

(Printed with the demonstration version of Fade In)

Do You Believe in Fairies?

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Draft 3

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FADE IN:

INT. EMPTY THEATRE. BACKSTAGE-EVENING

DINAH (A woman in her mid 40's to early 50's) is sitting backstage in a dimly lit corner. She is wearing a simple layered outfit, a beautiful mix of muted greens and browns that makes one think of leaves in early autumn as they begin to brown around the edges.

She holds a crumpled script in her hands, creased and stained with use. Playing with her hair and muttering lines to herself, Dinah compulsively rereads the worn paper.

DINAH
(reciting under her
breath)
Who's there? Is anyone there?

Immersed in her monologue, Dinah doesn't notice her friend and agent TERRY (40's or 50's) walk into the room. Terry watches her run lines for a few moments before clearing his throat to get her attention. Dinah jolts back to reality with a small gasp and looks up at him in surprise.

Terry greets her with a friendly wave. He is wearing a rumpled dress shirt and loose tie, with his suit jacket slung haphazardly over his shoulder.

TERRY
Hey, did you find the place alright?

Dinah smiles, tension draining from her body as she leans back in her chair. The script dangles loosely from her fingers as she shifts her focus to her unexpected visitor.

DINAH
Yeah, actually...I didn't remember
till I saw those old steps outside,
but this is where "Peter Pan" was.
(beat)
You didn't need to come you know.

BACK TO:

A secretive smile dances across Terry's lips at the mention of the familiar stage play. Sensing that Dinah needs a distraction from the upcoming audition, he begins reminiscing.

TERRY
Wow..."Peter Pan"...that was the
first audition I ever booked for you.
(MORE)

TERRY (cont'd)

(beat)

I wanted to come.

Dinah smiles in appreciation and then chuckles as a memory surfaces.

DINAH

You said you'd prove to me that having an agent made a difference...

(beat)

I didn't think I would end up with a lead role at the first place you sent me to.

TERRY

What can I say? I'm just that good.

(laughs)

Seriously though, I'd take this as a good omen. You've always had success at the Murphy.

(beat)

Its a good place to get back on the horse.

Dinah's smile fades as she comes back to the present. She glances down at her worn script warily.

DINAH

I don't know Terry...Maybe I should just accept that it's not my horse anymore...my time has passed.

(beat)

I should let some pretty young thing take the reigns...

TERRY

Stop talking like you've got one foot in the grave. You're still plenty young yourself Dinah.

Dinah snorts derisively.

DINAH

Tell that to the roles they've been offering me...

(beat)

...and the ones they haven't.

Terry looks at her sympathetically.

TERRY

I know things have been tough lately, but you said you'd trust me.

TERRY (cont'd)

(beat)

One last audition remember?

Dinah glances longingly at the exit as she weighs her options.

TERRY

You've got this.

(beat)

All they want is a monologue. Give them a taste of what you're capable of, find that spark you had last time you performed in that theatre.

(beat)

It wasn't just the fancy wirework that made you fly across the stage you know.

Dinah considers Terry's words. Taking a breath, she tries to center herself, channeling the memory of standing in this very spot as a resplendent Peter Pan, ready to leap onstage and make the audience believe in magic.

DINAH

You're right, we made a deal.

(beat)

One last audition.

TERRY

(playfully)

If it does end up being the last... make it a good one ok? I had to pull a few strings to get the director to see you privately like this.

(beat)

Don't burn any bridges on me.

Dinah's eyes fill with emotion as she stands up to hug her friend. She's going to go out on her own terms, for her sake, and his.

DINAH

Don't worry Terry,

(beat)

I'll make you proud.

FADE TO:

INT. THEATRE STAGE-EVENING

Dinah walks onstage for her audition, **slightly** faltering as she glances over at the DIRECTOR (20's), **who is already furiously** taking notes. **Dinah winces** as her echoing footsteps fill the large empty space.

The director finally looks up **from his clipboard and examines the** older woman with an inscrutable look on his face.

DIRECTOR

Dinah right?

Dinah gives a small nod **as she fidgets with the worn paper still in her hands**. The director leans back in his chair, **Tilting** his head **to the side** like a curious bird.

DIRECTOR (cont'd)

Alright, lets see it.

Dinah **finally releases her death-grip on the tattered script. It floats gently away as she launches into the audition.**

DINAH

Who's there? Is anyone there?

She starts her monologue tentatively, voice and confidence quickly **growing in strength** as she performs the familiar words.

DINAH (cont'd)

(To an imaginary
Tinker-Bell)

What! Wendy and the Boys have been captured by the Pirates? I'll rescue her!

It's all coming back to her now, and feels as natural as breathing. This was it, the reason Dinah had chosen such an unconventional monologue **for a woman of her age**. If anything was going to restore her connection to the theater, it was faith, trust...and pixie dust.

DINAH (cont'd)

What? Oh, that's just my medicine. Poisoned? Nonsense! Who could have poisoned it? I promised Wendy to take it and I'm going to.

Dinah's body language changes as she **becomes** the free spirited boy she performed in her youth. Peter **Pan** never let himself get old, why should she?

DINAH (cont'd)
Why, Tink, you've drunk my medicine!
What's the matter with you? It was
poisoned! You drank it to save my
life.

Dinah is fully immersed in the scene, an ageless child faced with the death of his best friend. *

DINAH (cont'd)
Tink. Dear... Tink... you're
dying? Your light is growing faint,
and if it goes out that means you're
dead.

Dinah feels like she's 20 years old again, An up and coming star full of passion and potential. *

DINAH (cont'd)
Your voice is so low I can scarcely
hear what you're saying. You say you
think..you could get well again if...
if... if what Tink?
(beat)
If children believed in fairies. *

Dinah comes back to the present as she approaches the climax of the iconic scene and looks the gobsmacked director right in the eye. She isn't going to let her light go out anytime soon. *

DINAH (cont'd)
(directly to camera)
Do you believe? Say quick that you
believe. If you believe, clap your
hands!

Dinah expertly brings the scene to a close, heart pounding as she tries to catch her breath. As the Director jumps to his feet and claps hard enough to bring a hundred fairies back to life, another pair of hands joins him. Dinah looks up in surprise and we see TERRY step out of the shadows, clapping heartily with a big smile on his face. *

Dinah smiles back at him as she realizes that Terry booking her "last" audition here hadn't been a coincidence. He had been hiding in the audience balcony this whole time, waiting to step out and show her how much he believed. *

FADE TO BLACK *