

TRUE THOMAS

by

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WGA Registered

EXT. VALLEY - HOURS LATER

The sky is milky white, with neither sun nor moon shining. The view before them is dull as they follow the road before them.

Thomas still follows the woman's graceful white mare. The only sounds to be heard are the OCEAN somewhere in the distance and the TINKLING BELLS tied to the mane of the woman's horse.

They come to an area with mossy cliffs and waterfalls. Thomas stares wide-eyed, as SMALL SHADOWS keep pace with them, dancing all around them as they ride.

He suddenly hears MUSIC, which appears to be coming from the tiny shadows themselves. Some of them seem to be playing flutes, others fiddles, and the LITTLE MAN in the blue hat seems to be conducting them.

THOMAS

What kind of spell have you cast on me, witch?

The woman LAUGHS and shakes her head.

WOMAN

I've put you under no spell, Thomas, and I'm no witch.

THOMAS

You deny that I'm bewitched when I'm seeing shadows dancing about my horse?

The woman LAUGHS again.

THOMAS (CONT'D)

'Tis not funny! I must be going mad!

WOMAN

If yer mad, then I must be as well, for I see them too.

THOMAS

And ye don't think it strange?

WOMAN

Why would I? I am their queen.

Thomas stops his horse, staring at her, mouth agape.

THOMAS  
 (speaking to himself)  
 If I'm not bewitched and I'm not  
 mad, then I must be sleeping.

Thomas starts rubbing his eyes.

The woman also stops. Turning, she watches him, her  
 expression amused.

WOMAN  
 Nor are ye sleeping, Thomas.

He opens an eye, giving her a suspicious look.

THOMAS  
 I'm not sleeping, I'm not mad, and  
 I'm not bewitched. Is this heaven?  
 Are ye the Queen of Heaven?

WOMAN  
 Nay, 'tis not Heaven.

THOMAS  
 I don't understand.

The woman stops and dismounts from her horse. She sinks into  
 the grass and waits for him there.

WOMAN  
 Come, Thomas.  
 (pats her lap)  
 Rest yer head here and I will show  
 ye where we are.

THOMAS  
 How will that help?

WOMAN  
 Trust me. Ye'll see.

Thomas suddenly appears to be exhausted. He climbs down and  
 joins her in the grass.

The tiny musicians continue to play as the little man  
 shuffles around preparing a picnic for them. He pours them  
 each a glass of wine and hands it to them.

THOMAS  
 So where am I?

The woman points to a fork in the road that has three paths.

WOMAN

See the path wi' the tangled  
briars?

SERIES OF SHOTS

A) BRIAR PATH

GIANT CROSSES line the narrow gray path on the left, casting dark, menacing shadows on the ground. A single MAN slowly follows it in the distance.

WOMAN (CONT'D)

'Tis the path of righteousness,  
where but few inquire.

(beat)

Now consider the path on the  
right...

B) WIDE SUNNY LANE

The path on the right is broad and bright. It's populated by laughing DANCING FOLK. Green leafy trees and flowers surround it. A wagon pulls a party of DRUNKEN REVELERS.

WOMAN (CONT'D)

Some call it the road to heaven,  
but in truth, 'tis a highway to  
hell.

(beat)

But regard the middle path, Thomas,  
the one that climbs that bonny  
hill.

C) HILLSIDE PATH

The road is not too narrow, nor too wide, but weaves around rocks and trees as it ascends the hill. The path is silent, save for the HUM of insects and SONGS of birds.

WOMAN (CONT'D)

(whispering)

'Tis the road to fair Elfland where  
you and I must go, Thomas.

RETURN TO SCENE - LATER

It is dusk now. Thomas sleeps soundly, his head resting in the woman's lap.

He opens his eyes and looks up at the woman. He speaks as if he'd never been sleeping at all.

THOMAS

So, are ye goin' ta tell me?

The woman leans over him. She speaks in a low, soft voice.

WOMAN

Yer almost to Elfland, Thomas, and  
there I am queen of all that ye  
see.

They stare at each other in silence for a moment, then Thomas  
bursts out in LAUGHTER.

THOMAS

(holding his sides)

Pardon my rudeness, but yer havin'  
me on.

She slowly waves her hand in front of Thomas' face and he  
gapes in awe as the dancing shadows slowly become visible as  
TINY PEOPLE.

Thomas bolts upward. Slowly, he turns to gaze at her once  
more.

THOMAS (CONT'D)

Who are ye? How do ye know my  
name?

WOMAN

I am Isobel, Queen of Elves.

After a moment, Thomas finally snaps his mouth shut.

THOMAS

That can't be!

He spins around, head in his hands, seeing again the FORKED  
ROAD, the TINY MUSICIANS, his EMPTY WINEGLASS...

He sinks back to the ground, still clutching his head.

THOMAS (CONT'D)

But be it must!

He looks at Isobel.

THOMAS (CONT'D)

Fergive me, Yer Majesty, for I've  
naught else ta do now, but believe  
ye!

Isobel acknowledges his greeting with a graceful nod.

ISOBEL  
Call me Isobel.

She gestures to the little man in the blue hat.

                  ISOBEL (CONT'D)  
And that's Billy Blynde.