

The Elf Who Knew Too Much

The truth isn't always pretty. Nor is a troll in a leather
jockstrap.

1. INT. MISTRAL'S OFFICE - DAY

MISTRAL, fairy, 20s, lithe and graceful, bustles into a neat office carrying the MAGIC DAILY and two cappuccinos. Several fairies work nearby. Around the walls are posters: GRIFFIN POWERS FOR MAGIC COUNCIL LEADER. As she settles at her desk, she tunes into voices from a slightly open door engraved GRIFFIN POWERS, FAIRY GOVERNOR.

GRIFFIN

(muffled)

Thank you for coming in Mr Meadows.
But as you've said yourself, you
can't see all things. And of what
you do see, there's a twenty per
cent margin for error.
Conservatively.

The door opens. RAINE MEADOWS, 30s, ELF, emerges, rubbing his ear followed by GRIFFIN POWERS, 40s, fairy, power-dressed, chin high. Mistral pretends to read.

GRIFFIN (CONT'D)

If you have any good news to share,
my door is always open.

RAINE

I could be wrong, but in case I'm
not, this is your chance to-

GRIFFIN

Till then, stop wasting my time!

As Mistral looks up, Raine is watching her with golden eyes.

RAINE

Mistral. How are you?

MISTRAL

Fine, thanks Raine.

GRIFFIN

You know each other?

RAINE/MISTRAL

Yes/No.

MISTRAL (CONT'D)

I wrote a piece about the Oracle
office while I was at Magic Daily.

GRIFFIN

Don't tell me - he saw your
questions coming.

(MORE)

GRIFFIN (CONT'D)
 Eighty per cent of them, anyway.
 (points to cappuccino)
 That mine?

Mistral gives him the coffee. Griffin winks and goes back into his office. Mistral and Raine are awkward.

 RAINE
 You're a speechwriter now? For the
 Fairy Governor?

 MISTRAL
 Yeah. How's life as an oracle?

 RAINE
 Challenging. When people don't want
 to hear the truth. Nice to see you.

As he heads off, she releases her pent-up breath.

2. INT. GRIFFIN'S OFFICE - DAY

When Mistral enters, Griffin is on the phone, peering down at the street from his third floor window. His office is expensively furnished with framed pictures of himself with celebrities and posters of GRIFFIN POWERS FOR MAGIC LEADER.

 GRIFFIN
 (on phone)
 He's wearing a blue T-shirt and
 jeans.

Through the window, we see two GUARDS grab Raine below.

 GRIFFIN (CONT'D)
 (chuckles - to Mistral)
 Didn't see that coming, did he?

 MISTRAL
 What was he doing here?

 GRIFFIN
 Oh, trying to stir up inter-species
 strife. So...how do you think last
 night's speech went? Well, I'd say.

 MISTRAL
 Yes, except for that one error.

 GRIFFIN
 When I said we fairies should be
 suspicious of other magical
 creatures.

MISTRAL

Instead of...should not be suspicious. Yes.

GRIFFIN

I was nervous. But I don't think anyone noticed.

MISTRAL

I hope the opinion polls aren't worrying you. Because many of the current council members were lagging behind in the polls until election day, when they trounced their opponents.

GRIFFIN

I'm not worried. I'll just be myself and let the voters choose. What more can I do?

MISTRAL

Here's tomorrow's speech.

Mistral smiles warmly and hands him some papers.

GRIFFIN

The last speech, hey? Delightful! No matter what the outcome tomorrow, I could not have done it without you, Mistral.

He takes her hands in his and kisses the fingers lightly. Mistral blushes.

GRIFFIN (CONT'D)

I hope, when it's all over, you'll let me thank you properly.

Through the window, she sees Raine escape the guards. She stifles a smile.

3. INT. MISTRAL'S OFFICE - DAY

As she sits, she finds a note on her desk. **COME MEET ME! R.** She flings it in the bin. Irritated, she takes a second look.

4. EXT. ORACLE BUILDING - DAY

Mistral strides across a plaza towards a golden building.

5. INT. ORACLE BUILDING - DAY

She pushes a door engraved with: **OFFICE OF THE ORACLES...CAN YOU HANDLE THE TRUTH?**

6. INT. ORACLE RECEPTION - DAY

In an open office, magical creatures work side by side - elves, goblins, trolls, pixies, witches and wizards. Several glance her way - they all have golden eyes.

She approaches GILBERT, the Goblin receptionist.

MISTRAL

Can I speak to Raine Meadows?

GILBERT

Is he expecting you?

(snorts with laughter)

Sorry. Little oracle joke there. Do you have an appointment?

MISTRAL

Not exactly...no.

GILBERT

Let me guess, he suggested a meeting, but didn't say where or when. Bloody Oracles are always doing that. Or maybe he thought he would be here, but had to leave due to unforeseen circumstances.

He cracks up at his own joke again. She doesn't.

GILBERT (CONT'D)

Sorry. Like to leave a message?

MISTRAL

No...it's okay.

7. EXT. PLAZA - DAY

As she passes a mermaid fountain, she slows down and looks around, as if expecting someone. At her feet, a chalk arrow on the tiles points to an alley where Raine stands grinning.

MISTRAL (CONT'D)

I remembered we'd met here before. But how did you know I was going to look at that exact tile?

He raises an eyebrow. Annoyed, she follows him into the alley.

8. EXT. ALLEY - DAY

The wall has a colourful mural of all magical creatures.

RAINE
You look well.

MISTRAL
What do you want, Raine?

RAINE
First, that article you wrote about
the Oracle office was really good.
We usually get such bad press.

Mistral gives a tight smile.

RAINE (CONT'D)
And I wanted to explain why I
didn't show up that night we were
supposed to meet.

MISTRAL
No need to explain.

RAINE
But I want to. You see-

MISTRAL
I'm sure there was a good reason,
but I don't have time to hear it.
The election's tomorrow and Griffin
needs me.

She starts to walk away.

RAINE
Griffin...is what I wanted to talk
to you about.

She turns back, looking anything but open-minded.

RAINE (CONT'D)
I had a bad dream last night -
which is where I get my most
powerful visions. Griffin won the
election, by cheating. And the
consequences for non-fairy folk
were truly horrendous.

MISTRAL
Griffin would never cheat. You see
that's a problem with an eighty per
cent success rate.

(MORE)

MISTRAL (CONT'D)

The other twenty per cent, you get totally and insultingly wrong.

RAINE

Are you sure? You haven't seen any signs, hints of him favouring fairies over other magical races?

Mistral hesitates as she hears Griffin's voice in her head.

GRIFFIN (V/O)

We fairies should be suspicious of other magical creatures.

MISTRAL

No.

RAINE

There's one way we can be sure.

MISTRAL

I'm already sure.

She keeps walking. He calls after her.

RAINE

You used to be interested in truth!

She stops and turns back.

9. EXT. ALLEY - NIGHT

From his backpack, Raine pulls out two dark cloaks with hoods which they put on. He smears dirt on her face.

He knocks on the wall, a crack appears, then a door. A DWARF with lots of piercings and tattoos ushers them inside.

10. INT. CREATURES BAR - NIGHT

A smoky underground venue, with a mixed-creatures band - troll on drums, fairy singer, elf guitarist. Everyone wears gnarly clothes, and drinks colourful drinks. A pixie sways mid-air, her green eyes changing to rainbow colours.

Mistral and Raine, hoods up, approach the bar.

RAINE (CONT'D)

Two Mermaid Dreams please.

MISTRAL

What are we doing here?

Raine nods towards a dark doorway at the back. A tough TROLL in leather ushers suspicious people into a shadowy room.

RAINE

You can get any potion you want here for the right price.

MISTRAL

So you're a potions user? Is that how you get your visions?

Raine shakes his head. The bright blue drinks arrive, Mistral tries it and almost chokes. Raine smiles.

RAINE

You don't get out much?

MISTRAL

Not to places like this.

The band plays *Trolls Just Want to Have Fun*.

RAINE

I'm sorry I didn't show up that night we arranged to meet. I didn't think it would be good for you to start anything with an Oracle. We're not exactly popular.

MISTRAL

Don't you think I'm the best judge of what's good for me.

An awkward silence as they sip their drinks.

MISTRAL (CONT'D)

And you're wrong about Griffin.

RAINE

Are you in love with him?

MISTRAL

What? No! He's my boss, that's all. You think you see so much, but you see nothing at all.

RAINE

With you, my radar's a tad off.

MISTRAL

Anyway, if you thought Griffin was really going to cheat tomorrow, why approach him about it?

(MORE)

MISTRAL (CONT'D)

Why not just report him to the
Magical Misdemeanours Office?

RAINE

Because, I wanted to give him a
chance to rethink; do the right
thing. Although, somehow, I don't
think he'll be taking it.

He nods towards the entry, as Griffin, heavily disguised, and
two guards enter. He's ushered to the back room.

MISTRAL

There's probably a good reason he's
here. I'll ask him about it at work
tomorrow.

RAINE

Or we could find out tonight.

He pulls out two lifelike ears the size of his palm.

MISTRAL

Eeoo.

RAINE

This ear is a transmitter. If I can
get it into that room somehow, we
can listen to their conversation on
this other ear, the receiver.

MISTRAL

You mean... get past him?

They look over to the Troll on the door, crunching a bone
with his teeth while crushing a rock with his bare hands.

MISTRAL (CONT'D)

How are you going to do that?

Raine skulls the rest of his drink, picks up the ear and
goes over to the Troll on guard, swaying drunkenly.

RAINE

I want to see the boss. I need a
love potion. Right now!

DWARF

He's busy. You'll have to wait.

Raine barges through. There's clattering/smashing, raised
voices. Raine is dragged out by Griffin's guards. Hood down,
Mistral slips the fake ear over her own and listens.

GRIFFIN (O/S)

Okay, leave the Oracle to me. I'll take care of him, permanently. Now, can we get down to business?

11. EXT. PLAZA - NIGHT

As she rushes past the mermaid fountain, she sees Gilbert the goblin up to his knees in the water.

GILBERT

Hold up! I have something for you, from Raine.

He gives her a note. **MEET ME AT THE DUNGEON OF SOLITUDE, 8AM TOMORROW.**

MISTRAL

When did he give you this?

GILBERT

Two days ago. He told me I'd find you here.

Irritated, Mistral storms off.

GILBERT (CONT'D)

I know! Bloody oracles, right!

12. EXT. DUNGEON - EARLY MORNING

A creepy fantasy dungeon, with screams emanating from it. Outside stands a set of gallows. Raine's neck is in the noose as the HANGMAN addresses a few sleepy watchers. Mistral is horrified as she joins them.

HANGMAN

For crimes against the magical state, including one or more murders, the penalty is death.

RAINE

Well is it one, or more?

HANGMAN

I don't know? I don't write this stuff! Any last words?

RAINE

Sometimes we're forced to take extreme measures to bring the truth to light. The ugly truth people don't want to see. About people they love and respect.

MISTRAL

Wait! I represent the fairy
governor's office. I command you to
free this man now!

HANGMAN

You got any paperwork?

MISTRAL

It's on its way.

HANGMAN

So's Christmas. And my breakfast is
getting cold.

He kicks a lever and Raine drops. He makes a gagging sound
and kicks for a while. Mistral tries to push forward, but a
guard stops her. She watches, in horror, as he goes still.

A tear runs down her cheek.

She's still there, as Raine's body is piled onto a cart,
which trundles towards a graveyard on a hill.

She moves with purpose in the opposite direction.

13. EXT. RICKETY HOUSE IN FOREST - DAY

Mistral knocks and a witch answers. She enters.

14. INT. GRIFFIN'S OFFICE - DAY

Griffin rehearses his speech in front of a mirror.

GRIFFIN

Good evening, goblins, trolls,
witches, wizards...
(alters speech with pen)
I think I should put fairies first,
since I'm their representative.

MISTRAL

But if you're elected leader,
you'll represent all magic
creatures - not just fairies.

She sees a pink drink on the desk.

MISTRAL (CONT'D)

What's this?

GRIFFIN

A special brew for the throat.

As he practises his speech, his words are background noise to Mistral, who recalls what she heard last night.

 GRIFFIN (V/O) (CONT'D)

So this potion will turn my words
into commands. Anyone who hears
them will have to do as I say for
72 hours? Like voting for me,
transferring all the money in their
bank accounts to mine? And ooo,
what I might get up to with that
little speechwriter ..! Delightful.

Mistral, behind Griffin at the mirror, straightens his tie, picks fluff off his coat. They smile at each other. Behind her back, she switches one pink drink for an identical one.

She exits, blowing him a kiss.

 GRIFFIN (CONT'D)

Bottoms up!

He drinks the potion. C/U on the pink which morphs into ...

15. INT. ELECTION HALL - DAY

...the pink dress of a fairy in a large crowd of magical creatures: wizards, elves, trolls, fairies. Pixies and witches fly about. The stage stands empty.

 AMPLIFIED VOICE

Now, please welcome to the stage,
fairy governor ...Griffin Powers.

Polite applause.

 GRIFFIN

Good evening. It's my pleasure to
be here tonight as a candidate for
leader of the Magic Council.

Mistral, at the side, gets a tap on her shoulder and turns to find Raine. She gasps and launches herself into his arms.

 MISTRAL

Oh my Fairy Godfather. How...?

 RAINE

I saw what might happen in my
dream. I also saw the hangman would
be playing cards later on, and that
certain choices might help him win
the money he'd lost the previous
night before his wife found out.

(MORE)

RAINE (CONT'D)

He rigged the noose to hook the back of my collar. I didn't foresee you trying to save me. Or those tears.

MISTRAL

I had something in my eye.

RAINE

(looks into her eyes)

I can't tell. When I'm with you, my oracle skill goes haywire.

MISTRAL

Good. A woman needs some mystery.

RAINE

So what's happening here?

Mistral raises an eyebrow.

GRIFFIN

When I'm leader, trolls will wear paper bags over their heads. No-one wants to see their ugly mugs!

Trolls growl and push forward.

GRIFFIN (CONT'D)

Witches will be the street sweepers. And goblins? Now there's a face only a mother could love.

Witches send custard pie missiles at him.

RAINE

Did you slip him an Uglyspeak potion?

MISTRAL

No. Truth serum. This is all him.

GRIFFIN

All magical creatures are equal but fairies are more equal than others.

Wham, he gets a custard pie right in the face.

RAINE

So, wanna go out with me sometime?

MISTRAL

You want the truth?