

"The Unicorn in the Closet"

by
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1 INT. GIRL'S BEDROOM - LATE NIGHT

1

A very pink room.

Even at this late hour - as seen by the shining moon out the window - no one is asleep in the twin bed. The covers are taut on the mattress, and many stuffed animals lie together in a friendly, though slightly dusty, bunch.

Visible by the glow of a nightlight, the closet door at the end of the bed creaks slowly open. In the shadows are two glowing, orange eyes, not dangerous, but *curious*. The thing inside the closet sniffs the air a few times and sighs in defeat.

After a moment, its eyes droop in sadness, and the door slowly creaks shut under its own power.

FADE TO:

2 INT. MOM'S HOUSE - DAYS LATER

2

A nice, three-bedroom, older home. Not very modern. White sheets cover the furniture in the living room.

KIM, 24, wearing a black dress and shoes, turns the key in the lock to open the door from the yard. She is a pretty redhead, but sad. Her boyfriend, JOEY, 25, dressed in the expected dark suit, follows her.

Kim walks to the center of the living room, shrugs, and rests her hands on her hips. She looks around at the old-style decorations and artwork. Joey smiles, seeing that she is drinking it all in.

He approaches her slowly.

JOEY

So this is where you grew up?

Kim wipes a tear from one eye with the sleeve of her dress.

KIM

Pretty much.

(beat)

My parents and I moved here when I was six to be closer to the restaurant where Daddy was head chef.

She drops her hands to her sides and takes a few slow steps around.

(CONTINUED)

KIM (CONT'D)

It seems. . . so *small*.

JOEY

(beat)

It's a good-sized house, hon.
You're remembering it from a
child's point of view.

Kim seems almost insulted.

KIM

It hasn't been *that* long since I
visited here from California.

JOEY

Yes, but childhood memories are
the most lasting.

KIM

Says who?

JOEY

Professor Barker, my grad school
psych teacher.

KIM

(sarcastically)

Thank you, Frasier Crane.

JOEY

When you were little, this place
must have seemed *enormous*.

KIM

Oh, it did!

Something comes to her mind. She quickly walks to a
corner of the room, points down, and smiles.

KIM (CONT'D)

See that?

Joey walks to her and looks at the rip in the floor.

KIM (CONT'D)

I did that.

He looks up.

JOEY

You seem almost proud.

(beat)

How'd you do it?

(CONTINUED)

She grins at the memory.

KIM

I decided one day - I must have been about seven - that, since it was raining out, I could ride my bike in the house.

(beat)

I had a little. . . accident.

JOEY

Your mom must not have been too pleased.

KIM

She *wasn't*. She took my bike away for a week.

(beat)

She never had the damage repaired. I think she thought leaving it there would be a learning experience for me.

Kim suddenly remembers something else and walks to a door frame. There are many labelled pencil lines etched into the wood.

KIM (CONT'D)

Mom marked my height every birthday.

She touches the marks almost reverently as she speaks.

KIM (CONT'D)

Age seven. . . Age eight.

(beat)

I guess I was kind of spoiled being an only child.

Joey smiles.

JOEY

Are you enjoying your trip down memory lane?

KIM

I'm practically ignoring you. I'm sorry.

JOEY

Don't be. It's fine.

KIM

I can't believe she's gone.

(CONTINUED)

Joey pulls her close.

JOEY

It happens. You'll make it. I'll help.

Kim gives him a peck on the cheek.

KIM

It's a good thing her friend, Mrs. Billingsley, called the cops when Mom didn't keep their usual tea time.

(beat)

I couldn't bear the thought of her lying on the floor all alone.

Joey grabs her hands.

JOEY

The doctor said she went quickly.

Kim sniffles.

KIM

If you have to die from a heart attack, I guess that's the way to go.

JOEY

How about I give you some time alone?

KIM

(alarmed)

You want to leave?

JOEY

Just for a little bit.

(beat)

We passed a Dunkin' Donuts on the way here. How about I go and get us some coffee? I could sure use some.

(beat)

You?

She nods.

KIM

Iced, please. Unleaded, with milk and two Sweet'N Low.

(CONTINUED)

JOEY

Large?

KIM

The largest they have.

JOEY

Sure thing.

He looks at his phone.

JOEY (CONT'D)

It'll probably take me half an hour to get there, get the java, and come back.

(beat)

You OK with that?

KIM

I'll be fine. Thanks for asking.

(beat)

It'll give me some time to stroll down memory lane and get it out of my system.

JOEY

Don't be in a rush to get rid of those memories, sweetie. You'll miss them later.

KIM

Says Frasier Crane?

JOEY

No.

(beat)

Says me.

FADE TO:

Kim looks out the window as Joey drives off. She walks to the center of the living room again and speaks aloud to no one in particular.

KIM

Well, house, you're all mine now, and I live 3,000 miles away.

(beat)

What am I going to do with you?

(CONTINUED)

There is a sudden ringing sound, like many windchimes in unison. Kim looks about, trying to see where the noise is coming from.

As the sound dies out, an echoing voice comes from nowhere. It's all around her. It is the voice of a young girl - KIMMY.

KIMMY
(drawn out)
Kiiiiimmmmm?

Kim spins about nervously.

KIM
(afraid)
Who's there? Who's in this house?

The voice continues in echo.

KIMMY
It's me. It's you.
(beat)
It's *us*.

KIM
Show yourself!

KIMMY
I. . . can't.

KIM
Who are you?

KIMMY
It's me - Kimmy.

Kim is surprised by this.

KIM
Kimmy? Mom called me that back
when I. . .

KIMMY
Go on. You were going to say "back
when I was a little girl."
(beat)
That's who I am - you as a little
girl. Six years old: the age you
were when you moved into this
house with Mom and Dad.

KIM
You *can't* be me.

(CONTINUED)

KIMMY

Why not?

KIM

Because *I'm* me. I grew up. I'm not six-year-old Kimmy MacMillan any more.

KIMMY

I know you're not. *I* am.

KIM

Impossible. You're from my past. You don't exist in the present.

KIMMY

Then who are you talking to?

Kim rubs her eyes.

KIM

It's. . . It's been a tough day. I've barely slept. I'm imagining you. After a nap, I'll be fine.

KIMMY

If you say so.

(beat)

There's someone upstairs who wants to talk with you.

KIM

Upstairs?

KIMMY

In your old bedroom.

(beat)

Do you remember the way?

Kim smiles.

KIM

I could walk there with my eyes shut.

KIMMY

Then do it.

Kim walks to the stairwell and, closing her eyes, starts climbing.

KIM

Up the stairs - *ten* stairs. First room on the left.

(CONTINUED)

KIMMY

He's in the closet. . . waiting
for you.

Kim opens her eyes after climbing the last stair. She walks to the door of her old bedroom and opens it.

She steps inside, stirring some dust up as she does so. Most everything is just as it was when this was her refuge: The same books, the same stuffed animals, the same desk and bureau, and the same framed prints on the walls.

KIM

It's barely changed.

KIMMY

(reminding Kim)

He's waiting.

(beat)

Do you remember him? You were good friends.

KIM

I'm ashamed to say that I haven't
thought of him in years.

KIMMY

That's because you grew up. Grown-
ups choose not to believe in him
and, so, they can't see him or
hear him.

KIM

I remember him telling me that
once.

She walks to the closet at the end of the twin bed, but pauses.

KIMMY

Open it. There's no time to waste.

Kim slowly opens the creaky closet door. After a beat, there is a squeezing sound followed by a loud pop.

BOO speaks from the shadows inside the closet. As before, all we see of him are his yellow eyes - though they look happy now.

BOO

Long time, no see.

FADE TO:

4

INT. MACMILLAN KITCHEN - EVENING (FLASHBACK)

4

Kimmy, age 6, stands in the kitchen of her family's new house with MOM. Unopened, labeled boxes are piled three and four high on the floor, waiting for their contents to be put away in new, permanent places.

She is wearing jeans and a t-shirt. Her red hair is tied back in a ponytail.

She is showing some attitude, standing with her hands on her hips before her mother to let her know she is displeased.

Her mother, 35, sits on a kitchen chair. She looks very tired from the move. Her auburn hair shows some streaks of gray, and her blue eyes have developed bags.

KIMMY

Why'd we have to move, Mom?

MOM

You know why, Kimmy. This house is much closer to your father's work.

KIMMY

But I like our old house better. Why couldn't we stay there?

MOM

I just told you why.

KIMMY

Because of Daddy's dumb, old restaurant.

MOM

It's *not* a dumb, old restaurant.

KIMMY

It's not a *good* one.

MOM

What makes you say that?

KIMMY

I have to get all dressed up to go there. I can't wear my sneakers, and I can't get French fries.

Mom is having a hard time keeping her composure.

(CONTINUED)

MOM

It's a restaurant for grown-ups,
dear. It's one of the best in the
city.

KIMMY

Not without French fries, it
isn't.

(beat; disbelieving)

All of us moved so Daddy could be
closer to it?

MOM

That's *right*. He had to drive a
long way to work when we lived in
the other house. Didn't you miss
seeing him when he got home *after*
you were asleep?

KIMMY

Yes.

MOM

Now that we're living here, he
won't have to drive so far. He'll
be home earlier - *before* you go to
bed.

Kimmy snidely looks around the kitchen.

KIMMY

So where is he?

MOM

At the restaurant.

KIMMY

But you just said -

MOM

He missed some time because of our
move. He has to catch up. As soon
as he does, he'll be home at a
better hour every night.

(beat)

You'll see.

KIMMY

(sarcastically)

Uh huh.

(longish beat)

I *still* like the old house better.

(CONTINUED)

MOM

How can you say that? You haven't even been here for a day. You're not giving this house a chance.

KIMMY

This place is *dumb*. I like the old house and the old neighborhood. I had a nice school and friends.

MOM

You'll start your new school on Monday. You'll make new friends. I'm sure of it.

KIMMY

(sarcastically)

What if I don't want to go to a new school?

Mom finally loses her composure.

MOM

(angrily)

Kimberly Rose MacMillan, you will not use that tone with me.

KIMMY

(hurriedly)

Sorry, Mom.

MOM

If you want to go through the rest of your life with no friends, that's up to you. Come Monday, you *will* go to your new school if I have to carry you there.

She looks at her watch.

MOM (CONT'D)

Come on. It's time for bed.

FADE TO:

The room is very reminiscent of Kim's room, which was seen earlier, though some of the furniture and decorations are older (as this is the past).

There is *lots* of pink - Kimmy's favorite color. On the walls are pictures of cute animals and family memories.

(CONTINUED)

Her twin bed is also done up in pink, with many stuffed animals for company. Her bureau stands in the corner beside her small desk. Her bookcases are stuffed with her books and games.

She lies in bed in her pajamas - yes, pink - listening to her mother, who is reading a Dr. Seuss book while sitting Kimmy's rocking chair.

MOM

(reading)

"Mr. Brown can do it. How about you?"

(beat)

The end.

Pleased, she looks around the room.

MOM (CONT'D)

Doesn't your bedroom look nice?

Kimmy shrugs.

KIMMY

I guess so.

MOM

You *guess*?

(beat)

Your father and I went to a *lot* of trouble to put your room together first. It's the only room in the entire house that doesn't have moving boxes in it.

Frowning, Kimmy looks around.

KIMMY

It's. . . different.

MOM

How? We brought everything of yours here - every toy, every book. We even hung all your pictures on the walls. It was a *lot* of work.

KIMMY

But this room's bigger, and it's shaped differently. My old room was more like a square.

(CONTINUED)

MOM

So it's bigger than your old room.
That's a *good* thing. You'll learn
to appreciate that as you get
older.

(beat)

I can't do anything about the
room's shape. It is what it is.
They don't make houses with cookie
cutters.

KIMMY

Where are my clothes?

Mom points to the closet at the end of Kimmy's bed.

MOM

In your bureau and in there.

Tired, she runs a hand through her hair.

MOM (CONT'D)

Your father and I worked very hard
getting your bedroom together so
you would feel at home the first
day.

(beat)

What do you have to say?

KIMMY

(sarcastically)

Thank you.

MOM

Say it like you *mean* it.

KIMMY

(louder)

Thank you!

MOM

That's better.

She stands up from the rocking chair and puts the book
back on the shelf.

She walks to her daughter's bed.

MOM (CONT'D)

Did you say your prayers?

KIMMY

Yes, Mom.

(CONTINUED)

MOM

I have a *lot* of unpacking to do
downstairs.

Mom fixes the covers around her daughter and kisses her
on the cheek.

MOM (CONT'D)

Goodnight, dear.

(beat)

Daddy will tuck you in when he
gets home.

KIMMY

When will that be?

MOM

Not until late. You'll be asleep.

(beat)

Everything will be alright, honey.
You'll see. We'll all be happy
here.

KIMMY

If you say so.

MOM

Do you have Brownie Bear?

Kimmy proudly holds up the stuffed animal.

Mom flips off the light.

MOM (CONT'D)

I love you.

KIMMY

I love you too.

Mom smiles and leaves the room, closing the door behind
her.

FADE TO:

Kimmy is lying in bed, dozing off, when the closet door
at her feet creaks open by itself. After a squeezing
noise, there is a loud *pop*.

We see Boo's eyes again. He speaks from the closet
shadows.

(CONTINUED)

BOO

Hello there.

KIMMY

(screaming)

Mom!

With a creak, the closet door shuts quickly. There is a faint *pop* and then a squeezing sound from behind the closed door.

Mom enters the bedroom running and, trying to catch her breath, flicks on the light.

MOM

What is it? What's wrong?

Kimmy points shakily to the end of her bed.

KIMMY

There's a monster in my closet!

Mom sighs.

MOM

Come now, Kimmy.

KIMMY

There is. There *really* is. I swear! I saw it. I heard it.

MOM

Don't you remember you thought there was a monster under your bed at the old house?

KIMMY

But -

MOM

And there wasn't.

KIMMY

This is different.

MOM

How?

KIMMY

It's not under the bed. It's in the closet.

MOM

You were dreaming, dear.

(CONTINUED)

KIMMY

But I wasn't asleep.

MOM

You were. I was upstairs about ten minutes ago checking on you, and you were sound asleep.

KIMMY

But the monster. . . it. . .

MOM

You had a bad dream.

(beat)

Do you want to tell me about it?
It might make you feel better.

KIMMY

(longish beat)

I was lying here - not asleep -
when the closet door opened all by
itself. There was this popping
noise, and the monster poked its
head out and spoke to me.

MOM

What did it say?

KIMMY

"Hello there."

MOM

(amused)

You have a very polite dream
monster.

KIMMY

Then I screamed for you.

MOM

Did you get up and close the
closet door?

KIMMY

(confused)

No.

MOM

There you go.

KIMMY

What do you mean?

Mom gestures at the closed door.

(CONTINUED)

MOM

It's shut.

KIMMY

(confused)

But I didn't -

MOM

It was *never* opened. You imagined it.

(beat)

Watch me.

KIMMY

(nervously)

What are you gonna do?

MOM

I'm going to show you that there's no monster in your closet.

KIMMY

Don't! I don't want to see!

She pulls the covers over her head.

MOM

Get out from under there! There's nothing in the closet that can harm you.

Kimmy slowly lowers the covers.

MOM (CONT'D)

What an imagination!

Mom reaches out for the closet door.

KIMMY

Don't let it eat you!

She quickly opens the door. Kimmy shrieks and hides under the covers again, visibly shaking.

MOM

It's alright. Look!

Kimmy slowly lowers the covers, sits up in bed, and peers into the closet.

KIMMY

(confused)

There's. . . nothing there.

(CONTINUED)

MOM

Of course there isn't. That's
because it was only a bad dream.

(beat)

Watch me.

She bangs on the walls of the closet with a fist.

MOM (CONT'D)

Solid walls. No holes for anything
to get through. No monster.

(beat)

OK?

Kimmy is starting to calm down.

KIMMY

(unsure)

OK.

Mom closes the creaky closet door.

MOM

I'll have to oil those hinges in
the morning.

(beat)

Will you be alright if I go back
down to the kitchen?

KIMMY

Can. . . Can I get another kiss
goodnight?

Mom smiles.

MOM

Of course you can.

She bends and kisses her daughter's cheek. Kimmy lies
back down, and Mom fixes the covers around her little
girl.

MOM (CONT'D)

Lights out.

She flips the light switch off.

MOM (CONT'D)

Goodnight, dear. *Sweet* dreams.

She turns and walks out of the room, closing the door
behind her.

FADE TO:

7

INT. KIMMY'S BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER (FLASHBACK)

7

The closet door creaks open slowly.

Kimmy sits up in bed, her covers clutched to her chest.

KIMMY

Not again!

After a beat, there is a squeezing noise followed by a loud *pop*. Boo pokes his head out.

He's a medium-sized unicorn. He has the expected horn in the center of his head and a white mane running down his neck and back. His coloring resembles a patchwork quilt - many colors everywhere.

His yellow eyes open wide.

BOO

Hello there!

KIMMY

Oh no!

She clutches her covers tighter.

Boo clip-clops out of the closet and stands at the end of the pink twin bed. He looks about.

BOO

You like pink, huh?

Kimmy gets ready to scream.

BOO (CONT'D)

Can you *please* not scream again?
We unicorns have very sensitive hearing.

KIMMY

You're *not* a monster?

Boo moves to the side of her bed.

BOO

Me? Not by a long shot.

He proudly walks around, like a model on a catwalk.

BOO (CONT'D)

I've always thought of myself as rather handsome actually.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

BOO (CONT'D)

My mother says I'm one of her best-looking kids.

KIMMY

You're a unicorn?

BOO

Yep, as in "one horn."

(beat)

Isn't it nice and shiny? I polish it every day. It does make sleeping complicated though.

Kimmy shakes her head, as though to clear away the cobwebs.

KIMMY

No. You're a bad dream. Mom said so. You're not real.

BOO

I'm not?

KIMMY

Uh uh.

BOO

I *thought* I was real.

(beat)

Are you real?

KIMMY

Of course I am, silly.

BOO

So why are you real and I'm not?

KIMMY

(beat)

Uhm. . .

BOO

Is the closet real?

KIMMY

Yes.

BOO

How about your bed? Is your bed real?

KIMMY

Sure.

(CONTINUED)

BOO

Where does "real" stop and "not
real" begin?

Kimmy ponders for a moment, her fright lessening.

KIMMY

I'm not sure.

(beat)

Maybe you are real.

BOO

I've always thought so.

KIMMY

You're. . . not going to hurt me,
are you, Mr. Unicorn?

BOO

Of course not! I've never hurt
anyone in all of my 126 years.

KIMMY

You're that old?

BOO

Yes. And in unicorn years, I'm
still a baby boy.

KIMMY

What's your name?

BOO

I call myself Boo.

KIMMY

Why "Boo?"

BOO

Why not? It's fun to say and easy
to spell.

KIMMY

Why'd your parents name you Boo?

BOO

They didn't. I did.

KIMMY

(surprised)

They never gave you a name?

BOO

No. What's the point?

(CONTINUED)

KIMMY

Everyone needs a name.

(beat)

I'm Kimmy.

BOO

Unicorns don't need names, Kimmy.
I have twenty-two brothers and
sisters. We all pretty much look
alike - white manes, yellow eyes,
shiny horns. Why bother giving us
separate names?

Kimmy shrugs.

KIMMY

I don't know.

BOO

When I need a name - which isn't
often - I go by Boo. I said it to
someone once on a really dark
night, and it kind of stuck.

(beat; loudly)

Boo!

Kimmy puts a finger to her lips.

KIMMY

Shhh! My mom will hear you.

BOO

No, she won't.

KIMMY

How do you know that?

BOO

Because she's a grown-up. They
never do.

KIMMY

Why?

BOO

No one's really sure. We think
it's because they give up on stuff
they think is imaginary, like
unicorns, when they get older.
They have to concentrate going to
work and paying bills - you know,
boring grown-up things.

(CONTINUED)

KIMMY

My dad's that way.

BOO

Too bad.

(beat)

It's a shame really. We'd be happy
to be part of their world.

Kimmy cranes her neck to look in the open closet.

KIMMY

Boo, what were you doing in my
closet?

BOO

It's not just your closet; it's a
doorway.

KIMMY

(intrigued)

To where?

BOO

To my world, Ghiliop.

KIMMY

Your world was given a name, but
you weren't?

Boo chuckles.

BOO

Yeah. Go figure.

(beat)

Kimmy, we Ghiliopians need your
help really bad.

KIMMY

What can I do?

BOO

You're. . . harmless, right?

KIMMY

Me? You're afraid of *me*?

BOO

Are you harmless?

Kimmy is amused by this.

(CONTINUED)

KIMMY

I'm just a little girl! I don't hurt anyone. Daddy says that I should never hurt anyone.

BOO

Smart man.

KIMMY

How can I help you and the other

. . .

(beat; slowly)

. . . Ghil-i-op-i-ans?

BOO

We're having a problem with our tethering.

KIMMY

Your *what*?

BOO

Tethering.

KIMMY

What's that?

Boo scratches at the floor with a hoof.

BOO

I was afraid you'd ask. It's complicated, and it has to do with science, and math, and stuff. My dad explained it to me once.

(longish beat)

You see, Ghiliop doesn't have a permanent home. We're not grounded on a certain world, like you are. We float freely through time and space, like a balloon. When we get near some other place, we latch onto it and stop floating for a while. That's what we call "tethering."

KIMMY

How do you do that?

BOO

We don't. It just. . . happens. Ghiliop does it on its own. We never know who we'll tether to or for how long.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

BOO (CONT'D)

Over the years, we've tethered
onto some *really* mean people who
caused us trouble. That's why I
asked if you were harmless.

KIMMY

(beat; confused)

And now you're tethered onto the
other side of my closet?

BOO

Right.

KIMMY

For how long?

BOO

The gnomeists have calculated that
Ghiliop will stay put for about
three days.

KIMMY

Gnome what?

BOO

Gnomeists. That's what we call our
gnome scientists. It saves time,
and it kind of rolls off the
tongue.

(beat)

Gnomeists.

KIMMY

They're really gnomes?

BOO

Yep, and they're really
scientists.

KIMMY

Can't they help you stay where you
are for keeps so you'll be safe?
After all, they're scientists.

BOO

They don't know how. That's what
we were hoping you might do.

KIMMY

I don't know anything about
science, and tethering, and stuff.
I'm six years old.

(CONTINUED)

BOO

Could you *please* try? You'd be a fresh set of eyes and new thoughts. You might figure out a way where so many others have failed.

KIMMY

(unsure)

Well. . .

BOO

Ghiliop is a very nice place. It's full of all kinds of friendly creatures and people: Unicorns, dragons, elves, gnomes, princes, princesses -

KIMMY

(scared)

D-d-dragons?

BOO

Yes.

KIMMY

How. . . How many?

Boo pauses for pondering.

BOO

Uhm. . . if the baby has hatched by now, there are eight.

KIMMY

Eight dragons!

BOO

They're really friendly.

(beat)

Can you come to Ghiliop?

KIMMY

I guess. I'll have to ask Mom.

BOO

Oh, don't do that!

KIMMY

But she'll worry about me if I leave without telling her where I'm going.

(CONTINUED)

BOO

She'll never know you're gone.

Kimmy chuckles.

KIMMY

She'll know. Believe me! She has eyes in the back of her head. She told me so.

BOO

She does?

KIMMY

Her hair covers them up most of the time. If I leave home even for a little bit, she'll know. I'll probably get grounded.

BOO

Time passes differently in Ghiliop than here. You could be there for three days, and only five or six of your hours would pass here. You'll be back before you know it or before your mom knows you left.

(beat)

No one will harm you. I promise. Please try to help us.

KIMMY

OK.

She climbs off her bed and starts moving the pillows around.

BOO

What are you doing?

KIMMY

Making it look like I'm still here.

Pulling the blankets over the pillows, she finishes her deception.

Boo nods in approval.

BOO

You can't tell it's not you.

KIMMY

Is it cold in Ghiliop? Will I need my jacket?

(CONTINUED)

BOO

You'll be fine in your pajamas.
Just put on your slippers.

KIMMY

Right.

She dons her fuzzy bunny slippers.

BOO

Oh, and bring your nightlight.

Kimmy is very confused.

KIMMY

My nightlight?

BOO

It gets pretty dark at night.

KIMMY

But, Boo, my nightlight won't work
unless it's plugged in.

BOO

Sure it will. Try it.

Kimmy shrugs.

She walks to her nightlight and, with a grunt, pulls it
out of the socket. It continues glowing brightly.

KIMMY

(amazed)
Look at that!

BOO

I told you it would work. You'll
be glad to have it. It will be
useful.

KIMMY

How do we get to Ghiliop?

BOO

Through your closet.

The door, of its own power, opens wide with a creak.

Kimmy peers nervously inside her closet.

KIMMY

What do I have to do?

(CONTINUED)

BOO

Hold the nightlight in one hand
and my mane in the other.

Kimmy does so.

KIMMY

All set.

BOO

Walk with me.

With the sound of clip-clops from Boo's hooves, they walk into the dark closet.

In the reverse of before, there is a loud *pop* followed by a diminishing squeezing sound.

The creaky closet door shuts quickly.

FADE TO:

EXT. GHILIOP - MOMENTS LATER (FLASHBACK)

After a beat, there is a squeezing noise followed by a loud *pop*.

With a twinkly shimmer, Boo and Kimmy materialize on the landscape. Night is falling, but the unplugged nightlight shines brightly.

A light wind blows, bouncing Kimmy's ponytail about.

Birdsong can be heard, but not from any birds known on Earth.

Kimmy looks around, amazed at the purple sky, red clouds, and tall, orange grass. There are two moons in the sky - one white, one green.

BOO

(proudly)
Welcome to Ghiliop!

KIMMY

Look at all the colors!

BOO

That's because nighttime's here.
It's different during the day.

(CONTINUED)

KIMMY

The colors change from night to day?

BOO

Sure they do.

(beat)

Don't they change back where you're from?

KIMMY

Well, the sky changes from blue to black at bedtime. The clouds get dark if it's going to rain or snow. Otherwise, things pretty much remain the same colors.

BOO

That sounds boring.

She notices that her nightlight is still shining and smiles.

KIMMY

I can't believe it's working.

BOO

It will light our way to the gnomeists.

A bug buzzes by Kimmy's face.

KIMMY

You have bugs here too, huh?

She moves her free hand around, trying to get it.

KIMMY (CONT'D)

Go away, bug. Shoo!

BOO

(alarmed)

Kimmy, no! Don't swat it!

KIMMY

It's only a bug.

BOO

It's not a bug. It's AGAIN, the Echo Fairy.

KIMMY

Who?

(CONTINUED)

When Again speaks, it is always in echo.

AGAIN

He means me.

Again is small. She could fit in Kimmy's hand with room to spare. She is wearing a white robe and boasts butterfly wings that help her to fly about with ease. She holds a sparkling wand in one tiny hand.

She flies at Kimmy's face level. The girl is amazed as she looks at the tiny fairy.

KIMMY

You're so little.

AGAIN

I'm big for my people.

BOO

Kimmy, this is Again, the Echo Fairy. Again, this is Kimmy. She's going to try to help us with our tethering.

AGAIN

Good to meet you.

Kimmy notices Again's wand.

KIMMY

You have a wand!

AGAIN

Of course. All echo fairies have wings and wands.

KIMMY

There are more of you?

AGAIN

Oh, yes. There are hundreds of us all over Ghiliop.

KIMMY

(ashamed)

I'm sorry I tried to swat you. I thought you were a bug.

AGAIN

You missed me. No harm done.

KIMMY

Why does everything you say echo?

(CONTINUED)

AGAIN

Because I'm an echo fairy.

(beat)

Why does everything you and Boo
say not echo?

BOO

She's got a point there.

(beat)

Again, we're looking for the
gnomeists. Have you seen them?

AGAIN

The last I saw the three of them,
they were at Gnome Hall having
some thukil tea.

BOO

Then *that's* where we're going.

KIMMY

Is Gnome Hall far away?

BOO

Nothing is far away in Ghiliop.

(beat)

Follow me.

Kimmy grabs hold of Boo's white mane. Again bobs in the
air.

KIMMY

Nice to meet you, Again.

AGAIN

Nice to meet you too, Kimmy.
Thanks for trying to help us.

Their path illuminated by the nightlight, Boo and Kimmy
head to Gnome Hall.

FADE TO:

The breeze and bird calls continue as Kimmy and Boo
ascend the great, stone stairs to the hall. The building
is made entirely of bricks and looks like an Earthly
castle with moss growing over it.

They reach an enormous set of wooden doors. Kimmy is
amazed at their size and looks up to the top.

(CONTINUED)

KIMMY

Wow! They're huge!

BOO

Gnome Hall is the biggest building
in Ghiliop.

KIMMY

Only the three gnomeists live
here? It's big enough for your
president.

BOO

Our who?

KIMMY

Your president. Your king.
(beat)
The person in charge.

BOO

No one's in charge of Ghiliop.

KIMMY

No? Who runs things?

BOO

Things just kind of run
themselves. The need for us to
tether to something safe makes the
job of the gnomeists very
important. That's why they have
the biggest building to live in.
They need the space, with all of
their equipment and sciency
things.

Kimmy looks at Boo.

KIMMY

Do we knock?

BOO

We can just walk in. I've done it
many times.

KIMMY

My mom says you should always let
people know you're here before you
walk into their house.

Boo smiles.

(CONTINUED)

BOO

Don't worry. They'll know.

Boo slowly opens one of the doors. Ruffles and flourishes sound for nearly a minute, even after he closes the door behind them.

KIMMY

Cool! The music is a doorbell.

BOO

They used to have a dog, but Than Never turned out to be allergic.

KIMMY

Who?

BOO

Than Never - one of the gnomeists. Their names are Better, Late, and Than Never.

Kimmy chuckles.

KIMMY

Funny names.

BOO

Not in Ghiliop.

(beat)

Than Never's dad was a gnomeist too - until a few years ago, when he retired.

KIMMY

What's his name?

BOO

Murray.

(beat)

Come on. The gnomeists are probably in their study.

Mane in hand, they walk and clip-clop through the great, echoey, stone structure until they reach a wooden door labeled "STUDY. SHHH!"

FADE TO:

Kimmy and Boo quietly walk into the study.

(CONTINUED)

Seated at a tiny desk studying some tiny scrolls by the light of a tiny candle is a little man - garden gnome sized. He sports a white beard that hangs down nearly to his feet and granny glasses balanced on the tip of his nose.

He wears a plain, green tunic and a matching skull cap. A few strands of white hair peek out from under it. His feet are bare.

KIMMY

(whispering to Boo)

He looks busy. Should we disturb him?

BOO

No problem. Watch this.

(calling out)

Oh, Better!

The tiny man, BETTER, is surprised by Boo's call. He nearly knocks the lit candle from its holder, but manages to grab it as it wobbles.

He climbs off his stool and walks slowly to his guests.

BOO (CONT'D)

Better, this is Kimmy.

BETTER

Pleased to meet you.

KIMMY

You too.

BOO

She's going to try to help with our tethering.

BETTER

Thank you.

KIMMY

You're welcome, sir.

BOO

Better, where are Late and Than Never?

BETTER

At lunch.

KIMMY

Lunch? It's nighttime.

(CONTINUED)

BETTER

Why let a good lunchtime go to waste? They'll be back presently.

(beat)

Now, young lady, what do you know about tethering?

KIMMY

Just what Boo told me.

BETTER

I'm sure he simplified it a bit.

BOO

I told her what my dad told me.

BETTER

I think you'll need more detail if you are to help us.

(beat)

Please follow me.

Boo and Kimmy follow the gnomeist to an enormous chalkboard filled with impressive-looking equations.

BETTER (CONT'D)

These equations are our lifeblood.

KIMMY

The blackboard is taller than you are!

BETTER

You too, little miss.

KIMMY

How'd you write up at the tippity top?

Better is insulted.

BETTER

Is that a slur about my height?

KIMMY

No, I -

BETTER

We gnomeists are very sensitive about that subject. It's not our fault that we're. . . vertically challenged.

(CONTINUED)

KIMMY

You're what?

BOO

(whispering to Kimmy)

Short.

KIMMY

I wasn't trying to insult you, sir. Honest. I was simply wondering how you managed to reach all the way to the top of the blackboard.

Boo grins.

BOO

They stand on each other's shoulders.

BETTER

Please, Boo!

BOO

You should see it when they're three high. It's quite a sight! Late is usually on the bottom, struggling to hold Better and Than Never up.

BETTER

Boo, you shouldn't let the young lady in on our scientific secrets.

BOO

Sorry.

Better picks up a very long pointer and gestures at certain equations on the chalkboard.

BETTER

As you can see, the problem with tethering involves Ghiliop's centrifugal malapropism.

KIMMY

(befuddled)

Centri. . .

BETTER

Centrifugal malapropism.

He points at another equation.

(CONTINUED)

BETTER (CONT'D)

We gnomeists have discovered the
binomial imperative is split
tangentially across. . .

Kimmy yawns.

BETTER (CONT'D)

(a bit annoyed)

Am I boring you?

KIMMY

I'm just sleepy. It's been a busy
day, and I'm usually in bed by
now.

BOO

Could we do this later?

Better sighs a gnome-sized sigh.

BETTER

Perhaps the explanation of
tethering theory *should* wait until
morning, when you are better
rested?

Kimmy yawns, quickly placing the hand not holding the
nightlight over her mouth.

KIMMY

That might be good.

BOO

I could bring her back when the
sun comes up.

BETTER

Yes, Boo. That will be your job.

KIMMY

But where will I sleep? My bed is
on the other side of the closet.

BOO

You can stay with me.

KIMMY

But if I sleep in Ghiliop, Mom
will come to wake me up in the
morning and realize I'm gone. I'll
be in big trouble.

(CONTINUED)

BOO

You could sleep for eight hours here, and hardly any time will pass at your home. Besides, I think you'll really like my cave. I redecorated it a few months ago. There's a lot of blue now. I like blue.

KIMMY

Cave? You sleep in a cave?

BOO

I live there too.

KIMMY

A *real* cave?

BOO

Can we *please* not get into that "real" discussion again? It made my head hurt the last time.

FADE TO:

Boo escorts Kimmy into his blue cave. Everything - the stalagmites, the stalactites, even the big rocks near the middle - is painted a happy shade of blue.

KIMMY

What a cool cave!

BOO

You've been in caves before?

KIMMY

Well. . . no. . . but I'll bet this is the coolest cave anywhere.

BOO

I like it.

KIMMY

It sure is blue.

BOO

I like blue. I'm a boy.

(beat)

Your room's all pink.

(CONTINUED)

KIMMY

I know.

She looks up the cave's twinkling ceiling.

KIMMY (CONT'D)

Are those. . . diamonds?

BOO

Uh huh. Aren't they shiny?

KIMMY

Mom has a ring with one. It's very pretty.

She yawns an adult-sized yawn.

BOO

You'd better be going to sleep.
You'll need your rest so you can
help with our tethering problem
tomorrow.

Kimmy looks around.

KIMMY

Where's your bed?

Boo giggles.

BOO

I don't sleep in a *bed*.

KIMMY

Then what -

Boo taps on one of the large rocks.

BOO

This.

Kimmy touches the rock. It is hard like a, well, like a rock.

KIMMY

It must be *really* uncomfortable.

BOO

These aren't just any old rocks.

(beat)

They're "comfy rocks."

KIMMY

What?

(CONTINUED)

Boo touches one of the comfy rocks.

BOO

Climb up on this one. You'll see.

Kimmy is unsure. She hands Boo her still-brightly glowing nightlight and climbs up onto the rock.

BOO (CONT'D)

Now lie down.

Kimmy does so. There is an odd squish sound as the rock molds itself to her.

KIMMY

Wow!

BOO

See what I mean?

KIMMY

It's like a. . . a big pillow.

BOO

Comfy, isn't it?

KIMMY

It sure is.

BOO

That's why they're called comfy rocks. They keep us cool when it's warm and warm when it's cold. A lot of Ghiliopians sleep on them.

Kimmy yawns, beginning to drop off.

KIMMY

I thought *my* bed was comfortable!

(longish beat)

Goodnight, Boo.

BOO

Goodnight.

Boo smiles as Kimmy falls right to sleep. He gently pushes some hair from her face.

BOO (CONT'D)

Sleep well. Tomorrow's a big day.

(CONTINUED)

11 CONTINUED: (3)

11

Boo climbs up on the comfy rock beside Kimmy, It molds to his body, and he begins to sleep.

FADE OUT.

12 EXT. THE PLACE OF THE TETHERING - MORNING (FLASHBACK)

12

Kimmy, Better, and Boo stand back from a hazardous cliff. At random intervals, rocks big and small fall from its face and down into a seemingly bottomless cavern. Mist rises up to ground level from far below. Fencing holds the too curious back.

BETTER

This is it, Kimmy.

(ominously)

The Place of the Tethering.

Kimmy cranes her neck to look over the fence.

KIMMY

Weird. The land just kind of. . .
stops. . . and pieces of it
crumble off and fall away.

BETTER

That's *exactly* what it does.

He turns to his fellow gnomeist, LATE, who looks very much like him, but with no beard. His voice is higher pitched than Better's.

BETTER (CONT'D)

Doesn't it, Late?

LATE

That's *precisely* what happens.

He turns to the third gnomeist, THAN NEVER. Gnomeist Number 3 is a little shorter than the other two, has a long beard, and walks with a carved, wooden cane.

LATE (CONT'D)

Isn't that correct, Than Never?

THAN NEVER

Most definitely, my esteemed
colleagues.

BETTER

(to Kimmy)

Always stay behind the fence!

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

BETTER (CONT'D)

We're not sure what would happen
if someone got too close to the
edge. You might fall off into. . .
well. . . whatever.

LATE

Yes, whatever.

THAN NEVER

Very true.

KIMMY

How does the tethering happen? Has
anyone seen it?

BETTER

Oh, many times.

(beat)

Ghiliop will be cruising along,
floating through time and space,
not bothering anyone, when there
will suddenly be this violent
jerk. The whole area will shudder
for a minute or so as the
tethering occurs.

KIMMY

But things calm down?

LATE

They do. While we are completely
tethered, the rocks here stop
crumbling and falling into the
void. The fact that they're
breaking off now shows that forces
are at work attempting to break
our connection to your world.

Kimmy looks up at her friend.

KIMMY

Is it safe for me to be here, Boo?

BOO

Don't worry. There's plenty of
time before Ghiliop floats away. I
won't let you get stranded here
without your parents.

Kimmy gives Boo a hug.

THAN NEVER

Yes, you needn't worry about that,
young lady.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

THAN NEVER (CONT'D)

We have instruments to measure the strain on The Place of the Tethering. We are presently nowhere near the forces that would cause a separation.

(beat)

We estimate we have approximately three days.

KIMMY

Boo, when you and I came to Ghiliop last night and met Again, we didn't come this way.

BOO

No, we -

Better holds up a hand and looks at Boo.

BETTER

If I may?

Boo nods.

BETTER (CONT'D)

Fortunately, the doorway between the worlds is situated some distance from this place. Otherwise, any crossover would be *extremely* dangerous.

BOO

I'd be scared to cross over from here.

A large chunk of rock flakes off The Place of the Tethering. Kimmy shakes a little.

KIMMY

So would I.

BETTER

You now know all there is to know about tethering. With your fresh mind and young eyes, do you have an idea of how to keep your world and ours connected?

KIMMY

Hmmm.

(beat; hopefully)

Could we put some string through the doorway and tie it onto something big on each side?

(CONTINUED)

BETTER

I'm afraid that would make for a
tenuous connection at best.

KIMMY

Tenuous?

BETTER

(beat)
Weak.

KIMMY

Rope?

BETTER

Stronger, but still insufficient.

KIMMY

How about *chains*?

THAN NEVER

Oh, that would be so noisy! Clank,
clank, clank! We love our peace
and quiet here.

(beat)
Don't we, Late?

LATE

Most assuredly, Than Never.

KIMMY

But would it *work*?

BETTER

I'm afraid that even chains would
shortly be broken by the cosmic
forces at work here.

Kimmy sighs.

KIMMY

I'm sorry, but I'm out of ideas
for now.

BOO

(eagerly)
Can you keep thinking?

KIMMY

Of course. I'm not giving up.

BETTER

Your help is appreciated.

(CONTINUED)

LATE
Very appreciated.

THAN NEVER
Definitely so.

Kimmy smiles.

KIMMY
You're all welcome.

BETTER
Boo will reach us if you need to
speak to a gnomeist.

The gnomeists walk away on their tiny, bare feet.

BOO
(to Kimmy)
Would you like to go for a walk?
When I need to think, I always do
it better when I walk.

KIMMY
Sure.

She reaches out for her friend's mane.

FADE TO:

As Kimmy walks with Boo, she hears happy sounds of youngsters at play. Some of them are recognizable as human sounds, while others she can't place - though they all sound happy.

As Kimmy and Boo round the corner, they see a playground. A lot of different Ghiliopian species are running, swinging, and jumping with glee. While some of the play structures resemble ones on Earth, Kimmy has no idea what some of the others do.

There are three different versions of each plaything, one for smaller creatures (like her), medium ones (like Boo), and really big ones. She smiles, reminded of the story of Goldilocks, where everything was in three sizes for the baby, the momma, and the papa bear.

They stop to look.

KIMMY
This looks like a fun place.

(CONTINUED)

BOO

It's Ghiliop's main playground. A
lot of kids come here.

Kimmy looks at the fun seekers: Young people, gnomes,
unicorns, and others she'd need Google to even attempt to
identify.

Her smile turns to shock when she sees the two giants at
the mountainous far end of the playground. They are
dressed in red tunics and yellow ballcaps. They are
happily, and *easily*, ripping the tops off of the peaks.

KIMMY

(frightened)
Are those giants?

BOO

Baby giants.

KIMMY

They're still *really* tall! They
can reach the tops of the
mountains.

(beat)
Why are they ripping off the
mountaintops?

BOO

It's fun for them, and it makes
them strong. Giants like to be
strong.

(beat)
Don't worry about the rocks. In
Ghiliop, they grow back quickly.

Kimmy looks at some small rocks on the ground that have
come from the giants' handiwork. She walks to them and
sits on the dirt. She picks up a couple.

Boo joins her.

BOO (CONT'D)

What are you doing?

KIMMY

These little rocks fell off of the
big pieces the giants tore from
the mountains.

(beat)
Look!

She places two rocks of roughly equal size on the ground,
a foot or so apart.

(CONTINUED)

They bring themselves together with a click. She tries this with several pairs of rocks, and it always works.

Boo is confused.

BOO

Why do they do that?

KIMMY

They're magnetized.

BOO

They're *what*?

KIMMY

I don't really know how to explain it.

(beat)

There's something in the rocks that makes them stick together. Better, Late, and Than Never could probably explain it in much more detail.

She struggles to pull the rocks apart.

KIMMY (CONT'D)

They're tough. . . to pull. . . apart. I have little doggy magnets at home in my toybox. They. . .

Her sentence trails off as a thought comes to her.

BOO

Kimmy?

KIMMY

Boo, I think we've found the answer!

FADE TO:

Boo and Kimmy are speaking with the gnomeists.

BETTER

It has possibilities.

LATE

Very definite possibilities.

(CONTINUED)

THAN NEVER

Most assuredly so.

KIMMY

Boo, do you think those giants would help us? They could move the magnetized rocks to The Place of the Tethering with no problem.

BOO

Now and Later? I bet they would. It would be easy work for them.

(beat)

Could you hide some magnetic rocks in your closet at home?

KIMMY

Smaller ones. I'll find a way.

BETTER

I do foresee one problem with the plan.

KIMMY

(urgently)

What is that?

BETTER

Now and Later are rather - how can I put this nicely? - "dim."

KIMMY

I don't understand.

THAN NEVER

They are not terribly smart.

LATE

Most forgetful.

BETTER

Even if they will help, without constant reminders, they are likely to forget what they are doing. You will have to have someone available to tell them of their chore over and over again or they are likely to forget and walk away.

After a longish beat, Kimmy snaps her fingers.

(CONTINUED)

14 CONTINUED: (2)

14

KIMMY

I know *just* who.

FADE TO:

15 EXT. GHILIOP - LATER (FLASHBACK)

15

Kimmy's ponytail bobs in the breeze.

Again is buzzing about her and Boo. As before, she speaks with an echo.

AGAIN

(unsure)

You want little *me* to fly around those giants and remind them to keep moving the big rocks onto the gnomeists' scale?

BOO

Yes.

(beat)

Can you do it?

Again quivers in her flight.

AGAIN

They're awfully big and scary. I don't fly anywhere near them, if I can help it.

KIMMY

We'll tell them you're harmless and they need to be extra careful around you.

Again bobs around, thinking.

BOO

(begging)

Please, Again.

AGAIN

Well. . .

KIMMY

The gnomeists think this plan will work. If it does, Ghiliop will be tethered peacefully to my bedroom closet for years to come.

(CONTINUED)

15

CONTINUED:

15

AGAIN
(longish beat)
I'll do it.

Kimmy and Boo smile. Again holds her sparkling wand up in the air.

AGAIN (CONT'D)
Long live Ghiliop!

FADE TO:

16

INT. GNOME HALL - LATER (FLASHBACK)

16

The gnomeists stand on each others' shoulders, furiously writing equations in chalk on the blank side of the huge blackboard.

Late is unhappily at the bottom of the tower, Than Never's bare, stinky feet balanced on his head. After several minutes of equating, they all stop at the same time and nod happily.

FADE TO:

17

EXT. GHILIOP PLAYGROUND - LATER (FLASHBACK)

17

For safety reasons, all the play structures have been covered with a massive tarpaulin.

Boo and Kimmy watch everything that is happening from the sidelines.

With Again reminding them of their job, Now and Later begin tearing the re-grown tops off of the mountains and carrying them to a big scale. Beside the scale (and back some feet for safety), Better, Late, and Than Never make careful notes on scrolls while the pile of rocks grows bigger, and bigger, and still bigger.

Better looks at his notes and then the notes of his fellow gnomeists. They all nod. Better motions for Again. She comes to him, and he whispers in her ear.

She flies back to the giants, who are still busily ripping off the mountaintops. She screams in her loudest voice.

AGAIN
Thanks, guys! That's enough!

FADE TO:

18 EXT. THE PLACE OF THE TETHERING (FLASHBACK) 18

The gnomeists consult their plans as the baby giants put the magnetic rocks in their necessary places. Again carefully buzzes around the young behemoths, an unfurled scroll in her hand without the wand, as an airborne reminder.

FADE TO:

19 INT. KIMMY'S BEDROOM - LATER (FLASHBACK) 19

With a squeezing sound and a loud *pop*, Kimmy and Boo appear back in the bedroom closet. The door creaks open. They walk and clip-clop into the room.

Kimmy holds the still-glowing nightlight over a tiny, gnome-sized scroll detailing what she and her unicorn friend must do.

Boo has a sack of magnetic rocks slung over one multicolored shoulder. He gingerly puts them down by his hooves. He begins carefully pulling them out of the sack and placing them on the hardwood floor.

Kimmy looks down at the rocks.

KIMMY

May I help?

BOO

Sure.

(beat)

Those little guys are *really* particular about where these rocks need to go.

Kimmy picks up one of the rocks.

KIMMY

For "optimal tethering," Better said.

Consulting the scroll's instructions, they lay out the rocks in the closet. Finally, Kimmy places the last one.

KIMMY (CONT'D)

There.

She grabs a nearby shoe tree and precisely puts it in the closet.

(CONTINUED)

KIMMY (CONT'D)

That'll cover up the rocks.

Finished, she catches a glimpse of her clock.

KIMMY (CONT'D)

Look at that! You were right. Only
three hours have passed here.

(beat)

Let's go.

They both walk into the open closet.

FADE TO:

EXT. THE PLACE OF THE TETHERING - LATER (FLASHBACK)

As Kimmy and Boo watch, the rocks stop breaking off and
falling into the void.

Success! They smile and hug.

BETTER

The cosmic forces that were trying
to tear our worlds apart have
subsided. Your plan has worked,
Kimmy!

LATE

Definitely worked.

THAN NEVER

Most assuredly so.

A cheer goes up from a wide variety of assembled
Ghiliopians.

Again buzzes near Kimmy's ear.

AGAIN

How can we ever thank you?

KIMMY

I'm glad it worked.

(beat)

You'll all be safe now?

BETTER

Magnets do eventually lose some of
their power, especially when they
are near other magnets. However,
that will take some time.

(beat)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

20

CONTINUED:

20

BETTER (CONT'D)

You have assured us of many years
of harmonious tethering!

Another cheer and another smile.

FADE TO:

21

EXT. GHILIOP - LATER (FLASHBACK)

21

Boo and Kimmy are alone near the doorway between the two
worlds. They are both very sad, barely holding back the
tears.

BOO

Thank you for saving my home.

Kimmy sniffs.

KIMMY

This is goodbye then?

BOO

Yeah. You better be getting back
to your new house. Soon, it will
be time for your mother to wake
you up.

KIMMY

I guess you're right.

BOO

(anxiously)
Could you stay?

Kimmy shakes her head.

KIMMY

Afraid not. Mom and Dad would miss
me, and I'd miss them.

BOO

(hopefully)
They can come with you? We could
build a house and -

KIMMY

Don't you remember what you told
me, Boo?

(beat)

My parents are grown-ups. They
wouldn't believe in this place or
in you. They couldn't live here.

(CONTINUED)

21

CONTINUED:

21

Boo sniffs.

BOO

Could. . . Could I have a hug
goodbye?

Kimmy gives him a long bear hug. A tear falls down one cheek, and she dries it on his mane. Looking back only a couple of times to wave goodbye, she enters the doorway - her nightlight in one hand.

FADE TO:

22

INT. KIMMY'S BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER (FLASHBACK)

22

With a *pop* and a squeeze, Kimmy is back in her bedroom closet, which opens automatically for her. She carefully steps over the magnetic rocks and the shoe tree, closing the closet door behind her.

With a sigh, she notices that her nightlight is no longer glowing. Her adventure is over.

She plugs it into its socket and climbs into bed.

KIMMY

(sotto voce)

Not as nice as a comfy rock, but
it will do.

She pulls the covers over her, rolls onto her side, and quickly falls asleep.

FADE TO:

23

INT. KIM'S BEDROOM - LATER

23

Back to the present day.

Adult Kim faces a slightly larger Boo in the bedroom.

KIM

Why had I forgotten all that?

BOO

Because you grew up. It happens.
The gnomeists figured out a way to
reach you.

(beat)

Boy, is it good to see you again!

(CONTINUED)

KIM

You too.

(beat)

You need my help?

BOO

We need to fix the rocks or we
might lose our tethering.

KIM

What happened?

(beat)

I thought it was supposed to last
for a long time.

Boo smiles.

BOO

It's been almost *twenty* years. The
connection has become a little
shaky.

(beat)

Better, Late, and Than Never have
a new plan to tether us safely to
your closet.

(beat)

Will you help us one more time?

KIM

Of course!

FADE TO:

The breeze still blows, and the birds continue to chirp.

Kim and Boo look happy.

BOO

All done!

KIM

That wasn't too tough.

BOO

Better says everything's set. It
should last for lots of years.

KIM

It was good to see everyone again.

(CONTINUED)

A tear comes to Kim's eye.

KIM (CONT'D)
I never thought I'd have to say
goodbye to you *twice*.

Boo sniffs.

BOO
Me neither.

KIM
Will I forget you again once I
leave here?

BOO
Yes - once you cross through the
doorway. But I won't ever forget
you.

KIM
What if you need my help again?

BOO
We'll get in touch.

Kim glances all around Ghiliop. She can't bring herself
to look in Boo's yellow eyes.

KIM
I'd better be going.

BOO
You could *still* live here.

KIM
It's tempting but no thank you.

Tears well in the unicorn's eyes.

BOO
Why not?

KIM
Losing my mother, and all the
reminiscing I've done today, have
shown me that, no matter what
happens in life, you have to move
on. You can't cling to the past,
and Ghiliop is a very special part
of my past.
(beat)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

KIM (CONT'D)

I have a wonderful boyfriend, who
I love. We need to build a future -
our future.

BOO

Will you have a . . . a little
Kimmy?

Kim smiles.

KIM

Maybe one day.

(beat)

Can I let you in on a secret?

BOO

(excitedly)

Sure.

He leans closer to Kim.

KIM

If I ever have a daughter, I won't
call her that. I never really
liked that name.

Boo sniffs.

BOO

This is even harder than the first
time.

Kim holds out her arms.

KIM

Would another hug help?

FADE TO:

Kim looks out the window as Joey pulls up with the
coffees. She is confused.

KIM

(aloud to herself)

Was it only that long?

Joey parks the car and enters with the coffees. Kim
smiles when she sees him.

JOEY

As promised.

(CONTINUED)

He hands her a coffee.

JOEY (CONT'D)
One unleaded.

She takes it from him.

KIM
Thank you.

She takes a big sip through the straw and sighs as it hits the spot.

JOEY
Did you enjoy your time alone?

KIM
I did, thank you.

Joey sips his coffee.

JOEY
What did you do?

KIM
I walked around the house and soaked in memories.

JOEY
That sounds like fun.

KIM
It was.

Joey reaches one hand out to her and picks something off the collar of her black dress.

JOEY
What do we have here?

He looks it over.

JOEY (CONT'D)
A white hair.
(beat)
I know better than to suggest it's yours.

Kim has some more coffee.

KIM
I was looking at my old stuffed animals. It must have come from one of them.

(CONTINUED)

JOEY

Have you decided what mementos you want to take back to California?

KIM

(longish beat)

Joey, honey, I was thinking I might stay in this house. . . permanently. My acting career isn't anything. I could find a job out here.

Her boyfriend is concerned.

JOEY

What about me. . . uhm. . . us?

KIM

I was hoping you'd stay here too. You could transfer your credits to another college.

JOEY

I suppose.

KIM

(beat)

You like the house, right?

JOEY

I do.

KIM

Mom left it to me. It's paid for. We wouldn't have a mortgage payment every month.

JOEY

That would be a plus.

KIM

You said you thought it was a good-sized house.

JOEY

I remember.

She walks to him and lovingly puts her arms around his neck.

(CONTINUED)

25 CONTINUED: (3) 61. 25

KIM
It's certainly big enough for two
. . . or three.

FADE TO:

26 INT. KIM'S BEDROOM - A MOMENT LATER 26

The closet door creaks shut with a loud *thud*.

FADE TO BLACK.