

EXT. TOAD KINGDOM - COURTYARD - NIGHT

The desert moon shimmers across a beautiful courtyard paved with butterscotch discs and peppermint candies. Lollipop trees and candy-bar benches line the path to The Queen's candy-covered throne.

The courtyard is abuzz with activity. As we swoop down, we notice that we are in a kingdom of *TOADS*. A grand feast is in the works, and there is not an idle flipper in the place.

Plattered crickets splayed like miniature Thanksgiving turkeys dot the length of opulent banquet table. *SERVANT TOADS* stand at attention, golden eyes twitching with nervous anticipation. This is their moment to shine.

As we continue through the courtyard, we notice a *PLUMP AND WINGLESS FAIRY* nervous and pacing in a

VESTIBULE NEAR THE COURTYARD.

MEMORY LANE, 8, is dressed in gossamer and glitter. Her honey-colored skin shimmers in the moonlight, and her mischievous eyes peer from behind a mop of wild hair. On her shoulder is perched what might just be The Ugliest Toad in the World. This is *PRINCE MORTIMER*.

When Mortimer speaks (or any of the toads, for that matter) his mouth doesn't move.

MORTIMER

How is my cloak, my fairy? It feels most... wrinkled.

MEMORY LANE

Your cloak is fine, Mortimer. And it won't matter anyway, if she doesn't come.

Memory Lane plucks a lollipop tree from the ground and eats it as she fidgets nervously, clutching a leather satchel. She offers a lick to Mortimer, who politely declines.

A *TRUMPET* announces The Queen's arrival.

Memory Lane concentrates harder, willing The Chosen One to appear.

IN THE COURTYARD --

Everyone sits at attention as *THE QUEEN* plops to her place on the throne.

TRUMPETEER

Behold! Her Majesty, The Queen!

The Queen looks upon her subjects with royal grace.

THE QUEEN

(with dramatic pause)

Lords and Ladies! Counts and
Countesses! Peasants and Workers
and Everyday Toads!

THE TOADS

Yes, My Queen.

THE QUEEN

This is a momentous evening!

THE TOADS

Yes, My Queen!

THE QUEEN

For tonight, as High Moon is upon
us, our Fairy Protector will
present ...

(excited croaks from the
audience)

The Chosen One!

Cheers erupt from the crowd.

TRUMPETEER

Clear the way! Clear the way for
Memory Lane! Fairy Protector of The
Toad Kingdom!

THE TOADS

Clear the way ...
Clear the way ...

The sea of toads parts as Memory Lane heads to the throne.

MEMORY LANE

(to herself)

She will come.

Memory Lane looks up at the moon, then makes her way up the center of the courtyard. When she reaches the throne, she bows to The Queen and places Mortimer in the throne at The Queen's side.

THE QUEEN

Greetings, Memory Lane!

MEMORY LANE
 (glancing nervously at the
 moon)
 At your service, My Queen.

The Queen gives Memory Lane a scrutinous look.

THE QUEEN
 Raise the Globe!

Memory Lane opens her satchel and pulls out a glittery pink snow globe. She holds it above her head toward the moon as she bends to one knee. As it catches the light, a magical pink glow is cast across the courtyard.

THE QUEEN (CONT'D)
 Let The Bekissing begin!

Memory Lane looks terribly worried as the moon's glow intensifies.

THE QUEEN (CONT'D)
 Bring in the Chosen One!

MEMORY LANE
 Princess Makenzie! Come meet your
 Prince!

The toads croak with anticipation.

Nothing happens. The Moon drifts into position, filling the globe. The pink light in the kingdom is at its magical brightest.

MEMORY LANE (CONT'D)
 Princess Makenzie! Come meet your
 Prince!

Nothing happens. Then...

The Moon starts to pass through the globe's edge, and the magical glow starts to dim.

THE QUEEN
 High Moon is passing, Memory Lane.

MEMORY LANE
 Um. ... I don't think she's coming.

The glow from the globe dims as it is no longer aligned with the moon. ... The moment has passed.

The toads gasp and croak with shock and disappointment.