

POOLS

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EXT. BEACH, ROCK POOLS - DAY

BETHANY, 7, surf-blonde hair and waif-like features, stirs the water at her feet with a piece of driftwood.

BETHANY

Rubbish.

She throws the driftwood aside.

DAD (O.C.)

What is love?

DAD, 30s, manicured beard and endearing smile, walks to his daughter's side, pulling REX, their dog along with him.

Rex picks up the driftwood stick and wags his tail.

BETHANY

You said these were fairy pools.

DAD

That's what the guidebook said.

BETHANY

So where are the fairies?

She moves to the next pool.

She grabs at the stick that Rex is gnawing on. Rex thinks it is a game and pulls back.

She throws an imaginary stick beyond Rex, who drops the real stick and runs off.

BETHANY

Stupid dog.

Bethany grabs the stick and stirs the new pool.

BETHANY

See?

They both look into the pool. With the exception of a confused crab there's nothing there.

DAD

Maybe they're shy?

Bethany shakes her head.

BETHANY

Wouldn't be with me, I love fairies.

Dad smiles and ruffles her hair.

DAD
Maybe you're not looking in the right
place.

Bethany frowns.

BETHANY
Where else?

DAD
Maybe they're in a different pool?

Rex barks and makes a break to chase a seagull.

Dad follows.

DAD
Try that one.

He points to a larger pool.

Bethany kneels by the new pool and stares into the water...

From where Bethany, a beautiful young fairy, with surf white hair and a halo of seaweed, stares back at her.

BETHANY
There you are.