

Hotel Zhivago

INT. CLASSROOM - DAY

A clock ticks its way to 4:30. 5 minutes to go. A teacher wearing a nun's habit points to a map of some unknown archipelago. The is SISTER MAVEN (70s) a hunched old woman with angry eyes.

SISTER MAVEN

This was the site of our first monastery in the HESSILY ISLES, where we first began the work that has brought us here today. Can anyone remember what year that was?

The students (12-13 year olds) pay her no attention. They keep glancing back towards the last row and whisper among themselves about:

MIYA ZHIVAGO (13) a skinny girl with dark brown skin and short curly hair. She wears small gold hoops and her uniform has its sleeves torn off. She ignores the entire classroom, absorbed in her notebook where she has doodled a schoolgirl labeled "heart-sucking snake," laying on the ground with X's for eyes.

Sister Maven notes Miya as the preferred subject of her classes' interest and pushes on.

SISTER MAVEN

It was the fifth year of the Andoran Period. And not long after we began our glorious SECOND INQUISITION, aimed at eradicating the witches who had corrupted these islands...

Miya stretches and looks out the window at her small seaside town. Her gaze drifts up above the rooftops to a grassy bluff on the far side of the town, topped with what looks like an overgrown mansion.

SISTER MAVEN

Miya? Did you hear me?

Miya looks round to find the whole class staring at her.

MIYA

No.

The class titters.

"Dead Fish"

SISTER MAVEN

I asked if you could recite the three
ways a witch can be identified.

The bell rings. Miya smirks.

INT. SCHOOL HALLWAY - DAY

Students in navy uniforms spill from classrooms, but part for Miya as she stalks down the hall. A few students fall in behind her, including a short, wiry kid with light brown skin and a faded uniform.

This is CALLEN "CAL" EAGAN (13), Miya's right-hand man and best friend.

EXT. SCHOOL COURTYARD - DAY

The courtyard's cracked flagstones and struggling weeds are thrown into shadow by a leaning bell tower. A gang of kids stand behind a tall, white girl whose thin yellow hair is pulled into a tight ponytail. This is EVA-MAE MERCIER (15).

Miya and her entourage march in and halt in front of Eva-Mae. Bystanders fill up the yard, forming a rough circle around the two gangs. Eva-Mae's crew is clearly older and bigger.

MIYA

So. You going to take it back, you
feckle-witted idiot?

EVA-MAE

Take what back, hill-side clod?

MIYA

You insulted my Hotel, you frog-
mouthed stork! Take it back or you'll
be sorry.

EVA-MAE

I doubt it, Carzach's spawn.

MIYA

Devil's own liar.

EVA-MAE

Demon-talker.

MIYA

Bog-brat.

"Dead Fish"

EVA-MAE

Bastard.

The crowd gasps at this. Miya's eyes narrow, the only sign that this insult hits home.

CAL

(pacifying)

Okay! Miya has made the accusation and Eva-Mae has denied it. Only way to settle this is with a-

RANDOM STUDENT

DUEL!

The yard echoes with laughter and twitters of anticipation.

CAL

Right. Terms are-

MIYA

This prissy white-sock declares my Hotel the superior one!

CAL

Okay and-

EVA-MAE

That heretic fish-licker has to get on her knees and bow to me whenever we meet and call me... *Lady Eva.*

Miya gulps.

MIYA

Done.

EVA-MAE

Done.

They bow stiffly. Cal and the rest of the crowd back away as Miya and Eva-Mae stare each other down, gunslinger style. Everything is tense, formal.

Suddenly EVA-MAE LUNGES, tackling Miya to the ground and they devolve into a brawling mass of knees and knuckles, while the crowd cheers them on.

INT. MOTHER SUPERIOR'S OFFICE - DAY

The office is sparse, a little shabby but clean. The sounds

"Dead Fish"

of the fight can be heard from an open window. The MOTHER SUPERIOR (60s) sets down her pen and sighs. A tall, thin woman, she is saved from looking skeletal by her stiffly starched habit and elaborate T-shaped headgear.

There is a knock on the door.

MOTHER SUPERIOR

Come in.

A (relatively) younger nun enters in a simpler habit, looking flustered. This is SISTER HAIZEL (30s).

SISTER HAIZEL

Mother Superior, there is a fight in the-

MOTHER SUPERIOR

(bored)

Who is she fighting this time?

EXT. SCHOOL COURTYARD - DAY

Eva-Mae has Miya pinned.

CROWD

YIELD! YIELD! YIELD!

But Miya is fighting tooth and nail. She GRABS EVA-MAE'S PONYTAIL, but only succeeds in yanking out some of her hair. Miya looks at the yellow strands and her grimace transforms into a smile.

EVA-MAE

What are you smiling for, hay-for-brains?

She grabs Miya's collar and pulls her up to her face.

Miya twists Eva-Mae's hair around her finger, like a yellow ring. She CLOSES HER HAND INTO A FIST. The makeshift ring GLOWS.

Eva-Mae drops Miya, and HUNCHES OVER IN PAIN, even though Miya hasn't touched her.

When Miya RELAXES HER HAND, the ring of hair stops glowing, and Eva- Mae sags, the pain vanishing.

INT. HOTEL ZHIVAGO LOBBY, CONCIERGE DESK - DAY

CLOSE ON: A dark-brown hand stops writing.

ANA (O.S.)

Miya, what are you doing?

EXT. SCHOOL COURTYARD - DAY

Miya SHOVES Eva-Mae off. She makes eye contact with a grinning Cal, then with a confused Eva-Mae. Miya takes the opportunity to strike back, and the scuffle resumes, the twisted strands of hair lost beneath them.

CUT TO:

Mother Superior cuts through the crowd with ease, the chants of YIELD! Yield! Yield... dying away to nothing.

They part to reveal the fighting pair, whose grunts and muffled insults echo around the yard, oblivious to the new danger.

INT. OUTSIDE MOTHER SUPERIOR'S OFFICE - DAY

Miya (sporting a cut lip) sits on a bench outside the office, while Eva-Mae is scolded inside. Their silhouettes are visible through the door's rippled glass.

MOTHER SUPERIOR (O.S.)

I can't believe you are still fighting that *child*. She is barely worth your notice, yet hardly a month goes by without another dispute between the two of you for me to mitigate. This is why you were never made prefect.

EVA-MAE (O.S.)

But she attacked me-

MOTHER SUPERIOR (O.S.)

Her actions do not excuse your own. You disappoint me, and shame your family with such behavior. You will receive detention for a week. Dismissed.

The door opens and Eva Mae (sporting the makings of a black eye) walks out. She sticks her tongue out at Miya as she passes. Miya responds in kind.

EVA-MAE

(savagely whisper)

This isn't over! Expect a dead fish on
the step of that hovel you call a
hotel.

MIYA

Not if you find one on your porch
first!

MOTHER SUPERIOR (O.S.)

Miya Zhivago.

INT. MOTHER SUPERIOR'S OFFICE - DAY

MOTHER SUPERIOR

Sit down.

Miya slumps into the chair. Silence. The Mother Superior
ignores her, scribbling on some paperwork.

Still silence.

MIYA

She insulted-

MOTHER SUPERIOR

I don't want to hear it. You're on
probation and will receive two weeks
of detention. Any more rule-breaking,
any more trouble, and you will be
suspended.

(sighs)

I pride myself on tolerance, but over
the years I have learned that there
are some students who do not want to
be made better.

She glances down at Miya.

MOTHER SUPERIOR

I no longer expect anything from you.
Dismissed.

CUT TO:

Miya's silhouette fades from the other side of the door. The
Mother Superior hesitates, then picks up her old-fashioned
phone and starts to dial.

EXT. SCHOOL GATE - DAY

A wrought iron gate stretches across the entrance. A sign above it identifies it as the HOLY SIBLING'S SECONDARY SCHOOL.

Cal leans against the wall beside the gate reading a textbook when Miya emerges. Her troubled look vanishes when she sees Cal.

MIYA

Hey, Cal.

CAL

Verdict?

She holds up a red slip of paper with the word PROBATION printed across the top.

MIYA

Plus two weeks of detention.

CAL

(whistles)

Lucky. I thought you were a goner.

MIYA

Yeah, me too. The Hammerhead only gave that sallow-faced kiss-up a week, so I guess even she couldn't punish me much more than that.

They start walking down the street towards the azure sea shimmering in the distance.

CAL

So. War?

MIYA

War! Yeee! I can't wait to start drawing up the campaign.

CAL

So, you want to leave the
(air quotes)
"notice of hostile intent" at Eva-
Mae's tonight?

MIYA

Can't! Tonight's my first-
(whispers)

"Dead Fish"

coven meeting.

(loudly)

And it is not going to be spoiled by
this!

She grins as she balls up the red probation notice and throws it onto a nearby roof. It rolls down into the rain gutter on top of a pile of waterlogged colored paper.

MIYA

Yes!

They high five.

Just then, they enter a sleepy market square. In the center stands a stone pyre, its carved surface blackened with soot. Wildflowers and weeds sprout around it. Neither of them pay it much mind.

CAL

(whispering)

Um, Miya? Did you use... *magic* in the
fight? That would have been so cool-

MIYA

Race you to the docks!

She takes off down the street, Cal hot on her heels.

BEGIN MONTAGE

-They run through the small seaside town, all cobbled streets and leaning gray roofs.

-Miya and Cal dodge small cars (60's era) running down a narrow one way street.

-They pass by the ruins of a small castle and wave to the man at the ticket booth in front of the castle entrance. A sign on the booth reads: "Tours of Castle Avelone! 6g per person."

-They race down the main road, passing by the tallest hotel, THE SEA PALACE, with fancy gold and white trim. EVA-MAE scowls down at them from her bedroom window on the second story, while a maid fusses over her black eye.

-They reach the harbor, running past the mainland ferry. A large, weather-beaten sign proclaims: "Welcome to Avelone! Home of Castle Avelone and capital of the Isle of Dwen!"

-Finally, they reach a fishing boat named *The Dancing Crab*.

"Dead Fish"

Cal's hand slaps its hull just before Miya's.

END MONTAGE

CAL
(gasping)
I win!

MIYA
(also gasping)
That's just cuz I'm sore all over.

CAL
Aww, care for a rematch?

BONNIE
Hiya kids! Good day at school?

They turn to see BONNIE EAGAN (50s), a large care-worn woman with calloused hands and graying hair pulled into a bun. She is loading crab pots onto the deck of *The Dancing Crab*.

CAL
Not really-

MIYA
Yes! We're declaring war on the sea-dazed half-wit and her White Sock Regulars!

BONNIE
Another one, huh? Oh, dearie, and I suppose it was that Eva-Mae who did this?

She gestures to Miya's lip.

MIYA
I'll get her back, just you see.

BONNIE
Hmm. Well just keep the battle off the docks alright? This is a fishing vessel, not a warship.

BEGIN FLASHBACK

EXT. THE DOCKS - NIGHT

Miya, Cal, and the rest of their gang yell and shout as they crew *The Dancing Crab* (crossed out and renamed *THE CRAB OF*

"Dead Fish"

VENGEANCE) heading straight for a dock that has been taken over by Eva-Mae and the White Sock Regulars!

CRASH!

END FLASHBACK

Bonnie shudders.

BONNIE

You hear me, young man?

CAL

(blushing)

Yes, mum.

MIYA

Don't worry Mrs. Eagan! I'll keep him out of trouble.

BONNIE

(mutters)

That's what I'm afraid of.

MIYA

Well... best be off. Rematch tomorrow Cal!

BONNIE

Say hi to your moms for me!

Miya takes off, charging back down the docks and vanishing into an alley. She jumps a fence, scrambles up a wall, and walks along it arms outstretched. Miya hops from there to a roof, and runs from rooftop to rooftop.

INT. CRAFTSMAN'S WORKSHOP - DAY

A potter hunches over a small, delicate pot, painting small, delicate designs.

FOOTSTEPS pound overhead.

His hand jerks and paints a thick zig-zag of red across the pot. He sighs.

EXT. ROOFTOPS - DAY

Miya leaps a three foot gap.

INT. BEDROOM - DAY

A tired father gently places a sleeping baby in a crib, then slumps into a chair.

FATHER

Finally...

THUMP! Footsteps patter away across the roof.

The baby wails and the father curses silently.

EXT. ROOFTOPS - DAY

Miya reaches the edge of town, where the rooftops meet the slope of a grassy hill. Leaping onto the grass, she climbs up the bluff, cresting the top to see the HOTEL ZHIVAGO.

The Hotel is built from an abandoned mansion, cheaply made of plaster, but mimicking a grander style. A little worn and a lot overgrown, its patina comes across as charming, not to mention that it has the best view in town.

Miya skirts the front entrance and the dirt parking lot, instead walking around the wall that encloses the grounds. From this side of the Hotel she can see the ocean on the west end of the island, smashing against the cliffs below.

Finally, she reaches a section of wall that has crumbled away. A STONE DOORWAY stands alone in the grass.

Miya looks over her shoulder, then makes a hand gesture. She steps through the doorway and DISAPPEARS.

EXT. VEGETABLE GARDEN - DAY

Miya opens a wooden door and enters a verdant vegetable garden. A middle-aged woman with bushy blond hair is kneeling next to a crop of carrots, head bowed. This is PHOEBE ZHIVAGO (30). Miya sneaks up on her.

MIYA

Afternoon, Phoebe.

Phoebe jumps, her grey eyes flying open in surprise. The carrots shrink and wilt slightly.

PHOEBE

(laughing)

Miya, you scared me, honey! Why did you use the spirit door- oh... Miya,

"Dead Fish"

your lip!

MIYA

It's nothing really, just had a disagreement with the squid-slurping crane.

PHOEBE

Who? Oh, you mean Bertrand's daughter. You could call her by her real name you know.

MIYA

Never!

PHOEBE

Well, at least go up to my private garden and make a paste for that lip, okay?

Miya turns to go.

PHOEBE

Oh, before I forget- Your mom said she wanted to talk to you before you start work today.

Phoebe turns her attention back to the carrots.

MIYA

Mmmm.

Miya walks back to the door and makes another hand signal. She pushes it open and enters-

EXT. PHOEBE'S PRIVATE GARDEN - DAY

Phoebe's private garden crowns an open-air rooftop on the mansion's only tower, overflowing with strange plants.

Miya pauses to admire the view: sea stretching to the horizon, the afternoon sun sparkling on the waves, the quiet hustle and bustle of a town settling down for the day.

She picks a few leaves from a bushy yellow plant and starts to grind them in a mortar and pestle from a rack of garden tools and odd scientific equipment.

INT. TOWER - DAY

Miya closes the trapdoor to the garden and climbs down a

ladder to the top landing of a spiral staircase, her bottom lip smeared with a yellowy paste.

She descends as quietly as possible, trying not to disturb the occupants of the hotel rooms she passes.

She picks up an empty-room service tray on the way, and when she reaches the bottom of the staircase, she peers around the corner into the sun-lit lobby.

A silhouetted female figure sits at the concierge desk. She checks her wristwatch.

MIYA

Hmmm, an alternate route then.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

Miya jumps the last four steps into the basement kitchen, slapping the arch of the doorway at the height of her leap. She barely catches the tray before landing, and bows triumphantly.

A teenage girl with long black hair braided down her back and an apron applauds. This is SADIE (16).

VEERA

Don't you dare chip my china, girl!

VEERA (30) wields a spatula like a sword as she levels it at Miya. With her short dark hair slicked back, ruby lipstick, and crisp slacks, she looks more like a 60's model than a cook.

A shard falls out of one of the plates in Miya's hand.

VEERA

Arrgh! Do you know how much time I
have to devote to you and your messes?
If I had a guinea for every time
you've broken a glass, or chipped a
plate, why, I'd - I'd be working my
own restaurant on the mainland! I-
AHH!

A distracted Veera's skillet has CAUGHT FIRE. She throws a rag over it, as Miya rolls her eyes and carries her tray over to the sink where Sadie is cleaning dishes. She places them in soapy water with exaggerated care.

MIYA

I really don't know why Veera hates me
so much.

Behind them, the fire seems to have gone out. Veera sighs.
Then the RAG CATCHES FIRE.

SADIE

Yep, it's a complete mystery.

VEERA

SADIE GET THE FIRE EXTINGUISHER!

Sadie runs and fetches it. As she puts out the fire she calls
over her shoulder:

SADIE

By the way Miya, Ana wanted you to
talk to her before you started work.

MIYA

Oh, yeah, I already talked to her.

ANA

Did you now?

They all turn around and see ANA ZHIVAGO (30) standing in the
kitchen doorway. She's short and curvy, with Miya's dark skin
and cropped curly hair. She looks sweet, but when her brown
eyes narrow (like now) she's intimidating.

MIYA

(defeated)

Hi mom.

ANA

The Mother Superior called. You are
grounded, young lady.

MIYA

But-

ANA

Go to your room. We'll discuss this
tonight.

INT. MIYA'S ROOM - NIGHT

Miya has dragged all her bedding onto the floor and used one
of the low rafters to make a tent of her blankets. Her room
is small, an attic crawlspace with a window overlooking

Averlone and the ocean.

The walls are bare but the ceiling is plastered with posters and artwork. Stuffed animals and strange mobiles hang from the rafters.

KNOCK, KNOCK.

Her door opens and Phoebe pokes her head in.

PHOEBE

Sweetie, are you coming down for dinner?

Silence.

PHOEBE

Come on, your mom and I need to talk to you.

She walks to the tent and pulls aside the blanket to reveal Miya laying with her back to her.

PHOEBE (CONT.)

You can't run from this conversation, Miya. It's going to happen, no matter what.

(beat)

We'll be in the dining room.

INT. THE DINING ROOM - NIGHT

The small dining room is full of empty tables, all except for one. Ana and Phoebe look up from a book of accounts as Miya walks in, still wearing her school uniform.

CUT TO:

MIYA

WHAT!

Miya stands abruptly, abandoning her half-eaten dinner.

MIYA (CONT.)

You can't do that! We agreed, tonight I was going to be allowed to sit in!

ANA

We agreed you could come to a meeting because we thought you were responsible enough to handle it. But

using magic in front of a crowd to win some- brawl! You weren't even going to tell me! I only know because whatever you cast was strong enough for me to sense, even all the way up here. And when the Mother Superior called...

PHOEBE

And you're sure that no one could have seen you?

MIYA

It would have looked like she had a sudden cramp or something-

PHOEBE

But you must have needed a glyph, or an incantation?

MIYA

No, there wasn't any time-

PHOEBE

Wow, Miya, that's really-
(catches Ana's eye)
shameful. Very shameful.

ANA

Look Miya, the coven is about protecting the magic of this island. And part of that is keeping it hidden from the church. You've put everyone, every witch in this town, every spirit in these hills, at risk with your actions today.

She takes Phoebe's hand.

ANA (CONT.)

I need to know you respect that secrecy before I let you join us.

MIYA

I do! I swear I do!

PHOEBE

I know you want this Miya, but your actions say otherwise.

INT. MIYA'S ROOM - NIGHT

The door bursts open and Miya storms in, stumbles across her tent (which she had forgotten about), and violently tears it down.

She stands amid the fluffy wreckage, trying not to cry. Then, sniffing, she picks up a stuffed rabbit and falls on her bed.

The sound of laughter echoes from her open window.

Miya looks out and sees a gaggle of women walking up the hill, laughing and talking. They go in through a side door into the walled garden.

Beyond them, small, wispy spirits, barely visible, drift across the grass towards the spirit door. They pass through and DISAPPEAR.

And REAPPEAR in the gardens, their shapes transformed, tall, stately, cloaked, and mingle with the witches from the village under garden lights.

Miya glares at the splendor of it, tears running down her face. Then she wipes her eyes, face set.

MIYA

Right.

EXT. HOTEL ZHIVAGO - NIGHT

Miya, wearing a backpack, climbs down the outside of the hotel, using vines as her ladder. She drops to the dark grass and starts down the hill, lights shining from the Hotel behind her.

EXT. THE FEY WIND - NIGHT

A small pub named The Fey Wind stands squished in between a block of restaurants and inns. Through the glass window, Cal can be seen cleaning tables.

Miya sneaks up to the window and taps on it. Cal slips and falls in surprise.

PUB OWNER (O.S.)

(faintly through the glass)

Cal! Stop horsing around!

CAL

Yes, sir.

He stands, rubbing his butt, then motions towards the back of the pub. Miya nods.

EXT. BEHIND THE FEY WIND - NIGHT

Miya sits on an upended crate in the alley behind the pub. Finally the lights turn out and Cal comes through the back door, backpack slung over his shoulder.

MIYA

Cal! Are you ready?

CAL

You mean for the fish? I thought you had *the meeting* tonight.

MIYA

Never mind that, we've got a war to declare!

EXT. HOTEL ZHIVAGO GARDEN - NIGHT

Ana and Phoebe stand in the doorway, waving goodbye to the last of the town witches.

ANA

I had really hoped she would be here tonight.

PHOEBE

I know.

She takes Ana's hand.

PHOEBE (CONT.)

Come on, let's go to bed. I want your opinion on my latest edit.

They turn and go inside.

EXT. MAIN STREET - NIGHT

Cal and Miya crouch around the corner from The Sea Palace, waiting for all the lights to go out.

CAL

Ok, so I've been thinking of ideas all day. We've already done the usual.

"Dead Fish"

BEGIN FLASHBACK MONTAGE

- A hand nails the tail of a dead fish with gouged-out eyes to the fancy white door of THE SEA PALACE

CAL (V.O.)

Then we started to get creative with
THE FISH WARS...

- A fish is thrown through THE SEA PALACE's front window, shattering it.

- A fish smacks against the HOTEL ZHIVAGO sign, smearing blood as it falls.

- A fish hits Eva-Mae in the head, knocking her off her bike.

- Miya stands in front of the class writing on the blackboard, when a fish SLAMS into the back of her head.

CAL (V.O.)

But that ended when *parents* got
involved.

- A wealthy-looking white man and woman stroll down the main street, Eva-Mae in tow. BERTRAND and MIRANDA MERCIER (50s), Eva Mae's parents. A fish SMACKS the woman in the face.

- A fish HITS ANA in the back while grocery shopping. She turns and GLARES, a terrifying sight.

MIYA (V.O.)

We were running out of fish anyways.

END FLASHBACK MONTAGE

CAL

Which brings us to our current situation. Number one: We use fish blood to paint a *giant* fish on the window and then use an *actual* fish as the eye. Number two: you use *magic* to make the fish talk when she finds it on the door, or, ooh!, we could-

MIYA

Cal, Cal, Cal. These are all wonderful ideas, but all they do is deface the *outside* of the hotel. If we really want to shake things up, we need to get *inside*.

CAL

Whoa. So, are you going to *magic* us onto a balcony, or maybe *magic* us directly into the hotel? Oooh, that would be so cool!

EXT. ALLEY BEHIND THE SEA PALACE - NIGHT

Miya tries to pick the lock on The Sea Palace's cellar door. Above them, all the windows are dark.

CAL

(mutters)

I still think you could have flown us to a balcony at least.

MIYA

This is taking too long.

She pockets the hairpin, takes out a pencil, and lightly sketches a symbol on the door.

Miya takes a step back, then makes a hand gesture. The mark briefly glows and the door unlocks.

CAL

Brilliant.

She smiles as she erases the symbol and brushes away the rubbings. Cal eases the door open and they peer into a dark, cavernous room.

INT. ANA AND PHOEBE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Ana sits in bed reading a manuscript. Phoebe paces at the foot of the bed.

Their room is spacious, with walls of exposed brick and wooden floors. The decor is eclectic and threadbare but full of color.

ANA

Will you please stop pacing? You're making me nervous.

PHOEBE

Sorry, just- do you like it? I changed the bit about the feral rats to feral mice, I thought that would be less scary- and what do you think about the dragon's name-

"Dead Fish"

She stops when she sees Ana's far away look.

PHOEBE
(gently)
You're not listening.

ANA
No, no, I love it.

PHOEBE
You do?

ANA
I love all your work.

PHOEBE
You're no help.

She walks over and kisses Ana, then takes her manuscript back.

PHOEBE (CONT.)
I'll have to find someone else to test my writing on.

ANA
A new victim you mean?

PHOEBE
Ha ha very funny.

She puts it on her nightstand and gets into bed. Ana turns off the light and lays her head on Phoebe's shoulder.

PHOEBE
What a day.

ANA
Yes...you sure you can handle that spirit tomorrow? I know at the meeting you volunteered, but I could-

PHOEBE
No, no, I'll deal with it. I know you're busy preparing for tourist season.

ANA
If you're sure...

She rolls over onto her side and tries to fall asleep. Phoebe

watches her for a moment, then lays down as well.

Beat.

PHOEBE

You could talk to her you know. Make peace. I can tell you're still upset about it.

ANA

Not tonight. She needs to know that her actions have consequences.

PHOEBE

Oh, she understands the consequences alright. Miya just thinks she is clever enough to evade them. And the problem's that-
(smiles)
she normally is.

ANA

But it won't last. It never does.

INT. THE SEA PALACE LAUNDRY ROOM - NIGHT

Cal and Miya creep through a creepy laundry room, all steaming vats and hissing pipes glinting in the dark.

CAL

(whispering)
We need to find the kitchens.

They make their way to the other side of the room, and find an unlocked door leading into a hallway.

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

The hallway is lined with many doors, one of which is ajar with light and voices spilling through. They edge around the light and tiptoe down the passage.

Miya finds the kitchen door. She repeats the same unlocking spell, and they sneak through.

INT. THE SEA PALACE KITCHEN - NIGHT

MIYA

(whispers)
The dumbwaiter!

They scurry over to it.

MIYA (CONT.)

I'll go first.

She shoves her backpack in and then tries to shove herself, but can't fit.

CAL

Leave the backpack!

MIYA

Wait.

Miya unzips the backpack and takes out two things: a jar of red powder, and -

MIYA (CONT.)

Where is it?

She digs around for the second thing, but comes up empty.

CAL

Did you forget to bring the fish?

Miya grimaces.

CAL (CONT.)

How are we supposed to declare war without a dead fish?

MIYA

I'll just have to improvise.

CAL

(pointing to jar)

What's that for?

MIYA

Well, I thought, in addition to the declaration, we could do a bit - more.

CAL

You mean, like a *spell*? That would be awesome! But, do you think it'll get traced to you? That would be bad...

MIYA

It's just a rash hex, and it won't take effect for a few days, anyway. Now can you hoist me up?

"Dead Fish"

She crams herself into the dumbwaiter, cradling the precious jar of powder. Cal grabs the rope and starts to pull.

INT. DUMBWAITER - NIGHT

Miya waits in silence.

INT. THE SEA PALACE KITCHEN - NIGHT

Cal monitors a gauge that records the dumbwaiter's progress. The needle reaches "Eva-Mae's Bedroom," and he stops.

INT. EVA-MAE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

The dumbwaiter jerks to a halt. Miya FALLS BACKWARDS into Eva-Mae's bedroom, managing a sort of somersault so that she lands with a soft thump on the carpet.

She glances nervously over her shoulder, but Eva-Mae sleeps on, cuddling a plush white rabbit in the downy depths of her four poster bed. The room is ridiculously ornate and stereotypically girly.

INT. THE SEA PALACE KITCHEN - NIGHT

Cal ties off the dumbwaiter rope and looks curiously around the kitchen. His eyes land on the pantry.

CUT TO: Cal stuffing his backpack full of food.

FOOTSTEPS SOUND.

Cal whips around, a half-eaten roll in his mouth.

MAID #1 (O.S)

I can't believe that Zhivago bastard
gave Miss Eva a black eye!

Two maids round the corner and enter the kitchen, carrying a finished tea tray.

MAID #2

I didn't know she was a bastard!

MAID #1

Oh, I keep forgetting you're new. It's
old news around here. She's the
daughter of Ana Zhivago and Lord
Phillip Gandry.

MAID #2

Who?

MAID #1

He's one of the minor nobility. It's no wonder you haven't heard of him; I've heard he's fallen on hard times of late. Anyways, it was quite out of line for that Miya girl to strike Miss Eva.

MAID #2

Ach, I'm sure she had it coming! The young miss is a right brat and no mistake. No excuses for meanness in my book, especially for one like her.

Cal crouches unseen under a table. Their swishing skirts stop in front of him and they put the tray down directly over his head. Instead of leaving, they lean against the table and take off their shoes. He's trapped.

INT. ANA AND PHOEBE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Phoebe is fast asleep, but Ana lays on her back, staring up at the ceiling.

BEGIN FLASHBACK

Ana is meditating under a tree in the Hotel gardens.

Miya runs up, about 6 or 7 years old, hands clasped tight around something. She stops when she sees her mom meditating, then creeps up to her and whispers in her ear:

MIYA

(in a ghostly voice)

Wooh, ooooooh, ooooh!

ANA

(smiling)

Ah, is that the voice of a spirit I hear, come to counsel me?

Miya giggles and climbs into her lap.

MIYA

No, mommy it's me, Miya!

Ana opens her eyes and pretends to be surprised.

ANA

Why, it is no spirit, but my baby girl!

MIYA

Did I fool you, mommy?

ANA

Completely fooled. What have you got there?

Miya beams as she opens her hands to reveal a SEED.

MIYA

Look what I can do!

She closes her hands around the seed and screws up her face in concentration.

When she opens them, the SEED HAS SPROUTED. Ana's smile freezes.

Miya, sensing her mother's discomfort, frowns.

MIYA

Did I do something wrong?

In her little hands, the seedling begins to wilt.

ANA

No, no baby, you did wonderful! I am so proud of you!

She kisses Miya on the cheek. The seedling perks up again.

MIYA

I can do magic like you!

ANA

(tears in her eyes)

Yes, yes you can.

(deep breath)

Now Miya, can you promise me something?

Miya nods.

ANA (CONT.)

Let's make this our secret, okay?
Swear you won't tell anyone.

MIYA

What about Phoebe?

ANA

Of course you can tell Phoebe, baby.
But just the three of us, our secret.

MIYA

(frowns)

I don't understand.

ANA

Someday you will.

(beat)

How's this: Promise me you'll keep
this secret, and one day I'll bring
you to a special place with wonderful
people, and you can show everyone
there just how magical you are. How
does that sound?

Miya looks a little skeptical, but she nods.

ANA

Promise?

MIYA

Promise.

END FLASHBACK

Ana bites her lip. Then she slides out of bed, pulls on a
dressing gown, slips on her slippers and leaves the room.

INT. EVA-MAE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Miya tiptoes over to the bed and unscrews the jar. Very
carefully, she takes out a pinch of the red powder and
spreads it on the palm of her right hand. With her left, she
draws a few symbols in the air over it.

The powder GLOWS. Miya purses her lips, about to blow it over
Eva-Mae, but when she looks down at her rival's sleeping
face, she pauses.

The powder begins to BURN, and, in a moment of indecision,
Miya closes her hand into a fist, SNUFFING IT OUT.

Miya bites her lip in pain as powder trickles harmlessly
through her fingers, now an ashy grey. She quickly dumps the
handful into a wicker waste-basket, leaving an angry welt on

the palm of her hand.

Miya sighs over the wasted spell.

MIYA
(mutters)
Now what?

She scans the room for inspiration and her attention is seized by the vanity desk, topped with an opulent mirror.

CUT TO:

Miya carefully places a bottle of EYELINER and a LIPSTICK back inside the vanity and steps back to admire her handiwork. We don't see what she has done.

She grabs the jar of powder and climbs back into the dumbwaiter. She tugs on the rope to let Cal know to bring her down. Nothing happens.

INT. THE SEA PALACE KITCHEN - NIGHT

Cal hunches under the table, an expression of pure boredom on his face.

MAID #1
And so *he* said that she could very well jump in a lake for all he cared-

MAID #2
Oh dear...

MAID #1
-and that he wanted to marry his mistress, you remember, the uppity little starlet from last year-

MAID #2
You're joking! Choose that frilly honeypot, over Mrs. Cullingham?

MAID #1
I know! But by then I had finished with the beds and I couldn't stay without looking suspicious, so I just gathered up the laundry and left. *But* I could hear her screeching at him from down the hall!

MAID #2

Ach, well I don't blame her! Now, have
you heard about that young couple
staying in Room #42...

INT. EVA-MAE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Miya continues to tug on the rope. No response.

A GROAN.

A horrified Miya looks up to see Eva-Mae turn over in her
sleep, NOW FACING MIYA. She is having a nightmare, sweat
beading her forehead, clutching her stuffed rabbit for dear
life.

Another GROAN.

MIYA

(angry murmur)

Cal, in the name of Sybil and Esther,
get me down!

INT. THE SEA PALACE KITCHEN - NIGHT

Cal (who has started doing his homework) glances up at the
gossiping maids. They sit on the table, feet swinging in
front of his face.

Through their stocking feet he sees the dumbwaiter rope
twitching violently.

The pencil drops from his hands.

MAID #1

And she said- What was that?

MAID #2

She said what was that?

MAID #1

No, I thought I heard something. Maybe
we should go to bed. If Mrs. Halloway
catches us...

Cal breathes a sigh of relief,

MAID #2

Ach, don't be such a ninny.

He starts to repack his backpack as quietly as possible.

"Dead Fish"

Shouldering it, he frantically scans the room for some way to get the maids out of the kitchen.

His eyes alight on a ROW OF BELLS. They dangle on a wall behind the maids, each one labeled with a room number. Cal grins.

CUT TO: The maids are chatting away when a BELL RINGS. They jump and turn to see the bell labeled ROOM 214 tinkling.

MAID #2

Now what does she want at this hour?
No one is supposed to be down here
anyways, let's just ignore it.

Cal facepalms.

MAID #1

If you want, but I'm going up to see
if the young miss needs anything.

MAID #2

Fine, then I'm going to bed.

Cal cheers silently.

Both grab their shoes, one trying to pull them on as she goes, the other dangling hers by the laces.

MAID #2

(sarcastic)
Have fun!

She saunters out, swinging her shoes.

MAID #1

(grumbling)
I won't.

And she stumbles to the door, pausing to tie the laces, then jogs off.

INT. EVA-MAE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Miya cowers in the dumbwaiter in plain view of the nightmare-ridden Eva-Mae. Scanning the room for an alternate hiding place, she is about to get out (heading for a giant wardrobe) when the DUMBWAITER MOVES.

Miya yanks her leg back in as the dumbwaiter drops.

INT. THE SEA PALACE KITCHEN - NIGHT

The dumbwaiter slams into place. Miya almost tumbles out, but catches herself in time.

Miya and Cal stare at each other in shock at their near miss.

CAL

That was-

MIYA

So awesome!

CAL

-terrifying. But also kind of awesome.
Come on, lets get out of here.

INT. EVA-MAE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Maid #1 shakes Eva-Mae awake.

MAID #1

Miss Eva, please wake up! You're
having a nightmare!

Eva gasps and opens her eyes, terror changing immediately to annoyance.

EVA-MAE

What are you- (GASP)

She pushes aside the maid and leaps to the floor, staring at her vanity.

EVA-MAE (CONT.)

It can't be - she couldn't have -

Eva-Mae stops in front of her vanity mirror. On it, an UPSIDE DOWN FISH with X-ED OUT EYES has been painted with eye-liner. The rest of the mirror is covered in smeared RED LIPSTICK.

MAID #1

Oh my.

EVA-MAE

That demon-eyed, snot-nosed- WITCH!

She grabs the mirror and hurls it to the floor, where it shatters on impact.

"Dead Fish"

EXT. CAL'S ROOM - NIGHT

Miya and Cal sit quietly laughing on the floor of his bedroom, a lantern between them.

CAL
(trying not to laugh)
shhh! too loud!

MIYA
(manages to stop laughing)
Sorry, it's just, that was crazy! I
can't believe we made it!

His four brothers and one sister are crammed into the room's two small beds, fast asleep. Cal has found an ancient first aid kit and is wrapping up Miya's burned hand.

CAL
So did the spell work?

MIYA
I- no. It backfired. Sorry.

CAL
No worries! That was the coolest
(air-quotes)
"notice of hostile intent" that we've
ever done! She's gonna flip when she
sees what you did to her mirror.

MIYA
I wish I could have seen the look on
her face! Probably all like "Urgh,
curse you to death!"

Miya acts out a grotesque mimicry with bulging eyes (actually a pretty spot-on impression).

CAL
No, no, more like "eughh, my
reflection! So accurate!"

They dissolve into silent giggles.

EXT. CAL'S APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

Miya drops to the ground and waves goodbye to Cal, backlit in his bedroom window on the third story.

Turning, she strolls down the crooked lane, deep in thought.

"Dead Fish"

EXT. HOTEL ZHIVAGO - NIGHT

Miya, trudging up the hill, glances at the Hotel above her. Everything is dark except for a lighted room near the top of the tower. Miya's room.

MIYA
(groans)
Holy herring.

INT. MIYA'S ROOM - NIGHT

Miya pulls herself up over the windowsill. Just as she's about to let herself flop into bed, she sees that it is ALREADY OCCUPIED.

Ana has fallen asleep waiting for her, slumped in an awkward position against the wall.

On the dresser sits her peace offering: a plate of cookies and a cup of tea, now cold.

Carefully, very carefully, Miya uses the low rafters to swing over Ana and land on the floor. Guilt flashes across her face as she looks down at her mother.

Miya pulls a blanket across Ana's shoulders, grabs a cookie, then turns to go.

When she turns the door knob, ANA'S EYES OPEN.

ANA
You're back.

Miya lets go of the handle and turns to see her sitting up.

MIYA
I had an errand to run.

ANA
I'm sure you did. Everything go well?

MIYA
Yeah. Perfect, in fact.

ANA
Where were you?

Beat.

MIYA

None of your business.

ANA

Oho, so that's how you want to play it? All I'm asking for is a little honesty. I don't understand why you don't trust me anymore.

MIYA

How can I when you don't trust *me* at all!

ANA

I am trying to! I came up here to say maybe, *if you behaved*, you could come to the next coven meeting, but YOU WEREN'T HERE!

Miya is shocked. In her rush to anger, she missed her chance.

ANA (CONT.)

And I know it's not the first time you've snuck out either. Now, where were you?

Miya looks at her shoes.

MIYA

I went down to declare war on the White Sock Regulars. That's all.

ANA

You're sure?

MIYA

Yes.

She hides her bandaged hand behind her back. Ana notices, but doesn't comment.

ANA

Well, at least you didn't do anything too stupid.

MIYA

I only do clever things.

ANA

You're not clever; you're lucky. And luck runs out. Promise me that you

won't use magic in this turf war of
yours.

Miya sulks.

ANA

Promise me.

MIYA

(reluctantly)

I promise.

But behind Miya's back, her fingers are crossed.