

**MAISIE**

**Episode One: HEREISSA**

FLASH FRAMES INTERCUT WITH TITLES

FADE IN:

PROLOGUE

A continual long shot of Caelindria - going past the straw homes, the evergreen trees, the sacred golden sands, the education academies, the healer buildings, the warrior training centres, before stopping in front of Emberspear Palace.

Three sisters, the Emberspear Sisters, are standing outside of the front of the palace, dressed in golden robes.

HUNTER:

(v.o)

Caelindria. An alternative dimension among Earth. A place which was forced to go into hiding, because of mortal betrayal. Created in 1090 AD by the Emberspear Sisters, our race descends from the name Celestial, or God, due to our warrior, healing, pioneering and elemental powers, which we are able to acquire, with the right training of course. Our race consists of two types of people, firstly pure Caelites, or ones who have been born into our kingdom, and secondly deceased mortals. Ones who our Syricates find that live exceptionally difficult lives on Earth, and deserve another chance at life, which if they chose to pursue our offer, results in their human body dying and their spirit reincarnated into a Caelite body, with the promise they'll be able to fulfil their potential in life. For over three centuries, since the creation of our dimension, our kingdom was blessed with peace - peace which was brought to an abrupt end due to the birth of the Phorean Dynasty.

Shot of Phoreans - a group of humans, dressed in midnight black and dark purple robes, standing outside the borders of the Paladin.

Camera then moves to Zelina Makeshaft, a young woman with long black hair, rose beige skin and upturned, soulless eyes, (she harbours a scar on her right cheek - a mark which implies that she was chosen to lead by Serli) with a scornful facial expression.

HUNTER:

(v.o)

For centuries, the Phoreans have been the mortal enemy of Caelites. Descended from the God, Serli, they're a race

who are half human and half Serli, who harbour a diverse range of harmful black magic abilities. From inflicting harm to being able to tear through lands, their powers pose nothing more than danger for us all. For four centuries, they desperately tried to break through the borders of the Paladin, something which until the birth of the first half-blood monarch, seemed to be impossible, but now in the face of evolution, have been something that they've been able to manipulate, which has brought danger to our kingdom more than ever.

INT. THRONE ROOM, EMBERSPEAR PALACE, CAELINDRIA - MORNING

Shot of Fabian and Hannah sat upon their thrones.

Fabian, a man in his early thirties, with chocolate brown hair and golden skin, is seated within his throne, wearing navy blue robes and a golden crown.

Hannah, a woman in her late twenties, with curly off black hair, and tawny skin, is sitting beside him, wearing lilac robes and a tiara.

HUNTER:

(v.o)

Despite being one of the most powerful races to have ever existed, day after day we still face continual threats. Whether that's a looming prospect of a Phorean Invasion, security of our secret of existence, or internal conflict within our palace, every day, is uncertain. Even when you live in an afterlife, that you were told was going to be better than your mortal life.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM, EMBERSPEAR PALACE, CAELINDRIA

Fabian, Hannah and Hunter are discussing the looming prospect of a Phorean Invasion.

HUNTER:

The last time that Zelina was sighted at the borders was less than 24 hours ago. If we don't strategise, and prepare our warriors for defence, then her armies are far more likely to cause widespread damage, something that we're only just recovering from.

FABIAN:

So, do you suggest that we bring forward the army selection forward to tomorrow?

HUNTER:

I'm afraid so, your majesty.

HANNAH:

How many did their report advise?

HUNTER:

250. And that could even include calling some of the apprentices up, also.

HANNAH:

And, how do you advise that we select?

FABIAN:

In that case, then we need to draw from those of all levels of training, even the ones who have most recently graduated the basic theory exam. If we have any chance of succeeding with this battle, then we need to be prepared to fight. For too long, Zelina has been endangering our kingdom, with her threats, and it's time that we were able to face them, and show her that our kingdom will no longer fall under the hands of her race.

HANNAH:

And no longer will our daughter, wherever she may be.

FADE OUT

CUT TOO

14th May 2018

Set in the North East of England, in the fictional city, Elmerat.

FADE IN.

INT. MILLER OAK CHILDREN'S HOME - DAY

Maisie, 17, a teenager with rose beige skin and chocolate brown hair, opens her wardrobe to choose her outfit for college. She picks up a black lace top, matching jeans and white trainers and places them on her bed, beside her backpack.

INT MILLER OAK CHILDREN'S HOME - DAY

She looks up at the clock on her wall, and sees that the time - 7:30am. She sits on her bed and quickly gets changed into her outfit. She brushes her hair into a high ponytail, applies: a thin layer of foundation, two coats of mascara and outlines her eyes with charcoal black eyeliner.

INT MILLER OAK CHILDREN'S HOME - DAY

She takes her bag, places it on her shoulder and opens the door of her bedroom, and walks down the hallway

towards the staircase, where her best friend is waiting for her.

Like Maisie, Helena is seventeen years old. She has long honey blonde hair, tawny skin and blue eyes, who is also studying the same course as Maisie at college.

HELENA:

There you are! I was wondering where you'd got to.  
Usually you're ready far earlier than this.

MAISIE:

(rolls his eyes)

I know, but I can't help it if Elliot's clogging up the bathroom for fifteen minutes, for a wash and shit, though can I?

HELENA:

I suppose when you put it like that. Come on, we better get going soon. Our bus leaves in just under half an hour.

The pair head downstairs to the kitchen, to eat breakfast, to be greeted by their head carers, Pamela Westwood and Owen Anderson - both of whom are in their late fifties.

PAMELA:

(happily)

Morning ladies! How are you? Did you sleep alright?

HELENA:

(sweetly)

Yes, thank you.

MAISIE:

Yeah, I did thanks.

PAMELA:

Fantastic. So, what can I get you both for breakfast? Cereal? Muesli? Toast? Fruit? Tea-

Owen:

(IRRITABLY)

Can't they just have what they're given? Or what everyone else has? Blimey! We're not a hotel, Pam. Which, on the subject of food, reminds me, we need to go food shopping later.

PAMELA:

(confused)

Do we?

Owen:

Er, yeah. Have you seen the state of the cupboards? Anyone would think that we live in some kind of zoo, with the amount that these kids eat here. Girls, you've not got anything planned for tonight have you?

HELENA:

No, why?

Owen:

Good. You guys can go then.

HELENA:

For god's sake, why?

MAISIE:

Yeah, why? We went last week, why do we need to go again?

Owen:

Because me and Pamela are up to our eyes in paperwork, and you're the eldest residents, so it makes sense that you go and get the mundane job out of the way.

He tips the kettle into his mug.

HELENA:

(abruptly)

Oi Owen, are you making coffee over there?

Owen:

Yeah, why?

HELENA:

Then you can make me and Maisie one too, seeing as we have to give up our free time later. Come on Maisie, if we grab breakfast now, then we can avoid the cavalry, including Harriet.

They both draw up seats at the end of the pine dining table.

PAMELA:

So, what can I get you girls?

HELENA:

A dry bowl of muesli for me, Maisie?

MAISIE:

(politely)

Same for me please.

PAMELA:

Coming right up.

HELENA:

Do you know how long we have to be in for today? It's just I swear that Miss said that this week our hours might be shortened, seeing as they're holding open mornings, days whatever, for Year 11s, so they might be cutting our days short. (mutters under her breath) Which I hope that they do.

MAISIE:

Me too. I mean, we've completed the first year of content, so there's no point in starting year two so close to the summer. Surely, they can just let us revise what we've learnt, for our exams in a few weeks, right?

HELENA:

Yeah, I mean that makes the most sense. How are you feeling about the exams, sweetie?

MAISIE:

(sighs)

Alright, I suppose. I have been revising over EYFS frequently and have been using Quizlet to help revise the key components of lesson plans, which has been a life saver. To be honest, I actually think I might have a chance at succeeding at this, which is a surprise, seeing as I've never been able to do that before.

PAMELA:

(intervenes)

Sorry to intervene there, but you need to have more faith in yourself, Maisie, love. Just because you're an orphan, it does not put you at any means of a disadvantage. So many great people have started in a similar predicament to you, and have gone on to succeed in their ambition. You're an intelligent girl, Maisie, someone who truly has potential to exceed in life. I just wish that you believed in yourself more.

HELENA:

(compassionately)

Me too. You're a great person, Maisie, and you will be a fantastic teacher, trust me.

Harriet, Mollie, Elliot and Clara enter the kitchen, dressed in their school uniform.

HARRIET:

Well, well, if it isn't for Maisie Campbell? Or should I say Miller Oak's educational car crash? Remind me, how many GCSES did you get again? Oh, that's right none.

HELENA:

(defensively)

Oi, take that back.

HARRIET:

Why should I? Maisie's said far worse to me in the past, so why shouldn't she have a taste of her own medicine?

HELENA:

You're just jealous of her. Jealous that she's been able to cope without her parents, whereas you spend all day and night, crying because yours doesn't want you.

HARRIET:

If one more word comes out of your mouth, then I swear I'll slap you.

HELENA:

Then do it then-

MAISIE:

(INTERRUPTS)

It's fine, Helena. The best thing I've learnt to do now is ignore people like her. If you provoke them further, then they'll just continue to attack you, until you're weak in the head. A feeling that she's made me feel all too much.

Pamela places two bowls of muesli and two black coffees in front of them.

HELENA:

Thank you. Just think Maisie, in less than an hour, we'll be in college and away from this lot, eh?

MAISIE:

Yeah, we will.

FADE OUT

CUT TO: INT Emberspear Palace, Caelindria

INT Emberspear Palace - Day

Hunter Mackintosh, Elise Beckshiel and Joseph Trent are in the vaults, with Doctor Fernwould, standing around a Gyrell (stone slab) which laid the body of Fabian Vursich.

Hunter, a forty one year old deceased human, who is also a Caelindrian official, with dark black hair, golden skin and a slender figure, is standing beside Doctor Fernwould.



Joseph, a thirty one year old mentor, is standing at the corner of the room with his arms folded, wearing silver feather plated armour.

Elise, a fifteen year old warrior apprentice, with fiery red hair, pale skin and freckles is standing beside Fabian's body, desperate for him to awake. Her arms and legs are covered in slashes she's acquired from the battlefield.

DOCTOR FERNWOULD:  
Time of death, 11:23AM, cause of death, Phorean Poison.

ELISE:  
(whines)  
No, he can't be dead. It's too soon. Oh Fabian!

She drops to the floor and cries

JOSEPH:  
And are you sure there's absolutely nothing else, which you can do?

DOCTOR FERNWOULD:  
I'm afraid not. I'm so sorry, but our monarch is officially deceased.

HUNTER:  
(exhales shakily)  
Well, thank you for trying. I can't believe it. He was one of our best monarchs, also. Despite Hannah's betrayal, he remained strong, and ruled the kingdom to the best of his ability, sacrificing so much of his personal life, Hereissa included, and now he meets an end like this. Just goes to exemplify how cruel life can be, eh?

JOSEPH:  
You can certainly say that again. Are you alright, Elise?

ELISE:  
(tearfully)  
No, but I'm going to have to be, aren't I? What if they attack again? What if they attack again and this time, it's not just the monarch they kill? What if she kills more? I mean, it's not as though that the prospect's impossible now is it? Now our monarch's dead, the Paladin is open, and if it's open, then we have no chance of defending ourselves.

JOSEPH:  
I don't know. I haven't really thought about that, to be honest.

HUNTER:  
We find Hereissa. That's what we do. We find Hereissa and  
we tell her to come home.

DOCTOR FERNWOULD:  
Would you like me to remain here or-

HUNTER:  
No, you can leave. And also, please inform citizens of  
his death, if you see them in passing. It'll make the  
proclamation easier later.

DOCTOR FERNWOULD:  
(nods)  
Your Ailwin. Elise. Joseph.

Doctor Fernwoud exits.

JOSEPH:  
You didn't say what I just thought you said, did you?  
About asking Hereissa to return?

HUNTER:  
Why not? I mean she is the rightful heir to the throne,  
after all, so why shouldn't she be able to return home  
and pursue her birthright?

ELISE:  
(slowly raises from the floor)  
You might think it's pursuing her birthright, Hunter, but  
to us, she's endangering our kingdom. In case it might  
have slipped your mind, Hereissa is a half blood. A half  
blood which means that she's contaminated with human  
blood, which automatically gives Zelina another reason to  
attack, don't you think?

HUNTER:  
(retaliates)  
And you don't think that I haven't thought of that  
already have you?

JOSEPH:  
Well, your Ailwin, from the impression that I'm getting,  
I think the answer to that question is no. I know that  
you want to see her again, I understand I do, but surely  
it'll make more sense for the Council to appoint another  
monarch?

HUNTER:  
(impatiently)  
As much as I have respect for you, Joseph, I didn't  
actually believe that you were this stupid. If we let the  
Council appoint a new monarch, then firstly they won't be  
able to control the Paladin, secondly they have elemental

powers and thirdly, they won't know the Severheart Chronicles, in the way which Fabian did.

ELISE:

(hisses)

Are you listening to anything that we're saying? Hereissa will get us fucking killed alright. Twenty four hours in the kingdom and there'll be Phoreans all over here like a swarm of flies over fucking shit, alright, so if you really want to engineer the slaughter of more innocent civilians then you go and do so.

HUNTER:

I appreciate that you're concerned for the kingdom, but trust me, I know what I'm doing. After all, Fabian never appointed me as an official for no reason, did he? At the end of the day, I am her guardian and therefore have a duty to look after her, regardless of the cost.

FADE OUT

CUT TOO

INT DAWNRIGHT COLLEGE, DAY

A swarm of college students are making their way to their morning classes, each in their individual centres. Sounds of laughter, shouting, whispering and excessive typing on the phone can be heard all across the campus.

Maisie and Helena have arrived at college, and have just entered their classroom at the Childcare Centre.

HELENA:

Hey, do you want to go clothes shopping this weekend? I am desperate to give my wardrobe an update. All of these spring and winter clothes are really starting to do my head in, so a day to rediscover my style will do me the world of good.

MAISIE:

Yeah, sure. What day were you thinking?

They sit at their table in the back corner.

HELENA:

(excitedly)

Saturday? I get paid Friday evening, so if you need anything, then it's on me sweetie.

MAISIE:

Alright, yeah, why not?

The door opens as Ruby White and Lily Carter enter.

Ruby, is a seventeen year old, with long curled black hair, upturned hazel brown eyes and a hooker nose, who is the captain of the college Girls Football team.

Lily is also seventeen, with long platinum blonde hair, teal blue eyes and wears a thick layer of ivory foundation, to cover her insecurities.

RUBY:

(loudly retches)

If it aint for the social rejects of Dawnright, Helena Anderson and Maisie Campbell. How's life with social services going? Have you found any family that will take you on yet?

LILY:

(sniggers)

You are such a weirdo, you know that. Both of you are, for that fact. You're just not like normal teenagers, the pair of you. Rather than having an ordinary family around you, you live with a gang of retards, which has clearly imprinted on you, and are under the delusion that society will actually want you, which it won't but who am I to burst your bubble eh?

HELENA:

And you're just a spoiled bitch, who really needs to learn how to shut the fuck up and get a life of their own.

LILY:

Hey, did you hear that Ruby? Helena wants us to get a life of our own? The flaming nerve on it.

They both cackle with laughter.

MAISIE:

(whispers)

Ignore them, Helena. They're just jealous.

HELENA:

(flushed)

But what if they're right? What if we don't succeed in life? What if our care statuses hold us back?

MAISIE:

Then, it's their loss.

RUBY:

What's put the spring in your step, recently?

MAISIE:

Hope. Something that the pair of you, are too shallow to understand.

LILY:

Excuse me, but are you calling us shallow?

MAISIE:

Maybe. Maybe not. And even if I was, what are you going to do about it?

RUBY:

A lot, ACTUALLY. Oi, Helena, do you want to know something?

HELENA:

No, I don't actually.

RUBY:

But I think you might. My dad told me last night, that apparently there's rumours going around his office, that the Owen Anderson guy who works where you live actually is like your father.

HELENA:

Don't be ridiculous.

LILY:

(chewing gum)

My dad told me the same.

MAISIE:

Then, it's a lie. Their shared surname is a coincidence, nothing else.

RUBY:

Really? How can you be so sure about it?

MAISIE:

Because I know, alright. Owen would not work in the same place that his daughter is. That just isn't right. I mean it's selfish and messed up, to lie to your child for their entire life about who they are.

FADE OUT

CUT TO:

INT. EMBERSPEAR PALACE - DAY

Hunter is in the throne room of Emberspear Palace, preparing to cross the dimensions and enter Earth for the first time in over fourteen years.

ELISE:  
(astounded)  
You're not actually going to do this, are you?

HUNTER:  
Give me one reason why I shouldn't.

ELISE:  
After everything that we've just said, you're prepared to risk the safety of our kingdom, just for the sake of a half blood?

HUNTER:  
Yes, I am.

He looks to the two empty marble thrones.

JOSEPH:  
I know that you think you're doing the right thing, Hunter, but trust me, later down the line, you will regret this.

HUNTER:  
Stand here. And you too Elise. Come and stand beside me for a moment.

They stand beside Hunter.

HUNTER:  
See them? See those two thrones? Not long ago, Hannah and Fabian sat in those thrones. They sat in those thrones and pledged to dedicate their entire reigns, whether it'll be long or short, to protecting the kingdom. And that oath was sworn again, at Hereissa, Maisie whatever she's called, third birthday. Her life is meant to be lived sat in one of those thrones, and serving our kingdom. Tell me, who are we to deny her this?

ELISE:  
Erm, logical citizens, who don't want to see our entire flaming kingdom wiped out.

JOSEPH:  
(cautiously)  
She does have a point, Hunter. Once you do this, there's no undoing it. No going back.

HUNTER:  
And that's a risk that I'm prepared to take. When I was made an official back in 2004, I swore an oath in front of Hannah and Fabian. I promised to serve my unwavering loyalty to them, including to their daughter, if anything had ever happened to them. By returning to Earth, I

honour that promise for Fabian, a debt out of many which  
I actually am able to repay to him.

ELISE:  
You know what, I can't help listening to this. I'm going  
out to get some fresh air.

HUNTER:  
Fine. You do that.

ELISE:  
Oh, don't you worry. I will.

She exits the throne room and closes the door behind her.

JOSEPH:  
You don't reckon that she's going to do anything stupid,  
do you?

HUNTER:  
Hopefully not, but this is Elise that we're speaking  
about, so no, the answer to that question is I'm not so  
sure.

FADE OUT

CUT TO

INT. Miller Oak Children's Home - Day

Owen and Pamela are working in their office, to update  
the children's files and organise the mounting admin work  
they have.

PAMELA:  
What time is Mollie's social worker due over again?

Owen:  
11:30, I think. I've called her school, so they know why  
she's coming in later.

PAMELA:  
And this is for just a review, right? I mean, her father  
has definitely not gotten in contact again. I swear if I  
see that man again I will give him a piece of my mind.

Owen:  
Yes, it's just a termly review. Why don't you like him  
again?

PAMELA:  
You didn't seriously just ask that question, did you?

Owen:  
Yeah, as a matter of fact, I did.

PAMELA:  
Alright. I don't like him because he's a nasty piece of work, who messes with little Mollie's head, making her empty promises and continually letting her down, all of the time. The poor girl, he's all she has you know. The mother died two years ago, and the rest of her family doesn't want to know. Remind you of anyone?

Owen:  
No, why would it?

Awkward pause as he realises the comment is aimed at him.

Owen:  
Wait, that wasn't aimed at me was it?

PAMELA:  
(nods)  
Well done, Sherlock(!) I mean, it's not as if your predicament with Helena is much different, mmm? The amount of opportunities that you have had to come clean to her, that you're her father, it's appalling Owen it really is.

Owen:  
Well, it's nice to know that your colleague supports you(!)

PAMELA:  
You're welcome.

Owen:  
Anyhow, how much money are we allocating to the food shop this week?

PAMELA:  
Why are you asking me? You're the one who likes to be in charge, why don't you sort it?

Owen:  
You really don't like me do you?

PAMELA:  
I don't not like you, I'm just wary of you.

Owen:  
Wary?

PAMELA:  
Yeah, why, do you have a problem with that?



Owen:  
I'm not scary, if that's what you're trying to imply.

PAMELA:  
Oh, really? You want to try having a word with Clara, son. The amount of times that she's peed her bed, scared that you'll shout at her for underperforming with her school assessments.

Owen:  
Since when did she start doing that?

PAMELA:  
Last year, why didn't you listen to anything that I told you?

Owen:  
(bluntly)  
No, not really.

PAMELA:  
Sometimes, it astounds me how you managed to acquire the qualifications to become a carer, it really does.

Owen:  
Well, I'm here, aren't I? And anyway, I'm not that bad.

PAMELA:  
(shakes her head)  
Says the man, who's let his own biological daughter grow up here in his presence for the past fourteen years. For a fully grown man, you really do still have such an awful lot to learn about life.

Owen:  
Excuse me, but in case it might have slipped your mind, I am still a father.

PAMELA:  
Don't start using that card with me, darling. If you were a father, then you'd start acting like one, something which clearly isn't within your nature.

Owen:  
Ok, you've made your points.

PAMELA:  
Have I? Well, I'm glad that this conversation has managed to have its intended effect. So, are you going to tell Helena, the truth and your surname isn't just a 'coincidence'?

Owen:  
I'll think about it.

PAMELA:

Well, thinking about it isn't good enough. You either will or you won't, it's one or the other.

Owen:

(irritably)

I said, I'll think about it.

PAMELA:

Two days.

Owen:

What?

PAMELA:

I'm going to give you two days. Two days, to come clean to Helena and tell her the truth behind who you really are, and why you've allowed her to grow up, believing that her parents didn't want her, when all along you were right within her reach. If you fail to do so, then I'll do it myself. The choice is yours.

Owen:

Alright, I'll do it. But you have to promise me that until then you will not repeat this conversation to anyone, including the Inspectors, alright?

PAMELA:

Fine, in that case you have a deal.

CUT TO

INT. DAWNRIGHT COLLEGE - DAY

Mrs Winterson, a stern woman in her late forties, is taking the morning register, at her desk.

MRS WINTERSON:

Maisie Campbell?

MAISIE:

(mumbles)

Yes Miss.

MRS WINTERSON:

I'm sorry, I didn't quite catch that, can you repeat that for me?

MAISIE:

(snaps)

Yes Miss!

LILY:  
Watch out! Maisie's on her period. Do you need to take a moment outside there?

MRS WINTERSON:  
That's quite enough from you, there Miss Lily.

LILY:  
What? Why are you having a go at me? I haven't done anything.

HELENA:  
Says the girl, who called us, wait what was it? Aha. Social rejects and weirdos.

RUBY:  
No, she never.

MAISIE:  
She did, Miss.

MRS WINTERSON:  
Is this true?

LILY:  
(unconvincingly)  
Of course not. You know what the care kids are like. They lie.

HELENA:  
Excuse me. Just because we come from a children's home, doesn't mean that we're inferior to anyone else, here, alright?

MRS WINTERSON:  
Well, in that case, I request to see you four girls at breaktime, to allow us to sort this issue out once and for all.

RUBY:  
(whines)  
Miss, you can't do that. That's unfair!

LILY:  
Couldn't agree with you more there Ruby, it is unfair. Especially, when we've done nothing wrong. Why is it that teachers always believe care kids more than they do us? In their eyes, they can never do anything wrong. No matter if they're aggressive, liars, manipulators or have a whole flamin' criminal record behind them, everyone always seems to stand in their corner. Oh, they're messed

up. They are emotionally scarred. They were conflicted.  
They're insecure. Aren't we all?

She rolls her eyes.

CUT TO

INT. EMBERSPEAR PALACE - DAY

Hunter is preparing to cross the dimensions and inform Maisie/Hereissa of her father's death, as Joseph tries to change his mind.

HUNTER:

(reassuringly)

I understand and appreciate your concern, Joseph, I do. But I died as a human for a reason. I died to have another chance. To live another life, here where I'd be free from societal pressures, emotional trauma, guilt, anger, pain, you name it, mortal life gave me it. But now, at least I'm here, I'm free. I can serve the kingdom, I can protect our lands, I can advise the monarch, but I can do none of that, if I'm not honouring my promise. I made a promise to Hannah and Fabian, that if anything ever happened to them both, I would be the person who took care of Hereissa, no matter what the cost. If I abandon it now, then yes, I might avoid death, but I would not be able to live with myself. Nor the guilt.

JOSEPH:

So this has nothing to do with protecting the kingdom? It's to do with you avoiding feeling like a coward? I swear if anything happens to us, then it'll fall on your conscience, alright? Yours, and no-one else's.

HUNTER:

Then that'll be something that I'm just going to have to learn to accept then, eh?

VFX. KNOCK AT THE DOORS OF THE THRONE ROOM

HUNTER:

Enter!

Taryn Ifpsiel, one of the palace guards, enters. He is a tall man, with ice blonde hair, pasty white skin and ocean blue eyes, and is wearing black clothing.

TARYN:

Your Ailwin, may I be the first to express our sincerest condolences for the loss of Fabian. I appreciate how close that you were with him, so I can not begin to imagine the grief that you must be feeling right now.

Will you be requiring a royal proclamation to be hung  
outside of the palace?

HUNTER:

No, not right now. I have something important, which I  
need to do first.

CUT TO

INT. Miller Oak Children's Home - Day

Pamela is sat in the main office, conducting a meeting  
with Harriet's social worker, Daniel Arming, to discuss  
the prospect of a foster placement.

DAN:

Harriet seems to be making fantastic progress with the  
couple. Their unsupervised visits have gone brilliantly,  
with them giving an encouraging report, which is great  
for me, as her social worker, to see. I really do believe  
that this will bring her immense benefit and you never  
know. It could even lead to a permanent placement if they  
decide to adopt her in the future.

PAMELA:

Alright, Dan, let's not get too carried away with  
ourselves, eh? I understand that you want a placement for  
Harriet to be successful, believe me we all do, but you  
do seem to be forgetting the fact that she is one of our  
most challenging residents. She is known to make sarky  
and cruel comments towards others, take Maisie and Helena  
for instance, this morning.

DAN:

I know, but I think that she's changed. Over the last  
three months, she has really blossomed. Her personality  
is starting to show, her grades are really good, and I  
think that she has the potential to do really well.

PAMELA:

(SIGHS)

Me too. Harriet's a bright girl, I'm not denying that,  
but at the end of the day, she needs to change her  
attitude. Especially towards some of our eldest  
residents. I mean this morning, she made rather a snide  
comment towards Maisie, regarding her intelligence as  
inferior, just because she didn't perform as well on her  
GCSES as others did.

DAN:

(in denial)

No, she wouldn't. That's not like Harriet. She's not the  
sort of girl who would make comments like that.

PAMELA:

I appreciate that you have a job as her social worker, Dan, I really do. But at the end of the day, you only see a certain extent of her personality, when you're with her. You only see the side that she wants you to see. The kind, harmless, and troubled side. However, when she's here with us, she causes all sorts of issues. Issues that girls like Maisie and Helena simply don't deserve to deal with. I really don't think that this placement is a good idea.

DAN:

Well, in that case, I demand to have a meeting with her later this afternoon, to allow me to discuss the matter with her face to face, rather than all this messed up communication with you. You clearly have it in for her, so maybe it's better that I hear the truth about these accusations first hand and be allowed to make up my own mind about the situation, don't you?

He gets up from his chair.

PAMELA:

No, I don't have it in for her. I just want what's best for her, that's all. For as long as she lives within my care, whether that is one day or three years, she's my responsibility, and it's my duty to look after her. To help, teach and guide her to become the best version of herself which she can be, before she leaves us at the age of 18, and makes her own way within adult life. That's not 'having it in for her' Dan, it's called love. A feeling which in this job, you feel all too much.

CUT TO

INT. Dawnright College - Day

Maisie and Helena are sitting at a table in the hustling canteen, on their lunch, discussing the events of the morning.

MAISIE:

(whispers)

I can't believe that Miss let them get away with it. After the amount of times that they've called out in class, thrown paper at us and retched, as they look at us, they're still able to get away. It's a joke, it really is.

HELENA:

I know it's terrible, but at the end of the day, it just goes to assure that we are perceived as inferior to everyone else. And that's just something we're going to have to learn to live with.

She takes her phone out of her coat.

SFX. A message appears on the screen: @rubyscarter tagged you in a comment.

MAISIE:  
What is it?

HELENA:  
Nothing.

MAISIE:  
Come on Helena. I've known you for my entire life, so believe me, I know when you're not telling me the truth.

HELENA:  
(reluctantly)  
Alright, fine. It's a notification from my social media, saying that apparently Ruby has tagged me in a comment.

MAISIE:  
Do you want me to open it for you?

Ruby and Lily pass the table.

LILY:  
Go on, open it. Take a long hard look at it as well.

Maisie unlocks Helena's phone and clicks onto the notification.

VFX. An image of a mirror with the caption: TAG THE UGLIEST, WEIRDEST PERSON THAT YOU KNOW APPEARS.

MAISIE:  
You are a pair of bitches, do you know that? Taking out your insecurities on someone who can't help, who she is. You need serious help, the pair of you.

HELENA:  
(anxiously breathing)  
Let me have a read. I want to see what it says.

RUBY:  
I don't think that's a good idea, hun. If you read it, you'll probably start crying, and that's a thing that even people like me and Lily, have the decency to spare you.

Helena snatches the phone from Maisie and sees the image. Her cheeks flush with embarrassment, and her eyes slowly begin to inflate with tears.

LILY:

What's wrong? The care kid can't take a little joke. Well, I'm sorry, but it's true. I mean look at you, you're not exactly the best looking girl around here. Most teenagers our age, would be spending their time partying, hanging with their boyfriends, and having a good time, if they have friends that is. But in your case, things are a little different aren't they? Let's face it, it's not like anyone wants you is it.

SFX. The noises of the canteen begin to become distorted for Helena.

RUBY:

No-one wants you, Helena. No-one cares about you.

SFX. The volume of the chattering fades in and out, overlapping a continual beeping.

LILY:

What's wrong, Helena cat got your tongue?

MAISIE:

(concerned)

Helena? Helena, are you alright?

SFX. A rapid, loud heartbeat sound is played, accompanied by Helena's excessive breathing.

HELENA:

(excessively panting)

I need some air.

She gets up from her chair, and storms out of the canteen.

CUT TO

EXT. Caelindria - Day

Joseph goes outside, onto the sacred golden south sands, to check on Elise, and finds that she has disappeared.

JOSEPH:

(shouts)

Elise! Elise, where are you! Look, I'm sorry for not listening to you, but you know how stubborn that Hunter can be sometimes! Please, just come back, and we can talk through this, together!

He stands and waits for a few moments. Taryn Ifspiel, comes around the east corner.



TARYN:

Is everything alright here, Joseph? I heard you shouting,  
a moment ago.

JOSEPH:

Don't suppose you've ever tried to raise a teenage girl?

TARYN:

No, but from the experiences that I have had with Elise,  
I sure have some means of knowledge behind me. Why is  
there something wrong?

JOSEPH:

Yes. Well, she's gone missing.

TARYN:

But I could've sworn, that I saw her a few moments ago-

JOSEPH:

Yeah, well, it looks as though she hasn't just come  
outside for some air. It looks as though she's done a  
runner.

TARYN:

Oh. Do you have any idea where she may be?

JOSEPH:

If I knew where she was then, I'd be out there looking  
for her, wouldn't I?

CUT TO

INT. EMBERSPEAR PALACE - DAY

Elise is sitting on the iron grey stone floor, crying,  
inside the Pioneers Lab in the North East Vault of  
Emeberspear Palace.

She is holding two vials, one of which is Carthoulum (a  
toxic poison extracted from Phorean blood) and another  
Alchemi (an anaesthetic administered during life saving  
operations)

FLASHBACK

18th February 2015

Twelve days before Elise's Mortal Death

INT. ELISE'S MORTAL HOME

Twelve year old Elise is sitting within her bedroom, at her desk, completing her Maths Homework. We hear pop music playing through her stereo, as she sings along.

There's a knock at her bedroom door.

ELISE:

Who is it and what do you want?

STEVE:

(shouts)

Elise, love, it's me, can I come in?

ELISE:

If you think that sorry is going to make up for lying to me, then I'm sorry, but you're going to have to try far harder than that.

She pauses her music.

STEVE:

(pleads)

I know that you're angry with me, and I understand why. But trust me, at the end of the day, I did it for your own good. I did it for Luke's too. You don't deserve to live in a house where you listen to me and your mother arguing all of the time-

ELISE:

(interrupts)

Nor do we deserve to live in a house with a liar for a father. You tell us that you love us, you tell us that you care, but you never show it. Most of the time, you spend either down the pub with your friends, or around the house of your new woman. It's like you don't even care about us anymore, and maybe it's true for all I know. But, right now, I'd really rather not have this conversation with you, so please just leave me alone.

He opens the door, and quietly closes it behind him.

STEVE:

(impatiently)

This is getting ridiculous now. I told you almost a week ago, and you still haven't been able to get it in that thick little skull of yours, that me and your mother are finished. We're done. We're divorcing, and going our separate ways. But, you just can't accept it can you? You just can't be like your brother and accept the fact that life moves on.

ELISE:

(recklessly)

No, maybe I can't. Maybe Luke and I don't want to live in a home where our parents are separated. Maybe, we just want to grow up somewhere, with both of our parents. To be there for us on the bad days and to commend us on the good ones. It's a small ask, Dad. A small ask. But clearly, something which is too much to expect from you.

STEVE:  
(hisses)

I swear if one more word comes out of that mouth of yours, then I will throw you out of this house here and now. Why can't you just be a normal daughter for once, rather being this ridiculous know it all, who thinks that she can talk down to her elders, including her father. Do I make myself clear?

ELISE:  
(timidly)  
Yes, father, I'm sorry, if I've upset you.

STEVE:  
Good. Now, this conversation never happened, ok?

ELISE:  
Yes sir.

STEVE:  
As you were.

He exits the room, quietly closing the door behind him.

Elise, unzips her school bag and takes out a vial of prescription drugs (antidepressants), that she stole from her mother's medication store, in the kitchen, and fiddles with them in her hand for a few moments.

Focus switches back to the present day - camera focuses on Elise crying for a few moments from a widened angle.

She then opens the vials of potions and tips them both inside of her mouth.

Moments later she collapses on the floor.

CUT TO

INT. Miller Oak Children's Home - Day

Mollie Kent's social worker, Gavin, is sat in the office with her, Owen and Pamela, to conduct their termly review.

GAVIN:

And, are you sure that you're happy not undertaking any foster placements right now?

MOLLIE:

(nods)

Yes. I am definitely sure.

PAMELA:

I know that you want to move back in with your father, sweetheart, but trust me. I don't think that he'll make a return any time soon.

MOLLIE:

No, he will. He just needs time, that's all. He needs time to sort himself out and then he'll come and collect me, and we'll live together, again, like he promised.

Owen:

But people don't always stay by their promises, do you know that?

PAMELA:

Leave it, Owen. Now's not the time.

Owen:

Why not? I'm just being realistic that's all. I don't see what the harm is in that.

PAMELA:

(hisses)

This is a meeting for Mollie, not a time for you to express your opinions.

Owen:

And, who said anything about expressing their opinions, Pam? Hmm, tell me?

GAVIN:

If you don't mind me, continuing-

Owen:

And anyway, Pam, since when did promises matter to you so much?

FLASHBACK

2nd July 2004

A mortally alive Hunter is sat in the office, with Pam and Owen, with a three year old Maisie.

HUNTER:

You looked after me, when I was a child. And now I'm asking you to do the same for her. If she stays within

Caelindria, for a single moment longer, then Zelina is twice as likely to attack. An attack which can prove fatal, not just for her mother and father, but for the fate of the kingdom.

Owen:

So let me get this straight. This girl, Hereissa, is the daughter of your monarch, the kingdom which you now live in, and she is endangering you all, because her mother is a human.

Hunter nods.

PAMELA:

It's really great to see you again, Hunter, it is, but isn't this too much of a risk? What if this Zelina finds her here on Earth? Won't we all be endangered also?

HUNTER:

Zelina can't touch Earth, Pamela, trust me. You have nothing to worry about there.

Owen:

But how can you be so, sure though?

HUNTER:

Because, I'm the king's advisor, that's why.

Owen:

So, let me just get this straight. You left here when you were eighteen, like everyone else, and lived a mortal life for four years, before this Syricate appeared to you and offered you another shot at life in this alternative dimension, which you chose.

Hunter nods.

Owen:

And since you've lived there, you've been commended to a monarch advisor, swearing an oath of allegiance within the role, as well as one to take care of Maisie.

HUNTER:

Yes, that's correct. So, will you do it?

PAMELA:

Alright, we'll do it. We'll promise to look after her. For as long as you need time to make the kingdom safe again, I can assure you that wee Hereissa here will be taken care of.

Three year old Hereissa turns to face Pamela and smiles.

Owen:

Will you return to collect her when it's safe for you  
too?

HUNTER:

I would, but with a situation as grave as this, it's hard  
to be certain to be honest.

MAISIE:

Where's Mummy and Daddy?

HUNTER:

At home, sweetheart. You will see them again, one day,  
trust me.

MAISIE:

I want to see my Mummy and Daddy.

Owen:

If something happens to them, to her mum and dad that is-

HUNTER:

(interrupts)

Then I am the one to take care of her. Last year, I swore  
an oath to Fabian, assuring him that Hereissa will be  
taken care of, in case the Phoreans ever take either of  
them. And that's something which I'll honour, to the very  
moment which I died.

FADE OUT

CUT TO

EXT. DAWNRIGHT COLLEGE - DAY

Maisie and Helena are standing at the bus station,  
waiting to catch the 15:00 bus back home.

MAISIE:

(concerned)

Are you sure you're alright? Look, if you need go back  
inside and talk to a teacher about what happened earlier-

HELENA:

(snaps)

How many more times do I need to tell you? I'm fine.

MAISIE:

Helena, you don't have to pretend to be strong in front  
of me, you know that. If you need to cry, or talk, then I  
hope you know that no matter what happens, you will  
always have me to listen-

HELENA:

You don't get it, do you?

MAISIE:  
Get what?

HELENA:  
Anything. You don't get anything. Nothing. I mean it's alright for you. Everyone loves you. Poor little Maisie, who's parents died when she was born. At least you have a future, Maisie. Even though you didn't get the best set of GCSES in the world, you were still able to come here and study the course that you wanted, because people feel sorry for you. Whereas me on the other hand, everyone looks and laughs at me. Oh, there's the girl, whose parents didn't want her. She clearly has something wrong with her then. You say that you're my best friend, you say that you understand me, but you don't. Not really.

Their bus arrives and pulls up outside the bus stop.

MAISIE:  
Hey, what's brought this on? Until Ruby tagged you in that comment on your phone, you seemed fine-

HELENA:  
Yeah, I was. But she just had to go and rub it in my face, didn't she? And remind me that I'm not normal like other people. And I never will be.

The girls walk towards the bus.

FADE OUT

CUT TO

EXT. CAELINDRIAN LANDS - DAY

Joseph and Taryn are still searching the Caelindrian lands for Elise.

JOSEPH:  
(walking to the borders of the Paladin)  
Elise! Elise, come on now. I understand that you're angry but hiding away isn't going to solve things isn't it? If you're angry, then please just tell us where you are, and then we can sit down and talk things through.

TARYN:  
Joseph's right. It doesn't need to be like this, you know Elise. I understand that you're grieving for Fabian's death, believe me we all are, but the longer you avoid us then the worse the problem is going to get. Surely, that's something that you want to avoid?

JOSEPH:

(sighs)  
There's no use. She disappeared.

TARYN:  
Should we check back in the palace?

JOSEPH:  
I mean, I suppose, but why would she return there?

TARYN:  
You tell me. Maybe, she could just be sitting with  
Fabian.

JOSEPH:  
And why would she be doing that for?

TARYN:  
That's the problem with people like you Joseph. When  
people run away you always seem to have a habit of  
automatically jumping to the wrong conclusions. Just  
because someone's disappeared, doesn't necessarily mean  
that they're going to leave the lands, does it?

#### FLASHBACK

5th January 2005

INT. JOSEPH'S HOME - SURREY

Eighteen year old mortally alive Joseph is packing his  
bag to run away from home, after an intense argument with  
his mother and father in accordance to his failing A  
Level Grades.

His bedroom is a confined space, with royal blue and  
black walls, covered in band posters, and photos of him  
with his girlfriend and his mates.

INT. JOSEPH'S HOME - SURREY

His mother and father are standing by his bedroom door,  
desperately convincing him to stay with them, rather  
pursue his ambition to leave home for good, and stay with  
his girlfriend.

SUE:  
(helplessly)  
Please, son, it doesn't have to be like this. I  
understand that you're stressed out about your exam  
season, but I'm sure that all students within your year  
group are. And anyway, I'm sure that if you start to put  
in a bit more effort, then you'll be able to pass your  
exams, and a university will be able to take in you in to  
study law-



JOSEPH:

How many more times, mum? I do not want to study law. I don't want to become a doctor, or a teacher or a scientist. To be honest, I don't even want to go to university, but you just won't listen to me will you? Because, anything that I want to do, doesn't matter, does it?

NEIL:

Did we actually say those words, son?

JOSEPH:

I don't know, did you? Anyway, why does it matter? It's not like that I'm going to be your responsibility for much longer is it. Just think in less than a hours' time, you'll finally be free from the disappointment of a son that you've had for the last twenty years, or however long that I've been alive.

Neil comes into his bedroom and puts his arm around him.

NEIL:

Why don't you just come downstairs, and then we can talk this through, eh? Together? We can put a plan in place and work out the best route which is most tailored for your future-

JOSEPH:

Get your flamin hands off me!

SUE:

Not until you've sorted this out with us.

JOSEPH:

What is there to sort out though? You're disappointed in me, that's all there is to it. You clearly don't feel as though I've achieved enough to earn the commended title of your son, so I might as well move on, eh?

FADE OUT

CUT TO

INT. MILLER OAK CHILDREN'S HOME

Helena and Maisie have arrived home from College.

PAMELA:

If it isn't for my favourite girls! How was your day?

MAISIE:  
Fine, thank you, you?

HELENA:  
(abruptly)  
I'm going to do some revision in my bedroom.

PAMELA:  
Oh, alright. Make sure it's no longer than an hour, though. Don't forget you have the food shop to complete for us later.

HELENA:  
Yes, alright. God, you can never have any freedom here these days!

She storms off upstairs and slams the door behind her.

PAMELA:  
What's wrong with her? Has something happened?

MAISIE:  
I think that she's just a bit stressed out with college, that's all. What time would you like me to do the food shop?

PAMELA:  
Anytime, really. As long as it's done by six, then it's up to you girls when you go.

Owen comes into the hallway, holding an envelope.

Owen:  
Alright, Maisie? How was your day?

MAISIE:  
Yeah, it was alright, thank you. How about you?

Owen:  
Not bad, not bad.

He hands Maisie the envelope.

MAISIE:  
Wait, do you want me to go now?

Owen:  
If you don't mind. It's just that Gavin, Mollie's social worker, wants a follow up phone call from the meeting earlier, and you know how impatient that this lot can get. Where's Helena?

MAISIE:

Revising. Do you want me to go and get her for you?

PAMELA:

Why don't we allow Helena some time to get her revision done, eh? I'm sure that we can manage waiting until 15:30, don't you?

CUT TO

INT. MILLER OAK CHILDREN'S HOME - DAY

Hunter has crossed the dimensions, and has arrived in Maisie's bedroom. It is a moderately spacious room, decorated with cream and grey walls, with two south facing wardrobes, and a neat white desk slotted into the corner.

Camera shows photos of her with Helena and the residents cover her top bookshelf, alongside a photo of her Year 11 Leavers Day.

INT. MILLER OAK CHILDREN'S HOME - DAY

He is wandering around her room, and looks down at the bottom, onto the road below, for a few seconds, seeing Maisie and a reluctant Helena leave the house to go food shopping.

FLASHBACK

20th May 2003

INT. EMBERSPEAR PALACE, CAELINDRIA

Hunter swears the Allegiance Oath, of The Severheart Chronicles, to Fabian and Hannah (Maisie's parents) promising to serve them as a Caelindrian Official, as well as upholding the promise of caring for Maisie if anything ever happened to them.

HANNAH:

Zacariah Mackintosh, you are here today to swear the Ailwin allegiance Oath and secondly a promise of guardianship, in the presence of myself, the Queen and my husband, Fabian, the King. Is this correct?

HUNTER:

Yes, your majesty.

HANNAH:

Before I begin, would you like to maintain your chosen name change, from your deceased identity, of Hunter Mackintosh, before I read the oath to you?

HUNTER:

If that would be possible, your majesty.

Hannah opens a scarlet red book, and places it on an altar in front of her.

HANNAH:

(reads)

Hunter Mackintosh. You joined our kingdom on the 3rd April 2001, after suffering emotional trauma with your mortal life back on your place of origin, earth. Upon the visit of our Syricate, Dana, you pledged to undergo a life devoted to warriorship, which your outstanding service earned you the esteemed commendation to a Syricate, which since then your selflessness, devotion and remarkable leadership qualities have been acknowledged by myself and my husband, who now believe that you harbour qualities that make you worthy of becoming a Caelindrian Official, as well as becoming a guardian for our daughter. Now, do you still wish you to proceed?

HUNTER:

Yes, I do, your majesty.

HANNAH:

In that case, I will now hand you over to my husband, who will now read the oath to you.

Hannah moves away from the altar, allowing for her husband to take his place, to swear Hunter in as an official and Hereissa's guardian.

FABIAN:

(reads from book)

Do you, Hunter Mackintosh, pledge to devote the rest of your life to serving our kingdom as a Caelindrian Official?

HUNTER:

Yes, I do, your majesty.

FABIAN:

And, do you promise to advise me, as your monarch, on all matters, whether they may be mortal selection or planning a strategy for defence in case of a Phorean Invasion. You will promise to uphold your position, for the rest of your days as a Caelite, whether that may be long or short, yes?

HUNTER:

I do.

FABIAN:

And, finally, do you promise to continue to ensure that our secret of existence is maintained from the mortals? If a mortal reaches the age of twelve and decides that they would like to join our kingdom, will you pledge to ensure that the truth behind their human death is concealed and that their families left behind, regardless of their nature, will not know the truth behind their passing?

HUNTER:

Of course, your majesty. I will do everything and anything within my power, to keep our kingdom safe from the dangers that the mortals could inflict upon us. The human race, aside from a few, are a corrupt race, who instigated their downfall. They could've maintained a friendship with us but instead decided to betray us for the sake of a pact with a monarch, something which we Caelites can never forgive.

FABIAN:

Thank you for your comments of loyalty there, Hunter. It's certainly reassuring to hear as your monarch that your allegiance lies within our kingdom, and that you will do anything to keep us safe.

He walks towards Hunter.

HUNTER:

My pleasure, your majesty. It's an honour to think that you believe that I'm worthy of such a privilege.

HANNAH:

In that case, I am delighted to announce to you that as from this moment, you are officially an advisor to the kingdom. How do you feel?

HUNTER:

Humbled, your majesty. Truly humbled.

FABIAN:

Well, I couldn't have thought of a person who would be better for the job, so well done, Hunter. But, as you know, that's not all that you're here for. As you know, we've recently welcomed our daughter into the world, and as the Chronicles decree, we need to appoint a guardian to take care of her, in case anything ever happens to either one of us. Now, we had several candidates within the kingdom propose themselves for the role, each outlining their different reasons for why they're worthy

of having such the honour, but me and my wife have decided that we'd like you to take the role.

HUNTER:

(surprised)

Oh, thank you, your majesty. That means an awful lot to hear you say that.

FABIAN:

Please, call me Fabian.

He puts his arm around Hunter.

HUNTER:

If you insist, sir. Will you require me to speak the guardianship oath, in the presence of you both, at this current moment?

HANNAH:

If that would be possible, then yes, please.

She rises from her throne and walks to the altar, three feet from where Fabian and Hunter are standing, with her orchid purple robes trailing behind her.

Fabian taps Hunter on the shoulder and walks to the throne, to stand beside his wife, as they prepare to read the guardianship oath to Hunter.

FABIAN:

(reads the oath from book)

Do you, Hunter Mackintosh, pledge to protect our daughter, Hereissa, in the unfortunate event that something happens to either myself, her father, or Hannah, her mother? Do you promise to ensure her health, wellbeing and safety remain your most paramount priority and if in the case that she is forced to return to rule in our absence, ensure that she's able to fulfil her birthright as the heir to Caelindrira? If in the case of our death, do you promise to uphold the lawful decree of your role as guardian, and be there to love, protect and care for her, regardless of her past, present and future?

HUNTER:

Yes, of course, your majesty. If anything happens to your daughter, then please, allow me to be the first person to assure you that I will protect her with everything that I have.

FADE OUT

Hunter picks up one of Maisie's fuschia pink coursework folders, from her desk, and reads through it, intrigued to further learn about her mortal life. He carefully

examines each page of her notes, for a few moments, and quickly learns of her passion for teaching - as implied through the extensive detail of her notes, as well as her reasonably high grades for her assignments.

He puts down the folder and picks up her Year 11 yearbook, scanning the pages to find an image of her. After flicking through the book several times, he finally finds an image of her at the front (her appearance strongly resembles her mothers) causing him to throw down the book, in anger. After a few moments, he picks it up and places it on her desk, as he begins his wait for Maisie's return.

CUT TOO:

EXT. FISHER LANE, EARTH - AFTERNOON

Maisie and a reluctant Helena are walking up the street to their local supermarket (Co-op) to do the weekly food shop, as they promised earlier.

HELENA:  
(moans)

I said that I wanted to do revision for an hour, when I returned didn't I? I explicitly told you that I wanted to finalise my notes for the assessments and ensure that I'd had the opportunity to go over the content, but no. You, Pam and Jon, just wouldn't have it, would you? You had to go and interrupt my life again-

MAISIE:  
Well, I'm sorry, but I can't help it if Owen couldn't wait that long. You know what they can get like, sometimes. They expect too much of us, which I suppose is understandable seeing as we are the eldest residents there, after all-

HELENA:  
Why are you even defending them? They're just control freaks, who want to oversee every part of our lives, and I'm sure that it isn't going to be any different, when we move out of there next year.

MAISIE:  
How do you know? And anyway, why are you so snappy? You're not normally like this.

HELENA:  
Why do you think, Maisie?

MAISIE:  
Is it because of what Lily and Ruby said to you earlier?

HELENA:

Oh, well done, Sherlock(!) You deserve the detective of the year award, do you know that?! I mean, no-one could've solved that puzzle, could they?

MAISIE:

If you've not calmed yourself down by the time that we arrive home, then I'm going to tell Pam what happened earlier. And that's a promise also.

HELENA:

Go ahead. See if I care.

FADE OUT

CUT TO

INT. EMBERSPEAR PALACE, CAELINDRIA - AFTERNOON

Joseph and Taryn have arrived back at the palace, after spending over an hour searching the entire kingdom for Elise, tempted to bring a halt to their search.

JOSEPH:

There's no use. She's gone.

TARYN:

Maybe, she has. What do you suggest that we do?

JOSEPH:

Send a royal messenger to inform the residents that she's gone missing, maybe?

TARYN:

Maybe, you're right. And to be honest, that's looking as if it's our only hope of finding her again-

DOCTOR FERNWOULD:

Joseph! Taryn! Thank god that I've found you! Come quickly!

JOSEPH:

What's wrong, Doctor?

TARYN:

Has something happened?

DOCTOR FERNWOULD:

(panicking)

It's Elise. I've just returned to the lab, after doing my daily round to visit our citizens, and she is lying on the floor unconscious. There's vials next to her,



samples, one of them looks as if it was one of the Phorean Poison samples, and the other one, it's an anaesthetic, which can have severe side effects, if mixed with a poison. Please come quickly!

They rush down the corridor and down the south flight of stairs in the ground floor vaults, to the first Pioneer Lab, where Elise is laying unconscious next to smashed vials of potions.

TARYN:

Holy mother of Emberspear! What on earth has happened here?

DOCTOR FERNWOULD:

She's overdosed. That's what happened. I need to get her to a healer and quickly-

JOSEPH:

What happens if she doesn't get to a healer?

TARYN:

Do you seriously want to know the answer to a question like that?

JOSEPH:

She's my apprentice, Taryn! Don't you think I have a right to know?

DOCTOR FERNWOULD:

She'll die. That's what'll happen.

FADE OUT

CUT TOO

INT. MILLER OAK CHILDREN'S HOME - AFTERNOON

Owen and Pamela are in a meeting with Harriet, to discuss the outcome of her latest meeting with her social worker.

HARRIET:

So, what you're saying is that basically you think that I have no chance of getting with another family? Is that right?

PAMELA:

No, not necessarily. I just think that maybe it might be worth it if you could work on your attitude for a while before we consider searching for foster placements, for you, don't you agree Owen?

Owen:

Definitely. We're not saying that you're a horrible girl. We know that you've had a rough journey, believe me, we sympathise with you just as much as any other person here, but it doesn't give you an excuse to deflect your insecurities onto other people, especially people like Maisie, do you understand?

HARRIET:

No, I don't understand. It's like you have it in for me. Like you don't want me to be happy, or to have another chance at life. Do you have any idea how it feels to be on the receiving end of that? The people, the people in your life which have been the closest things to you as a mother and father, don't think that you're worthy of being advertised for a foster placement. I demand to see Dan.

PAMELA:

You demand to see Dan?

HARRIET:

Yes, you know. The person who's my social worker, and is responsible for overseeing my care. Or is that not going to be allowed either?

Owen:

(curtly)

We'll see what we can do.

HARRIET:

Well, seeing isn't good enough. I demand to see my social worker.

PAMELA:

I know that you're probably annoyed with us, but at the end of the day, we just want what's best for you.

HARRIET:

Best for me?! You don't want what's best for me, you just want what's best for you. Best for your reputation, your salary, your families. You couldn't care any less about us care children, even if you tried.

Owen:

No, of course we care. It's just when you have a job like this, you have so many kids that you've got to look after, and sometimes you're forced to make difficult decisions, which can unintentionally affect your relationship with others. And in your case, I think that having you with us for at least another twelve months, will benefit you in the future. So rather than persisting with your immature whining, I would be grateful if you could just apologise to us here and now, and allow us to move forward with our lives, please.

FADE OUT

CUT TO

EXT. FISHER LANE, EARTH - AFTERNOON

Maisie and Helena have just completed the weekly food shop, and are carrying the six shopping bags home.

HELENA:

Remind me to never volunteer to go shopping again, please. My arms feel as though that they're going to drop off soon, and that's no exaggeration either.

MAISIE:

Well, at least we're almost home, eh? Surely that's something to be grateful for at least.

HELENA:

Grateful? Name one thing that we can be grateful for at the moment. One thing which is prevalent within our lives that we can look at and be happy about. Tell me.

MAISIE:

I don't know, maybe, that we have each other? I know that today's been crap Helena, but that doesn't give you reason to take out your issues on me, alright?

HELENA:

Ok, I suppose you're right. I'm sorry for snapping at you, sweetie, really I am. You're my best friend and I shouldn't have pushed you away when you were trying to help me. Can we start again?

MAISIE:

Of course, we can. New day, new start, eh?

HELENA:

Yeah, sure. You don't reckon that he's going to want us to pack it away as well, do you?

MAISIE:

Probably, knowing what he's like. Come on, let's head in, and get this packed away, before our arms go numb with pain.

They cross the road opposite their home, and walk down into the driveway, knocking on their scarlet red front door.

HELENA:

For god's sake, why can't you just answer the door? It's freezing out here.

MAISIE:  
Agreed.

The door opens and Pamela answers.

PAMELA:  
Alright, girls? How was your trip?

MAISIE:  
Not too bad, thanks. I mean, when it comes to a job like food shopping, it's the same old, same old, isn't it? You have a list, you get the food, you pay, you carry it, it's done.

HELENA:  
Couldn't have put it much better myself. Any chance that you're going to let us in? It's freezing out here and my arms feel as though that they're going to drop off with the pain that I'm in.

PAMELA:  
Sure, please come in.

She moves out of the way to allow them both to enter.  
They each carry three bags into the hallway.

INT. MILLER OAK CHILDREN'S HOME

HELENA:  
Don't suppose that you want us to pack this away also, do you?

PAMELA:  
If you don't mind. You see, I would but Owen's had to nip back home to get some paperwork and you know, how easy I can fall behind with administration-

MAISIE:  
Fair enough. Come on Helena, I suppose we better go and pack this away, then, eh?

They carry the bags through the hallway and into the kitchen.

HELENA:  
Nice to see an empty kitchen for once, eh? At least we can sort this out in peace.

MAISIE:  
Yeah, it is. Do you want to take care of the fridge and cupboards and I'll sort the toiletries out?

HELENA:

Sure, as long as you're happy with doing that. I'll meet you back downstairs in a moment, yeah?

MAISIE:

Of course, see you in a sec, yeah?

She carries the bag of toiletries upstairs, and opens the door of her bedroom.

A man, in his early forties, with charcoal black hair, chestnut brown eyes and glasses, wearing a feather plated armour suit is sitting on her bed, grasping an aged scroll within his hand.

As he hears the door open, he looks up and smiles at Maisie.

HUNTER:

Hello, Maisie.

MAISIE:

Who are you and how the fuck do you know my name?

She closes her bedroom door and places the plastic bag by her wardrobe.

HUNTER:

(calmly)

I think you might want to sit down-

MAISIE:

(interrupts)

But, that's not answering my question. I asked you a question. Who are you and how do you know my name?

She folds her arms and looks at Hunter suspiciously.

HUNTER:

(exhales shakily)

My name is Hunter Mackintosh, and I am a Caelite Official. I am here today to inform you of a royal proclamation in regards to your father-

Maisie raises her eyebrows.

MAISIE:

(confused)

My father? My father's dead. He died in a car crash, when I was three years old so, whatever you're here to say, I would advise you to check up on your sources, first. Now, unless that was all you had to say, I would appreciate it if you could leave my room and let me get on with what I came here to do.

HUNTER:

(pleads)

No, wait please. I know that you think your father is dead, but believe me the story that you think you know, isn't true.

MAISIE:

Ok, well, if you insist that you know everything about my past, then prove it. What's that? What you're holding in your hand, what is it?

She notices he's holding a scroll in his hand.

HUNTER:

This? You want to know what this is?

MAISIE:

Yeah-

She folds her arms.

(beat)

Why do you have a problem with that?

HUNTER:

No, of course not. Do you want me to read it out or not?

MAISIE:

If you think that'll get me to believe that you know who I am then, sure. Why not?

Hunter unfolds the scroll, takes a deep breath and prepares to read the royal proclamation to Maisie, hoping that she'll believe him.

HUNTER:

(beat)

I, Hunter Mackintosh, Caelindrian Official have been granted royal permission to be here to inform Maisie Campbell a.k.a Hereissa Vurisch, of her father's death, and announce that from this moment on-

He looks up at Maisie.

HUNTER:

(CONTINU'D)

I am now your legal guardian.

CUT TO CREDITS

END OF EPISODE



