

ANNABEL

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FADE IN:

EXT. CARNIVAL - NIGHT

Cool night air whips small dirt devils of leaves around a young couple as they stroll among other lovers, children and all who enjoy the night lights of the traveling carnival.

ANNABEL, 20, golden locks, slender, demure, offers her cotton candy to JAMES, 21, tanned, fit.

JAMES

Mmm.

He licks his lips, she kisses them.

ANNABEL

Sticky.

JAMES

I like sticky...

James kisses cotton candy from Annabel's lips.

JAMES

...and sweet.

ANNABEL

Don't get me that way here. There's no where to go.

His hands caress her hips. They pause to lose themselves in one another's eyes.

He smiles, nods.

JAMES

Over there.

Annabel looks back.

ANNABEL

The Mystic Castle Ride? Are you serious?

James smiles.

ANNABEL

Okay.

EXT. MYSTIC CASTLE RIDE - EVENING

Attending the hap hazard ride, stands RUDOLFO, 55, portly, boisterous, with wild carny flair.

RUDOLFO

Never before in the history of modern fairdom, has a ride proven to be that of which that isn't to be what it seems.

He throws his hands up.

JAMES

How much?

RUDOLFO

Exactly half the price of any ride out there costing twice as much.

James and Annabel look at one another, then back to Rudolfo.

RUDOLFO

Fifty cents.

EXT. MYSTIC CASTLE RIDE - MOMENTS LATER

The couple are strapped in to the rickety rail car.

RUDOLFO

Hands and feet in the car at all times. Away you go.

Holding hands, they smile, then laugh as-

The car lurches forward then through a pair of spring loaded doors into-

INT. ROYAL CARRIAGE - NIGHT

ANNABEL, 20, golden locks, royal attire, lays lifeless. Outside, the sounds of frantic whip cracks and whinnying horses being called on to go faster.

DAMARIS, 21, royal attire, holds her in his arms.

DAMARIS

Hold on my love, my sweet Annabel.

Damaris slams his fist on the roof of the carriage.

DAMARIS

Can you not get us home any faster?

EXT. ROYAL CARRIAGE - CONTINUOUS

The COACH MASTER, 50, formal dress, whips wildly at the horses.

COACH MASTER

If I must beat them and bury them  
sir, I will my lord. We'll be  
there, I swear it.

The carriage sweeps past lifeless trees and blackened landscape.

Sea foam sprays from the crashing of water on rocks over a jagged shoreline.

INT. ROYAL COACH - CONTINUOUS

Damaris gently caresses Annabel's pale face.

DAMARIS

Be it the God's that may be cursed  
if you are taken from me. Hold from  
the wings that keeps you from  
flying aloft to heaven. It's not  
your time.

His lips touch her forehead.

DAMARIS

It's not your time.

The cracks of the whips continue.

INT. THE MYSTIC CASTLE RIDE - CONTINUOUS

The cart carries the two lovers through a make believe castle entrance.

Jame's hand rubs deep between Annabel's thighs. Their tongues intertwined, eyes glued to one another. Her hand slides into his pants, she pulls from their kiss, smiles.

ANNABEL

I see your sword is ready my lord.

James grins wryly.

JAMES

As I ready myself to violate your  
inner walls, my lady.

Annabel unzips James' pants, reaches in to pull out-

A blood soaked rotted snake.

She recoils, screams.

From the dark, a hand with a knife draws it's blade across  
James neck. His throat blooms open. Blood foam bubbles from  
air meant for his mouth.

He's ripped from the cart into blackness.

INT. ROYAL CASTLE - BED CHAMBER - NIGHT

Dark, smokey walls surround the stone gargoyles who stand  
post on either side of the blazing fireplace centered in the  
master bed chamber.

Annabel, with Damaris at the edge of her bed, opens her  
eyes.

DAMARIS

Lord of heaven, Annabel, can you  
hear me? Do you know where you are?

The coach master leans in.

DAMARIS

Annabel, I...we didn't think you  
were going to...

A silhouetted figure against the backdrop of an ornate  
stained glass window becomes illuminated by a nearby bolt of  
lightning. LUTHER, 65, formidable, large, comes into the  
light.

LUTHER

Leave us.

Damaris spins around. Annabel looks over, rolls her eyes.

DAMARIS

Luther, it's good to see you. I was  
not informed by my staff you were  
here. Your daughter, she...

LUTHER

I'm quite aware of my daughters sickness. It is why I'm here and it is also why I am insisting upon your leave.

DAMARIS

Sir, while I'm only a humble, and you are, well her, I think it might be...

ANNABEL

Damaris, leave us, please.

Damaris and the coach master reluctantly leave.

Luther slowly approaches the bedside of Annabel, takes a deep breath.

ANNABEL

Father, please don't say it.

She rolls over away from him.

LUTHER

You will look at me when I talk to you.

She rolls back.

ANNABEL

Did you have to kill him daddy?

LUTHER

He was no more good for you than the hundreds of others you've traipses around with over the centuries.

ANNABEL

I liked him though. He was sweet.

LUTHER

Are you not married in this century? Is Damaris not your husband? Stop leaving this body. I forbid it.

ANNABEL

Fine. Okay? Now can I rest....please?

LUTHER  
I will tell Damaris you are  
resting.

ANNABEL  
I love you daddy.

LUTHER  
I love you too. Now rest.

Luther kisses Annabel on the forehead, leaves.

She rolls over, flickers her eyes, then closes them.

EXT. COLLAGE BONFIRE - NIGHT

Annabel watches as the fire rises towards the sky as fellow  
students rally around it.

HEATH, 20, Letter jacket, pompadour cut, walks up.

The two smile.

FADE OUT: