

The Wonders of the Invisible World

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FADE IN

EXT. WESTERVELT - CAPE COD - DAY

Townies busily prepare for the summer assault on their postcard-perfect seaside village.

INT. SCOOPS, AN ICE CREAM STORE - DAY

CHRISTINA (18), dark, tiny, dressed all in black, sweeps the floor furiously as BRIDGET (40), hip proprietress of the ice cream parlour, watches.

BRIDGET

Slow down, girl, you already got the job.

CHRISTINA

Got to make it nice for the college kids.

EXT. WESTERVELT - DAY

Tourists descend upon the town in droning swarms.

INT. SCOOPS - DAY

RACHEL, a bubbly, type-A college student, holds magic markers and a coffee canister labeled "COLLEGE FUND."

RACHEL

Just write the name of your school on the tip jar...

She writes "Vassar" and passes it to the other kids: EMILY, MIKE and MATT. These kids look like a page out of the American Eagle Outfitters catalogue.

They write the names of their schools in turn: Boston University, Rutgers, Penn State.

MATT

Here you go, New Girl.

Matt hands the tip jar to REESE (18), a willowy, patrician blonde.

She writes HARVARD and passes it to Christina.

Christina stares at her. She drops the marker in the jar without writing anything. It makes a loud metallic CLUNK.

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RACHEL
(raises her eyebrows
at Christina)

O-kay.

Bridget strides over to them, clipboard in hand.

BRIDGET
Alright, guys, same stations as
last year. You all met Reese?
Awesome. Christina, can you train
her?

Reese smiles at her and Christina tosses an ice-cream
scoop at her in return.

CHRISTINA
Sure. Let's see if we can make you
useful around here.

REESE
Thanks.

The crew disperses. Christina opens the freezer.

CHRISTINA
Show me what you got.

Hesitantly, Reese packs a single scoop.

REESE
I read that the secret to packing
is that you don't want to do it
too hard or you'll break the cone,
but you won't want to do it too
loose either or customers will
feel ripped off and complain.

CHRISTINA
True. You know how the summer
people can be.

A grimy KID sticks his face right next to the glass.

She packs the cone. Christina watches. *Not bad.*

The kid's mom hands her five bucks. She looks at
Christina, who shoves it in the cash register.

CHRISTINA (CONT'D)
This is where we put the cash. You
know what that is, don't you?

INT. SCOOPS - NIGHT

Customer requests fly thick and fast as Reese and Christina work hard to keep up.

SKINNY CUSTOMER

Do you have any non-fat frozen yogurt?

KOSHER CUSTOMER

I need a kosher ice cream with marshmallows in it.

VEGAN CUSTOMER

How can you not have any non-dairy alternatives?

Christina plasters on a fake smile.

Girls in line continue to complain --

WHINY GIRL #1

The ferry was so crowded coming over here, I don't know why they let cars on.

WHINY GIRL #2

How else would they get the cars here?

WHINY GIRL #1

I don't know. Couldn't they just, like, have them waiting for us when we get here?

CHRISTINA

(to Reese)
It's break time.

EXT. SCOOPS - NIGHT

Christina grabs a quick smoke in front of the store and watches the summer people go by.

A couple with a Maclaren stroller talking to their toddler --

MACLAREN MOM

What kind of snack would you prefer, Elijah?

A middle-aged couple holding grocery bags --

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MIDDLE AGED MAN

I swear they jack up the prices in
the summer.

A man trying to parallel park --

PARKING MAN

No damn parking here.

The vegan customer walks out and glares at Christina.

VEGAN CUSTOMER

I can't believe people still
smoke.

Christina grinds out her cigarette on the sidewalk.

EXT. SCOOPS - NIGHT

Christina waits alone as the other staff members stroll
out to their cars, chatting, ignoring her.

Christina's boyfriend, KEVIN (21), drives into the lot.
Scrawny, tattooed, pale and pasty, smoke billows out of
the car as he rolls down the window.

CHRISTINA

Jesus, Kevin.

She stands beside the car, disgusted, refusing to get in.

KEVIN

You never want to party anymore.

CHRISTINA

Did you even look at those?

Christina points to a bunch of Craigslist ads on the seat
beside him.

KEVIN

I had a headache, I didn't feel
like reading them today. All that
fine print.

She walks away.

EXT. CHRISTINA'S STREET - NIGHT

Christina walks slowly towards a bungalow at the end of a
cul-de-sac. Inside, the TV is BLARING.

INT. CHRISTINA'S HOUSE - NIGHT

CHRISTINA'S DAD reclines his aging-football-player body on a leather sectional sofa, adding to his gut with a Jack and Coke. He flips channels on the huge plasma TV.

She walks past him into the kitchen, the counter littered with empty take-out containers and Starbucks cups.

The phone RINGS.

CHRISTINA
Did you call about the LEED
certification?

CHRISTINA'S DAD
I didn't have time.

The phone still RINGS.

CHRISTINA
You gonna pick that up?

Her dad turns up the volume on the TV.

CHRISTINA'S DAD
Sure, why not? Ignore it and see
if it goes away.

The answering machine picks up and a VOICE records.

RECORDING (O.S.)
Mr. Sunday, this is North Star
Collections calling about your car
payments.

Christina bangs pots and pans together angrily.

CHRISTINA'S DAD
No one's building anything this
year. Not my fault.

CHRISTINA
No one will hire you if you don't
re-certify--

He reaches for a cigarette but the pack is empty. He pulls his money clip out of his jeans pocket.

CHRISTINA'S DAD
Quit nagging me and go down the
store and get me some smokes.

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She looks at his money clip.

Christina grabs the money and SLAMS the door behind her.

The cable box starts to blink and reboot itself. The TV goes black.

CHRISTINA'S DAD (CONT'D)

What the...? God damn it. Come on man, don't do this to me.

He starts hitting the cable box.

CHRISTINA'S DAD (CONT'D)

Come on! And this is the one bill I freaking paid.

EXT. CHRISTINA'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Christina laughs.

CHRISTINA

Serves you right.

Sparks can be seen through the window, flying off the TV.

CHRISTINA'S DAD (O.C.)

Damn it!

Similar sparks dance at the end of Christina's fingertips.

She drops the cash, startled.

She shakes her hands as if trying to get rid of the sparks. Dry lightning flashes in the sky.

A sudden NOISE in the bushes startles her. She jumps and GASPS, whirling around.

CHRISTINA

Who's there?

A tiny rabbit darts under a bush. Christina EXHALES.

CHRISTINA (CONT'D)

You talking to rabbits now?

EXT. CORNER STORE - NIGHT

Christina deposits the money on the counter as the elderly PROPRIETOR hands her a pack of Marlboro reds.

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The old man looks up -- the compass on his nautical wall clock whirls around wildly.

PROPRIETOR

My grampappy brought that back from the Civil war. He was a ship's captain on a whaling boat.

His WIFE snorts.

PROPRIETOR'S WIFE

Hooey. You bought that wall clock in 1974 with Green Stamps.

Christina smiles and heads out the door.

CHRISTINA

Good night.

PROPRIETOR

'Night.

PROPRIETOR'S WIFE

Look.

The compass returns to normal.

INT. RAVEN SILVERWOLF'S OFFICE - DAY

A cluttered office filled with posters, crystals and other New Age paraphernalia.

A middle-aged woman sits at a desk in front of a Mac.

She is draped in chunky jewelry and wears a flowing white dress. This is RAVEN SILVERWOLF.

Her assistant, HAZEL, walks in. Hazel is a thin, pale, slightly sweaty man with a blank expression and dead, glassy eyes. He hands Raven a cup of tea.

They look at her Twitter page.

RAVEN

The community is Twittering about Westervelt.

She points to her tarot cards.

RAVEN (CONT'D)

I'm seeing the image of a young girl...

INT. BRIDGET'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Christina KNOCKS on the door. Without waiting for a response, she walks in with a DVD under her arm.

CHRISTINA
Movie night? Dad's in a mood.

BRIDGET
Pull up some couch, babe.

INT. SCOOPS - BATHROOM - DAY

Reese and Christina stand side by side in front of the mirror, putting on mascara.

CHRISTINA
This stuff sucks. So clumpy.

REESE
Use mine. Mine's really good.

She hands it over.

CHRISTINA
Chanel? It better be. What do you pay for this, like, twelve bucks?

REESE
Something like that, yeah, it's pricey. But look -- wow. Your lashes are so long.

CHRISTINA
They are?

REESE
Yeah, they're like little daddy long legs eyelashes.

CHRISTINA
Thanks.

Reese hands over the mascara.

REESE
Keep it. You look awesome.

CHRISTINA
I'll be all smudgy raccoon eyes by the end of the day.

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REESE

No way, you never look smudgy. You always look perfect. Maybe that's why Matt's totally in love with you.

CHRISTINA

Oh please. He's probably just checking out the goods.

Christina looks down, indicating her twin burdens encased in their baggy black t-shirt.

REESE

Yeah, maybe.

CHRISTINA

Got 'em when I was fourteen. Cried myself to sleep every night over these things.

She hands the mascara back to Reese.

CHRISTINA (CONT'D)

You're not supposed to share this stuff anyway.

INT. SCOOPS - DAY

The girls take fresh cones out of the waffle press.

Matt eyes Christina and Reese raises her eyebrows.

REESE

(mouthing)

See?

Christina kind of, almost, smiles. Then she notices Rachel and Emily looking at her and smirking.

She looks down. Her almost-smile fades.

MATT

(to everybody)

So, it's 24 Wampanoag Street. Come any time after nine.

Matt looks at Christina.

EMILY

Sweet. Thanks Matty.

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MATT

No need to BYOB unless you hate 30-year-old Scotch.

MIKE

She drinks Bud Light with lime.

EMILY

Shut up!

MATT

(to Christina)
You should come.

Emily laughs.

EMILY

Matty, are you slumming?

Christina's face reddens.

Reese glares at her...

REESE

You're abhorrent.

...and walks over to Christina.

REESE (CONT'D)

Want to come to my house for the Fourth? We're having a very lavish dinner party that's far superior to any other social gatherings you may have heard about.

EMILY

What, are you going to, like, hang out with your parents?

REESE

What's wrong with that?

Emily snorts.

REESE (CONT'D)

What, you only have parties when your parents are away? I got over that in seventh grade. Grow up.

Reese haughtily grabs a broom and flounces away. Christina looks down into the freezers as she scrapes away excess ice.

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EMILY

Whatever.

RACHEL

(bitchy)

I think it's great that Christina made a friend. I knew she could do it if she tried!

She and Emily laugh.

RACHEL (CONT'D)

I'm so bloated today, Em. I feel like I'm getting a gut.

EMILY

No way. I've got a gut.

RACHEL

Maybe we can get some baggy black t-shirts to cover it up. Maybe Christina knows where we can buy them in bulk.

Christina gets a funny look on her face. Reese freezes, mid-sweep. It is deadly silent.

Then -- the bells CHIME.

A gaggle of BRIDESMAIDS walks in.

BRIDESMAID

Can we just get some ice-waters?

Christina hands them plastic cups of ice water.

They half-finish their waters, leave the cups on the counter and exit without a thank-you or goodbye.

CHRISTINA

You're welcome.

Reese watches as tiny blue sparks fly from Christina's fingers when she tosses the plastic cups in the garbage.

Suddenly the bright sky darkens and a huge storm blows up. The bridesmaids get soaked.

EXT. SCOOPS - NIGHT

Reese leans against her car, waiting, as Christina walks into the parking lot. As Christina walks by --

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REESE

You did that, didn't you?

Christina stops, frozen.