

Black Island

Script and Story

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10 HANSEN Put it back, get it away! 10

Gretchen laughs and returns the frog to the earth, giving it a pat.

11 GRETCHEN You're squirmy about the weirdest things. You like snakes and rats and crickets but somehow frogs don't make the cut? 11

12 HANSEN You know the rules: six legs or fewer. Then there's the slime clause. Anything that slimy's got nothing good inside it. 12

(glances back at the frog over his shoulder)
13 There's something in their eyes. They know something. 13

As they walk, we pan through the forest, their environment slowly getting more enchanted... We zoom in from a low angle on the SPOOKY HOUSE IN THE DISTANCE. The house is lopsided, triangular at the top, with lots of windows. Gretchen and Hanson walk up to the front porch like they own the place.

14 GRETCHEN So what's with this cricket thing lately? 14

15 HANSEN I thought you'd never ask! (Hansen reaches into his pocket) 15

16 I have designed the ultimate, top-tier cricket that will take the reptile food industry by storm... (he pushes his hands, now cradling a strange-looking, bug-eyed CRICKET, towards Gretchen) 16

GRETCHEN (slowly lowers Hansen's hands away)
17 Cooool. He looks a little... uh... 17

Looking at the cricket, you can tell it's not all there. His eyes bulge out of his head which is a size too large for his body. He trembles uncontrollably. Hansen is insulted.

18 HANSEN 18
 Hmph. I wouldn't expect you to understand the complexities of bioengineering a super cricket.

Not appreciating his passive-aggressive comment, Gretchen gears up to scare Hansen again. She opens the front door with an ominous creak.

INT. HOUSE - DAY

It's dark inside. The only light is coming from the daylight streaming in through the front door. Gretchen turns and faces her brother, backing into the house.

19 GRETCHEN 19
 You'd better be careful with that cricket, Han. An old house like this could have any manner of dangers...

20 HANSEN 20
 Wh-what do you mean?

21 GRETCHEN 21
 Oh I dunno... I see I see... something small. And black. Hairy. Fangs. Eight, squirmy legs...

Silence. Gretchen has been swallowed up by the darkness.

22 HANSEN 22
 Gretchen? Hello?

Hansen takes a few tentative steps into the house.

23 GRETCHEN 23
 I see I see something big,...overgrown, prickly, plump, hungry...

Gretchen emerges from the darkness with her hands held high in the air, wriggling her fingers. Hansen looks at something beyond Gretchen. His eyes go wide with terror.

24 HANSEN 24
 GIANT TARANTULA!!!

THE GIANT TARANTULA pops out, lunging at Gretchen and Hansen!

Hansen curls up on himself. Gretchen, confused by Hansen's reaction, turns around and looks up at the tarantula.

Gretchen smiles.

	GRETCHEN	
25	Hi Auntie Nora!	25
<p>The Giant Tarantula (NORA) is disappointed she didn't scare Gretchen. She shrinks down and transforms into her normal WITCH self in a poof of green smoke. Gretchen roughly taps Hansen, who is still doubled over in fear. He looks up and frowns.</p>		
	HANSEN	
26	Oh, it's just Auntie Snora.	26
	NORA	
27	NORA. Not SNORA. Try that again and I'll turn YOU into a spider.	27
	HANSEN	
28	Someone's in a bad mood.	28
<p>Nora raises a sparking finger and Hansen scurries away, out of Nora's line of sight.</p>		
	GRETCHEN	
29	You see, Auntie Nora? How un-scareable I am? I'm just saying, I'd make a great Witch!	29
	NORA	
30	I thought I told you to get lost in the woods.	30
	GRETCHEN	
31	No... you told us to go play in the woods. We played. Now we're back!	31
	NORA	
32	Hmph. I was hoping you'd fall in a hole somewhere and never return.	32
	(mumbles to herself)	
33	Note to self: dig more holes...	33
	GRETCHEN	
34	Sooo, now that we're back, what's my next lesson? We could brew a potion, curse something... oh! What about flying? Maybe your broom needs some fresh air?	34

Gretchen gestures to a CROW SKULL BROOMSTICK in the corner of the room. It sneezes and a cloud of dust poofs off of it.

79 HANSEN
 It says, "Have a clear mental image. Keep it in your mind and hold it strongly. Say the words, "Et conversus sum" plus the Latin for whatever animal. That charges the spell and then you just throw it. The Latin for raccoon is just raccoon.
 (ahem)
 80 Same goes for cricket. Cricket in Latin? Cricket. 80

81 GRETCHEN
 Okay. Here goes. 81
 (She concentrates, pointing the wand at herself.)
 82 Et conver-- 82

83 HANSEN
 Whoah, whoah! How about you try on something... not you first? 83

84 GRETCHEN
 Good point. 84

Gretchen grabs the broom Nora gave her. She sets it up against a wall and squares up to it.

85 GRETCHEN
 Alright, you useless broom! 85
 (shuts her eyes and concentrates)
 86 Et conversus sum raccoon! 86

The wand sparks to life with green, sparking magic. Gretchen rears back and prepares to throw the spell.

87 HANSEN
 (whispering)
 longantennaaaae...! 87

Magic flies from Gretchen's wand and zaps the broom. It turns into a raccoon! ... A raccoon with long weird antennae. And a long skinny broom handle for a torso.

88 GRETCHEN
 Hansen. 88

HANSEN

(LAUGHS) NICE UHHH... NICE RACCOON YOU
 GOT THERE. GRETCHEN
 89 Just give me another one. And don't 89
 mess with it this time.

HANSEN
 (flipping through the
 pages)
 90 How about a condor? It's "condor" 90
 in Latin too. Real simple.

GRETCHEN
 91 Okay. 91

Gretchen aims her wand at a vase on the table. She closes her eyes again.

GRETCHEN
 92 Et conversus... 92

HANSEN

(whispering) Fuzzy hind

leg-

Gretchen stops and glares at Hansen. Hansen is the picture of innocence.

GRETCHEN
 (louder, faster)
 93 Et conversus su- 93

HANSEN
 (whispering)
 94 Fuzzy hind- 94

Gretchen whips her head around and Hansen whistles. Very slowly she turns back around and faces the vase. She squeezes her eyes shut again and concentrates.

GRETCHEN
 (yelling at the speed of
 light)
 95 ET CONVERSUS SUM CONDOR! 95

HANSEN
 (yelling)
 96 FUZZY HIND LE- 96

Gretchen throws her spell before Hansen can finish. The vase is zapped and looks sort of like a condor, but with the torso of a vase and fuzzy cricket legs that are too big and awkward for its body. It flaps around pathetically, then disappears O.S. and a CRASH sound is heard. Gretchen glares at Hansen.

	HANSEN	
	(trying hard to contain his laughter)	
97	Must be a learning curve?	97
	GRETCHEN	
98	You know what? I'm just gonna pick an animal myself.	98
	(to herself)	
99	My favorite. Manatee. Manatee. Manatee. My mental image couldn't be clearer. You got this Gretch. Et conversus sum manatee!	99
	Gretchen's wand is silent.	
	GRETCHEN	
100	Et conversus sum manatee!	100
	She turns back to Hansen, defeated.	
	GRETCHEN	
101	... what's Latin for manatee?	101
	HANSEN	
	(snorts)	
102	Okay, manatee in Latin is... uh...	102
	(pulls out his phone and types quickly)	
103	... Insulae Canibalium.	103
	GRETCHEN	
104	... What? Why is that one so complicated?	104
	HANSEN	
105	Latin is weird.	105
	GRETCHEN	
106	Fine okay whatever. Insulae Canblums.	106
	HANSEN	
107	Canibalium.	107

INT. TERRARIUM - CONTINUOUS

The Berryback turtle, still floating, suddenly flops to the ground. He sighs in relief.

CUT TO:

EXT. WOODS - CONTINUOUS

Nora fixes her hat on her head and flicks stray hairs from her face. A large shadow passes over her. She looks up, grim.

Her cottage flies high over her head, sporting the legs, head, and wings of a cricket. It exits into the distance.

NORA

(muttering)

138 I'm gone for 5 minutes and they've 138
made my house mobile.

--begin beat boards--

Nora whistles for her broom.

NORA

139 ESCOBA! Come! 139

CUT TO:

INT. HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Escoba awakens with a start, the whistle ringing in its ears.

It looks out at the chaos of the house, filled with cricket hybrids. A tea-cup cricket hybrid rests on Escoba's head.

ESCOBA

140 I'm in somuch trouble. 140

Escoba whizzes out of the house, out of the open window by the terrariums, directly over Gretchen and Hansen's head.

GRETCHEN

141 Escoba, wait! Where are you going? 141

MEANWHILE

EXT. WOODS - CONTINUOUS

Nora holds out her hand and waits impatiently. Escoba zooms up and lands perfectly in Nora's grip. It smiles sheepishly.

142 ESCOBA
Ha ha, so it's such a funny story, 142
about the whole... house
situation... you'll have a good
laugh when I expla-HUUURK!

Nora mounts Escoba and takes off abruptly. They chase after
the fleeing house.

143 NORA
Faster. What are you, 800 years 143
old?

144 ESCOBA
Ma'am I feel it pressing to remind 144
you that the last time you took me
out you were 100 years younger and
a hundred pou-GAAACK!

Nora clamps her hands around Escoba's beak and leans forward,
increasing the speed.

145 NORA
And 100 years ago you weren't a 145
dusty has-been. We're both old,
broom. Let's catch these infants.

Nora and Escoba manage to ride side by side to the terrarium
window of the house, matching the speed but not the up-and-
down.

MEANWHILE:

INT. HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Gretchen and Hansen continue arguing. Hansen is covered in
hybrids, as though he's a cricket-whisperer.

146 GRETCHEN
Look! It's Nora! 146

The siblings run to the window. With the up-and-down of the
house, Nora and Escoba are only in front of the window for a
split-second. Nora is yelling at them, but they only catch
snippets.

147 NORA
... how did this... insolent 147
brats... lifetime of chores...

148 GRETCHEN
Okay okay you can punish us later! 148
What the heck do we do?!

158 HANSEN What if we made a natural predator? 158

159 GRETCHEN You mean like a frog? Those also hop... we'd need a massive frog... 159

Gretchen looks at the spider web in the corner of the room, where Nora has been waiting for them in Tarantula form.

160 GRETCHEN A giant tarantula? If I imagine a really big one, it could web up the house or something! 160

161 HANSEN NO! ... I mean, uhhh.. we can do better than that, right? We've gotta think of something else. 161

162 GRETCHEN We don't have time to think of anything else! What's the latin for big spider? 162

163 HANSEN No way! 163

164 GRETCHEN Do you want to run your business from the ocean floor?! Pick your battles! 164

165 HANSEN Okay okay fine! The latin is... uh... 165

166 (looks through phone) ... magna aranea! 166

Gretchen steadies her wand, then leans out the terrarium window. She locates a massive, lone tree at the end of the cliff. She waits until the house finishes a hop and touches the ground.

167 GRETCHEN Et conversus sum MAGNA ARANEA! 167

She shoots at the tree and misses. The house hops up and the spell misses. She tries again. Misses.

168 HANSEN What are you doing?! 168

184 HANSEN NO! MY BOY! 184

The cricket spreads its wings and flies into the sunset. It smiles serenely. Hansen leans pathetically over the railing of the balcony and mourns.

185 HANSEN My business! My investments! 185

186 NORA All that's left is to get my house out of this.. predicament. 186

187 GRETCHEN I'd be happy to help! With my newfound web powers, I can slingshot us back up the top in no time! 187

Gretchen shoots off a demonstration web, which hits Nora square in the face. Nora poofs it away with a snap of her fingers, then immediately zaps Gretchen's hands. Shocked, Gretchen attemptst to shoot another web. Nothing happens. She deflates.

188 GRETCHEN Aw. 188

189 NORA It's going to take a lot of time, and a lot of magic. I might need to call in reinforcements. 189

190 (to herself, horrified) No, I don't want to see any old faces. Or relatives. Are they even alive? I haven't written them in... well, I've never written. 190

191 GRETCHEN What if we just stayed here! You can't beat this view. It's all about location location location. You're seaside now! Your property value just skyrocketed! 191

192 HANSEN (snaps out of sobbing) Well actually... the structural integrity of your house easily trumps location. We're dangling by a web. There's not a soul on earth who would but this house. 192

