

ONCE UPON A SKYLINE

Pilot

Written by

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COLD OPEN

EXT. OUTDOOR BRUNCH SPOT - NYC - MORNING

A small PIXIE SERVER struggles to fly a mimosa pitcher to a table of boozy "Karen" types.

PIXIE
<LABORED BREATHING> Your mimosas...

The pixie sets the pitcher down and collapses into it.

The LEAD KAREN stirs the pixie into the pitcher, swirling pixie dust around. The pixie GARGLES HELPLESSLY.

KAREN #1
I think it's like, super fucked up
to give dogs plain water. It's
basically animal abuse. Drink up,
Woof Bader Ginsburg.

The Karen pours mimosa in a doggy bowl. Her dog isn't there.

KAREN #1 (CONT'D)
Ginsie? Where are you?

WOOF BADER GINSBURG
<BARKS>

Woof Bader Ginsburg, an overbred Chipoodle, is several yards away sniffing at a RUSTLING BUSH. A low GROWL rumbles within.

KAREN #1
Ginsie! You have no idea what could
be over there. What if it's a
filthy homeless person?

KAREN #2
Woah, that is NOT okay.

KAREN #1
You're so right. I meant filthy
unhoused person.

Ginsie lifts his leg to pee. His face softens with pre-piss bliss -- when a MASSIVE PAW yanks him into the bushes.

The Karens SCREAM -- and keep screaming as SOMETHING MASSIVE steps out of the bushes off-screen.

They fall silent as their eyes track up in horror at...

REVERSE POV: A WEREWOLF WOMAN holding Ginsie in her arms. Towering, muscular, Black Creole, golden-eyed, handsome. Think Brienne of Tarth in a depression 'fit with an uncomfortably toothy smile. Her ill-fitting and over-sized hoodie, muddy joggers, large wolf ears, and hunched posture don't help. She crouches to match the Karens' height.

This is RUE GAROU BEAUREGARD (late 20s), Beau to her friends, and THE BIG BAD WOLF to her enemies. She's large in size, but small in confidence.

BEAU

Sorry ladies. Last time I was in New York this was a park. Or maybe it was a slaughter mill? They were sort of the same to me back then.

Beau sets Ginsie on the table. Ginsie pisses on the deconstructed avocado toasts. In real life this would be an ASPCA speed dial, but this is adult animation, so put your phone down, please.

BEAU (CONT'D)

Which way to Fairytale Village?

The Karens silently point. Beau throws her hoodie up.

BEAU (CONT'D)

I'd appreciate you keeping this run in between us. Or I'll kill all of you in your sleep! Haha! Kidding!
(checks watch)
Ah, I'm running late to my meeting.

She stuffs her tail back in her sweatpants and jogs off.

KAREN #2

I voted Democrat, but this country really is going to the dogs.

The Karens pack up in a tizzy and march off.

The pitcher falls over. The pixie, drunk, falls on its face. It vomits glitter and mimosa.

PIXIE

That's no dog. That's the Big Bad Wolf.
(vomits)
...I need a new job.

OPENING CREDITS.

"NOW YOU KNOW MY NAME" BY THE DEREVOLUTIONS PLAYS.

ACT I**EXT. FAIRYTALE VILLAGE - RESIDENTIAL - MORNING**

Beau walks through a historic fairytale neighborhood mid-gentrification. Fairytale creatures do mundane work: take out trash, handle coffee orders, and get yelled at by humans.

Gastro-pubs replace brownstones. A homeless gnome holding a "**Ghomeless, please help**" sign holds his hat out for change.

Beau steps forward with some bills, but tourists and move-ins crowd the gnome and snap selfies with him like he's an art installation.

She wanders between tourists and locals, no longer sure which one she is.

EXT. FAIRYTALE VILLAGE - BUSINESS SECTOR - LATER

Beau stops in front of an office building to look up at a magical moving billboard. It cycles through snapshots of PRISSILA WIMPLE (late 30s-40s), a fairy godmother with Elle Woods vibes, doing "charitable" deeds:

- Shaking hands with seven dwarf veterans.
- Cutting a plastic soda ring from around a mermaid's neck.
- Having a poor family of Trolls evicted for human tenants.

BILLBOARD

Fairytale Village: now refurbished
and restored! Call today to find
YOUR happily-ever-after home.

A phone number flashes on the bottom of the billboard. The neon pink light of the billboard illuminates Beau's thoughtful expression.

Beau grabs a crumpled flier off the ground and writes the number down. She neatly folds the flier into squares, sticks it in her pocket, and enters the office building.

INT. DRAB OFFICE BUILDING - CONTINUOUS

Beau approaches the receptionist desk. The receptionist scrolls through Timber (a Tinder knock off) on her phone. Beau politely knocks on the desk and reads her name card.

BEAU
 Good morning Amber Nellson. I'm
 looking for Junebug Jim--

The receptionist sees her tail poking out of her pants.

RECEPTIONIST
 (dismissively)
 We're closed.

BEAU
 Closed? I have an appointment. And
 it's 10:00 AM. On a Tuesday.

RECEPTIONIST
 Try again tomorrow, fairy.
 (beat)
 Not the gay kind. The magic kind.
 I'm not a bigot.

Beau clenches her fists. A growl rumbles in her chest. Her eyes FLASH. She suddenly seems larger, sharper, more feral.

She HUFFS sharply and sucks in a quick PUFF of air. ZIP! The cell phone flies out of the receptionist's hands into Beau's.

BEAU
 (sharply)
 I could turn you into carne asada
 with a sneeze --

The receptionist trembles. Beau shuts her eyes. Breathes.

BEAU (CONT'D)
 Granny Guadalupe said to stick with
 'I feel' statements.

Beau exhales slowly. Air scoots the desk back. She taps the cell phone against the desk. Trying to be nice.

BEAU (CONT'D)
 I *feel* like I am being ignored.
 When the old me *felt* like this, she
felt like maiming people.
 (talking rapidly)
 Sorry, that sounded like a threat.
 Old habit. Being in the city makes
 me nervous, and when I'm nervous, I
 get toothy. I'm working on it. My
 sponsor said understanding
 emotional triggers is crucial to
 anger management.
 (beat)
 She wasn't really my sponsor.
 (MORE)

BEAU (CONT'D)

She was more like my adopted
grandma.

(beat)

She's dead now.

(beat)

You aren't scared, are you, Amber?

Beau gives Amber her best nervous smile. It's terrifying.
Amber stiffly shakes her head no.

BEAU (CONT'D)

Great! So, Junebug Jim?

RECEPTIONIST

Fourth floor.

BEAU

Thank you Amber!

Beau sets the cellphone on the desk and jogs up the stairs.

RECEPTIONIST

Fucking fairy freaks.

Amber checks her phone. The phone case is partially crushed
and her cracked screen is auto-swiping right on ugly guys.

RECEPTIONIST (CONT'D)

Ew, not Jeremy! He looks like an
abortion!

EXT. SHODDY LAW OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Beau stands in front of a cheap glass door labelled "**Junebug
Jim, Estate Management.**" A small post-it note has been added
to the end: "**And Photo-copying Services.**"

Beau firmly addresses her reflection for a pep talk.

BEAU

You control how you feel. Right now
you feel sad that Granny's gone,
but confident you can handle what
comes next.

She scrubs away a tear. Points at her reflection.

BEAU (CONT'D)

You can do this. For Granny
Guadalupe.

She takes a deep, self-assured breath, and exhales.

And her breath accidentally SHATTERS the glass door.

BEAU (CONT'D)
Oh chutes and ladders.

REVEAL PINNOCHIO COLLODI (25), a Hollyweird club kid twink in a man-sized marionette body -- think slutty David Rose, but a puppet. He wears his marionette strings as a mesh croptop with a paralegal blazer on top. He sits at a make-shift desk wearing headphones crooning R&B and polishing his wooden nose in a masturbatory way over a working photo-copier.

PINNOCHIO
(singing)
I look hot. I'm smoking. I'm
kindling. I'm a nasty puppet bitch
and you can pull my streeeeeeeeengs~

The copier shoots prints at Beau. She examines it. Yup, his nose looks like a dick. It's kind of mesmerizing.

Pinnocchio finally notices Beau. They stare at each other. Caught in the world's worst social impasse.

BEAU
(politely)
This is... nice. I think.
(coughs)
I don't really "get" art.

Pinnocchio clears his throat. Gingerly presses the intercom.

PINNOCHIO
Mr. Junebug, your 10:00 is here.
(pointedly)
Early.

INT. JUNEBUG'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Beau is squished into a ridiculously tiny desk. Pinnocchio sits in the equally tiny desk near hers with his headphones in, taking notes and singing profane lyrics under his breath.

JUNEBUG JIM (O.S.)
Well huff and puff and blow my
thorax right off, it's really you.
The Big Bad Wolf herself.

Beau squints at the full-sized desk across the room. On top of it, seated at a matchbox desk, is JUNEBUG JIM, a small, shady-looking Madagascar hissing cockroach with slicked back antennae. He's our nasty, sleaze-ball Jiminy Cricket. He sips whiskey with a straw from a human-sized glass.

BEAU
 (uncomfortable)
 No title necessary. That's not me
 anymore. It's just Beau now.

Junebug Jim winks conspiratorially.

JUNEBUG JIM
 Sure, *sure*. I'm shocked old Granny
 Lupe didn't turn you into a rug.

BEAU
 She wanted to at first. I was a
 lot. I had, uh, *have*, anger issues.

JUNEBUG JIM
 Guadalupe loved freaks with
 problems. That's probably why she
 liked you so much.

BEAU
 I -- thank you?

JUNEBUG JIM
 Look at me gabbing like a regular
 gabbipillar. You're here to talk
 about the inheritance.
 (to Pinnochio)
 Pinnochio. Pinnochio!

PINNOCHIO
 (singing to himself)
*Your abs are made of rock. My
 body's made of wood, just like my--*

JUNEBUG JIM
 (to Beau)
 Smack the boy. He don't listen.

Beau taps Pinnochio's shoulder. He removes a headphone.

PINNOCHIO
 What! I'm working or whatever.

JUNEBUG JIM
 Give her the documents.

Pinnochio hands Beau a bug-sized binder and a magnifying
 glass. She opens the binder. A single page is inside.

JUNEBUG JIM (CONT'D)
 Your abuela Guadalupe was an
 adventurous gal.
 (MORE)

JUNEBUG JIM (CONT'D)
 Sexually and financially.
 Unfortunately most of those
 adventures went south.

PINNOCHIO
 Oooooo, *purr!*

BEAU
 What exactly does this mean for me?

JUNEBUG JIM
 (to Pinnochio)
 Tell my 11:00 to meet us on-site.
 (to Beau)
 It means all her assets were
 seized. Except that one.

Beau examines the tiny page.

BEAU
 This is the Monday crossword. The
 only word used is 'anus.'

JUNEBUG JIM
 Damn it Pinnochio, a man's
 crossword is sacred! Here.

He SPRINGS into her hands and holds a tiny PICTURE up. She
 peers through the glass at an old picture of a chic jazz bar.

On Beau's nostalgic expression.

BEAU
 The Ever After? I loved this place
 growing up. What's there to worry
 about?

MATCH CUT TO:

EXT. THE EVER AFTER BAR - AFTERNOON

On Beau -- her nostalgic expression withering to ash.

JUNEBUG JIM (O.S.)
 Ta-da. Ain't she a beaut.

REVERSE POV: the EVER AFTER, falling apart and in disrepair.
 Pink signs reading "**Prisilla Wimple Realty**" coat the lawn.

LAWN SIGN
 Reduce, reuse, recycle this
 eyesore! Contact Wimple Realty now!

PINNOCHIO

This looks like a club bathroom
post Bachelorette party favors.

Junebug Jim (on his shoulder) gives him a "cut it out" look.

PINNOCHIO (CONT'D)

I mean, it's not *not* **not** that bad?

His nose grows. Junebug Jim GROANS.

BEAU

Chutes and mother*stinking* ladders.
What happened to it?

LAWN SIGN

The same thing that happened to
your outfit: a total lack of
interest in self-preservation!

ALL LAWN SIGNS

<PETTY LAUGHTER>

Beau GROWLS. In a flash of anger she stomps the sign to
pieces. The other signs go silent in fear. Pinnochio vomits
woodchips. Beau, panting, adopts a Zen pose. Centers herself.

BEAU

I'm sorry you had to see that. But
this bar used to be the center of
the fairytale community! Why wasn't
anyone taking care of it?

JUNEBUG JIM

Ask management. Nochio--

PINNOCHIO

I'm going, don't yell at me!

Pinnochio examines a keyring for far too long. Grabs the key--

The door FLIES OPEN. ETIENNE (30s-40s), a spindly French frog-
man in a patchwork green peacoat with a lopsided curly
mustache and rusty royal crown, sways out into Beau's arms.

ETIENNE

Beauy Beau Beauie, my favorite
killer! You have returned home from
zee war! You remember me yes? It is
I, Etienne Joachim Pierre Florimond
Grenouille the 14th! Your lovable
froggy prince!

Beau tries to hug him without touching his soiled peacoat.

BEAU

Good to see you too Etienne. I
wasn't in a war, I was in
unofficial rehab with Grandma Lupe.

ETIENNE

Same difference, no? In we go!

He grabs everyone with his giant tongue and yanks them into --

INT. THE EVER AFTER BAR - SHOWROOM - CONTINUOUS

Etienne slams the door behind them. It's utterly dark.

ETIENNE

Where is my matches? Ou es-tu, aha!

He lights tea candles on the bar. Beau, Pinnochio, and
Junebug Jim sit on broken bar stools.

Beau looks around. The inside is as bad as the outside. An
ornate bathtub is inexplicably in the middle of the floor.

PINNOCHIO

Kitschy.

Pinnochio puts his headphones in and sings more to himself.

BEAU

Why is there a bathtub in here?

ETIENNE

Where else would I sleep silly?
Ohhh, but I am being a bad host!

Etienne dusts grime off his coat, revealing a pin reading
"Hospitality Services Management." He BELCHES. An entire mini
bar flies out of his throat onto the dirty main bar. He pours
everyone drinks. Junebug Jim sits in his like it's a sauna.

ETIENNE (CONT'D)

Will you be having wine, beer, or--
(pointing at poison sacs)
My hallucinogenic frog venom?

Beau looks at her drink. Tadpoles swim in it. She pushes it
away and explores the bar interior.

BEAU

I'm good. I just want information.

ETIENNE

Eh. More for me.

Etienne licks his own venom sacs and shudders with ecstasy.

Beau picks a photo off the wall and goes to blow the dust off. She thinks better of it, and rubs it clean. We see:

A gruff older woman, GUADALUPE "LUPE" CAZADORA, has her arms around TWO GIRLS: a young, grumpy-but-secretly-pleased Beau in a leather jacket, and a MISCHIEVOUS GIRL with dyed red hair wearing a rose-gold locket beaming right at camera. They hold hatchets and wear placement ribbons. A sign above them reads "**Annual Hatchet Throwing Contest.**" Beau smiles sadly.

BEAU

What happened here?

Her smile fades as she notices a deep claw mark scored into the wood beside the photo. Beau swallows. Looks away.

BEAU (CONT'D)

Everything's changed. It's not supposed to be like this.

ETIENNE

Nonsense, she is in tip-top shape!
Lookie look, eyes on me!

He confidently hops on the bar. CRACK! He falls through it.

ETIENNE (O.S.) (CONT'D)

I'm okay! Going to nap here and wait for the pain to stop... zzzz.

BEAU

What am I supposed to do with this?

JUNEBUG JIM

My advice? Sell this dump.

BEAU

It's not a dump. Granny loved this bar. Maybe it can be renovated.

JUNEBUG JIM

Sure, if you wanna turn it into a termite love-hotel. Repairs alone would put you in the red. Plus, you got enemies. Plenty of people remember Big Bad Beau terrorizing the streets, busting up whoever pissed off the Straw-man that week.

Pinnocchio gyrates on the bar, rubbing his things on other things that definitely should not be rubbed upon.

PINNOCHIO

Even the Puppets Guild put a hit on you after what you did to Gepetto's beautiful, beautiful hands.

JUNEBUG JIM

You heard the signs. You're better off taking Prisilla's pennies and skipping town before folks like the Straw-man hear you're back.

BEAU

I can handle Rumpelstiltskin.

Pinnocchio SHRIEKS and pops his limbs inside his shell like a turtle. Junebug Jim HISSES.

JUNEBUG JIM

Don't say his name! He'll hear us.

BEAU

No he won't. I worked for him. That's a rumor he spread to spook people into paying up faster. I wish it had worked more. I'd've broken fewer legs.

Beau forces herself to touch the clawed hand mark on the wall. Her hand's bigger now, but it's definitely hers.

She pulls the flier with Prissila's number from her pocket.

BEAU (CONT'D)

Is selling really my only option?

JUNEBUG JIM

It's a financial sinkhole. You can't change broken things. You certainly can't save 'em. Trust me. I used to lease hay houses. They kept blowing away.

His words resonate. She touches the locket in the photo.

Etienne stands and SLOW-CLAPS, weeping.

ETIENNE

C'est magnifique. I'm tripping testicles right now.

BEAU

...alright Jim. I'll sell.

JUNEBUG JIM
 Fantastic news! Let's sign.

Junebug Jim JUMPS onto her shoulder in car salesman mode. He SNAPS. Pinnocchio boredly sets a legal binder on the bar. Jim uses Beau's hair to steer her to the bar, Ratatouille style.

JUNEBUG JIM (CONT'D)
 She already wants to sell so once I get both signatures it's all yellow brick road from here! Sign here.

BEAU
 "She"? Who's she?

JUNEBUG JIM
 My 11:00 appointment. The other co-inheritor of Granny's estate.

BEAU
 The *what*?

We hear CAR WHEELS BURNING RUBBER outside. A car door SLAMS.

JUNEBUG JIM
 I told you that. Didn't I? I did.

BANG! The front door flies open. Dust obscures a FIGURE.

Beau's nose twitches. Her ears flatten. She hides her face, frustrated and uncomfortable.

BEAU
 Ohhhh my God. Not *HER*.

WHUMP! A red combat boot stomps over the threshold.

WOMAN (O.S.)
 That's my line. Because what I want to know is...

A short Afro-Dominican woman in a red romper hoodie swaggers in. Everything about her is vibrant and in-your-face. She pulls off heart sunglasses and shakes out her kinky red hair.

This is CARMINE "ROSE" CAZADORA-REDD (late 20s), the girl from the photo. She is a walking, talking L'oreal commercial.

Until she breaks a bottle on the bar and points it at Beau.

CARMINE
 Why the FUCK this backstabbing bitch is on MY goddamn property?

ACT II**INT. THE EVER AFTER BAR - MORNING - MOMENTS LATER**

On the photo of Granny Lupe, Beau, and Carmine on the wall.

BEAU (O.S.)
Carmine, let's talk like adults.

SMASH! A bottle shatters the photo, narrowly missing Beau.

BEAU (CONT'D)
What is your problem?!

She ducks another bottle. It embeds in the wall like a knife.

CARMINE
It's not a what. It's a who. What the fuck are you doing here? Did you get tired of bumming off of old women and ruining their granddaughters' lives?

Every sentence is punctuated by another smashing bottle.

CARMINE (CONT'D)
Get out!

PINNOCHIO
KK, brunching for two hours, bye!

Pinnocchio heads out. Etienne fondly addresses his bathtub.

ETIENNE
I'll be back before bedtime, my dear Antoinette.

Etienne tiptoes out behind Pinnocchio. Carmine points at the open door. Beau's werewolf features sharpen with frustration.

BEAU
I'm good enough to care for your dying, aging grandmother but not good enough to step in her bar?

Junebug Jim <RATTLES> his wings atop the piano.

JUNEBUG JIM
I asked you both of you here to do one thing and one thing only: sign Prisilla's sale agreement.

He points at the sale binder on the bar. Carmine skims it.

BEAU

When did you talk to Prissilla?

JUNEBUG JIM

Earlier. Anyway, it's a good deal.
Take it and you'll never see each
other again.

Beau deflates slightly. Unhappy with this possibility.

BEAU

Can we talk about this, Rose?

CARMINE

(sharply)
Don't call me that.

Carmine signs the paperwork. Rips it out the binder. Pushes it across the bar to Beau.

CARMINE (CONT'D)

Your turn.

BEAU

...Who said I was selling?

JUNEBUG JIM / CARMINE

What?! / Excuse me?

BEAU

Fairytale Village used to be great--

CARMINE

When you weren't tearing it apart!

BEAU

The Ever After was the soul of this
neighborhood. You really gonna sell
it to *Prissilla Wimple*? Her name
sounds like a dick disease!

CARMINE

Don't you talk to *me* about selling
out. I have a better idea: give me
your cut. I'll donate it to charity
or whatever. I just want to get rid
of this dump.

JUNEBUG JIM

Girls, why don't we regroup here
tonight when the estrogen drops?

He trails off as Carmine slowly saunters toward Beau.

CARMINE

(sultry)

You rebuild the bar, and then what?
Everyone forgets what you did? The
people you hurt? We *forgive* you?

Carmine trails the pen up Beau's arm. Beau's hackles drop. She fights a shudder. They share a look heavy with history.

Carmine smiles. It's stunning... before it twists into a SNEER. She shoves the legal document against Beau's chest.

CARMINE (CONT'D)

(normal)

Cut the shit. You haven't changed.
You're the same selfish person who
tore apart the Village and my life.

<APPLAUSE>. Carmine checks her ringing phone's caller ID.

CARMINE (CONT'D)

(to Junebug Jim)

Figure this shit out by tonight.

(to Beau)

And you... I missed you.

Beau's frustration melts into surprise and confused hope.

Until Carmine lobs one last bottle at her.

CARMINE (CONT'D)

Next time I won't. Ciao bitch.

(on phone)

Calm your tits Frankie, I'm coming!
I can't be late to my own show.

Carmine strides out. A car door SLAMS. Wheels PEEL OUT.

BEAU

(desperately Zen)

You are not your anger. You are
just angry. So very, VERY angry.

(livid)

GOD Carmine makes me so - UGH!

JUNEBUG JIM

So sign and be done with her!

BEAU

(howling)

I CAN'T!

Beau HOWLS ANGRILY. The howl blows a hole in the ceiling. Jim falls and rocks on his back like a turtle.

BEAU (CONT'D)

I'll be back. I'm going for a walk.

Beau HUFFS a hole in the wall. She storms out.

JUNEBUG JIM

Shit. She's not going to like this.

Junebug Jim dials on a tiny cellphone and speaks into it.

JUNEBUG JIM (CONT'D)

Hey Prisilla, it's your buddy
Jimbo! Listen, I got bad news.

INT. LIMOUSINE - AFTERNOON - SIMULTANEOUS

The pixie from the cold open (wearing a pink servant uniform) struggles to hold a large book of campaign logos. Each logo is a riff on **"A vote for Prisilla is a vote for you!"**

A slender hand with long pink acrylics flips through pages. We travel up it to the shapely form of Prisilla Wimple. Her fluffy chiffon dress is a Guo Pei haute couture wet dream. ANOTHER PIXIE holds her hot pink cellphone to her ear.

PRISILLA

What do you mean she said no?! How
am I going to clean up this city if
you can't do your job?

She rests her hand on the book. The pixie's forehead veins bulge as it strains to stay aloft. Prisilla watches, unmoved.

PRISILLA (CONT'D)

I don't need someone who "can't" on
my future city council. Do it or
I'll find someone who can.

Prisilla snaps her fingers. The second pixie hangs up the phone and the two pixies start buffing her fingernails.

PRISILLA (CONT'D)

<HUFF> Like I'm letting a roach on
my city council after founding my
entire campaign on clearing out
this city's undesirables.

MAN (O.S.)

New York is overdue for a spring clean. You're the right woman for the job.

PRISILLA

Awww. I appreciate your flattery, Rumplestiltskin.

REVEAL: Sitting on the opposite end of the limousine is a handsome, slender man with long elven ears, dark wavy hair, and artful gold-rimmed eye-glasses balanced delicately on his nose. He speaks with a soft Germanic accent and wears a long sleeve shirt. THIN GOLDEN RINGS cover long, spidery fingers.

He rubs a ring. A champagne bottle with an identical ring on it floats out of the bar coozie and tops up their glasses.

RUMPLESTILTSKIN

You're easy to flatter, Miss Wimple.

He brushes Prisilla's golden hair behind her ears with a reverence bordering on hunger. He subtly sniffs her hair.

RUMPLESTILTSKIN (CONT'D)

Don't stress. You'll go gray.

PRISILLA

I'll take the price of a touch up out of my offer on that Ever After eyesore. Some wolf girl won't sell.

Rumplestiltskin perks up at "wolf girl." The limousine stops.

The chauffeur opens Prisilla's door. She pats Rumples' hand.

PRISILLA (CONT'D)

Rumpy. Once I'm mayor, I'm going to remodel this wastebasket wonderland.

RUMPLESTILTSKIN

You have my vote.
(kisses her hand)
Always a pleasure doing business.
Auf Wiedersehen.

She exits with her pixies. Rumplestiltskin wipes his mouth with a handkerchief, then pulls something from his sleeve -- a strand of Prisilla's hair. It GLOWS and weaves itself into his thumb ring. We now see all of his rings aren't made of gold, but of blonde hair... except his pinky ring, which contains a single black hair among the blonde. He kisses it.

RUMPLESTILTSKIN (CONT'D)
Let's go see an old friend, mm?

The ring GLOWS. The car rolls away.

EXT. FAIRYTALE VILLAGE - RESIDENTIAL - MUCH LATER

A light drizzle falls as Beau, hood up, mumbles to herself while eating a red popsicle and walking moodily down a crowded sidewalk. At 8'0", she's two feet taller than everyone else, but no one notices her. Because New York, fairytale or otherwise, is like that.

BEAU
I've changed. I've changed every day for the past five years!

BOOMF! Beau accidentally knocks over the homeless gnome from before. She coughs out the popsicle stick and stops to help.

BEAU (CONT'D)
Uh, sorry. Here, let me--

She grabs his hand. Her hood falls back. Big black ears. Big sharp teeth. The gnome snatches his hand back. Horrified.

GNOME
Y-you're the Big Bad Wolf.

BEAU
I -- yes, but I'm nice now! See?

She gives him a double thumbs up and a red-stained grin. The gnome scrambles back and starts SCREAMING.

GNOME
Get away from me! It's the Wolf!
The Big Bad Wolf is back! Help!

BEAU
I am helping you! Stop screaming!

A crowd gathers. Sees her crouched menacingly over the gnome. They point and whisper darkly. Snapping pictures of her.

BEAU (CONT'D)
It's not what it looks like.

She yanks the gnome to his feet -- and sends him flying.

BEAU (CONT'D)
That was an accident!

The crowd backs up. A police officer heads her way.

BEAU (CONT'D)
 (to gnome)
 I'll pay for the hospital bill! I
 have, uh... eight bucks.

Beau drops the last of her money into the gnome's begging hat, puts her hood back on, and sprints away into the night.

EXT. FAIRYTALE VILLAGE - BUSINESS SECTOR - LATER

Beau squeezes into a phonebooth and pretends to make a phone call. A police vehicle drives past. Beat. She rests her head against the phone box. Tired. Resigned to the truth:

BEAU
 ...I don't belong here anymore.

SQUISH. ABC gum sticks to her hair. She GROANS and tries pulling it off, but the gum just spreads all over her hair. She hangs her head in defeat and notices --

A pink fluorescent glow illuminating the floor. She looks up. The billboard across the street flashes: **"Call Prisilla NOW!"**

Beau pulls the folded paper out of her pocket. Unfolds it. The numbers stare back at her. She punches them into the payphone. The phone dials. She flips the paper over.

And Carmine grins back at her.

Beau throws the paper in surprise, then catches it again. It's a flier advertising **"The Red-Hot Comedienne Carmine Redd TONIGHT at the Star Struck Theater!"**

PRISILLA (O.S.)
 (over phone)
 Hello, you've reached Prisilla
 Wimple of Wimple Reality, how can I
 add magic to your day? Hello?

Beau looks at the Prisilla billboard. Then the flier.

PRISILLA (O.S.) (CONT'D)
 This better not be the wing pic guy
 again. Go back to Pornhub.

Beau hurries out of the phonebooth toward --

EXT. STAR STRUCK THEATRE - MOMENTS LATER

A doorman turns people away and points at a sign: **"SOLD OUT."**

Beau jimmys open the back entrance and slips inside.

INT. STAR STRUCK THEATRE - BACKSTAGE/WINGS - MOMENTS LATER

Beau ducks a frantic busy stage-crew and hides out of sight.

Behind the curtain, an <AUDIENCE CHEERS>.

CARMINE (O.S.)

I talk shit but I love New Yorkers,
I do. You have to. Because...

Beau peeks through the curtains at --

INT. STAR STRUCK THEATRE - STAGE - CONTINUOUS

Carmine, radiant in a fancy red dress, performs to an enraptured crowd. She downs a gin and tonic, continues.

CARMINE

We never give up on what we want.
Take the guy I met on the M on the
way here. This guy was busking for
his life even though everyone else
was pressed against the car like
sardines just to get away from him.
Finally he yelled--

(acting out)

I don't care if I don't make a
single dollar. I'm not giving up on
my dream to be a star! I-- I...

Carmine stammers as she notices something in the audience.
Beau tracks her gaze to TWO FIGURES in black coats at the
back of the crowd. Silent. Still. Watching. Carmine recovers.

CARMINE (CONT'D)

I said, "That attitude will get you
far. It'll get you even further
once you put your dick back in your
pants." You've been great. Mwah!
Goodnight!

The audience <CHEERS>. Carmine abruptly exits the stage.

INT. STAR STRUCK THEATRE - WINGS - CONTINUOUS

Carmine hurries past crew members toward the dressing rooms.

Beau follows. As she sneaks past, a stage manager sniffs.

STAGE MANAGER

Who smells like wet dog? Tina, are you using crystal deodorant again?!

INT. STAR STRUCK THEATRE - DRESSING ROOMS - MOMENTS LATER

Carmine hurriedly shimmies out of her dress, and checks the sale tag. It's still attached.

CARMINE

You are going back to the store.

Carmine wiggles into the bottom of her romper. She sips two fingers of whiskey while she packs.

CARMINE (CONT'D)

And I'm laying low tonight.

BEAU (O.S.)

Why? Bad show?

Carmine whirls around, brandishing a ring light as a weapon. Beau shuts the door and raises her hands in surrender.

CARMINE

What the hell are you doing here?

BEAU

I want to talk. Earlier, things got-

Beau notices Carmine is shirtless. Carmine resumes packing.

BEAU (CONT'D)

...heated.

CARMINE

There's nothing to talk about. You have the papers. Sign 'em and go.

BEAU

I just - wanted you to know you were right. I don't belong here. You can use my cut for charity, or putting your dress on layaway.

(off glare)

Uh. Sorry.

(MORE)

BEAU (CONT'D)

(beat)

I *am* trying to be better.

CARMINE

Try somewhere else.

A long beat. Beau struggles to get her words out.

BEAU

Why didn't you come to the funeral?

CARMINE

Fuck off.

BEAU

I know you two argued sometimes,
but I was the *only one* there--

WHIMSICAL KNOCKING ON THE DOOR. Carmine pales and covers Beau's mouth. Beau tries not to look at Carmine's breasts. Then she sniffs the air. Her face scrunches.

BEAU (CONT'D)

(grossed out)

Do you smell licorice? Like a *nasty*
amount of licorice.

GRETEL (O.S.)

Guten Abend, Carmine! Open up.

CARMINE

(nervous)

Fuck me.

Carmine shoves Beau under the dressing table and pulls on the top of her romper.

CARMINE (CONT'D)

Don't speak. Don't breathe. Choke
and die if you can. Okay? Okay.

Carmine throws a cloth over the table as the door opens. Beau cuts a small hole in it with a claw to see--

HANSEL (20) and GRETEL (20) HUMPERDINCK, fraternal twins, enter. Perfectly coifed blonde hair, one gold hoop earring, plastic mask-like smiles, all-black Berghain outfits. Gretel is clearly the leader. She chews a fistful of black licorice. Beau gags from the smell, chokes it back at the last second.

CARMINE (CONT'D)

Hansel. Gretel. Rumpbutt must be at
the bottom of the new hire barrel
to send the identical idiots.

HANSEL
We're *fraternal*, bescheuert.

GRETEL
Your payment is overdue.

Underneath the table, Beau drags a hand down her face. Shit.

CARMINE
I told you I'd have it by tonight.

GRETEL
Do you?

Silence. Gretel TUTS. Hansel wags a finger. Smile too-tight.

HANSEL
Naughty naughty.

CARMINE
I'll have it when the bar sells.

GRETEL
You had better.

She pats the CROSSBOW on her hip. Somehow it has a silencer.

CARMINE
You don't scare me. I'm from the Heights.

Gretel's smile twitches. CLACK! Crossbows train on Carmine.

GRETEL
Money. Tonight.
(sniffs, grimaces)
Good God, go to the gynecologist.
Your tail smells like wet hund.

The twins exit. Carmine grabs her bags and hurries out.

INT. EVER AFTER BAR - NIGHT - HOURS LATER

Etienne is asleep in his bathtub with a drink in his hands and an open wine bottle between his legs. Every time he nods forward he sips from his glass like a Drinking Bird desk toy. Carmine storms in, steals his wine bottle, and sits at the bar chugging straight from the bottle. Beau enters after her.

BEAU
You can't run from me forever. You lied to me three times!
(MORE)

BEAU (CONT'D)

You lied about the bar money. It's not going to charity. It's for Rumpel--

Carmine covers Beau's mouth.

CARMINE

Are you crazy? Don't say it!

Beau glares at her. SLURP. Carmine yanks her hand back.

CARMINE (CONT'D)

Did you just lick my hand?!

BEAU

You even lied about taking the M train! Who does that?!

Carmine finishes her wine and pours herself some tequila. She's flushed and clearly tipsy, well on her way to drunk.

CARMINE

That's two. What's the other one.

Beau sits at the bar beside her. Carmine scowls and pushes Beau's stool back with her foot. Beau holds three fingers up.

BEAU

You promised me you would never make a deal with Rumpelstiltskin.

CARMINE

I guess we're both liars now.

BEAU

Why would you do that? You remember what I was like, working for him.

Carmine blows a raspberry at her. Definitely drunk.

CARMINE

You sucked. But the leather jacket was hot.

(sniffs)

Ugh, you *do* smell like wet dog. Why's there gum in your hair?

Forgetting herself, Carmine reaches to remove the gum from her hair. Beau instinctively jerks Carmine's hand away. One of her claws scrapes Carmine's arm, drawing blood.

Immediately Beau's demeanor changes. She stiffens. Her breathing picks up. Pupils dilate. A shark smelling blood.

Carmine sees the clouded look in her eyes and backs up.

CARMINE (CONT'D)

You're still addicted to it.

Beau snaps back to herself. She quickly wipes the blood away.

BEAU

I'm in control now. Not the Wolf.

It sounds like she's trying to convince herself.

Carmine says nothing, fists clenched... and trembling.

BEAU (CONT'D)

He's only going to get worse. Let me help you. I *want* to help you.

CARMINE

(incredulous)

Help me? You're the reason I'm in this situation! Why do you think Yaya Lupe left to live in the middle of bumfuck nowhere? Because when you ditched Rumpsey-tits she was worried about *you*. She went looking for *you*. She stayed out there and took care of *you*. What about me? I was eighteen. She was my only family. I had no one.

Carmine finishes her glass. Pours another to the brim.

CARMINE (CONT'D)

Fuck your help. You weren't there when I needed it. The deal was.

Beau rests her face in her hands.

BEAU

I didn't know. But I'm not wrong. You need to make a new deal.

Beau notices Carmine's drunkenness and takes the bottle.

CARMINE

I need you to drop it.

BEAU

He said he'd give you low interest if you gave him something sentimental as collateral, didn't he? Something he could use his magic on to keep you from leaving.

Carmine shifts uncomfortably.

CARMINE

He said it was temporary.

Beau rubs her wrist. Unseen by Carmine, MAGIC SYMBOLS are burned into her skin. They gleam dully, then fade.

BEAU

Nothing's temporary with him. Once you can't pay, Rumpelstiltskin *owns* you.

Carmine stands abruptly, drunk and angry.

CARMINE

Stop it! Stop saying his name!

BEAU

He's not Beetlejuice. He's a mobster. Look-- Rumpelstiltskin, Rumpelstiltskin, Rumpelstiltskin--

RUMPLESTILTSKIN (O.S.)

You rang?

They turn. There, plucking keys at the larger grand piano...

Flanked by Hansel and Gretel's licorice-eating grins...

...is RUMPLESTILTSKIN.

CARMINE

I *fucking* told you.

ACT III**INT. THE EVER AFTER BAR - CONTINUOUS**

Rumplestiltskin plucks a few keys, back to everyone. Hansel and Gretel snicker at Carmine.

GRETEL

I told you your time was up-- MMPH!

Rumplestiltskin wiggles a finger and draws a line in the air. Gretel and Hansel's mouths magically seals shut.

The twins claw at their throats, struggling to breathe. Rumplestiltskin ignores them as he plays out a short lullaby.

He nods to himself, pleased, then stands, shuts the key cover, and undoes the spell with an unconcerned wave of his hand. Hansel and Gretel <GASP> and clutch their throats. He gives Wolf and Carmine a "woe is me" shrug.

RUMPLESTILTSKIN

It's hard to find good help these days.

He rubs another ring. The twins' hoop earrings GLOW. A golden portal opens underneath them and they fall through it. Carmine blows raspberries at the portal before it closes.

CARMINE

Good fucking riddance. Black licorice loving freaks.

RUMPLESTILTSKIN

That's no way for a lady to speak.

He steps forward. Beau stands between him and Carmine.

RUMPLESTILTSKIN (CONT'D)

Imagine my surprise when I heard the Big Bad Wolf was back in town. Imagine my sorrow and *hurt* when I had to hear this from... a nobody.

Rumplestiltskin daintily wipes the piano dust on his hands on Etienne's sleeping face. He reaches toward Beau.

Beau SNARLS, hackles raised, chest puffed. Hands shaking.

BEAU

Do. Not. Touch me.

RUMPLESTILTSKIN

Down, girl. I'm here for Miss Redd.

He turns his hand over. His palm skin elongates and breaks off into a rolled up parchment. It unfurls... and unfurls... and unfurls... until it finally unspools at Carmine's feet.

RUMPLESTILTSKIN (CONT'D)

Your contract and your collateral.

Something floats out of the contract. The ROSE-GOLD LOCKET. Beau turns sharply toward Carmine. Carmine doesn't notice.

RUMPLESTILTSKIN (CONT'D)

Upon repayment, with interest, the contract shall be voided and the collateral returned. Miss Redd, do you or do you not have my money?

CARMINE

I... I can get it, end of the week.

RUMPLESTILTSKIN

That is not what I asked.

BEAU

You gave her a bad deal.

RUMPLESTILTSKIN

Hurtful. Still not what I asked.

The parchment disappears in his skin. He dangles the locket.

RUMPLESTILTSKIN (CONT'D)

Sans payment, I'm afraid Miss Redd and her collateral now belong to me, as stipulated in her contract.

CARMINE

You didn't tell *me* that, you fucking TOADSTOOL!

He rubs another ring. Carmine's mouth magically seals shut.

RUMPLESTILTSKIN

(mildly)
Language.

He rubs a ring. FLASH! Carmine turns into a GOLD STATUE.

BEAU

ROSE!

Beau frantically touches Carmine's face looking for life.

BEAU (CONT'D)

What did you do to her, you monster?!

RUMPLESTILTSKIN

Those in hay houses should not huff
and puff.

He strokes Carmine's now-golden hair.

RUMPLESTILTSKIN (CONT'D)

I think it's an improvement. Maybe
I'll keep her like this. After all,
she's mine to toy with now.

BEAU

Turn her back. Now.

RUMPLESTILTSKIN

You've forgotten how things work in
my city. You want something, you
make a deal for it. For example...

SNAP! A new parchment unfurls from his other hand.

RUMPLESTILTSKIN (CONT'D)

You want more time on Miss Redd's
contract.

Beau ROARS at him. Wind whips everywhere, shoves the pianos
back, throws Etienne into his tub then flips the tub and
table over. Etienne curls up in his sleep, happily buzzed.

Utterly unmoved by the wind, Rumpelstiltskin lifts an eyebrow
and waits. Beau finishes and falls to her knees.

BEAU

What do you want from me?

He looks at Beau with something too sharp to be love.

RUMPLESTILTSKIN

You know what I want, old friend.

Beau tears her eyes away from Carmine. She pricks her finger
with the pen. Fighting a tremble, she signs the contract in
blood. He kisses the contract. It refurls.

BEAU

...I'm not your friend.

RUMPLESTILTSKIN

No no no, of course not.

He rubs the pinky ring. Redd's locket BECOMES a GOLD COLLAR.

On Rumplestiltskin's cordial, too-sharp smile --

RUMPLESTILTSKIN (CONT'D)
You're my pet.

INT. THE EVER AFTER BAR - NIGHT - SOMETIME LATER

On Carmine's frozen expression. Gold leeches from her skin. She GASPS and comes to life.

CARMINE
GAAAAAAAAAH!

On instinct she grabs the first thing in arm's reach -- a barstool -- and SMASHES it on Beau.

BEAU
OW! Why would you do that?!

Beau shakes woodchips out of her fur. For a split second we see something BLACK around her neck beneath her fur.

Carmine looks around. No Rumplestiltskin.

CARMINE
Where'd he go?! I'm going to beat him until he crawls back to whatever bog he slithered out of!

Beau takes what's left of the chair from her.

BEAU
He left.

CARMINE
Left? How'd you get him to leave?

BEAU
I told you, I know Ru-- him. Except for the name thing. That was new.

CARMINE
Wait. He's like... gone gone?

BEAU
For now. I renegotiated your contract and got you more time.

CARMINE
More time isn't going to help. You won't believe this, but I didn't go into comedy for the money.

Beau gestures at herself and the bar.

BEAU

That's where we come in. It's hard to see now, but if we get the bar running again I think we can make enough money to pay off your debt.

CARMINE

Why are you doing this?

Beau fondly straightens Etienne's crown.

BEAU

If I'm going to give back what I stole, it has to start here, with the Ever After. And you...r debt.

CARMINE

I meant what I said last night.

BEAU

I know. So did I.

Carmine narrows her eyes, sizing Beau up. A strange moment.

That is cut off by <POUNING DUBSTEP BASS>. Pinnocchio, clearly on ecstasy, moonwalks through the hole in the wall with Junebug Jim on one shoulder, and a SMALL SPEAKER playing Japanese dubstep on the other. He bounces in place.

JUNEBUG JIM

Sorry I'm late. It's hard to steer Pinnocchio when he's rolling. Now, how about that contract!

Beau looks at Carmine. Hopeful. Carmine scowls... but the edge of her lip curls upward with faint amusement.

On Junebug Jim's cheerful and slightly nervous face.

JUNEBUG JIM (CONT'D)

What's everyone smiling about?

MATCH CUT TO:

INT. THE EVER AFTER BAR - NEXT MORNING

On Junebug Jim's horrified and dismayed face.

JUNEBUG JIM

You're making a huge mistake!

REVEAL: He's watching Beau and Carmine cleaning up the bar.

He ANGRY COCKROACH HISSES at them as Pinnochio rave steps back out of the bar (without his speakers).

BEAU

What do you think the hisses mean?

CARMINE

Dunno. I was busy stealing that kid's speakers.

(holding up speakers)

Stay on your side. I don't want fur on my nice sweatpants.

She plugs her phone into the speakers. "HANG ME OUT TO DRY" BY THE COLD WAR KIDS PLAYS over a CLEANING MONTAGE:

- Beau cleans counters while Carmine steals unopened bottles.
- Carmine holds a trash bag open. Beau HUFFS and PUFFS dust toward it but gets it everywhere *but* the trash bag.
- Beau hoses Prisilla's picket signs off the lawn.
- Carmine removes a sprite hive inside the wall. They sting her. Beau snorts -- until they start stinging HER.
- Carmine hoses Beau down like the picket signs. Beau does the wet dog shake all over her.
- Beau props up Etienne while Carmine squeegees him clean.

END MONTAGE

Beau balances on a ladder and sheepishly tapes plastic bags over the holes she huffed and puffed in the wall and ceiling.

BEAU

Maybe if we call it a sunroof no one will notice?

CARMINE

Sure, and the holes in the walls are Venetian doors.

Carmine kicks the ladder. Beau falls off. Carmine pours two drinks. Beau declines hers. Carmine shrugs and downs both.

CARMINE (CONT'D)

Seriously, what'd you trade to make Rumples renegotiate?

Beau looks at the broken bottle shards. In their glassy reflections, HER BLACK COLLAR GLEAMS GOLD.

BEAU
Nothing important.

As Beau returns to cleaning, we zoom out to --

EXT. EVER AFTER BAR - CONTINUOUS

The pixie from the limousine watches them through the window, then flies away.

CUT TO:

INT. PRISILLA'S OFFICE - SOMETIME LATER

Prisilla sits in an all-pink office with too many shag pillows freshening her mascara. On her desk is a miniature copy of Fairytale Village. Prisilla points her mascara wand at different miniature buildings, magicking them pink.

PRISILLA
This little building sold at market. This little building's tenants no longer own. And this little building...

Prisilla picks up the mini Ever After.

PRISILLA (CONT'D)
Is getting bulldozed to the ground.

The pixie flies in and whispers in her ear. Prisilla SQUEALS and squeezes the pixie like a stress ball.

PRISILLA (CONT'D)
They're doing WHAT?

She waves the mascara wand and disappears in a violent burst of FAIRY DUST. The pixie falls face first on the desk.

PIXIE
Fuck it. I'm moving to Jersey.

END OF EPISODE.