

FALSE MOREL  
(WHAT YOU SEE OF ME)

Writing Sample

Written by

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SUBTITLES FADE  
IN FROM BLACK:

FRANKIE, ANYA, KENNA (V.O)  
A phiùthrag's a phiuthar, hu ru  
(*little sister, sister*)  
Ghaoil a phiuthar, hu ru  
(*Beloved sister*)  
Nach truagh leat fhèin, ho ho ill  
eo  
(*Do you not pity*)  
Nochd mo chumha, hu ru  
(*my grief tonight*)

CUT TO:

Deep into the heart of the woods, Silver Birch trees consume the terrain, the knots in their bark look like eyes.

The quiet is suffocating.

FRANKIE WORTHAM (17) sprints through the trees. Her face flushed red.

FRANKIE, ANYA, KENNA (V.O.)  
Dhìrich mi suas  
(*I climbed up*)  
Beinn an Sgrìobain  
(*Ben Sgrìobain*)  
'S Laigheabhal Mhòr  
(*And Laigheabhal Mhòr*)  
Nan each grìs-fhionn  
(*With its spotted horses*)

Frankie looks back panicked.

YOUNG BOY (O.S)  
Changeling!

Frankie keeps running.

MAN #1 (O.S)  
There she is!

Frankie's scarf catches on a branch pulling her back. She desperately tries to pull it free.

FRANKIE, ANYA, KENNA (V.O.)  
 Cha d' fhuair mi ann  
 (*I didn't find there*)  
 Na bha dhìth orm  
 (*What I wanted*)  
 Tè bhuidhe  
 (*With hair*)  
 'S a falt mar dhìthein  
 (*Like a golden daisy*)

A barn owl lands above, watching the commotion.

Frankie throws the scarf off when suddenly, a YOUNG BOY grips her arm.

YOUNG BOY  
 Got you!

Frankie kicks him in the chest and he drops. She scrambles up and runs.

YOUNG BOY (CONT'D)  
 You fucking changeling bitch!

Frankie keeps running.

FRANKIE, ANYA, KENNA (V.O.)  
 A phiùthrag's a phiuthar, hu ru  
 (*little sister, sister*)  
 Ghaoil a phiuthar, hu ru  
 (*Beloved sister*)

And running.

FRANKIE, ANYA, KENNA (V.O) (CONT'D)  
 Nach truagh leat fhèin, ho ho ill  
 eo  
 (*Do you not pity*)  
 Nochd mo chumha, hu ru  
 (*my grief tonight*)

And running.

KENNA (V.O.)  
 Frankie!

Frankie slams a dense book titled, "FAE AND FOLKLORE OF THE HIGHLANDS" closed, chucking it on the bed.

KENNA (O.S.)  
Downstairs now, Frankie, or we  
leave without ya!

Scrambling to her feet, Frankie grabs a crumpled school blazer and runs out the door.

CUT TO:

Title: FALSE MOREL

4

**INT. SCHOOL SPORTS HALL. DAY**

4

A PHOTOGRAPHER stares into the viewfinder of an ageing stills camera.

PHOTOGRAPHER  
Ok and again. One, two, smile,  
smile, smile.

A huge flash from the photography lights goes off in Frankie's face. She blinks in surprise.

The photographer lets out a small sigh.

PHOTOGRAPHER (CONT'D)  
We'll need one more, she blinked.

Frankie shuffles on the uncomfortable stool and fidgets with her ponytail.

MRS WATSON  
Which one?

PHOTOGRAPHER  
That one.

The photographer points at Frankie.

FRANKIE  
It's not my fault, miss.

Behind the photographer, MRS WATSON (40s) checks her watch. The PUPIL (17) next to her stares into space, waiting for his turn.

MRS WATSON  
Eyes open, Anya, ok?

Frankie is about to speak when-

ANYA (O.C.)  
You mean Frankie, Miss.

Sitting next to Frankie is her IDENTICAL TWIN SISTER, ANYA WORTHAM (17), furrowed brows and arms crossed.

Mrs Watson huffs.

MRS WATSON

Oh- Pete's sake. You know who I mean! Come on sit up straight for one more.

(To photographer)

I'm not paying for overtime.

The photographer looks through the viewfinder once more, angling up the camera.

Frankie and Anya shuffle into position, hands crossed, shoulders straight, a mirror image of one another.

PHOTOGRAPHER

Po-ta-to po-tah-to right?

Frankie scowls at the lame joke when the lights flash and she blinks again.

5

**INT. SCHOOL SPORTS HALL. MOMENTS LATER**

5

Frankie rummages through her school bag, pulling out a glasses case.

MRS WATSON

I love seeing you two together.

Mrs Watson is looking at the image of Frankie and Anya on the photographer's laptop.

Frankie puts her glasses on, slinging her bag over her shoulder.

ANYA

Blinked again, Frankie.

Frankie looks over Anya's shoulder, her face is scrunched up as opposed to Anya's toothy smile.

6

**INT. CLASSROOM. AFTERNOON**

6

The final bell rings the school day to a close.

A loud chorus of conversation erupts as all the STUDENTS rise packing their things away.

Anya's friend, HELEN (17), runs over to her.

HELEN

James wants to know if we're still good for tonight.

ANYA

Yeah, what time?

Frankie shares a glance with Helen before quickly packing away her books.

7

**INT. CORNER SHOP. AFTERNOON**

7

Frankie scans through the aisle of sweets. Anya hands the CORNER SHOP LADY a pack of chewing gum.

CORNER SHOP LADY

How's ya mum, Anya?

ANYA

Fine thanks, just working and that.

Frankie and Anya share a quick glance.

Quickly looking around, Frankie pockets a TWIX Bar.

MAIRI

Look, look see? I told you!

AMY

What?

MAIRI (CONT'D)

Tom said she wasn't in class.

AMY (18) and MAIRI (18), two teenagers from school, are gossiping in the next aisle.

AMY

That doesn't mean she's gone missing though.

Frankie peers over the aisle listening in.

MAIRI

Nell's sister is her best friend. Said Nicola was with her boyfriend last night but hasn't heard from her since.

AMY

No way.

MAIRI (CONT'D)

I'm serious! I bet they've ran off together.

Amy notices Frankie and nudges Mairi.

AMY (CONT'D)  
 What're you looking at, Frankie  
 Frankenstein?

Mairi quickly puts her phone away, glaring at Frankie who quickly turns around.

The girls smirk.

8

**EXT. WOODS. LATE AFTERNOON**

8

The setting sun glistens off the frosty leaves.

Frankie and Anya tread down the woodland path home, sharing the Twix bar together.

FRANKIE  
 Why've they gotta always insist on  
 me not wearing glasses? That's the  
 reason I keep blinking.

ANYA  
 Just don't do it.

FRANKIE  
 She'll just make me do it in the  
 end though.

FRANKIE (CONT'D)  
 Well, stop complaining then. If you  
 don't say anythin', they'll just  
 keep doing it.

Frankie can't argue with that.

FRANKIE (CONT'D)  
 Whatever.

Frankie walks ahead of Anya. She sees a trail of FALSE MOREL MUSHROOMS on the ground.

ANYA  
 Do think Miss Watson was pissed off  
 at the photographer?

Frankie smiles as she follows the trail.

FRANKIE  
 Definitely, he was so annoying as  
 well.

ANYA  
 (mimicking the  
 photographer)  
 "Po-ta-to po-tah-to"

Frankie snorts as Anya runs up to walk next to her, also laughing.

Frankie suddenly stops.

ANYA (CONT'D)  
 What?

Frankie nods to the base of a tree in the distance.

9

**EXT. FAERIE RING, WOODS, SCOTLAND. CONTINUOUS**

9

Frankie walks over to a large FAERIE RING next to a fallen birch tree. Anya follows.

FRANKIE  
 It's the same ones as up there.

Frankie gestures toward the ring made up of False Morels.

Anya walks down toward the circle. Frankie follows behind.

ANYA  
 It's massive. How long d'ya reckon  
 it's been here?

Anya steps closer, pulling out her phone and taking photos.

Frankie looks down at a large mushroom near her feet.

FRANKIE  
 Who cares.

Frankie kicks one of them and it breaks off. Picking it up she looks it over, scrunching her face.

ANYA  
 What's with that look?

FRANKIE  
 Nothing. It's nothing.

Frankie chucks the mushroom into the ring. She checks her phone, noticing the time.

Frankie turns, walking back up to the path.



FRANKIE (CONT'D)  
 Fuck, it's already past 5.

Anya stares inside the circle mesmerised. Everything slowly becomes silent.

Frankie hears a soft whisper. She turns, seeing Anya about to take a step into the ring.

FRANKIE (CONT'D)  
 (sternly)  
 Anya.

Anya snaps her out of the trance-like state.

FRANKIE (CONT'D)  
 Come on, let's go.

ANYA  
 (distracted)  
 I heard a voice...

Frankie looks at the circle, then back at Anya.

FRANKIE  
 (sarcastically)  
 Ha. Ha.

Anya raises a hand to her head theatrically.

ANYA	FRANKIE (CONT'D)
"It's the Fae!	
Them little folk will take me	Oh for fucks sake...
away they will!	

Anya smirks at her.

ANYA (CONT'D)  
 Oh, come on. You used to be  
 obsessed with all that folk stuff.

FRANKIE  
 Yeah, when I was five.

ANYA  
 I remember you used to do those  
 plays in the living room for Mum.

FRANKIE  
 It's interestin'. You know, part of  
 the town's history and that.

ANYA  
 It's made up by crazy old ladies.

FRANKIE  
Miss Battle isn't crazy.

ANYA  
There's a reason why they call her  
"bat-shit Battle". Helen told me  
she saw her throwing primroses at  
one of McClarrin girls.

Frankie snorts.

FRANKIE  
She did not.

ANYA (CONT'D)  
She did! Her mum tried  
tellin' her off but she  
started rattling on about how  
she was in hands with the  
devil.

FRANKIE (CONT'D)  
Oh, come on that's stupid, Anya!  
She did not!

ANYA  
Did too!

The girls leave the now broken ring.

10

**INT. LIVING ROOM. EVENING**

10

Anya and Frankie sit on the couch eating fish finger  
sandwiches and watching the TV.

The front door opens.

KENNA (O/S)  
It's me!

FRANKIE  
Hi!

ANYA  
Hi!

KENNA WORTHAM (49) walks into the living room chucking her  
bag and coat on the sofa. She wears a police officer's  
uniform.

KENNA  
That doesn't look like beef stew.

Kenna slumps down next to Anya, taking a huge bite out of her  
food.

ANYA  
How was work?

KENNA

Same old thing. Neighbours complaining about sheep trespassing. Wild day. How was school then?

ANYA

Fine. Frankie blinked in the school photos.

She's gonna find out when she's 'em!

FRANKIE

Why you gotta be such a snitch?

KENNA

Oh, for- Frankie. I'm not getting 'em done again.

FRANKIE

I didn't ask you to!

KENNA

Oi, enough of that, please!

Frankie picks at her sandwich, glaring daggers at Anya.

They watch in silence for a moment. Frankie hesitantly look over to her mother.

FRANKIE

I heard Nicola's missin'.

KENNA

Say's who?

ANYA

Is that true?

Frankie nods.

FRANKIE

Mairi and Amy were sayin' in the corner shop.

ANYA

Mum, have you heard anythin'?

KENNA

I want none of you two chatting about this alright? Her mum's already at her wits end.

FRANKIE

(to Anya)

Mairi said she ran off with her  
boyfriend.

KENNA

Frankie, enough! Stop spreading  
rumours you don't know are true.

FRANKIE

I didn't say it, Mairi did-

KENNA

I said shut it!

Frankie goes quiet.

11

**EXT. FAERIE RING, WOODS, SCOTLAND. NIGHT**

11

Everything is still, a soft whisper floats in the air.

WHISPER (O.S.)

A phiùthrag's a phiuthar, hu ru  
(*little sister, sister*)

Slowly, the ground inside the circle starts to shake. The  
broken False Morel rolls inside the circle.

The ground rises and insects run out from the cracks.

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

A phiùthrag's a phiuthar, hu ru  
(*little sister, sister*)

The whisper begins to sound like chanting, getting louder and  
louder.

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

Hu ru, Hu ru, A phiùthrag's a  
phiuthar, hu ru!  
(*little sister, sister*)

End.