothing behind her. She's shaking. Her vision's uneasy. Then she hears a small *meow* from below her. She looks down to find one of the cats from the other day in front of her.

KATHLEEN NYRO:

Cursed.

The scene fades to black. We can hear the ringing of a phone.

Scene 6: EXT. City Streets. Evening.

KATHLEEN NYRO:

Hello?

The scene fades back in. Kathleen is riding across a bridge—east to west. Orange is the setting sun in the background.

DREW HAMILTON:

Hello, is this Miss Kathleen Nyro?

KATHLEEN NYRO:

Yeah, this is Kathleen.

DREW HAMILTON:

Good. My name is Drew Hamilton from Delta-Almini.

Kathleen lets out a dull sigh.

DREW HAMILTON:

We would like to set up a meeting with you. Is it possible for you to meet with me at the In Rainbows Hotel construction site tomorrow morning?

KATHLEEN NYRO:

You mean the ruins of the In Rainbows Hotel.

Her tone is very dry.

DREW HAMILTON:

It's very important, Miss Nyro.

KATHLEEN NYRO:

Fine, why not.

DREW HAMILTON:

Thank y—

She hangs up.

KATHLEEN NYRO:

Maybe I am cursed.

She frowns. She speeds up as she takes a turn.

EXT. Deacon Blues. Evening.

Kathleen's bike's parked outside of the bar.

INT. Deacon Blues. Evening.

Kathleen is sitting at the bar playing with her drink; rolling the glass around in her hand. She stops for a moment and looks up a DT.

KATHLEEN NYRO:

I think I'll drink tonight. Be my partner?

He looks at her with a somewhat shocked look, but a smile soon crosses his face.

DEANTONI:

Sounds good.

They clank glasses together and share a drink.

She gives Deantoni a soft little smile.

KATHLEEN NYRO:

Pour me another?

She quietly stares into the empty glass in her hand.

Scene 7: INT. Lalla's House. Kathleen's Room. Night.

Kathleen is again back in her new room unable to sleep, staring up at the ceiling light. This time though, it's moving, subtly, but moving. And so is she, subtly. Wide eyed, her eyes follow the subtle movements of the light until she hears a single, sharp moan. It's Lalla's passionate cry.

She gets up and walks outs.

INT. Outside Lalla's Room. Night.

Kathleen walks down a lonely hallway and as she passes a closed door, she stops and takes a look at it. Lalla's playful cries can be heard from the other side. She grimaces and moves on.

INT. Lalla's House. Bathroom. Night.

Kathleen is standing in front of the bathroom mirror. She looks sick—disheveled hair, pale skin, tired eyes, worried expression. She stares at herself in the mirror for a beat before pulling down her shirt by the collar revealing a faint glowing mark. It resembles a scar. She pulls her shirt off over her head and takes off the rest of her clothes and steps into the shower.

Through the steam and falling water, the mark can be seen to be scrawled across the left side of her body, running from the top of her chest down her side and ending on the side of her thigh just below the buttock.

She turns the shower off.

INT. Lalla's House. Kathleen's Room. Night.

Kathleen gets back in her bed and stares, once again, at that slightly moving ceiling light. She looks worried and scared.

KATHLEEN NYRO:

I'm going to burn up in a ball of flames.

Scene 8: EXT. In Rainbows Construction Zone. Morning.

From the left, in the distance, Kathleen can be seen riding along the gated perimeter of the construction zone. She is being watched by someone on the inside. Kathleen rounds the corner and makes her way inside the zone. She gets off her bike a good distance away from her observer. She kneels down and, to the observer, it looks like she's messing with something but she's too far away to truly make out what she's doing. After a moment she begins walking to the observer. When she comes within hearing distance, the observer finally speaks.

DREW HAMILTON:

Nice scooter.

KATHLEEN NYRO:

Thanks, it's an Asami Tourist H4.

We turn to the man. He's a young guy in a business suit. He seems pretty average. This is Drew Hamilton.

DREW HAMILTON:

It's pretty heavy, isn't it? You don't see many women riding bikes like that.

Kathleen smiles.

KATHLEEN NYRO:

That's what I really love about it, its weight. The motion it makes when it's moving—

She turns back and looks at her scooter.

KATHLEEN NYRO:

It's a real pleasure.

Still smiling, she faces Drew Hamilton again.

KATHLEEN NYRO:

So, what's this meeting all about?

DREW HAMILTON:

Right. Let me formally introduce myself, Miss Nyro.

She cocks her head slightly.

KATHLEEN NYRO:

Kathleen. You're as young as me.

DREW HAMILTON:

Okay.

He smiles and extends his hand.

DREW HAMILTON:

Kathleen, then. I'm Drew Hamilton from Almini.

They shake hands.

KATHLEEN NYRO:

Almini?

DREW HAMILTON:

Um, Delta-Almini, I worked with the Almini Robotics side before the merger. It's still Almini to me, I guess. (Small laugh)

KATHLEEN NYRO:

Drew Hamilton, man from Almini.

DREW HAMILTON:

We've been looking into the Incident that happened two weeks ago.

KATHLEEN NYRO:

The one where a psycho DASbot chased me through the city and tried to kill me? The one that also destroyed this hotel; where I used to be a resident of. That one.

DREW HAMILTON:

That bot was *not* a DASbot, but a Delta Secure prototype robot made before Almini's help. And yes.

The subject is obviously annoying Kathleen.

DREW HAMILTON:

Those details are important.

KATHLEEN NYRO:

Drew. (She takes a breath) I'm not mad at you but why am I here? Delta-Almini has already given me my pittance for the Incident and my job.

DREW HAMILTON:

I'm here to find out exactly what happened that night. From you, in your own words. Um, you were very thorough in your dismantling of the prototype, so there wasn't much data we could gather from it. Kathleen, forget about Almini. Help me ensure that whatever happened that night never happens again.

Kathleen turns to the workers rebuilding the ruined hotel.

KATHLEEN NYRO:

Okay, Drew.

Drew stays silent and Kathleen thinks.

KATHLEEN NYRO:

It was unprovoked. At first I thought it was just randomly attacking, but no, it was after me. Where I went it went. It was so weird. Oh! And at the very end of the night it stopped attacking me and started punching at the ground.

DREW HAMILTON:

That last bit is strange.

KATHLEEN NYRO:
The whole bit's strange.

DREW HAMILTON:
Sorry, that's not what I meant. Thank you for your help. Miss Kathleen.

He pulls out an envelope from his breast pocket and hands it over to Kathleen.

DREW HAMILTON:
It's from the company.

Kathleen opens the envelope. It's a letter. She looks it over and seems to be agitated by its contents.

KATHLEEN NYRO:
Do you know what this says?

Drew pauses; his mouth agape. His eyes dart away before reconnecting with hers.

DREW HAMILTON:
I do.

KATHLEEN NYRO:
You're fining me! You're fining me!

She's furious. Her vision becomes unsteady. She takes a step forward.

KATHLEEN NYRO:
The damn thing tried to kill me and you're fining ME!!

In the distance, behind Drew on the main part of the construction site is a robot—a DASbot. It catches her eye.

KATHLEEN NYRO:
You feed me those lies like you're trying to help me.

She shakes her head a few times and slowly begins gazing up towards the sky. Her sight becomes unsteady. Her eyes dart here and there. Everything feels disconnected. The world's colors are off.

KATHLEEN NYRO:

Do you have any idea what's happened to me.

A piercing screech can be heard. Kathleen sees outlines of invisible figures in the sky.

DREW HAMILTON:

What's happened?

KATHLEEN NYRO:

This sucks. This really, truly sucks.

DREW HAMILTON:

Tell me. What happened?

Kathleen gives a cold look at the DASbot far behind Drew.

KATHLEEN NYRO:

You're the problem.

Kathleen turns her death gaze on Drew.

KATHLEEN NYRO:

Drew Hamilton from Almini, don't let me see you again.

Drew can only stare as Kathleen walks away.

Kathleen arrives at her scooter to find her friend, the cat from the other day, is there.

KATHLEEN NYRO:

Still here? Are you following me because I'm cursed or because you like me?

CAT:

Meow.

KATHLEEN NYRO:

You've said that already.

Scene 9: INT. Lalla's House. Morning.

Kathleen walks into Lalla's house holding the cat from before.

KATHLEEN NYRO:

Lalla! Guess what? I still hate Delta-Almini. Mostly the Almini side.

She talking as she makes her way to the kitchen.

KATHLEEN NYRO:

Also, we own a cat now. I named him Gains.

She walks into the kitchen.

KATHLEEN NYRO:

Lalla!

She walks in to find a guy sitting at the table drinking coffee. He's shirtless and wearing glasses. Her face sours. She puts Gains down on the floor and he circles around her legs before following behind her as she walks over to the table and sits down. She looks over at the guy and sighs at the sight of him. He nervously begins to speak.

GUY IN GLASSES:

Lalla's finishing her shower.

KATHLEEN NYRO:

So, that was you last night?

GUY IN GLASSES:

You were here last night?

KATHLEEN NYRO:

Oh yeah. All night.

He nervously messes with his glasses.

GUY IN GLASSES:

Um, let me introduce my—

Kathleen cuts him off and stares him down.

KATHLEEN NYRO:

You know what? I feel like we've *already met*.

GUY IN GLASSES:

You heard us.

KATHLEEN NYRO:

Oh, no!

She pauses and he sighs with a little relief.

KATHLEEN NYRO:

No. (She leans in) I could *feel* you guys. Every push and pull. Every twist and thrust. I could hardly get any sleep, ya know?

GUY IN GLASSES:

I—um, um!

Kathleen reassuringly pats him on the hand—very imposingly. She smirks.

KATHLEEN NYRO:

Relax, guy. It wasn't your fault or her fault. Or anyone's fault. I'm just super sensitive to motion. Growing up on the moving Islands was hell when I was little, but I learnt to distract myself from subtle movements. But, recently, it's been a little difficult to do that. But relax, that's not your fault. I'm Kathleen by the way.

He looks as if he's just met his girlfriend's disapproving father.

Lalla burst into the kitchen in her normal high spirits.

LALLA KAMAKA:

So, whaddya guys wants for breakfast?

Lalla notices the cat.

KATHLEEN NYRO:

We own a cat now. His name's Gains.

LALLA KAMAKA:

Hi, Gains! Whaddya have?

GAINS:

Meow.

GUY IN GLASSES:

Um...

Scene 10: EXT. City Streets. Evening.

Kathleen is outside a house delivering a package. She's frowning and generally looks disinterested. The lady at the door signs for her package.

LADY:

Thank you, um, have a good evening.

Kathleen only gives a low grant before hopping on her scooter; Gains in the back in a bag. She rides off.

Kathleen rides up a small hill and turns a corner into a narrow alley. When she comes out of the alley onto the main street she sees a vision of a young Noella.

KATHLEEN NYRO:

Christine...

Noella, at first, is looking away from Kathleen, but turns and locks eyes with her as she passes.

NOELLA:

Kathleen... You have until the end of the Festival.

Kathleen's phone begins to ring, but the sound seems so distant compared to Noella's voice.

NOELLA:

You can run away if you choose.

It seems as if everything has slowed down. No one else exist and nothing else matters as Noella verbalizes and makes real the conditions of Kathleen's curse.

NOELLA:

But if you stay, these Islands will sink into the sea.

Kathleen finally passes Noella. After a beat, she hits a button on her earpiece, turning on the phone.

EZRA KAMAKA:

Can you meet me?

She's still a bit distracted. She glances back but all she sees is a bustling street. Noella is gone.

KATHLEEN NYRO:

Um, yeah, sure.

EXT. City Bridge. Evening.

Ezra's sitting on the edge of the bridge as Kathleen and Gains walk up.

EZRA KAMAKA:

There's a lot of water here. It's been a long time since I've been to a place so enveloped by water.

She sits down about three feet away from him.

KATHLEEN NYRO:

Yep, that an island for you.

Ezra turns to Kathleen and sees the distance between them. Gains walks into the space between them and sits down.

KATHLEEN NYRO:

I adopted a cat.

Ezra scratches the cat on the back.

EZRA KAMAKA:

What's going on Kathleen?

KATHLEEN NYRO:

Lots. Nothing.

EZRA KAMAKA:

If anyone should be angry, it should be me. I didn't leave you. You stayed. You made that

choice.

KATHLEEN NYRO:

I didn't have a choice. I had to stay with Lalla.

EZRA KAMAKA:

Lalla's a big girl. She didn't need you to stay behind. She loves this place.

KATHLEEN NYRO:

Lalla doesn't have a choice! What is she going to do? Leave the Island and burn to death or hate the Island and live miserably? The Cursed don't have a choice they simply move as directed.

EZRA KAMAKA:

Lalla loves this place. Yeah, I'm sure she's occasionally sad she can't vacation somewhere else, but cursed or not this is her home. You, you have no idea where home is.

Kathleen gets up. She's angry.

KATHLEEN NYRO:

You have no idea what's been going on! I don't have choice! Then or now.

She begins stomp-walking to her bike.

KATHLEEN NYRO:

Come on Gains!

Gains doesn't move.

KATHLEEN NYRO:

So, you're siding with him. Fine!

She hop on her scooter and rides off.

EZRA KAMAKA:

(Sighs) I thought we weren't fighting.

Ezra turns to the cat.

EZRA KAMAKA:

Did you think it was a good talk?

GAINS:

Meow

EZRA KAMAKA:

Me neither.

Scene 11: INT. The Deacon Blues. Night.

The Deacon Blues is crowded tonight. Kathleen is at the bar pushing back drinks. Deantoni and Lalla are behind the bar. Lalla's further down the counter.

KATHLEEN NYRO:

Pour me another, DT!

DEANTONI:

You should slow down.

KATHLEEN NYRO:

It's been a rough week... Deja Vu.

DEANTONI:

Not quite.

KATHLEEN NYRO:

Jamais vu.

DEANTONI:

That's not—

KATHLEEN NYRO:

It's been a rough week.

DEANTONI:

I know, okay, but—

KATHLEEN NYRO:

Delta-Almini's fining me.

She takes the shot glass of the guy sitting next to her and drinks it.

KATHLEEN NYRO:

Pour me another.

DEANTONI:

No. That was rude. And you told me an hour ago.

They stare at each other for a beat.

DEANTONI:

Keys.

She hand them over.

KATHLEEN NYRO:

Dance! I'm gonna go dance.

As Kathleen gets up to hit the dance floor, the front door of the bar opens and walks in Drew Hamilton, man from Almini. Kathleen's haggard face flares with anger.

KATHLEEN NYRO:

You, you, you, you, you, you asshole!

She points him out. He looks scared.

KATHLEEN NYRO:

That's the guy who fining me! Get him out of here! DT, throw him out of here!

DEANTONI:

He hasn't done anything. You're drunk, Kay.

KATHLEEN NYRO:

He hasn't done—He, he—I'll kick him out then!

She races over to Drew, while a crowd of onlookers try to stop her. She claws at him while being held back. Drew escapes. Kathleen is still clawing at his shadow.

KATHLEEN NYRO:

Let me go!

Lalla appears in front of Kathleen and slaps her across the cheek. After a beat Kathleen begins to recover from the slap and turns her head to face Lalla. A look of utter astonishment and disbelief runs across Kathleen's face. Lalla slaps her again. Hard.

LALLA KAMAKA:

Calm?

Kathleen rubs her now sore cheek.

KATHLEEN NYRO:

Calm.

Lalla smiles

LALLA KAMAKA:

Good. (Turns to the bar) Toni! I got her.

He nods. Lalla walks Kathleen out of the bar.

Scene 12: EXT. The Deacon Blues. Night.

The two are leaning against the wall of the Deacon Blues in silence. They are looking out at the city below the hill. Lalla turns and faces Kathleen who is still staring off into the distance. She looks worn out and worried. Lalla's looks happy as always.

LALLA KAMAKA:

Let's take a walk.

The two of them begin walking along the road leading to the Deacon Blues.

LALLA KAMAKA:

You scared Alex pretty good this morning.

Kathleen stays quiet. She looks sad.

LALLA KAMAKA:

What's going on Kathleen? Tell big sis.

Lalla puts her arm around Kathleen's waist.

KATHLEEN NYRO:

My breasts don't have character. They don't show where I've been.

Lalla lets out a little sigh.

LALLA KAMAKA:

Old man in Low Town. Don't mind him. The only woman's breast he thinks has character is his wife's.

Kathleen turns to Lalla with an extremely anxious look on her face.

KATHLEEN NYRO:

I feel like I'm going to get chased off the Island again. I feel like I'm running out of time. I feel scared and angry. I feel like, maybe, who cares; this Island never really felt homey. I feel selfish. I feel, I feel lost. I don't know.

LALLA KAMAKA:

You're just confused.

Kathleen put some distance between them. She stares Lalla in the eyes almost ashamed. She reveals her mark to Lalla.

KATHLEEN NYRO:

Lalla! (Beat) I'm cursed.

LALLA KAMAKA:

So am I.

Kathleen is silent for a beat.

LALLA KAMAKA:

Kathleen, as long as you're with me, you have a home.

KATHLEEN NYRO:

Thanks, but I think I need my own place.

LALLA KAMAKA:

Being metaphorical, Kathleen.

KATHLEEN NYRO:

Sorry, I'm still a little drunk.

LALLA KAMAKA:

That's okay.

Kathleen goes silent again.

KATHLEEN NYRO:

Lalla..., am I like her—Christine?

Lalla is honestly caught off guard by the question.

KATHLEEN NYRO:

Was I born cursed?

LALLA KAMAKA:

...What do you—No.

KATHLEEN NYRO:

I always feel like I'm in the wrong place. Doing the wrong thing.

LALLA KAMAKA:

That's your problem. You see everything you're not, but all I see is everything you are: Amazing, and beautiful, strong—a little immature, which is why you think the way you do; but we can fix that. I just need to know that you do want my help. So?

KATHLEEN NYRO:

You can help me?

LALLA KAMAKA:

Back when Noella first cursed me, I wanted to give up, but you gave me the strength not to. You helped me without even knowing. Let me do the same for you.

Lalla looks deeply into Kathleen's eyes for a beat.

KATHLEEN NYRO:

Thank you, Lalla. Please help me.

Lalla holds Kathleen tightly, patting her hair.

LALLA KAMAKA:

Good girl.

Still in Lalla's arms, Kathleen returns the hug. She smiles, it quickly melts into frown. Behind Lalla, Kathleen sees Noella. Kathleen mouths something to her so it won't be heard by Lalla.

NOELLA:

Because you're the only one who can help me.

Kathleen simply stares. Fade out.

Next Episode Preview.

ANNOUNCER (V.O.):

Witness the birth of a new series! Watch as Kathleen's idea of home quickly falls to pieces as a flood of unfortunate events leave her cursed and wandering the Illamiraila Islands. With her friend, Lalla, she'll have to break the curse or leave her home behind forever. Next Time: Dance of the Wanderers, Episode 1: Jigsaw Fall Into Place.

NOELLA (V.O.):

You are the last soul that I claim.