Updated Version

The Aventrope 1/24/17
Robyn Wheelock

p 5-6 : Kitchen ✓
top of p 10 : L.R. ✓
p 10 : pool room ✓
p 11 : L.R ✓
p 15-16 : pool room ✓
p 20 - top 1/2 of 21 : L.R ✓
bottom 1/2 21-22 : Rachel's room ✓

p 15 Luna's / Reidle's room ✓
short portion p. 21 Luna's room ✓
Luna hangs up bow ✓

p 10, 15-16, 21-23, pool room ✓
2/24 + Rachel's room

p 10, 11, 20-21 living room ✓
3/3

p 15, 21 - reidlee's room

p 5-6 Kitchen

p 21-23 Rachel's room

p 6 porch

p 6 streets

p 5-6, Kitchen, porch
3/4

p 6, 15, 21, streets, reidlee's room
2/21
EXT. SHOOTING RANGE. MORNING.

LUNA (A passionate monster hunter in her early 20s) stands alone in an archery range with her bow at her side. She wears jeans and boots, a dark, long-sleeved shirt, a hunting jacket, and a silver pendant. A flock of birds caw in the distance. She loads her bow and aims at the target. She adjusts her posture, pulling back her shoulders and planting her feet. She pulls her arrow back and shoots.

TITLE- THE AVENTHROPE

EXT. SHOOTING RANGE. MORNING.

Luna loads another arrow in her bow and aims it at the target. There is a sound off-screen: leaves rustling and the flapping of large wings. Luna looks over her shoulder and lowers her bow. The sound comes from a wooded area, but stops when Luna turns her head. Luna continues to look in the direction of the sound, furrowing her brow and squinting. The woods are overgrown and shadowy.

STELLE

(O.S.)

Luna. Luna.

INT. ESTELLE AND LUNA’S LIVING ROOM. EARLY EVENING.

Luna sits on the sofa in the living room she shares with STELLE (Luna’s long-term girlfriend, and a senior in college studying Flute performance). Her laptop sits on her lap, open to an online forum about monster hunting.

STELLE

Luna. Are you even listening to me?

Luna blinks into the present moment as if it is a bright light.

LUNA

I was.

STELLE

Then what did I just say?

LUNA

You were talking about your... homework?

Estelle raises her eyebrows.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

LUNA
No... your flute?

STELLE
Closer.

LUNA
Sorry, Stelle.

STELLE
I was talking about my performance earlier today.

LUNA
Right, what was it again?

STELLE
The class reunion at MCU.

LUNA
Yes of course. How was it?

STELLE
Surprisingly good. Better than I usually play in public. I feel like I always play so well when I practice alone, and then at public performances I just...

Luna has returned to reading at her computer. Stelle stops speaking mid sentence and her face drops.

STELLE
Lady Gaga was there.

Luna reads from her laptop intently and does not respond.

STELLE
(increasingly facetious)
She begged to guest star in my recital next Sunday.

Luna does not respond.

STELLE
Then she grabbed my ass.

Luna still does not respond.

STELLE
You know Luna, you could at least pretend to be listening to me.

(CONTINUED)
LUNA
Did you know there have been two banshees and an ogre sighted in Midwest City in the last month.

STELLE
No there haven’t.

LUNA
Yes there have.

STELLE
If a monster came within city limits it would have been on the news.

LUNA
I’m reading it here.

STELLE
Let me see. Luna, that’s a forum. It’s not a reputable news source.

LUNA
Sure it is. Lots of hunters use this forum to share stories and ask for advice.

STELLE
Exactly. Any idiot with a WiFi connection can logon and write some alcohol induced daydream he had about seeing Bigfoot cross main street.

LUNA
Okay, it’s stereotypes like that that keep "reputable news sources" from believing people who call in monster sightings. Also everyone knows Bigfoot’s a myth. I’m reading about actual monsters that live in Midwest County.

STELLE
Why are you looking up monster sightings?

LUNA
I saw something today at the range.

(CONTINUED)
STELLE
You saw something.
Luna nods.

STELLE
What did it look like?

LUNA
I didn't get a good look at it, but I know it was there.

STELLE
So you didn't see anything.

LUNA
I know I saw something, I just don't know what it was.

STELLE
You know, it could have been anything. Like a dog, or the wind, or-

LUNA
You don't believe me.

STELLE
It's not that I don't believe you.

LUNA
Do you think I'm making this up?

STELLE
I don't think you're making it up, but you claim to see a lot of monsters.

LUNA
So what are you saying?

STELLE
You are very... monster-aware. You can just be a little paranoid.

LUNA
I think I've earned the right to be paranoid. I have seen what monsters can do.

STELLE
I agree, but monster populations are going down. There haven't even
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

STELLE (cont’d)
been any fatal attacks on humans in
the last-

LUNA
(sharply)
Five years. Six next Thursday.

Stelle softens. Luna fidgets with her necklace.

STELLE
I know. But within city limits,
it’s been decades. All I’m saying
is that– is something burning?

INT. ESTELLE AND LUNA’S KITCHEN. MOMENTS LATER.

Stelle and Luna enter the kitchen.

LUNA
Shit.

Luna opens the oven and a cloud of smoke escapes.

STELLE
Luna, I asked you to set a timer.
This is burnt to shit.

Stelle closes the oven and turns it off. Luna knits her brow
but says nothing.

STELLE
Well, we can’t eat this.

Stelle reaches for her wallet.

STELLE
I guess I’ll walk to Big Brutus’s
and pick up a hot and ready-

Luna intercepts her and wraps her in her arms. Stelle does
not smile

LUNA
Now hold on.

Luna kisses Stelle’s head.

LUNA
I burnt dinner. I’ll get the pizza.
You stay here and practice for your
recital... or just relax.

Stelle sighs.

(CONTINUED)
STELLE
Will you get the stuffed crust?

LUNA
You deserve nothing less.

Stelle cracks a grin and Luna kisses her on the cheek.

EXT. A STREET. SUNSET.

Luna walks down a residential street with a pizza box in her hands.

EXT. THE PORCH. SUNSET.

Cross-cut

Stelle sits on her porch, and raises her flute to her lips. She begins to play.

EXT. A STREET. SUNSET.

Cross-cut

Luna continues down the street. She hears a strange sound, leaves rustling and flapping wings. She stops and looks around, but sees nothing. Luna continues walking down the street.

She hears the noise again, stops, and again sees nothing. She stiffens, and quickens her pace toward home.

EXT. THE PORCH. SUNSET.

Long shot of Stelle playing the flute on her porch. The camera here is unsteady.

EXT. A STREET. SUNSET.

Luna walks through a residential underpass, almost home. She can hear Stelle playing her flute in the distance. Suddenly she hears the sound again, closer than ever.

Luna pulls out a pocket knife. She opens it, slowly approaching the end of the wall. As she nears the corner, the rustling and flapping grow louder. She turns, and brandishes the knife. There is nothing there. Silence. Not even the sound of Stelle’s flute.

Luna puts away her knife and looks up. In the distance, she sees the shadowy figure of the Aventrope, tall and dark, looking directly at her. Luna looks over her shoulder, but there is nothing and no one behind her. She looks back to the dark figure but it is gone.

(CONTINUED)
Suddenly she hears a scream.

    LUNA
    Stelle!

Luna drops the pizza and races home.

INT. NEWSROOM. DAY.

    NEWSCASTER
    Earlier this week, Midwest City was
    shaken by the brutal attack of a
    young woman just outside her own
    home. The victim was bruised, with
    lacerations on the the chest and
    throat, but was not killed.

INT. LIBRARY. DAY.

Two students, JILL and BEA sit at a desk watching a
recording of the news report on a laptop.

    NEWSCASTER
    The MCPD insists that the attacker
    was human, but members of the
    council speculate that the violence
    of the attack implies the work of a
    monster.

The camera tracks to the right to reveal Luna sitting at the
desk behind them. She is writing a post on the monster
watching/hunting forum.

Text: SEEN—Unidentified avian/humanoid monster. Near First
Long beak. If you have seen a similar specimen or have any
information about this monster/its abilities, please email
me at lunafitz@gmail.com

Bea and Jill speak in low voices, but not low enough that
Luna can’t hear them.

    BEA
    So what do you think, human or
    monster?

    pause
    JILL
    I mean, the MCDP thinks it’s human. Do you not?

    BEA
    I don’t.

(CONTINUED)
JILL
Really? Why?

BEA
I saw Estelle today. It definitely looked like it was more than just a physical attack.

Luna looks up at the mention of Stelle's name and listens more closely.

JILL
Wait, Estelle was the victim?

CU Bea
How do you know Estelle was the victim?

BEA
Yeah. Phil lives down the street from her. He said he saw the ambulances there that night. Anyway, I saw Stelle in Calculus today and she looked pretty freakin' cursed.

CU Jill
Please, monsters can't curse humans, only witches and-

BEA
Not true. My uncle's girlfriend had a near death experience with a satyr while hiking, and when she woke up she couldn't touch anything made of iron or see the color red for months. Doctors called it a curse.

CU Jill
Why do you think Stelle's cursed, though?

Luna
Yeah, Bea, tell us.

Luna looks over the desk cover at Bea.

BEA
Oh. Hi Luna. I'm sorry. I had no idea you were sitting there.

CU Bea
It's fine.

Luna walks around the desk and sits next to them.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

LUNA
What were you going to say?

BEA
Just that she has some of the same symptoms as my aunt... well, she's not my aunt. She's just my uncle's-

LUNA
Get to the point.

BEA
Huh. My aunt had a really weird cough for a while where she would cough up this iridescent stuff from the curse in her body. Stelle was coughing up the same stuff in class today.

LUNA
You were checking out Stelle's dirty tissues and you think something's wrong with her?

BEA
You asked.

LUNA
What made your aunt's curse go away?

BEA
She took some medicine?

LUNA
What kind?

BEA
I don't know, a potion, some pills. You're pretty interested for someone whose girlfriend isn't cursed.

LUNA
Just curious.

Luna picks up her bag and leaves.
INT. ESTELLE AND LUNA’S LIVING ROOM. EVENING.

Luna sits in the living room reading a book about monsters. Off screen, the back door opens and shuts. Stelle coughs.

LUNA

"Stelle?"

STELLE

(O.S.)

~Brief affirmative whistle~

Luna rises from the couch and enters the kitchen where Stelle has set her flute case on the counter and is taking off her coat. She wears a dark turtleneck that covers her neck.

LUNA

Where have you been? It’s almost dark. I was really worried.

When Stelle responds, she purses her lips and blows as though whistling, and the sound of a flute is heard.

STELLE

~Low, soothing whistle~

Stelle gestures to her flute case on the counter, unzips the case, and reveals her flute with ironic bravado.

LUNA

You were at rehearsal? Why?

Stelle squints at Luna and directs her attention to the calendar. The 19th of March is circled, with “Estelle’s Senior Recital” written inside.

LUNA

You’re still performing tomorrow? Are you sure you’re well enough?

There is a awkward pause.

STELLE

~Whistles matter-of-factly~

There is an even more awkward pause.

LUNA

Well that’s good.

Luna hesitates a moment.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

LUNA

I want to show you something.

Luna walks into the living room and sits on the couch. Stelle follows but remains standing. Luna picks the book up from the table.

LUNA

So, this book is a registry of all the monsters in North America. It has descriptions and illustrations of every species on record, as well as their different abilities, uses in medicine, curses.

Estelle bites her lip and knits her brow.

LUNA

I was thinking we could go through it together and you could, um, show me, or whistle, if any of them look like the one that attacked you.

Estelle looks at Luna and shakes her head.

LUNA

Come on, Stelle. We need to tell the council what kind of monster attacked you so that maybe they can help.

STELLE

~Whistles slowly and deliberately, as if she is trying to explain something,~

LUNA

Stelle, it's not good that you're still... whistling! The council could put us in touch with specialists who know about treating unusual maladies.

STELLE

~Whistles with frustration, at a more rapid tempo~

LUNA

Okay, fine. You don't have to look at it with me. Just, please, could you look at it? When you can?

Estelle gazes solemnly at the book.

(CONTINUED)
STELLE
~Soft low whistle~

Stelle walks to her bedroom. Luna places the book back on the table. Luna’s phone beeps. She picks it up and reads the notification, which reads "One new email. Subject: Black Avian Monster Sighting."

INT. A MEETING ROOM. AFTERNOON.

Luna enters the room. Dr. Wilson sits in an armchair and rises when she enters. They shake hands.

LUNA
Dr. Wilson?

DR. WILSON
At your service, Ms. Fitzpatrick.

LUNA
Call me Luna.

DR. WILSON
Any relation to Kelly Fitzpatrick?

LUNA
She was my mother.

DR. WILSON
That explains your own prowess with the bow.

They both sit. Luna fidgets with her necklace.

DR. WILSON
I appreciate you meeting with me on such short notice. Time is truly of the essence.

LUNA
What do you mean?

DR. WILSON
As you know, the council provides funding to scholars who wish to research local species of monsters.

Luna nods. You know this

DR. WILSON
I have been conducting research for the last three years. In my studies, I encountered several (MORE)

(CONTINUED)
DR. WILSON (cont’d)
descriptions matching yours in
sources dating as early as the 18th
century. But as they matched no
descriptions any known monsters,
alive or extinct, I dismissed them,
until I encountered the adventrope
for myself.

LUNA
The adventrope?

Dr. Wilson produces a manila folder on the table between
them.

DR. WILSON
I expect you will recognize this
creature.

Luna takes the folder and opens it. It contains pages of
descriptions of the adventrope’s traits and behaviors as
well as several illustrations and blurred photographs.

LUNA
That’s it. This is exactly what I
saw. Why isn’t it in the registry?

DR. WILSON
It’s never been caught. Only
monsters that have been killed or
captured are registered.

LUNA
What do you know about it?

DR. WILSON
It’s extraordinarily quick. It can
transport itself from one place to
another in the blink of an
eye. It’s drawn to shiny or
valuable objects. It collects them.
In fact, it stole my wedding ring
from my hand the first time I
observed it in person.

LUNA
But what about other magical
properties? Does it tell omens, set
curses?

DR. WILSON
We know don’t know, and that’s
actually where you come in.

(Continued)
Luna sits back slightly, surprised.

DR. WILSON
To learn more about the magical chemistry of a new species, we must conduct an autopsy. A creature that can teleport at will is very difficult to catch. I have attempted to do so for months, to no avail, and had given up the pursuit entirely until I discovered that you had personal interest in catching the beast.

LUNA
Why? Right. Okay

DR. WILSON
The deadline to apply for the funds to continue research is tomorrow morning. If I haven’t captured a specimen by then, I won’t receive funding to continue my work. Research

Luna stares at him gravely.

DR. WILSON
I realize that this is a presumptuous request given the brief time frame for execution, but I would be truly grateful for—

LUNA
I’ll do it. Lean in.

DR. WILSON
Excellent. You will be compensated for your services, of course.

He hands Luna a business card.

DR. WILSON
When you shoot the aventrope, call me and give me your location. I’ll take it from there.

INT. LUNA’S ROOM. AFTERNOON.

Luna enters her room and places her phone on the dresser. She begins rifling though her closet. Her cellphone dings, revealing a text from Stelle. Luna ignores the ding and changes into a long sleeved, black t-shirt.

(CONTINUED)
Taped to Luna's mirror is a picture of a woman in her thirties wearing a silver pendant necklace, the same one Luna always wears. Luna looks at this photo as she pulls an olive green jacket from the closet and puts it on. The cell phone dings again, and Luna ignores it. Luna removes her tennis shoes and pulls on a pair of leather boots.

Luna walks to her dresser and opens a small wooden box. She pulls a pearl necklace from the box and places it in her hunting bag. The phone dings a third time and Luna picks it up from the dresser. She looks at the messages without opening them, and turns off her cell phone. She places it inside her hunting pack, picks up her bow and leaves the room.

INT. ESTELLE AND LUNA'S LIVING ROOM. MOMENTS LATER.

Luna walks into the living room and heads for the door.

STEILLE
(O.S.)
~Greeting Whistle~

Luna freezes and looks behind her. Estelle is there, wearing her coat and setting down her Flute case. Stelle pulls her phone out of her pocket and looks inquisitively at Luna.

STEILLE
~Brief Whistle~

Luna tries to hide her bow behind her back.

LUNA
Hey Stelle, Sorry, my phone died right when I was reading your texts. I might have to miss dinner tonight.

"Where are you going?"

Stelle sees the bow and narrows her eyes in suspicion. She whistles interrogatively and begins to cross the room to stand between Luna and the front door. Luna brings her bow out from behind her back.

LUNA
I didn't forget about your recital! I'm just going to go shoot some birds, blow off some steam first.

Jesus Stelle, I'll be there I just need to

She tries to pass Stelle, but Stelle doesn't move. Stelle holds eye contact with Luna, until Luna resigns and explains herself.

(CONTINUED)
LUNA
I met with a researcher today, he’s studying an unknown breed of monster that might be the beast that hurt you.

Stelle begins whistling and shaking her head, calmly but firmly. Luna speaks over her. 

LUNA
I saw it just before you screamed. It’s called the Aventrope. Dr. Wilson needs the specimen by tomorrow morning and I told him I would shoot it for him.

Stelle whistles fervently, losing her composure, but Luna pays no attention to her.

LUNA
I’ll be back in time for your recital, I swear, but I have to do this. He’s going to study it, and he might figure out how to bring your voice back.

Luna reaches for the doorknob, but Stelle backs against the door, blocking Luna again. Luna stops. She takes Stelle’s shoulders.

Stelle looks at Luna and does not make a sound. Luna kisses her and gently moves her out of the way.

LUNA
I’ll see you at the recital.

Luna opens the door and leaves. Stelle watches her go with a furrowed brow.

EXT. NEAR THE WOODS. AFTERNOON. 22

Luna arrives at the woods and parks her car.

23 EXT. THE WOODS. AFTERNOON. 23

Luna enters the woods. She walks until she is deep among the trees, the noises of civilization faded away. She pulls the pearl necklace from her bag and hangs it from a branch. She hides, sets her hunting bag on the ground and removes her quiver. She loads an arrow in her bow.

The wind blows softly. Luna hears footsteps approaching. She waits until they are near, and then she steps out from her hiding place, with her arrow aimed.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

The camera cuts to Stelle standing, shocked, before Luna’s bow. Stelle wears her concert attire and carries her flute case. Luna lowers her bow immediately, angry.

LUNA
Why did you follow me? You have to get to your recital.

Stelle whistles pointedly.

LUNA
You have to go. You’re going to be late.

Stelle whistles pleadingly, and pulls on Luna’s sleeve, gesturing her head out of the forest.

LUNA
Leave. It’s not safe for you.

Stelle continues to pull on Luna, whistling urgently.

LUNA
No. I’m trying to keep you safe. Just go play your recital.

There is the sound of a branch breaking. The girls fall silent. The necklace is gone from the branch where Luna hung it. The camera cuts back to Luna and Stelle. Behind them, in the distance, is The Aventrhope.

CLOSE UP ON LUNA’S FACE. O.S. THE SOUND OF THE AVENTROPE’S WINGS.

The girls jump, and turn around. Luna points her bow at the source of the noise. The aventrhope is gone.

Stelle lets out a low, frightened, whistle. Luna scans the forest, her bow loaded. In the distance, between the trees, she sees the figure of the aventrhope step forward. She shoots her arrow, but the aventrhope disappears.

Close up on Luna, searching for the aventrhope in the distance with narrowed eyes.

O.S. There is the familiar sound of flapping wings and rustling leaves.

Luna turns around and shoots, but nothing is there and her arrow is lost to the trees.

Luna breathes heavily, loading her bow for a third time, looking away from the camera, Stelle approaches her, whistling and staring at something out of frame.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

STELLE
~Soft, trembling whistle~

LUNA
Shh.

Stelle pulls on Luna’s shoulder. Luna turns around.

LUNA
What?

The aventh科普er is standing only five feet away from them. Luna stares with her bow at her side. The aventh科普er crouches slightly, then tilts its head forward, looking intently at Luna’s necklace, which has fallen out from inside her shirt and sits exposed within her unzipped jacket. Luna slowly raises her bow to the aventh科普er. She pulls back the arrow.

The aventh科普er opens its claws, and cocks its head. It takes a step forward and caws.

Luna releases her arrow with a shout. The camera lingers on Luna. But the aventh科普er has vanished again and her arrow is lost.

LUNA
Damn it. I know I brought some extra arrows.

She turns to her hiding spot where her hunting bag sits on the ground. Suddenly the aventh科普er’s claws reach over her throat. Luna gasps. Stelle whistles frantically. The aventh科普er wraps its talons around Luna’s necklace.

LUNA
No! No! Let Go!

Luna pulls away. The necklace breaks and falls to the ground. Luna grabs it and scrambles toward her hunting bag. There is the sound of flapping wings, and suddenly, Luna’s way is obstructed by the feet of the aventh科普er. Luna looks up, still crouched on the forest floor. The aventh科普er spreads its wings, claws exposed, and points its beak towards Luna, screeching.

Suddenly, Stelle steps between the aventh科普er and Luna, holding her flute case over her head, her mouth open wide in a scream. Her scream begins as the sound of a flute, high-pitched, and screeching, then transitions into a human scream. The aventh科普er lowers its wings and retracts its claws. It takes a step back. It looks at the flute case, still raised over Stelle’s head.

(CONTINUED)
Stelle lowers the flute case and opens it. The silver flute shines in the light of the setting sun. The aventhrope wraps its claws around the flute case, and is gone.

Stelle suddenly is struck with a coughing fit. She hunches over, and coughs into her hands. Luna rises.

LUNA
Stelle, are you okay?

Stelle stops coughing and stands up straight. She turns to look at Luna.

STELLE
Why did you have to make it about you?

LUNA
What?

STELLE
On my day, the one day I asked you to prioritize me, you decide to go hunt some giant magpie by yourself? What the fuck is wrong with you?

LUNA
I was trying to help you.

STELLE
Bullshit. You were trying to avenge your mom.

LUNA
That’s not true. I wanted to protect you.

STELLE
Well don’t! You don’t get to use my assault to moralize your paranoia.

LUNA
It isn’t paranoia. You were attacked less than a week ago.

STELLE
Yeah. And guess what? It wasn’t by a monster.
INT. ESTELLE AND LUNA’S LIVING ROOM. NIGHT.

Stelle sits on the couch. She has changed into a hoodie and pajama pants. Luna stands against the opposite wall, still in her hunting clothes, with her arms crossed. She does not look at Stelle. The air is tense between them. Finally Luna takes a breath and speaks in a monotone.

LUNA
Was it somebody we know?

STELLE
Yes.

LUNA
Oh my god, Stelle. We’ve got to report this to the council. If this person’s still out there-

STELLE
I can guarantee that reporting him to the council will not help.

LUNA
Why?

STELLE
He shook your hand at the award banquet last month.

Stelle looks at Luna gravely. Luna sits next to Stelle on the couch.

LUNA
What do we do?

STELLE
I have an idea.

Luna looks at Stelle.

STELLE
First, we should go to bed and get a good night’s sleep. Tomorrow I want to go eat a nice breakfast together at Magnolia’s, and then I want to call Dr. Zhao, tell him my flute was stolen-

LUNA
But that doesn’t solve the-

STELLE
Then what do you suggest, Luna? I can barely talk about it to you, I don’t want to tell everyone.

Stelle takes Luna’s hand.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

But, Stelle, if
we don't
So do I. But I can't
just pretend that
this didn't
happen. If you
don't name
I know! God Luna,
can we talk
about it in
the morning?
I'm sorry.

STELLE
I want to go back to enjoying being alive.

LUNA
This whole thing makes me sick.

Me too.

STELLE
I know. (She clears her throat.)

Maybe someday if I get all this shit out of my throat I'll go on
record, press charges. But I need to leave this behind me for now.
Okay?

LUNA
Okay.

Luna nods, holding back tears. Stelle embraces her. Luna
melts into the hug. They both hold each other for a moment.

LUNA
What about your flute?

STELLE
It's insured. I can have a replacement shipped in a couple of
days.

INT. LUNA'S ROOM. MOMENTS LATER.

Luna removes her boots. She takes off her coat, and puts it
in the closet. She places her hunting bag on the floor of
the closet and then places her bow on top of it and closes
the door. She places her mother's broken necklace in a
jewelry box.

INT. STELLE'S ROOM. MOMENTS LATER

Stelle is sitting in her bed looking at her laptop. Luna
enters. Stelle looks up.

STELLE
Dr. Zhao's letting me reschedule.

LUNA
That's a relief.

Luna walks to the window and looks into the darkness. As
Stelle speaks, she closes her laptop and puts it away.

(Continued)
STELLE
I think it's mostly a relief to him. He'd been trying to convince me to postpone the recital all week.

Stelle looks up at Luna, who is still looking out the window.

STELLE
Luna. Are you listening to me?

LUNA
Yeah.

She closes the blinds, walks to the bed, and sits next to Stelle.

LUNA
He's probably grateful you're alive. If I were an orchestra conductor, (She kisses Stelle's shoulder) and my most talented player (She kisses Stelle's cheek) had had as many near-death experiences as you have in the span of a week (She sits behind Stelle, wraps her arms around her, and kisses her head), I would be wrapped around your finger, until you were ready to perform the recital of a lifetime.

STELLE
What about the Aventrope?

LUNA
It's not my top priority anymore.

STELLE
But didn't that guy need it by tomorrow? Should you email him?

Stelle and Luna slide under the covers. They share a small kiss.

LUNA
I'll deal with it in the morning.
EXT. STELLE AND LUNA'S HOUSE. NIGHT.

External view of Stelle and Luna's bedroom window. The light behind the blinds goes out.

Fade to black.

Page 1, shot of Aventhope in distance
Page 6, shots of Stelle playing flute