SCRIPT TITLE

Written by

Name of First Writer

Based on, If Any

Address
Phone Number

36) EXT. PARIS STREET - NIGHT - EL'S DREAM

ANGLE ON the reflection in wet cobblestone of a row of street
lamps glowing against a deep violet sky. Like yellow buckets
of light turned upside down in the evening fog, they spill
out the same faded polaroid tinge from El's first dream.

We WIDEN TO REVEAL the Paris skyline as El and her mother,
Terry, stroll into frame, wet from drizzle. They stop near a   *
wrought iron railing overlooking the river Seine. The Eiffel
Tower glimmers in the distance. Dark clouds rim the sky.   *

                     EL
                (despondent)
          I messed up today.

                     TERRY
          You used your powers. Explain to me
          why that is so terrible.

                     EL
          I broke the rules and--

                     TERRY
          And who made those rules? Hopper?

                     EL
          That's not all. I made new friends,
          and, um, didn't "choose wisely."   *
          Mike wasn't pleased.

                     TERRY
          Molly.

                     EL
          I was going to <u>steal</u> something and
          I almost got caught. I tried to
          talk to Hopper about it.

Terry turns to face El.

                     TERRY
          And how did that go? He clearly is
          not as invested as he says he is.
          None of them understand the <u>real</u>
          you: not Molly, not Hopper, not
          even Mike. They just want to keep
          you small so they can fold you up
          and put you in their pocket.

El winces at the thought.

                         TERRY (CONT'D)
                You are fulfilling your destiny,
                Jane, who you are meant to be.

        El turns toward Terry, letting her solace sink in.

                         TERRY (CONT'D)
                Do not let anyone change that or
                <u>you</u>. You are perfect just the way
                you are.

Grateful for the comfort, El reaches for Terry's hand resting *
on the railing, but just as their hands are about to touch –   *
Terry shoves her hands into her coat pockets.   *
                                                               *
We slowly PUSH IN on El.   *

                         EL
                Sometimes, I'm not sure who I can
                really trust. I feel alone.

                         TERRY   *
                You are alone with them, Jane,
                because you will never be like
                them.
                     (off El)
                But I am right here, sweetheart. I
                will always be with you.   *
                                                               *
CLOSE UP on El, tears welling in her eyes as the Eiffel   *
Tower's lights flicker in the distance behind her.   *
                                                               *
                                           DISSOLVE TO: