

Erica J Myers  
Theatre 3300  
Dramatic Writing  
June 1, 2009  
Assignment 10 Screenplay

**CLAIRE VOYANT**

Erica J Myers

**INT. BEDROOM. NIGHT**

Claire is tossing and turning in her bed. She is having a dream that a cartoon world is in an apocalyptic state. A cartoon father is running with a little boy holding onto his hand and a little girl holding onto the little boy's hand. The family ducks into a dark alley as an angry mob runs by. One of the mob members stops and looks down the alley. He sees the father climbing over the wall and calls for reinforcements. The little girl is climbing a fence after her older brother. The brother is snatched by a man on the other side. The girl is suddenly transformed into a young woman screaming and running from the same angry mob. She is climbing a brick wall to escape them. Her hand is grabbed by a young man's hand. She screams.

Claire wakes up abruptly. She breathes a sigh of relief. She flips her pillow over and falls back onto its softness in exhaustion.

**INT. OFFICE SPACE - ANIMATION DEPARTMENT. DAY**

Cliff Hangar, Claire's boss, is holding a meeting of the animators. It's a somewhat relaxed atmosphere, so he's wearing a polo shirt and slacks. Cliff runs his fingers over his brown buzzcut hair. He looks like a gym coach. His boss, the accounting department's head, Vic Torius, is sitting with his arms folded in front of him. He's wearing a black pin-striped suit. His hair is as dark as his suit, with stripes on the sides. Claire is sitting in the back, next to Ben Dective, her best friend. Claire is wearing an ivory cotton shirt and a pink sweater vest. Ben is wearing a t-shirt and jeans. Claire is doodling, while whispering to Ben.

**CLAIRE:** *(whispering)*

It's the same stuff every movie, Ben. I swear. Every one, it always some White princess being rescued by a White prince. We need something different.

**BEN:** *(whispering)*

Hush, Claire. They made THE FROG PRINCESS. She's Black.

Claire looks at Ben with evil, squinting eyes.

**CLAIRE:** *(whispering)*

Ben, it took nearly a century of Disney's animation to come up with THE FROG PRINCESS. Really, almost a whole century?

**BEN:** *(whispering)*

There was THE LION KING. That was African.

**CLAIRE:** *(whispering)*

Don't make me slap you, Ben! Honestly, THE LION KING! The movie was set in Africa and there were no Africans! Not one Black person in all of Africa!

Cliff, who has been watching Claire the whole time, decides to interrupt.

**CLIFF:**

Something you want to share Miss Voyant?

Claire looks up, almost with her nose in the air.

**CLAIRE:**

Not at all, Chief.

**CLIFF:**

Oh C'mon. That must be one helluva conversation between you and Mr.

Dictive. I'm sure we would all benefit from the news.

Claire looks around the office. In the sea of white faces, there are an Middle Eastern man and an Asian woman sitting still, remaining silent to the obvious lack of minorities.

**CLAIRE:** *(standing)*

Very well. Disney needs diversity. Of all of the feature films and original programming, Disney does not express the ever changing

population of the world. All little girls look up to be the predominantly White Disney Princess population. We need a more diverse cast in the programming.

Murmurs wave over the crowd of department heads.

**CLIFF:** *(marching off stage)*

Claire, can I see you in my office?

**BEN:** *(whispering)*

You've done it now.

Claire elbows Ben on the way to Cliff's office.

**INT. OFFICE. SAME**

Cliff is looking out of the blinds behind his desk at the studio spaces behind the animation department. Claire opens the door and enters. Cliff turns from the blinds, looks at his computer monitor and faces Claire. He motions for her to sit. He walks around her to close the blinds facing the group of animators behind the glass windows of his office. He walks back to his desk as Claire sits nervously.

**CLIFF:**

Claire, you're like a daughter to me.

**CLAIRE:**

I--

**CLIFF:**

Don't interrupt. I promised your father I would take care of you. You have a gifted mind and talented hands, but tact is lacking in your thoughts. I wish I could say some of the things you do. But you say them at the wrong times.

**CLAIRE:**

That's not my fault. You told me to share. I shared.

**CLIFF:**

Claire, there are some things you should say in private. Like right now. What you said out there would go better in here than out there in

front of the staff. In front of Vic. You know accounting's been wanting to get rid of animators.

**CLAIRE:**

They can't get rid of us!

**CLIFF:**

Oh yes, they can. And they will. Vic Torious has had his eye on getting rid of you for a long time now. You handed him the keys to doing it right then. I'm going to have to let you go, Claire.

**CLAIRE:**

But it's true. Disney needs a Black princess, --er heroine, if you will. You can't fire me!

**CLIFF:**

I just did, Claire. You didn't come off well with what you said. This is why I ask you to pitch things to me first.

*(flops down in his chair)*

Claire, you have your mother's voice. She was a strong, militant woman.

*(turns the chair away from Claire and looks at the studios again)*

Sometimes I think it's what cause her demise.

**CLAIRE:**

What happened to my mother? You never really talked about her.

**CLIFF:** *(turns to Claire)*

Your mother was the most beautiful woman in all of Dis-, the world. Your father was lucky to have married her. Some would say their life was like a fairytale.

*(sighs)*

Your mother worked for Disney a very long time. Marie told the best stories. She was the first animator. Her drawings were works of art. Marie taught me how to draw. But there were those who saw her work as perversion when she decided to do more adult themed cartoons. The

public didn't understand them. When people fear what they do not know,  
it often ends bad for the what they did not know about.

*(gets up and goes to a shelf)*

**CLAIRE:**

My mom worked for Disney?

**CLIFF:**

Claire, she was Disney as far as anyone's concerned. Then she met your  
father, the inventor. The technology he invented challenged the usual  
method of thinking. He worked with Disney until his passing. You're  
more like your mother. But sometimes I think you invent your own  
techniques.

*(grabs a box and hands it to Claire)*

This was your mother's. Your father had me to hide it away for safe  
keeping.

**CLAIRE:**

I- I never had anything of my mother's. My father only had pictures of  
her.

Claire ogles the box before opening it and revealing a beautifully hand  
crafted ink pen. It resembles a magic wand more than a pen.

**CLIFF:**

He gave me this to hold on to until I thought you were ready. *(looks  
over his glasses)* You're ready. It used to be Disney's pen. He gave  
it to your mother as a gift.

I hope it helps you to draw this diverse cast of characters. Maybe a  
good cast and story could help get your job back.

Claire rises and goes to the office door.

**CLAIRE:**

Cliff.

Claire exits the office and goes to empty her desk. Ben watches as she collects  
her stuff.

**BEN:**

They can't do this.

All of the animators are watching her pack.

**CLAIRE:**

They just did Ben. I've been most of my life into this business. My dad started me working here when I was 14. I'd come here after school and draw. Now. Now it's all gone. All I have left is this junk and a pen. Maybe I should have learned three-dimensional animation like you did.

Claire proceeds to the exits. Her mother's pen is behind her ear, but the box it was in is laying on top of her stuff. She walks towards the exit, with Ben in tow. Vic Torious stands at the door when Claire approaches. He stops her and looks over her exodus.

**VIC:**

I'm sorry Miss Voyant. I need to quickly browse through your stuff to make sure you're not leaving with company property.

**CLAIRE:**

You know what, Mr. Torious? You can keep all of this.

Claire hands Vic the box awkwardly and he ends up dropping everything on the floor. He quickly fumbles for the box the pen was in. Claire sits in her cranked Jeep with Ben leaning in the window. Ben pats the top of the car. Claire proceeds to drive off. Vic notices the ink pen behind her ear.

**INT.HOME OFFICE. NIGHT**

Claire is sitting at a drafting table, sketching a city with a man standing in the forefront. She leans back, looking over the coloring job she has done with color pencils.

**CLAIRE:** *(to herself)*

Great. Green eyes. Pale skin. Grunge clothing. Another White, male character.

*(squinting her eyes)*

I guess he could pass for Jewish at least.

Claire leans in so close on the paper, the pen behind her ear scraps the hair on the character. She stares at the brilliant black ink spreading out over the male character's mane.

*(to herself)*

Yes, black hair, definitely.

Claire fills in the rest of the hair and sits back. She looks over the character.

*(to herself)*

Not bad, Claire. Not bad at all. You deserve a drink.

She sticks the pen back behind her ear. Claire gets up from the chair and goes to the kitchen.

**INT. KITCHEN. SAME**

Lighting crashes. Claire opens the fridge and gets out the juice bottle. She reaches in to a cabinet and pulls out a glass. She pours juice into the glass and proceeds to drink. Her mind wanders. In her mind, she can see a gloved hand reaching for the door knob, twisting it and entering her home. Her hand shakes and she drops the glass onto the floor. Claire runs through the dark house back to her office. As she runs through the living room, she hears the door knob jiggle. She turns off the lights. Only the street light is shining through the window, sliced by lightning every now and then. She leans against the drafting table as she sees her front door opening. The shadowy figure starts making its way to her office.

**CLAIRE:**

*(whispering frantically)*

Oh my God, there's someone in my house.

She grabs for the item nearest her. Her hands come up with paint brushes.

Great, Claire. Someone breaks into your home and you grab paint brushes. What are you going to do, fan brush them to death?

Claire inhales sharply, preparing for the intruder to find her. An invisible hand grabs her wrist.

**MALE VOICE:**

Trust me.

Claire is pulled backwards onto the drafting table. She gasps loudly as she falls onto the drafting table, but through the artwork she created.

**EXT. CARTOON CITY. NIGHT**

Claire falls into the person who pulled her through. She clings to his chest, holding his sides.

**CLAIRE:**

Oh!

Her eyes stare at the shirt clinging to his muscles. They follow an upward path to his chest. Her heart races. Her eyes makes their way to the cartoon man's face. She backs away quickly. Claire runs her fingers through her short hair.

Whoa. *(blushes)* This. This is. This is uh, just, uh--.

The man extends his hand out.

**JUSTIN:**

Justin. Justin Credible.

Claire takes his hand. She entranced with his green eyes. She realizes her mouth is gaped open. A light shines on the two of them. Justin grabs her by the waist and swings her around a corner into a dark alley. He pins her to the wall, his chest pressed against hers and staring into her dark eyes. The light moves back and forth over the scenery outside the cartoon alley.

Shhh.

**CLAIRE:** *(whispering)*

What is going on?

**JUSTIN:**

Shhh. I'll tell you in a bit.



The light disappears. Justin looks from around the corner. He backs off Claire and looks both ways down the street.

Okay, it's clear. Come on Claire.

**CLAIRE:**

What? How do you know my name?

**JUSTIN:**

Everyone knows who you are. You created us.

**CLAIRE:**

I did?

**JUSTIN:**

Yeah. You draw with that pen there (*points to the ink pen behind Claire's ear*) and we come to life. Just like Walt used to do.

**CLAIRE:**

This pen brings cartoons to life?

**JUSTIN:**

You don't know what you got there, do you? That's a special pen you got there. The tales say that Walt Disney created his first character with that pen. A woman named Marie.

**CLAIRE:** (*whispering*)

Marie.

Claire looks down at a puddle and notices her reflection.

I'm a cartoon!

**JUSTIN:**

Yeah, and?

**CLAIRE:**

I dunno. I thought it would be like *Who Framed Roger Rabbit*. I'd remain a human or something in the cartoon world.

**JUSTIN:**

I figured you would, too. All I know is that you sounded desperate. I wanted to help you.

**CLAIRE:**

*(looking over her cartoon form in the reflection)*

Wow! Oh! Thank you.

**JUSTIN:**

Look, we don't want to hang around here too long. This isn't the side of town you want to be on this time of night. You can stay at my place til morning. I'll have to figure out how to get you back to your world.

They walk to a cartooned modern Volvo. Justin waits for Claire to get in and pulls off.

**INT. OFFICE @ DISNEY. NIGHT**

Cliff Hangar is in his office late, going over some paper work. He just dialed a number on the phone. His office door opens.

**CLIFF:**

What are you doing here?

A gunshot is heard.

Claire....

Cliff lunges back in his chair. The Chair swivels to face away from the assailant. The gunperson hangs up the phone and leaves.

**INT. CARTOON WORLD APARTMENT. SAME**

Justin opens the door. He flicks on the light switch. Claire follows in. Justin notices dirty dishes.

**JUSTIN:**

*(embarrassed)*

Um yeah, I'm gonna have to get on to housekeeping.

He puts the dirty dishes into the sink.

Would you like a drink?

**CLAIRE:**

*(browsing through the kitchen to catch first look at the den)*

Um, sure. Water's fine.

Justin rushes to fix two glasses of ice water. Claire takes a seat on the sofa.

Justin comes in with two glasses of water and sits.

**JUSTIN:**

So tell me about yourself, Claire.

**CLAIRE:**

Not much to tell. I was born. I only know my dad.

**JUSTIN:**

Any siblings? sisters? brothers?

**CLAIRE:**

Not that I know of. Just me and my dad. Well, was me and my dad. He's gone now. Cliff raised me since I was fifteen.

**JUSTIN:**

Cliff?

**CLAIRE:**

Cliff Hangar. He was my dad's best friend.

**JUSTIN:**

Oh that dude!

**CLAIRE:**

You know him?

**JUSTIN:**

Only from what my dad told me about the troubled times in this city.

**CLAIRE:**

Troubled? How?

**JUSTIN:**

All I know is what my dad told me. Some psychopath tried to intimidate the city. People rejected the idea and had the offenders committed.

They never found Cliff Hangar or the man and child running with him.

They got the man's wife though. Heard she died up in Shady Acres

Asylum.

**CLAIRE:**

That's horrible. What was she trying to change? Why did they reject it?

**JUSTIN:**

Don't know. My dad said she was jealous over some family being happy  
and Disney favoring them.

Claire realizes Justin's talking about the family in her dreams. She becomes quiet.

If you want to see the place. I know where it is. It's been rummaged through, but we can go tomorrow morning. Every now and then you can find something worthwhile.

**CLAIRE:**

*(trying to change the subject)*

So tell me about you.

**JUSTIN:**

Not much. Trying to please my dad. He treats me like I don't exist  
most of the time. Raised here.

**CLAIRE:**

What is there to do for fun around here?

**JUSTIN:**

A lot! There's the mall, the beach, the park, the movies. Anything  
your heart desires!

**CLAIRE:**

Sounds like fun!

Claire and Justin talk for hours. Claire is telling him about animation. Justin is telling her about the animated world. They really hit it off. Claire is getting a little sleepy.

*(yawns)*

Yeah, that's embarrassing.

**JUSTIN:**

No problem, it's late. Why don't you take my bed? I'll take the couch.

**CLAIRE:**

I can't put you out like that.

**JUSTIN:**

No problem at all. There's a bed shirt on the back on the door. I've slept on this couch a lot anyhow. We have a long history, me and this couch.

**CLAIRE:**

*(walking down the hallway)*

Thank you, Justin.

*(to herself, while looking at the hallway's artwork)*

Just incredible.

**INT. OFFICE @ DISNEY. DAY**

The police and CSI are swarmed in on the room where Cliff was found dead. Some of the police officers are talking with workers. Ben strolls in twirling his jump drive keychain on his finger.

**BEN:**

Whoa! What happened here?

**OFFICER:**

Cliff Hangar was murdered. Where were you last night?

**BEN:**

Wait, Cliff? Dead? How? Who?

**OFFICER:**

Haven't found the suspect yet. Do you know Claire Voyant?

**BEN:**

Claire? Yeah. She's home, I guess.

**OFFICER:**

Received word she was fired yesterday afternoon. Call left the office to her place. We're getting the recording now.

**BEN:**

Yeah. Wait. Claire didn't do this. She couldn't, no, wouldn't have.

Ben was like a father to her.

**OFFICER:**

We checked her house. No one was home. Do you know where she is?

**BEN:**

No. She's always at home. She has no social life. It's just her and her artwork. Dad, what's going on?

**OFFICER:**

Ben, for your sake, stay out of it.

Ben excuses himself, but instead of going to the restroom, he races out of the door and to his car.

**EXT. VOYANT RESIDENCE. SAME**

Ben pulls into the drive. Claire's Jeep is parked as usual. Ben gets out and goes inside.

**BEN:**

This place is a mess. CLAIRE?! CLAIRE?!

Ben finds a piece of paper and a pen to write a note.

**INT. CARTOON APARTMENT. SAME**

Claire awakens to the smell of breakfast. She walks down the hall to find Justin cooking.

**JUSTIN:**

Morning, sleepyhead.

**CLAIRE:**

Morning.

Claire looks at her watch.

My Goodness! That's the time? I gotta go. Ben's probably looking for me.

**JUSTIN:**

But we're supposed to go by the house.

**CLAIRE:**

I'll have to go another time. I promise. I have to get back for Ben.

He won't believe it!

**JUSTIN:**

Are you sure it's wise to tell him?

**CLAIRE:**

Of course! Ben and I have been friends for a long time. I share everything with him.

Justin sees there's no getting between Claire and Ben. He decides to take her back to where they met and put her back in her world.

**EXT. CARTOON WORLD. DAY**

Justin is at the pickup zone. He gets out of his car. Claire gets out of the car. Claire looks around.

**JUSTIN:**

Ready?

**CLAIRE:**

Ready.

Claire closes her eyes as Justin pushes her back and out of the cartoon world. She lands, leaning up against her computer desk.

**INT. HOME OFFICE. SAME**

From the sketch, she can hear Justin checking to see if she is alright.

**CLAIRE:**

I'm fine, Justin. I will see you later. Thanks!

Ben is walking from the hallway from the bedroom. Claire spots him and tackles Ben.

**CLAIRE:**

BEN! BEN! You won't believe it. It's just incredible! I mean he's just incredible!

**BEN:**

Where have you been? Who are you talking about, Claire? You need to sit  
down.

**CLAIRE:**

I can't sit down. I'm talking about Justin Credible.

**BEN:**

Who's just incredible?

**CLAIRE:**

He's the greatest guy I ever met.

**BEN:**

How is he incredible? Where have you been? Who are you talking about  
being incredible?

**CLAIRE:**

His name is Justin ... Credible. Ben, are you alright?

**BEN:**

I could ask the same about you. Claire, Cliff's dead. Someone murdered  
him.

**CLAIRE:**

Justin and I were ... what? Cliff's Dead? How? Why? Who?

**BEN:**

By the looks of it, you, Claire.

**CLAIRE:**

But I--. I was with Justin.

**BEN:**

Who is Justin?

**CLAIRE:**

He's a sketch of mine.

**BEN:**

Claire, this is no time for joking around. The cops were looking for  
you.



**CLAIRE:**

I have to see Cliff.

**BEN:**

No can do. The best I can do is get you in his office. The person who killed him was looking for something. I don't know Cliff as well as you do. Maybe you can spot what's missing.

**EXT.OFFICE @ DISNEY. NIGHT**

Ben is helping Claire break into Cliff's office. He pulls back the Crime Scene tape. She jimmys the lock on the door. They both look around the office.

**BEN:**

See anything missing, yet?

**CLAIRE:**

Not yet.

Ben searches the desk. He finds a post-it note.

**BEN:**

*(reading a name on the note)*

Do you know a Noah T.?

**CLAIRE:**

Never heard of him.

*(finds mysterious business card)*

This is my father's business card! We never lived at that address?

Fairytale Lane? Where is that?

Ben runs to his computer. Claire follows him. Ben tries to search for the address online. Just as he's searching, Claire gets a vision of someone finding them in the office. In her mind, she sees Ben getting hurt to protect her.

**CLAIRE:**

Ben, we gotta go. Now! Someone's coming.

**BEN:**

How do you know?

**CLAIRE:**

I can see them. In my mind. Before they come. Hurry!

**BEN:**

There's no such address.

**CLAIRE:**

Ben!

Claire instinctively grabs a sheet of paper. She grabs the pen from behind her ear and begins drawing. She sketches a building with a city skyline in the back. Claire reaches her right hand into the picture. Ben is shocked. He grabs onto Claire, who pulls him through into the cartoon world.

**INT. APARTMENT HIGHRISE BUILDING CARTOON WORLD. DAYBREAK.**

Claire and Ben hide inside the building, running up the stairs. She knocks on Justin's apartment door. A sleepy Justin answers.

**JUSTIN:**

Claire? How'd?

**CLAIRE:**

Justin!

**BEN:**

Justin? Credible?

**JUSTIN:**

Yeah, who are?

**CLAIRE:**

Justin! This is Ben! Justin, someone's following us.

**JUSTIN:**

He's a cartoon, too? How many toons do you know?

**CLAIRE:**

Justin, he's my friend.

*(looking at Ben, teasing.)*

Wow, Ben! You're pretty hot at as a toon.

Ben looks in the mirror. Justin smirks.

**BEN:**

What? Claire, how did you do this?

**CLAIRE:**

I'll tell you later, Ben. Justin, I need to go to that house we talked about.

**JUSTIN:**

I thought it was going to be just you and me.

**CLAIRE:**

I don't have time for this. We need to check that house.

**JUSTIN:**

Okay, but it's better when it's just the two of us.

Justin grabs his keys. They all go to his Volvo. He drives them down various streets to Fairytale Lane. Claire remembers the business card.

**CLAIRE:**

This is it! 1958 Fairytale Lane.

Ben takes a gander at the card, then the house.

**BEN:**

Claire, are you sure you want to go in.

**CLAIRE:**

Ben, this is all that's left. I need to see if there's more inside.

**JUSTIN:**

It's a heap inside.

Claire runs for the door. Ben and Justin take after her. They get to the door at the same time, both trying to get in at the same time.

**JUSTIN:**

I drove you guys here.

**BEN:**

I know her better.

**CLAIRE:**

Stop it, you two.

**INT. FAIRYTALE LANE ADDRESS.DAY**

Ben backs down and lets Justin in first. Justin looks back and sticks out his tongue. Claire is looking around. There are huge portraits on the stairwell. She's trying to piece the slashed canvas together. She can only make out the parents. She gets to the top of the stairs. Claire goes to the right.

**BEN:**

*(looking at Justin and going to the left)*

So where do you know Claire from?

**JUSTIN:**

*(smiles at Ben)*

We spent the night together.

Ben enters what looks like a little boy's room. He and Justin look around. Claire is looking in the room at the end of the hall. She finds loose pearls on the carpet. She checks the drawers. Nothing. The dresser's mirror is shattered. Most of the room is charred. Claire goes to the closet. Nothing. As she's turning to leave, she sees an eyeball looking at her. It's a picture, in a frame. Claire picks up the portrait. There's a little boy on one side, but his face has been ripped up by vandals. On the other side is a little girl. Claire looks up into the broken mirror. The girl looks like her.

Ben and Justin look through the room and find toys.

**BEN:**

This looks like it could have been my room back at home. Who lived here anyways?

**JUSTIN:**

Some family. My dad said they tried to intimidate folks. I don't know.

I was a kid when all this happened. But my dad wouldn't lie to me.

Ben tosses a ball to Justin. Justin catches it.

You know, Ben. You look familiar. Did you live in this neighborhood before?

**BEN:**

No I grew up in Florida. My dad had a house in Orlando.

**JUSTIN:**

Well, technically, this is Orlando, just in cartoon form.

*(leans forward out of a window and points)*

See? There's Disney over there.

Claire is about to put the portrait down when she spots a piece of paper sticking out. She unfolds it. The first words read "To my darling children." Claire thinks it's something Ben should see. She runs down the hall to find Ben. Just as she's entering the boy's room, she sees Justin holding a board to strike Ben, who's looking out the window. She drops the paper.

**CLAIRE:**

BEN!

Ben turns around to see Justin about to strike him. Justin pauses, surprised at Claire. Both Justin and Ben are shocked by who's behind Claire. Claire turns around.

**VIC:**

Claire. I see you've been busy.

Claire backs away from Vic Torious slowly.

**CLAIRE:**

What are you doing here, Mr. Torious?

**VIC:**

Visiting old friends.

**CLAIRE:**

You knew my parents?

**VIC:**

We go back.

**CLAIRE:**

*(pressed between Ben and Justin.)*

Why are you here?

**VIC:**

You've got something I want. Something I need.

*(he looks to her right)*

Justin.

**CLAIRE:**

Justin?

**VIC:**

I guess I should call you by your real name, Noah.

**CLAIRE:**

Noah? Noah Torious! *(turns to Noah)* It was your name on the post-it  
note!

Noah grabs the pen from behind Claire's ear. Claire struggles to keep the pen. He hands it to Vic. Claire stares unbelievably at Justin. Ben is angered and tries to attack them both. Vic lifts his hand. A green fireball is produced, which knocks Ben back over to the window with Claire.

**VIC:**

Come now, you two. Ben, you've got no problem with me. I've always  
liked the Dictives. Your parents served me well.

**BEN:**

I doubt my parents would willingly work with you, Torious.

**VIC:**

How do you figure? They'd done such a great job destroying the Voyant  
mansion.

**BEN:**

The Voyant mansion?

**VIC:**

Oh yes, little Claire lived here. We would have killed her, too, but  
her father seemed to know we were coming. Saved her. However, her poor

brother. We have yet to find his body in this rubble. Mother went insane. Seems as though I remember her dying up in Shady Acres. So sad.

**CLAIRE:**

My family. But why?

**VIC:**

Such a good family. Such an annoying family. Favorites of Disney. I had to get rid of them. Hard to control the population when you have goody two shoes running about.

**CLAIRE:**

But that was my family! My mother! My father! I had a brother! I'm gonna-!

Claire lunges at Vic. Noah holds Claire back. Ben tries to help Claire. He's knocked back by another fireball from Vic.

**BEN:**

Claire!

**VIC:**

Noah, bring her along. I have to finish framing her for Mr. Hangar's death. Suicides are never questioned.

**CLAIRE:**

You killed Cliff?

**VIC:**

Technically, you killed him. I've already got the suicide note explaining how you felt so guilty that you could no longer bear it.

You had to end your life.

**CLAIRE:**

You bastard!

Claire struggles with Noah. He waves his hand over her face and recites an incantation. She faints instantly.

**BEN:**

Claire!

**VIC:**

Ah, yes, I can't have you following us and ruining all the work I put  
into this.

Vic Torious raises his hand for another fireball to destroy Ben. Ben leaps out of the window as the fireball is released. Vic is irked at Ben and goes to the window with another fireball ready. He looks out, but there's no Ben. He accepts this as a victory and goes to join Noah.

**INT.OFFICE @ DISNEY. NIGHT.**

Vic and Noah Torious drag Claire's body into Cliff's office. Noah puts her in Cliff's chair. Claire slowly comes to.

**CLAIRE:**

Ben?

**NOAH:**

Not quite.

**CLAIRE:**

*(jerking awake)*

Noah! Where? Where's Ben?

**NOAH:**

Father got rid of him.

**CLAIRE:**

How could you? I thought we were friends.

**NOAH:**

He's my father. Blood's thicker.

**VIC:**

Blood indeed.

**CLAIRE:**

All this for an ink pen?

**VIC:**



Not just any ink pen, Claire. Disney's ink pen. There are only two like it. Disney gave this to your mother. The other is supposedly buried with Disney. With it she created the Disney World. She made everyone with it. And if she wanted to, she could destroy you with it. She destroyed my wife with it. Marie was jury, judge and executioner with this pen. Do you know how hard it is to raise a kid without his mother around? Marie just waved her pen around and zapped my wife right out of the cartoon world.

**CLAIRE:**

What did she do?

**VIC:**

Andromeda? My wife?

**NOAH:**

Your mother said she was trying to kill your brother. My mother did nothing wrong.

**CLAIRE:** *(Sarcastically)*

Oh, I'm sure, with a name like Torious!

**NOAH:**

My mother was protecting me. I can't help it if she got carried away. Your mother said she went too far. Your mother killed my mother with that pen.

**CLAIRE:**

Your mother tried to kill my brother! He was a kid!

**VIC:**

Aw well, I'd love to catch up, but I have a date with destiny. See, I'm going to make you disappear with this pen and bring back my Andromeda. Together, we'll rule Disney, the way it should have been run in the first place.

**CLAIRE:**

Noah! You can't let your father kill me! I didn't do anything to you!

**NOAH:**

Claire, it's not my choice. I do as I'm told.

**CLAIRE:**

Noah please! I thought you liked me.

**VIC:**

You thought Noah would like you? Please, Claire, you've been reading too many fairytales.

**CLAIRE:**

I know I liked him. When he was Justin.

**INT. FAIRYTALE RESIDENCE. NIGHT**

Ben climbs back into the window. He finds the piece of paper that Claire dropped. He reads the piece of paper and finds out that he's her brother and there's something hidden for him to find. He finds a hidden passage and follows it to a secret hide out. He begins to turn on computers in the room.

**INT. OFFICE @ DISNEY. SAME**

Noah grabs Claire and holds her down. Claire is kicking and struggling against Noah. Vic approaches with the pen in hand, ready to stab Claire. A fist comes through Cliff's computer, knocking Vic Torious backwards. The pen flies away. A foot kicks Noah in the face and plants itself on Cliff's desk. Ben works his way out of the computer monitor. Claire is happy to see him.

**CLAIRE:**

Ben! I'm so glad to see you.

**BEN:**

*(grabbing Claire's wrist)*

Let's get out of here.

**CLAIRE:**

I need my pen!

**BEN:**

Leave it! We've got to get to my father!

**CLAIRE:**

Ben! The pen!

Noah, gets up and grabs the pen. Ben pulls Claire out of the office. They run into the studio. There are vats and bins of paints on the sides and three large mixing machines in the middle of the floor. Ben tries to get on the cell phone with his father. The phone fails.

Noah can be heard down the hall. Ben and Claire hide behind vats of paint and the mixer.

**NOAH:**

Claire? Oh, Claire? Come out, come out, where ever you are?

**BEN:**

*(whispering)*

Don't answer him, Claire.

**INT. PAINT STUDIO @ DISNEY. NIGHT**

Noah enters the paint studio. He looks around, but doesn't find them. Ben comes out of hiding to see if he can get better reception. Noah punches Ben out cold. Noah grabs Claire.

**NOAH:**

Dad! I got her right here!

Vic's footsteps could be heard down the hall.

**CLAIRE:**

Noah, please! Don't do this!

**NOAH:**

You seem like a nice girl, Claire. I think had it been different, we could have been an item. But with your mom, killing my mom. It just won't work out.

**CLAIRE:**

Why are you blaming me for something that happened so long ago? I was just a kid.

**NOAH:**

No offense, Claire. I just want my mom back.

**CLAIRE:**

I want mine back, too. Will I get mine back when you get yours back?

Noah stares at Claire. Vic enters the studio. Noah hands him the pen and stands to the side. Vic draws his hand up. Claire cringes. Noah stares, thinking about what is happening. Vic brings his hand with the pen down in a stabbing motion. Noah dives between his father and Claire.

**VIC:**

Noah!

Noah stares at Claire wide eyed.

**NOAH:**

You're right, Claire.

Vic pulls the pen out of Noah. Noah falls to the ground, sliding down Claire, who is trying to hold him up in her arms. He raises it again to stab Claire this time.

**VIC:**

This is all your fault! DIE!

Just as Vic brings the pen down, Ben stabs him in the foot with another pen. Vic cries out in pain! His body begins shrinking as he squeals in agony.

How? I have the Disney pen.

**BEN:**

So do I, Torious. My mother gave it to me.

Vic fades into a puddle of ink and gets sucked into Ben's pen. Claire is astonished.

**CLAIRE:**

Ben, you have a pen, too? How?

**BEN:**

I'm your brother, Claire. I'm Clarence Voyant.

**CLAIRE:**

You're -- in the picture--my brother! Ew! I kissed you in fourth grade!

**BEN:**

*(Laughing)* I remember that. *(looks at his cell phone)* Dad got my message.

Noah moans and stirs. Claire kneels down by his body, trying to figure out how to help.

**CLAIRE:**

Ben, we've got to help him.

**BEN:**

He tried to kill you.

**CLAIRE:**

Ben, please.

*(grasping her pen from where Vic Torious laid)*

I need paper.

Ben runs down the hall and grabs a sheet of paper off an artist's drafting table. He runs back to Claire. Claire grabs the paper and begins sketching an emergency room, doctors and staff. As she draws, they buzz around preparing for Noah. Ben begins rolling Noah onto the paper. Noah's body bleeds into the sketch, turning into outlines as his body is absorbed into the drawing. The doctors and nurses wheel him away. Claire buries her face in Ben's chest, sobbing. Police lights are blaring and Officer Dictive walks in on them.

**CLAIRE:**

Ben, what if I'm too late?

**BEN:**

Don't cry, Claire. He'll be okay. I promise.

**INT. OFFICE @ DISNEY. DAY**

Claire is at Cliff's old desk. She's busy going over paper work. Ben busts into the office.

**BEN:**

Looks like the Claire Voyant series is a success, Sis. By the way, we got a new one in the Three-D Department.

**CLAIRE:**

*(not looking up)*

Ben, I told you we couldn't afford another Pixar system.

**BEN:**

Not a computer, idiot! A new hire.

*(turning to the opening door)*

Here he is now.

Claire still doesn't look up. She's scribbling something on a sheet of paper. It's the name Justin.

**NOAH:**

Claire.

Claire looks up at Noah's face.

**CLAIRE:**

Noah.

Claire stands and runs around the desk. She leaps onto Noah, hugging him tightly.

I thought I'd never see you again.

**NOAH:**

Same here.

**BEN:**

So, can we keep him?

**CLAIRE:**

I don't know. What's he good for? *(smirking at Noah)* What do we even call you?

**NOAH:**

I'm notorious for being just incredible.

They all laugh as the camera zooms out.

**FADE OUT**