The Witches of East End

Pilot

by
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ACT ONE

EXT. NORTH HAMPTON BEACH -- DUSK

A rocky beach, eerily beautiful, empty, foggy, desolate. **BILL** and **MAURA THATCHER**, 50s, emerge from the mist, walking their dog along the water. Bill points to a **BREATHTAKING MANSION** on its own little island, just off the coast. Small water taxis with lantern string lights bob in the distance, taking well-dressed laughing revelers toward the mansion.

BILL
Guess my invitation got lost in the mail.

MAURA
It's disgusting, what they've done to that place...

BILL
My dear, they've restored it. And I hear they did a spectacular job -- even opened up the old catacombs...

MAURA
It wasn't theirs to restore! It belonged to the town. It still does. That deal wasn't even legal.

BILL
Dash Gardiner would beg to differ.

MAURA
Dash Gardiner isn't even from here! Dash Gardiner fired you from your post after thirty years of faithful service, for no reason whatsoever! Dash Gardiner can bite me!

Bill smiles and hugs her, glad to have her on his side.

BILL
An occupied house doesn't need a caretaker, darling.

MAURA
Well I still don't like him, and I don't trust him. And he's marrying that little hussy Freya Beauchamp-

BILL
(amused)
Hussy?

MAURA
It's the nicest word I could think of.

They giggle to themselves, as a figure emerges from the fog: **JOANNA BEAUCHAMP**, late 40s, but somehow ageless. She's ethereal, otherworldly. She doesn't just walk -- she glides.

MAURA (CONT'D)
(whispers to Bill)
Do you think she heard us? Talking about her daughter?

Bill just shakes his head, indicating they should shut up.

BILL
Evening Mrs. Beauchamp. Headed off to the engagement party?

Joanna just stares at them coldly as she passes, **HER EYES ARE DEEP SHINING EMERALD GREEN.** The DOG barks at her, scared.

MAURA
(whispers to Bill)
Friendly, isn't she?

Bill and Maura keep walking. We follow Joanna. She stops in her tracks with a sly smile, Bill and Maura are behind her, walking away, their backs to her. She turns to look at them, and her face **SUBTLY MORPHS into something inhuman, evil, demonic.** She stares at them for a beat, then heads toward them with dark purpose...

INT. FAIR HAVEN MANSION -- NIGHT

The PARTY is in full swing, the interior of the gorgeous mansion even more impressive than it looked from outside. We drift through the DRESSED UP CROWD, picking up on the small town gossip as we go, stopping to listen here or there to the revelers whisper about the guests of honor...

WHISPERING PARTY GUEST 1
They've only been dating, what? Three months?!

WHISPERING PARTY GUEST 2
Guess she'd already been with every other man in town, might as well get married.

WHISPERING PARTY GUEST 3
Yeah, to the richest, most eligible bachelor in North Hampton, before any of us even got a crack at him!

WHISPERING PARTY GUEST 4
And she walks around like she's such hot stuff, but she's not even that hot. I don't get the appeal. Honey stop staring-

We see a **MAN** practically DROOLING WITH LUST while his **WIFE** watches, pissed. And then we see who he's drooling over...

FREYA BEAUCHAMP, 20s -- curvy, buxom, big-boobed, unapologetic wild-haired sex goddess. (If Christina Hendricks and Angelina Jolie had a baby, Freya would still be hotter.) She walks right up to the handsome, commanding **DASH GARDINER**, 30. She gives him a sultry, passionate, bedroom-style kiss. He grins.

DASH
What was that for?

FREYA
That was for everyone at this party who hates me right now, because I'm marrying you...

DASH
How could anyone hate someone as wonderful as you?!

FREYA
Oh my dear Dashy. You haven't been in this town very long...

They're approached by his MOTHER, **PENELOPE GARDINER**, 50s, elegant, sour, vain. She kisses Dash on both cheeks.

DASH
Mother, where have you been? Your cheeks are ice cold-

Penelope shrugs, touching her cheek self-consciously, clearly hiding something. She looks at Freya, disapproving.

PENELOPE
So, Dash tells me you're planning to... *make* your own wedding dress.

FREYA
My mother is. She's an amazing seamstress. Vera Wang's got nothin' on her!

PENELOPE
Well it’s a shame I can’t just give you the dress I married Dashiell’s father in. I always wanted to pass it down, it’s just perfect, but you know, it would really be just...

FREYA
-Yes, you mentioned-

PENELOPE
-Just *way too small*-

FREYA
-As you’ve said. Many, many times.

DASH
I for one think Freya would look breathtaking even if she walked down the aisle in a potato sack.

Penelope gives a tight smile, grabs an hors d'oeuvre from a PASSING WAITER.

PENELOPE
Well I should stay away from these shrimp puffs if *I* wanna stay a size two! Ha ha.

FREYA
(under her breath)
Or you could just choke on it.

SUDDENLY, PENELOPE CHOKES! SHE CAN’T BREATHE! SHE FLAILS HELPLESSLY! FREYA'S EYES WIDEN, WONDERING -- *DID I DO THAT??* Dash gives Penelope the Heimlich, the shrimp puff goes flying, Penelope breathes heavily, relieved.

DASH
Mother, are you okay?

PENELOPE
I’m fine I’m fine.

She waves him off her, as Freya slips away, freaked out.

INT. FAIR HAVEN MANSION -- CHEESE TABLE -- SAME

A hand slathers some cheese onto a piece of bread, and then stuffs the bread self-consciously into a mouth. The hand and the mouth belong to INGRID: 30, underdressed, underconfident, undersexed, but endearing. Freya approaches Ingrid, freaking-

FREYA
Holy crap! Something crazy just happened: I wished for Dash's mom to choke, and... she choked! It was like I willed it! With my mind! Like Drew Barrymore in *Firestarter*, only -- with shrimp puffs...

INGRID
What you're describing is called "apophenia": the tendency to find mystical patterns or connections in random non-causally related events. Like when an old lady in Idaho sees the face of Jesus in a potato chip... it's not actually Jesus in the potato chip. It's just the human condition to search for meaning in a universe ruled by chaos and coincidence.

Ingrid eats a potato chip for emphasis.

FREYA
So you're saying I'm *not* just like *Firestarter?*

INGRID
I'm saying you only have one super-power. And it's your breasts.

FREYA
They *have* gotten me out of a few speeding tickets...

Freya grabs Ingrid, they walk through the party together, arm in arm, affectionate.

FREYA (CONT'D)
So why aren't you wearing the dress I lent you?

INGRID
I decided I didn't have the Lucite heels and stripper pole I needed to pull it off.

FREYA
You looked sexy.

INGRID
I looked *silly*.

FREYA
You have no idea how hot you are, Ingrid! You're my sister, and I love you, but you are never gonna get laid if you dress like you don't have a vagina.

INGRID
Maybe I don't wanna get laid.

FREYA
Everyone wants to get laid. *That* is the human condition...

INGRID
Yeah well I know all the single men in this town. And all I can say is...

She shrugs halfheartedly.

FREYA
What about that hot cop? Matty? I've seen how he looks at you. Plus he's always hanging around the library, chatting you up.

INGRID
Because he's dating my co-worker!

FREYA
So? She's a ditz. Besides, I'm very intuitive. I can read people's sexual auras you know.

INGRID
That's not a thing.

FREYA
Oh yes it is! And I can tell from his sex aura, he really wants to throw you down on the counter and... get your decimal all dewy.

INGRID
That's disgusting. But clever...

Freya scans the room, her eyes settle on: **KILLIAN GARDINER**, 20s, brooding, trouble. Freya stops walking, nudges Ingrid.

FREYA
Oooo. What about him?

INGRID
Who is that?

FREYA
I don't know. I've never seen him before...

They stare. Killian feels them looking at him. He looks up, stares back at Freya intensely. She stares back, entranced. Something passes between them, something deep and electric. There's a **WHITE FLOWER IN FREYA'S HAIR, TUCKED BEHIND HER EAR. IT BEGINS TO SUBTLY TURN PINK AS SHE STARES AT KILLIAN.** He breaks into a seductive, knowing smile. Freya looks away, suddenly breathless, the **FLOWER IN HER HAIR NOW DARK RED.** Ingrid, who can't see the flower from where she stands, nonetheless eyes Freya, shocked.

INGRID
Are you blushing?!

FREYA
No...

But she totally is.

INT. FAIR HAVEN MANSION -- GRAND HALL ENTRANCE -- SAME

JOANNA enters the party in the spectacular foyer, looking around, out of breath herself. She's wearing DIFFERENT CLOTHES than when we first met her, and her eyes no longer have that SUPERNATURAL GREEN SHADE. DASH approaches.

DASH
Mrs. Beauchamp! Welcome!

He kisses her cheek, hands her coat to a uniformed servant.

JOANNA
Dashiell, we're at your engagement party. You're marrying my daughter. You can call me Joanna.

DASH
Sorry, of course. Joanna. So is this your first time at Fair Haven?

JOANNA
No, but it feels like a hundred years.

Joanna looks around, awed, full of emotion. Dash watches.

DASH
It's a beautiful room isn't it?

JOANNA
How did you...? It looks...

DASH
-Precisely as it did in 1897. Amazing, right? We culled over 700 photographs of the house in its original state in order to restore it to its former glory... I actually did a lot of the work myself. My dirty secret is I'd rather be in a toolbelt than a business suit. Don't tell my company's shareholders-

JOANNA
Well you did a fine job, Dash. It's breathtaking.

DASH
Thank you, Mrs. Beauchamp.
(off her look)
Sorry. Joanna. I was raised to abide by certain formal rules of etiquette, it's a difficult habit to break.

JOANNA
Well you should know my daughter does not like rules, she hates etiquette, and if you tell her what to do, she *will* do the opposite. You're in for a rough ride, Dash...

DASH
That's what I love about Freya. Her independence, her spirit-

JOANNA
You've only known her a few months. Check back with me in a year when you're ready to tear your hair out.

DASH
You don't approve of her marrying me, do you?

JOANNA
I think those rules of etiquette you mentioned prohibit you from asking me that question. And they definitely prohibit me from answering. Now if you'll excuse me, I believe I need a drink.

She throws him a wicked smile, and off she goes.

INT. FAIR HAVEN MANSION -- NIGHT

Ingrid is once again lurking by the cheese table. **MATTHEW** the hot cop and **CAITLIN** his ditzy girlfriend approach.

CAITLIN
Ingrid! OhmyGod I saw you over here like an hour ago. Have you just been standing here eating cheese this whole time?!

Ingrid can't answer, her mouth is stuffed with cheese.

MATTHEW
Congratulations. On your sister's engagement. This is a great party.

CAITLIN
I know, right?! So awesome your sister's marrying Dash Gardiner! You're rich!

Ingrid swallows. Smiles politely. She doesn't like Caitlin.

INGRID
Actually, *he's* rich. I still work at the library.

CAITLIN
I know silly! I work there too.

Matthew and Ingrid exchange a look.

MATTHEW
So... did you guys know this house is over a hundred years old? I bet it's got a fascinating history.

INGRID
Actually, it does. The man who built it was a Satanist. He put in all these tunnels and secret rooms where he'd have ritual animal sacrifices and sadomasochistic sex orgies with people writhing around naked and covered in goat blood.

Caitlin and Matthew just stare at her for a beat. Then-

CAITLIN
Ew.

MATTHEW
Hey -- you were writing a dissertation, weren't you? About that kind of stuff-

Ingrid is embarrassed, she nods.

CAITLIN
About goat orgies?

INGRID
Witchcraft and occult practices in post-revolutionary New England...

Caitlin is bored, she drifts away, following a waiter passing by with a tray of champagne.

MATTHEW
Yeah, you told me about it, like three years ago. I remember 'cause it was the day I asked you out-

INGRID
You never asked me out-

MATTHEW
Yeah I did! We were chatting at the library and you told me about your dissertation and I said "We should have dinner sometime." And you laughed at me!

Ingrid is confused, then she realizes something, in horror.

INGRID
I thought you were kidding!

She can't believe it. Matthew laughs.

MATTHEW
Why would I have been kidding?

Ingrid is stunned, Matthew grabs some cheese, amused.

MATTHEW (CONT'D)
So how's it coming, anyway? The dissertation.

INGRID
Fine! Great. Good. I've just been a little blocked for the last... thirty or so months...

MATTHEW
Oh, I'm sorry to hear it... By the way you have a bunch of... cheese. In your... eyebrow...

Ingrid, horrified, tries to get the brie from her brow.

MATTHEW (CONT'D)
Warmer. Warmer...

She grows more frantic. Matthew reaches over with a napkin and wipes the cheese out himself.

MATTHEW (CONT'D)
Got it.

They share a loaded look. Ingrid clearly crushing on him, and him on her, and both too shy. Matt's CELL PHONE rings, he steps away to answer it.

MATTHEW (CONT'D)
This is Detective Torcoletti...

Caitlin returns with her drink, Ingrid eats some cheese.

INGRID
Mmmm. Try the brie! It's amazing.

CAITLIN
I don't eat cheese. It makes you fat and farty.

Ingrid swallows the cheese, forces a smile... Matt rejoins Caitlin and Ingrid, hanging up his phone, he looks disturbed.

MATTHEW
I'm so sorry. I have to go... A couple were attacked out on north beach.

INGRID
Attacked? Like, mugged?

MATTHEW
Like murdered. Cait, I'll call you-

He kisses Caitlin's cheek then strides away, JOANNA approaches, overhearing the last of it, drinking champagne.

JOANNA
Oh my! Did he say someone was murdered? In our little town? That's just horrible!

CAITLIN
I know! The one night I get him to dress up and do something romantic!

Ingrid gives her a look, as she sulks away.

JOANNA
Stand up straight honey.

INGRID
Mom, I'm thirty.

JOANNA
And you slouch like a twelve year old. I swear you hide your boobs as much as your damn sister flaunts hers.

Joanna sweeps away. Ingrid stands alone, tries different postures and boob thrusts. Ingrid's friend **BARB** (30s, round, cheerful) enters, excited, flushed.

INGRID
Oh thank God, somebody normal! You're late. Where've you been?!

BARB
-Bob and I got here an hour ago. But I took a wrong turn looking for the bathroom and I got lost. This place is like a maze.

INGRID
Yeah, that's actually how it was designed, the interior structure forms a five pointed star-

BARB
-Yeah, yeah, fascinating. You will never guess what I found in one of the rooms.

She pulls Ingrid toward a hallway.

INGRID
Barb! I'm not snooping around someone's private stuff!

BARB
You're gonna wanna see this.

She leads Ingrid away, they pass...

INT. FAIR HAVEN MANSION -- BALLROOM -- SAME

...Freya and Dash, slow-dancing to the music in the ballroom.

FREYA
I can't believe you're leaving tomorrow, again! You've only been back a week! And I can't even be mad at you 'cause you're off building hospitals for war orphans.

DASH
You should come sometime! I bet you'd love it. Sure, there's no clean water and the rebel armies are shooting at the pro-government militias and the pro-government militias are shooting at us but -- it's actually really *fun*.

FREYA
I think you and I have slightly different definitions of fun.

DASH
Yeah? What's your definition?

He twirls her around, dips her playfully, she shrieks, happy.

FREYA
Anything I get to do with you.

DASH
Wow. Me too! We should, like, get married or something.

FREYA
We totally should!

They kiss, happy, smiling, laughing, in love. Dash notices **KILLIAN** approaching, looking brooding and hottttttttt.

DASH
Killian! You made it.

Dash releases Freya, she stares at Killian, mouth agape, as Killian and Dash hug, Killian meets Freya's gaze, Freya looks away, instantly flushed.

DASH (CONT'D)
Freya, this is my brother Killian, Killian, this is... my wife. To be.

Freya shakes Killian's hand, unnerved by the effect he has on her, trying to keep it together.

DASH (CONT'D)
Bit underdressed aren't you?
(to Freya)
Killian is allergic to ties.

Killian shrugs, his is wearing sexy tattered jeans, motorcycle boots, etc. He's James fucking Dean!

FREYA
Dash has told me a lot about you...
I hear you've been travelling...

DASH
Yes, where was it, South America, or Southeast Asia? Or was it both?
(to Freya)
He thinks he's Jack Kerouac, this one, always off riding a motorcycle, surfing, living with monks, working the whole brooding, tortured, angry young man bit, breaking all the local girls' hearts. It's like a sport with you, isn't it?

Killian shakes his head as he stares hauntingly at Freya, still holding her hand, she pulls away, breathless.

FREYA
Will you excuse me? I'm gonna...
ladies room...

She hurries away, unnerved. Killian watches her go.

<u>INT. FAIR HAVEN MANSION -- HALLWAY -- MOMENTS LATER</u>

Freya enters a quiet hallway, tries to breathe.

FREYA
(to herself)
What is wrong with you?!

She takes a deep breath, closes her eyes, Killian walks up behind her, walks right past her, she startles, he turns to look at her. Stares at her, as if to say *come with me...* He keeps walking. She can't help herself: she follows...

INT. FAIR HAVEN MANSION -- STUDY -- SAME

Barb leads Ingrid into a room **LINED WITH TONS OF OLD PHOTOGRAPHS, AND SKETCHES, AND ARCHITECTURAL DRAWINGS OF FAIR HAVEN, DOCUMENTING THE HOUSE'S HISTORY.** Small votive candles are placed throughout the room, casting an eerie, romantic light.

BARB
Okay, so I'm going into room after room after room, and I can't find the damn bathroom, and then I come in here, I see all these pictures, and I'm like: "neat!" Right? And then I notice this...

Barb points to a PHOTO, FRAMED ON THE WALL. Ingrid steps in closer, looks at it, STUNNED:

IT'S A PICTURE OF HER, STANDING IN FRONT OF FAIR HAVEN, HOLDING AN ANCIENT LOOKING BROOMSTICK. THERE'S A 40ISH WOMAN WITH HER, WEARING A DISTINCTIVE JEWELED NECKLACE. THE PHOTO IS CLEARLY VERY, VERY OLD.

Ingrid takes it down off the wall, the frame FALLS APART IN HER HANDS, startling her. Now she's holding just the picture. She turns it over, and there's only a DATE: MAY 1, 1898. She stares at the photo, totally freaked out.

INGRID
What the hell?!

IN A COOL EFFECT, WE DRIFT <u>THROUGH THE WALL</u>, TO THE NEXT ROOM...

INT. BATHROOM -- CONTINUOUS

A small powder room. Tight quarters. Killian and Freya enter, he closes the door behind them. They stare at each other for a beat. Freya can't hardly breathe, he reaches for her, she reaches for him, **they're kissing like there's no tomorrow!**

Why can't all kisses be this good?! But she pushes him away, breathless, guilty, confused. He stares at her with that irresistibly mysterious and hungry gaze.

FREYA
I'm sorry. I don't know what's wrong with me. I love your brother...

Killian nods: he knows she does.

FREYA (CONT'D)
I can't do this. I have to go.

He nods again. But he knows she's not leaving, and so does she. He stares at her, in that brooding sexy way of his.

FREYA (CONT'D)
Who are you?!
(beat, silence)
Can you even talk?!

He breaks into a grin. And now he's *even sexier.*

KILLIAN
Yes.

She can't help herself, she reaches for him again, they KISS PASSIONATELY. They smash against the wall, knocking over bottles of perfume and soap. **WE DRIFT THROUGH THE SHAKING WALL...**

INT. STUDY -- SAME

As Ingrid stares at the photo in her hands, the **WALL SHAKES**, the photos on it shake, the candles around the room shake, like an earthquake, but it's from Freya and Killian's passion.

A VASE OF FLOWERS ON THE TABLE SPONTANEOUSLY BURSTS INTO FLAMES!

The flames catch the photo in Ingrid's hand. She yelps and drops the photo to the ground! She and Barb look at each other, completely freaked: ***What the hell?!***

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

EXT. STREETS OF NORTH HAMPTON -- EARLY MORNING

A **BLACK CAT** trots quickly through the cobblestone streets of this quaint little town. You wish you lived here! The cat wears a BEJEWELED COLLAR, which hangs loosely around its neck. It runs fast and with purpose, crosses the street and-

WHAM! IT'S HIT BY A CAR! OH NO!

The car screeches to a stop, a **FRANTIC WOMAN** gets out, runs to see the poor cat she hit-

-BUT IT'S NOT A CAT AT ALL: A NAKED WOMAN LIES BLOODIED AND DEAD ON THE GROUND!

The **LOOSE BEJEWELED COLLAR** is now a **NECKLACE** around her neck. We recognize her face, from the photo Ingrid saw at the party last night. She's the woman who was with Ingrid in the picture. And now she's **DEAD.** The frantic driver **SCREAMS-**

INT. BEAUCHAMP HOUSE -- LIVING ROOM -- MORNING

-THE SCREAM ECHOES, WE'RE CLOSE ON A PAINTING**: IT'S A DISTURBING IMAGE OF A MAN IN A DESERT ON HIS HANDS AND KNEES, UNDER THE HOT SUN, DYING OF THIRST. HIS FACE IS VIVID AND TORMENTED, REMINISCENT OF MUNCH'S *THE SCREAM*.**

FREYA walks past the painting, hung among many cool paintings ranging in style on the walls of this eclectic and super-cool house, filled with art and antiques, so warm and inviting.

INT. BEAUCHAMP HOUSE -- KITCHEN -- CONTINUOUS

Freya enters the AMAZING COZY KITCHEN, where **JOANNA** makes breakfast while INGRID reads the local paper. Freya grabs a piece of bacon off a handmade plate on the counter.

INGRID
So they interviewed the fisherman who found Bill and Maura Thatcher last night, and get this -- he says the murderer *ripped out Bill's eyeballs and tongue*. Just ripped 'em right out! How gross is that?

Freya puts down the bacon, indeed grossed out.

INGRID (CONT'D)
And Maura's in a coma, they have no idea if she'll make it...

Joanna shakes her head sadly.

JOANNA
Who would do something so awful?!

Freya pours herself some coffee, and has a GUILTY YET SEXY FLASH-

INT. BATHROOM -- LAST NIGHT

-FREYA AND KILLIAN MAKE OUT AGAINST THE WALL OF THE BATHROOM. HE LIFTS UP HER SKIRT SLOWLY, SO SEXY, HIS FINGERS PRESSING INTO THE FLESH OF HER THIGH-

INT. BEAUCHAMP HOUSE -- KITCHEN -- MORNING

-Freya cringes over her coffee, remembering, and-

HER COFFEE MUG SHATTERS IN HER HANDS.

Freya jumps back, startled!

FREYA
What the hell?!

Joanna swoops in with a sponge.

JOANNA
There's my clumsy girl...

FREYA
Did you guys see that? It, like -- spontaneously broke! For no reason! Tell me you saw that.

Joanna gives her a look like she's crazy.

JOANNA
I saw you knock into the counter...

FREYA
I was nowhere near the counter!

Joanna eyes Freya.

JOANNA
-Sweetie, are you okay? You seem a little...

FREYA
(guilty over Killian)
-I'm fine.

JOANNA
I bet I know what it is...

FREYA
You do...?

JOANNA
You're nervous! About the wedding. You're having second thoughts-

Freya sighs, they've been through this before.

FREYA
-You're the one having second thoughts, not me.

JOANNA
I just don't see what the hurry is. You're very young, you barely know him, you're not pregnant... Wait, you're *not* pregnant, are you?!

FREYA
-No! Mom. Jeez. I'm not pregnant-

JOANNA
-Okay! Great! So what's the rush?

INGRID
The rush is, she has no idea what she *actually* wants to do with her life, and getting married feels like doing something with her life. Even if it's the wrong thing.

FREYA
Hey, I am perfectly happy doing what I'm doing. I like being a bartender. I'm good at it. I bring joy and drunkenness to people in need... Plus -- I am in love with Dash Gardiner! I've never felt this way about anyone. I know it's right. We belong together -- so I don't care what you think!

JOANNA
-Freya, I just wanna know you're thinking this thing through. Dash travels a lot for work, and how are you gonna handle that? You do tend to get a little... restless-

FREYA
So you think I'm cheating on him?!

INGRID
What are you talking about? Nobody said that-

FREYA
I can be faithful. I *will* be faithful -- I mean, I *am* already being faithful.

JOANNA
Nobody said you weren't.

FREYA
I have to go see Dash.

She hurries out, guilty. Joanna and Ingrid exchange a look: *what was that all about?*

INT. NORTH HAMPTON HOSPITAL ROOM -- DAY

MAURA THATCHER lies in a coma, her face bruised and bandaged, the machines BEEPING. We drift out the door...

INT. NORTH HAMPTON HOSPITAL HALLWAY -- CONTINUOUS

And down the hall...

Where the **FRANTIC WOMAN** who was driving the car that hit the cat is being interviewed by the HOT COP, **MATTHEW.**

FRANTIC WOMAN
It was a cat! I'm telling you! I hit a cat, not a woman!

Matthew nods indulgently.

MATTHEW
Uh-huh... 'Cause it looks an awful lot like you hit a naked woman...

We see the **CORPSE,** COVERED WITH A SHEET, BEING WHEELED PAST THEM TOWARD AN ELEVATOR by an **ORDERLY.** We follow him, he waits at the elevator, next to a **NURSE.**

ORDERLY
Two bodies in two days. North Hampton morgue hasn't seen this much action in a long time.

The sheet FALLS AWAY, REVEALING THE DEAD WOMAN. The nurse peers at her.

NURSE
Cool necklace...

The WOMAN'S dead face is peaceful...

INT. FAIR HAVEN -- DASH'S BEDROOM -- DAY

A super-sweaty naked FREYA rolls off a sweaty and satisfied if somewhat surprised DASH.

DASH
Wow. That was... wow. What the hell inspired that?!

FREYA
I thought you needed a proper send off. Plus I want you to hurry back.

DASH
Believe me, I will.

FREYA
Are you sure we should wait to get married? Maybe we should do it right away. Cancel your trip! We can elope!

Dash touches her face tenderly, concerned.

DASH
If I didn't know better, I'd swear you were worried you're gonna change your mind...

Freya blinks at him, dead serious.

FREYA
I will never change my mind.

DASH
Neither will I.

They look into each other's eyes. She reaches for him, kisses him, climbs on top, ready to go again, but then-

SHE CATCHES HER REFLECTION IN A MIRROR BY THE BED -- SHE CAN SEE OVER HER SHOULDER -- KILLIAN IN THE DOORWAY, WATCHING.

Freya gasps, turns her head -- **BUT THE DOORWAY IS EMPTY.**

EXT. BEAUCHAMP HOUSE -- DAY

JOANNA exits the house. She sees her **NEIGHBOR** in the yard next door: the **MAN** raking leaves, Joanna waves at him as she gets in the car, he waves back. She backs out of the driveway, drives away... A beat. And then...

JOANNA, dressed in slightly different clothes, walks up her driveway... *what the hell??* She's got a grimly determined expression, she glides almost supernaturally. **HER EYES ARE ONCE AGAIN THAT STRANGE SHADE OF SPARKLING EMERALD GREEN.** There is definitely something **DIFFERENT** about her. Almost like she's a different person, a person who isn't Joanna, who merely looks exactly like her (let's call her "Evil Joanna.")

HER NEIGHBOR looks up, sees her, confused. He waves but she ignores him.

Evil Joanna approaches the back door. She takes a **KEY** shaped like a **SKELETON** and **MADE OUT OF BONE**, and opens the door.

INT. BEAUCHAMP HOUSE -- CONTINUOUS

Evil Joanna enters the quiet empty house, stares up at the **PAINTING OF THE MAN IN THE DESERT.** She walks toward it, enthralled.

Evil Joanna LIGHTS A CANDLE, dark black smoke billows from the flame, she recites a CHANT in an ancient language.

EVIL JOANNA
Mysticum flamma aperire pictura,
mysticum flamma aperire pictura...

THE PAINTING BEGINS TO UNDULATE, IN A SUPERCOOL EFFECT, THE PAINT TWISTING ON THE CANVAS, LIKE IT'S COMING TO LIFE. THE MAN IN THE PAINTING MOVES HIS ARM -- THE CANVAS BULGES WITH HIS FINGERS. JOANNA SMILES AND KEEPS CHANTING, HER FACE MORPHING INTO SOMETHING SUBTLY DEMONIC, JUST AS IT DID BEFORE SHE ATTACK BILL AND MAURA THATCHER ON THE BEACH-

EXT. BEAUCHAMP HOUSE -- SAME

Meanwhile, Joanna, the real Joanna, pulls back into the drive in her car, and jumps out, in a hurry. Her **NEIGHBOR** stares, confused. She waves at him-

JOANNA
Forgot my supplies! Can't teach class without 'em!

Joanna rushes toward the house...

INT. BEAUCHAMP HOUSE -- SAME

Evil Joanna, chanting, hears the key in the door, her eyes widen, she blows out the candle, the paint **STOPS MOVING.**

EXT. BEAUCHAMP HOUSE -- SAME

Joanna opens the door-

INT. BEAUCHAMP HOUSE -- SAME

-And enters. Nothing is amiss. She looks around for her supplies. There they are! A CANVAS BAG FULL OF ART SUPPLIES She picks it up, feels a BREEZE and turns and notices a WINDOW LEFT OPEN. She walks over and shuts it.

INT. MORGUE -- DAY

The little DOOR in the wall where a body is kept is KICKED OPEN from the inside. **THE NAKED WOMAN WITH THE NECKLACE WRIGGLES HER WAY OUT,** SHIVERING (it's a refrigerator after all) She looks around, cracks her neck and her knuckles. Finds a LAB COAT on a hook and puts it on. We focus in on the necklace as she goes...

INT. NORTH HAMPTON LIBRARY -- DAY

We're CLOSE ON A DOODLE OF THE SAME NECKLACE. We pull back to find INGRID at the front desk of the library, doodling thoughtfully. She's joined by **HUDSON RAFFERTY** -- 30s, gay, fabulous -- he takes a peek at her doodle.

HUDSON
Oooo, are we designing jewelry now?

INGRID
No. Just doodling...

He makes a face, shakes his head.

HUDSON
Good, 'cause that's tacky.

She stares at the drawing, thoughtful.

INGRID
I saw this picture last night. This really old picture. It was probably my great great grandmother or maybe a second cousin or a distant aunt or something but... whoever she was, she looked like me. But she's long since dead.
(MORE)

INGRID (CONT'D)
And ever since I saw it, I can't stop thinking about how short life is. And how you only get one... Kinda makes you think, doesn't it?

HUDSON
You mean, about how your little sister's getting married to an uber-wealthy philanthropist-slash-sex-God, while you're thirty years old and still living at home, lost in a sea of confusion and regret, terrified your pubic hair will turn gray before another human being actually sees it?
(off her peeved look)
Which is okay, because they make pubic hair dye now. So either way, you'll be fine.

He kisses her cheek, as **BARB** enters, and Hudson moves off.

INGRID
Hey Barbie. What's up?

BARB
I just talked to the doctor. Our last try with the IVF failed. We don't have enough money for another round. Apparently Bob has lazy sperm and I have a tipped uterus... The doctor said at this point, it would take a miracle to get me pregnant.

Ingrid puts her arm around Barb, feeling awful for her.

INGRID
I'm so sorry honey, is there anything I can do...?

Barb looks at her with naive hope in her eyes.

BARB
Well, you wrote that dissertation about witchcraft. Did it have any get pregnant spells?

INGRID
Oh sweetie. That was just an academic study, it wasn't a how-to...
(MORE)

INGRID (CONT'D)
But if there *were* such a thing as witchcraft, and I somehow had the ability to use it... you'd be the first person I'd help.

BARB
Yeah. I figured it was a long shot. But it was worth a try...

Barb wipes away a tear, tries to smile, Ingrid holds her tight.

INT. FAIR HAVEN -- DASH'S BEDROOM -- DAY

Freya sleeps peacefully in Dash's overstuffed opulent bed.

PENELOPE (O.S.)
WAKE UP!

Freya bolts up in bed, naked. **PENELOPE** stands at the foot of the bed, holding a **YAPPY LITTLE DOG.**

PENELOPE (CONT'D)
Dear, I thought you'd wanna get up. Dash left hours ago.

Freya nods, sleepy but happy to think of Dash.

FREYA
I know. We already said our good-byes.

PENELOPE
Yes, I could hear you. We could all hear you. But now it's 3:30 in the afternoon...

FREYA
That's okay. I don't have to be at work 'til 8.

PENELOPE
I should think you'd want to get home first though? To your own house? Put on... some clothes?

FREYA
When I marry Dash, this will be my home.

PENELOPE
But it's still *my house*, dear. And you don't live here yet.

She turns to leave, Freya narrows her eyes at Penelope, as if willing something to happen-

Penelope **SCREAMS** as her little dog **PEES ON HER!!**

Freya's hand flies to her mouth, she tries not to laugh -- she can't believe it. *Did I do that?!*

EXT. BEAUCHAMP HOUSE -- EVENING

Joanna climbs the porch to find **THE WOMAN IN THE NECKLACE AND LAB COAT.** Joanna is surprised but not surprised to see her.

JOANNA
Wendy. You don't look so good.

WENDY
I died this afternoon. Sorry my hair isn't perfect.

JOANNA
What are you doing here?

WENDY
That's the welcome you give the sister you haven't seen in over a hundred years?

Joanna sighs, unlocking the door.

JOANNA
How much money do you need...?

WENDY
Actually, I came here to save your life.

Joanna eyes her, sees that she's serious.

JOANNA
Come on. I'll get you some clothes.

Wendy follows her inside.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

INT. NORTH HAMPTON LIBRARY -- EVENING

INGRID works behind the counter, gathering up books, while **HUDSON** surfs the net, entertaining himself rather than working. Ingrid tries to rid herself of a wedgie.

INGRID
Oh my God my butt is like eating my underwear!

She turns to see **MATTHEW** the hot cop, standing at the counter. He saw/heard everything. She's horrified.

INGRID (CONT'D)
Hi...

MATTHEW
Hey...

INGRID
Caitlin'll be right out. She's just...

HUDSON
-She's in the bathroom, practicing her "I'm A Deep And Caring Person" face.

Ingrid gives him a look, he shrugs. Matthew looks at Ingrid.

MATTHEW
Hey, I thought of something funny earlier. You know your dissertation?

INGRID
Yeah...

MATTHEW
You should call it a "witch-ertation." Get it?! 'Cause it's about witches...

She looks at him, bemused, not sure what to make of his dorky sense of humor, as **CAITLIN** sweeps over, kisses Matthew.

CAITLIN
Ready, baby?

Matthew nods. Ingrid watches them embrace, pained.

CAITLIN (CONT'D)
See ya guys!

Caitlin bops away with Matthew, Ingrid watches, bummed. Hudson is amused.

HUDSON
"A witch-ertation?" Too bad he's with Miss Hair Product. That guy is your dork soulmate.

Ingrid sighs, knowing it's true. Barb enters, still sad.

INGRID
How ya doin' lady?

Barb can't even answer, just shakes her head. Ingrid wants to help her friend so much...

INGRID (CONT'D)
Okay, I have an idea. It's incredibly stupid, and I can't believe I'm suggesting it, but... you wanna do a fertility spell?

BARB
Are you serious?!

INGRID
Look, I'm still a rational skeptic, but it might be fun. And I do believe in the placebo effect...

BARB
I don't know what that means.

INGRID
It means if you believe something will work... sometimes it does. And nobody knows why. So I say what the hell! It can't hurt, right?

BARB
Yes! Fun! That's just what I need!

She throws her arms around Ingrid. Ingrid turns to Hudson.

INGRID
Wanna help us cast a magic spell to try to get Barb pregnant?

Hudson considers it. Then-

HUDSON
Only if I can make hats.

INT. JOANNA'S BEDROOM -- EVENING

Wendy tries on a HAT in the mirror, Joanna searches her closet for clothes to lend her.

WENDY
I can't believe I got hit by a car! That's almost dumber than the time I died of syphilis.

JOANNA
So how many...?

WENDY
Lives do I have left? I don't know. A few. Who keeps count.

JOANNA
I would. If I only had nine.

Wendy keeps trying on outfits Joanna throws her.

WENDY
You deal with your curses. I'll deal with mine.
(then)
I hate all of your clothes. For a so-called artist you kinda dress like a schoolteacher.

JOANNA
I am a schoolteacher. I teach art.

WENDY
Oh. Sorry... I can't believe you actually let me in: every time I call lately, you hang up.

JOANNA
Lately? You haven't called since 1972.

WENDY
Well I got sick of trying. Plus I had a lot going on: I moved to New Orleans, opened up a little voodoo shop in the French Quarter, got married, got divorced, got married again, got widowed -- eaten by a crocodile, I'm not even kidding...
(MORE)

WENDY (CONT'D)
I still try to keep an eye on you though. From afar... Even though you hate me-

Joanna rolls her eyes.

JOANNA
-I don't hate you... I was just... mad. Anyway, I know you're a big fan of dramatic suspense and all, but... I haven't seen you in a century, and then suddenly you show up half-naked on my doorstep, telling me I'm in some sort of danger... Care to elaborate?

WENDY
I was getting to that! But first -- where are the girls? We're gonna need their help-

Wendy walks over to the mantle, kneels down before the fireplace, where wood is stacked. She snaps her fingers a couple times, SPARKS FLY, as if she's striking flint and steel. She snaps again and a **FLAME JUMPS FROM HER FINGERS ONTO THE WOOD.** The fire ignites, with **BLUE-GREEN FLAMES.** AMAZING. BEAUTIFUL. **MAGIC.** Joanna stalks over with her ICED TEA in hand, throws it on the fire. It goes out.

JOANNA
No way. Whatever *this is*... I'm keeping them out of it. And no magic while you're here. House rules-

WENDY
What are you talking about?

JOANNA
The girls don't know... what they are-

WENDY
What do you mean they don't know?

JOANNA
I didn't tell them this time.

WENDY
How could you not tell them?!

JOANNA
I wanted to see if I could change their fate.

WENDY
You can't change fate! That's why it's called "fate." It's... fated.

JOANNA
I just... got sick of it. The endless cycle-

WE **POP** TO:

EXT. CABIN -- PILGRIM TIMES

JOANNA IS DRESSED LIKE A NEW ENGLAND PURITAN, WATCHING HER YOUNG DAUGHTERS PLAY.

JOANNA (V.O.)
I watch my girls grow up. Grow into their gifts.

LITTLE INGRID MAKES A SMALL TORNADO IN THE PALM OF HER HAND. LITTLE FREYA CLAPS EXCITEDLY. JOANNA LOOKS ON, HAPPY.

JOANNA (V.O.) (CONT'D)
And then they die because of them.

EXT. TOWN SQUARE -- PILGRIM TIMES

GROWN-UP FREYA AND INGRID ARE TIED TO THE STAKE, ABOUT TO BE BURNED AS WITCHES WHILE SETTLERS CHEER AND JOANNA CRIES.

JOANNA (V.O.)
And before I'm even done mourning, the cycle starts again...

EXT. CEMETERY -- PILGRIM TIMES

JOANNA, STILL IN PURITAN GARB, CRIES WHILE PLACING FLOWERS OVER THE SIMPLE GRAVES OF HER DAUGHTERS. SUDDENLY, HER GRAY HAIR MORPHS BLOOD RED, HER OLD FACE MORPHS YOUNGER, HER BELLY SWELLS -- SHE'S PREGNANT AGAIN.

JOANNA (V.O.)
It's the same every time...

INT. VICTORIAN HOUSE -- 1800S

JOANNA, NOW IN VICTORIAN GARB, WATCHES AS 8 YEAR OLD FREYA SNAPS HER FINGERS AND A FIRE STARTS IN THE FIREPLACE, 13 YEAR OLD INGRID CLAPS.

JOANNA (V.O.)
They grow up, they practice magic-

EXT. VICTORIAN CEMETERY -- 1800S

JOANNA, NOW OLDER, ONCE AGAIN PLACES FLOWERS ON FREYA AND Ingrid's GRAVES. THIS TIME THE DATE OF DEATH IS 1874.

JOANNA (V.O.)
Then one way or another, they die by its hand.

INT. KITCHEN -- 1920S

JOANNA, FREYA AND INGRID COOK IN THE KITCHEN, FREYA TAKES A SAD LOOKING TOMATO, HOLDS IT IN HER HANDS AND CONCENTRATES -- IT GROWS PLUMP AND JUICY. JOANNA KISSES HER CHEEK APPROVINGLY.

JOANNA (V.O.)
Over...

EXT. CEMETERY -- 1930S

JOANNA PLACES FLOWERS ON THEIR GRAVES, IN 30s PERIOD COSTUME.

JOANNA (V.O.)
And over...

EXT. CEMETERY -- 1950S

JOANNA PLACES FLOWERS ON THEIR GRAVES, IN 50S PERIOD COSTUME.

JOANNA (V.O.)
And over...

EXT. CEMETERY -- 1970S

JOANNA PLACES FLOWERS ON THEIR GRAVES, IN 70S PERIOD COSTUME.

JOANNA (V.O.)
And over...

INT. JOANNA'S BEDROOM -- EVENING

And we're back with Joanna and Wendy in Joanna's bedroom.

JOANNA
I've given birth to them and watched them die at least a dozen times, and Freya's still never made it past twenty-five. Ingrid's never made it past thirty. I'm sick of it. I decided, this life, for once... they'd be normal.

WENDY
So you're denying them their birthright?!

JOANNA
I'm trying to give them something they've never ever had, not in hundreds of years of so-called immortality: *a long and happy life*.

WENDY
You think you're cursed? At least you had children.

Joanna looks at Wendy with centuries of sadness.

JOANNA
Having children *is* my curse.

WENDY
You can't hide their powers forever, Joanna. These things have a way of coming out, whether you want them to or not...

Joanna considers this, not happy at the prospect...

INT. NORTH INN -- NIGHT

FREYA tends bar at this quaint inn. A vintage jukebox blasts classic rock. There's a dart board, a pool table, sawdust on the floor, old brass taps.

Freya stares at a **JAR OF OLIVES**, concentrating. She's joined by her boss **ROGER YEARWOOD**, 60s, African-American, affectionate, a surrogate father.

ROGER
What are you doing?

FREYA
I'm trying to make this jar of olives explode... with my mind.

ROGER
And are you gonna clean it up... with your mind?

FREYA
I'm totally serious. I made a dog pee today, just by focusing really hard.

ROGER
You don't say...

FREYA
-I can't explain it, it's like when I was a kid, and I was convinced I had supernatural powers. My Mom even sent me to a shrink, twice a week for a whole year... Well, who's crazy now, am I right?!

She goes back to staring at the olives, Roger gives her a look like she's a nutbar. As **KILLIAN** enters. He walks over and sits down at the bar. Freya puts down the olive jar, gives him a cold look. He smiles at her. She scowls.

KILLIAN
So are you just gonna stand there scowling at me or can I have a drink?

Freya smooths down her apron, playing it cool.

FREYA
What can I get you, sir?

KILLIAN
What do you recommend?

FREYA
I recommend you leave now and never come back.

KILLIAN
Why don't you make me the house special? I hear you're an artist, that your drinks are practically aphrodisiacs.

FREYA
You don't need an aphrodisiac.

KILLIAN
I agree. But I'll try it anyway.

FREYA
But then you'll just end up all hot and bothered, and alone and frustrated...

Killian stares at her with his sexy/hungry/swoon-worthy gaze.

KILLIAN
I'm already frustrated.

FREYA
Well get used to it.

Freya mixes him an elaborate drink, involving MINT, HERBS, AN ANCIENT MARBLE MORTAR AND PESTLE. She takes an olive out of the jar. **IT PLUMPS RIGHT IN HER HAND!** She doesn't even notice, she's distracted by Killian.

KILLIAN
So I'm staying on my boat, it's docked at Fair Haven. It's a little cramped but I think we can make do.

FREYA
What are you talking about?

KILLIAN
You're coming by after your shift, yes?

Freya laughs.

FREYA
No!

KILLIAN
Why not?

FREYA
Because I'm engaged to your brother.

KILLIAN
Didn't stop you last night...

Freya pours the drink into a cool old mason jar.

FREYA
It was a momentary lapse.

KILLIAN
I bet you have a lot of those.

Freya ANGRILY THROWS THE DRINK IN HIS FACE.

FREYA
Go to hell.

She turns and walks away. Killian calmly wipes his face, licks the drink from his finger -- yum.

INT. NORTH INN -- HALLWAY -- MOMENTS LATER

Freya paces in the back hall, attempting to collect herself. We can hear the sounds of the bar from the next room. KILLIAN walks up, tentative, regretful. Freya is upset, trying to hold it together.

KILLIAN
I'm sorry. Freya, I like that you're the girl who does what she wants. Who doesn't care if she breaks the rules. It's... intriguing.

FREYA
-You don't know anything about me. I'm not just gonna take up with the first hot guy I see as soon as my fiancee's back is turned! That's not who I am!

A beat. He raises an eyebrow, pleased.

KILLIAN
So you think I'm hot?

Freya would like to scream in frustration.

FREYA
Why can't you leave me alone?!

KILLIAN
Because I can't. Do you really want me to?

Freya doesn't answer. Killian stares at her, pained.

KILLIAN (CONT'D)
Why him?

Freya takes a beat, then answers honestly.

FREYA
He's the only man I've ever met who I *know* would never hurt me.

KILLIAN
And that's what you want? The safe choice?

They look at each other. And then BOOM! THEY'RE KISSING. It's crazy passionate... until Freya pushes him away, upset.

FREYA
Stay away from me.

She walks away. He watches, but doesn't follow.

INT. LIBRARY -- BACK ROOM -- NIGHT

Ingrid, Hudson, and Barb wear **WITCH HATS** made from construction paper and glitter. Ingrid and Hudson are on their hands and knees, drawing around Barb in chalk.

HUDSON
We're not gonna like... awaken any evil spirits are we?

INGRID
First of all, this is white magic, not black magic, and secondly... there's no such thing as *any kind* of magic, so I'm guessing not.

Ingrid picks up a PRINT OUT and reads.

INGRID (CONT'D)
Okay, so it says here we need to join hands around Barb and do the chant while she massages her uterus. Are you massaging your uterus?

Barb rubs her stomach in circles.

BARB
I have no idea...

INGRID
Looks good to me. Okay. Here goes.

Ingrid and Hudson join hands and chant, reading from print outs. We look down on them from above, and can see they're standing in a **LARGE CHALK PENTAGRAM.**

INGRID AND HUDSON
(chanting)
Nostri incantatores facit fertilis semen...

HUDSON
Heh. "Semen."

Ingrid looks at him, annoyed.

INGRID
What are you, twelve? It's Latin. It means "seed."

Hudson giggles again. Ingrid is exasperated.

INGRID (CONT'D)
Are we doing this or not?

HUDSON
Wow. Suddenly Miss I'm-Too-Good-For-Witchcraft is kinda gettin' into the witchcraft.

INGRID
I believe if you do something, you should do it right. Now come on.

They begin to chant again. Barb closes her eyes, focusing.

INGRID AND HUDSON
Nostri incantatores facit fertilis semen... Nostri incantatores facit fertilis semen... Nostri incantatores facit fertilis semen...

Barb opens her eyes.

BARB
Shouldn't there be, like, flashing lights or a puff of smoke or something?

INGRID
From the fake spell we got off the internet?

HUDSON
I'm bored. You guys wanna go grab a drink at the North Inn?

BARB
Yes please.

INGRID
Totally.

They throw off their hats, and head for the door, Ingrid turns off the lights and closes the door behind her. The room is empty, quiet. **THE PENTAGRAM TAKES ON AN EERIE GLOW...**

INT. BEAUCHAMP HOUSE -- DINING ROOM -- NIGHT

By candlelight, Joanna fixes two glasses of **ABSINTHE.** She lights a sugar cube on fire and puts it in each glass. She hands a glass to Wendy. Wendy sips it, grateful.

WENDY
I know you've been angry at me these last hundred years...

JOANNA
Why would I be angry at you? You only killed my eldest daughter...

WENDY
It was an accident. And besides, Ingrid was reborn...

JOANNA
It's never the same. She's always a little bit different. And every time I lose them, it gets a little bit harder...

WENDY
Well I'm here to make it up to you... When we were banished to this world, it was with a curse on our heads. Mine was nine lives. Freya and Ingrid's was rebirth without memory. And yours was immortality with endless motherhood. But you're not *really* immortal, are you, Joanna? I mean, if someone wanted to kill you -- *really wanted* to kill you -- they could. With the right spell... Same with the girls. The right spell, in the wrong hands, wouldn't just kill Freya and Ingrid, but stop them from being reborn. This is a truth you don't like to think about. But it's there, and you know it.

JOANNA
What are you getting at?

WENDY
You're in serious danger.

JOANNA
Yes, but you don't seem to want to tell me what the hell you mean.

WENDY
Get out your cards.

JOANNA
I don't know where they are.

WENDY
Yes you do.

Joanna sighs, gets up, goes to an **ANTIQUE HUTCH,** opens a secret compartment hidden deep within. She grabs an **ANCIENT TAROT DECK,** hands it to Wendy, who deals it expertly.

WENDY (CONT'D)
I had a dream the other night. I saw you. Your eyes were green, almost... glowing. Because it wasn't you. It was a shapeshifter. Someone who'd made themselves look like you. Someone doing evil in your name. When I woke up, I dealt the deck, for you. I couldn't believe what I saw. I thought I must've made a mistake. So I dealt again, and again, and always the same thing....

We see from above, the cards are laid out on the table, telling a story we don't understand. Joanna examines it.

JOANNA
This can't be right.

WENDY
See? Right here: the Imposter. Look at the eyes!

Wendy points to a card featuring a shadowy figure with **DEEP GREEN EYES.** Then, Wendy points to another card.

WENDY (CONT'D)
And here -- this one didn't make sense at first, but now I get it: "The Cloak Pulled Back." The powers you hid from your daughters are about to be revealed.

They stare down at the cards. Wendy shakes her head.

WENDY (CONT'D)
The life you've built here is about to change, Joanna. Upheaval, death, destruction... pain, imprisonment, betrayal. It's coming for you. Like nothing you've ever seen.

Joanna refuses to believe what she sees.

JOANNA
Hold on. Don't get dramatic. You're always so damn dramatic!

Joanna holds out her palms, **THE CARDS FLY INTO HER HANDS, ARRANGING THEMSELVES INTO A PERFECT DECK.**

She shuffles and redeals them, quickly. Doesn't like what she sees. Frustrated, Joanna **SNAPS** and the cards **FLY BACK TO HER AGAIN.** She deals again. Same exact configuration.

JOANNA (CONT'D)
How can this be happening?!

WENDY
First things first: your enemy. The one who can make herself look like you. From the lay of the cards, I'd say she doesn't have the tools to kill you quite yet. She's still searching for a way. That gives us some time. Who do you think it could be?

JOANNA
I have absolutely no idea!

WENDY
Is there anyone new in town? You said someone bought Fair Haven. That boy who's marrying Freya?

JOANNA
No. He's mortal.

WENDY
How do you know?

JOANNA
Because, in all of her lives, over hundreds of years, Freya's only been in love with two men.

Wendy sighs -- it's not a happy memory.

WENDY
And we know how that ended.

JOANNA
Exactly... There's been *a lot* of men since, but they were flings. No one even came close... and then Dash moves to town, and suddenly, she wants to get *married?!* It happened so fast, it just felt... strange. Wrong. Almost like she was under a spell. I figured there's no way he was human-

Joanna **FLASHES** on:

INT. BEAUCHAMP HOUSE -- EVENING

JOANNA serves dinner to **DASH** and **FREYA.**

JOANNA (V.O.)
So I tested him.

Joanna serves Dash, and she "accidentally" cuts his arm with a knife, drawing blood. Dash reacts.

DASH
Ow!

JOANNA
Oopsie!

FREYA
Mom, did you just stab my fiancee?

JOANNA
So clumsy! I'll get a band-aid.

As she turns to go, she subtly PLUCKS a few hairs from Dash's head. He flinches.

DASH
Ow!

JOANNA
Gotta stay on top of those grays!

Freya eyes Joanna like she's lost it.

FREYA
What's wrong with you?!

JOANNA
Nothing! Be right back!

Joanna exits, Freya comforts Dash.

FREYA
Sorry baby. She's nuts.

He smiles, shrugs. She kisses him. He kisses her back. It grows more passionate and grope-y... We reveal INGRID across the table, watching them go at it, grossed out.

INT. BEAUCHAMP HOUSE -- KITCHEN -- MOMENTS LATER

Joanna takes the **KNIFE, STILL SLICK WITH DASH'S BLOOD, PUTS THE HAIRS ON TOP.**

JOANNA
Dico me est hoc creatura humana...

SHE PUTS THE KNIFE TO THE STOVE FLAME, THE FLAME KICKS UP HIGH THEN DISAPPEARS. SHE EXAMINES THE BURNT HAIR AND BLOOD. JOANNA IS SURPRISED BY WHAT SHE SEES. INGRID enters, annoyed.

INGRID
Freya and Dash are practically humping on the table. It's pretty gross... What are you doing?

Joanna quickly wipes the knife on a kitchen rag.

JOANNA
Just finishing up the pie!

She smiles innocently, Ingrid regards her suspiciously.

INT. BEAUCHAMP HOUSE -- DINING ROOM -- NIGHT

Joanna takes a sip of absinthe, shakes her head.

JOANNA
The test was definitive: Dash Gardiner is just an ordinary man... Only very rich.

WENDY
Well, all I know is, the cards don't lie. You have an enemy, Joanna. Someone whose power rivals your own. They're out to hurt you, and they won't stop until you and your girls are dead. *Forever dead*...

Off Joanna, taking this in.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

EXT. DOCK -- NIGHT

FREYA RUNS BAREFOOT down a dock in a flowing white nightgown, her hair wild and loose. A romantic/sexy song, full of yearning, plays on the soundtrack, as she heads toward a **COOL YACHT-Y BOAT.**

KILLIAN emerges from below deck, as if he expected her, she **LEAPS** onto the boat, into his arms, immediately they're kissing. It's passionate, tortured.

KILLIAN
I knew you'd come.

They keep kissing each other all over the face and neck.

FREYA
So did I.

Killian pulls her nightgown tenderly over her head. She stands before him naked. He looks like he wants to weep.

FREYA (CONT'D)
Why do you look so sad?

KILLIAN
Because I've waited four hundred years for this, and it's not even really happening.

Off Freya's confusion we **SMASH CUT TO:**

INT. FREYA'S BEDROOM -- NIGHT

FREYA BOLTS AWAKE IN BED, bathed in sweat. She takes a deep breath, tries to shake off the dream. She reaches for her phone. **DASH** answers on the other end, in a FACETIME CHAT.

DASH
Hey baby!

FREYA
Heyyyy. You look purty.

DASH
Liar. I just go off a twelve hour flight and then went straight to the hospital for a tour. I'm exhausted. But you should see what a difference we're making here, babe. It's amazing.

FREYA
I'm so proud of you. My man, out saving the world...

DASH
What are you doing up? It's like 4 am there...

FREYA
I had a nightmare.

DASH
Oh no! What happened?

FREYA
It doesn't matter. I just wanted to say... I want to be worthy of you. When I see myself through your eyes, I see a good person. I've never felt like that person before and I like that person and I wanna try to be that person and that's why I'm marrying you, to be the person I see you see me being.

He smiles at her ramblings.

DASH
Remind me not to let you write our vows.

FREYA
Sorry. I just... I love you.

DASH
I love you more, crazy girl. I miss you so much it hurts. When I come back, let's go away for a long weekend. Just you and me. Dream about that, okay? I'll call you later.

She nods, they hang up. She lays back, trying not to freak.

INT. BEAUCHAMP HOUSE -- KITCHEN -- MORNING

Joanna paints at her easel. Ingrid makes breakfast.

INGRID
So you're saying she's crazy.

JOANNA
I'm saying she's... eccentric.

Freya enters in her PJs.

FREYA
Who's eccentric?

INGRID
Our aunt.

FREYA
We have an aunt?

JOANNA
I told you girls about Wendy!

INGRID
I always just assumed you made her up as a cautionary tale about what happens when sisters fight.

JOANNA
No, she's very real. She's upstairs in the attic, sleeping. And you girls should know, she's... a little *off*.

Suddenly a BLACK CAT WEARING A BEJEWELED NECKLACE jumps up on the table. Freya and Ingrid scream. Joanna shoos the cat off the table with her paintbrush, annoyed.

JOANNA (CONT'D)
Also, she brought her cat. Bad cat! If you're not careful I'm gonna have you spayed!

The cat HISSES at her. Joanna exits with it. Freya and Ingrid look at each other. Ingrid shrugs, as if to say: "Mom's nuts."

<u>INT. BEAUCHAMP HOUSE -- LIVING ROOM -- MOMENTS LATER</u>

Joanna whispers heatedly with WENDY, now back in human form, naked but for her necklace.

WENDY
So I'm a little off, am I?

JOANNA
Look, I appreciate you coming to help out with the whole *someone's trying to kill me* thing. But the one rule I ask you abide while you're here, is stay in human form. And don't involve the girls in this-

WENDY
That's two rules.

JOANNA
And go put on some clothes!

WENDY
-Were you not paying attention last night? The girls are gonna figure out who they are, whether you want them to or not-

JOANNA
-Not if we stop this ourselves first! Now get dressed!

WENDY
Okay, find me something that doesn't make me look like a bowl of oatmeal!

Joanna follows Wendy up the stairs, we hover on that **PAINTING OF THE MAN IN THE DESERT AGAIN.**

INT. BEAUCHAMP HOUSE -- KITCHEN -- SAME

Freya makes herself a fancy coffee, Ingrid flips pancakes. Freya makes a foam heart in the coffee.

FREYA
Do you think it's possible to have two soulmates?

Freya stares at the heart in her coffee. It breaks apart..

INGRID
I don't think it's possible to have *one* soulmate. I think soulmates is a concept Hollywood invented to sell tickets to Meg Ryan movies.

FREYA
Okay... do you think it's possible to be in love with two men at once?

INGRID
No, I think romantic love is a concept Hollywood invented to sell tickets to Kate Hudson movies.

FREYA
No you don't...

Ingrid sighs. She doesn't. She looks at Freya, getting it.

INGRID
So who is he?

FREYA
I just meant -- hypothetically.

INGRID
Hypothetically who is he?

FREYA
Hypothetically... Dash's brother.

INGRID
Freya, you didn't!

FREYA
I love Dash! I do. So much! He's safe and warm and comforting and familiar and hot and funny and romantic and sweet and I can totally see myself spending the rest of my life with him! And then... there's Killian. I can't explain it, but he's like... lightning bolt passion crazy amazing awesome soulmate sexual insanity!
(Ingrid shakes her head)
Stop shaking your head at me! I hate when you shake your head at me!

JOANNA (O.S.)
-Girls, I'd like you to meet your Aunt Wendy...

Freya and Ingrid turn to see Joanna and Wendy have entered the kitchen. Freya stands, gives Wendy a warm hug.

WENDY
Freya, it's so wonderful to see you again... You don't remember me, I'm sure, but we met a long time ago, and we had a lot of fun together...

FREYA
Will you tell me some stories about Mom that I can use against her later please?

WENDY
Oh, I've got a million.

We notice INGRID, staring at Wendy, stunned. Ingrid flashes on–

THE PHOTO SHE FOUND AT FAIR HAVEN. OF HER, AND WENDY! AND THE NECKLACE. WENDY IS WEARING THE SAME NECKLACE!

Ingrid is freaked out. Wendy smiles at her.

WENDY (CONT'D)
Oh, Ingrid. You look so...

Wendy goes in for a hug, but Ingrid is opening the back door.

INGRID
It's really nice to meet you, but I'm late for work. I gotta go.

She rushes out. Joanna turns to Freya.

JOANNA
What was that about?

Freya shrugs.

INT. NORTH HAMPTON LIBRARY -- DAY

Ingrid throws a **BIG DUSTY BOOK** onto the counter, we see the title**: AN OCCULT HISTORY OF FAIR HAVEN.** She searches through the book and finds **THAT SAME PHOTO: HER AND WENDY HOLDING BROOMS IN FRONT OF FAIR HAVEN.**

Ingrid runs her fingers over it thoughtfully, it **SMEARS.** The faces smeared out. She turns her hand over -- **WET BLACK INK COATS HER FINGERTIPS.**

INGRID
What the hell...?

INT. EAST HAMPTON MARKET -- DAY

FREYA and **WENDY** shop in this quaint little upscale gourmet market, pushing a cart around the narrow aisles.

WENDY
So tell me about this boy. Dash.

FREYA
He's not a boy, Aunt Wendy. He's a man. And he's... amazing.

Wendy gives her a knowing look.

WENDY
But...?

FREYA
-But nothing! He's seriously perfect. I couldn't be happier.

Wendy stops and stares at her, assessing.

WENDY
-Or more conflicted. You love him. That much is clear. But you're tempted by another...

Freya is stunned.

FREYA
Oh my God. How did you...?

Wendy shrugs, turns and keeps walking. Freya catches up.

WENDY
Your aura's like twelve different colors right now.

FREYA
You can read auras?!

WENDY
Mmm-hmm. Plus I'm very intuitive. Especially with other... family members.

JOANNA approaches with an armful of produce, throws it in the cart, staring at them suspiciously. Freya is excited.

FREYA
-I can read auras too you know! Or at least -- I can see them. Sometimes. I think.

Joanna rolls her eyes, gives Wendy a look of warning.

JOANNA
Freya, there's something you should know about your Aunt Wendy. She's what people in the psychiatric profession call "a flake." You shouldn't listen to anything she says.

FREYA
Well I'm a flake too, then! Guess it runs in the family.

Freya sticks her tongue out at Joanna and walks on, happy, Joanna looks at Wendy, pissed. She whispers-

JOANNA
What part of *no magic* do you not understand?!

Wendy rolls her eyes, puts her arm around Joanna.

WENDY
Relax. It's not like I levitated by the prepared foods. We really gotta get that broomstick outta your ass, babe...

And they walk on.

INT. BEAUCHAMP HOUSE -- LIVING ROOM -- DAY

We're close on the **PAINTING OF THE DESERT** again. We hear the same rhythmic **CHANTING** in an ancient language as before, the paint undulating rhythmically as if did before.

EVIL JOANNA (O.S.)
Mysticum flamma aperire pictura...
mysticum flamma aperire pictura...

We pull back to reveal **EVIL JOANNA** holding the candle, her face **MORPHING DEMONIC** as she chants, faster and faster until -- **WE HEAR A LOUD THUD.** She looks down and we see, on the ground-

-**A MAN.** In ragged clothes. Sunburned, covered in sand. His face full of blisters. His lips painfully cracked. His breath raspy and dry.

Evil Joanna kneels beside him, hands him a glass of water, he drinks like someone who hasn't tasted liquid in a century.

EVIL JOANNA (CONT'D)
If you come with me, I can help you get revenge on the witch who did this to you...

Off his evil smile-

END OF ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE

INT. NORTH INN -- EVENING

KILLIAN enters, the place half-full with a dinner crowd eating bar food, he sits down at a table. **FREYA** walks over with a tray. He grins up at her. She's annoyed.

FREYA
I figured my not showing up at your boat last night would be a hint...

KILLIAN
Yeah well, that's not why I'm here, *conceited*!

She laughs, surprised by his playfulness.

KILLIAN (CONT'D)
I decided we should be friends.

Freya looks at him skeptically, not buying it.

FREYA
You wanna be friends...

KILLIAN
Well you are marrying my brother, so in a way we're practically family. We should *at least* be friends. Hang out, get to know each other... Platonically, of course-

FREYA
I don't really think that's such a good idea.

KILLIAN
I get it. You're scared you won't be able to keep your hands off me.

FREYA
In your dreams.

He nods: she's right. In his dreams. She melts a little.

KILLIAN
But I promise to be a gentleman.

She regards him, decides he's sincere. They shake hands.

FREYA
Alright. I'm game.

KILLIAN
Cool, so we'll be friends, you'll marry Dash, and then spend the rest of your life wondering what it would've been like with me.

FREYA
Sorry, who's the conceited one?

KILLIAN
Well that's what I'll be doing anyway.

Freya pulls her hand away, upset, knowing it's what she'll be doing too. Killian smiles at her.

KILLIAN (CONT'D)
So, can I get a drink or what, pal?

FREYA
Alright, chill out buddy, I'll go make you something!

Freya walks away, Killian watches with longing...

Freya passes the **BAR**, where the **MAN WHO FELL OUT OF THE PAINTING (HENCEFORTH KNOWN AS DOUG)** sits, nursing a drink, watching her with an evil stare...

INT. NORTH HAMPTON LIBRARY -- NIGHT

INGRID shelves books, the place empty. **BARB** rushes up, still in her pajamas.

INGRID
Where have you been all day?

BARB
Freaking out.

INGRID
Why?

Barb hands Ingrid a **PREGNANCY TEST STICK. IT'S POSITIVE.**

INGRID (CONT'D)
Did you pee on this...?

BARB
(giddy)
Yah-ha!

Ingrid drops the test stick, grossed out. Barb's mind reels.

BARB (CONT'D)
I mean, you don't think...

INGRID
-What? That it was the spell?

BARB
The doctor did say it would take a *miracle*...!

INGRID
Uh, aside from the fact that we got it off a website that misspelled both the word "fertility" *and* the word "spell" -- it's way too fast for that to have worked-

BARB
But -- isn't that why they call it magic?

INGRID
Barb, come on. That's *insane*-

BARB
-All I know is -- yesterday, I wasn't pregnant. And we did that spell, and then... Bob and I... *you know*... *twice*... and I went to sleep, and I had a dream. You were there. You were handing me my baby...

INGRID
But that was just a dream!

BARB
-I know it seems crazy. But it kinda feels *true* too, doesn't it? Like, if this were a movie, right now would be the moment where the girl who thought she was ordinary finds out that she's actually *magic*, and that the power was within her all along!

Ingrid's mind reels, looks like she wants to puke. She can't believe it, but part of her knows it's true.

INGRID
I have to go.

Ingrid walks away, freaking out. Barb watches, confused.

BARB
Hey! What are you so upset about?!

But Ingrid just keeps walking, upset.

INT. NORTH INN -- NIGHT

BULLSEYE! Freya just threw a perfect dart. She turns to Killian, smug, hands him a shot glass.

KILLIAN
You're kickin' my ass.

He downs the shot, Freya downs one too, grinning, she grabs the darts out of the dartboard.

FREYA
Never play darts against a bartender.

She hands the darts to Killian, their hands touch, it's electric, their hands linger. She pulls back. There's an awkward moment while they look at each other. Then-

KILLIAN
See, I for one think this whole platonic thing is going great. It isn't torture at all.

Freya just smiles. It's torture for her too.

FREYA
I have to go to the bathroom.

He nods, she walks past **DOUG**, still at the bar, watching her, biding his time...

INT. NORTH INN -- BATHROOM -- MOMENTS LATER

Freya puts on lip gloss in the mirror. Takes a deep breath.

FREYA
I don't care how drunk you are, or how hot he is, keep it friendly, Freya. Friendly friends. Friends are friendly and we are friends. That's all we are. Just friends. Friends forever.
(singing)
That's what friends are for...

She uses the lip gloss as a microphone, as the **DOOR IS SHOVED OPEN BY DOUG.** He locks it behind him.

FREYA (CONT'D)
Whoa. Occupado, buddy.

DOUG
Hello Freya.

Freya looks at him, she's tipsy, but freaked.

FREYA
Hiya... stranger. You got quite the sunburn there. If I were you, I'd get some aloe on that, ASAP.

She tries to get past him to the door, he blocks the way.

DOUG
She said you'd be different. That you wouldn't remember me.

FREYA
Who said?

DOUG
My benefactor. She really hates your family. Even more than I do. She said I could have you as my toy, and I could do whatever I want with you...

Freya looks at him, scared. He cocks his head, confused.

DOUG (CONT'D)
You're not the same Freya, but you're still Freya...

FREYA
Um... I think you have me confused with a different Freya. It's a very common name...

She tries to get past him again, he stops her.

DOUG
I wanted you to be my bride, and you rejected me. All I did was get a little bit angry, and what did you do? You stuck me in a desert for eighty years. Well guess what -- I'm gonna do a lot more than just hit you this time.

FREYA
(screams)
KILLIAN! ROGER! SOMEBODY!

INT. NORTH INN -- HALLWAY -- SAME

-But even right outside the bathroom door, the music is SO LOUD, not to mention all the laughter, glasses clinking, etc, that we can barely hear Freya's screams.

INT. NORTH INN -- BATHROOM -- SAME

Doug grabs Freya by the shoulders, shakes her.

DOUG
Hey! Stop it!

FREYA
-Please let me go!

He pulls a **KNIFE** from his pocket -- shaped like a **HALF-MOON** and covered in **ANCIENT SCRIPT.** He places it on her throat, pins her to the wall..

DOUG
My magic's a little rusty, and I was never as talented as you. Which is why you're the one who's gonna cast the spell. Take this.

He uses his free hand to grab a **LIT CANDLE** from the sink, shoves it at her, she takes it, confused.

FREYA
We're gonna cast a magic spell with a Glade scented candle?

He presses the knife against her throat a little harder.

DOUG
Yes we are. Now take a deep breath, and repeat after me...
(chanting)
Mysticum pictura devorare nos-

FREYA
I don't speak... that-

DOUG
Yes you do! Say it Freya!
(chanting)
Mysticum pictura devorare nos...

FREYA
(trying to chant)
Mysticum... pictura-

DOUG
-Devorare nos! Again-

He presses the knife into her neck harder, draws a little blood. Freya shakes, holding the candle.

FREYA
(chanting)
Mysticum pictura, devorare nos...

We pan over their heads, to a **PAINTING ON THE WALL -- OF A 1920S SPEAKEASY... THE BRUSHSTROKES BEGIN TO MOVE AND TWIST AND SHIFT LIKE THE DESERT PAINTING DID EARLIER.**

FREYA AND DOUG
(chanting)
Mysticum picturea devorare nos...

INT. BEAUCHAMP HOUSE -- KITCHEN -- NIGHT

The twisting paint becomes a bubbling stew on the stove. **WENDY** throws in a **DEAD LIZARD**, she makes a "yuck" face. **JOANNA** enters.

WENDY
Hey! I was just making this stew I used once to track down an old boyfriend who owed me money. It's a vision stew! I thought we could use it to find our imposter -- it gives you crazy visions. Hence the name... It's kinda in the peyote family so don't be alarmed if the walls start breathing... You want a taste?

She spins around with the spoon, puts it in Joanna's mouth, a **SURPRISED, PAINED LOOK CROSSES WENDY'S FACE. SHE PEERS DOWN-**

THERE'S A KNIFE IN HER BELLY. JOANNA'S HAND ON THE HANDLE. JOANNA'S EYES ARE EMERALD GREEN. BLOOD FLOWS FROM THE WOUND IN WENDY'S BELLY, COVERING JOANNA'S HAND, AND THE KNIFE.

Off Wendy's disbelief-

INT. SPEAKEASY -- NIGHT

FREYA FALLS TO THE FLOOR of a **TWENTIES SPEAKEASY**, her head hits the ground, she sits herself up, disoriented, the room spinning, she's surrounded by **DANCING FLAPPERS AND LOUD MUSIC.** She looks around, freaked.

FREYA
What the hell...?!

She sees **DOUG** seem to fall from the ceiling, and hit the floor nearby. He scrambles to his feet, coming toward her, holding the knife.

Freya gets up and **RUNS IN SLOW MOTION THROUGH THE CROWD. DOUG FOLLOWS, DETERMINED, PSYCHOTIC...**

INT. NORTH INN BATHROOM -- SAME

We're on the **PAINTING.** We can faintly hear **20s JAZZ MUSIC** coming from it. We can also hear **KILLIAN KNOCKING** on the door.

KILLIAN (O.S.)
Hello? Freya? Did you fall in?

HE FORCES THE DOOR OPEN, looks at the empty bathroom, confused as to where Freya went. Nothing looks amiss. Killian shrugs, perplexed, and closes the door.

INT. NORTH HAMPTON HOSPITAL -- NIGHT

MAURA THATCHER lays awake in bed, out of her coma. **MATTHEW** the hot cop is ushered into the room by a **DOCTOR.**

MATTHEW
I hear you wanted to see me.

Maura nods.

MAURA
I know who killed my husband.

Off Matt, waiting...

INT. BEAUCHAMP HOUSE -- KITCHEN -- NIGHT

JOANNA and **INGRID** enter through the back door, carrying groceries. **WENDY LAYS DYING ON THE FLOOR.** Joanna falls to her knees instantly.

JOANNA
Oh my God, what happened?

Wendy is weak, bleeding. She pulls a dish towel away from her wound.

WENDY
I think I ruined your towel.

JOANNA
Ingrid, call an ambulance!

Ingrid grabs the phone, dials 911, shaky.

WENDY
She was here... The imposter... I managed to eat some stew, after she left... I had a vision... oh man the walls are breathing.

INGRID
(into phone)
Hello? I need an ambulance, 417 Waverly Terrace... Please! Hurry!

WENDY
You have to save Freya-

JOANNA
-Save her from what?!

WENDY
The Inn where she works. In the bathroom. There's a painting. An old lover of Freya's wants revenge. He's going to take her inside the painting, kill her in there, because he knows if he does-

Joanna nods, with a sick realization-

JOANNA
-She can't be reborn.

WENDY
I wish I could help you, but-

JOANNA
-This was your last life, wasn't it?

Wendy doesn't answer, Ingrid is hanging up the phone, watching this, beside herself.

INGRID
What the hell is going on here?!

Joanna turns to Ingrid, all business.

JOANNA
We don't have much time. We have to help your sister. But first, there's something I need to tell you. The truth about who we are.

INGRID
Please don't tell me we're witches-

JOANNA
(overlapping)
-We're witches.

Ingrid sinks into a chair, woozy.

JOANNA (CONT'D)
When you were little, I put a spell on you girls, so you wouldn't figure out what you were. It barely worked on Freya, but it worked too well on you...

Ingrid realizes something.

INGRID
She knew. Freya knew and you lied to her... You sent her to therapy! Oh my God she is gonna be so pissed-

JOANNA
-Only if we can save her.

INGRID
(shaky)
This isn't happening. I'm a rational skeptic. I'm a wallflower-

Joanna grabs Ingrid by the shoulders, looks her in the eye.

JOANNA
-Baby, no: you're magic.

Ingrid takes a deep ragged breath. **THE DOORBELL RINGS.**

<u>INT. BEAUCHAMP HOUSE -- LIVING ROOM -- MOMENTS LATER</u>

Joanna and Ingrid open the door. **MATTHEW,** the hot cop, is flanked by **TWO OTHER COPS.** Ingrid looks at them, confused-

INGRID
I thought I called for an ambulance-

Matthew's face is grim. He looks at Joanna.

MATTHEW
I'm sorry to have to do this, but... Joanna Beauchamp, you are under arrest for the murder of Bill Thatcher, and the attempted murder of Maura Thatcher.

He cuffs Joanna, reads her her rights.

MATTHEW (CONT'D)
You have the right to remain silent...

INGRID
Wait -- Matthew, what the hell-

Matthew looks at Ingrid, feeling bad-

MATTHEW
She was positively ID'd by the victim, I'm sorry-

Joanna leans in to Ingrid, whispers frantically-

JOANNA
You have to save your sister! You're the only one who can do it!

INGRID
-Please don't tell me the power was within me all along-

JOANNA
-There's a drawer, hidden inside the breakfront. You'll find what you need inside. Hurry Ingrid! Hurry, please!

Matthew leads Joanna away. Ingrid watches, distraught.

And then, she's alone. Ingrid stands there in the quiet house, wondering what the hell she should do. She nervously walks over to the BREAKFRONT. Stands before it for a beat, knowing her world is about to change forever. **SHE TAKES A DEEP BREATH, AND OPENS IT-**

END OF PILOT