Antoine de Saint-Exupéry — 'A goal without a plan is just a wish.'

PAGE ONE – CHAPTER ONE

1) Large establishing shot. Outdoors, gray mid-December afternoon. The reader's eye is drawn to skein of geese flying over the curved, hilly streets and docked yachts of NEWPORT, RHODE ISLAND, all decorated for the holidays. The goose at the end is a juvenile with large ember-green eyes. A peacock-blue pouch hangs around its neck.

CHAPTER TITLE
Chapter One

SFX - GEESE
Honk! Honk!

2) INSET: Within the busy establishing shot, unnoticed among the traffic and holiday pedestrians, 12yo MINA MYERS sneaks away from the exclusive, private ST ERASMUS school: a tree has cracked and crumbled the high stone wall separating the grounds from the sloped sidewalk. MINA climbs over the crumbled stone with her purple coat and overstuffed backpack. Something radiant sparkles in the sunlight overhead, as if watching over her (our unseen NARRATOR).

3) Worm's-eye view. A gleaming golden ring falls from the direction of the green-eyed goose toward the radiant sparkles.

NARRATOR
I saw the cursed ring fall.

4) A water-drop ripple and splash catches the moment the golden ring falls into a leaf-blocked gutter by the curb of a busy intersection.

NARRATOR
Watched it plop and sink among the leaves of a blocked gutter.

SFX
plop!

PAGE TWO

1) Looking up from the flooded gutter, we see MINA MYERS charging down the sloped sidewalk. Her loose raven hair blows across her face and dark eyes. She wears a purple winter coat over a baggy school blazer and uniform trousers, with scuffed school shoes and an oversized backpack.

NARRATOR
Mina Myers didn't see it. And I hoped she would keep on not seeing it. I could *feel* that ring held a death curse.
If Mina picked it up, I couldn't intervene.

2) Closer-in on MINA, her sharp glare fixed on an invisible 'something' towering over the decorated trees, lamp posts, and shop roofs across the street.

NARRATOR
Fortunately, her concentration was fixed on something bigger.

3) Wide over-the-shoulder view as MINA stares up at a looming, snarling imaginary CYCLOPS raising a menacing wooden club over the densely-packed swath of restaurants and shops. MINA's imagined herself wearing a silvery superhero uniform. The lining of its opalescent silver cape is the same color as her purple coat. Her lustrous, flowing hair is held back by a silvery headband. She holds a silver-gloved hand to her ear and speaks to a patch on her wrist.

NARRATOR
Much bigger.

MINA
Cyclops spotted! Team assemble: Bellevue Avenue!

PAGE THREE

1) In the foreground, MINA nimbly dodges between a decorated lamp post and an oblivious group of TOURISTS, still speaking to her wrist patch. Beyond her, FIVE more silver-clad SUPERHEROES fly through the air and leap onto rooftops to converge on the looming CYCLOPS. Each of their capes has a different colored lining: red, orange, yellow, green, and blue.

MINA
Confirmed! We need to lure him south, toward the ocean. If he crushes those historic mansions—"

2) Close-up as MINA's foot splashes into the flooded, leaf-blocked gutter. Far from a silvery superhero boot, her foot is clad in its usual scuffed-up school shoe.

SFX
SPLATSH!

MINA
Gah!

3) Wide-view. Several tourists avoid MINA, who's jumped up on the sidewalk over the leaf-gunked gutter with her dripping foot raised in horror, dressed in her school uniform and purple coat. Inside the puddle among the murky brown leaves, something glimmers gold.

MINA
Ugh, yuck! I— Huh?

4) MINA crouches low, wincing as she dips her hand into the murky muck to dig out the gleaming object.

NARRATOR
"Mina, no! Don't touch it!" I wanted to shout. To warn her.

5) MINA holds the dripping golden ring she found up to the light, inspecting it.

NARRATOR
But cursed rings have a way of whispering…

6) Close-up on the ring, held aloft between MINA's fingers. It's a plain round band with a badly worn circular pattern etched in the front. A rough, scratched, singed crack runs through the top of the circle, further obscuring the pattern.

NARRATOR
…following agendas of their own…

MINA
Hmm… It’s cracked…

7) Close-up: MINA wipes the ring clean and dry on her school blazer.

NARRATOR
It’s not like she’d have heard me anyway.

SFX
wipe, wipe

PAGE FOUR

1) MINA stands at the busy four-way intersection, checking the time on her phone. The ring glints on her finger. Her other thumb is hooked impatiently in the strap of her backpack. The WALK signal is red.

MINA
OK, eighteen minutes. I gotta get to the art shop, grab my supplies, and sneak back to the school bus before last bell…

2) INSET: The WALK signal is green.

MINA
Yes!

3) Close-up of MINA's scuffed school shoe stepping off the curb into the crosswalk.

4) MINA's back and the WALK sign are obscured by a puff of greenish smoke.

SFX
PHOMF!

5) A BOY about MINA's size and age puts his full weight and effort into pulling startled MINA back to the curb by her shoulders just as a black-blur of a speeding car sweeps through the red traffic light. The BOY has stringy black curls squashed under a gray knit cap, shabby shoes, and an oversized greenish coat that looks dirty and mildewed. His eyes are ember-green, exactly like the young goose who dropped the golden ring.

SFX
rrrRRREEEEEVVVVVVVVVVVVVvvv!

MINA
Wha—!

6) INSET: Close-up. MINA notices the BOY's filthy nails clutching her shoulder, his brilliant green eyes…

7) The wind from the speeding car blows MINA's hair across her eyes. Apart from a fading curl of greenish smoke, the BOY is nowhere to be seen.

MINA
Huh—? Where'd he go!

8) MINA stares after the speeding car along with several other startled pedestrians and the group of TOURISTS MINA dodged before, the cursed ring gleaming on her finger.

TOURIST #1
Whoa! Lucky you stepped back, kid.

TOURIST #2
Another second, you'd have been street pizza!

MINA
But I didn't…