

URBN FAERY TALES

Story by Dave Hall & Tim Sulka

Teleplay by Tim Sulka

Lyrics by Dave Hall & Tim Sulka

EPISODE TWO: RUMPLESTILTSKIN

Our story so far... Mr. Miller a widowed barber in Bed Stuy, Brooklyn, has bragged to his friends that his only child, Jane, a computer genius, can literally turn computer bytes into gold. Jane is furious at her father for making such promises. Totally fed up, Jane heads upstairs to their apartment above the barber shop. Jane is frustrated but torn as her father has revealed that he is in debt to his landlord, Mr. Giant. They desperately need the money.

INT. MILLER APARTMENT - JANE'S ROOM - DAY

Jane enters her bedroom, slams the door behind her and throws her knapsack to the floor. She falls back on her bed, stares up at the ceiling.

ANOTHER ANGLE - CEILING

Looking down on Jane.

JANE

Gold?? Gold?! Really, Dad?!

Jane's temper settles and she gets up, pulls her laptop out of her bag, opens it, stares at the dark screen. She slowly shuts the laptop, looks out the window.

Song: Nothing Into Gold

JANE (CONT'D)

HOW DOES NOTHING BECOME SOMETHING?

HOW DO CLOUDS BEGIN TO FORM?

HOW DO CLOUDS TURN INTO RAINDROPS?

HOW DO RAINDROPS MAKE A STORM?

INT. BARBER SHOP - THE SAME

Mr. Miller picks up a framed photo of Jane, looks lovingly at it.

MR. MILLER

HOW DOES NO ONE BECOME SOMEONE?

HOW DOES A BABY BECOME A LITTLE
GIRL?

(MORE)

MR. MILLER (CONT'D)
 HOW DOES A GIRL BECOME A WOMAN
 IN AN INSTANT, FASTER THAN A WHIRL?

Mr. Miller sets down the frame, picks up a broom to sweep.

MR. MILLER (CONT'D)
 I'M COMPLETELY MYSTIFIED
 THOUGH IT'S MAGIC, I'VE BEEN TOLD

INT. MILLER APARTMENT - JANE'S ROOM - THE SAME

Jane gathers up her knapsack, starts to exit the room.

JANE
 WELL, I'VE TRIED AND I'VE TRIED
 BUT I'M NOT COMPLETELY SOLD

INT. MILLER APARTMENT - HALLWAY - THE SAME

Jane walks down a flight of stairs to the front door.

JANE
 I NEED MORE THAN LUCK ON MY SIDE
 TO TURN NOTHING,

INT. BARBER SHOP - MOMENT LATER

Closing up, Mr. Miller watches through the window blinds as Jane passes by the shop. He turns the "Closed" sign hanging on the back of the door.

JANE/MR. MILLER
 NOTHING INTO GOLD, NOTHING INTO
 GOLD!
 WHAT WAS ONCE ETHEREAL
 CAN IT BECOME MATERIAL?

EXT. BARBER SHOP - THE SAME

Mr. Miller is seen through the blinds, looking at Jane. She does not look back at him.

JANE/MR. MILLER
 NOTHING INTO GOLD, NOTHING INTO
 GOLD!
 TO TAKE WHAT ISN'T THERE
 PLUCK IT FROM MID-AIR
 MAKE SOMETHING YOU CAN HOLD
 MAKE NOTHING INTO GOLD!

INT. BARBER SHOP - THE SAME

Mr. Miller shuts the blinds, starts to sweep.

MR. MILLER
 HOW DOES NOTHING BECOME SOMETHING?
 HOW DOES A CHILD BECOME A YOUTH?

EXT. BROOKLYN STREET - THE SAME

Jane walks along, pedestrians stream past her unnoticed.

JANE
 HOW CAN WISDOM COME FROM IGNORANCE?
 HOW DOES FICTION BECOME TRUTH?

INT. BARBER SHOP/EXT. BROOKLYN STREETS - THE SAME

SERIES OF SHOTS - Intercut

Mr. Miller sweeps up shorn locks of hair on the floor.

Jane walks past the empty lot where Jack, Goldie and Elodia (from Episode 1) are now living happily -- in squalor, but happy. Jack paints, Elodia strums her harp and Goldie serves cupcakes. Jane watches them enviously.

JANE/MR. MILLER
 I'M COMPLETELY MYSTIFIED
 THOUGH IT'S MAGIC, WE'VE BEEN TOLD
 WELL, I'VE (YOU) TRIED AND TRIED
 AND I'M (NOT) COMPLETELY SOLD
 I'LL (YOU'LL NOT) NEED MORE THAN
 LUCK ON MY (YOUR) SIDE
 TO TURN NOTHING,

As Mr. Miller sweeps, the sun's rays cast a golden sheen on the swirling dust and hair, creating a magical effect.

EXT. PROSPECT PARK - DUSK

Jane walks down a long set of concrete steps, the trees around her dappled with the late afternoon light.

JANE/MR. MILLER
 NOTHING INTO GOLD, NOTHING INTO
 GOLD!
 WHAT WAS ONCE ETHEREAL
 CAN IT BECOME MATERIAL?

INT. BARBER SHOP - THE SAME

Mr. Miller closes up the shop, turns off the lights, exits.

JANE/MR. MILLER
 NOTHING INTO GOLD, NOTHING INTO
 GOLD!
 TO TAKE WHAT ISN'T THERE
 PLUCK IT FROM MID-AIR
 MAKE SOMETHING YOU CAN HOLD
 MAKE NOTHING INTO GOLD!

INT. MILLER HOME/EXT. PROSPECT PARK - THE SAME

In the park, Jane reaches the Vale of Cashmere, a secluded but neglected area of the park with a stone pond filled with giant lily pads, lush, overgrown trees, stunning vegetation and amazing light from the setting sun.

At home, Mr. Miller straightens up some of Jane's things left lying around the living room. He smiles wistfully.

JANE/MR. MILLER
 GOLD THAT NEVER FADES AWAY
 GOLD THAT HOLDS ITS SHINE
 THERE'S MAGIC IN EACH GOLDEN RAY
 FOREVER YOURS AND MINE

EXT. PROSPECT PARK - VALE OF CASHMERE - THE SAME

Jane stops to watch a magician perform for a small crowd.

JANE
 IF I ONLY THERE'S SOME WAY
 THAT I CAN FIND

INT. MILLER HOME - THE SAME

Mr. Miller sits at the dining room table, a pile of unpaid bills in front of him. Several have "Notice to disconnect" stamped on them.

JANE/MR. MILLER
 TO TURN, TURN, TURN, TURN, TURN
 NOTHING INTO GOLD, NOTHING INTO
 GOLD!

EXT. PROSPECT PARK - VALE OF CASHMERE - THE SAME

The magician (Rumplestiltskin) uses his ipad to perform tricks, seemingly pulling 3d objects from the tablet, a chess piece, egg, etc. Jane watches, mesmerized.

JANE/MR. MILLER
WHAT WAS ONCE ETHEREAL
CAN IT BECOME MATERIAL?

INT. MILLER HOME - THE SAME

Mr. Miller gathers up the bills, sadly places them in a drawer in a sideboard behind the dining room table.

JANE/MR. MILLER
NOTHING INTO GOLD, NOTHING INTO
GOLD!
TO TAKE WHAT ISN'T THERE
PLUCK IT FROM MID-AIR

EXT. PROSPECT PARK - VALE OF CASHMERE - THE SAME

As Jane moves closer to Rumplestiltskin, he sees her out of the corner of his eye. He smiles slyly.

JANE/MR. MILLER
MAKE SOMETHING YOU CAN HOLD
MAKE NOTHING INTO GOLD! GOLD!

Rumplestiltskin's last trick. With a flourish, he waves his hand and from the tablet, a small gold coin falls into his hand. He holds it between his fingers in front of Jane.

JANE/MR. MILLER (CONT'D)
GOLD!

Jane's face breaks into a great, big smile. She reaches to take the coin. In a flash, the coin (and Rumplestiltskin) are gone!

(END SONG)