

JULY 11, 2013  
PRODUCTION DRAFT  
BLUE REVISIONS 7/19/13  
PINK REVISIONS 7/26/13  
YELLOW REVISIONS 7/29/13  
GREEN REVISIONS 7/30/13

# AMERICAN HORROR STORY: COVEN

STORY #E05335

"BITCHCRAFT"

3ATS01

WRITTEN BY  
RYAN MURPHY  
&  
BRAD FALCHUK

DIRECTED BY  
ALFONSO GOMEZ-REJON

REVISED PAGES: 18, 22, 23, 24, 24A

RYAN MURPHY TELEVISION

ALL RIGHTS RESERVED. COPYRIGHT © 2013 TWENTIETH CENTURY FOX FILM CORPORATION. NO PORTION OF THIS SCRIPT MAY BE PERFORMED, PUBLISHED, REPRODUCED, SOLD, OR DISTRIBUTED BY ANY MEANS OR QUOTED OR PUBLISHED IN ANY MEDIUM, INCLUDING ANY WEB SITE, WITHOUT PRIOR WRITTEN CONSENT OF TWENTIETH CENTURY FOX FILM CORPORATION. DISPOSAL OF THIS SCRIPT COPY DOES NOT ALTER ANY OF THE RESTRICTIONS SET FORTH ABOVE.

**CAST LIST**

Fiona Borgia Vandenheuvel Goode

Madame Marie Delphine LaLaurie

Cordelia Foxx

Kyle Spencer

Myrtle Snow

Misty Day

Zoe Benson

Madison Montgomery

Spalding

Marie Laveau

Queenie

Nan

Hank Foxx

Bastien

Marie Louise Pauline LaLaurie

Marie Delphine “Borquita” Lopez

Marie Louise Jeanne LaLaurie

Louis LaLaurie

Contortionist Slave

Nora Benson

Charlie Taylor

Brener

Bus Driver

Sorority President

Dr. Zhong

Young Cordelia (14)

Tour Guide

Tourist

Chief Magistrate

Mercy Osbourne

Director

**Newscaster (ON TV)\***

Twelve-Year-Old Slave Boy

Backwoods Preacher

Frat Boy #1

Frat Boy #2

Brian

Dalton

**LOCATION LIST**

Miss Robichaux’s Academy (2013)

- EXT. Front Entrance
- Foyer
- Ancestors Room
- Dining Room
- Greenhouse
- Stairs
- Bathroom
- Kitchen
- Zoe & Madison’s Room
- Nan & Queenie’s Room

Miss Robichaux’s Academy  
(Early 90’s)

- EXT. Front Entrance

Private Residence (2013)

- EXT. Front Entrance
- Living Room
- Den
- Upstairs Hallway
- Bedroom

LaLaurie Residence (2013)

- EXT. Front Entrance
- EXT. Courtyard
- Parlor
- Master Bedroom
- Attic

LaLaurie Residence (1834)

- EXT. Front Entrance
- Parlor
- Master Bedroom
- Attic
- Foyer
- Stairwell

**Troost Medical Center (2013)\***

- Intensive Care
- ICU Room

Zoe’s House -- Orlando, FL (2013)

- EXT. Front Entrance
- Zoe’s Bedroom

EXT. Town Gallows -- Salem, MA (1692)

EXT. Middle of Florida (2013)

EXT. French Quarter (2013)

**EXT. Bourbon Street (2013)\* (RENAMED EXT. Private Residence)**

EXT. The Bayou (2013)

EXT. Bayou Pentecostal Church Meeting (2013)

EXT. Architectural Glass Building -- Seattle, WA (2013)

INT. Zhong’s Office -- Seattle, WA (2013)

INT. Seattle Hotel -- Seattle, WA (2013)

INT. Amtrak Train -- Florida (2013)

INT. Sound Stage -- Los Angeles, CA (2013)

INT. Party Bus (2013)

**LIST OF CHARACTERS WITH SOUTHERN ACCENTS**

Fiona Borgia Vandenheuvel Goode

Madame Marie Delphine LaLaurie

Kyle Spencer

Misty Day

Marie Laveau

Marie Louise Pauline LaLaurie

Marie Delphine “Borquita” Lopez

Marie Louise Jeanne LaLaurie

Louis LaLaurie

TITLES UP: **New Orleans 1834**

1 EXT. LALAURIE RESIDENCE -- NIGHT (1834) 1 \*

A grand mansion lit by torch lamps. LIVE MUSIC and LAUGHTER emanate from within. A HORSE DRAWN CARRIAGE passes by.

2 INT. LALAURIE RESIDENCE -- PARLOR -- NIGHT (1834) 2

A packed party, loud and lavish. CREOLE ELITE in top hats and gowns. It's easy to spot the hostess among them. Dressed in the finest money can buy, MADAME DELPHINE LALAURIE (59) is a commanding presence. Her perfectly coiled curls frame her face and bounce when she walks and throws her head back in laughter, a signature move. Madame LaLaurie introduces her THREE HOMELY DAUGHTERS to a crowd of POTENTIAL SUITORS.

MADAME LALAURIE

Gentlemen, I'd like you to meet my daughters: Marie Louise Pauline, Marie Louise Jeanne and, from my first marriage, Marie Delphine Lopez -- but everyone calls her "Borquita." What they lack in outer beauty, they more than make up for with their many talents. Borquita is a huge help to me with the domestics while Jeanne excels at needlepoint.

Madame LaLaurie glances at Pauline.

MADAME LALAURIE (CONT'D)

Pauline is my youngest. Her major talent has yet to reveal itself.

BASTIEN, a strapping black man dressed in fine clothes, circles with a tray of champagne flutes. Pauline takes a glittering flute, eyes him hungrily.

PAULINE

Perhaps my talent is in the boudoir, Mother Dear.

MADAME LALAURIE

(grimacing)

I guess we'll find out on your wedding night, *Mon Petit*.

3 INT. LALAURIE RESIDENCE -- MASTER BEDROOM -- NIGHT (1834) 3

The lavish bedroom is lit by candlelight. Now in her white dressing gown, LaLaurie sits at her vanity studying herself in the mirror. The make-up and curls are gone.

(CONTINUED)

3 CONTINUED:

3

Her face is devoid of emotion and pure evil. She reaches for a bowl and dabs a brush into it. Painting her face...with thick blood. She covers her entire face methodically, a beauty ritual, when her henpecked husband LOUIS walks in.

MADAME LALAURIE

When the blood dries, it's supposed to make my skin tight as a drum. But just look at this wattle. It's obviously not working, this blood's not fresh. Borquita?!

(finally, to Louis)

*S'ak pase'w la? (What's wrong with you?)*

LOUIS LALAURIE

*Mon Cherie*, something happened during the dinner party...

\*  
\*

4 INT. LALAURIE RESIDENCE -- PARLOR -- NIGHT (1834)

4

\*

Her face half-covered in blood, like war paint, Madame LaLaurie smacks the shit out of her youngest daughter Pauline, who cowers and whimpers like a puppy.

MADAME LALAURIE

You stupid little slut! I invite the most eligible young men in the city and you spread your legs for the houseman?! You might as well rut with the family dog!

\*  
\*

REVEAL the houseman Bastien, HANDS BOUND by Louis LaLaurie.

PAULINE

You can't control me, Mother!

\*

WHACK! Madame LaLaurie BACKHANDS Pauline again.

MADAME LALAURIE

The hell I can't. Especially when it concerns my reputation. So here's what happened: He took you by force, like a savage beast. That's what happened.

BASTIEN

No, Ma'am, I did no such thing. Miss Pauline came to me. With liquor on her breath. And I told her, "I belong to someone else --"

MADAME LALAURIE

Keep that mongrel quiet!

(CONTINUED)



The Boy steps forward carrying a GIANT BULL HEAD, dripping blood and hollowed out inside.

MADAME LALAURIE (CONT'D)

Put it on him.

The Boy hesitates before approaching Bastien, who makes meaningful eye contact with the boy. The Slave lowers the bull head onto Bastien as Madame LaLaurie gasps.

\*

LOUIS LALAURIE

Darling, you've outdone yourself. How did you think this up?

MADAME LALAURIE

My great literacy began with Greek mythology. My father used to read me those stories -- with their vengeful Gods and wondrous magical creatures! But the Minotaur was always my favorite.

From her pocket, Madame LaLaurie produces a LARGE SEWING NEEDLE THREADED WITH THICK RED YARN. She approaches Bastien and inserts the needle into his neck. He SHRIEKS IN AGONY.

MADAME LALAURIE (CONT'D)

Half-man, half-bull -- damned for all eternity to wander the labyrinth. And now I have one of my very own.

She PULLS THE NEEDLE through the bull head and SHOVES it into his neck again. PULL BACK TO REVEAL THE MINOTAUR, howling, writhing in agony, as we CUT TO:

TITLE SEQUENCE.

TITLES UP: **ORLANDO, FLORIDA**

A GIRL unlocks the front door. ZOE BENSON (17) is pretty without make-up, a little insecure with a cool veneer to hide it. She steps inside and turns back to check on her boyfriend CHARLIE (19) who lingers on the porch. He's skinny, shaggy hair, low slung jeans. Future rock star.

\*

CHARLIE

Are you sure about this?

ZOE

Come on. My mom gets home at six.

\*

7 INT. ZOE'S HOUSE -- ZOE'S BEDROOM -- DAY 7

Half-dressed, Zoe and Charlie make out furiously on the bed. This isn't just sex. They're smitten with each other. She moves his hand between her legs. He pauses. Then --

CHARLIE

It sucks to be someone's first. I don't want to hurt you.

ZOE

I'll be okay.

She pulls him into a sexy kiss. And wriggles off her underpants. Charlie maneuvers and enters her body.

CHARLIE

You okay?

She nods. He thrusts gently. And then SUDDENLY Charlie JERKS AWAY from her. His face turns beet red.

ZOE

Charlie? What's going on? CHARLIE!!

He tries to speak but his tongue is thick and swollen. His LUNGS COLLAPSING. He sputters and wheezes for air. BLOOD POURS OUT OF HIS TEAR DUCTS. HIS NOSE. HIS EARS. HIS EYES ROLL UP AND HIS CHEEKS HOLLOW UNNATURALLY, COLLAPSING. ZOE'S SCREAM BECOMES -- A TRAIN WHISTLE.

8 EXT. MIDDLE OF FLORIDA -- DAY 8

An AMTRAK TRAIN bisects the swampy landscape. We descend --

9 INT. AMTRAK TRAIN -- MOVING -- CONTINUOUS 9

Zoe sits by the window, staring out. A blank expression.

ZOE (V.O.)

It's a cliché, but like all clichés -- it's the truth. Your life can change overnight. Or in a moment... The official word on Charlie's death was a brain aneurysm. But the doctors had never seen anything quite like it before. The blood...all that blood.

10 INT. ZOE'S HOUSE -- ZOE'S BEDROOM -- DAY (FLASHBACK) 10

Zoe, post funeral, hugging her bed, crying. Her MOTHER, NORA, all still dressed from the funeral enters the room, moves to her daughter's side. \*

(CONTINUED)

NORA  
It's not your fault, baby. It's  
ours...

Zoe reacts, looks up, sees her father, LEN, in the doorway.

NORA (CONT'D)  
There's something I should have  
told you a long time ago. I prayed  
it would skip your generation. Your  
great-grandmother, she suffered the  
same -- genetic affliction.

11 INT. AMTRAK TRAIN -- MOVING -- DAY (RESUME SCENE) 11

ZOE (V.O.)  
So apparently I'm a witch. It runs  
in my family. It doesn't show up in  
every generation. Or in every girl.  
Like my cousin Amanda -- she's just  
bulimic.

TIME CUT. Zoe studies a LIBRARY BOOK in her lap. It's filled  
with fearsome images -- PURITAN MEN HOLDING A WOMAN'S HEAD  
UNDER WATER. A HOUSE ON FIRE, SURROUNDED BY MEN WITH TORCHES.

ZOE (V.O.)  
We read about the Salem Witch  
Trials in, like, fifth grade. Guess  
I should have paid more attention.

12 EXT. TOWN GALLOWS -- SALEM -- NIGHT (1692) 12 \*

A MOB encircles FIVE WOMEN at the gallows lit by torches.

MOB  
Hang her! Drown her! Burn her!

The CHIEF MAGISTRATE in his wig and robes bellows at the  
first terrified girl MERCY OSBOURNE (19).

CHIEF MAGISTRATE  
Mercy Osbourne! You are hereby  
charged with corrupting the minds  
of the Williams sisters with  
stories from the Malleus  
Maleficarum.

Mercy screams at the two Williams sisters -- BETTY (19) and  
KATHERINE (22) -- also accused.

MERCY  
It's not true! Tell them!

(CONTINUED)

Shouted down by the mob, they remain silent, eyes downcast.

CHIEF MAGISTRATE  
Mercy Osbourne, you have been  
condemned to death. May God have  
mercy on your wretched soul.

As the masked EXECUTIONER shoves Mercy up the steps and slips  
the noose around her neck, she looks out at the hungry crowd.

MERCY  
Murderers! May God have mercy on  
your souls!

As the Executioner shoves her off the ledge, her black boots  
scrape and kick wildly as Mercy wriggles against the rope.  
Veins bulging, face turning blue.

ZOE (V.O.)  
The sad fact was -- those girls  
weren't even witches.

In the crowd -- find MARTHA HOBBS (17). She looks like Zoe  
but in Puritan garb. Tears of anguish stream down her face.

ZOE (V.O.)  
The real witches were cunning and  
careful not to be caught.

Martha Hobbs looks across the crowd to her fellow witches  
DOROTHY (16) and REBECCA (20). Rebecca signals them both  
quietly. All three slip out of the crowd.

ZOE (V.O.)  
In fact after that, they got the  
hell out of Dodge...

13 INT. AMTRAK TRAIN -- MOVING -- DAY (RESUME SCENE) 13

Zoe stares out the window at the passing landscape.

ZOE (V.O.)  
They fled. As far South as they  
could. That's how eventually New  
Orleans became the new Salem.

14 INT. ZOE'S HOUSE -- ZOE'S BEDROOM -- DAY (FLASHBACK) 14

A continuation of the same conversation.

NORA  
...there's a school there. A  
boarding school. For girls like  
you. You'll be safe.

\*

(CONTINUED)

ZOE

You're sending me away...? No...

NORA

(crying now)

I'm sorry, baby. We can't keep you here. It's too dangerous.

\*

Two SENTINELS -- Albino men in dark suits -- head into the room directly for Zoe.

ZOE

What's going on?! Mom, what is this??

Nora cups her mouth, horrified by what she has to do. As the two men drag Zoe out screaming TWO HANDS IN BLACK LACE GLOVES take Nora's arms from behind. Restraining her gently. MYRTLE SNOW speaks to her with a firm but soothing voice.

\*

\*

MYRTLE

We'll handle it from here.

NORA

Can't I drive her to the station? She's my daughter --

\*

MYRTLE

She's our daughter now, Nora. You've done all you can. A long goodbye will only make it worse.

\*

Myrtle glances around the den, switching gears.

MYRTLE (CONT'D)

By the way, these drapes...I'm just mad for Tartan.

A grand Greek revival mansion located in the heart of the New Orleans Garden District. Columns, moss, wrought iron.

A YELLOW TAXI pulls up in front. Zoe emerges from the back. The DRIVER pulls her luggage out of the trunk, sets it on the sidewalk as she pays him. He gets back in and drives away.

Zoe takes in the imposing yet beautiful house. A hand carved wooden sign, showing the marks of age and weather, sways spookily. It reads: "Miss Robichaux's Academy For Exceptional Young Ladies." Zoe tries the gate -- locked. There is a BUZZER BUTTON there. She presses it. Nothing. Then a BUZZ, CLICK! The wrought iron gate UNLOCKS, drawing Zoe's look to it.



She's about to plunge the knife downward --

ZOE

Get the hell off me!

-- the CANDLES super-ignite -- blue-hot BLOW TORCHES! The girls freak, jump back. Now every candle a puddle of wax. Knife Girl pulls off her mask. She's MADISON MONTGOMERY. \*

MADISON

Jesus! Relax, Sabrina! We were just messing with you.

ZOE

Holy shit...are you..?

MADISON

Yes. Madison Montgomery. Movie star. \*

The mask comes off QUEENIE, African American.

QUEENIE

Movie star? Shit. When's the last time you made a movie, girl?

MADISON

When's the last time you said no to a pork chop?

QUEENIE

Bitch, only reason you're still famous is because you keep flashing that crotch on TMZ.

The last mask comes off; NAN, a Down's Syndrome woman.

NAN

We're not really going to kill you. I'm Nan. Hi. \*

ZOE

Zoe.

QUEENIE

Queenie.

MADISON

So bored now.

ZOE

So is this...everyone?

CORDELIA (O.S.)

At the moment.

At the door CORDELIA FOXX has appeared, mid thirties, pretty.

CORDELIA (CONT'D)

Cordelia Foxx. Head Mistress.

Cordelia fully knows what was going on here.

\*

CORDELIA (CONT'D)

All right, girls. There's a van full of groceries in the driveway that needs unloading. I'll show Zoe to her room, then we meet for Mid-Day Gathering. Let's go.

As the girls shuffle out past Cordelia --

CORDELIA (V.O.)

Miss Robichaux's Academy For Exceptional Young Ladies was established as a premiere girls' finishing school in 1790.

INTERCUTTING VARIOUS IMAGES: Cordelia leading Zoe through the house, up the stairs. A creepy LURCH-LIKE BUTLER, SPALDING, carries her bags.

\*

CORDELIA (V.O.)

During the Civil War, it was converted into a military hospital. Afterwards, it came under new management. Our management.

As they move through the house, Zoe (and we) take in more of the place, a framed photo here, an oil painting there.

\*

CORDELIA (V.O.)

In 1868, Marianne Wharton, a prominent East Coast society matron, early suffragette, author of several popular children's books...

A daguerreotype of MARIANNE WHARTON, circa 1860's...

CORDELIA (V.O.)

-- and, as it happened, the reigning Supreme of that time -- purchased this facility, retaining the name as a cover, establishing a safe haven where young witches could gather to learn.

(CONTINUED)

-- Madison, Nan and Queenie unloading a mini-van of bulk items. They bring them into the kitchen/pantry. Allowing us to get ever more a sense of this place.

-- Cordelia showing Zoe to her room; immaculate, delicate, sunny, big closets, tiled bathroom, kind of great. A Victorian era photo of Marianne Wharton with a class of some thirty YOUNG WOMEN of the time. Like a class photo.

CORDELIA (V.O.)

In its heyday, the Academy was home to as many as sixty girls...

CORDELIA

...over the years, those numbers dwindled.

WIDER: The walls are covered with portraits of witches. A fireplace flickers. The girls sit in a semi circle.

ZOE

Why?

CORDELIA

We're a dying breed, Zoe. Many of the families who knew they carried the bloodline made a choice not to reproduce. They feared having children.

ZOE

Or maybe they feared the children they would have.

Cordelia looks at Zoe. Knows Zoe's story. Doesn't lie.

CORDELIA

Maybe.

ZOE

So what's a Supreme?

CORDELIA

An average witch is born with a few natural gifts. Other skills, spells, she can learn. But in each generation there is one woman who embodies countless gifts. Some say all of them. She is the Supreme.

ZOE

So she's like the Witch Pope?

CORDELIA  
Hardly that.

ZOE  
Are you the Supreme?

CORDELIA  
No. I'm like you. Just a witch. And  
a teacher. I'm here to help you  
identify your gifts and teach you  
how to control them.

QUEENIE  
How to suppress them, she means.

CORDELIA  
Not suppression. Control.

MADISON  
She thinks it's still the 1600's.

CORDELIA  
No. Back then, our kind understood  
the dangers. Today, so many  
families know nothing of their  
ancestry. Too many girls aren't  
lucky enough to have found us. Or  
weren't identified in time for us  
to have found them. Like that poor  
Cajun girl just outside Lafayette a  
few months back...

19 EXT. BAYOU PENTECOSTAL CHURCH MEETING -- DAY (FLASHBACK) 19

The BACKWOODS PREACHER clutches his Bible and shouts about  
fire and brimstone. The CONGREGATION sways and handles snakes  
and SPEAKS IN TONGUES. CAMERA FINDS a pretty, willowy 20-  
something backwoods girl among the congregants -- MISTY DAY.

CORDELIA (V.O.)  
Misty Day. She wasn't much older  
than any of you -- and she had a  
gift. The power of resurgence.

Misty sees the body of a TINY BIRD lies on the ground.  
Quivering, near death. Misty kneels down and gathers it into  
her hands. Misty seems to be going into a trance...

CORDELIA (V.O.)  
Misty could reach into that place  
between life and death and draw a  
soul back from the precipice, back  
to this side. Back to life.

(CONTINUED)

19

CONTINUED:

19

The little bird stirs, then its wings beat and it takes flight from Misty's hands. She smiles -- and collapses.

CORDELIA (V.O.)

To some, this appeared to be the  
God touched power of resurrection.

Church members gather over the fallen girl. The sunlight behind them makes them ominous silhouettes...

CORDELIA (V.O.)

To others, necromancy...

20

INT. ANCESTORS ROOM -- DAY (RESUME SCENE)

20

\*

ZOE

So what happened to her?

CORDELIA

The same thing that's happened to  
women like us throughout the  
centuries...

21

EXT. THE BAYOU -- NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

21

Misty, in her thin, flowered nightgown, is dragged by UNSEEN FIGURES into a clearing. She is brutally lashed to a fence.

Then a FIGURE EMERGES from the SHADOWY MOB. He raises a GASOLINE CAN. Douses her. It stings her face. She flinches. A MATCH is STRUCK. Misty looks darkly at her tormentor.

\*

\*

\*

MISTY

It's you that will end in flames. I  
swear it.

And sets her alight...as she ERUPTS IN FLAME, SCREAMING --

22

INT. ANCESTORS ROOM -- DAY (RESUME SCENE)

22

\*

Misty's SCREAMS of torment RING OUT over the girls as they sit there, having listened to this tale.

MADISON

Jesus.

CORDELIA

We're under siege, ladies. Our lives,  
our very existence is always at risk.  
Know this -- or face extinction.

**END ACT ONE**

\*

**ACT TWO**

23 EXT. ARCHITECTURAL GLASS BUILDING -- SEATTLE -- DAY 23

A BLACK CAR pulls up, a CHAUFFEUR comes around to open the back door. STAY LOW. A WOMAN steps out. Stockings. HEELS that cost more than a car. She walks past us. RISE UP and follow her towards the BUILDING. She's in all black. Impeccable.

DR. ZHONG (V.O.)  
This is Allegra.

As she enters the building, we PAUSE on the tasteful plaque outside: LONGEVITY AND HUMAN WELLNESS FOUNDATION. Hear: \*

DR. ZHONG (V.O.)(CONT'D)  
She's the equivalent of a human female in her late eighties.

HARD CUT TO:

VIDEO: ALLEGRA, a VERY OLD MONKEY, languishes in a cage. Losing her hair, thin, fragile, her breathing is labored.

DR. ZHONG (V.O.)(CONT'D)  
Allegra suffers from acute bradycardia, her kidneys are failing. She's lost the ability to swallow. Allegra, in short, is dying.

Close on her dying face. FREEZE FRAME. We are:

24 INT. ZHONG'S OFFICE -- DAY 24

THE WOMAN IN BLACK sits SILHOUETTED in a chair, riveted to DR. DAVID ZHONG, late 30's, handsome, as he turns to her, Allegra's frozen image on a flatscreen behind him.

DR. ZHONG  
Several hours after this video was taken, we injected Allegra with our Serum RM47. We expanded on the University of Wisconsin studies on Induced Pluripotent stem cells.

Dr. Zhong rises, moves to a LARGE GLASS CAGE built into the wall, a green habitat of sorts. In it, a YOUNG MONKEY.

DR. ZHONG (CONT'D)  
Meet Allegra today.

A very youthful Allegra swings towards him. Amazing. The woman in black turns in her chair.

(CONTINUED)

Reveal FIONA BORGIA VANDENHEUVEL GOODE, an elegant beauty. She has a look in her eye like she is deciding whether to fuck you or kill you. Or both.

FIONA

I'll have what she's having.

DR. ZHONG

And you will. Sooner than you'd think. We should be ready for human trials in two years time.

FIONA

No. This afternoon. Within the next half hour preferably, I have a dinner appointment.

\*

DR. ZHONG

I'm sorry, but that's impossible.

FIONA

I've heard you like to get sauced at biochemistry conventions and brag about how you're going to win the Nobel for the work you're doing here -- research that is entirely funded by my late husband's money. I've made you rich, soon to be famous, I want my medicine. I paid for it and I want it. Now.

She lights a cigarette.

\*

DR. ZHONG

You can't smoke in here. Ms. Goode. You are a very beautiful woman. But if you're just looking for something cosmetic, I can recommend a plastic surgeon --

FIONA

Surgeons? Butchers. Face-lifts don't make you look younger, they don't even make you look better, they just make you look different. What I need is an infusion of vitality. Of youth. I want that drug, David.

DR. ZHONG

Fiona, even if I wanted to give it to you, I couldn't.

(MORE)

DR. ZHONG (CONT'D)

We'd have to harvest the stem cells  
and it would take weeks for the  
blastomeres to stabilize. What we  
do here isn't magic. I'm sorry.

Off Fiona, darkening...

25 INT. SEATTLE HOTEL -- NIGHT 25

"In-A-Gadda-Da-Vida" PLAYS as Fiona, high on pills, moves  
around her room. Quick cuts, odd angles. She wears a silk  
CAFTAN. Stares at herself in the mirror. Pulls her skin back  
on her face. She's going a bit mad. \*

She notices the TV. A story about New Orleans. CLOSE -- ON  
the TV screen, the images play with no sound. Picture of  
MISTY DAY with a chyron over it -- "Missing for 28 Days."  
Something about the girl makes Fiona stop. Like she knows  
her. THEN -- a KNOCK at the door. Fiona opens it.

DR. ZHONG

You made me leave my daughters'  
violin recital early.

FIONA

You've been shooting me up with  
your shit for five days and nothing  
has changed. I want to see those  
syringes. How do I know you haven't  
been filling them with sugar water  
to protect your precious protocols?

DR. ZHONG

I have risked my career giving you  
these drugs. They could kill you. I  
could go to jail!

FIONA

Give me more. You're not giving me  
enough. Double the dosage.

DR. ZHONG

Pull our funding. I don't care. I  
quit. You're insane. You're a  
beautiful woman. People get older.  
We are organic matter. We are  
animals. We rot, we die!

Fiona grabs her cigarettes. Calms herself.

DR. ZHONG (CONT'D)

I will tender my resignation in the  
morning.

(CONTINUED)

He starts out. PUSH IN on Fiona, suddenly, oddly emotional. A tear streams down her cheek. And then...her eyes go DARK.

A WIND picks up outside and all of the doors in the suite SLAM SHUT. The LIGHTS FLARE OUT. Darkness. Silence. The room is illuminated as Fiona STRIKES a MATCH. Lights a cigarette.

DR. ZHONG (CONT'D)

(terrified)

What is this? How are you doing this?

\*

Zhong runs to the french doors. Panicked. Tries to get out. None of them will open.

FIONA

Oh, stop being such a child. This won't hurt. Very much. Well, for very long...

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

She begins to prowl towards him. Zhong is losing it. He grabs whatever he can find -- a FIREPLACE TOOL and charges at her. With a STERN LOOK she sends him FLYING BACKWARDS into the desk. He's hurt. She moves towards him. Stands over him.

DR. ZHONG

Please. My children.

She shakes her head. Frustrated. Suddenly a WIND PICKS UP in the room. The sheers billow. A beat as she leans down.

FIONA

Shhh...Shhh... Love me. Love me...

She touches between his eyes with her finger. Casting her spell. With her touch he CHANGES. He is relaxed. In love with her. In love with love.

He stands and she KISSES HIM. SPIN AROUND THEM as the wind SWIRLS. They are HUNGRY for each other. Something is happening to Dr. Zhong, though. The pleasure is mixing with PAIN. He tries to pull away but can't. His body SHAKES. He AGES in front of us. With each spin around them a year, ten years, fifty years, a HUNDRED. His face collapsing in on itself. He COLLAPSES on to the floor in a tortured spasm. A kind of death orgasm. We see him on the rug -- motionless. His teeth are rotted, he is fighting for breath, too weak to beg for help. He looks a hundred now.

She turns away and reaches for a cigarette, her face not quite in focus. David loses his battle with the Grim Reaper. She reaches down. Closes his eyes.

FIONA (CONT'D)

I'm sorry.

She goes to the vanity. Looks in the mirror. Her youth has returned, her cheeks are plump and rosy. She breathes a tiny sigh of relief: it worked. She looks over...

David is dead. A desiccated corpse -- his mouth wide open in a hideous, frozen silent scream. \*

She turns back to the mirror, pleased. Then, something is wrong. Her newfound youth fades as fast as it came. It's gone. A beat before the RAGE comes and she SMASHES THE MIRROR. Off Fiona -- studying her reflection in the broken glass...

Zoe, Madison, Nan and Queenie are seated in a formal dining room, table set with china, silver and cloth napkins. Spalding, the mute butler, serves steaming bowls of soup. Madison eyes hers with disgust.

MADISON

Hey Jeeves. Can I get some iceberg lettuce with a side of Blue Cheese?

QUEENIE

Girl, be nice to Spalding. Poor bastard has no tongue.

MADISON

Is that true, Jeeves? Did you use that tongue for something wicked? Or maybe you suck at going down.

Spalding glares at her and slams a bowl of soup in front of Zoe. As he heads for the kitchen, Madison can't resist.

MADISON (CONT'D)

Aw come on, Jeeves. Show me your stub! Maybe we can put it to use!

Spalding disappears into the kitchen and slams the door.

MADISON (CONT'D)

So New Girl, what are you in for?

NAN

Her boyfriend.

QUEENIE

Nan, shuddup before you get your  
ass in trouble.

MADISON

Did you kill him?

ZOE

No. It was an accident.

NAN

It was an accident, Zoe. And you  
will find love again. A strange and  
unexpected love.

QUEENIE

Girl? Are you deaf or just stupid?

MADISON

Let's hear about this accident. And  
don't spare the gory details.

ZOE

Why are you here?

MADISON

My agent staged an "intervention."  
Ever since my drunk and disorderly,  
I get blamed for all kinds of shit  
I didn't do.

NAN

But you did do it. You killed that  
man --

MADISON

I get it, Bitch, you're clairvoyant.  
You want to know what happened?

27 INT. SOUND STAGE -- DAY (FLASHBACK)

27

Madison dressed as NATALIE WOOD in "Gypsy." A DIRECTOR barks:

DIRECTOR

Cut! Cut! You're still not hitting  
your mark!

MADISON

I'm using the space.

DIRECTOR

(points to HANGING LIGHT)  
That's a light.

(MORE)

\*

(CONTINUED)

27 CONTINUED:

27

DIRECTOR (CONT'D)

If you don't hit that mark, that  
light won't hit you. Okay? To think  
I said "No" to Tara Reid.

PUSHING CLOSER on a furious MADISON. The action around her  
seems to SLOW. The SOUND is SUBSUMED by a HIGH PITCHED WHINE.  
She flicks her gaze to the HANGING BABY LIGHT. It starts to  
MOVE, GROAN -- BOLTS SNAP! It PLUMMETS, nailing the Director  
just as he passes under it, SPLATTERING HIS BRAINS.

28 INT. DINING ROOM -- NIGHT (RESUME SCENE)

28

MADISON

The light hit him just fine.

QUEENIE

All he said was "hit your mark".  
Why don't you do the world a favor  
and go take an acting class? You D-  
list botox bimbo --

Madison FLICKS HER WRIST and Queenie's SOUP DISH SPILLS onto  
her lap. Queenie GRABS HER FORK and JAMS IT into the back of  
her left hand. Madison HOWLS and studies her left hand --  
where FOUR BLOOD SPOTS BLOOM in the same spot as the fork  
tines wedged into Queenie's hand. Queenie jerks the fork back  
and forth to torture Madison, who writhes in her chair.

ZOE

Queenie, stop!

QUEENIE

I'm a human voodoo doll, Bitch! I  
don't feel a thing!

NAN

Stop! You're gonna get in trouble!

Nan grabs the fork and yanks it out of Queenie's hand.  
Queenie instantly grabs a knife and holds it up to her own  
throat. Nan dives for the knife and snatches it away.

NAN (CONT'D)

Queenie, stop! C'mon. Let's go take  
a walk.

QUEENIE

(what the fuck)  
A walk?

Queenie follows Nan out, muttering under her breath.

(CONTINUED)

MADISON

Well that was disturbing. Given the choices around here, I guess you're my new best friend. Do you own any clothes that don't come from the Gap?

ZOE

Not really. Why?

MADISON

I'll let you borrow something of mine then. Frat Party. Just came up on my Twitter feed.

INT. GREENHOUSE -- NIGHT

Cordelia is at her work station, surrounded by fresh and dried herbs, spices, rocks, shells and all manner of things. A TOMCAT, OLIVER, rubs itself against Cordelia's leg.

POV -- someone is in there with her. STALKING HER.

Cordelia picks up a "smoking gun," into which she packs dried thyme leaves, lights it, it looks like she's about to get high. Instead, she smokes up a beaker of amber liquid. The beaker fills with smoke. She puts a cap on it and holds it in two hands, closing her eyes, infusing it with her own magic.

POV -- from behind Cordelia. Approaching her.

On Cordelia. Eyes still closed. A SHADOW comes towards her. Out of focus. Menacing. A HAND lands on her shoulder. Cordelia jumps, drops her beaker on the floor where it SHATTERS. She turns to see Fiona. Grinning.

FIONA

Dropped your cocktail.

CORDELIA

I thought you were in Switzerland.

Cordelia takes in the broken beaker, looks around for something to clean it up with --

\*  
\*

FIONA

LA. It's tragic, the glamour is gone. They put a shopping mall on Sunset and Vine.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

CORDELIA

I don't have a broom.

\*  
\*

FIONA  
That's ironic.

\*  
\*

CORDELIA  
(carefully picking glass)  
Los Angeles? Why do you look so jet  
lagged?

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

FIONA  
I happen to look wonderful!

\*  
\*

CORDELIA  
Let me make you something. A  
restorative I've been experimenting  
with.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

Cordelia sets aside the broken glass, starts mixing and  
stirring.

\*  
\*

CORDELIA (CONT'D)  
This'll fix you right up.

\*  
\*

FIONA  
Delia and her powders and potions.  
My greatest disappointment in life  
is that you have never fully  
realized the extent of your powers.

CORDELIA  
I've done pretty well.

\*  
\*

FIONA  
You're the only child of the  
Supreme, you have royal blood  
running through your veins. You  
could be ruling the world.

\*  
\*

CORDELIA  
I like my little kingdom here,  
thank you.

She hands her the concoction. Turns to clean up.

FIONA  
Your kingdom is a mess.

She smells the drink. Pours it in the cat's dish. The CAT  
appears, slinking toward it. Cordelia sees this, kicks the  
cat away and spirits away the dish --

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

CORDELIA

No!  
(to Fiona)  
Bitch! It wouldn't have killed you!

FIONA

Just put me in a coma for a couple of days?

CORDELIA

Or weeks... Look, just go away. How else do you want me to say it? I don't want you here. You are a dark cloud over my life.

FIONA

You're still angry with me. I can tell.

CORDELIA

(a reservoir of sarcasm)  
My god, you are the Supreme!

FIONA

I had this wonderful spiritual retreat with Shirley MacLaine in Sedona. It was all about forgiveness...

CORDELIA

You dumped me here when I was fourteen. For the past twenty years I've seen you once, maybe twice every couple of years -- and the only reason for that seems to be to open some old wound.

FIONA

Oh, you got sent to an elite boarding school. Boo-hoo. Need I remind you that my mother dropped me off here at age four, the moment I manifested my first power?

CORDELIA

(overlapping, she knows it by heart)  
Because you started a fire in pre-school and they expelled you for being a pyromaniac but your mother knew it was a sign.

FIONA

I've often thought that might've been my big mistake with you, waiting so long before sending you away...

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

CORDELIA

I'm done. Show yourself out.

\*  
\*

FIONA

I'm not leaving. I'm here to help you. Not fifty miles from here a young woman was burned at the stake -- it's Salem all over again. A storm is coming. And you've been leaving these poor girls in your charge completely unprepared for it.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

CORDELIA

I'm aware of what's happening. My entire teaching philosophy...

\*  
\*  
\*

FIONA

Has been an abject failure. You teach them to cower. To hide in the shadows. Well there are no shadows -- not anymore. You think with Twitter and Facebook if a witch does anything she won't be videoed and turned into some kind of viral freakshow like a dog that says I love you?

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

CORDELIA

My girls are learning how to live in the world and not be afraid of it.

FIONA

They need to learn how to make the world afraid of them. And Mommy is going to teach them how.

CORDELIA

No. This is my life. You cannot come in and piss all over it. I'll call the Council.

FIONA

Good. Do it. Explain to them why you think it's a bad idea to have the Supreme teaching these girls.

Cordelia is stuck. She has no answer for that.

CORDELIA

When are you just going to die and stop ruining my life?

FIONA

What you resist persists, my love. I'm here. I'm staying. Let's make the best of it.

She exits. Leaving Cordelia with her dead cat.

A PARTY BUS rolls up to the curb. WE STAY with the bus as rambunctious COLLEGE BOYS get ready to party: KYLE SPENCER stands at the head of the bus, blonde hair, blue eyes, athletic. He's charming and funny, a natural leader.

\*

KYLE

Okay animals, let's go over a few ground rules. The no puke rule will be strictly enforced. I will not be drinking tonight, so if I see that you are in danger of hurling in public, I will send you back here to the penalty box. That also goes for public urination, and public exposure.

(points to a frat boy)

Believe me, Dalton, nobody is interested in seeing your dick, no matter how small it is.

The boys LAUGH. DALTON flips him off.

KYLE (CONT'D)

We're still on probation for our slightly misguided Blue Mooning episode and those pricks in the administration are just looking for a reason to cut our balls off. I will sacrifice one night of drunken stupor so my brothers can live to party another day.

BRENER

The administration can suck my cock.

(starts a chant)

One two, one two three...

The BOYS take up the chant as they disembark.

ALL

We are KLG!

\*

BRENER

Three two, three two one...

ALL

We are Kappa Lambda Gamma!

\*

31 INT. PRIVATE RESIDENCE -- NIGHT

31

MUSIC. Drinks. The living room is crowded with people. Suddenly a murmur at the entrance.

The crowd suddenly parts like the Red Sea. Camera phones FLASH, people gawk and make way as Madison Montgomery makes an entrance. Moving in SLOW MOTION. Hot as a magazine cover. Zoe is a couple of steps behind her, but she is immediately crowded out by kids wanting to get closer to a celebrity. The SORORITY PRESIDENT turns to a sorority SISTER...

SORORITY PRESIDENT

Oh my God, that's Madison Montgomery...

Kyle watches all the excitement from a distance, finds Brener and a couple of frat brothers at his side.

BRENER

Now that's what I'm talking about. That's prize tuna right there.

KYLE

She's way out of your league.

(CONTINUED)

31 CONTINUED:

31

BRENER

Can't get a bite if you don't  
dangle your bait in the water.

Brener and the jocks move off.

MADISON

What does a girl have to do to get  
a drink around here?

The Sorority President grabs her hand and leads her away, followed by a bunch of people. Zoe is left in the wake, suddenly alone. She moves through the party. Zoe checks out the decor, looks at the centerpiece -- an ice sculpture. Through the rippled ice, a distorted, monstrous face stares back. Zoe startles. It's Kyle, looking at the same piece. She gives him a shy smile before turning away.

32 INT. PRIVATE RESIDENCE -- DEN -- LATER

32

MUSIC THROBS in the other room as Zoe stands alone. A cup of punch suddenly appears in front of her. She looks up to find Kyle, offering her the drink.

KYLE

Thought you looked thirsty.

ZOE

Is that your super power? You can  
sense dehydration?

KYLE

One of them.

ZOE

(smiles, takes cup)  
Frat boy, right? I think frats are  
full of fascists. I bet your  
family's a part of the one percent.

KYLE

I don't mind being reduced to a  
stereotype, but I'm on scholarship.  
My mom lives in the Ninth Ward.  
That's way on the other side of the  
tracks. Besides, didn't you come  
here with a movie star?

ZOE

Madison just needed someone to be  
her comparison. Stars look even  
more like stars when they're  
standing next to someone who's  
average.

(CONTINUED)

32 CONTINUED:

32

KYLE

You are nowhere near average. Trust me, she doesn't have a chance standing next to you.

She laughs, looks up from her cup, charmed...

33 INT. PRIVATE RESIDENCE -- UPSTAIRS HALLWAY -- CONTINUOUS 33

Madison comes out of a bathroom, takes a long pull from a bottle, empties it. She is already pretty drunk. The starlet sticks a cigarette in her mouth, fumbles in her purse for a light. Suddenly, a match ignites in front of her. She looks up to see Brener smiling flirtatiously, offering the light.

Madison looks at him seductively. She holds his hand, steadies the match, but she makes no attempt to light her cigarette. She just watches the match burn to his finger.

BRENER

Ouch!

He snatches his hand away in pain. Madison laughs.

MADISON

I guess I'm just too hot for you to handle.

He takes the challenge, lights another match. She leans in and lights her cigarette. Exhales smoke in his face...

MADISON (CONT'D)

Wanna be my slave tonight?

BRENER

What's in it for me?

MADISON

Are you stupid? Slaves get nothing. Get me another drink.

As he walks away, he pulls a white pill from his pocket. Another FRATERNITY BROTHER has watched the exchange. As he passes...

BRENER

It's on.

34 INT. PRIVATE RESIDENCE -- DEN -- CONTINUOUS

34 \*

Different SONG, slower, romantic. Zoe takes a last sip from her cup. Kyle smiles, there's real chemistry here.

(CONTINUED)

34

KYLE

Really? A finishing school?

ZOE

Miss Robichaux's Academy For  
Exceptional Young Ladies. It sounds  
totally normal, right? If I was  
living in the 19th century.

(then)

I don't want to talk about me  
anymore. Okay?

KYLE

Wait, you're the first hot girl I  
ever met who doesn't want to talk  
about herself. There's got to be  
something wrong with you.

(beat)

I know. You have a boyfriend.

She darkens.

ZOE

No, I don't. Not anymore.

KYLE

Bad breakup?

ZOE

Kyle. I like you. But it's not  
going to work out. It doesn't end  
well for guys who like me.

(then)

Have you seen Madison?

35

INT. PRIVATE RESIDENCE -- UPSTAIRS HALLWAY -- CONTINUOUS 35

A cup falls from Madison's hand. Her drink spills to the  
floor. Madison sways unsteadily. Her eyes unfocused. She  
tries to maintain and push past Brener who stands in front of  
her, but her legs give way. Brener catches her in his arms.

CUT TO BLACK:

The grinding, sinister BEAT of The Rolling Stones' "GIMME  
SHELTER" accentuates the SOUNDS of sex. Mattress SQUEAKING.  
The RHYTHMIC GRUNTS of male exertion.

36

INT. PRIVATE RESIDENCE -- BEDROOM -- NIGHT 36

A DISTORTED, almost surreal POV. Brener thrusts, jostling the  
CAMERA.

(CONTINUED)

36

CONTINUED:

36

CLOSE ON Madison, being jostled beneath him. Her eyes are half closed, periodically flickering open. She is ninety percent unconscious, obviously has no idea how her body is being used. Same DISTORTED POV. Another BOY thrusting away. He quickly CLIMAXES. To be replaced by Dalton. He begins the mechanical THRUSTING...

CLOSE ON Madison. Trying to regain consciousness. All she can manage is a soft MOAN OF PAIN, the beginning of recognition...

37

INT. PRIVATE RESIDENCE -- DEN -- CONTINUOUS

37

\*

The SONG continues. Zoe is searching the faces at the party, trying to find her friend. She sees the familiar face of Kyle, who has returned from another room.

ZOE

I can't find her anywhere.

KYLE

You think she ditched you?  
I'll look around upstairs.

38

INT. PRIVATE RESIDENCE -- BEDROOM -- CONTINUOUS

38

CELL PHONE CAMERA POV: CLOSE ON a pair of discarded panties. PAN UP to Madison on the bed, her clothes disheveled, another BOY pounding inside her.

BRENER (O.S.)

Brush her hair back so I can see  
her face.

The boy uncovers her face, continues thrusting...

BRENER (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Check it out. Hollywood's hottest  
'ho gettin' railed and loving it!

The door opens. Kyle steps in, assesses the situation.

KYLE

What the hell are you doing?!

He shoves the boy over Madison off the bed.

BRENER

Hey, back of the line.

KYLE

Are you guys out of your mind?!

(CONTINUED)

Zoe steps inside, rushing to her friend. The boys begin to bail out of the room. Brener still has his cell phone out, recording everything. Kyle moves aggressively for him...

KYLE (CONT'D)  
Gimme that shit!

He tackles Brener, who rolls, flipping Kyle onto his back. Brener escapes from the room, his phone in hand. Kyle chases after him. ON THE BED: Zoe, her face wet with tears, is attending to Madison, who is in and out.

ZOE  
Madison? Shit. Madison! Did they give you something?

Madison GROANS, might be coming to a little.

39 EXT. PRIVATE RESIDENCE -- NIGHT 39 \*

The boys dash through the crowd outside the house, heading directly for the bus. Kyle is close behind.

40 INT. PRIVATE RESIDENCE -- BEDROOM -- NIGHT 40

Zoe wraps a blanket around Madison who is still woozy.

MADISON  
What did they do to me? It hurts...

ZOE  
Stay here. I'm not going to let them get away.

41 INT. PARTY BUS -- NIGHT 41

Kyle chases the boys onto the back of the bus, he grabs Brener by the shirt.

KYLE  
Give me the phone, Brener, that's evidence.

BRENER  
Eat shit, Kyle.

KYLE  
I'm calling the cops.

Suddenly, Kyle's head snaps forward, his knees give out as he falls to the floor, unconscious, REVEALING DALTON, who has just cold cocked him from behind. The DRIVER moves up the aisle toward the group.

(CONTINUED)

BUS DRIVER  
What the hell is going on back  
there?

BRENER  
Get him off the bus.

The two guys bum rush the driver off the bus, closing the door in his face. Dalton plops down in the driver's seat, turns the key. As the bus ROARS to life...

42 EXT. PRIVATE RESIDENCE -- NIGHT 42 \*

The bus pulls away from the curb. Gathering speed as it passes the sorority house, REVEALING Zoe running up to it.

ZOE  
Stop! Stop!

Zoe SLAMS her hand against the side of the bus. She looks on helplessly as the vehicle ROARS past her. Zoe turns back to the house and sees Madison haltingly walking up to her.

43 INT. PARTY BUS -- NIGHT 43

The kids are freaked, Kyle GROANS, fighting to regain consciousness. Brener frantically moves to the front.

BRENER  
Okay, everybody shut up! First  
thing, delete the videos on your  
phones. We stick together, it's our  
word against hers.

44 EXT. PRIVATE RESIDENCE -- NIGHT 44 \*

Madison and Zoe stand stoically, watching the rapists get away. As the bus is about to disappear down the road, Madison lifts and twists her hand.

The bus suddenly flips, rolls a couple times before SMASHING against some trees. The metal tears, ripping the bus apart. GLASS SHATTERS as some are ejected onto the road.

Zoe is shocked. She looks to Madison who meets her eyes for a beat, before turning and numbly walking back to the house.

**END ACT TWO**

**ACT THREE**

CLOSE ON: A TV SET, NEWS COVERAGE OF THE PARTY BUS ACCIDENT

NEWSCASTER (ON TV)

The Louisiana campus is still in  
shock over the tragic bus crash  
last night...

\*

45 INT. MISS ROBICHAUX'S ACADEMY -- KITCHEN -- DAY

45

Nan and Queenie eat breakfast in the kitchen watching the  
report on a TV set. Both riveted.

NEWSCASTER (ON TV)

Nine members of the fraternity  
Kappa Lambda Gamma were on board.

\*

Zoe makes her way into the kitchen, still shell-shocked by  
the events of last night. She stops to listen to the report.

NEWSCASTER (ON TV) (CONT'D)

Seven of the boys died on the  
scene. Two were rushed to Troost  
Medical Center where they remain in  
critical condition.

\*

Madison walks in very casual -- as if nothing happened.

NEWSCASTER (ON TV) (CONT'D)

Authorities will not confirm the  
identities of the deceased --

\*

Madison flips off the TV.

NAN

Hey, I was watching that!

MADISON

Why? It's yesterday's news.  
They got any Greek yogurt?

As Madison picks through the fruit platter, Zoe joins her.

ZOE

We have to tell somebody what  
happened. They weren't all in that  
room. The one I met -- Kyle -- he  
tried to stop it. And he was on  
that bus --

FIONA (O.S.)

What are we talking about?

(CONTINUED)

All eyes turn to the door as Fiona glides to the buffet.

FIONA (CONT'D)

The college boys? Taken in the prime of their lives. Such a tragedy.

(to Madison, pointedly)

It almost makes you want to cry, doesn't it? I guess the world's not going to miss a bunch of assholes in Ed Hardy T-shirts.

MADISON

Who the hell are you?

FIONA

I've got to hand it to you. A bus flip? Not easy. But you were a sloppy, little witch bitch. And sloppy's going to put us all in jeopardy.

MADISON

Go to hell, you stupid hag.

Suddenly Madison slams against the wall and crashes to the floor, gasping for air. The other girls watch shocked.

QUEENIE

(under her breath)

Say that.

FIONA

I've read all of your files. You're not going to become great women of our clan sitting around here at Hogwarts under the confused instruction of my daughter. We're going on a field trip. Go change your clothes.

(then, slyly)

Wear something black.

Fiona. In all black. Carrying a BLACK PARASOL. The GIRLS following behind her. ALSO IN BLACK. Like so many DUCKS.

MADISON

Where are we going? It's too hot. My freaking vagina is sweating.

FIONA

To Popp Fountain. A kind of holy place for our order. Back in the 1970's, one of our own, Mary Oneida Toups, a powerful, forward thinking witch, led an alternative coven down here. She and her sister witches would gather at there -- proudly and publicly, very much in the spirit of the times. She imbued the Fountain with a powerful energy. But it was damaged during Katrina. The authorities used this as an excuse to declare this sacred space a "safety hazard." It's been closed off ever since.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

ZOE

I don't understand. What are we supposed to do if we can't get in?

FIONA

Tear the fence down.

ZOE

But isn't that illegal?

MADISON

This is seriously the worst field trip ever.

FIONA

It's time we reclaim our city. Learn to fight. When witches don't fight, we burn.

They turn a corner. She has their attention.

FIONA (CONT'D)

Everything you need to learn begins here, in the world, not behind some book. The *real* magic is the essence of life. Each one of you is blessed with a unique gift. But that's not nearly enough to become a witch. Because a real witch is a force to be reckoned with.

MADISON

And you're a *real* witch?

NAN

She's the Supreme.

The girls are gobsmacked. They look at each other.

FIONA

This one's smarter than all of you  
put together.

NAN stops. Stands very still. She hears something. VERY TIGHT ON HER FACE. As she LISTENS. Someone WHISPERING.

WHISPERED VOICE  
*Help me. Help me. Help me.*

Nan looks around. Heads towards the SOURCE of the sound. A BEAUTIFUL OLD HOUSE. No one notices that she's gone.

TOUR GUIDE (V.O.)  
The New Orleans Preservation  
Foundation is proud to present the  
haunted home tour of the notorious  
Madame LaLaurie.

\*  
\*

47 INT. LALAURIE RESIDENCE -- PARLOR -- DAY 47

The same living room we've seen in the glory days of Madame LaLaurie, now furnished with reproductions and cordoned off from the foyer with a velvet rope. Fiona and the girls enter to find Nan in the middle of a tour group.

TOUR GUIDE  
This very house, the center of New Orleans high society, was also a place of abject horror.

ZOE  
You want me to get her?

Fiona looks at Nan. Nan looks around, drawn to something.

FIONA  
No, that one's like a bloodhound.

TOUR GUIDE  
Excuse me, but you can't barge in on the tour without paying for a ticket.

FIONA  
You're giving us the tour for free.

The Tour Guide blinks, confused, under Fiona's spell.

TOUR GUIDE  
For free. Of course. The Code Noir, a decree that defined the conditions of slavery, didn't exist on these grounds. It was replaced by the Madame's own code of terror. And the torture she inflicted on her slaves would spawn one hundred seventy nine years of hauntings.

(CONTINUED)

TOURIST

Wasn't this house owned by the guy  
in "Face Off"?

TOUR GUIDE

Correct, the actor Nicolas Cage was  
a previous owner.

\*  
\*

48 INT. LALAURIE RESIDENCE -- MASTER BEDROOM -- DAY 48

The tour is crowded behind the Guide who moves INTO FRAME.

TOUR GUIDE

Madame LaLaurie was infamous for  
her vanity. She fought the rigors  
of age with a sacrament of  
expensive creams from Europe and  
something else far more exotic...

CAMERA PANS to the vanity, where WE SEE LaLaurie (circa  
1834). Borquita sits beside her, opening lids. LaLaurie  
reaches inside a jar, begins to apply blood onto her face...

MADAME LALAURIE

I'm running out. Get some more.

BORQUITA

No, Mother, please don't make me.

MADAME LALAURIE

I wouldn't have to do this if it  
weren't for your father's wandering  
eye. You can blame his fresh faced  
whore.

49 INT. LALAURIE RESIDENCE -- ATTIC -- NIGHT (1834) 49

Delphine LaLaurie pulls a reluctant Borquita into this  
chamber of horrors, forces a sharp knife into her hand.

TOUR GUIDE (V.O.)

The secret ingredient of the  
Madame's beauty ritual was a  
poultice made from human pancreas.

A male SLAVE chained to the wall SCREAMS in terror as  
Borquita slices open his side and reaches in to harvest his  
organ. A camera's FLASH brings us to the attic in the PRESENT  
DAY, where chains and cages still hang from the walls.

(CONTINUED)

TOUR GUIDE

No flash photography, please. This is the infamous chamber of horrors, the attic where Madame LaLaurie inflicted heinous torture upon her slaves. And where she ultimately met her demise.

A KNOCK pre-laps...

50 INT. LALAURIE RESIDENCE -- FOYER -- NIGHT (1834)

50 \*

The door opens to REVEAL MARIE LAVEAU, the Voodoo Queen.

MADAME LALAURIE

What do you want? Get off my property.

MARIE LAVEAU

I've heard you're in need of my services.

MADAME LALAURIE

What could a negress have that I would ever need?

MARIE LAVEAU

*Mo pélé Marie Laveau.* I have the cure for your husband's affliction. His compulsion for young ladies.

\*

MADAME LALAURIE

How dare you make such a suggestion. I'll have you flogged for your insolence!

Marie Laveau produces a darkly decorated vial.

MARIE LAVEAU

A love potion to ensure fidelity. I offer it as a gift...

51 INT. LALAURIE RESIDENCE -- MASTER BEDROOM -- NIGHT (1834) 51 \*

CLOSE ON the vial containing the love potion. Marie Laveau sets it down on the vanity where Madame LaLaurie sits.

MADAME LALAURIE

If the potion entrances as you promise, your future is assured.

MARIE LAVEAU

To our future together.

(CONTINUED)

"Bitchcraft" Pink Revisions 7/26/13 39.  
51 CONTINUED: 51

Marie Laveau uncaps the vial. LaLaurie takes the potion, swallows it in one gulp. Then suddenly, she doubles over in pain. LaLaurie is overcome by seizures, her head spins, she CRIES OUT and palsies with "Jacob's Ladder"-like convulsions.

52 INT. LALAURIE RESIDENCE -- STAIRWELL -- NIGHT (1834) 52 \*

Led by the slave boy, Marie Laveau moves up the stairs.

TOUR GUIDE (V.O.)

Unbeknownst to Madame LaLaurie, a slave she had brutally mutilated was Marie Laveau's lover. And she came to exact her revenge.

53 INT. LALAURIE RESIDENCE -- ATTIC -- NIGHT (1834) 53 \*

Marie Laveau moves to a darkened corner of the attic, where the Minotaur hangs by his chains, barely alive. The Voodoo Queen, tears in her eyes, embraces the creature.

MARIE LAVEAU

*Mo Cher*, what has she done to you? \*

CAMERA PANS to find Fiona and the tour, back in PRESENT DAY.

TOUR GUIDE

The potion inflicted its cruel justice. And she got what she richly deserved. But her body was never found. To this day, no one knows the final resting place of Madame LaLaurie.

Fiona looks out the window, sees Nan sitting on the grass.

54 EXT. LALAURIE RESIDENCE -- COURTYARD -- DAY 54

Fiona approaches Nan quietly, careful not to spook the girl. She sits down on the grass next to her.

FIONA

Don't be afraid. What do you hear?

NAN

The lady of the house.

**END ACT THREE**

\*

**ACT FOUR**

55

INT. MISS ROBICHAUX'S ACADEMY -- KITCHEN -- DAY

55

Cordelia pounds on a chicken breast with a wooden mallet. Other ingredients are laid out. She's a serious cook.

Her husband HANK FOXX (40) walks in and stands back to watch. Muscular, earthy, he's a sharp contrast to the Goodes -- which is why Cordelia adores him. A contractor, he wears a plaid shirt, dirty jeans -- a modern day Stanley Kowalski.

HANK

Uh-oh. You only cook when you're angry.

CORDELIA

That's not true. You love my fried chicken -- and I know you guys broke ground today on the Fisher house. I thought you might want to celebrate.

HANK

Delia? Drop the Betty Crocker act and tell me what's up.

CORDELIA

It's my mother. She's driving me crazy. She took the girls without asking me. I've worked hard to build a life for myself. And it may not be as glamorous as hers, but it makes sense to me. She waltzes in here and undermines me at every turn.

Hank moves in and embraces Cordelia.

HANK

Let's give her the boot. Send her to the Marriott. I have points.

CORDELIA

What's the matter with me? I've spent countless hours in therapy talking about my mother -- and I keep thinking I'm cured. Then I see her and I'm right back where I started. That same pathetic teenage girl with zits she left here who never got over it...

56 EXT. MISS ROBICHAUX'S ACADEMY -- DAY (EARLY 90S) 56 \*

Fiona walks up to the house with Cordelia in tow. Cordelia carries a single suitcase. Ahead stands Myrtle Snow, who at this point ran the Academy. Fiona deposits her, takes a beat, doesn't know what to say. Cordelia is tearful.

YOUNG CORDELIA \*

Please Mother...please don't leave me here.

FIONA

I'll be back before you know it.

She exits, leaving a wake of glamour and perfume. Cordelia tries to run after her mother, but Myrtle holds her back. Cordelia finally just stands there. SLOW PAN OUT.

57 INT. KITCHEN -- DAY (RESUME SCENE) 57

CORDELIA

I'm pathetic.

He kisses her, flirting.

HANK

I don't think you're pathetic. I think you're damn sexy.

CORDELIA

I just wish I had some nice, normal family I could introduce you to. Sadly, Fiona's it for me -- and she's a human hurricane.

HANK

Hey. I'm your family. And for now, we're kind of a small family -- but we're trying to change that. And thanks to your mother, the girls are all gone. It's a golden opportunity.... \*

Cordelia is so grateful for his love, especially now. She pulls him into a passionate kiss. He sweeps her up off her feet to carry her upstairs.

CORDELIA

The chicken --

HANK

Forget the chicken. You beat it any more it's gonna file charges.

58 INT. TROOST MEDICAL CENTER -- INTENSIVE CARE -- DAY 58 \*

DOCTORS, NURSES and ORDERLIES bustle through the halls with purpose. Zoe walks through the sliding glass doors and glances around. She has no idea how to find Kyle.

Then the electric doors into the ICU open and a crowd of somber-looking COLLEGE STUDENTS emerge, one girl in tears. Zoe moves toward the doors and sneaks in as they close.

59 INT. ICU ROOM -- DAY 59

Zoe opens the door slowly and sees a boy in a hospital bed. It's not Kyle. It's a kid named BRIAN, African-American, hooked up to tubes and wires. As Zoe passes the curtain to the next bed, she whispers --

ZOE  
Please let it be him, please,  
please, please.

Zoe's eyes well up to see the boy in the bed. It's not Kyle. It's BRENER, the leader of the attack on Madison.

Zoe moves closer to the bed, looks down on him. He is hooked up to noisy machines and clinging to life. Zoe's chest heaves with anger and disgust. Hot tears roll down her cheeks. Not for the boy in the bed, but for the boy who is not.

ZOE (CONT'D)  
It should have been you. Asshole.

She turns, moves to the door. Then she stops in her tracks. A coldness of resolve comes over her face. She turns and looks back at Brener in the bed. Just the SOUNDS of the MACHINES and the rhythmic BREATHING.

ANGLE FROM HALLWAY

As Zoe CLOSES THE DOOR, and herself from view. Off this --

60 INT. MISS ROBICHAUX'S ACADEMY -- STAIRS -- DAY 60

Fiona, dressed to kill, directs two BEEFY MOVING MEN as they carry her trunks up the stairs. Cordelia stands by, annoyed.

FIONA  
That's it, boys. Make sure you  
stack them vertically.

CORDELIA  
I'm responsible for those girls.  
What if something had happened?

(CONTINUED)

FIONA  
Nothing did.

CORDELIA  
Then where's Zoe Benson?  
She's not here.

FIONA  
How should I know?

The doorbell CHIMES. Fiona hands Cordelia some cash.

FIONA (CONT'D)  
That'll be my taxi. Here. Tip them  
for me when they're done, will you?

CORDELIA  
Where are you going?

FIONA  
Out. Don't wait up.

CORDELIA  
(calls after her)  
I have half a mind to enchant the  
locks after you leave.

FIONA  
(tossing it back)  
Don't make me drop a house on you,  
honey.

SLAM, and she's gone. Off Cordelia, SLOW PAN out...the same  
shot when her mother dropped her off years ago...

61 EXT. PRIVATE RESIDENCE -- DAY

61 \*

Wearing a black dress, Zoe carries a bouquet of flowers  
outside the sorority house where a memorial with candles etc. \*  
has sprung up to honor the dead college boys. Some sorority \*  
girls are here, quietly crying. \*

ZOE (V.O.)  
When the levees broke, the people  
of New Orleans were tested. Those \*  
who stayed, stayed for a reason.  
And with that came a sense of  
purpose and community. That's what \*  
happens in a crisis. All the \*  
bullshit falls away. \*

Zoe looks at a picture of Kyle left among the rotting blooms. \*

62 INT. MISS ROBICHAUX'S ACADEMY -- BATHROOM -- NIGHT 62 \*

The shower head runs. Madison crouches in a corner of the bathtub hugging her limbs in tight. Crying in anguish over the rape -- and the mess of her life.

ZOE (V.O.)  
And what's left is just so -- raw.  
And vulnerable. It's agony to let  
people see you so exposed.

63 INT. KITCHEN -- NIGHT 63 \*

Queenie sneaks into the kitchen and quietly opens the refrigerator door. Queenie finds a half-eaten turkey. \*

ZOE (V.O.)  
It takes a huge amount of trust --  
and for most of us, that trust was  
shattered long ago.

64 INT. NAN & QUEENIE'S ROOM -- NIGHT 64 \*

A pair of scissors turns curves around a folded white piece of paper. When she finishes -- WIDER. Nan unfolds a series of paper dolls in skirts, holding hands. \*

ZOE (V.O.)  
But, like it or not, we need each  
other. We need each other  
desperately.

65 INT. ICU ROOM -- DAY 65 \*

The scene continues from where we left off. Zoe closes the door and turns the blinds on the windows to shut out the view from the hallway.

ZOE (V.O.)  
My parents were right. The world  
isn't safe for a girl like me.

Zoe returns to Brener's bed. She reaches under his bed sheet and grabs his cock, masturbating him. His face twitches with some sensation and recognition, but no real response. But his body reacts.

ZOE (V.O.)  
But maybe I'm not safe for the  
world either.

Zoe steels herself. And climbs on top of him, guiding him inside her. She watches as his eyes open, barely registering what's happening before they fill up with blood. \*

(CONTINUED)

ZOE (V.O.)

And since I'll never be able to  
experience real love, I might as  
well put this "curse" to some use.

Every orifice -- eyes, ears, nose, mouth -- starts to bleed.  
The machines beep wildly. Zoe revs up, knowing help will be  
here soon. She watches Brener gasp as his life slips away.

EXT. LALAURIE RESIDENCE -- COURTYARD -- NIGHT

The courtyard patio has been demolished, the fountain torn  
out and on its side. The BACKHOE is at work, digging into the  
earth. It's gone fairly deep already. The scoop has found  
something, it comes up with a COFFIN, a shower of dirt  
falling from it.

REVEAL: Fiona standing nearby with a CONSTRUCTION FOREMAN.

FIONA

Excellent work, gentlemen! You can  
just drop it right there.

The Foreman looks to his DRIVER, indicates. The backhoe dumps  
the coffin and it SPLITS into pieces.

Fiona takes the Foreman by the chin. She gets very close to  
his face; he's in a trance.

FIONA (CONT'D)

I'd thank you, but you're not going  
to remember any of this anyway.

Fiona saunters over and picks up a pair of bolt cutters, then  
crosses to the coffin debris.

ANGLE: MADAME LALAURIE lies in the smashed debris, the  
rotting gag in her mouth, the rusted chains still around her.  
She's alive.

Fiona reaches in with the bolt cutters -- snip-snip. Then  
helps LaLaurie to her feet. LaLaurie teeters. Fiona steadies  
her, takes in the outfit. LaLaurie's eyes are wide with  
terror.

FIONA (CONT'D)

Come on, Mary Todd Lincoln. I'll  
buy you a drink. We need to talk.

And she leads her off we --

\*

**END EPISODE**

**ADDENDUM FOR SCENE 19**

BACKGROUND DIALOGUE: BACKWOODS PREACHER

19 EXT. BAYOU PENTECOSTAL CHURCH MEETING -- DAY (FLASHBACK) 19

The BACKWOODS PREACHER clutches his Bible and shouts about fire and brimstone.

BACKWOODS PREACHER

And God said, "In my name shall they cast out devils. They shall speak with new tongues. They shall take up serpents. They shall lay hands on the sick, and they shall recover." Every soul that has not been saved by God will be devoured in the flame, for it is only through the word of God that you find salvation. Wisdom found not in Scripture is no wisdom at all. It is the work of the Devil, dark magic, a secret, unholy knowledge that the forces of Hell use to deceive you, to see you cast down into the lake of fire, down to the weeping and the gnashing of teeth, down to that place of darkness reserved for those souls that have denied God's word. Hordes of the unsaved will crawl naked to His feet begging for forgiveness and God will cast them back into the darkness. Satan will smile, because a soul without God is a soul he owns, from that moment of death and forever more. Lift up the Son of Man, as Moses lifted the serpent in the wilderness. For every tortured soul in Hell knows the truth: that Jesus Christ is the son of God, He is the salvation, and the Bible is God's Holy, infallible word.