

# **Collection of Creative Works**

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Excerpts from Various Creative Works

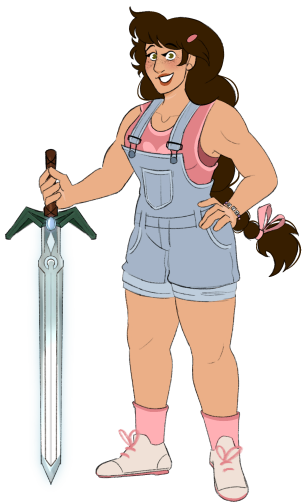
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### **Amara Novak - The Girl Who Can't Escape the Weird**

Amara is one of the few found kids of those who went missing in Haven during the strange period of unexplained disappearances. After years of ignoring both her disappearance and her missing memories of that time, she finds herself capable of mysterious and supernatural things. She returns to Haven for answers, and in her search, she opens the door to more questions. Soon, she and the team begin to realize that she is directly connected to each and every weird thing that happens in their small town. Despite her potential for great and terrible acts of magic, she is quiet, gentle and kind. Years of watching and observing from the sidelines has made her very attuned to others' emotional states, and she is always the first to pull them aside and ask if they're alright—or even wordlessly offer a homemade hot chocolate for comfort. A pinnacle of goodness despite powers of darkness, she is both the anomaly and the answer. Although she doesn't quite know it yet.



### **Juniper "June" Jones - ~~The Muscle?~~ The Heart? The Girl with a Sword**

A college student in the middle of a never-ending gap year, monster hunting is the first worthwhile thing June's ever done that she feels she is good at. June, more often than not, acts as the heart of the group. She's the one who helped the team find friendship beyond work. She is loud in both voice and personality, and she can sometimes be naive to the stakes at hand—which lends itself to her bravery, but also contributes to a lack of accurate assessment of situations. She is smart in action, but not in academics. Put her in a fight and she comes out unscathed; put her in a room of strangers and she leaves with friends; but put her in a room with books and

theory and watch her crumble. If she can survive it, perhaps becoming one of the town saviors can be a suitable career path? Zealous and silly, she is a needed energy amidst some contrasting tones.



### **Daniel "Danny" Torres - The (Paranoid) Brains of the Operation**

Danny wants to be a loner, but the problem with that is...it can get a little *too* lonely. After dropping out of college due to a bit of a nervous breakdown, he moved back home to help his mother take care of his little sister. He is a conspiracy nut, which proves to suit him well when the secrets of Haven are fully revealed. While completely out of his league in a fight—he tends to become the person the rest of the team has to protect—give him a computer, a couple of starting points, access to a library and an obscene amount of coffee, and he'll give answers, explanations and reasons as to why all his theories about the supernatural are correct. He keeps their search relevant and leads them where they need to go to reveal the truth. Dry and sarcastic, he is a fun foil to June's relentless enthusiasm.



### **Vera Davis - The One with Experience...and All the Stuff.**

Owner of the town's most unique tourist trap, The Mystic Alley, a curio shop. After a few years of travel and exploration, she brought back her most exciting findings to display before fully inheriting the shop from her grandmother. Among the main team, she is the oldest and most experienced, in both age and adventure. She has a strong desire to prove herself and an even stronger desire to

protect her teammates, but those two ambitions don't always coincide. She wants to be more than just an owner of mysterious things—she wants to protect them, too. While one could view her as a glorified child wrangler for the youngins, she is the one they turn to when a level head is needed. Little does she know, the greatest threat to Haven is right under her nose, in her own shop.



### **Althea Brooke - The One Who Brought Them All Together**

For years, Althea was the unofficial sole protector of Haven. When strange events begin taking place once more, she accidentally recruits the others when she realizes she might be a little too old and tired to do it all herself. Keeping the secrets of Haven was an isolating job and she finds she enjoys the company as much as she enjoys the help. Amused by their antics, she encourages the desire to have fun even during some troubling times, and through them, she learns the importance of such herself. She is a large source of monetary support with insight into greater mysteries, and therefore is an ally worthy of implicit trust. Knowledgeable and understanding, the team members come to her for conversations they don't think they can have with anyone else. Greater than her wisdom is her compassion, despite any exterior hardness she might display. It's all for show. One has to keep up a tough appearance if they expect to intimidate monsters...and the younger generation.

**INT. PRISON CELL - NIGHT**

TISH lies on the bench along the wall, dangling her arms on either side.

TISH

I can't believe we're locked down here and they didn't even provide one singular source of entertainment! Not even a harmonica! Man, I wish I had a harmonica.

TRILLS stops his pacing to raise an eyebrow at her.

TRILL

That's what you want right now? A harmonica?

TISH

(sits up on her elbows)  
Yeah. What do you want?

TRILL

Oh, I don't know. Maybe to not be in prison!

CERRIDWEN (O.S.)

Will you two cut it out? I'm trying to focus.

CERRIDWEN sits in a meditative position, with her eyes closed in deep thought.

TISH

And what exactly are you focusing on? The silence that could be filled with a harmonica?

CERRIDWEN cracks an eye open to glare at them.

CERRIDWEN

I'm trying to get us some help!

TRILL

How? By communing with the spiders  
in the cobwebs?

CERRIDWEN doesn't answer. Instead, she closes her eyes again.

TRILL

(now genuinely asking)  
Are you communing with the spiders  
in the cob webs?

CERRIDWEN

Perhaps.

TISH

How would they help?

CERRIDWEN

They could-  
(fumbles)  
go outside and-  
(searches for what to say)  
get a bear!

GARRECK, slouched morosely on the floor, finally looks up at that, his hopelessness momentarily overpowered by confusion.

GARRECK

A bear?

CERRIDWEN

Okay maybe not a bear-that's not  
realistic. But maybe...maybe a-a  
bird!

TRILL

A bird would definitely eat the spider.

CERRIDWEN

Okay, not a bear or a bird, but some animal that could help us get out of this.

TRILL

Any animal that would actually be of any help to us right now would definitely eat the spider.

CERRIDWEN

Well, I don't see you trying anything!

TISH

(pretending to play an invisible harmonica)

I could block you both out right now if I had a harmonica!

GARRECK stands suddenly and cranes his neck. He hears something.

GARRECK

Shh!!

TISH

Why are you shushing me? They're the ones being loud!

GARRECK

Someone's coming!

They quiet down the sound of footsteps echo throughout the prison.



A figure emerges from the shadows, regal and elegant.

GARRECK  
(hopeful)  
Ardeth?

Now illuminated, LUCIEN pulls down the hood of his cloak. He looks nervous and apologetic as he stand before them.

TISH shoots up, flying off the bench with delight. Obviously being put in prison has not tempered her little crush on him.

TISH  
(excited)  
Lucien!

TRILL  
(disappointed)  
Lucien.

LUCIEN rushes forward but stays within six feet of the cell bars, not keen on being too close. He glances behind him, wary of her volume.

LUCIEN  
Shh! If I were to be caught down here, the consequences would be dire.

TISH  
Are you here to rescue you us? Oh, don't tell me. Of course you are! I should've known you'd-

LUCIEN  
I am not going to free you.

Her face falls. Did her crush bubble just pop? She crosses her arms and frowns.

---

TISH

Why not?

TRILL

(sarcastically)

Because of the "dire  
consequences"?

LUCIEN

Because you pose a threat to the  
kingdom!

CERRIDWEN

(calmly)

Lucien, we aren't a threat. You  
know that. I know you know that.  
Are you truly so gullible as to  
believe Urilen's lies?

LUCIEN

I know what I saw. You all-

TRILL

(shaking on the bars)

-were framed! We were framed!

GARRECK shoves him aside to meet LUCIEN'S eye.

GARRECK

We would never do anything to hurt  
Ardeth. I'd give my life to  
protect her.

LUCIEN stares at GARRECK long and hard. He realizes what he  
already knew deep down; GARRECK'S loyalty to ARDETH goes beyond  
pure duty. His face softens. He's about to relent.

*Ella, Rodgers and Hammerstien's Cinderella*

Madame's household is not a safe space. At the beginning of the show, Ella has neither the confidence or the voice to change that. In Madame's house, she is discouraged, brought down, overworked, overwhelmed; eventually, she feels unseen, unheard and unloved. All of this contributes to Ella's self worth becoming skewed, and she quiets who she is in response. In an environment that is no longer safe, the only safe place becomes her imagination.

She has seen how much power there is in kindness. It spreads, impacts, influences. And, most importantly to Ella, it's something no one can ever take from her. Madame can take a lot from her—her voice, her confidence, her self-worth, her time—but Madame can never steal away Ella's ability to be kind. The fact of the matter is, Ella, despite all her virtue, is a still person. She is not a perfect idealized pinnacle of natural goodness. And while she chooses kindness, sometimes, it's not always her first thought. First thoughts are always a part of us, but what we choose to do, how we choose to react to them, that's who we are because that's who we choose to become. Ella's kindness may not always be innate, but it is always chosen and that's what makes it so powerful. An Ella who is merely naturally kind loses the impact of her character. The performer needs to make evident that Ella works at her kindness, so as to inspire that work among audiences and successfully tell a story beyond the glitz of beautiful waltzes and glamor of magical gowns.

It takes great strength to refuse to relent kindness in the face of constant cruelty. It takes great strength to still allow oneself to dream even when there seems to be no light at the end of the tunnel. Not to mention the strength it takes to show others grace, to forgive them even when they don't deserve it. To understand why others behave cruelly yet still have compassion for them is perhaps one of the greatest strengths in the world. And that is why Ella is both the

strength and the heart of the show. The story rests not upon her personality, but her inner character.

*Zuko, Avatar the Last Airbender*

Zuko should serve as a benchmark for the all-too-common, sometimes sloppily done, redemption arc. A plethora of new media specifically highlights characters who have made the wrong choices, sided with the wrong group or actively worked against the protagonists only to then join their cause. Redemption arcs are admirable and hopeful, presenting the watcher and/or reader with the reminder that we are not confined to the decisions we have made and it is never too late to change. But a common error of the redemption arc these days is that the character in need of redeeming only does the "right thing" when there is no other option but to. When all hope is lost for everyone, including themselves, that is when the character finally makes the choice of saving grace. Doing the right thing when it is the only possible option left is not a choice of the character. It comes across as contrived plot convenience, a rushed fixing of a complex character's journey to goodness.

Zuko redeemed himself after he had already gotten everything he thought he wanted. He was in good standing with his father again, he was respected among the high ranking officials, and beloved by his people. He had a romantic partner. He had fixed familial relationships. He went from a banished prince to an admired one. Even with every luxury in the world, he realized the choices he had made to return him to "glory" came at the cost of what actually mattered: the state of the world around him. It was not the circumstances that forced him to make the right decision, it was because he chose it and came to the conclusion of his own accord. He redeemed himself when it was inconvenient to him, when it came at the expense of his own personal

happiness, for the betterment of the people his previous actions had hurt. *That* is redemption. It is purposeful and it is chosen. The right choice should never be placed in the laps of the character we want to see redeemed; it should be found and fought for. Zuko is the perfect example of this.

"Like I said earlier: no, I don't like it. I didn't really like any of the plays we read this semester. But that's okay. Yeah, art is subjective. This kind of work is not the kind of storytelling I prefer. I wouldn't rewrite it—it's not my place, and more than that, it's not the kind of story I want to tell. It's successful in what Williams wants it to do: it examines the human condition and lays out its findings right in front of the audience. After reading it, we go home with a pit of existential dread, a reminder that humans can be cruel and twisted. We wonder what we are supposed to learn from this and we try our best to take away something, anything. And then, we go home and engage in *something else*. Something that makes us happy. Something that brings us joy. Something that reminds us the world can be good and kind. I'm not trying to sound ignorant, or annoyingly optimistic. It's just that over the course of my life, I have engaged in stories that are masterfully crafted, that have tragedy and pain and moments of hurt, but still at their core, exemplify *hope*. Those are the stories I want to write. Those are the stories I want to read. There can be beauty in pain. There can be majesty in tragedy. And I believe good stories must have those moments, those moments of almost hopelessness. But I believe in the light at the end of the tunnel. I believe in continuing on."

“You know, these poor guards can’t keep up with you when you bounce from spot to spot.” Percy sat down across from her, peeking around her pile of books and scrolls to try and meet her eyes.

Ayla did not move from her perch in the back of the castle library. In fact, she kept her gaze on the blurring words under her fingers. The moonlight from the window illuminated her own freckles so brightly she blinked several times to adjust.

“I am not particularly fond of being watched so closely in my own home, Captain.” She kept her words short and clipped.

“Ah. I see. You’re mad at me.” He leaned back against the chair, and she winced at the creak of old wood, and the way that her annoyance seemed to amuse him.

“I believe you’re taking suffocating precautions.” She turned the page casually. She was no longer actually reading but wanted to keep up appearances.

“The problem is we don’t know how people are reacting to the sudden news that the Spirit of the Sky has found a vessel again. And the only royal statement made was that the new spirit is staying in the castle. No one knows who it is. It’s not even publicly confirmed that they’re royalty—but there are rumors. So I wish to be as prepared as possible. Better to be safe than sorry.”

“The rumors of it being me are inevitable. I was not hidden well on the trek to the tower these past two days. A cloak can only do so much.”

“Which is why I have four guards outside the door and one in every corner of the library.”

“Except for this one.”

“Well, I’m sitting right in front of you.”

“Yes, I know, but I had hoped this visit would be from my brother and not the Captain of the guard.”

Percy was silent for a moment. Ayla sighed and shut her book sharply, uncomfortable in his quiet. She found herself uncomfortable in any quiet nowadays. The lingering stillness only reminded her that whether she liked it or not, something was missing.

“Did you sleep last night?” Percy stared her down.

“Yes.” She stared back.

“I was told your escort led you back to your room at half past three.”

Ayla turned her nose upwards and adjusted her glasses. “So now you’re spying on me?”

Percy’s gaze softened. He leaned forward and lowered his voice in an attempt to keep their conversation from the very same prying ears he had stationed there. “You can’t keep going like this.”

“I must,” was all she said.

“Do you really think attuning to the spirit is more important than your own health?”

“This is much larger than me.”

Percy made a face Ayla tried not to squirm under. That disappointed parental look that forced her to hold her tongue lest she jump right into defense against her known theatrics. Everyone had something to say about her theatrics these days, and yet so few tried to understand them.

“I know you think the stakes are life and death, but you have time. I wish you could understand this. Gwenevieve is trying to make something out of nothing. We can delay the official announcement for as long as you need. Simple as that.”



“Percy—” Ayla bit her lip and flinched. Over the past two days she had chewed her lips raw and accidentally nicked a particularly tender spot. She traced her tongue over it and drove the taste of blood away.

How could she tell him?

How could she explain that her vision of the sky falling meant so much more now?

If she couldn’t attune this Spirit of the Sky, if she couldn’t learn to live in tandem with it and act as a conduit for its power, Vikril would be able to take it in the blink of an eye.

But if she did attune—if she and this Spirit became one melody together, then her vision of the sky falling would be a direct result of her own—

“When was the last time you ate? When was the last time *she* ate? I sent you here to get her dinner order.”

Ayla snapped to attention at the sound of her sister’s voice, and saw her staring down at Percy with a perfectly painted scowl. Even frustrated, Ayla couldn’t help but notice her sister’s beauty. She really did have all the makings of a queen.

As if feeling her eyes, Bella directed her regal stare at Ayla.

Ayla met her gaze hesitantly and fiddled with her skirts under the table. Her sister knew too many of her nervous tells to display them so visibly.

“At sunset. I—”

“Oh, that’s stupid. This sunrise to sunset fasting thing is stupid.” She directed that last bit to Percy, as if wanting to vent about Ayla’s circumstances to him instead of her.

Ayla began, “It’s a sacred, time-honored tradition—”

“It’s a way for Gwenevieve to torture you.”

“Aurora endured the same trial. It took her three days to achieve attunement. I’ve only accomplished two. Perhaps tomorrow—”

Bella waved her off as she began to pace. “Things are different now. And the spirit chose her as a vessel when she was born. She had over a decade of living with it before learning how to—”

“I can’t hear the song anymore,” Ayla blurted.

Percy and Bella both turned to gape at her. And then they glanced behind them to remind Ayla that whatever she said to them she also said to every guard in this room. But Ayla did not care. She needed to tell someone. She needed to confess. She needed help.

“After that night in the throne room, when I fell asleep—”

“Fell asleep? Ayla, you passed out after sobbing into the floor for an hour begging us to make it stop!” Bella reminded, harshly.

“Regardless of the circumstances, upon awakening, I haven’t heard it since. This concerns me greatly. I am trying to see if—if that means I’ve lost it or if the Spirit is rejecting me or if Aurora accidentally silenced it. *That* is why when I am not stuck in that wretched tower, I am here, searching for answers.”

“Have you considered the Spirit is silent because you are neglecting your health and it needs you to be healthy to properly attune?”

“I…” Ayla faltered. “I had not considered this.”

“Go get her that strawberry cake. The one from yesterday’s dinner. And that special tea, the one I take before bed,” Bella told Percy.

He rose immediately, and Ayla found herself smirking. Bella truly was one of the only people able to successfully boss around the Captain of the Royal Guard.

She politely turned her head away when he leaned in to kiss her goodbye, and Ayla swallowed down the sudden ache in her heart at Caspian's ever present absence.

Bella took Percy's seat immediately after and grabbed a scroll from Ayla's pile.

"We can stay here until you've eaten. Then, you have to rest."

Ayla opened her mouth. There was so much she wanted to tell her sister. The storm of words threatened to escape her.

*I'm scared. I'm confused. I do not wish for the song to return. I miss the song and I fear I may never hear it again. I wish none of this had ever happened. I'm glad it chose me.*

"Aylary, I can practically see the gears in your head turning. What are you thinking?"

"Thank you." Ayla swallowed thickly and smoothed out the fabric of her skirt.

"You're thanking me now but you won't be when I drag you out of the library kicking and screaming." Bella paused. "You're welcome."

"Have Mother and Father expelled you of your other duties to come watch over me?"

"Ayla, watching over you was at the top of their list. And mine. We're going to figure this out. Together. I know you think you are, but you're not alone."

A comforting warmth blossomed in her chest. The familiar feeling of being seen and supported and cared for. And the warmth only grew when Percy arrived again with a steaming mug and a plate of dessert.

Bella moved from her place across Ayla to sit beside her, and Percy leaned back against his previous spot.

Surrounded on either side, this time by family instead of guards, she felt less confined. And as she rolled her eyes at Bella and Percy's not so secretive glances, lost herself in the

glorious work of cross referencing, and allowed the sweetness of her food to lull her into this state of content, the warmth overtook her.

One moment she stared down at an old scroll, deciphering the translation, and the next she lay in someone's hold as a comforting darkness washed over her eyes like a blanket.

"Is she asleep?" a hushed voice murmured.

"I mean, she seems to be. People aren't usually limp unless they're unconscious so—"

"Yes, I..." There was a pause. "I know this, Percival."

The someone holding her chuckled and she felt his laugh reverberate through his chest.

"I just wouldn't put it past her to fake it."

"I don't think she is. That tea is pretty strong. It knocks you out every time."

Oh. Those meddling know-it-alls had sedated her! Of course! She should have known the tea Bella took before bedtime was actual bedtime tea. Most likely full of chamomile and valerian roots and all other manner of natural sleep aids.

She would have pushed herself right out of Percy's arms to scold them if she had the energy. But all she could muster was a discontented whine and a brief twitch of her fingers.

She felt a gentle hand stroke her forehead and her thoughts drifted further into the abyss against her will.

She wondered, for a moment, if she only imagined the echoes of a familiar melody or if she was simply confusing peace with the song.

Or...

Or perhaps peace was the song. Perhaps there was no way to see them as two separate things anymore. She would never be able to know real peace again, not without the spirit's song ever present in her soul.

With one last deep exhale, before she could panic at this horrifying, and yet somehow exhilarating, discovery, she slipped completely under.

“Make sure to send that messenger for Gwenevieve tomorrow before dawn. I have some things to say to her before she escorts my sister to the tower tomorrow.”

*I'll Live In House My Whole Life*

When my mother says I can have it, my fantasies go wild.

I'll paint the kitchen green, the tile far from tame

I'll get new pillows for the love seat

But keep her reading room the same.

I'll fill her closet with my clothes

Redo the bathroom the way she'd want

With all my own touches and flair to flaunt

Isn't that the way it always goes?

When I sleep under the same ceiling my parents did,

maybe I'll understand,

why it was so easy to lift the covers for me

and spend all night holding my hand

We'll walk the stairs together

Even if I have to pretend

And I'll say sometimes change isn't always better

Home always wins out in the end