

FADE IN:

EXT. EXPANSIVE WILDERNESS-EARLY MORNING

A dense fog rolls over the tops of enormous pines. A LARGE BLACK RAVEN seems to be riding it like a surfer rides a wave.

EXT. SMALL CLEARING IN THE WOODS

WESLIE MORGAN (age 10) stands on alert, her right hand resting on the hilt of a dagger hanging from her waist. Ringlets of her red hair dance wild around her.

Landing on a branch beside her the raven drops a ROUGH CRYSTAL NECKLACE from its beak.

Weslie picks up the stone and turns it over slowly as a high humming sound slowly builds.

Suddenly, the Raven caws in alarm.

Weslie stows the necklace away and takes off running through the forest as a storm rolls in.

MONTAGE-WOODS-CONTINUOUS

- Large branches whip Weslie in the face.
- MEN on horseback follow behind her.
- She trips over a moss covered rock. Gets up and takes off.
- A HORSE leaps over the same rock, its rider wears a HORNED HELMET.
- Weslie leaps over a fallen tree branch, and quickly turns.
- MOUNTED HORSES leap over the same fallen tree but turn in the opposite direction.
- The raven cries and Weslie changes direction once again, now she is following the men.
- The faster the men ride, the faster she runs.
- She takes out her dagger as she stops just short of another clearing.
- Rushing water and the voice of a young boy dance on the breeze. The men on horseback are nowhere to be seen.

- Weslie peers out from her hiding place in the trees.

END MONTAGE

EXT. RIVER BANK CLEARING

A Boy slightly smaller than Weslie with dark black hair, EVAN(8) stands on the banks of a RUSHING RIVER.

He stares at a large tree that bridges one side of the river to another.

Seconds pass, then snow begins to fall. Evan begins to laugh and chase the snowflakes. Catching them on his tongue.

Weslie sneaks up behind Evan.

Thousands of horses draw nearer. Weslie can see the man with horned armor across the river from where she stands.

Evan stops playing, he's spotted the man. Suddenly, Weslie is on top of Evan drawing her dagger along his neck.

His blood trickles down her dress as she drags them both into the river. Evan looks up at Weslie, through startling green eyes. The same green as her own.

She lets go of his body and watches it float down the river.

The man with the horned helmet watches from the bank. He still hasn't moved.

Weslie begins to make her way back toward him, her dagger drawn. She slips on one of the mossy rocks and knocks herself out. The stone necklace floats down the river.

CUT TO BLACK

EXT. EXPANSIVE WILDERNESS

The wings of the raven fly continuously over mountains, labyrinths, and cities.

TITLE CARD: THE HEIR OF TARA: SPIRIT GUIDE

EXT. SUBURBAN NEIGHBORHOOD-DAY-SOMEWHERE IN CALIFORNIA

A Raven lands on the mailbox to a typical Adobe home.
INT. SUBURBAN HOME - WESLIE'S BEDROOM - MORNING

WESLIE(17) wakes up from the floor of her room, voices can be heard arguing in the kitchen.

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*
*
*

She looks in the direction of the noise through a hole has
been punched through her bedroom door. The rest of her room
is in ruins. *

The voices begin to get heated and a ringing slowly begins in
Weslie's head. *

She puts her hands to her head.
INT. KITCHEN - MORNING *

JOSH(45) stands over the kitchen sink, his hands in his head. *
EVELYN(41) sits behind him at the table, A small cut can be *
seen over one of her eyes. *

EVELYN *
Just stop. *

A tea pot begins to whistle on the stove and Evelyn gets up. *

EVELYN (CONT'D) *
I'm tired of fighting. *

Evelyn pours a cup of tea. *

Josh grabs her wrist. She flinches slightly at his touch. *

EVELYN (CONT'D) *
You can't scare us anymore. *

She hands him the cup of tea. *

JOSH *
You sure about that? *

As he takes a sip of the tea his eyes flash momentarily
white. (So fast if you blinked you would have missed it.) *

JOSH (CONT'D)
I'm sorry. I don't... that's not
me.

EVELYN
I know.

Evelyn sits back down at the kitchen table and takes a sip
out of her own cup. *

EVELYN (CONT'D)
Get out.

JOSH *
Evie I, I would never hurt you. *

EVELYN

It's over.

*

JOSH

Are we?

Josh touches Evelyn lovingly. Evelyn is resolute.

EVELYN

Leave.

*

JOSH

Right.

*

Josh exits slamming the door behind him.

INT. WESLIE'S BEDROOM - MORNING

*

Weslie watches through her window as Josh gets into his truck and pulls out of the driveway.

*

WESLIE

(to herself) Right, on.

*

*

As the sound of the pickup gets further away, Weslie tosses a SKETCHBOOK and some ART SUPPLIES into a RATTY BACKPACK, throws on a sweatshirt then heads downstairs.

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

*

Evelyn is cleaning up debris, Weslie enters and immediately begins to help with the clean up.

*

*

WESLIE (CONT'D)

Last night, what was he on about?

*

Evelyn looks up from her work as Weslie scoops some things into the trash.

EVELYN

Nothing really. That wasn't the man I married. No matter. Nothings going to ruin this day.

*

*

*

WESLIE

It's just a day.

Evelyn reaches into one of the fallen drawers and pulls out a birthday card and hands it to Weslie.

EVELYN

Hush now. 17 years ago this was the best day of my life and it has been ever since. Now leave it.

*

*

*

Weslie begins to chew on her fingers.

*

WESLIE

I'm sor...

EVELYN

There's nothing to be sorry for.
Now, stop chewin on those things
and let me get you a real
breakfast. Shall I?

*
*

Weslie takes her fingers out of her mouth.

Evelyn starts to pour Weslie a bowl of cereal. Weslie rubs
her fingertips along her temples.

EVELYN (CONT'D)

Another migrane?

*

Weslie uses her spoon to play with the cereal.

WESLIE

Had that dream again.

*

EVELYN

Oh Wes.

*
*

WESLIE

Just wish I knew what it meant.

*
*

EVELYN

It's a dream about water, that
leaves you with a massive headache.

*

Evelyn fills up one of the remaining kitchen glasses with
water.

EVELYN (CONT'D)

You're dehydrated.

*

Weslie takes a sip then opens her card. A folded piece of
paper falls out.

She opens the paper and begins to trace the celtic design
with her fingers.

EVELYN (CONT'D)

I designed it after your mother's,
or as close as I could get I...

*

WESLIE

It's beautiful. I barely remember
her.

*

EVELYN

Yes, well, I was your age when I got my first, so I thought.

WESLIE

Wait, Are you serious?!

*

EVELYN

I have some time this evening. Swing by around 6 when your big event is over.

*

*

WESLIE

Thank you, thank you, thank you.

Weslie grabs her bag and heads out the door. But stops before closing it.

WESLIE (CONT'D)

You gonna be okay?

EVELYN

I'll be fine. Now go on get out of here.

*

*

EXT. SUBURBAN NEIGHBORHOOD - DAY

*

Weslie walks down the street. She stops outside a house with an overgrown English garden in the front yard.

A middle aged women, MS. ROSSMEIER (45) is sitting on her front porch basking in the sunlight.

Music is blaring from inside the house. It sounds as if there is a party going on inside.

MS. ROSSMEIER

Weslie, Come in, come in.

*

WESLIE

I don't think I sh-

*

*

MS. ROSSMEIER

Nonsense. Someone has been workin real hard on a supri- something.

*

*

Ms. Rossmeier winks at Weslie.

*

WESLIE

Well how can I refuse.

*

INT. LIVING ROOM - MORNING

The small living room is covered with bouquets of flowers and balloons.

OLIVIA(6), wearing a bright purple wig, a party dress and a pair of angel wings, rummages through a bunch of old records looking for music.

Ms. Rossmeier clears her throat, then takes the needle off the record.

MS. ROSSMEIER

Look who I found.

Looking up from the records Olivia spots Weslie, smiles and runs into her arms.

OLIVIA

Happy Birthday!

WESLIE

Wow. Thank you.

OLIVIA

Oh mama, you ruined it. *

MS.ROSSMEIER

I did? Hate to breaaak it to you
love, but the music of your
surprise is so loud you could hear
it from the heavens. *

OLIVIA

You exsasperbate.

MS. ROSSMEIER

I would never exaggerate. *

WESLIE

Olie, I love it. Truly. Can't
believe you did all this for me. *

OLIVIA

Well, your my best friend. Come,
You haven't seen the best part. *

MS. ROSSMEIER

Oh. Right.

Olivia smiles a big grin, while Ms. Rossmeier goes into the kitchen.

WESLIE
(Laughs) you guys are too much.

MS. ROSSMEIER
Ollie insisted she bake everything
herself.

A cake is brought out lit with a variety of candles, it's
lopsided and nothing less than a child's masterpiece.

OLIVIA
A special present for a special
friend.

WESLIE
It's perfect.

Weslie blows out the candles and everything goes dark.

EXT. COMIC BOOK STORE- DAY

A Raven flies over a long line of people dressed in all kinds
of costumes. Many are camped out like they've been there for
hours.

TAYLOR(15), a buff Asian boy, waits in a rather revealing
purple spandex costume which appears to have three stone
heads attached to it.

Weslie makes her way towards him through the crowd.

WESLIE
Excuse me. My friend is right
there.

Weslie bumps into EVAN(15), a young man who looks strikingly
like an older version of the boy from her dream.

For a moment she just stares.

WESLIE (CONT'D)
Don't I-

TAYLOR
Wes!

WESLIE
Sorry, Coming.

TAYLOR
Nice of you to join me.

WESLIE

Olivia threw me a surprise party.

*

TAYLOR

That adorable, adopted sister of yours is no excuse. I've been here for hours, had half a mind you were going to bail.

*

*

*

*

WESLIE

What?! And miss seeing you in that costume?-Never. Spandex suits you b.t. dubs.

*

*

*

TAYLOR

Yeah well it doesn't breath, I blame the designer. Where's yours costume anyway? You said you'd dress up with me.

*

*

*

*

Weslie zips up her sweatshirt and puts on the hood. She looks like a white knight.

WESLIE

Here I am, Nemain, Queen of Nightmares.

*

TAYLOR

Terrifying.

WESLIE

What do you want, I put all my effort into yours.

*

*

The line begins to slowly move forward.

TAYLOR

So this guy, Is he like your celebrity pass?

*

Rolling her eyes Weslie clutches her bag a little closer.

WESLIE

Tay, I like his work, besides you know I only have eyes for you.

*

*

TAYLOR

So the fact that he's wealthy, intelligent and handsomely British means nothing to you?

WESLIE

He is? Hadn't noticed.

*

TAYLOR

Still his stuff is pretty niche.
Epic but niche.

*

WESLIE

You read them?

*

Taylor motions towards his outfit.

*

TAYLOR

For you, clearly, I'd do anything.
You ready? Got your portfolio?

*

*

*

Weslie holds up her bag and shrugs her shoulders.

Taylor rolls his eyes as the line begins to move forward slowly. Weslie begins to chew on her fingers again until she catches a glimpse of Evan watching them.

TAYLOR (CONT'D)

What?

WESLIE

Nothing. I

Looking again, Evan is nowhere to be seen.

TAYLOR

Wes. You'll be great. I know it.

*

Weslie has held up the line, she turns to fill the gap as they all enter a packed comic book store.

*

*

INT. COMIC BOOK STORE - DAY

*

The store is buzzing with energy. Everyone is thrilled to be there, everyone except for GRAYSON PEARCE (22), A celebrity who is over it, he sits at his booth signing autograph after autograph like a machine.

*

*

*

*

FAN BOY ONE

Thanks. Love your work.

*

GRAYSON PEARCE

Who should I make it out to, then?

FAN BOY ONE

Ah, how about to your biggest fan.

The boy waves his hands in the air making a big show of it. Grayson feels like messing with him.

*

*

Weslie and Taylor are close to the table.

GRAYSON PEARCE

Well, that changes things doesn't
it. Tell me Which series is your
favorite then?

*
*

FAN BOY ONE

Well, your really pinning me to a
post man. I guess if I had to
choose, I'd say, The Phantom Queen.

*
*
*
*

Behind Grayson is a Giant poster promoting the latest graphic
Novel. "The Phantom Queen." The novel he's signing is the
same.

GRAYSON PEARCE

The latest one, any particular
thing stand out.

*
*
*

FAN BOY ONE

The chick is super hot.

*

GRAYSON PEARCCE

Hot.?

*
*

Weslie makes contradictory sound.

GRAYSON PEARCE

(To Weslie) Clearly you have a
different opinion.

WESLIE

No. I mean. It doesn't matter.

Weslie brings her fingers to her mouth but stops herself from
chewing. Taylor elbows her in the ribs.

GRAYSON PEARCE

No, please enlighten us.

*

WESLIE

Well "the chick" is your strongest
female character. She's complex.
Selfish yet giving; A pillar of
strength yet perfectly vulnerable.
But he's entitled to his opinion.

*
*
*
*

Grayson catches Weslie's eyes.

GRAYSON PEARCE

Sure and most neanderthals have
them, unfortunately.

*
*

Grayson hands the boy his signed copy.

*

GRAYSON PEARCCE
Try not to sell that too quickly
mate.

*
*
*

As the line moves forward. Weslie shoves Taylor to the front
so that he's first up.

*

GRAYSON PEARCE
Nice costume, mate.

Taylor doesn't respond.

GRAYSON PEARCE (CONT'D)
Not actually stone, are we?

Taylor laughs and pulls Weslie up to the table with him.

TAYLOR
My friend designed it. I'm more of
a suit and tie guy myself.

GRAYSON PEARCE
Multi-talented aren't you.

Weslie is trying desperately to stay invisible.

TAYLOR
She is.

Weslie doesn't move. Taylor pulls her forward.

WESLIE
Right.

TAYLOR
Wes, show him!

GRAYSON PEARCE
Please. Not like there's a queue or
anything.

TAYLOR
It'll only take a second.

Taylor elbows Weslie again.

WESLIE
Right.

Weslie reaches into her backpack and pulls out her sketch
book. Grayson takes it and begins flipping through it, fast.
The pages are filled with the images of trees, daggers, and
the eyes of the younger Evan.

WESLIE (CONT'D)
Something wrong?

Grayson doesn't respond.

TAYLOR
Dude.

GRAYSON PEARCE
Honestly. I think you have another
calling my dear.

Weslie rips her sketchbook out of his hands and walks away
from the table.

TAYLOR
Ass.

Grayson grabs his arm before he leaves.

GRAYSON PEARCE
Take my card mate. I'm staying at
the Alcott.

Grayson hands him his business card.

TAYLOR
Why?

GRAYSON PEARCE
Just in case. You or your friend
would like to contact me.

Taylor is disgusted.

TAYLOR
Unlikely, mate.

Taylor walks away from the table and follows Weslie out.
Grayson notices Evan leave behind them.

EXT. TATTOO SHOP - LATER - DAY

A crow caws while perched on top of the shop's sign.

Taylor's voice is the only thing we hear and it's going at a
constant speed.

TAYLOR
Dude's a major pri-

WESLIE
I'm well aware.

TAYLOR
So why are you listening to him?

WESLIE
I'm not I... you really need to
take that costume off.

Taylor rips off the velcro holding the three heads on leaving
him standing in nothing but a bright purple jumpsuit.

TAYLOR
Better?

WESLIE
It sure beats your suit and tie.

TAYLOR
I think so too.

Taylor starts strutting his stuff. Making Weslie laugh at
him.

WESLIE
You're right. Let's not waste
another word on him.

Weslie opens the door to the shop.

TAYLOR
You sure about this?

WESLIE
Absolutely. Do it with me?

Taylor smiles.

TAYLOR
Fat chance. My dad would murder me.

INT. FAST FOOD JOINT-DAY

A bell rings as Evan enters the restaurant. Josh is enjoying
a particularly juicy burger in the back.

A young Teenage Girl(15) stands at the counter trying not to
look disgusted by Josh.

TEENAGE GIRL
Can I take your order?

Evan pulls down his hoodie.

JOSH

He's with me, sweetcheeks.

Josh's voice now has a thick Scottish accent attached to it. The girl turns away disgusted despite Evan trying to smooth things over with a smile.

JOSH (CONT'D)

We've little time. Sit your arse.

Evan takes a seat at the table with Josh.

JOSH (CONT'D)

Well?

Evan nods.

JOSH (CONT'D)

I knew it. That old witch is hiding it somewhere.

Josh moves to get up from the table but Evan grabs his arm.

JOSH (CONT'D)

Sure that's the wisest course, lad?

In a split second Josh grabs Evans arm and flips it around on the table. Evan winces in pain as his arm begins to smoke under Josh's grasp. Josh bends down and whispers in Evan's ear.

JOSH (CONT'D)

Never forget who I am.

Evan shakes his head.

JOSH (CONT'D)

No?

Josh releases Evan. But it's too late. His clothing is scorched and partly melted into his arm.

JOSH (CONT'D)

You're here because I have use of ye. But I've a short temper and no patience. Ya kin?

Josh turns towards the girl working the register.

JOSH (CONT'D)

Teenagers.

The girl runs into the back. Josh takes a fry off his tray then traces the scar that lines Evan's neck with it.

JOSH (CONT'D)

I'll give you your revenge lad. You can count on that.

He slaps the fry against Evans cheek and eats it.
INT. TATTOO SHOP - LATER

Evelyn tattoos the design from earlier and series of lines on the back of Weslie's neck.

There is a five inch scar right above the tattoo and below Weslie's hairline. Evelyn brushes her finger along it as she wipes off blood and ink.

EVELYN

You in pain love?

Weslie is doing a poor job of keeping her composure.

WESLIE

No. I'm fine.

Taylor watches in awe as another artist tattoos a triangular symbol onto his arm.

TAYLOR

Less pain than I'll be in when I get home.

EVELYN

Your father should be used to a few surprises by now.

TAYLOR

You don't know him that well.

EVELYN

You're a teenager it's your job to keep him on his toes.

TAYLOR

What are those markings?

Taylor indicates Weslie's tattoo.

EVELYN

It's Ogham, an old Irish language. I've written her mother's name. You have some too. See.

Evelyn points to similar markings on Taylor's tattoo.

TAYLOR

Sweet. What's it say?

EVELYN
Jenkins. Basically.

Weslie winces.

EVELYN (CONT'D)
Almost done. (In Irish)
Maireachtáil dorchadas, máthair,
deirfiúr, Cosnaíonn sí a turas mar
a dhéanann sí an t-aistriú.
(Living darkness, mother,
sister, protect her
journey as she makes the
transition.)

*
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*
*

Taylor's tattoo artist finishes his arm. Taylor gets up and examines Weslie's neck.

TAYLOR
So, it says Morgan?

EVELYN
Morrighan. And yes, more or less.

TAYLOR
It's beautiful.

EVELYN
Good. I'm finished.

Weslie jumps off the table and examines herself in the mirror.

WESLIE
I love it.

Weslie rubs her fingers along the scar as well.

EVELYN
I'm so glad. Okay let's eat.
EXT. SUBURBAN NEIGHBORHOOD- NIGHT

Weslie walks with her Aunt slowly back to their house.

EVELYN (CONT'D)
So, how did it go?

WESLIE
Ugh.

EVELYN
Not as awesome as you hoped.

Weslie shuffles her feet along the ground.

EVELYN (CONT'D)

When one door closes...

WESLIE

So cliché.

EVELYN

Right. I forgot. You're seventeen.
And now you know everything.

WESLIE

No I-Ah.

The tattoo begins to glow and causes a soft buzzing sound that rings throughout Weslie's head.

EVELYN

You feeling alright?

WESLIE

I'm fine just a bit of a headache.

EVELYN

Here. A tattoo can take a lot out
of you.

Evelyn reaches into her purse and pulls out a little water bottle. Weslie drinks as they continue walking.

EVELYN (CONT'D)

Colleen called me earlier. Thanked
me for the bowl.

WESLIE

Yeah.

EVELYN

Sounds like Olie enjoyed your
visit.

WESLIE

She made me a cake. All by herself.

EVELYN

Such a sweet girl.

EXT. SUBURBAN HOME-NIGHT

They've arrived at the driveway of their home.

WESLIE(CONT)

It's so bright?

EVELYN

The lights are on.

Weslie looks up. Her eyes appear to be on fire. Glowing a bright red they almost match her hair.

EVELYN (CONT'D)

I turned them off I...

The screen door opens from the house, it's Josh.

EVELYN (CONT'D)

You shouldn't be here Duryn.

Josh's eyes turn pure white his voice switches again to the thick Scottish accent.

JOSH/DURYN

Hello witch. Where is it?

Evelyn smiles.

EVELYN

Druid, and as you saw last night, I have nothing you want.

JOSH/DURYN

I wouldn't say nothing.

Josh goes after Weslie. Evelyn pushes Weslie to the ground and steps in front of her.

EVELYN

You're out of your mind.

JOSH/DURYN

Move witch, this is Taraian business.

Evelyn blocks Josh/Duryn from attempting to reach Weslie.

EVELYN

I think you'll find protecting my niece is very much my business.

JOSH/DURYN

She's not your kin.

Duryn brings his arms up as if to attack Weslie with some unseen power.

EVELYN

No? I think my brother would disagree. As the girl's father.

Evelyn smiles.

JOSH/DURYN
A human? Impossible.

EVELYN
Is it?

Josh/Duryn makes a second attempt to get at Weslie. Evelyn puts her hands up knocking him down.

EVELYN (CONT'D)
She is my kin, Duryn and she'll have my protection.

WESLIE
Auntie? Ahhh.

Weslie is glowing and smoke is radiating off of her, she's completely freaking out.

Duryn becomes uneasy.

EVELYN
Not that she'll need it.

JOSH/DURYN
There's always time.

With that Josh thrusts his hand into Evelyn's chest and pulls out her heart.

JOSH/DURYN (CONT'D)
Just not for you.

Evelyn turns white and drops to the ground.

Weslie's eyes burn bright and she screams out in pain. Duryn takes a step towards her. Weslie can't move.

Suddenly, everything explodes around her, engulfing Weslie in a bright white light.

EXT. LABYRINTH (TECH DUINN)-THE PLACE WHERE SOULS GATHER

Weslie continues to scream as the light engulfs her.

EVELYN O.S.
Breath. You need to slow it down.

Weslie takes a deep breath and closes her eyes. The images seem to slow and pass her at a rate she can witness.

EXT. FOREST - FLASHBACK

Weslie sees her younger self laying on the banks of a river a big gash in her head turning the water red.

A car pulls up on the road above. Her Aunt Evelyn, quite a bit younger hops out of the car.

EVELYN

Weslie! I'm here. Jesus. What happened.

The younger version of Weslie doesn't respond.

EVELYN (CONT'D)

Shit.

Evelyn goes to her car and hops in. She drives it into a tree causing the airbag to be released.

Evelyn then hops out of the car and dials a number on her phone.

EVELYN (CONT'D)

Hello, I'd like to report an accident.

CUT TO:

EXT. LABYRINTH (TECH DUINN)-THE PLACE WHERE SOULS GATHER

The brightness fades and Weslie finds herself sitting in the middle of an immense stone labyrinth.

A deafening silence engulfs her. The pain is gone. All that remains is the grief.

EVELYN O.S.

I needed you to see.

Weslie looks up and sees her aunt, wearing a beautiful sleeveless gown. Not a tattoo on her body.

WESLIE

I don't understand.

EVELYN

It's up to you now.

Evelyn stops she hears something in the distance.