

SOPHIE AND THE TROLL

By

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EXT. PRAIRIE - DAY

Peacefully, a small cottage rests in the morning sun.

INT. COTTAGE - DAY

Slender hands carefully pour steaming water into a mug. SOPHIE carries it over to the bed. She's a meek lady in her late 20's.

Asleep in the bed is GRANDMA. Sophie places the mug down and takes a seat next to the bed. She opens a book and finds her page. Grandma awakes, with a mysterious pain. Her eyes find Sophie and squint with joy.

Sophie glances at her book then back at Grandma compassionately. Grandma's gaze is fixed on a vase of depressed flowers. Sophie realizes this and then is struck with a wonderful idea.

Sophie SHUTS the book, slips her feet in a pair of boots and heads out. Before she closes the door her eyes are ready for an adventure and she takes one last look at Grandma...

EXT. PRAIRIE - DAY

The wind carries Sophie through the tall grass. The sun watches her meander in circles with a basket. She enters a

EXT. FOREST - DAY

She looks up amazed at the giant trees and exotic birds. Wishes a greeting to the most peculiar insect. With terrible balance she crosses a stream, she scares herself but she just keeps moving along.

She stops next to a patch of flowers. She notices that one is dwindling (like the one in the Grandma's vase). Sophie begins humming a sad melody while picking flowers.

Suddenly the back figure of a TROLL blocks our distant view of Sophie, then he SCURRIES off before we can get a good look at him. Sophie undisturbed, continues humming.

Gradually the forest is filled with the HARMONIOUS DUET of a wooden flute and Sophie's voice.

(CONTINUED)

-- AN ABRUPT SILENCE --

Curiously, she looks everywhere without making a noise. Then she SINGS a few notes...

The wooden flute responds.

She looks intently for the source and SINGS one more note...

This time no response... The Troll is peeking through the bushes behind her. All we can see are his cheerful, GOLDEN EYES. It looks as if his eyes are even glowing.

Sophie turns around and -- THE TROLL is facing her with a big grin on his face. She isn't sure what to think, or do. She takes a step back.

The Troll recognizes her coy smile and decides to perform a chipper MUSIC & DANCE for her...

He removes his hat and takes a bow.

Sophie tries to walk away in the most polite way possible.

The Troll lifts his head and is saddened by the sight of her leaving.

She turns back to look at him but he's no longer there. This doesn't bother her, she just keeps walking trying to deny the fact a strange little man appeared out of nowhere and started dancing. She looks up -- TROLL is ahead of her leaning on a tree and eating fruit.

Sophie studies him, trying to figure out what he's up to. The Troll is amused at himself and waves at her. Unsure, she returns a wave.

He begins BOUNCING on rhythm to a rythm in his own head, while moving closer...

TROLL
BUM - BUM - PADAH! BUM - PADAH!

She takes a few steps back.

He's getting CLOSER.

She grabs the biggest STICK she can find.

The Troll is only a few feet away and he takes one big leap then... *WHOOMF!* -- He's gone... The only thing left of him is a spray of GLOWING DUST and BUTTERFLIES.

(CONTINUED)

She stands motionless. Dazzled. The affectionate butterflies tickle the giggles out of her.

Then there's a SMALL hand that tugs her dress. She turns around and the Troll has his hand out for a shake... She accepts.

Sophie squats down for a closer look: big round nose, long beard and a few teeth. What Sophie finds most stunning is the magic in his eyes. A tiny finger travels across the screen towards Sophie's face. Her expression indicates that she'd rather not be touched. She stands up.

The Troll pops back and reaches into his pouch. He pulls out a POTION BOTTLE, shows it to her and pours a few drops on the ground. He stands next to Sophie excited, but she isn't impressed because nothing is happening until...

A variety of strange FLOWERS ARE BORN to the CALL of his flute.

Sophie instantly falls in love with each flower.

The Troll plucks a few and hands them to her. She places them in her basket and smiles as if a tender thought crosses her mind. She turns back to the Troll but there are BUTTERFLIES dancing where he stood.

Sophie's anticipating his return but he doesn't reappear.

EXT. PRAIRIE - DAY

She makes her way back home. Much of the day is gone.

INT. COTTAGE - DAY

Sophie peeks through a window to check on Grandma. She makes it around to the door and tip toes inside. Without looking she places the basket on a table but KNOCKS OVER a stack of bowls...

Sleeping Grandma definitely hears this and starts to cough. Sophie grabs the vase, empties it and fills it with fresh flowers.

Grandma isn't able to enjoy the sight of them because her COUGHING is starting to get out of control. Sophie checks her forehead temperature and becomes deeply worried.

She quickly fixes her a drink. Grandma takes tiny sips, trying to regain her breath.

INT. COTTAGE - NIGHT

The fire is CRACKLING the silence. Sophie's head rests next to an open book. She awakes to the sound of Grandma coughing lightly.

EXT. COTTAGE - NIGHT

Watching this is the Troll. He's moved by this.

Sophie walks into the other room and leaves the door slightly open.

INT. COTTAGE - DAY

Breakfast is on a tray. Sophie tests it, and it's good. She starts to carry it over to Grandma but stops curiously in her tracks to a FAINT MELODY...

The tray is laid down. She looks out the window and dares herself. She kisses grandma and she's off...

EXT. FOREST - DAY

Sophie stands at the edge of the forest contemplating her next step. She takes a quick look back at the cottage then disappears among the trees.

The FLUTE'S MELODY is getting louder. Sophie comes to a mellow

WATERFALL

She looks and looks...

The Troll is on a branch high up in a tree. She sees him and waves. Then *WHOOMF!* --

He REAPPEARS on the ground in front of her with a flower. He stretches his arm out and starts chipping out words.

TROLL
GIMIDEE BOO-GAH?!

Sophie has no idea what he's trying to say. He keeps repeating himself until she takes the flower. She examines it and likes it.

He grabs her hand and pulls her over to a small pool. He points down at it. She isn't sure what's going on so he YANKS her down to her knees uttering small grunts.

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Sophie gets the idea. She takes her hand and scoops up some water to drink -- *WHACK!* -- The troll *SMACKS* her hand. Sophie is surprised and starting to get uncomfortable.

TROLL
(as an order)
EEE-PAH-LOW!! EEE-PAH LOW!!

A beat. He points to the water.

TROLL
(slowly, mystifyingly)
EEEE - PAAHH - LOOOOWW...

Sophie looks down at the glistening water waiting for something and right before her precious eyes the water REFLECTS AN IMAGE of Grandma resting.

Sophie's hand hovers above the IMAGE. She looks to the Troll for understanding. He hands her a different POTION BOTTLE and points back and forth between the IMAGE and the bottle. Sophie knods.

He gives her a smile of hope then

She RACES through the trees and

DASHES through the TALL GRASS and into the

INT. COTTAGE - DAY

She arrives out of breath ready to deliver wonderful news... but something's not right. Grandma's bed is EMPTY!

Sophie hurries to the other room... no sign of her. She panics.

-- *BOOM! BOOM! BOOM!* -- Three POUNDS on the front door send Sophie FLYING out of her skin.

With the door swinging open a TALL MAN, ominous in visage, stares directly into her. Sophie shrinks.

EXT. YARD - DAY

She follows the Tall Man up a hill to where OTHERS are dressed in black. As Sophie approaches everyone's eye is filled with a grudge against her.

Just as she slips through the crowd a man SLAMS the coffin lid Grandma is under. A PRIEST mumbles a blessing. Women begin MOURNING. Sophie swells with nervousness.

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Inch by inch she walks to the coffin. Cracks the lid open.
Pulls out the POTION BOTTLE.

Astonishment is hanging from everyone's jaw.

Sophie gently... parts Grandma's lips. Pours the potion.

-- DEAD SILENCE --

Sophie steps back and watches...

Then everyone JUMPS when

Grandma's hand WIGGLES in the air and grabs the edge of the
coffin. She sits up -- SHE'S ALIVE!

A woman faints.

Grandma struggles to get out. She pauses and looks angrily
at a dumbstruck YOUNG MAN. He snaps out of it and helps her
emerge. She fixes herself together, feeling great. Oblivious
to all that's happening, she looks at everyone and says...

GRANDMA

What?

THE END!