

# The Craft

by  
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by  
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FADE UP -

AERIAL SHOT

Several thousand feet above Los Angeles.

The afternoon sun streaks through layers of smog and haze.

ETHEREAL MUSIC

A word is handwritten across the screen: strange.

It dissolves away.

Another word: afraid.

Another: magic.

AN EXTREME CLOSE UP -

A beautiful young face, SARAH, seventeen years old.

The delicate curves of her features, her Botticelli hair, her creamy skin, don't hide a pervasive sadness.

SARAH'S VOICE

Something strange is going to happen here. I can't tell if I'm afraid or not. Nervous. I wish I could snap my fingers like magic and it would be a month from now. A year...

INT. AIRPLANE - AFTERNOON

Sarah sits next to the window, writing in a diary. Her father, ROGER BAILY, and her stepmother, JENNY, are beside her, getting ready for landing.

Sarah looks out the window.

AERIAL SHOT -

The plane enters frame below us, banks left and moves down into the murk.

EXT. AIRPORT - AFTERNOON

Confusion-- dozens of PASSENGERS, SKYCABS, all manner of PEOPLE swarm around Sarah, her father, Jenny, as the three try to find a taxi.

INT. CAB - AFTERNOON

Ignoring her parents' chatter, Sarah lies back, staring out the window, listless, mesmerized by the city as it glides by.

VARIOUS ANGLES - OUT THE WINDOW

ON A STREET CORNER - A WOMAN screams to high hell at her KIDS, little ones, who hold her hands, numbed by her raging.

IN A CENTER DIVIDER - An old Datsun has been neatly compressed into one third its original size by a huge delivery truck. POLICE and PARAMEDICS are all around. Two BODIES lie underneath blood-soaked white cloth covers. ONLOOKERS gape. SOMEONE is crying hysterically.

IN THE NEXT LANE - A jacked-down, customized, white-on-white BMW, cruises by. One of the darkly tinted windows is rolled down. A slumped-down GANG-BANGER with a shaved head and wraparound glasses leers at us.

ON A SIDEWALK - A towering, psychotic, HOMELESS MAN with rotting dreadlocks holds a sign aloft: "December 31, 1999 will be the end. PREPARE!!"

EXT. GLENDALE - AFTERNOON

Old Los Angeles: the CAB takes a turn up a hilly street.

EXT. - THE HOUSE

A hodgepodge of styles: rustic lodge turned Seventies party palace. Now it's painted an odd brown, overgrown with bouganvillea. Eucalyptus trees creak in the breeze.

But mostly, it's isolated; there doesn't seem to be a single house anywhere nearby.

Roger pays the cab.

ROGER

It reminds me of my parents' place in the Adirondacks. It was a great deal. Some actress in the Twenties built it as a hunting lodge. I love being away from the city noise.

A helicopter BUZZES overhead. They look up.

INT. LIVING ROOM -

The room is huge, with wood beam ceilings, a stuccoed-over stone fireplace. All of the Bailey's possessions are stacked in the middle of the floor, draped with furniture pads.

ROGER

I told them not to put everything in one place.

Jenny touches a Mexican light fixture.

JENNY

It's certainly got personality...

INT. KITCHEN -

Sarah walks into the kitchen, painted laquer-red, with Japanese lanterns and shoji screens.

SARAH

Multiple personality disorder.

INT. SARAH'S BEDROOM - DAY

The room is a hitherto unachieved shade of cadmium yellow. Sarah comes in, sees at it and sighs.

She opens a double-door closet, but it only leads OUTSIDE with a several story drop and no railing or balcony.

Roger and Jenny come in, see the Doorway to Nowhere.

ROGER

Hmm. That's not exactly to code... It's going to take some fixing up. But my nesting instinct is raging. What do you think?

SARAH

It's fine. Whatever...  
(walking out)  
I'm gonna go look for my clothes.

JENNY

Stop worrying. She'll be okay.

Her remark annoys him.

INT. LIVING ROOM -

Sarah is rummaging around in the huge pile of stuff. Behind her, the setting sun streams through the front door.

A figure is moving up the front steps, completely silhouetted.

BEHIND SARAH -

A shadow of a MAN moves up the far wall, stands in the doorway. The shadow holds up a snake.

IN ONE INSTANT:

MAN

Welcome to the end of the road.

Sarah turns, and sees a dirty VAGRANT with hollow eyes, smiling, snake in hand.

Sarah shifts into another mode.

VAGRANT'S POV OF SARAH - SOMETHING WEIRD IS HAPPENING: BRIGHT LIGHT starts to emanate from behind Sarah. And her face starts to CHANGE...

Startled, the Vagrant drops the SNAKE, steps back.

The SNAKE wriggles towards Sarah. She scrambles away, knocking a chair over.

ROGER  
(running down the stairs)  
Sarah...?

Roger sees the Man, picks up a fireplace poker and charges at him.

ROGER  
Get the fuck out of here!!!!!!

The Man jogs back, confused. Roger slams the door, breathes.

ROGER  
Sarah, are you alright?

SARAH  
(off somewhere)  
I... Yeah...

THROUGH A WINDOW - The Vagrant is running away, up the hillside.

VAGRANT  
Scary chick! Scary chick!

ANGLE - The snake is slithering across Roger's foot.

He raises the poker and slams it down with a fleshy PLONK.

INT. SARAH'S ROOM - NIGHT

Sarah sits on a mattress which has been made up for bed. She eats Chinese food from a container. Roger stands in her doorway.

ROGER  
The realtor said he's just a weird guy that lives in Griffith park... But he's never hurt anybody... You're not going to be spending any time here by yourself. Jenny or I will always be around.

SARAH  
I didn't say anything.

ROGER  
I just want peace and quiet for you...  
like the doctor said... Maybe we should  
move...

SARAH  
No, it's fine!

ROGER  
(backing off)  
Okay, alright.

Roger goes.

ANGLE - An old black and white PHOTO of Sarah's MOTHER in a garden.

Sarah takes the photo from a packing carton, touches the glass.

INT. SARAH'S ROOM - LATE NIGHT

Sarah lies there, eyes open.

OUT THE DOOR TO NOWHERE - It's very dark.

A breeze rustles the trees. We hear the clock TICKING.

AN ALARM goes off. A hand reaches for it.

INT. BEDROOM - MORNING

This is a different bedroom, fully furnished, very subdued.

A teenage girl is getting out of bed, BONNIE STEWART, somber, pale, covered in a longsleeved nightgown. She puts her hair up in a ponytail while she gets her bearings.

INT. CLOSET -

Bonnie pulls out a grey Catholic school uniform. She stops and looks in her full-length closet mirror. She slips her nightgown off.

We are looking OVER HER SHOULDER, but we see just enough of some very extensive, reddish scarring across her shoulders, chest and arms.

Something awful happened to her.

Bonnie looks in her own eyes, doesn't like what she sees.

A MOTHER'S VOICE  
(from somewhere)  
Bonnie, are you up?

BONNIE  
Yeah.

INT. KITCHEN IN HANCOCK PARK - MORNING

An attractive, well-coiffed black MOTHER, is just finishing a pan of scrambled eggs in her very upscale kitchen. She moves to the tastefully decorated

BREAKFAST NOOK

which contains an extremely handsome black family: FATHER, BROTHERS, SISTERS and ROCHELLE MACK, 16, model-pretty and thin. She almost makes her familiar grey Catholic school uniform look glamorous.

Rochelle scoops up some scrambled eggs, her second helping, and wolfs them down.

Rochelle's Mother watches this carefully.

ROCHELLE'S FATHER  
(to a brother)  
You can get the verbal up. Stanford puts a lot of weight on those scores.

ROCHELLE'S BROTHER  
Yes, sir.

ROCHELLE'S FATHER  
(to Rochelle)  
How's your half gainer coming in practice, honey?

ROCHELLE  
Good, I guess.

ROCHELLE'S FATHER  
That sounds good...  
(mockingly to the rest of the table)  
...I guess.

ROCHELLE  
(leaving the table)  
Excuse me.

ROCHELLE'S MOTHER  
Where are you going?

ROCHELLE

To get my books. Is that alright?

An ongoing tension between them.

INT. ROCHELLE'S BATHROOM -

Rochelle is crouched over the toilet, an empty package of plain doughnuts lying nearby. She wipes her mouth, flushes the toilet. A KNOCK on the door.

ROCHELLE'S MOTHER

(from outside)

Rochelle, you're going to miss your ride.

Rochelle very carefully and silently folds up the doughnut wrapper and puts it in her bookbag.

She picks up stray crumbs as she goes to the door.

ROCHELLE'S MOTHER

(from outside)

Rochelle?

INT. HALLWAY OF A TRAILER HOME - MORNING

NANCY DOWNS comes out of the bathroom. She wears the same uniform as the others, but with a white-trash vibe: bleach-blonde hair, too much makeup, an ankle tatoo.

Nancy is face to face with RAY, paunchy, unshaven, in Roto-Rooter cover-alls. As the two maneuver past each other in the tiny hallway, Ray looks down her shirt.

RAY

Did I ever tell you I have a thing for girls in Catholic school uniforms?

Nancy scratches her cheek while giving him the finger.

NANCY

(acid)

Yeah, Ray. But I love hearing it again every morning.

He laughs a smoker's laugh which turns into a smoker's cough. Then he lights up.

INT. TINY MASTER BEDROOM - CONT.

Nancy's mother, GRACE, is out cold on the bed amidst a wine bottle, an overturned ashtray, a TV Guide.

NANCY

Mom...

No response. Nancy goes to the purse on the bedside table, opens the wallet: a few singles, coins. Nancy takes it all.

EXT. TRAILER - MORNING

Nancy steps outside the dilapidated TRAILER set in the backyard of an even more dilapidated old BUNGALOW.

EXT. SILVERLAKE BUS STOP - MORNING

Nancy scans for a seat amid sea of HISPANIC WOMEN, all chattering on in Spanish.

Nancy sits in back. Across the aisle are two ninth grade BOYS in school uniforms. They whisper to each other when they see Nancy.

One of them starts miming a blow job.

Nancy turns.

NANCY

If you don't stop, I'll fucking rip your testicles off.

The Boys are afraid.

EXT. ST. BERNARDS ACADEMY - MORNING

BUSES and CARS deposit swarms of uniformed STUDENTS. The school has a fading elegance: graceful stuccoed buildings, cracked, patched and tinged with graffiti.

INT. SCHOOL HALLWAY - DAY

CHRIS HOOKER, TREY HANTHAM, MITT ROGERS, and a handful of other JOCKS hang by the water fountain, perched on either side of the hall.

A spindly-looking lower-class BOY, has to walk through them.

Trey and Mitt merely glare at the boy. This is enough to make him sprint off.

MITT

Oh look. It's the Reining Miss Trailer Trash USA, the anorexic freakazoid, and Freddy Krueger's monster bride.

Bonnie, Rochelle and Nancy are approaching. The Boys fall silent as they pass.

Trey coughs artfully spitting out the word 'scum fuck' or 'fuck me' or 'blow job'. Other boys follow suit, except Chris, who seems annoyed.

CHRIS  
Watch the fucking language, you guys.

Nancy glares at Chris: SOMETHING BETWEEN THEM.

BONNIE  
So many men, so little ammunition.

DOWN THE HALLWAY -

Once they reach their lockers, Bonnie pulls out a strange paperback.

BONNIE  
The Almanac says today will bring an arrival of something...?  
(finding it, reading)  
"...a new wholeness, and with it, a new balance between North, South, East and West. Earth, Air, Water, and Fire... Maybe it's a fourth.

NANCY  
Aren't we good enough?

BONNIE  
Four would make a ring.

NANCY  
Look. There's our fourth.

ANGLE - A huge, rather macho-looking, uniformed female SECURITY GUARD.

The girls LAUGH.

INT. FRENCH CLASS - DAY

Bonnie sits in French class, trying her best to avoid the gaze of MONSIEUR THEPOT, the rakish, fortyish French teacher. He speaks only IN FRENCH and is SUBTITLED.

THEPOT  
Welcome back, class. I hope you had a fine weekend. Monsieur Rogers, how was your weekend?

MITT  
Tray bee-in, Mon-sewer.

THEPOT

How did you spend your weekend? At the beach? At a rock concert? Looking for girls?

Mitt looks lost.

THEPOT

Cherchez les femmes? Hmmm? Les femmes?

Thepot makes an hourglass shape in the air.

MITT

You mean did I get any pussy?

The class LAUGHS. Thepot is not amused.

THEPOT

En francais, Monsieur Rogers.

MITT

Oui. Bow-coup de pussy, Mon-sewer Thepot.

SARAH

(from somewhere, in  
perfect French)

Like hell you did, you pig.

Heads turn. Thepot smiles.

THEPOT

Ah, Mademoiselle Baily, our new student. Your French is excellent. Did you live in France or Canada?

SARAH

No, but I went to a school where they did not allow Cro-Magnon men into the classroom.

Thepot is impressed.

ANGLE - BONNIE - She stares at Sarah.

MITT

Jesus... You know in LA we should be learning Mexican anyway.

SARAH

(in English)

Then why are you taking French?

MITT

Because I want to be near you,  
(muttering)  
...fuckin' bitch.

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The boys laugh, except for Chris.

THEPOT

Monsieur Rogers! That's enough! Alright,  
Mademoiselle Martin...

Thepot keeps talking in French but it FADES AWAY as we  
MOVE IN on Sarah. She's watching something.

UP AHEAD - Bonnie takes a pencil and stands it on its lead  
point, balancing it with her index finger.

She stares at the pencil and concentrates.

She takes her finger away, and the pencil stays standing.

Sarah watches, mesmerized.

Bonnie turns to Sarah.

The pencil falls.

Bonnie's expressionless stare shoots through Sarah.

INT. BIOLOGY LAB - DAY

Class hasn't started yet. Nancy and Rochelle are at a rear  
lab table.

ROCHELLE

That fucking Laura Lizzie.

ANGLE - LAURA LIZZIE, a muscular, blonde swimmer, joking with  
her LAB GROUP.

NANCY

What about her?

ROCHELLE

— Last Friday I couldn't find my clothes...  
They were floating in the pool. My mother  
had to drive me home in my bathing suit.

NANCY

Why didn't you say anything?

ROCHELLE

I'd quit the team, but my dad would have  
a brain hemorrhage.

Bonnie rushes in, excited.

BONNIE  
She's here.

ROCHELLE  
Who?

BONNIE  
Someone to be the fourth. I know she's  
the one.

NANCY  
Shut up.

BONNIE  
I'm serious. She's in here next. Look.

Sarah wanders in, confused. She talks to a TEACHER up front  
who directs her to take a seat. Sarah comes to the Girls.

SARAH  
Can I sit here?

Nancy crosses her eyes.

NANCY  
(funny voice)  
Frankly honey, we'd prefer it if you  
didn't.

Sarah walks off.

BONNIE  
(calling after Sarah)  
No, you can have it...

Too late. She's at another table.

BONNIE  
(to Nancy)  
Happy now?

NANCY  
\_ She's a freak.

BONNIE  
Then she'll fit right in.

NANCY  
(eyes crossed)  
Uh oh. I think my eyes are stuck.

EXT. COMMONS - DAY

Sarah is eating lunch by herself when she notices Rochelle,  
Bonnie and Nancy across the way, staring at her.

Someone sits down at her table. It's Chris Hooker, from French class.

CHRIS

Sarah. Right? Hi. I'd like to apologize for those guys.

(off her confused look)

Trey and Mitt in French, the Cro-Magnum men. I'm Chris.

(he sits)

SARAH

So many people have been rude, it's hard to keep track.

CHRIS

Who else?

SARAH

Don't stare. Check out four o'clock.

Chris very artfully yawns and stretches, turning his head to see the Girls.

CHRIS

Oh shit. It's Fear, Loathing and Pestilence. Whatever you do, stay away from them.

WITH THE GIRLS - Bonnie is watching closely.

BONNIE

They're talking about us. I can tell.

Chris sneaks a nervous look at Bonnie.

BONNIE

...He's telling her about me, the scars.

Nancy's hand goes on Bonnie's shoulder.

BACK WITH CHRIS AND SARAH -

CHRIS

...she's got these burn scars all over her body. I haven't seen them, but I know people who have... Anyway, people say some even scarier shit about them...

SARAH

What?

CHRIS  
They're witches.

SARAH  
Really?

CHRIS  
No. I don't think so. They just have that  
bitchy-witchy-Stevie Nicks-thing  
happening.

He touches her hair.

SARAH  
What are you doing?

He buries his face in it and sniffs. She tries to pull away.

CHRIS  
I have a hair fetish. You use... Pantene.

SARAH  
That's impressive.

CHRIS  
What are you doing after school?

SARAH  
Nothing, I guess.

CHRIS  
Really? I'm busy.

Annoyed, she finally swats him out of her hair.

CHRIS  
Football practice.

SARAH  
Let me guess. Quarterback.

Chris smiles his shit-eating grin and gets up.

CHRIS  
You could come and watch. A lot of the  
girls do.

SARAH  
No thanks. I just remembered I've got an  
appointment for some root canal and I'm  
really looking forward to it.

CHRIS  
I think you'll be there.

SARAH

Think again.

He wanders off, taking some French Fries from a SPINDLY FRESHMAN, smiling back at us.

EXT. FOOTBALL FIELD - DAY

Several cars are parked next to the field with several GIRLFRIENDS sitting inside, eating, trying to do homework, but mostly watching their BOYS doing scrimmages.

ANGLE - BEHIND SOME TREES - We spy Sarah, doing her best not to be seen. She scans for Chris on the field.

A VOICE

Looking for something?

Sarah turns. Nancy, Bonnie and Rochelle are right there.

SARAH

No...

BONNIE

Some of these football dicks make their girlfriends come watch them practice. As if it's interesting.

SARAH

Really?

NANCY

Like your best friend Chris Hooker.

SARAH

He's a jerk.

BONNIE

He hates us.

SARAH

Why?

NANCY

Because we're not standing in line for permission to lick the sweat off his fat butt.

The girls laugh, even Sarah a little.

ROCHELLE

Nancy's sorry about what happened in Biology. We want you to sit with us.

SARAH

Nancy?

BONNIE

(pointing)

She's Nancy. I'm Rochelle. And that's Bonnie.

SARAH

Hi, I'm...

BONNIE

We know who you are. Do you want to go to the mall with us?

SARAH

I have to get home. My dad...

ROCHELLE

Come on. It's a really cool mall, and really unique because there's a Gap and a Benetton and a Mrs. Fields Cookies and a Brookstone, so, it's like different from all the other malls.

NANCY

Or you can stay and watch Chris.

SARAH

I'm not watching Chris.

NANCY

So let's go already...

They start walking off. Sarah thinks for a second, then follows.

ROCHELLE

What's today's color?

BONNIE

Red.

SARAH

What's red?

ROCHELLE

Everything we steal today has to be red.

CUT TO - A CLOSE UP

A SNAKE slithers at us.

Sarah lurches away.

INT. PET STORE - AFTERNOON

The girls watch this. Rochelle wears a bright red beret, Nancy red high tops.

NANCY  
Not a snake fan?

Nancy leads them out of the pet store.

INT. CLOTHING BOUTIQUE - DAY

Browsing.

BONNIE  
What does your father do?

SARAH  
Retail consultant for Holland Ross. You ever take one of those?

BONNIE  
It's a little conservative for me.

Bonnie twists a new red scarf around her neck. Sarah looks around, nervous. A bitchy SALESMAN is eyeing them.

BONNIE  
You know, everything in nature steals. Big animals take from little ones.

NANCY  
This place blows. Let's make like Tom and cruise.

ROCHELLE  
Let's make like Hemingway and book.

BONNIE  
Let's make like Smuckers and jam.

They look at Sarah.

SARAH  
Let's make like a baby and head out.

The girls LAUGH, moving to the door.

SALESMAN  
Young lady, that scarf...

They all make a b-line for the exit... except Sarah who stands right in front of the Salesman.

She touches his hand.

SARAH

Excuse me...

THE SALESMAN'S POV - Sarah looking straight at him.

Sarah's eyes are riveting.

Everything behind her is brightening, FADING TO a shimmering WHITE, until it melts down. Sarah's shape is darkening INTO SHADOW, dissipating.

SARAH

(weird, echoey)

Excuse me...

BEHIND SARAH'S BACK - Nancy waves the girls away. They run.

BACK IN THE VISION -

Sarah's shape thins and twists into a wire hanger. It falls.

With a CLANG, everything snaps back to NORMAL.

The Salesman bends over, dumbstruck, to pick up a wire hanger.

Sarah stands over him, holding up a shirt.

SARAH

(impatient)

Excuse me, do you have this in a medium?

SALESMAN

I, uh...?

The Salesman rubs his temples and sits down on the floor.

SALESMEN

Oh my.. I've just got to cut back on the Nutrasweet. I know that's what it is. I just read an article... I'm sorry. You were asking...?

SARAH

Nevermind.

EXT. MALL - AFTERNOON

The three Girls wait just outside the main entrance, as Sarah comes out.

NANCY

What did you say to that guy?

SARAH

Nothing.

BONNIE

I think we should take Sarah to the candle shop?

SARAH

I'm not really into candles.

Bonnie and Rochelle give a look to Nancy.

ROCHELLE

You'll like these.

EXT. SILVERLAKE - AFTERNOON

Rochelle's beret, Nancy's high tops, and Bonnie's scarf. Together with Sarah they march through a graffitti-splattered part of town.

ROCHELLE

Why did you move down to L.A.?

Long silence.

SARAH

I killed myself.

(laughing coldly)

I mean, I tried to... People found out. My dad couldn't handle it. He got a transfer.

ROCHELLE

Oh.

Sarah walks ahead.

The girls all look at each other.

INT. CANDLE SHOP - AFTERNOON

Dark, Catholic, and decrepit. The proprietor, an ethereal Latina with a lined face, named LIRIO, eyes the Girls warily. Sarah browses the occult paraphenalia.

Rochelle comes over and hands Sarah a book.

SARAH

I have a diary.

ROCHELLE

This is better. You put spells and power thoughts in it. Then don't let anyone read it, ever. Except maybe us.

SARAH

You guys are all into this?

ROCHELLE

Sort of.

Rochelle slips some incense into her pocket and wanders off.

Nancy approaches a PAINTING surrounded by candles and mirrors. The PAINTING is of a woman, a witch probably, enveloped in electric light, deep in the throes of ecstatic pain or pleasure.

A small plaque below reads: 'Invocation of the Spirit.'

Bonnie walks up.

NANCY

I want to see a god.

BONNIE

That's nice, Nancy.

The girls stare at the painting.

WITH SARAH - She continues to browse. Books, medallions.

She picks up a boxed set of candles, red, black, white. She smells them.

Just then, a MIDDLE-AGED COUPLE enters the shop. They nod to Lirio, then disappear behind a black curtain in the back of the store. Sarah is curious.

She approaches the curtain.

Suddenly a wrinkled hand stops her.

LIRIO

That's not for you.

SARAH

Sorry...

Lirio sees an old ring on Sarah's hand.

LIRIO

A beautiful ring. It was your mother's.

SARAH  
(taken aback)

Yes.

Lirio looks at the box of candles, the book.

LIRIO  
You going to pay for those?  
(off Sarah's nod)  
Not like your friends.

They go to the counter. Sarah pays.

LIRIO  
You know how to use candles?

SARAH  
You light the wick.

LIRIO  
More than that. Red is for love. Black  
is... Here. Take this. Read it.

Lirio gives her a small book covered in Old English script  
and engravings.

SARAH  
I've never read any books about... you  
know... I just... kind of... feel it...

LIRIO  
Did someone teach you? Your mother?

SARAH  
No, she's dead.

LIRIO  
You are a Natural Witch. Self-taught.  
Your power comes from within.

Lirio touches Sarah's hand, the ring, nodding, giving Sarah a  
creepy smile.

BONNIE  
(calling)  
Sarah, come on...

Sarah goes to the girls.

EXT. CANDLE SHOP - CONT.

As they trudge off.

NANCY  
I can't believe you paid. It's so  
embarrassing.

EXT. BAILEY HOUSE - EVENING

Sarah trudges up the driveway. It's dark, and the hills are quiet.

INT. FRONT HALLWAY - EVENING

Sarah's father and Jenny are sitting in the dining room looking very agitated. When Sarah comes in, he jumps up.

ROGER

Where the hell have you been?

SARAH

Just hanging out with some friends from school.

ROGER

It's seven o'clock in the evening. We were this far away from calling the police!

SARAH

Relax. I'm not dead.

This stops him cold. Sarah runs upstairs.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Sarah has passed out on her bed, still in her clothes. She has lit a dozen or so of the CANDLES from the store.

The breeze from the open Doorway to Nowhere lightly tosses the flames to and fro.

Sarah BREATHES heavily while she sleeps.

The sound of her BREATH is growing deeper, cavernous, like some huge beast... and it synchs with the BREEZE from the window.

The CANDLES are blowing out and relighting with each BREEZE, with each breath.

Suddenly the PHONE RINGS. Sarah dives for it.

The BREEZE stops.

SARAH

Hello?

VOICE

What are you wearing?

SARAH

Who is this...? Oh.

CHRIS' VOICE

I need a mental picture otherwise I won't be able to get my rocks off. This is 976-HOTT, right?

SARAH

You're sick. How did you get my number?

CHRIS' VOICE

Inflamation... I looked for you on the field.

SARAH

I told you. Root canal.

CHRIS' VOICE

This Friday. After practice. A real date. I'll buy you dinner and you'll give me sex.

SARAH

You're a pervert.

CHRIS' VOICE

I'll take that as a yes. Later.

CLICK.

SARAH

Hello?

She lies back, slightly annoyed, but rather more excited.

EXT. AMBASSADOR HOTEL ROOFTOP - EVENING

Sarah and Chris lie beneath the dilapidated neon 'Ambassador Hotel' sign. Chris kisses her, rapaciously, bending her body around his, stroking her everywhere.

His mouth goes down her chest, as he opens buttons on her uniform blouse.

Sarah is not emotionally engaged. She watches a smog-hued sunset.

Just then, Trey and Laura Lizzie round a corner, hand in hand. Sarah smiles at them, embarrassed.

LAURA

It was nice to meet you, Sarah.

SARAH  
Eye, Laura.

TREY  
We'll catch you later, bro.

CHRIS  
(coming up for air)  
Peace.

Laura and Trey descend a ladder.

Chris dives back into Sarah. He starts unbuttoning his pants, pushing her down.

SARAH  
Wait... I... I'm just not... I don't want  
to do this...

Chris dives away from her, panting.

He catches his breath.

CHRIS  
It's cool. We can just, you know... hang.

He stuffs something back in his pants and zips up..

He puts his arm around her, gives her a polite peck on the cheek, and checks out the sunset.

SARAH  
Thanks.

CHRIS  
(acid)  
No. Thank you.

Awkward.

INT. BIOLOGY LAB - DAY

The Teacher is lecturing. Sarah and the girls WHISPER.

BONNIE  
Do you know what they're saying about  
you? About what happened at the  
Ambassador with Chris?

SARAH  
What?

BONNIE  
That you slept with him.

SARAH

But I didn't. I should talk to him.

NANCY

Before you talk to Chris, you should probably know the whole story. Maybe he's just trying to save face or something, but he's also been saying you weren't very good.

SARAH

What???

NANCY

Something about you being too big down there.

Sarah is mortified. She turns around.

Laura Lizzie and her LAB GROUP look away, avoiding Sarah. But one of them nudges Laura and they all laugh.

ROCHELLE

Nancy used to go out with Chris, didn't you Nancy...?

NANCY

Rochelle...

ROCHELLE

And he said even worse stuff about you?

NANCY

Fuck off, you barf machine.

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

Sarah is walking toward her locker when she sees Chris, Trey, Mitt and the other Jocks in their formation on either side of the hallway.

She wavers, then decides to keep going.

Chris won't look at her as she passes.

Trey coughs out a 'hosebag'. Mitt coughs out a 'used up hole'.

Sarah just keeps going.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

Roger and Jenny and Sarah sit around the kitchen table, eating dinner in SILENCE.

Roger's about to say something to Sarah, but he's not sure how to from his thoughts into words.

Sarah looks at him.

SARAH

What? Why don't you just say it...? You never just say what it is.

Roger gives up. Sarah shakes her head. They eat in SILENCE.

INT. KITCHEN - LATER

Sarah is washing dishes. Jenny comes in with dirty plates.

JENNY

He worries.

SARAH

Tell him not to bother.

INT. SARAH'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Sarah lies on her bed, eyes red from crying. She looks wan, empty. She gets up and locks her door.

She goes to her desk and opens a drawer. Inside: amidst pencils and pens, an EXACTO KNIFE. She picks it up and goes into

INT. BATHROOM - CONT.

She goes to the mirror and cuts open a vein on each wrist with the knife.

Blood drips down onto her white tile floor.

She reaches for a glass and fills it with water from the tap.

A little blood drips in too.

She drinks the pinkish water.

She wavers, and the glass drops, SMASH!

Water, blood, shards of glass on the floor, all around her feet.

Blood still drips down her hands, off the tips of her fingers.

She looks in the mirror. She's pale.

She falls to the floor, into a pool of red.

ANGLE - There's knocking on the bedroom door.

ROGER

Sarah. Why did you lock the door...?  
Sarah!

POUNING. The door rattles.

Sarah wants to move, to get help, but she's frozen.

She tries to speak. She tries to move her arms. But nothing.

The door BOWS in with an attempt to break it down WHAM!

Then it's quiet. No one's trying to help.

TIGHT ON SARAH'S FACE - She's crawling to the door. Her body is like lead.

Gradually we PULL BACK to reveal she is on her bed.

There's no blood.

She rubs her wrists: they're normal.

She rolls over on her back, burying her face in her arms.

There's a distant KNOCK at the front door.

VOICES.

Sarah gets up, peeks out.

ANGLE - DOWN THE STAIRS

Roger is talking to Nancy, Bonnie and Rochelle.

BONNIE

She didn't tell you that we were all going to the movies?

ROGER

Frankly, no. I think she's asleep.

BONNIE

Well, tell her 'the girls' came by.

ROGER

I certainly will. Goodnight.

The Girls start walking out.

Sarah watches them go for a beat, then:

SARAH

Wait.

The Girls hear her and turn back, see her at the top of the stairs.

SARAH

Sorry, you guys. I forgot. Gimme a minute.

Sarah runs to her closet.

INT. MERCEDES STATION WAGON - NIGHT

Rochelle's glacial Mother drives.

SILENCE.

Nancy makes a lewd gesture by slipping her tongue through her fingers.

Bonnie and Rochelle GIGGLE.

EXT. CINEPLEX - NIGHT

Green hat, green Keds, green T-shirt and green Swatch Watch pile out of the car. Rochelle waves goodbye and they march up to the box office as the car drives off.

SARAH

What are we seeing?

The Girls lead Sarah away, down the street.

SARAH

Where are you going?

EXT. HOLLYWOOD SIDE STREET - NIGHT

Dark and seedy. Abandoned cars and empty lots.

BONNIE

Look straight ahead and keep up.

Sarah braces as they approach...

EXT. HOLLYWOOD BOULEVARD - NIGHT

The Girls parade stalwart through the mass psychosis.

Sarah steals glimpses from the corner of her eye: BEGGARS, PIMPS, CRIPPLES, RUNAWAYS, DEALERS. Noise, SCREAMING, SIRENS, LAUGHTER.

With their game faces, the Girls pass unnoticed.

A STREET WOMAN shuffles by, clutching a dirty, crying BABY.

STREET WOMAN  
Please... my baby needs food...

Sarah stops, heartbroken.

ROCHELLE  
Sarah, come on...

The Girls keep walking. The Street Woman notices Sarah.

STREET WOMAN  
Not for me. For the baby...

Suddenly Sarah has become a target. Everyone is looking at her. Someone jostles her. A PIMP turns around, scoping her out.

PIMP  
Honey child... I like your style...

He's blocking her way. She looks for the Girls.

SARAH  
You guys...

But they're gone. From down the boulevard, a weird STREET PREACHER spies Sarah.

PREACHER  
Jezebel! Hold on, Jezebel! Jesus is coming! Here comes Jesus!

She turns and runs, and hits smack dab into a dirty Vagrant. He is familiar.

VAGRANT  
I know you... I know where you live...

Sarah recognizes him: he stood in the doorway with the snake.

He holds her arm.

VAGRANT  
At the end of the road...

Sarah SCREAMS and pulls away, running straight INTO THE STREET -

A car HONKS. Another SCREECHES to a halt right at Sarah's feet.

DRIVER

You fuckin' idiot!

ANGLE - The Vagrant is coming after her, into the lanes of traffic.

The Girls have noticed where Sarah is. They see the Vagrant.

VERY QUICK: Bonnie, Rochelle and Nancy each thinking something. They are cool.

Sarah looks at the Vagrant, thinks the same thing.

A speeding SPORT TRUCK with monster wheels catches the Vagrant.

His legs get caught under the wheels. He SCREAMS as his legs are crushed.

People YELLING.

A hand comes out of nowhere and grabs a dumbstruck Sarah. It's Bonnie.

BONNIE

Why didn't you keep up like I said?

Motorcycle Cops descend on the scene. Pandemonium.

ROCHELLE

Let's get out of here.

EXT. PARK - NIGHT

The four Girls sprawl on the grass, in the dark. We only catch glimpses of their faces when the light of distant headlights passes over them. The wind is RUSTLING through the trees.

ROCHELLE

It was weird. I thought, maybe he'll get hit. That would stop him. And then...

BONNIE

I thought the same thing.

NANCY

Me too.

SARAH

I guess we all did.

BONNIE

He was coming after you. He deserved it.

ROCHELLE

Did we make it happen?

BONNIE

Maybe we did. Maybe Noah did. No way to be sure.

ROCHELLE

It's Manon.

BONNIE

Whatever.

SARAH

What's that, God?

BONNIE

Man invented God. This is older than that. She's the trees, the rocks, the ground, everything.

SARAH

Nature.

BONNIE

It's nature. It's everything.

NANCY

If God and the Devil were playing football, Manon would be the field. Or the stadium.

BONNIE

Or maybe God created Earth and left him in charge? Actually, we're not sure.

SARAH

Do you think it's him or her?

NANCY

It's kind of a transexual, I guess.

BONNIE

Does stuff like tonight happen to you a lot?

Sarah nods quietly.

ROCHELLE

Where did you learn it?

SARAH

It was always there. I just had to find it. I don't know...

BONNIE

A natural witch...

SARAH

My mother was a witch. She died when I was born.

ROCHELLE

Everything we know is from books and stuff.

BONNIE

I guess we finally found our fourth.

NANCY

So what can you do? Can you really do things? Anything you want?

SARAH

No...

ROCHELLE

One time we chanted all night over an algebra test. The next day we all got the same grade.

SARAH

Really?

ROCHELLE

Three 'F's. We should have studied.

They laugh.

NANCY

Have you ever heard of 'Invoking the Spirit'?

SARAH

No...

NANCY

It's when you ask him to come. Manon. And he just fills you. He makes everything alright. He takes what's wrong with your life and makes it right.

Sarah turns to face the breeze.

SARAH

Nothing makes everything alright.

BLUE SKY -

Rochelle steps up in a bathing suit.

EXT. SCHOOL POOL - DAY

The whole DIVING TEAM, including Laura Lizzie and her Friends, as well as several COACHES are watching.

Rochelle puts her shoulders back, balances, and concentrates.

She bounces up and down and springs out.

LAURA

Shark! Oh wait... nevermind.

Rochelle is thrown, her body contorts, and WHAM!

FROM UNDERWATER - She belly flops.

The COACH winces.

Laura and her friends clap politely.

LAURA

Superb. Absolutely superb.

Rochelle struggles to the surface.

INT. LOCKERS - DAY

Laura and her Friends are just getting dressed when Rochelle nears, wrapped in a towel.

ROCHELLE

Why are you doing this to me, Laura?

LAURA

(to her friends,  
wincing)

Does anybody else smell that?

ROCHELLE

I just want to know why!

LAURA

Because you dive like shit and you smell like shit. Okay?

Laura and her friends walk off.

BY ROCHELLE'S LOCKER -

She opens the door, sighs.

ROCHELLE  
Where are my clothes?

INT. COACHES OFFICE - DAY

Rochelle, wrapped in a man's bathrobe, talks with the Coach.

COACH  
How do I know Laura took your clothes?

ROCHELLE  
She admitted it!

COACH  
Listen, honey, if you put half as much energy into arching your back as you do into this thing with Laura, you'd be a whole helluva lot better off. To be perfectly honest, if your father wasn't on the board, you wouldn't even be on the team...

Rochelle stands there. ANOTHER COACH comes in.

OTHER COACH  
We found your clothes, Rochelle. They weren't in the pool.

ROCHELLE  
Where were they?

LOOKING INTO THE BOYS LOCKER -

Rochelle stands there, numb, as a janitor fishes her clothes out of a urinal with a rake. A lunky FOOTBALL PLAYER takes a leak in the background.

JANITOR  
You want me to rinse 'em off or you want 'em like this?

Something clicks in Rochelle.

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

Laura and her Friends are walking along TALKING and LAUGHING.

Sarah comes towards them.

She bisects Laura's group, physically brushing up against Laura.

Her fingers grab several strands of hair, and yank.

LAURA

Ow! You pulled my hair out!

SARAH

Sorry. It must have gotten caught on my ring.

LAURA

Stupid fucking idiot...

They walk off. Sarah smiles, clutching the hair.

INT. SARAH'S ROOM - NIGHT

All the Girls are staying over. The Home Shopping Network drones on while Bonnie is busy braiding Laura's hair into the back of Rochelle's.

Rochelle lights a candle, WHISPERS something.

BONNIE

If Laura leaves you alone starting now, nothing will happen. Nothing could.

ROCHELLE

Fat chance.

Nancy is cutting cake into pieces, pouring wine into a cup on a tray. She passes it to Rochelle who is on her right.

Rochelle drinks. Sarah takes the tray.

SARAH

Do you think the ancients used fat-free lemon twist for their cakes and wine ceremony?

Nancy sips the wine, eats a piece of cake.

ROCHELLE

I thought you weren't supposed to.

BONNIE

Rochelle...

ROCHELLE

That's what she said. If she has one, she'll just have another.

NANCY

I had a alcohol problem.

ROCHELLE

And cocaine too, right? And crack. And cough medicine. And...

NANCY  
Rochelle, shut the fuck up! Jesus...

Bonnie picks up the black and white PHOTO of SARAH'S MOTHER.

BONNIE  
Who's this?

SARAH  
My real mother.

BONNIE  
She looks just like you...

INT. CAFETERIA - DAY  
A COUPLE OF TABLES AWAY -

Chris, Trey, Mitt and the other Jocks shooting the shit.  
Chris' back is to us.

CHRIS  
...skanky, flabby, stretched out, smelly,  
crusty, aged up, dried out, did I say  
smelly already...?

TREY  
Twice.

CHRIS  
...smelly, scabby, infested, infected,  
old hole.

The guys chuckle. Mitt sees something, looks really  
embarrassed.

MITT  
Chris, there she is.

CHRIS  
Shut the fuck up.  
(turns)  
Oh shit.  
(smiles)  
Hi Sarah.

Sarah, sitting with Rochelle, has just heard all of this. The  
Boys are laughing.

FLASH! A camera snaps off.

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

Bonnie stands in front of the boys' bathroom with the camera  
as Chris comes out.

CHRIS  
What's the deal?

BONNIE  
(walking off)  
Oh sorry. I thought you were somebody else.

CHRIS  
What? Is Keanu Reeves hanging out in our bathroom?

INT. BONNIE'S ROOM - NIGHT

Sarah has her little spell book. Rochelle is cutting the picture of Chris into a small pentagon.

SARAH  
(reading)  
Chris Hooker is trying to ruin my life. He lies about me. He humiliates me in front of people. Manon, I ask that Chris Hooker feel the same pain that I feel. Measure for measure. Please do what's fair. Whatever it is. I mean, don't pull his limbs from his body or anything like that. On second thought, you can if you want to.

Rochelle and Nancy laugh.

Rochelle pastes the picture of Chris into the book, upsidedown. Nancy holds out a red candle and drips wax around the edges. She has a handful of red rose petals.

NANCY  
Press these into the wax before it cools.

SARAH  
I've never done this kind of spell. I don't know if it'll work.

NANCY  
We'll make it work.

BONNIE  
I want to ask for something too... I... I want to be like I was before... I'm sick of being ugly...

She runs her hands over her skin.

SARAH  
You're not ugly.

ROCHELLE

It doesn't matter what people think.

NANCY

Bullshit.

ROCHELLE

Beauty is a trap. Men use it to imprison women. Real beauty is internal.

BONNIE

Easy for you to say. I hate the way I look. Did you know my name means 'pretty'? Like it's a joke.

SARAH

Why do you want to change the way you look, Bonnie?

BONNIE

For me. I want it for me. For when I look in the mirror in the morning.

ROCHELLE

...I guess that's different.

NANCY

To getting what you want.

Nancy raises her cigarette and takes a drag.

EXT. ROCHELLE'S ROOM - DAY

Nancy, Bonnie and Sarah are sprawled on Rochelle's floor, eating Snackwells. Rochelle comes in with two containers, handing one to Sarah and Bonnie.

ROCHELLE

Make sure the oil's not too hot.

Sarah sticks her fingers inside the mixture of oil and herbs.

SARAH

It's fine. The rosemary smells nice. Where's the tannis and the pennyroyal?

ROCHELLE

(handing them to her)

I told my mom we were making pasta. She was like, "That's nice, dear."

BONNIE

Turn off the lights.

Nancy does. Candles are lit. Bonnie slips her shirt over her head, exposing her back.

Sarah dips a cloth in the oil and lightly swabs the scarred area.

BONNIE  
Is it looking better?

NANCY  
Sort of... Not really.

BONNIE  
We've been doing it two weeks now.

Bonnie looks at her skin. She's sickened. She starts to cry.

BONNIE  
It's not working.  
(pushing Sarah away)  
Nothing's working. This is stupid.

Bonnie crawls into a corner, covering her scars with her arms, crying.

The Girls just watch, helpless.

SARAH  
We aren't feeling it enough.

BONNIE  
Fuck you! I'm feeling it enough!

SARAH  
We aren't giving. We have to give before we can take.

Nancy nods.

INT. BUS - DAY

The Girls step on an empty bus behind Sarah while she fumbles with her wallet for the fare.

DRIVER  
No credit cards, honeybunch.

SARAH  
Okay, asshole.

He looks over, shocked. He looks into Sarah's eyes. He falls quiet.

HIS POV - Behind Sarah, everything is turning white, while she turns to shadow -- We've seen this before...

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The Driver stares at her, until she walks away without paying. He shakes his head, woozy.

DRIVER  
(to Sarah)  
...uh... thanks.

Sarah sits with the Girls. Nancy leans up to her.

NANCY  
When are you going to teach us that particular trick?

Sarah smiles.

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

Cranking up the hill, into the Angeles National Forest.

EXT. BUS STOP IN THE FOREST - DAY

The bus stops and the Girls pile off.

DRIVER  
Be careful of the weirdos.

BONNIE  
How can we? We're the weirdos.

He raises an eyebrow.

EXT. WOODS - DAY

The Girls walk along a path.

Intense green. Sunlight flaring off their faces, their hair, off the boughs of trees, off the grass. BUZZING insects, RUSTLING trees, BIRDS.

The Forest is alive.

Nancy walks in front. She starts taking off her shirt. She steps out of her skirt, pulls off her shoes.

Bonnie sees Sarah watching Nancy.

BONNIE  
Ethereic energy is absorbed into the clothing. You have to be naked for rites...

IN A MEADOW - Nancy lies down in some tall grass. The feeling of the earth against her body is ecstatic.

EXT. MEADOW - LATER

Sarah has her shirt off, holding it against her front. Bonnie, still fully clothed, rubs a mixture of oil and herbs on Sarah's back and arms. She looks blissfully relaxed.

Rochelle reads from her little book. The images and voices DISSOLVE into one another.

ROCHELLE

(reading)

...It's hard enough walking out on that board with everyone staring and you're just in a bathing suit. But when you're the worst on the team, it's like a bad joke...

DISSOLVE - Bonnie sensually caresses a huge rock.

ROCHELLE

(cont.)

...I try not to do the binging and purging, but sometimes I can't help it. I wish I didn't feel like there should be less of me...

DISSOLVE - Nancy reads. Sarah rubs ointment on her feet.

NANCY

(reading)

...My mom would give me vodka and juice when I was little. She would laugh at me drunk...

DISSOLVE - Rochelle sits on the low bough of a tree, naked.

NANCY

(cont.)

...I love it when you can take something, and it makes you feel different. I get addicted to everything: cigarettes, coke, Diet Coke, sex, everything. But I can't do that anymore because it will kill me...

DISSOLVE - Bonnie brushes a flower across Sarah's cheek.

NANCY

(cont.)

Now the only high I want is the fire of Manon inside me...

DISSOLVE - Sarah has her feet in a small stream, naked, her chest pressed against her knees.

BONNIE

(reading)

...I can't remember for about five minutes before we hit the wall. But when I came to, there were sparks coming from a huge saw trying to cut me out of the car, and I was on fire...

DISSOLVE - Nancy floats perfectly still, face up, in a small pond, the sun glimmering all around her.

BONNIE

(cont.)

...I cried because I was going to die, but then something spoke to me, a voice. It was you, Manon...

She looks up, still shaken by this past event, closes her book.

She's the only one still fully clothed. Everyone is looking at her.

Slowly, Bonnie unbuttons her blouse, slips it off. She pulls off her skirt.

The SCAR covers more than half her body, in jagged strokes across her chest, arms, shoulders, knees, as if someone had splashed paint on her and swirled it around.

She looks so vulnerable.

ROCHELLE

Bonnie, I think you're beautiful...

Bonnie relaxes, even gives a pained little smile. She gets in the water.

NANCY

Now it's time for Sarah.

Sarah swallows and picks up her book.

SARAH

As long as I remember, I could do it. Wish things, the visions. And I always felt sick. Like the world didn't need a freak like me. A mother would have been nice. Somebody to teach me it was actually a good thing. Then one day I realized I would rather be dead. But I didn't die. I made it here, where I finally belong. It's been a long road, but I finally found these three. Now we make four.

The other girls are moved. Rochelle comes over and kisses her on the cheek.

Strange shadows are falling on them. They look up.

A giant fluttering of BUTTERFLIES, hundreds of them, drifts overhead.

The Girls are still. The butterflies descend. They start to rest on Sarah's shoulders, on Bonnie's head, everywhere.

Amazed looks between them.

Bonnie, Rochelle, Nancy and Sarah are all covered with a thick blanket of butterflies.

NANCY  
He's listening...

They are flushed with awe.

EXTREME CLOSE UP OF CHRIS HOOKER

He rubs his hands over his face, distressed, distracted.

ANGLE - A PAGE full of questions IN FRENCH.

Chris' pencil starts to write something in French, then it wanders down the page and writes, 'Sarah' in flowery script.

He lifts his gaze across the

INT FRENCH CLASSROOM - DAY

past all the STUDENTS enmeshed in their French test to see: SARAH. He just keeps looking at her.

Finally Sarah glances up to find Chris, who smiles his dopey smile at her.

THEPOT  
- Regardez la page, Mssr. Hooker... Mssr.  
Hooker!

Bonnie looks at Sarah. They stifle giggles.

EXT. SCHOOL - DAY

Sarah and Bonnie are moving with the CROWD towards the CHAPEL. Each is struggling with a large stack of books.

Chris catches up with them.

CHRIS  
Sarah... how's it hangin'?

SARAH  
It's hangin'.

The Girls keep walking.

CHRIS  
Listen, I, uh, wanted to talk to you. You know... I've said some nasty things. I'd like to apologize. I mean, I'm sorry... So you hate me, right?

Sarah doesn't want to look at Bonnie. She's afraid they'll both bust up laughing.

SARAH  
I really don't think about you that much.

CHRIS  
Really? That's harsh... Listen, when you're a guy, and I am, people expect things, you know?

SARAH  
Have you told your friends?

CHRIS  
What?

SARAH  
That you lied about me.

CHRIS  
No... But I'm going to... Tomorrow. That's what I'm going to do. I'm going to straighten the whole thing out.

SARAH  
Good.

CHRIS  
Can I sit with you in mass?

SARAH  
I don't care.

They go into:

INT. CHAPEL - DAY

The Chapel is full as Sarah, Bonnie and Chris enter, bow, and make their way up the aisle.

Just when they are in front of the whole congregation, Sarah smiles to Bonnie and turns to Chris, in full view of everybody.

SARAH  
(re: the books)  
Could you be a dear and carry these? I'm about to collapse.

Chris kind of checks out the crowd in the corner of his eye and laughs nervously. He definitely doesn't want to do this, but he can't help himself.

CHRIS  
Yeah. Okay.

Sarah hands him the stack.

SARAH  
And hers too.

Bonnie's go on top. They girls head for a seat, and Chris follows.

Everyone has just seen this.

IN THE CROWD - TREY and MITT and the other JOCKS.

TREY  
(whispering)  
Awwwwwww! Ain't that sweet!

MITT  
(whispering)  
Chris! Can you carry my groin cup to Football for me?!

KIDS start LAUGHING. Everybody.

Chris turns bright red, gritting his teeth, but smiling.

An angry PRIEST starts SHUSHING people.

IN THE CROWD - Rochelle and Nancy see.

ROCHELLE  
Looks like somebody's magic is working... Remember when you did a love spell one time? You rubbed those herbs all over your body and all you got was that gross rash? Who did you do that love spell on?

NANCY  
(icy)  
I don't remember.

## ROCHELLE

It was on Chris! That's right! How funny.  
You had like the total crush on him...

Nancy steams.

## INT. HOSPITAL LOBBY - NIGHT

Bonnie and her Mother, MRS. MACK, are waiting, nervously.  
Bonnie has a small suitcase.

A young DOCTOR approaches.

DOCTOR

Are you ready, Bonnie?

BONNIE

Yeah...

## INT. OFFICE - NIGHT

The Doctor is going over a lot of paperwork. Bonnie's mother  
is signing in several places.

DOCTOR

I've told you this before, but I want to  
be really clear. This is a very  
experimental procedure, and we cannot  
make any warranties regarding results or  
side-effects. I can tell you unofficially  
that there is little to no risk. This  
form of gene therapy is non-invasive.  
Painful, but non-invasive...

Bonnie looks up sharply at the word 'painful'.

EXTREME CLOSE UP - OF A ROBOTIC NEEDLE

The Needle is loaded with a clear gel.

## INT. SURGICAL CHAMBER - NIGHT

FROM ABOVE - Bonnie is awake, on her stomach. Her Mother is  
holding her hand. Bonnie's scars look especially bad, in this  
cold, bright light.

The Needle descends into Bonnie's back.

EXTREME CLOSE UP - It hovers a millimeter above the scar  
tissue.

DOCTOR

Hold very still. But keep breathing. Stay  
relaxed.

Bonnie breathes.

The Needle suddenly starts jutting into the skin, in rows, in rapidfire succession, like a sewing machine, going RAT-TAT-TAT-TAT-TAT-TAT-TAT-TAT!

Bonnie SCREAMS.

INT. LOCKER ROOM - DAY

The Swim Team are all vying for the mirror, fussing with their hair and clothes, CHATTING. Rochelle walks in.

LAURA

Rochelle, I have to tell you, I was actually impressed with that last dive today.

ROCHELLE

(sceptical)

Really?

LAURA

I swear. I think you could have won with that.

(to her friends)

Didn't I say that, guys?

They all nod and say yes. Rochelle is ready to believe her.

LAURA

...in the cannonball competition.

Everybody LAUGHS. Laura high fives several of the Girls, as she turns back to the mirror, combing her long brown mane.

LAURA

Wait a minute...

Suddenly, Laura is holding a handful of hair. The Girls notice. Somebody GASPS.

ANGLE - IN THE MIRROR - There's a three-inch-round patch of scalp where the hair came out.

A GIRL

Oh my god!

Rochelle watches, without expression.

INT. HOSPITAL HALLWAY - NIGHT

Nurses scurry about.

INT. BONNIE'S HOSPITAL ROOM - CONT.

Sarah is there, with a gift basket from the Girls. Outside it is raining.

SARAH

...sage for peace, sweet wine for contentment, Elle for fashion, Snackwells for noshing, and this...

(handing her a rose)

...for beauty.

Bonnie buries her face in her arms.

BONNIE

Every morning I wake up, and for a few seconds I think I'm normal... And then I remember.

(crying)

I can't stop crying...

SARAH

Don't stop.

BONNIE

It would be so much easier if I could give up.

SARAH

Bonnie, make it work.

BONNIE

How?

SARAH

Everything you're feeling, the pain, that will make it happen...

A tear runs down Bonnie's cheek. Sarah instinctively catches it on her finger.

She takes a glass and rubs the tear on the bottom of the glass.

BONNIE

What are you doing...?

Sarah opens the carafe and pours in some wine. She lights up the sage stick. She douses the sage in the wine, it SIZZLES turning the liquid dark purple.

Sarah dips her fingers in the wine, and, pulling back Bonnie's sheets, she flicks the liquid all over the bandages.

Bonnie closes her eyes.

BONNIE

It feels warm.

Sarah WHISPERS something, continuing to flick the liquid.

BONNIE

It's getting hot....Ow...

Outside the window there's a gust of WIND.

BONNIE

Sarah! It hurts!

Suddenly the window flings open, and a GUST OF WIND blows into the room, tossing everything around.

EXTREME CLOSE UP - Surgical sissors are cutting bandage.

INT. EXAMINING ROOM - DAY

Bonnie, draped in an elaborate surgical shroud, sits with her Mother and several NURSES. The Doctor pauses.

DOCTOR

I want you to remember that we may need to make several passes before we can see results.

Bonnie nods.

The Doctor cuts the section on Bonnie's back, behind her right shoulder, where she can't see. He peels back the bandages.

RED FLAKY SKIN. A Nurse takes a picture with a DIGITAL CAMERA. The skin appears on a COLOR ENHANCED COMPUTER SCREEN where Bonnie can see it.

BONNIE

What is that? Is it better?

The Doctor takes a swab and dips it in solution. He wipes away the flaky material.

The Doctors face goes blank.

BONNIE

What...?

DOCTOR

Just a minute.

He cuts some more, swabs some more.

BONNIE  
What does it look like?

MRS MACK  
I can't see...

The Nurse takes a picture. The image appears on the COMPUTER SCREEN.

Mrs. Mack looks at it and starts crying.

Bonnie -- something beautiful happens inside her.

We see Bonnie's back. Underneath a layer of slimy disinfectant and flaky bits: glowing HEALTHY SKIN.

The Doctor runs his hands over Bonnie's back.

DOCTOR  
I can't believe it...  
(he laughs)  
It works...

INT. HOMEROOM - MORNING

Sarah is huddled with Rochelle and Nancy in the back, while a TEACHER DRONES ON reading an announcement. Thirty or so STUDENTS, still not fully awake.

SARAH  
She was supposed to come today. Have you talked to her?

ROCHELLE  
No...

Nancy looks over at:

THE ENTRANCE - Bonnie swings in, wearing a black cape.

TEACHER  
Homeroom starts at 8:45 sharp.

BONNIE  
Thanks for the info.

Scattered CHUCKLES.

As she crosses in front of the whole room, Bonnie nonchalantly drops the cape. Her knee-length plaid uniform skirt has been hiked up to a mini, and she wears a clingy tank top instead of the requisite blouse.

But most importantly, her skin, of which we see quite a lot, is flawless, no scars, nothing.

Mouthes drop. WHISPERING. Everyone is staring.

Especially Trey and Mitt.

MITT

Where'd she come from?

EXT. LAWN - DAY

The girls sit together admiring Bonnie's new look. The sun glints off them. They are fluid, smiling.

ROCHELLE

(placing a dandelion  
in Bonnie's hair)

Amazing. Totally amazing.

BONNIE

Sarah brought me through it.

She and Sarah hold hands.

BONNIE

It's weird... I feel... powerful. And maybe kind of stupid. I guess that goes with being beautiful, right Rochelle?

ROCHELLE

What?

They laugh.

SARAH

You guys...

Sarah nods at something.

ANGLE - Chris, Trey and Mitt are all clumped together at the edge of the lawn, smiling at them.

The Girls laugh.

A shadow falls over them.

AN ADMINISTRATOR

ADMINISTRATOR

Miss Stewart, you are out of uniform.

BONNIE

(attitude)

Am I?

TV SCREEN - We see DR. BRUCE HENSEL.

DR. BRUCE

A Westside dermatologist is making claims of a very important discovery. Use of a certain skin production gene can cause significant reduction in scar tissue...

INT. NANCY'S TRAILER HOME - NIGHT

Nancy and her Mother, Grace, are watching TV. Her mother drinks a tumbler full of Scotch and ice. She smokes.

NANCY

That's Bonnie's doctor. He didn't cure her.

GRACE

Then who did?

Suddenly the LIGHTS GO OUT.

GRACE

Goddamnit to hell...

Grace gets up and teeters down the hall, Scotch in hand, throwing open the door to the

MASTER BEDROOM

where Ray is asleep still in his plumber's uniform.

GRACE

Did you pay the power bill? Ray...?  
Nancy's got homework.

RAY

Light a fucking candle.

Grace comes over and kicks him. He just lies there. She kicks him again, and this time he grabs her foot, pulling her down onto the bed. The tumbler of Scotch falls.

GRACE

Ray!

He's holding her down, roughly. It looks harsh. But she's familiar with it. He starts to pull his pants down.

INT. LIVING ROOM - CONT.

MOVING IN ON NANCY sitting quietly in the darkness, overhearing.

GRACE

Ray... Ray, that hurts me!

RAY

I don't care...

Something falls over, CRASH.

Nancy gets up and runs out the door.

INT. SARAH'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

All four Girls.. TV. Pedicures. The phone RINGS next to Rochelle.

ROCHELLE

Hello...? Yeah.

(making a face,  
whispering)

It's Chris.

Sarah shakes her head. Bonnie takes the receiver.

BONNIE

Sarah doesn't feel like talking to you.

Bonnie hangs up, and they all LAUGH, except Nancy who hangs over the ledge of the Doorway to Nowhere. Bonnie notices.

BONNIE

Why don't you wish for something?

NANCY

How can I wish for one thing when everything is wrong?

BONNIE

Be specific.

Nancy stews.

The phone RINGS. Bonnie lifts it up and puts it back down without even interrupting her pedicure.

NANCY

I'm sick of being poor white trash...

SARAH

You're not poor white trash.

NANCY

I'm poor.

ROCHELLE

She's white.

NANCY

If it weren't for Catholic charity I  
wouldn't even be in school with you guys.

SARAH

Well, you're not trash. Nobody's trash.

ROCHELLE

Except Laura Lizzie.

BONNIE

And Chris.

SARAH

How do you explain the concept of poor  
white trash to Noah?

NANCY

I want... more.

ROCHELLE

More is good.

EXT. MOUNTAINS - SUNSET

The Girls are a moving black frieze against the dazzling  
color of approaching dusk.

They move in circles around a fire, holding smoking smudge-  
sticks aloft.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

Two frozen dinners twirl in the Microwave Oven. Grace is  
pouring two beers

Nancy, in a thin robe, comes out of the bathroom, and gets a  
Diet Coke out of the little fridge. She has to carefully  
scoot around Ray to avoid brushing up against him.

RAY

(fingering her robe)

I think I can see through that thing.

Sarah swats him. He laughs, coughs.

GRACE

Jesus, you're supposed to act like a  
father to the girl.

RAY

I ain't her father. Her father's the one  
that paid you the fifty bucks for a quick  
bang in the backseat.

Grace slaps him.

Ray grabs her arms and flings her down onto the floor.

RAY

Godfuckingdamnit! Don't you ever hit me!

Ray pulls back with a clenched fist when Nancy lets loose an unearthly SCREAM.

NANCY

STOP IT!!!!!!

And the MICROWAVE OVEN EXPLODES in a spray of sparks.

The lights in the trailer FLICKER and OFF and ON.

Ray is puffing with anger. He steps back, sits down.

Grace looks at Nancy.

GRACE

What the hell was that...?

The curtains have caught FIRE.

Grace jumps up, takes a dish towel, and smothers the flames.

SMOKE everywhere. The alarm starts BEEPING.

Ray tries to stand up. He winces. He's having trouble breathing. He stumbles to the floor.

GRACE

Ray...?

INT. AMBULANCE - NIGHT

Ray is strapped down with an oxygen mask in his face, delirious, monitoring tabs across his chest, an erratic BEAT issuing from a machine.

The ambulance lurches to and fro as it weaves through traffic. Nancy and Grace sit next to him in between PARAMEDICS.

Suddenly the BEAT jumps faster, then stops.

The Paramedics start YELLING to each other, working on him.

GRACE

What's happening to him?

Nancy stares coldly at Ray.

INT. TRAILER - DAY

Grace, in a black dress, sits there with a tumbler full of Scotch and ice. Nancy, also in black, looks out the window.

The door KNOCKS timidly and is opened by IDA, the neighbor, with an arrangement of flowers.

IDA

Oh, Grace honey. How you doin? They left these on my doorstep by mistake.

(putting the flowers  
on a table)

And there's a man here to see you... If you need anything, just holler.

GRACE

Thanks, Ida.

Up steps gangly young JEFF, in a bad suit with a briefcase. Ida lingers by the door, not-too-discreetly listening in.

JEFF

Hi, I'm Jeff Yates  
(fumbling for a card,  
nervous)

I'm from Interstate Insurance. I know this is a difficult time, but it is procedure to ask just a few questions before we can start processing the policy.

He opens his briefcase and papers fall out onto the floor.

GRACE

I don't understand, Jeff. What policy?

JEFF

Mr. Saunders had whole life pension plan through the company. And, with benefits of this size, it's standard to...

GRACE

Of what size?

JEFF

Well, uh, ...A hundred and seventy five thousand dollars.

Outside the door, Ida does a little dance.

IDA

Praise Jesus! He shall provide!

Grace sits back, stunned.

Nancy can't help it. She smiles.

ANGLE UP - A HUGE NEO-DECO APARTMENT BUILDING

EXT. WILSHIRE CORRIDOR - DAY

Bonnie, Rochelle and Sarah get off a bus and make their way towards the building.

INT. LOBBY - CONT.

There's a DOORMAN and a RECEPTIONIST behind a huge console. The Girls check in.

INT. HALLWAY -

The Girls amble across the plush carpeting. Nancy opens huge double doors to:

INT. APARTMENT - DAY

Spacious. Huge dramatic windows, marble fireplace. But no furniture, except for a JUKEBOX and a couch made from the rear-end of a '57 Chevy.

BONNIE

Cool.

NANCY

We didn't take anything from the trailer. I grabbed my baby pictures and a Diet Coke, and I was outta there.

Grace is in the KITCHEN, fixing a drink. Rochelle pours over the jukebox.

ROCHELLE

Every song on here is by Connie Francis!

Grace totters in, her highball TINKLING.

GRACE

Ever since I was a little girl I said 'All I want out of life is a jukebox that plays nothing but Connie Francis.'

ROCHELLE

(utterly perplexed)

Oh. That's nice...

Nancy leads the others into

HER BEDROOM -

A king-size bed and dozens of shopping bags filled with new clothes.

NANCY  
We went shopping.

Suddenly 'Who's Sorry Now?' echoes through the giant space.

THROUGH THE DOOR - We spy Grace, in the dining room archway, deep in the throes of an impassioned lip-synch of the SONG.

NANCY  
What a fucking basket-case...

Nancy SLAMS her door closed.

Nancy looks straight at Sarah and comes towards her.

NANCY  
Now I think it's time you gave us a little lesson...

INT. NANCY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

A half-eaten pizza, Haagen Dahz, cigarettes. The Girls crowd around a full length mirror which has been laid down sideways to accomodate all of them.

ROCHELLE  
(reading)  
Casting visions is the oldest form of magic for witches. It started with nights around the fire, shadows on the cave walls...

Sarah closes the book.

SARAH  
Nevermind about that... Just feel. You feel it. You think about the other person's eyes, not yours, about what's behind them. Don't think about yourself. I know it's difficult, Nancy...

Nancy smiles coldy.

INT. NANCY'S BEDROOM - A LITTLE LATER

Sarah stares at Nancy's reflection. They lock gazes.

SARAH falls into shadow.

Behind her there is a tremendous LIGHT [like in the store, and on the bus].

Her silhouette collapses into a SLIP OF SMOKE.

Then everything goes back to normal.

NANCY

Wow.

ROCHELLE

I didn't see it.

BONNIE

Me either.

SARAH

You can only do it to one person at a time.

NANCY

I bet I could do it to all of you.

Sarah scoffs.

SARAH

Well, you can try it.

They turn to Nancy in the mirror. She closes her eyes. They wait.

Nancy places her hand on Sarah's.

Without any light theatrics, Nancy MORPHS into a MALE VERSION of herself.

MALE NANCY

Women... if it weren't for the pussy, I'd say kill 'em all.

Rochelle and Bonnie burst into hysterics, knocking the mirror over - CRACK.

ROCHELLE

Nancy does it better!

BONNIE

I want to learn...

NANCY

Sarah, look out!

Behind Sarah is a huge SNAKE about to crawl up Sarah's back. Sarah SCREAMS and lurches away.

The SNAKE dissolves into nothing.

BONNIE

We aren't supposed to use magic on each other. It's witch law number one.

NANCY

(holding back a smile)

Sorry...

Sarah is still shaken.

INT. LOCKER ROOM - DAY

Rochelle luxuriates in the hot water, in seeming solitude

Rochelle looks down.

ON THE FLOOR - a clump of hair, not just stubble, long strands.

She turns off the water and reaches for a towel.

We hear WHIMPERING.

We FOLLOW A TRAIL OF HAIR around a corner.

Laura Lizzie is sitting in the corner, wrapped in several towels, another draped across her head. She looks freaked.

LAURA

It keeps falling out.

She pulls the towel off her head.

UNDERNEATH - A ravaged dome of scattered hair clumps, BUMPS, BOILS, and festering SCABS.

LAURA

I don't understand...

Behind Rochelle, another of LAURA'S FRIENDS sees this.

FRIEND

Laura!

Other GIRLS come, pushing Rochelle back. They GASP at Laura's scaip.

LAURA

What the fuck did I ever do to deserve this?

Rochelle and Laura lock gazes: cold exchange.

INT. BONNIE'S ROOM - LATE NIGHT

The four Girls are assembled, channel surfing, smoking. Nancy rolls on top of Rochelle, to reach an ashtray

ROCHELLE

Uugh.

NANCY

I'n not that heavy...

ROCHELLE

Yeah, you're light as a feather, you cow.

She pinches her on the butt. LAUGHING.

SARAH

'...Light as a feather. Stiff as a board...'

BONNIE

Excuse me?

SARAH

Did you ever play that when you were a kid? 'Light as a feather. Stiff as a board.'

NANCY

No, but it sounds like a guy I dated in ninth grade.

BONNIE'S ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Nancy, Bonnie and Sarah are kneeling around Rochelle who lies on her back, arms folded over corpse-like. The only light is from the TV which drones on.

SARAH

Okay, you you just hold out the one finger, and you lift, but you have to think she's incredibly light, like she's made out of air.

BONNIE

Her whole body or just her head?

ROCHELLE

Up yours, bitch.

NANCY

Children.

SARAH

Come on.. Try it.

The three Girls stick their index fingers underneath Rochelle and lift.

EVERYBODY

Light as a feather. Stiff as a board.

Nothing happens.

NANCY

Ow. My finger's broken.

BONNIE

I thought she was skinny.

ROCHELLE

My bones are very dense.

NANCY

Oh please...

SARAH

Ssssh. Everybody concentrate.

They try again, this time with more focus.

EVERYBODY

Light as a feather. Stiff as a board.

Suddenly the TV switches to a TEST PATTERN, filling the room with weird PURPLE LIGHT.

Rochelle's eyes are closed. She starts to move upwards, but it's hard to tell how far.

FROM ABOVE - Rochelle is drifting towards us. An inch or so, but then more: six inches, a foot, three feet. Finally they let her go.

ROCHELLE

You guys, it isn't working.

She opens her eyes, midair.

ROCHELLE

Whoa.

SARAH

Keep concentrating. Don't let yourself fall.

Bonnie is flabbergasted.

BONNIE

This is awesome.

SARAH  
 (to Nancy and Bonnie)  
 Here. Do me.

NANCY  
 No thanks.

SARAH  
 I mean lift me up.

Sarah lies down. Nancy and Bonnie stick their fingers underneath.

THE 3 OF THEM  
 Light as a feather. Stiff as a...

NANCY  
 ...Jesus.

Sarah's already lifting up, drifting and wafting like a cloud of smoke.

ROCHELLE  
 It's so simple. It's so... obvious.

SARAH  
 Boo.

Sarah passes Rochelle who remains at about a three foot height, slowly rotating, rotisserie-style.

Bonnie folds her legs into the lotus position and lays her arms down to meditate.

BONNIE  
 Ooooooooooooo.

She lifts up a few inches but remains rigid, legs akimbo.

Sarah is bouncing off the ceiling, emotionally and literally.

SARAH  
 \_ Come on, Nancy. Don't be a fraidy-cat.

ROCHELLE  
 Fraidy-cat, fraidy-cat!

Nancy glowers and simply pushes against the floor with her right arm. She flies upwards.

BONNIE  
 Show off.

While Bonnie and Rochelle linger down below, Sarah and Nancy bounce around above, playfully shoving and pushing, LAUGHING and SHRIEKING.

BONNIE  
Sarah's the big witch on the block today.

NANCY  
Why?

BONNIE  
Because she did this.

NANCY  
We did it.

SARAH  
Jealous, Nancy?

NANCY  
Fuck off, bitch.

Nancy shoves her and Sarah crashes into a hanging light fixture. Everybody LAUGHS.

ROCHELLE  
Catfight!! Catfight!!

SARAH  
Oh my God!

Suddenly there's POUNING.

BONNIE'S MOTHER  
(from outside the  
door)  
Bonnie! What's going on in there?

Suddenly all of the Girls fall, Bonnie, onto her butt still in the lotus position, Rochelle, right onto the floor on her belly, Nancy and Sarah, through Bonnie's lacey canopy onto opposite edges of her bed, all of them SHRIEKING.

INT. HALLWAY - CONT.

Bonnie's ~~MOTHER~~, in a bathrobe, stands at the door.

BONNIE'S MOTHER  
Honey, you're waking up the whole house!

BONNIE  
(from inside)  
Sorry, Mom.

Her mother walks away.

INT. BONNIE'S ROOM - CONT.

They wait and listen, wincing with pain.

NANCY  
Bonnie, we broke your bed.

BONNIE  
(rubbing her  
derriere)  
Nevermind. I broke my butt.

INT. BONNIE'S PARENTS' ROOM - CONT.

Bonnie's Mother gets back in bed. Bonnie's FATHER rolls over.

BONNIE'S FATHER  
What were they doing?

BONNIE'S MOTHER  
I don't know... But I hope they aren't  
getting high.

She turns out the light.

PAVEMENT WHIZZING BY -

A bright yellow Mustang Convertible slips into frame. Bonnie, Rochelle, Sarah and Nancy, who is driving, TALK and LAUGH.

Bonnie looks more 'done', bigger hair, more makeup.

EXT. STREET -

They come to an intersection and a ratty PICKUP slides in next to them, the DRIVER, a low-budget Romeo. He leers at the girls.

DRIVER  
Hi...

The Girls smirk.

DRIVER  
Didn't we all meet at a party somewhere?

NANCY  
Yeah, that's right. And your name is  
Dick... Dick Hole, isn't it?

The Girls all laugh.

DRIVER  
Bitch...

NANCY  
Yeah, I'm a bitch...

The LIGHT turns green and the PICKUP peels out. Nancy guns it to catch up with him.

NANCY  
...We're all bitches.

The DRIVER looks over.

DRIVER'S P.O.V.- As the Girl's car slides up next to him, we see Bonnie, Rochelle, Nancy and Sarah all have THE FACES OF DOGS: a Labrador, an Afghan, a Bulldog and a Dalmatian, respectively.

They all BARK and wave at him.

The Driver is bug-eyed.

DRIVER  
Ahhhh!

He swerves away, and CRASHES into a parked car WHAM!

Nancy guns it down the street, LAUGHING with Rochelle and Bonnie.

Sarah looks exhilarated, but worried.

SARAH  
You really shouldn't do that...

NANCY  
Don't be a party-pooper!

SARAH  
I'm just saying it's dangerous...

ROCHELLE AND BONNIE  
Party-pooper! Party-pooper-scooper!  
Super-duper-party-pooper-scooper

INT. FRONT HALLWAY AT THE BAILY'S - NIGHT

Roger Baily is standing in the doorway with Chris.

CHRIS  
Well, when do you think she'll be out of the bathtub?

ROGER  
I really couldn't say. She's been known to stay in there for days at a time.

CHRIS  
(concerned)  
Really?

ROGER  
No.

CHRIS  
Oh. Okay. Then just tell her Chris came by?

ROGER  
I will.

CHRIS  
Thank you, Sir.

Roger closes the door after him. Sarah peeks out from a doorway.

ROGER  
I'm not sure I like this guy. I mean, I guess he's fine.

JENNY  
(passing through)  
I think he's a hunk.

Sarah rolls her eyes.

INT. SARAH'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

It's late. Sarah's in bed.

CHRIS  
(off)  
Sarah... Sarah!

Sarah gets up and goes to the window.

CHRIS  
Why don't you answer the phone?

SARAH  
I don't really want to talk to you, Chris

CHRIS  
Oh... I guess that's a good reason. Shit.  
I think about you a lot.

SARAH  
Chris...

CHRIS

And I'm not sure why. Is it weird to say I love you? Is that weird? I've never said it before. Jesus. I've never felt it before. I feel so fucking strange! What's happening to me?!?!

The front door opens and Sarah's father comes out with a broom, holding it fourth.

ROGER

Time to go home, Chris. Go on. Home!

He starts prodding Chris away.

CHRIS

Okay, Mr. Bailey. I just happen to love your daughter. I'm sorry. It happens. Bye, Sarah!

He runs off, stumbles, keeps going.

Sarah doesn't laugh.

INT. NANCY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Nancy comes home. It's late. We hear LAUGHTER.

THROUGH THE DOOR TO HER MOTHER'S ROOM -

We see the back of a strange man doing something, and Grace, lying next to him.

Nancy comes forward.

Gradually revealed: the man, a JUNKIE, is fixing up a works, getting ready to inject himself with a HYPODERMIC.

NANCY

Mom...

Grace rouses, but she's wasted, slurring.

NANCY

What are you doing?

GRACE

Hi, honey... Ooops. I know I said I wasn't gonna do this shit, but...

She laughs, falls back.

GRACE

It's okay. We've got the money. We don't have to worry...

JUNKIE  
 (to Sarah)  
 You want me to fix you up?

Nancy actually thinks about it for a second, then walks away.

INT. CANDLE SHOP - NIGHT

The four Girls come in, jingling the little metallic SKELETON BELL.

The proprietor, Lirio stands behind the counter.

LIRIO  
 My young friends... What can I do for you?

ROCHELLE  
 We need provisions.

The Girls start selectiong candles, herbs, books.

LIRIO  
 You've been busy.

A sly glance from Bonnie. Sarah wanders over to Lirio. She leans in so the other girls can't hear.

SARAH  
 How can I undo a love spell?

LIRIO  
 Undo? When you open a floodgate, how do you undo it? You unleash something with a spell. There's no un-doing. It must run it's course.

NANCY  
 (overhearing)  
 Why don't you just let Chris suffer? He deserves it...

LIRIO  
 It's not for you to judge suffering...

NANCY  
 Spare me.

Bonnie comes up and deposits her bags of herbs, candles, staring at the BLACK CURTAIN.

BONNIE  
 When are we going to find out what's behind there?

Lirio starts ringing up the purchases, saying nothing.

NANCY

Just because we're young and beautiful,  
doesn't mean we're stupid. Except in  
Rochelle's case.

ROCHELLE

What?

SARAH

Is it black magic behind the curtain?

LIRIO

True magic is neither black nor white. It  
is both because nature is both. Loving  
and cruel. Ugly and beautiful. All at the  
same time. Earthquake, sunrise,  
rattlesnake, rose. It keeps a balance on  
it's own. So you must not throw that  
balance out. Understand?

ROCHELLE

Not really.

Nancy has picked up a book. She reads to Bonnie:

NANCY

(reading)

...To invoke a god is a great deal; it is  
a guarantee of happiness, of power, even  
omnipotence. To invoke a god is  
practically the same as being a god  
oneself...

IN THE BOOK - An illustration of a WITCH, seemingly  
electrified, eyes bright with ecstasy.

Lirio has heard this.

LIRIO

If you have a hole in your life, do not  
try to fill it with the Spirit. Like food  
or drugs or sex.

NANCY

But at least I won't get fat, or brain  
damaged, or diseased. Besides, what I  
fill my hole with is my business.

The Girls laugh. Lirio steps up to Nancy. She looks very  
grave.

LIRIO

You can use the spirit or he can use you.

Nancy takes the book and moves off, nonchalantly.

INT. CANDLE SHOP - NIGHT

The Girls have all paid, their things all in shopping bags.

SARAH

Thank you.

She smiles at Lirio. Nancy bends down behind a shelf, handing Sarah her bag.

SARAH

What are you doing...?

Rochelle and Bonnie hustle Sarah out.

Nancy climbs behind some boxes and lies down.

EXT. TACO STAND - NIGHT

Sarah, Rochelle and Bonnie watch the candle shop from a table.

Actually, Bonnie is watching a group of good-looking GUYS at a nearby table.

SARAH

Why didn't you tell me we were doing this?

ROCHELLE

We thought Nancy told you.

Bonnie smiles at ONE GUY.

BONNIE

(calling out)

If you want it, come get it.

The Guys all laugh, embarrassed.

SARAH

What are you, 'Nancy: Part Two?'

BONNIE

I've spent most of my life being a monster. Now that I'm not, I'm having a good time. If you can't deal with it, fuck off.

ROCHELLE

Look.

ANGLE - the light inside the store GOES OUT.

INT. CANDLE SHOP - NIGHT

Muffled VOICES as the Girls appear outside the door.

A litter of pickled FETAL PIGS bob in a dusty jar of formaldehyde.

Nancy crawls out from behind the boxes, brushing against the jar. It falls - SMASH! The pigs scatter.

Nancy freezes.

INT. LIRIO'S APARTMENT (UPSTAIRS) - NIGHT - CONT.

Ancient and musty, filled with memorabilia, various religious icons.

Lirio rises from a daybed and turns the television down, listening.

INT. CANDLE SHOP - NIGHT - CONT.

Nancy covers her nose, slinks over to the door, and, holding the skeleton bell still, opens the door.

SARAH  
(whispering)  
What's that smell?

NANCY  
(whispering)  
I broke a jar.

The Girls all see the pigs. Rochelle stifles a gasp.

NANCY  
(whispering)  
- Relax.

She waves them on. They tiptoe through the pigs.

ANGLE - MOVING TOWARD THE BLACK CURTAIN.

Sarah doesn't look pleased.

Bonnie takes her hand.

We follow the girls as they move toward the curtain and through the doorway.

MAINTAINING ONE CONTINUOUS SHOT, we find it very bright on the other side. In fact, we are outside and IT IS DAYTIME.

EXT. SCHOOL LAWN - DAY

Still in ONE SHOT, we move around the girls and see behind them, where we came from, nothing but a broad expanse of open space, lawn, trees, a few STUDENTS.

Sarah, Rochelle, Nancy and Bonnie come to a stop, dazed, utterly perplexed.

ROCHELLE

What...?

Sarah looks at her watch.

SARAH

It's Thursday... fifth period.

NANCY

Did the same thing happen to everybody else as what happened to me?

BONNIE

What the fuck...?

ROCHELLE

This is just like that time I blanked out after drinking eight Kamikazes at Fung Lums except this time I'm not waking up in a pool of egg-roll vomit.

NANCY

Will you jerks shut up? We have just done something amazing. I mean, I have.

Sarah runs off.

NANCY

What's wrong with you?

SARAH

I don't know.

BONNIE

(quietly)

She's starting to get on my nerves.

A CRACK OF LIGHTNING! And a slow roll of THUNDER

EXT. MULHULLAND - MURKY DAY

The Mustang slips around a curve, going just a little too fast.

INT. NANCY'S CAR - CONT.

It's claustrophobic with the hood down. The four Girls take up every available square inch.

Nancy and Sarah are embroiled in a heated discussion.

SARAH

You're missing the point. I know we can, but the point is whether or not we should.

NANCY

If we can, we should.

SARAH

But if you don't need something, why ask for it?

NANCY

Because I want it.

Nancy's taking the curves even faster now, closer to the edge.

SARAH

We've accomplished what we set out to do. I think we should stop. It's like what Lirio said, throwing things out of balance. We might get something now, but we'll pay for it later.

NANCY

Are we really having a theological discussion?!?! It's fun! It's scary! Who cares what happens?

SARAH

I just don't think we should invoke Manon or the spirit or whatever. It's... I don't want to do it...

(turning to Rochelle  
and Nancy in back)

What do you guys think?

Rochelle shrugs. Bonnie takes a long drag from a cigarette and glares at Sarah.

NANCY

Don't try and get them on your side.

SARAH

I wasn't, I just...

NANCY

Are you part of this circle or not?

SARAH

Of course I am. But I thought it was a democracy, not a fascist regime. And could you please slow down?

NANCY

Oh... sure...

Suddenly, a pair of headlights flashes around a corner, Nancy swerves away. The car SPINS out and slams sideways INTO A BRICK WALL!

WHAM!! The Girls are thrown around. A window is shattered.

Nancy kicks open her door and jumps out. She pulls the other Girls out.

NANCY

Anybody hurt?

They all look okay, but the car looks bad, maybe totalled.

They huddle in the rain, in shock, wondering what to do next.

NANCY

Oh well. I was getting sick of this thing... Maybe I'll get a Range Rover.

Sarah stares at Nancy.

INT. NANCY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Nancy comes in, soaked.

The place is empty.

Nancy hits the jukebox. Connie starts belting out 'Fallin'.

Nancy sees a note, 'Went to Vegas with Greg. Not sure when we'll be back. \$ in drawer. Mom.'

Nancy looks in the drawer: Some crumpled up twenties.

She pours a glass of wine.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Nancy sits on the couch across from the juke box, an empty wine bottle and glass next to her.

Suddenly she throws the wine bottle at the glass dome over the turntable.

The dome smashes, the record skips, the machinery SPARKS, and the juke box dies.

CLOSE UP - A NOTE IS PASSED: "Let's go to the beach."

ANOTHER NOTE: "You want a tan?"

ANOTHER: "No, shit-head."

INT. BIOLOGY LAB - DAY

Nancy and Bonnie are writing notes to each other, Rochelle passing them back and fourth.

Sarah sits next to them, actually paying attention to the droning TEACHER. Nancy sees this and leans over.

NANCY

(whisper)

Hey, professor. We're going on a field trip.

SARAH

(whisper)

Where?

NANCY

(whisper)

To the beach. At dawn. For the solstice:

SARAH

(whisper)

I don't know...

Nancy is incensed. She grabs Sarah arm.

NANCY

What do you mean, you don't know?!

TEACHER

Miss Downs, I hate to interrupt your little social gathering...

INT. HALLWAY - JUST AFTERWARD

The other three face Sarah.

SARAH

Why? What's the purpose?

NANCY

We want to give thanks to Manon. Small sacrifices. Rochelle's going to offer her brain. Except that might be too small.

Rochelle ignores the remark.

NANCY

Listen, we're doing this because we think you're right. We've been taking and taking. It's time to give back.

Sarah thinks...

INT. BUS - PRE-DAWN

The girls are pensive as the bus makes its way up PCH. The only other passenger is a SLEEPING WOMAN.

EXT. BEACH - PRE-DAWN

Four black silhouettes file across the sand against the coloring sky. Breezes flap their clothes.

Rochelle steps in Nancy's footprints, Bonnie in Rochelle's, Sarah in Bonnie's.

Nancy carries a tiny SNAKE in a jar.

Bonnie, a BUTTERFLY in another jar.

Rochelle, a PARAKEET in a tiny wooden cage.

Sarah, a baggie with a GOLDFISH.

EXT. BEACH -

Bonnie finishes laying a ring of stones in the sand. Nancy starts a fire in the middle.

Sarah looks at the snake in the jar.

SARAH

When I was at my lowest, before I tried to, you know, kill myself, I thought everything had turned into snakes. Everything...

NANCY

Does it bother you?

SARAH

No, it's small... I don't care.

It does bother her.

NANCY

The serpent is very powerful.

Each girl places her offering inside the ring and sits.

NANCY

Okay...

(concentrates)

Manon... Ruler of Earth, maker of waves,  
bringer of fire, I present these...

ROCHELLE

We...

NANCY

We present these modest sacrifices...

The Girls each light a black candle. They stand and move in a circle.

NANCY

Winds of the West, strong and true, aid  
us in our magical work on this, the  
shortest day, the longest night...

The WIND stirs, blowing the Girls' hair across their faces.

NANCY

Serpent of old, Ruler of Deep, Guardian  
of the Bitter Sea, show us your glory, we  
pray of thee, we pray of thee, we invoke  
thee...

Sarah is shocked.

NANCY

Come, and show us your glory. Come unto  
us... Come unto...

SARAH

This isn't thanks. You're trying to  
invoke him...

BONNIE

If we told you, you wouldn't have come...

The SUN nears the horizon. Sarah gets up and walks away.

NANCY

Get back in the ring!

Fish are jumping up above the surface of the water.

ROCHELLE

We want this...

BONNIE

I don't know what you're so afraid of...

SARAH

I'm not afraid.

The GOLDFISH flips and flaps violently.

NANCY

Please, Sarah...

Nancy holds out her hand.

Sarah slowly comes forward. They all clasp hands.

FAR OUT AT SEA - A bolt of LIGHTNING charges down from a cloud to kiss the ocean. A slow, delayed RUMBLE.

NANCY

Show us your glory...

The PARAKEET beats against the cage, forcing its head through slats.

The WIND thrashes them.

The SKY turns dark.

NANCY

Manon, we invoke thee!!!!

Nancy's eyes roll back in her head. She falls to the ground.

NANCY

Manon...! Fill me...!

The jars with the SNAKE and BUTTERFLY shatter. The SNAKE slithers off and the BUTTERFLY is tossed away in a violent gust.

The wooden cage snaps apart and the PARAKEET flaps free.

The bag bursts open. The GOLDFISH lolls on the sand.

Nancy is thrashing violently.

The ground actually shakes, AN EARTHQUAKE.

Sarah looks at Nancy, the ocean, the snake sidwinding away. She feels the ground shaking. She's awed, terrified.

NANCY

FILL ME!!!!!!!

Suddenly a huge BOLT OF LIGHTNING DESCENDS ON US, fingering NANCY.

NANCY

AHHH!!!!

Everything turns WHITE -

Then BLACK -

FADE UP -

EXT. BEACH - MORNING; HOW MUCH LATER?

Bonnie and Rochelle are waking from a sleep. Sarah sits beside them, dazed.

ROCHELLE

(groggy)

Jesus... Was he here?

The GOLDFISH pathetically flaps on the sand.

Sarah gently picks it up and carries it to the water and lets it go. Then she sees something.

The ocean is calm now. Not a cloud in the sky. And twenty yards out we see NANCY, standing on the surface of the water.

Sarah is transfixed.

Rochelle and Bonnie watch as Nancy walks to shore.

NANCY

Did you feel him? He blessed me. He ran through my veins. I still feel him.

Nancy has a weird detached gleam.

A SIREN. The Girls turn.

UP THE BEACH there is some kind of commotion, CROWDS of ONLOOKERS, A TV NEWS VAN. And a COAST GUARD jeep flashing its cherry-reds.

The Girls get up to investigate.

IN THE MIDST OF THE CROWD -

We dip down to find... A GREAT WHITE SHARK, dead, eyes and mouth bleeding, having beached itself far onto shore.

When Nancy sees it, she starts laughing.

NANCY

Beautiful... Fucking beautiful... Look...

WE LIFT UP to see:

ALL ALONG THE COAST, more SHARKS, some even bigger, perhaps FIFTEEN, all dead, beached, bloody.

NANCY

Manon is great... He loves us... This is how we know...

Sarah backs away, horrified. She feels nauseous.

Rochelle and Bonnie look blank. But Nancy just keeps laughing, her eyes glazed over in demented bliss.

NANCY

Thank you, Manon!

She gets down and kisses the sand.

NANCY

Manon is great!

INT. BUS - DAY

As they ride home. Bonnie sits by herself.

Sarah WHISPERS to Rochelle:

SARAH

Something's wrong...

Nancy faces the sun, all of the windows on her side of the bus down. She takes in the wind, practically drinking it, her hair blowing around violently.

NANCY

I haven't felt this good in a long time!

Suddenly all the lights on the bus SPARK and sputter out.

THE DRIVER is freaking. His controls are seizing up.

The BUS swerves.

Nancy smiles at Sarah: a frightening smile.

INT. CAFETERIA - DAY

AMID THE LUNCHTIME CHAOS - We find Sarah eating her lunch silently, Chris hunched over her shoulder.

CHRIS  
Come on... You look like you need  
somebody to talk to anyway... It's just  
dinner... Why not? Are you too busy  
hanging with your scary friends.

She turns to him.

SARAH  
Alright... Tomorrow.

He smiles.

INT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT

It's as nice a place as we can imagine Chris choosing. He  
wears a coat and tie. Sarah's a little underdressed.

CHRIS  
I'm glad we're finally here, together.  
(taking her hand)  
It just feels so right... Don't you  
think? Don't you feel this incredible  
thing going on between us?

SARAH  
Chris...

CHRIS  
Wait, don't answer. I'm rushing things.  
I'm going to relax now. We have wine  
coming. We have the whole evening. We  
have our whole lives. Right?

SARAH  
Right.

A beat.

CHRIS  
Do you love me?

SARAH  
Chris...

INT. CAR - NIGHT

Chris drives and Sarah rides silently. He turns up a quiet  
mountain drive.

SARAH  
Where are we going?

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

There's nothing up here. He parks the car. Turns off the  
lights... Quiet.

INT. CAR - NIGHT

SARAH  
Why did we stop here?

CHRIS  
To talk...

He sidles over to Sarah.

SARAH  
Chris, I know you feel really strongly,  
but have you ever stopped to wonder why?

CHRIS  
That's the thing about love. There's no  
way to figure it out.

SARAH  
Exactly...

CHRIS  
It doesn't matter. If you're on a  
surfboard and a tidal wave is coming, you  
ride it.

SARAH  
Even if you end up drowning?

CHRIS  
(kissing her neck)  
I'd drown myself in you, Sarah.

He wraps his arms around her tightly.

SARAH  
Chris, take me home.

Long pause.

CHRIS  
No.

He starts to stick his hand inside her blouse. She pulls  
away, but he's too strong.

SARAH  
Chris, stop it!

CHRIS  
NO, GODDAMNIT!!! YOU AGREED TO COME!!!  
THIS IS GONNA HAPPEN!!!

He rips open her shirt. She starts fighting him off. She  
reaches for the door handle, opens it.

EXT. ROADSIDE - CONT.

They spill out, but he's still on top of her. He's pulling up her skirt, unbuttoning his pants.

He's shaking, panting, like an animal.

Sarah is terrified, crying. She controls herself.

SARAH

Okay, okay. Just let go of my arms.

She kisses him.

He smiles, lets go.

CHRIS

Sarah... I've been wanting this so bad.

She reaches to touch him down there. His eyes flutter with pleasure.

Then she wrenches her face as if squeezing. He HOWLS with pain.

She elbows him across the face and he's knocked back.

She gets up and runs.

CHRIS

Sarah!!!! What's the matter with you?

He clutches at his groin.

EXT. BRUSH - NIGHT

Sarah scrambles through the bushes and trees in total darkness.

CHRIS

(distant)

- Sarah! Let me give you a ride home! No hard feelings!

The branches are reaching out at her, scratching her skin, as she runs.

EXT. ROCHELLE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Sarah stumbles up the street, across the lawn, crying, still clutching at her ripped clothes. She makes it up the front steps and rings the DOORBELL.

Rochelle's Mother opens the door.

ROCHELLE'S MOTHER  
Sarah? Are you alright?

Sarah steps back into shadow, turning away awkwardly.

SARAH  
Oh hi, Mrs. Mack. Yeah, I'm fine. I'm...  
tired, I guess... Is Rochelle home?

Rochelle's Mother steps back suspiciously.

Rochelle runs to the door. Bonnie right behind her.

ROCHELLE  
Oh my God...

INT. ROCHELLE'S ROOM - NIGHT

Sarah is slumped on Rochelle's bed wrapped in one of her bathrobes, eyes red from crying. Rochelle uses a damp cloth to wipe clean some of the scratches and cuts. Bonnie watches, nervous.

SARAH  
His eyes were empty... I've never seen  
anything like that... He...

BONNIE  
When Nancy finds out...

SARAH  
No! Don't tell her!

BONNIE  
Why not?

We MOVE AROUND SARAH. The Girls are quiet.

SARAH  
...She doesn't need to know.

Behind Sarah, in a shadow, something MOVES.

NANCY  
If I didn't know better...

Sarah whirls around.

NANCY  
...I'd say you don't trust me.

SARAH  
No... I just think that...

NANCY

Shut the fuck up.  
 (touching a scrape on  
 Sarah's cheek)  
 I want to talk to Chris about this...

SARAH

Please don't. He would have never tried  
 this, if I hadn't...

NANCY

That's how they've gotten away with it  
 for so many centuries! She's a temptress!  
 She made him do it! Well, that doesn't  
 work for me! Chris used to grab at me at  
 parties after the game, drunk,  
 victorious! And I gave him what he  
 wanted! And for that he treats me like a  
 slut!

A glass of water sitting on a table across the room SHATTERS.

SARAH

Nancy...

NANCY

When Chris hurts you. He hurts all of us.  
 We act as one.

She kisses Sarah on the cheek.

NANCY

There's a party tonight, isn't there?

ROCHELLE

At Trey's.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Nancy walks along the sidewalk. As she passes under each  
 STREETLAMP, it flickers.

Nancy is TALKING to herself, in angry bursts.

A lamp SHATTERS with a BANG in a shower of SPARKS.

EXT. TREY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

A big California Tudor Mansion with drunken KIDS spilling out  
 onto the lawn. BMW's and sporty Nissans jam every conceivable  
 parking spot.

INT. TREY'S - CONT.

Shoulder to shoulder revelry. The drunken Dionysian cult that is Football. Banners and crepe paper in the Football team colors: red and black.

THE FRONT DOOR -

Nancy makes an entrance. Heads turn.

SOMEBODY  
What's she doing here?

Nancy scans the crowd.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Chris is on a bed, ensconced by Trey and Mitt and several other Football JOCKS. Chris takes swigs from a bottle of Jack Daniels, VERY DRUNK.

TREY  
Good game, Chris.

CHRIS  
Fuck you too.

They laugh.

AT THE DOOR - A GIRL runs up.

GIRL  
Nancy Downs is here. She was totally not invited.

CHRIS  
Nancy?

He hands the bottle to Mitt and stumbles out.

INT. STAIRWELL - CONT.

On the grand staircase we find Chris at the top and Nancy at the bottom. They meet in the middle.

CHRIS  
What are you doing here?

NANCY  
Looking for you...

She nods towards a bedroom off a landing.

NANCY  
Could we talk in private?

INT. MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT

Chris walks in, Nancy right behind him.

The door SLAMS SHUT on its own.

Chris whirls around. Nancy smiles at him. The room is dark and romantic.

NANCY

Just like old times, Chris... We had some pretty hot moments. Remember?

CHRIS

I've been trying to forget.

Nancy is on her knees. She starts to unbutton his fly.

NANCY

How could you forget this?

He grabs her hands.

NANCY

Not in the mood?

CHRIS

Not for a venereal disease.

NANCY

Chris...

CHRIS

(letting her go)

Go away.

Nancy rubs her hands over her face, contorting her features.

CHRIS

I said go away!

Nancy's hands run over her face one more time and she TRANSFORMS INTO SARAH.

Still delirious from drink, Chris does a double take.

CHRIS

What the fuck...?

SARAH

(whispering)

Chris, make love to me...

CHRIS

Sarah...

He reaches down and takes her in his arms, kissing deeply, rapaciously.

EXT. STREET IN FRONT OF TREY'S - NIGHT

A CAB pulls up and Sarah, Rochelle and Bonnie get out.

ROCHELLE  
We shouldn't be here.

SARAH  
Neither should Nancy.

They move up the front walkway.

INT. LIVING ROOM - CONT.

Rochelle and Sarah make their way through the CROWD. Someone pulls on Rochelle's arm: it's Laura Lizzie, in a wig, looking terrified.

LAURA  
Rochelle... how's it going?

ROCHELLE  
Fine.

Sarah is talking to SOME GIRL who points upstairs.

LAURA  
Listen, I wanted to... Well, the thing is... I've been doing a lot of thinking... I feel bad about some stuff...

A TRICKLE OF BLOOD runs down Laura's forehead.

Sarah moves away towards the stairs

INT. MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT

The display on a digital clock has gone HAYWIRE.

Objects on tables, pictures, boxes, are MOVING on their own.

Chris, eyes closed, is deep in the throes of making love to... we can't tell at first... Nancy.

His eyes open and he gets a good look at her.

He stops, rolls away, freaked.

CHRIS  
What the fuck are you doing to me?

Nancy LAUGHS.

CHRIS  
You are a witch! They were right!

NANCY  
They always are.

The door opens and Sarah steps in.

NANCY  
Sarah's one too...

SARAH  
One what?

NANCY  
The only reason you love her is because  
she cast a spell on you...

CHRIS  
No...

NANCY  
Yes. And that's why I'm here. To cure you  
of Sarah.

SARAH  
Nancy, let's go.

NANCY  
No.

The door THUNDEROUSLY SLAMS SHUT.

Nancy starts FLOATING UPWARDS, her feet hang two feet off the  
ground.

CHRIS  
Mother fucking shit...

NANCY  
But I can only think of one way to cure  
you.

She starts FLOATING TOWARDS CHRIS.

He backs up, terrified.

BEHIND HIM - Open French doors, a balcony, and a precipitous  
drop.

NANCY

I think you're such a worthless piece of woman-hating crap that your case is terminal.

Nancy's face contorts into a GROTESQUE VERSION OF HERSELF and she FLIES at Chris.

NANCY

Terminal!!!!!!!!!!

His back is to the railing. Three stories below GUESTS mingle.

CHRIS

I'm sorry if I ever hurt your feelings, Nancy. You too Sarah.

Nancy ROARS with LAUGHTER.

Then: She lightly taps her index finger on Chris' forehead, and he falls back.

FALLING, SLOW MOTION, through space, towards a FLAGSTONE TERRACE.

His head meets the ground and we hear BONES SNAPPING.

CLOSE UP - KNUCKLES being cracked.

INT. SARAH'S ROOM - MORNING

Sarah watches, sickened, as a MALE DETECTIVE and his BUTCH FEMALE ASSISTANT talk to her. Roger stands in the doorway.

SARAH

He was drunk. He lost his balance. That's it.

Sarah shuts down and turns to the window. The Detective looks annoyed.

DETECTIVE

...Okay. Thank you, Sarah. That was so helpful.

OUT SARAH'S WINDOW -

Sarah watches.

The Detective and Assistant get in their unmarked CAR, the Detective giving Sarah a look as they drive off.

ROGER

Sarah... We were thinking maybe you might want to see someone about this, a doctor.

Sarah turns inward, darkens.

ROGER

I'm not trying to imply anything. I just want you to have someone to talk to. Because you certainly aren't talking to me...

Sarah covers her face and rolls onto her bed.

Roger leaves her alone.

Sarah hears a NOISE in the bathroom, something small ROLLING.

An EXACTO KNIFE teeters off the sink, onto the tile floor.

Sarah looks at the knife, terrified.

EXT. NANCY'S APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY

The Detective and Assistant enter the building.

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

As they approach Nancy's door.

DETECTIVE

Let's have a little fun with this girl.

ASSISTANT

Okey dokey.

INT. NANCY'S APARTMENT - DAY

Nancy faces the two.

NANCY

We were just talking. He was drunk off his ass. He tripped. That was it.

DETECTIVE

That's not what Sarah Bailey said.

NANCY

Really?

DETECTIVE

She said you pushed him.

Nancy is blank, cool.

NANCY

Well... Sarah is a liar. And she'll  
suffer for her sins.

INT. SARAH'S ROOM - NIGHT

Sarah lies there, unable to sleep. There's a slight  
SCRATCHING sound at the window, lurking behind curtains.

Sarah gets up and checks the latch.

More SCRATCHING.

She moves the curtain back.

OUTSIDE - Nancy, Bonnie and Rochelle are floating midair  
outside her second story window. Their faces are chalk white.

ROCHELLE

We want to talk to you.

SARAH

About what?

NANCY

Your suicide.

They all fly towards the window, SMASHING it in. Glass flies  
everywhere. Sarah is flung against the far wall.

They all keep flying toward Sarah, their hands grabbing at  
her neck, grinning and GIGGLING, trying to strangle her.

Then Sarah wakes up.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Quiet.

Except for some slight SCRATCHING sound at the window,  
lurking behind the curtains.

Sarah just stares at it.

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

MOVING through the throngs of STUDENTS.

Everyone is WHISPERING, staring at Sarah.

A GIRL is faced away to another GIRL, pulling books out of  
her locker.

GIRL

No, I heard that they were arguing over him because they both liked him and Sarah freaked out and pushed him, and...

Her friend nudges her. The Girl turns, pales, and hurries off, mortified.

Sarah just stands in the middle of the hall, paralyzed, everyone watching.

INT. BATHROOM - DAY

Sarah comes in. GIRLS whisper to each other and hurry out.

Sarah finds a

STALL - and locks herself in. She immediately starts crying, sobbing, but trying to remain silent, trying to not lose it entirely.

With her face buried in her arms, she doesn't notice:

The LATCH on the stall door slowly SLIDES OPEN by itself.

The DOOR opens.

NANCY

Hi.

A jolt runs through Sarah as she looks up to see Nancy, Rochelle and Bonnie.

NANCY

How are your buddies, the police?

SARAH

I didn't say anything to the police.

NANCY

If I were you that's what I'd say too.

ROCHELLE

If you leave the ring, you better leave the school.

BONNIE

And maybe the city. We're not sure.

Sarah stares at them all.

NANCY

Have you been sleeping well?

SARAH

What?

Nancy and the Girls mimick their neck-strangling movements from Sarah's dream.

Sarah is shocked. They laugh.

SARAH

Why are you doing this?

NANCY

In the olden days, leaving a coven meant death.

They start off.

BONNIE

See ya', but I wouldn't want to be ya'.

EXT. LIRIO'S SHOP - AFTERNOON

Sarah runs up to the door.

INT. CANDLE SHOP -

Sarah comes in. The place is empty. She sees the black curtain. She moves to it.

Just as she's about to reach it, a hand touches her shoulder and Sarah whirls around.

It's Lirio.

LIRIO

Child...

Sarah hugs her, starts crying. Lirio leads her to a chair.

LIRIO

What's wrong? What troubles you so?

SARAH

My three friends... They're using magic against me.

LIRIO

I could see this trouble coming. The blonde one.

SARAH

(nodding)

She killed someone at school. You have to give me something to fight them off.

Lirio looks disturbed by this.

LIRIO  
I can do nothing for you, child.

SARAH  
There's got to be something.

Suddenly a strange BREEZE moves through the store, like a huge inhuman BREATH.

Sarah looks over: the black curtain is blowing open, light spilling from inside.

Lirio takes Sarah's hand.

LIRIO  
Come.

She leads Sarah through the doorway into:

INT. GLASS COVERED COURTYARD - CONT.

This is an old atrium with hugely overgrown trees and plants obscuring the light from above except for a small pool of luminescence at the far end, where, in a shaft of afternoon sun, sits an ANCIENT WOMAN, The Witch, on an old wooden chair. She turns to Sarah. She has one milky grey eye and one eye the color of blood.

She smiles, revealing rows of rotting brown and missing teeth.

She waves Sarah to come over.

WITCH  
Venga aqui, hija. Venga...

Lirio pushes Sarah forward, past the dozens of BIRDCAGES hanging from the gnarled bows. There are LIZARDS on the walls, BUTTERFLIES here and there.

The arthritically wrenched HAND of the Witch touches Sarah's cheek. By the way the Witch looks off we know she is blind.

WITCH  
Que bonita y joven... No me tema.  
Sientase...

LIRIO  
(right behind Sarah)  
She says don't be afraid. Sit down. She won't put you in a trance like the other night when you came through here with the others...

Sarah sits at the Witch's feet. The Witch takes Sarah's hand and touches her ring. She laughs, delighted and demented, babbling on in SPANISH.

LIRIO

(traslating)

She says this ring from your mother tells her many things: your mother was a very powerful woman, very beautiful and strong.

More SPANISH from the Witch.

LIRIO

(translating)

She knew many things. But she was afraid of her own power. And you are too.

The Witch tightens her grip on Sarah, CONTINUING.

LIRIO

She says be strong. The Craft is a blessing...

SARAH

I never knew my mother... But sometimes I think I remember her...

Sarah is softly crying. Lirio holds her.

Suddenly the place is ripped apart in a BLAST. A huge FIREBALL pours in through the door from the shop. GLASS falls from the ceiling. The three Women are rocked to the ground.

The wall into the shop has crumbled, the place is on FIRE, utterly destroyed.

Then suddenly, the entire scene melds back to it's normal state.

Silence.

Sarah and Lirio are terrified.

A GIGGLE from out front of the shop. A silhouette of Nancy moves past a window.

SARAH

It's Nancy casting visions.

The old Witch makes a remark.

LIRIO

(translating)

She says it's amateurish work, and she's not impressed... But personally I think it's pretty good.

SARAH

I'm getting out of here.

The old Witch grabs Sarah's arm, talking to her earnestly.

LIRIO

She says remember this: no one can use magic against you if you do not let them.

SARAH

What...?

LIRIO

You will understand when you need to.

EXT. ALLEY - DUSK

Sarah runs in the shadows, the sound of SIRENS coming closer. It's a bad neighborhood: HOMELESS and GANGBANGERS lurk everywhere.

She darts into a street and SCREEECH! a BMW Station wagon almost hits her.

Inside the car are Rochelle and Bonnie.

BONNIE

Sarah! We've been looking for you...

SARAH

(backing away)

Why?

BONNIE

Sarah, wait. Thank God we found you. Nancy's totally out of control. We think she's trying to kill you. It's like she's high on Manon or something...

ROCHELLE

At school, we were just trying to scare you because we were scared. We thought you were going to tell everybody about the coven. Sarah... Get in the car...

Sarah isn't sure.

BONNIE

If Nancy finds you...

ROCHELLE

We swear on our hearts that we're not  
shitting you.

Rochelle opens the door. Sarah comes forward.

INT. BMW - NIGHT

Bonnie drives and Rochelle looks straight ahead.

Silence.

SARAH

Whose car is this?

BONNIE

My mother's. I didn't even tell her I  
took it.

Sarah leans forward into the front seat area.

SARAH

Where are we going?

ROCHELLE

Where do you want to go?

SARAH

Home, I guess.

BONNIE

Are you sure you want to go home?

ROCHELLE

It might not be a good idea.

SARAH

Why?

No answer.

Bonnie presses a button that locks the doors all around.

Sarah leans back, wary.

NANCY is right there, sitting up in the cargo section.

NANCY

Because I know where you live.

Sarah jolts, heart pounding.

Nancy climbs up next to her.

NANCY

Sarah? What's the matter? You don't look so good.

Sarah looks in the rear view mirror. Bonnie won't meet her glare.

SARAH

What are you going to do to me?

NANCY

This.

Nancy pulls out an ax, swings it around violently and buries it in her Sarah's chest.

Death SCREAM from Sarah.

Then the ax vanishes.

Nancy smiles coyly.

Sarah is hyperventillating.

NANCY

The question is, what are you going to do to yourself?

They come to an intersection.

Sarah looks blank.

Suddenly she explodes in movement: SLAMMING her fist down on the button to unlock the doors, DIVING out of the car.

BONNIE

Shit!

ROCHELLE

Grab her!

Bonnie grabs a leg, Nancy some hair, but it's too late. Sarah slips away.

Sarah is running up a huge old flight of crumbling stairs flanking a HILLSIDE.

Bonnie takes after her.

NANCY

Bonnie, nevermind...! She can't hide from us.

UP THE STAIRS - Sarah is panting, heaving, still running up the hundreds of steps. She pauses, looks back.

The BMW peels out.

Nancy HOOTS raucously and it echoes up the hill.

EXT. HILLSIDE ROAD - NIGHT

Hair askew, dirty, exhausted, Sarah trudges up a curving hillside road.

Headlights hit her from behind.

She moves out of the way. It's a WOMAN and a CHILD in a STATION WAGON.

SARAH  
Please, stop! Please!

The WOMAN lays on the HORN and speeds past her.

EXT. SARAH'S HOUSE - NIGHT

The place looks dark and quiet. Sarah limps up the front walkway.

INT. FRONT HALLWAY - NIGHT

Sarah turns the lights on.

SARAH  
Hello...?

She checks into the LIVING ROOM, KITCHEN... nobody. She sees the phone table.

ANGLE - The Yellow Pages are open to the airlines section. On a small pad are written a FLIGHT NUMBER and a DEPARTURE TIME.

Suddenly the ANSWERING MACHINE kicks on.

SARAH'S VOICE  
(crying)  
I can't take it here anymore. I'm going back to San Francisco to... I'm just going home... Goodbye... I love you...

Just behind Sarah something explodes in SOUND... it's just the phone RINGING. Sarah grabs it.

SARAH  
Hello?

SARAH'S VOICE  
(over phone)  
...Goodbye... I love you...

(laughing, it turns  
into...)

NANCY'S VOICE

Pretty good, huh? Your parents must care  
a lot about you to just jump on the next  
flight. Especially when flying is so  
dangerous...

SARAH

What are you talking about?

BEHIND SARAH - The TV bursts on playing THE NEWS.

ON THE TV - footage of a devastating PLANE CRASH SITE.

TV ANNOUNCER

...F.A.A. officials have retrieved the  
black box and a full investigation is  
pending. Once again, Global Flight 321  
from Los Angeles to San Francisco has  
crashed with no survivors...

ANGLE - The note reads: "Flight 321 - Global"

Sarah drops the phone. Her eyes flutter.

She falls down, woozy, but doesn't pass out. She sits there.

Dizzy. WE SPIN AROUND HER.

And something else: The lights are FLICKERING. They go OUT.

Quiet, dappled MOONLIGHT through the windows.

SARAH - Is losing touch, beyond afraid, sick with doom.

She picks up the phone. It's dead. She presses on the hook.  
Nothing.

She gets up, locks the front door and moves upstairs.

INT. SARAH'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Sarah looks out her window.

Dark and quiet.

The DOORBELL rings.

INT. STAIRS - NIGHT

She slowly tiptoes down the steps.

The DOORBELL again.

ABOVE THE WALL in the staircase, behind Sarah, the shadows of tree branches sway slightly in the night breeze.

We hear soft HISSING.

The TREE SHADOWS gracefully turn into the SHADOWS of GIANT SNAKES.

Sarah does not see this.

More HISSING.

She moves to the front door, silently. She peeks through a side window. There's nobody outside.

EXT. FRONT PORCH - NIGHT - CONT.

She very cautiously opens the door. All quiet.

Then: the DOORBELL rings again.

ANGLE - The BUTTON IS PRESSED without anybody pressing it.

Sarah's eyes go wide.

She backs away towards the street, backing down the front steps, then stops.

She's standing on something strange. HISSING.

She looks down: She's standing on SNAKES, dozens of them.

The CAMERA PULLS BACK to reveal the front walkway, the lawn, the sidewalk, the street, are all composed of a HUGE TEEMING MASS OF THOUSANDS AND THOUSANDS OF SNAKES.

It's an ocean. It completely surrounds the house.

Sarah turns very slowly. She sees it all.

She starts shaking.

She can't catch her breath.

The SNAKES hang from the trees. They cover a CAR. They pour out of a mailbox.

A snake starts to spiral up her leg towards her inner thigh.

SARAH

No...

She shakes the snake off and tips forward onto the safe haven of the porch and back into the house.

INT. FRONT HALL - NIGHT - CONT.

Sarah robotically comes in, closes and locks the door.

Faint girl GIGGLING.

Sarah turns and runs into the

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT - CONT.

LOOKING OUT THE KITCHEN WINDOW - The Hillside is composed of snakes, just like the front.

At the front door, something is POUNDING.

Sarah runs out.

INT. FRONT HALLWAY - CONT.

The front door is BOWING with the monstrous force of a huge creature pounding with all its might. POUND, POUND. Sarah sees through the window the silhouette of SOMETHING INHUMAN.

SARAH

Leave me alone!!!!!!

She backs up the stairs. She ducks into

INT. HER ROOM - CONT.

She locks her door, shoves her dresser in front.

We hear the front door break down - SMASH!!!

Huge FOOTSTEPS coming up the stairs.

Deep, inhuman BREATHING (we've heard it before).

The doorknob turns. A massive body POUNDING.

Sarah runs into

INT. HER BATHROOM - CONT.

We hear furniture THROWN out of the way, SMASHING.

POUND! The wooden slats on the bathroom door splinter. POUND!

Sarah, backs up, panicked, out of ideas.

She backs into her shower, closes the door, huddling in the corner, on the wet tiles.

SMASH!! The bathroom door shatters.

THROUGH THE BUMPY SHOWER GLASS - We see a massive BEAST, vague, hunched, BREATHING deep resonant breaths.

It sees Sarah in the shower, moves to her.

It moves close to the glass.

The door opens.

As the glass passes, the shape turns into Nancy, grinning.

NANCY

Gotcha.

ON SARAH - It really makes no difference to her now. She's shifted into another mode: cornered animal.

Nancy leans in close.

NANCY

You know... if I were you, I'd kill myself.

Nancy's hand is reaching for something... the shower handle. She turns it on full blast.

Nancy slips away.

Sarah just sits there getting soaked until finally, slowly, she gets up and out of the stall.

Totally doused and dripping, she walks out.

There are no broken doors, no signs of the Huge Beast.

BEDROOM - CONT.

All is normal.

Except... ON THE DRESSER - The black and white photo of Sarah's Mother in the garden.

IN THE PHOTO - The trees are swaying gently. Sarah's Mother looks up and calmly smiles at us. Sarah moves on.

HALLWAY - TOP OF THE STAIRS -

Sarah comes out, looks down numbly, starts down the steps.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

She comes in and stands in the middle of the room. We are MOVING AROUND HER.

Light and shadow.

An empty chair. GIGGLING. Now Rochelle sits there.  
Light shifts. Now Rochelle is over by the window.

SARAH  
...Where are my dad and Jenny?

NANCY  
Oh. You'll be seeing them soon.

ROCHELLE  
As soon as you kill yourself.

An empty archway.

Sarah looks: Bonnie in the archway now.

SARAH  
No.

Nancy dips down from a shadow over Sarah's head, floating.

NANCY  
What are you waiting for?

Now she's gone.

SARAH  
(softly)  
I'm not going to kill myself...

BONNIE  
What was that?

Now a huge BOA CONSTRICTOR is gracefully and silently lowering itself from the ceiling, unseen by Sarah.

SARAH  
I don't want to kill myself.

NANCY  
You don't sound too sure.

Suddenly the SNAKE coils around Sarah's neck and wraps around.

Her eyes bulge and she paws at the SNAKE but it's too tight.

It starts to lift her off the ground by the neck. Her feet kick violently.

The SNAKE MORPHS INTO A ROPE. Sarah is being hung by the neck.

Nancy watches.

Sarah gives a silent scream as her neck SNAPS.

She falls to the ground.

No snake. No rope. She kneels there choking, rubbing her neck.

NANCY

If you don't want to kill yourself, then why are you fantasizing about it?

SARAH

I'm not fatasizing about it....

BONNIE

Why doesn't she use magic on us?

NANCY

Because she knows it won't work.

SARAH

(remembering)

No one can use magic against you if you do not let them.

NANCY

That's right.

(chanting,  
monotonous)

Now is the end. Let her go in peace.

ALL THREE

Now is the end. Let her go in peace.

Now is the end. Let her go in peace.

Sarah gets up.

SARAH

There's nothing behind that. Your chant is empty. It has no power over me.

Sarah looks OUT THE WINDOW - The landscape is normal, without a single snake.

Sarah walks to the front hall.

NANCY

Come back here.

Just as Sarah pulls open the door she is met by Roger, Jenny and A FAMILIAR WOMAN.

SARAH

Dad...

She throws her arms around him.

ROGER

Sarah, we were so worried.

SARAH

I'm alright now. I mean, really alright.

He looks in her eyes.

ROGER

I want you to meet someone.

The Woman comes forward.

ROGER

Sarah, this is your mother.

Sarah looks at her, in shock, not understanding.

MOTHER

Hello, Sarah.

She hugs Sarah who is speechless, on the verge of tears.

SARAH

How...?

MOTHER

(smiling)

You're dead. We all are.

Sarah pulls back to get another look at her, but it's NANCY, who kisses Sarah on the lips, then pushes her down on the floor.

The front door SLAMS CLOSED.

NANCY

You're not leaving.

Nancy leans down in front of Sarah.

NANCY

Give me your hands.

Without thinking, Sarah does. And before she can even react, Nancy has taken the Exacto knife and slashed through Sarah's wrists.

Blood runs. Sarah stares at it.

SARAH

It's not real...

NANCY

The fuck it isn't.

Nancy smears the blood up her arm.

SARAH

No...

She gets up and runs to the door, but Rochelle is there to block it.

Nancy grabs a pen and starts writing a note.

NANCY

(reading aloud)

"I killed Chris. I'm sorry. Love, Sarah"

Nancy puts the pen and the note in Sarah's hands, and she drops them.

ON THE FLOOR - The note and the pen are smeared in blood.

NANCY

Thanks. That's perfect.

Sarah runs upstairs, panicked, bumping into the wall.

NANCY

I wish she would relax.

INT. SARAH'S BEDROOM - CONT.

She bounds in, holding her wrists out, bumping into a dresser and knocking the PHOTO of her mother off the table.

The glass cracks.

She stumbles into

THE BATHROOM -

Where she opens the medicine cabinet. She fumbles for some bandages, but the box only has a few small band-aids.

Sarah slips to the floor, crying, hopeless.

She sees the photo on the floor. She crawls to it, touches the glass. She thinks.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Nancy and the girls are sitting there. Rochelle and Bonnie look very glum.

ROCHELLE

I was just thinking...

NANCY

Please. I'm not in the mood for any of your stupid-ass comments.

ROCHELLE

You know, I'm really not that stupid.

NANCY

Oh? Then exactly how stupid are you...? Jesus. Go upstairs and see if she's dead yet.

ROCHELLE

You didn't say please.

NANCY

Do it now, or I'll fucking kill you!

Nancy lunges at her. Afraid, Rochelle gets up.

ROCHELLE

Bonnie, come with me.

INT. UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - NIGHT

Rochelle is going from room to room.

ROCHELLE

Sarah...? Are you dead yet...?

She meets up with Bonnie.

BONNIE

Where is she?

INT. SARAH'S BEDROOM - CONT.

They see blood drips and smears on the floor.

ROCHELLE

Gross.

BONNIE

She was in here.

The drips lead over to double doors. Rochelle opens them to reveal

A LONG, STRANGE-LOOKING HALLWAY -

With flickering sconces.

ROCHELLE

I don't remember this...

They step forward.

DOWNSTAIRS - WITH NANCY - CONT.

We hear distant SCREAMS.

NANCY  
Bonnie...? Rochelle...?

She goes upstairs.

INT. SARAH'S ROOM - NIGHT

Following the drops of blood, she goes to the double doors, opens them, seeing the HALLWAY.

Nancy stops. She picks up a book and throws it into the hallway.

The BOOK vanishes, causing a soft gash. The IMAGE OF THE HALLWAY DISSIPATES like fog.

Nancy turns around.

NANCY  
Nice try... Actually it was a pretty lame try.

Then out of the bathroom comes a SCREAMING bloody Sarah, shoving Nancy out the double doors.

Nancy flies out into the darkness.

And then... silence.

Sarah creeps forward and peers into the BLACK.

A CRACK of THUNDER and the skies FLASH, illuminating Nancy who lies motionless on the pavement, her neck is at an impossible angle.

Rochelle and Bonnie are climbing out of the bushes nearby.

A BREEZE\_stirs the trees.

A HORN honks.

EXT. FRONT OF HOUSE - NIGHT

Roger and Jenny are getting out of a TOWTRUCK. Sarah comes out the front door, walks right up and hugs her father.

ROGER  
Honey, we tried to call, but there's something wrong with the phones... We've had the strangest day...

(seeing her wrists)  
Sarah!

SARAH  
Don't worry... I'm fine now...

She passes out in his arms.

FADE TO BLACK -

FADE UP -

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

Sarah lies in bed, her wrists bandaged, in a daze.

A NURSE stands over her.

NURSE  
Some friends are here to see you.

The Nurse goes. In file Rochelle and Bonnie who has her arm in a sling.

BONNIE  
Hi.

ROCHELLE  
How are you?

Sarah just stares at them.

BONNIE  
Well, um, okay... We want you to know that we're really sorry about your wrists and all. And it wasn't our idea to try and kill you. And we hope you can forgive us.

ROCHELLE  
And you were totally right about not abusing the craft. Not that it really matters anymore. We lost all our powers... Do you still have any powers?

Sarah looks at them for a long time.

SARAH  
Get out.

ROCHELLE  
We totally understand if you're mad.

SARAH  
GET OUT!!!!!!!

Bonnie and Rochelle fumble for the door.

DISSOLVE TO -

INT. PUBLIC LIBRARY - DAY

BY THE CHILDREN'S SECTION - MOTHERS and YOUNG DAUGHTERS are filing in. A YOUNG GIRL sees Sarah setting up chairs in an alcove.

YOUNG GIRL  
(to her mother)  
Mommy, that's the best reader!

MOTHER  
(barely listening)  
That's nice. I'll see you in an hour,  
okay? If you need me you've got my pager  
number and the car phone and the portable  
fax.

She kisses her daughter and goes.

INT. READING ALCOVE - A BIT LATER

Sarah sits in front of the room with some fifteen YOUNG GIRLS very intently listening to her read a story.

SARAH  
So the Old Woman packed up her basket and  
went home...

Sarah checks around: no adults in sight. She looks at the Girls.

The lights starts to DIM.

SARAH  
...But late that night all the animals in  
the forest came out to the wishing  
well...

Very gradually, as if through a mist, a WELL appears just behind Sarah.

A DEER walks from behind a bookshelf.

SARAH  
...They all wanted to know if the magical  
powers were true...

A OWL flaps in and perches atop a shelf.

RABBITS hop by.

BUTTERFLIES flutter down.

THE GIRLS - are wide-eyed.

SARAH

And even though the Old Woman had warned them about the well, they decided to try it anyway... They would have to learn the lesson themselves...

A BLACKBIRD lands atop the book.

Sarah turns the page.

FADE OUT -