

Eastwick

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Clean Copy

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

**ON WATER TRICKLING IN A LARGE BEAUTIFUL MARBLE FOUNTAIN... THE KIND YOU WOULD SEE IN THE CENTER OF A CITY PARK... PULL BACK TO REVEAL...**

INT. MANHATTAN PENTHOUSE -- DAY

...It's actually a rather small decorative **FOUNTAIN**, sitting on an elegant table. **OVER MUSIC**, a **MYSTERIOUS MAN** (we can't see his face, just that he wears a **GOLD RING** with a **D** engraved on it) stands over the fountain, he takes a **SILVER COIN** and drops it in... We see a partial shot of his face, **GRINNING WICKEDLY**, and then... we push in on the water...

EXT. EASTWICK -- DAY

And pull out to reveal **THE SAME FOUNTAIN, ONLY LARGER**. In the center of an old New England town square, near a sign that says **WELCOME TO EASTWICK**.

Over shots of this quaint little seaside village, with winding cobblestone streets, we hear the lulling, enchanting voice of **BUN**.

BUN (V.O.)

From the looks of it, you might say Eastwick is an everyday kind of town. Safe place to grow up, nice place to take a vacation. Maybe even just a little bit boring... But you'd be wrong. Because if you look a little deeper, what you'll find here, is *magic*...

We drift toward the perfect Norman Rockwell **TOWN SQUARE**, where all of Eastwick has gathered for a festive afternoon celebration. A banner flaps in the breeze above the bandstand, informing us that today is "**Eastwick Founders Day**." We float past kids flying kites and parents on picnic blankets, colorful booths selling caramel apples and local handmade crafts. Don't you wish you lived here?

BUN (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Because this town was actually founded by witches... That's right. Real, honest to goodness witches.

We see some **KIDS** in **PILGRIM COSTUMES** playing around a **FOUNDERS DAY DISPLAY -- A WOMAN IN A PURITAN-ERA COSTUME TIED TO A STAKE, LAUGHING, AS THE KIDS RUN IN CIRCLES AROUND HER, TOSSING FAKE ORANGE PAPER FLAMES AT HER**.

BUN (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
That is, before they were burned  
alive by those nice pilgrims...

We keep moving, past a "DUNK A WITCH" booth, where a **WOMAN** in  
a **WITCH COSTUME** is dunked by a **TEENAGE BOY** throwing a ball...

BUN (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
After that, the ones who survived  
were forced to take their magic  
underground... So far underground,  
in fact, that their powers were  
eventually forgotten, or else  
remembered only as legend, or  
superstition... And that's why,  
today, nearly every witch who's  
born, doesn't even know what she  
is...

We stop at a booth where **ROXANNE TORCOLETTI**, late-30s, sexy,  
bohemian, mouthy, sells her art, which seems to consist  
mostly of squat round goddess statues with big naked boobs.  
She leans over the counter, resting on her elbows, her SHIRT  
PULLS DOWN, **REVEALING HER CLEAVAGE**. A creepy **BROWSER GUY**,  
eating greasy fried chicken, **GAPES** openly at her rack while  
holding one of her statues. Roxie notices, annoyed.

ROXIE  
Chicken hands. Are you gonna stare  
at my boobs all day or are you  
gonna buy something?

Embarrassed, he puts the statue down and moves on. Roxie's  
15 year old daughter, **MIA**, straightlaced and bookish, strolls  
over, jumps up onto the counter, eating cotton candy.

MIA  
I think the idea is to *sell stuff*,  
not alienate everyone who walks by.

ROXIE  
Maybe I don't wanna sell my art to  
greasy tourist pervs.

Mia picks up a statue and examines it.

MIA  
Who else is gonna buy it, Mom?

ROXIE  
Someone will. I'm not worried: I  
had a dream I was about to come  
into some money...

MIA

Oh my God for the last time, you're not psychic! And if you are, you're like the lamest psychic on Earth. *Hey Mia, guess what, I had a dream that I bought milk and it came true! Oooooooooo!*

ROXIE

Hey, that really happened!

Roxie sees a **MAN** walk by, she DUCKS down behind the counter, nervous. Mia leans her head down to look at her mom.

MIA

Why are you hiding from Homer Perley?

ROXIE

I just... owe him a tiny bit of rent money on the store and he's been up my ass about it all week...

MIA

What's a tiny bit?

ROXIE

-Just a... couple months. You know -- one or two. Or six or eight...  
(off Mia's look)  
Well it was either that or eat, Mia. I chose eat! Call me crazy.

Roxie notices something on the ground. **A SHINY COIN.** It looks just like the one we saw get dropped in the fountain earlier. She picks it up, it glints in the sunlight.

ROXIE (CONT'D)

I was right! Fifty cents, baby.

Roxie stands up, dusts herself off. Mia's panicked.

MIA

Are we gonna have to become hobos?

ROXIE

Will you let me worry about that? Be a kid. Chase boys! Sneak out of the house! Go crazy! Rebel!

MIA

It's not rebelling if you tell me to do it...

ROXIE

Yeah, but it's still fun...

Just then, a gorgeous piece of strapping man-candy, **CHAD**, 24, dim but sweet as a puppy, **LEAPS OVER** the counter and sweeps Roxie into his arms, kissing her passionately.

CHAD

Mmm. You look good enough to eat.

Roxie is a embarrassed. Mia rolls her eyes, as she spots, **ACROSS THE PICNIC**, a **GREASY, DANGEROUS-LOOKING BOY**, smoking a cigarette, leaning against a motorcycle. She hops away in a hurry to talk to him, Roxie doesn't notice, she's busy with Chad, he's got his arms all over her, excited, she squirms.

ROXIE

I thought we agreed on discretion-

CHAD

I got news, babe. We're not doin' anything wrong. And no one's looking. No one cares. No one's talking about us. I promise...

She smiles, reassured, he gives her a kiss, as...

**KAT ROUGEMENT**, late 20s, beautiful, dishevelled, but good-natured, walks by, carrying a **PICNIC BASKET**, with her **FIVE YOUNG TOW-HEADED KIDS** and tattooed husband **RAYMOND**, drinking a beer. Raymond spies Roxie and Chad, turns to Kat.

RAYMOND

Man, that Roxie Torcoletti sure is a cradle-robbing slut.

KAT

Raymond, be nice. She's a widow.

RAYMOND

'Cause she *killed* the poor bastard.

KAT

That's just a rumor.

Kat picks a spot to spread out a picnic blanket.

RAYMOND

'Prolly true, though. And she's still a slut either way...

One of Kat's kids starts running in a circle, tapping her siblings' and parents' heads (like Duck Duck Goose) chanting-

KAT'S KID  
Slut! Slut! Slut! Slut! Slut!

KAT  
(to Raymond)  
Thank you, for that.

KAT'S KID  
(hitting Raymond's head)  
Goose!  
(he doesn't move)  
Daddy, you're supposed to chase me.

RAYMOND  
Daddy will, honey, soon as he  
finishes his beer.

Kat shoots him a look, as she kneels on the blanket, pulling loads of FRESH PRODUCE from a picnic basket.

BUN (V.O.)  
Being a witch, you see, is a sort of a *talent*. Like a nice singing voice, or being able to tie a cherry stem into a knot with your tongue. Nobody really knows where it comes from. Might be genetic, could be a fluke...

RAYMOND  
Jesus, Kat, more goddam tomatoes?

KAT  
They won't stop growing...

Kat notices one of the KIDS has picked up a SHINY COIN, and is sucking on it. Kat makes a face, and takes the coin. It's another **FIFTY CENT PIECE**. It glints in the sunlight. Raymond pops open another beer.

KAT (CONT'D)  
Raymond! You *promised* you wouldn't get drunk today!

RAYMOND  
I'm not. It's only my fourth.  
I've barely got a buzz on... Jeez.  
Lighten up, Kitty-Kat.

He kisses her cheek, Kat sighs, we follow one of her screaming kids, meandering through the crowd...

BUN (V.O.)  
 Born witches may suspect there's  
 something a bit 'off' about them...

The kid whizzes past **JOANNA FRANKEL**, early to mid-thirties, hair pulled back in a severe bun, wire-rim glasses, tightly wound, nearly knocking her down. She's at a stand selling jewelry, where **PENNY**, mid-30s, quietly judgemental, browses.

PENNY  
 Do these earrings make me look fat?

JOANNA  
 Do you think I should just pitch  
 that corruption story to Clyde?

PENNY  
 Yes. For the last time...

JOANNA  
 But he's just gonna say no.

PENNY  
 How would you know? You never ask!  
 You never speak up-

JOANNA  
 I don't need to ask. He doesn't  
 believe I can do serious stories.  
 He thinks I'm only good for writing  
 fluff... Well, that and  
 "accidentally" brushing up against  
 my boobs in the coffee room.

PENNY  
 I know. He does that to me too.  
 And then he tries to play it off-

JOANNA/PENNY  
 "Tight squeeze in here!"

JOANNA  
 He doesn't respect me. He's never  
 gonna promote me. Maybe I should  
 just quit...

PENNY  
 Except if you quit, you won't be  
 able to torture yourself everyday,  
 pining over Will.

JOANNA  
 I don't pine.

PENNY  
 (disapproving whisper)  
 You named your vibrator after him-

JOANNA  
 My vibrator is only named Will  
 because I thought it looked like a-

She looks up and notices a **sensitive, thirtysomething HOTTIE hipster** standing there, at the same booth, staring at them with surprise, a camera slung around his neck.

JOANNA (CONT'D)  
 -Will. Hi...

WILL  
 Uh... hi...

He's embarrassed, she's mortified, can't look him in the eye.

JOANNA  
 -We were just... talking about...  
 vibrators...

Will is somewhat stunned. Unsure of how to react.

WILL  
 Oh. Yeah. I... heard.

JOANNA  
 -Mine is named Will. For Will  
 Ferrell. The actor. He's sexy, I  
 think...

WILL  
 Mm-hm, he's really got something.

More silence. Joanna is dying. Will tries to rescue her.

WILL (CONT'D)  
 So... I got some great pictures,  
 for your article-

JOANNA  
 -I'm not like a weirdo sex fiend. Or  
 anything. I only have a vibrator  
 because -- there was this  
 bachelorette party and it was in a  
 gift bag and I'll admit I was curious-

PENNY  
 -Stop talking.

JOANNA

-Anyway, I have to -- be over there now. For quotes. And... stuff.

Joanna grabs Penny by the arm and drags her away. Will watches, bemused. Penny's mouth is hanging open.

JOANNA (CONT'D)

Be honest. How bad?

PENNY

Next time, maybe don't use the word 'vibrator' so much...

JOANNA

Oh my God, why can't I be a completely different person? I just want to be a completely different person-

Something DROPS FROM THE SKY, BONKING JOANNA ON THE HEAD.

JOANNA (CONT'D)

Ow!

She kneels down to pick it up. It's a **FIFTY CENT PIECE**. It glints in the sun. She can't figure out where it came from.

BUN (V.O.)

These witches might sense that their lives are full of strange synchronicities, odd, enchanted happenings -- but they write them off as mere coincidence, products of an overactive imagination...

Joanna stares at the coin, as they walk.

PENNY

So you wanna come over tonight? Cry into a bottle of wine, watch a sappy old movie?

JOANNA

What? Oh, yeah, sure...

They walk on, Joanna staring at the coin, past ROXIE AND CHAD, walking through the crowd, we turn and follow them.

CHAD

Dude, I'm gonna hit the ultimate fris! Later: you, me, nookie...?

He kisses her, and off he goes. Roxie watches him, sighing.

ROXIE  
Sure thing... dude...

She walk past Kat on her blanket, overwhelmed with kids...

BUN (V.O.)  
We're not as tuned in anymore, to the  
magic that's all around us, that's a  
part of the natural world...

Roxie reaches a booth labeled "**Eastwick Historical Society**,"  
where a group of kids sits on the ground, staring up at  
beautiful, confident, **BUN**, on a folding chair, holding court,  
like it's story hour at the library. Roxie smiles, stops and  
listens. Bun waves to her, she waves back.

BUN (CONT'D)  
But it's there, always there. In  
fact, some of you might just have the  
gift, and not even know it... Your  
power might be sleeping inside you,  
ready to wake up, when the time is  
right -- when you least expect it!

Bun makes a dramatic gesture with her **CHEAP PLASTIC "MAGIC"  
WAND**, the kids all say:

KIDS  
Oooooooooo!

Roxie shakes her head at this nonsense, and moves on... She  
reaches the **FOUNTAIN**. Takes the **COIN** from her pocket and  
rubs her fingers over it. Joanna passes by, with Penny.

PENNY  
God, there's Roxie Torcoletti, the  
merry widow. I can't believe they  
let her sell her so-called "art"  
here. Around *children*-

Joanna remembers the coin in her pocket.

JOANNA  
Hey, I'm gonna make a wish. You  
wanna make a wish?

PENNY  
No. It's kind of a waste of-

JOANNA  
-I'll be right back-

Joanna trots over to the fountain, leaving Penny annoyed.

Roxie stares down into the water, still holding her coin. Joanna takes out *her* coin. They nod to each other politely. Joanna closes her eyes to focus on her wish.

Kat approaches, kid on her hip, wriggling, screaming.

KAT'S KID

Ice cream ice cream ice cream!

KAT

Just let Mommy make one quick wish-

KAT'S KID

(pointing at Roxie, happy)  
Slut!

Roxie is surprised. Kat's embarrassed.

KAT

No, honey. That's a *fountain*...

Roxie raises an eyebrow, goes back to her wish. Kat gets out her coin, closes her eyes to make a quick wish, and then **TOSSES IT**, just as Roxie, eyes closed, throws in hers, and Joanna too, her eyes also closed. The coins seem to **SLOW DOWN IN MID-AIR, COLLIDING WITH A DIIIIINNNNG!** BEFORE THEY FALL SPINNING INTO THE WATER WITH A **PLUNK**. A STRONG WIND KICKS UP AND BLOWS THE WOMEN'S HAIR AROUND. They exchange freaked out looks, but then the wind stops just as suddenly.

BUN (V.O.)

And it will change your life forever.  
Like a coin dropped in a fountain-

INT. MANHATTAN PENTHOUSE -- SAME

The Mysterious Man with the gold **D** ring is smiling. We can't see his whole face. There's a **RED CANDLE** on the table bearing the label **EASTWICK CANDLE COMPANY**. He lights it. The wax melts at a supernaturally high rate of speed, trickling down the sides -- it looks like little red ants.

BUN (O.S.)

-When your power awakens, it ripples through *everything*... It brings out the best, and the worst. Chaos, temptation-

EXT. BUN'S BOOTH -- SAME

Bun's feet are unknowingly planted in a **RED ANT HILL**. The ants are beginning to climb up her shoes...

BUN  
 -They will ride into town on the  
 back of the wind...

A WIND BLOWS THROUGH THE BOOTH, Bun sits up straighter. She  
 breathes in quickly, as if realizing something.

BUN (CONT'D)  
 Oh my...!

Bun looks down, **HER LEGS ARE COVERED IN RED ANTS, SWARMING  
 EVER UPWARD.** Her eyes widen, in horror-

EXT. FOUNTAIN -- SAME

Roxie, Kat, and Joanna stand around the fountain. There's a  
 sudden **BLOOD CURDLING SCREAM,** they turn in surprise-

**OPENING CREDITS**

INT. HOSPITAL -- NIGHT

Roxie sits in the waiting room, worried, in tears, Joanna  
 walks over with a cup of coffee for each of them.

ROXIE  
 Thanks... You don't have to stay.

JOANNA  
 I know. I'm just -- trying to get  
 some information. For the paper.  
 Stinging red ants attack the head  
 of the Eastwick Historical  
 Society... it's news...  
 (silence, then)  
 Plus, you look like you could use  
 the company.

Roxie nods, upset.

ROXIE  
 I'm really worried about Bun.  
 She's kind of a kooky old lady, but  
 -- she's also really sweet, and her  
 shop is next to mine and we have  
 lunch every Tuesday and she made me  
 soup when my husband died and she  
 used to baby-sit Mia and -- I just  
 hope she's gonna be okay-

JOANNA  
 I'm sure she'll be fine... I'm  
 Joanna. By the way-

ROXIE

I know... It's a small town...

JOANNA

I just thought -- since we've never had an actual conversation-

ROXIE

That's not true. Once you came into my shop with your friend -- Penny, I think her name is? And I said 'can I help you' and you said 'no, I'm just browsing.' And then Penny whispered something about my art being 'pornographic and hideous' and then you left without buying anything.

JOANNA

Oh. Well -- I just meant we'd never... been formally introduced.

Kat walks up then, in her nurse's uniform.

ROXIE

How is she?

KAT

She's in a coma, but she's stable. She had a minor stroke, brought on by shock. We're gonna have to wait and see what happens... You should go home. I'll make sure someone calls you if there's any news.

They all just sit there for a beat, contemplating.

ROXIE

This was a very weird day...

The women all nod, look at each other. Then-

ROXIE (CONT'D)

Would you ladies like to get drunk?

INT. ROXIE'S KITCHEN -- NIGHT

Roxie has a warm, cozy little fairy tale cottage, with a fireplace in the kitchen, and strange little art objects everywhere. The house is adorable, but **COMPLETELY FALLING APART** -- tiles missing on the counter, paint peeling, etc.

Roxie stands at the counter, mixing martinis, while Kat and Joanna snack hungrily on a huge sumptuous feast at the table.

KAT

This hummus is the best hummus I've ever had. I can't even -- there are no words--

Roxie walks over with the martinis, hands them out.

ROXIE

After I dropped out of dance school, but before I dropped out of art school -- I dropped out of culinary school.

They each take sips of their martinis. Joanna is in heaven.

JOANNA

Wow...

ROXIE

I also dropped out of bartending school.

KAT

You know, this is fun. How come we've never done this before? We've lived in the same town for, like... ever...

ROXIE

I never really liked either of you.

A tense beat. Then -- Joanna and Kat laugh.

JOANNA

Me either!

KAT

Me either!

ROXIE

(to Joanna, good-natured)  
But you know what? You're not nearly as uptight as I thought you were.

JOANNA

No, I'm not... I'm not uptight at all... And you're not nearly as much of a flake...

ROXIE

-I kinda am.

KAT

What'd you guys think of me...?

A beat. Joanna and Roxie look at each other.

JANE

Doormat.

ALEX

Married to an ass.

Kat is mildly offended.

KAT (CONT'D)

You know, Raymond's not that bad. Sure, we have our problems, but we have *history* too. He got me pregnant when I was eighteen, and he stuck around, where a lot of guys wouldn't... and he's a really good kisser... and before he got laid-off from the candle factory he was climbing the ladder -- he was in charge of wicks... And sometimes, he'll just make a big batch of chili, for no reason...

Joanna and Roxie exchange looks -- that was sad. Then-

ROXIE

So can I ask you guys something? I'm just curious: what did you wish for? At the fountain today?

JOANNA

I don't wanna say. It's private.

ROXIE

But you're not uptight at all...

KAT

I'll tell. I don't care. I wished... for something to change.

EXT. NEW YORK STREET -- NIGHT

The **MYSTERIOUS MAN** leaves a posh New York apartment building, trailed by servants with expensive luggage. We still don't see his face, but he wears the gold ring with a 'D' on it.

KAT (O.S.)

-Something big...

INT. ROXIE'S KITCHEN -- SAME

Kat licks hummus from her fingers.

KAT

-I don't even know *what*, exactly.  
It's just -- I spend all my time  
taking care of everybody else. Five  
kids, a full time job, and -- okay  
I'll admit -- a husband who has the  
maturity level of a ferret.  
Sometimes I wish... that someone  
would take care of *me* for a change...

Roxie pours them each more martini from a glass pitcher.

ROXIE

I know what you mean. Don't get me  
wrong, Chad is really great and  
everything -- he's gorgeous and  
young and sweet... But sometimes, I  
wish I could meet someone who  
really *got me*, you know? Someone-

INT. LIMO -- NIGHT

The MYSTERIOUS MAN lights a cigar, smoke covers his face.

ROXIE (O.S.)

-Dark and dangerous and exciting.  
Who moves here in a cloud of  
scandal, and everywhere he goes, he  
stirs up sex, and trouble... And he  
has this really huge...

Close up on his mouth, GRINNING DEVILISHLY-

INT. ROXIE'S KITCHEN -- SAME

Roxie twirls her olive around her martini glass.

ROXIE

...appreciation for art. A  
mysterious, fabulously wealthy  
eccentric who buys all my statues  
for fifty thousand dollars. And  
then we have amazing animal sex on  
Egyptian cotton sheets... Is that  
too much to ask?

KAT

No. Sounds pretty reasonable...

Joanna looks at them, wanting to confess, be part of the group. She hesitates, and then blurts-

JOANNA

-I'm afraid to speak up for myself at work. I'm hopelessly in love with the photographer at the paper -  
- Will? And every time I get near him I say something horribly embarrassing and inappropriate. Last week he asked me how I was? And I told him I had a yeast infection...

INT./EXT. LIMO -- NIGHT

The MYSTERIOUS MAN reads an **EASTWICK GAZETTE**, reads an article with Joanna's byline. We see his ring...

JOANNA (O.S.)

Sometimes I feel like I'll never get anything I want, you know? Like I'm doomed to forever stand *next to* what I want, but never actually *have it*...

The limo enters Eastwick... the license plate reads "**DVH.**"

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

So that's what I wished. I wished that I could have it...

INT. ROXIE'S KITCHEN -- SAME

The women all look at each other. Roxie raises her glass.

ROXIE

Here's to all our wishes. Coming true.

They CLINK GLASSES, A WINDOW BLOWS OPEN, A GUST OF WIND kicks up through the room, almost like a mini tornado, their hair is blown around, and suddenly -- the GLASSES SHATTER, they all jump, startled. The LIGHTS GO OUT.

ROXIE (IN DARKNESS) (CONT'D)

That was just a little bit weird...

INT. ROXIE'S SHOP -- MORNING

Roxie's cute little shop in the center of town where she sells her art and various nick knacks. She climbs up on a ladder to place a piece on a high shelf.

Behind her a **VERY TALL MAN IN AN EXOTIC SILK SERVANT'S UNIFORM, FIDEL**, enters. He walks slowly, softly, very close behind her. Roxie doesn't notice. He just stands there, **MERE INCHES BEHIND HER**. She turns around, finally, and, startled, **FALLS INTO HIS ARMS**, letting out a little **YELP**. Fidel stares at her ominously.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. ROXIE'S BEDROOM -- DAWN

Roxie wakes with a start. **IT WAS A DREAM**. She sighs. The **CEILING STARTS LEAKING ON HER FOREHEAD**. She covers her face with a **EASTWICK GAZETTE NEWSPAPER** and tries to go back to sleep... We push in on the headline... **"ANT ATTACK AT PICNIC"**

INT. NEWSPAPER -- DAY

The same headline is on the paper sitting on Joanna's desk, where she drinks coffee, hung over. Will approaches.

WILL

Hey. I just overheard Clyde saying he was looking to fill Josh's job in the next couple of weeks. That'd be a huge promotion -- you should think about applying!

Joanna can't look him in the eye.

JOANNA

Actually, I did have an idea for a political feature, about corruption on the town council? I thought about pitching it, but-

WILL

-You should! You're such a good writer...

She finally looks up at him, dazzled, heartened.

JOANNA

Really? You think?

As she grins goofily up at him, he notices-

WILL

Um... You have something... on your cheek...

Joanna, embarrassed, reaches up and **FEELS HER CHEEK**. She goes back to not looking him in the eye.

JOANNA

Oh... oh, that's just... puke.

Joanna is horrified with herself, but can't stop. It's like a destructive/compulsive urge, like picking a scab.

JOANNA (CONT'D)

-I puked. This morning... In the car. On the way to work... I got... really drunk. Last night...

Will's not sure how to respond to that.

WILL

Oh...

Joanna wants to disappear. Another **NEWSPAPER WORKER** walks by.

WORKER

Will, can you come take a look at some layouts?

WILL

Sure... See ya later, Joanna...

Off he goes. Joanna groans at herself. Penny walks by.

JOANNA

Penny!

Penny just keeps walking. Joanna gets up to follow.

JOANNA (CONT'D)

I did it again! He will never love me... I don't deserve him anyway: he's a volunteer fireman, he has an environmental blog, on the weekends he goes to the old folks home and plays bingo with them... he's, like, a saint -- and I'm just that freak at work who talks about puke and sex toys and *discharge*-

Penny spins around, angry.

PENNY

-Where were you last night?

Joanna is confused for a moment. Then, she remembers-

JOANNA

I was supposed to come over and watch a movie! I'm so sorry!

PENNY

I called you like seven times-

JOANNA

I was at Roxie's. Roxie Torcoletti? With Kat. Rougement?

PENNY

But... we don't even *like them*...

JOANNA

It was kind of a... spontaneous thing. You'd love them, actually! They're really cool people! I'm gonna have dinner with them tomorrow. Pasta! You should come-

PENNY

But -- I thought we weren't eating carbs this month?!

**CLYDE**, Joanna's boss, walks up, squeezes in next to them, surreptitiously brushing Joanna's BREAST. She shrinks away.

CLYDE

Tight squeeze in here...

JOANNA

Clyde. So... listen. If it's okay, I maybe wanted to pitch a story-

CLYDE

You've got your hands full with the horoscopes, and that 'Ten Things You Can Do to Avoid Lyme Disease' piece -- you've only given me six things... Anyway, did ya hear the big news? Some rich guy from New York just bought the Lenox Mansion.

JOANNA

What do you mean? That's impossible. The people of Eastwick own that land. We voted last year. In a referendum. To preserve it. As a snowy egret habitat and future site of the Eastwick bird museum-

Clyde shrugs, starts wading down the hall, Joanna follows...

INT. BREAK ROOM -- CONTINUOUS

...into the break room... Clyde grabs a donut.

CLYDE

I find it a little scary that you know that. Anyway, the town council approved the sale.

JOANNA

That's actually perfect. That's what I wanted to write about! Corruption in local government! Clyde, this is a huge story-

CLYDE

Well, it's never getting written... Not only did this guy just buy the Lenox Mansion, he also bought the newspaper. He's our new boss.

Joanna reacts, surprised. Clyde reaches for a COFFEE MUG, BRUSHING HER BOOBS AGAIN. Joanna makes a face, puts her arms across her chest, disgusted-

INT. ROXIE'S SHOP -- MORNING

-Fingers rub clay boobies: Roxie SCULPTS A LITTLE NAKED GODDESS DOLL while talking on the phone.

ROXIE

Yes I did receive your letter... No, it was very clear, it just read like a form letter so I thought I'd call and make sure you'd actually looked at my portfolio -- I think my pieces would be perfect for your gallery... No, I understand... I wouldn't exactly say I'm *harassing* you... Well if you change your mind, I have a website -- hello?

She sighs, hangs up. In walks a **A DARK DISTURBED ARTIST GUY, ELI, 20s.**

ROXIE (CONT'D)

You're late, Eli.

ELI

Time does not exist in the face of inspiration. Do you think Van Gogh's boss rode his ass every time he was late?

ROXIE

Van Gogh didn't work retail.

Eli pulls a rolled up canvas from his backpack, unfurls it. It's a NIGHTMARISH-PIECE involving S&M HUMANOID BUNNIES.

ELI

What do you think? I thought we could put it in the window. Drum up some walk-ins.

ROXIE

That... is a thought...

Eli takes his place behind the counter.

ELI

So did ya hear about the guy?

ROXIE

What guy?

ELI

The guy. From New York. Bought the Lenox Mansion, and the newspaper. I saw him! At the Eastwick Cafe this morning, having breakfast with the CEO of Eastwick candle. He's buying up half the town!

ROXIE

Who is he?

ELI

Some bourgeois jerk in a Rolex. I didn't see his face, but the back of his head -- gave me the creeps.

ROXIE

Why? Was it deformed or something?

ELI

(with disdain)

No. His hair was just all... thick and shiny. And lustrous.

ROXIE

So who is he?

ELI

I don't know-

ROXIE  
What's his name?

ELI  
I don't know! I forget. Stop hounding me! I was up all night chainsmoking and burning my old canvases. I need coffee.

He walks toward the back room, stops himself, remembering.

ELI (CONT'D)  
I do remember that it sounded like the name of a bad metal band from 1986.

He disappears into the back room. Roxie moves about the shop, contemplating this. She gets up on a ladder to place a piece on a high shelf. **JUST LIKE IN HER DREAM.**

And just like in her dream, behind her a **VERY TALL MAN in an EXOTIC SILK SERVANT'S UNIFORM, FIDEL**, enters. He walks slowly, softly, very close behind her. Roxie doesn't notice. He just stands there, **MERE INCHES BEHIND HER**. She turns around, finally, and, startled, **FALLS INTO HIS ARMS**, letting out a little **YELP**. Fidel stares at her ominously.

ROXIE  
I just... had the weirdest deja vu.  
I think I had a dream about this-

Fidel doesn't speak. He simply puts her down, and then hands her an **ENVELOPE**. Roxie looks down at it. It's sealed with a red wax **D**. Fidel just stands there. Roxie, slightly freaked, opens the envelope and reads, confused and intrigued.

INT. LENOX MANSION -- DAY

A curious Roxie is led by Fidel through the foyer of the **IMPRESSIVE MANSION**, which is empty and decaying and filled with **WORKERS**. He leads her into a room...

INT. INDOOR POOL -- DAY

...with an **INDOOR POOL**. A **HEAD** emerges from the water, grinning. This is **DARRYL VAN HORNE**. Late 30's, mysteriously, darkly handsome. He stays in the water.

DARRYL  
That'll be all, Fidel.

Fidel bows slightly and leaves. Darryl turns to Roxie.

DARRYL (CONT'D)

Roxanne Torcoletti. I'm Darryl Van Horne. Very glad to meet you. I take it you got my note?

She nods, taking the note from her pocket.

ROXIE

You have some kind of... business proposal for me, Mr. Van Horne?

DARRYL

Yes. I'd like to hire you to sculpt me. I'm having a statue made for the foyer.

ROXIE

You're having a statue made. Of... yourself.

He nods, as if that's normal.

DARRYL

I went to your website. I like your work. Although it's not quite art, is it? It's more like... *folk art*. Or *crafts*. It's cute. But... stunted. You have real potential, though. I'd like to help you reach the next level. Do something more... significant. Why don't you get in the water, and we'll discuss it?

He's now gripping the side of the pool, smiling up at her. She bends down to get closer to him.

ROXIE

Wow. That's a generous offer. Still, much as I enjoy being hit on and insulted all at the same time, I think I'll pass.

DARRYL

I think you'll change your mind.

ROXIE

And what makes you so sure of that?

DARRYL

Because of how much I'm going to pay you.

ROXIE  
And how much is that?

DARRYL  
It's up to you. Name your price.

ROXIE  
I don't have a price.

DARRYL  
Everyone has a price, Roxie.

ROXIE  
-Fifty thousand dollars.

DARRYL  
Ouch. For one little statue?

ROXIE  
You want me to build a monument to  
your ego? That's the going rate.

He looks her up and down. Likes what he sees.

DARRYL  
You know, I'm not usually attracted  
to women like you, but I gotta say,  
you're very sexy when you're  
robbing me blind.

ROXIE  
-*Women like me?* What the hell is  
that supposed to mean?

DARRYL  
... Bohemian. Earthy. Older...

ROXIE  
How old are you?!

DARRYL  
That's irrelevant. We're talking  
about you.

ROXIE  
Oh, I see. Well it's a good thing  
that I'm not *ever* attracted to men  
like you. You know, overcompensating,  
insecure, middle-aged jerks?  
(MORE)

ROXIE (CONT'D)

See, I have a theory -- I call it the 'Napoleonic penis complex.' I say, show me a man who has to make statues of himself or buy other people off in order to prove what a rich, powerful stud he is, and I'll show you a man with four inches or less downstairs. Now, if you'll excuse me--

She stands up to leave. Darryl is upbeat and surprised.

DARRYL

Wait! Don't be silly! Stay for lunch. Fidel's making game hens. We can take a shower and discuss the terms of our deal...

ROXIE

I wouldn't shower with you if you were paying me fifty thousand dollars--

DARRYL

I *am* paying you fifty thousand dollars.

ROXIE

Well I'm not a prostitute!

DARRYL

Relax, Roxie. I'm paying you to *sculpt me*. The sex would be free. Unless... you'd like to pay *me*--

ROXIE

Mr. Van Horne, I have to say, you are possibly the most unappealing man I have ever met in my entire life. You are vain, charmless, creepy, pretentious, arrogant, your teeth are bizarrely white, you're not half as handsome as you think you are, and you're pretentious. And yes I realize I already said you were pretentious but that is just how pretentious you are! I don't need your money. I don't need your job. And I don't need you. So, if you'll excuse me, I think I'll be going now.

She turns and walks toward the door. Darryl calls after her:

DARRYL

You're the one who wanted me to come, Roxanne.

She turns, startled. He hauls himself out of the pool. His body is hotttttt. She looks down, her eyes widen: obviously, he's not wearing a bathing suit. And obviously he's... impressive. Roxie tries hard not to look down, but she keeps looking down anyway, then back to his face.

DARRYL (CONT'D)

Here you are. Getting exactly what you want, and you turn it down, because of what? Fear? *Pride*? Useless emotions. Get out of your own way, Roxie. You wanted someone who *gets you*? Someone dark and mysterious... who moves to town in a cloud of scandal to stir up sex and trouble? Well -- here I am. Just like you wanted me to be...

Roxie is confused, freaked out.

ROXIE

How do you even... How would you know that? Why would you say that?

DARRYL

-Don't question it, Roxie. Just go with it. That's what you do when a prayer is answered... Just take it, and be happy-

ROXIE

Who the hell *are you*?

DARRYL

I'm just a humble patron of the arts...

(grinning devilishly)

But I'm a demon in the sheets... They're Egyptian cotton, by the way... I'll be in the shower if you'd like to join me...

He walks PAST HER toward the door. We see his **NAKED BUTT** as he goes. Roxie watches him, totally freaked.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

INT. ROXIE'S KITCHEN -- NIGHT

Roxie chops tomatoes, Kat and Joanna sit and drink wine.

KAT

So he wasn't even a little bit sexy?

ROXIE

Oh, he was sexy as *hell*. But completely annoying.

**ROXIE SLICES HER FINGER** with the knife.

ROXIE (CONT'D)

Ow! Dammit!

She puts her finger under the faucet, the blood runs down-

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. ROXIE'S BEDROOM -- LATE AFTERNOON

Roxie wakes up, startled, half-naked, Chad sleeps beside her.

ROXIE

Chad...? Wake up... We fell asleep... It's almost five. I've got people coming for dinner...

He turns over, looks at her.

CHAD

How come we never have dinner?

ROXIE

Why would we have dinner?

He grabs her playfully.

CHAD

You don't wanna talk to me. I'm just a piece of ass to you-

She wriggles out of his arms, starts getting dressed.

ROXIE

It's not that. I just don't think... we like the same food.

CHAD

I wanna be your boyfriend, Roxie.  
Why can't I be your boyfriend?

ROXIE

How 'bout: because you're young  
enough to be my nephew. From a  
much older sibling...

CHAD

I'm old enough to screw you!... If  
you gave me a chance, I might  
surprise you...

ROXIE

Yeah? Well, I don't like  
surprises... Get dressed...

She throws him his boxer shorts, he sighs. Pulls back the  
blankets, just as we're about to see his "package"-

EXT. KAT'S HOUSE -- EVENING

**A CUCUMBER** in the garden, Kat reaches for it. She gathers  
vegetables into a basket from her **WAY OVERGROWN GARDEN**.  
Raymond lounges on a hammock, the kids run around, crazy.

KAT

So Mrs. Neff is coming over to help  
with the kids. There's a casserole  
in the fridge-

RAYMOND

I don't see why you gotta hang out  
with them *again*. You just saw them-

KAT

I like them. You know it's always  
been hard for me to make friends.  
And I just feel... connected to them.  
It's weird. I can't explain it...

RAYMOND

You goin' lesbo on me?

KAT

(sarcastic)  
Yes, Raymond. I am going lesbo on  
you.

RAYMOND

Cool, can I watch? Or -- videotape  
it?

She walks over, gives him a quick kiss.

KAT

Please *try* not to drink in the  
hammock all night.

Kat gathers up the kids and rains kisses on them, we see how much she loves them, what a playful mom she is.

RAYMOND

You know, I hate it when you leave  
me alone with Mrs. Neff! She  
smells like toe jam and vapo rub!

We see that **MRS. NEFF**, 70s, is walking toward them up the lawn. She heard that.

KAT

Hi Mrs. Neff... Thanks a lot...

Mrs. Neff gives her a disapproving look, Kat sighs and walks to her car.

INT. ROXIE'S KITCHEN -- NIGHT

Roxie and Kat and Joanna fix dinner, drink wine.

ROXIE

You guys should've seen him. He  
was without a doubt the cockiest  
sonofabitch I have ever met.

JOANNA

I can't believe he bought the  
newspaper. I don't know what that  
means for my job, let alone the  
promotion I'll never get anyway-

KAT

He also bought the candle factory,  
and the Eastwick Inn... Who *is* he?  
What does he want? Why is he doing  
this?

ROXIE

I don't know, but I don't trust him.  
There's something... wrong with him.

Just then, a **MOUSE** scurries by Joanna's feet. She screams!

ROXIE (CONT'D)

It's okay! Don't worry. She's a  
pet. That's... Eleanor Mousevelt.

(MORE)

ROXIE (CONT'D)  
 We've had her forever. She's not,  
 you know... *vermin*. She's a  
 treasured member of the family.

But then we hear the **SNAP** of a mousetrap, offscreen. A beat.

ROXIE (CONT'D)  
 Okay, that was a lie. We have a  
 little... mouse problem. And a...  
 rat problem. And a... squirrel  
 problem... Money's kinda tight.

Joanna and Kat exchange looks.

JOANNA  
 Well then... And I know this is a  
 crazy question, but -- why don't  
 you take that job? Fifty thousand  
 dollars for one little sculpture-

ROXIE  
 I have something more precious than  
 money. It's called dignity.

She slams her fist on the counter and A SMALL PIECE of the  
 CEILING CRUMBLES, showering her with fine bits of plaster.

ROXIE (CONT'D)  
 Crap.  
 (off their looks)  
 Yeah, I know. I need the money. I  
*really, really* need the money. But  
 I don't think he'd be paying me  
 just to sculpt him... Not to  
 mention the fact that there was  
 something... wrong with him! He --  
 knew things. About me. Private  
 things he shouldn't have known.  
 Things I've said -- in private.  
 Things I said only to you guys...  
 How did he know these things? Has  
 he been *spying* on me? I don't  
 trust him. I don't care how much  
 money he's offering me. Or how  
 good-looking he is. Or how big  
 his... you know... is...

Kat and Joanna raise their eyebrows.

JOANNA  
 How big...?

ROXIE  
 Well, it was, basically... huge.

They all giggle. Roxie chops vegetables.

KAT

So he wasn't even a little bit sexy?

ROXIE

Oh, he was sexy as hell. But completely annoying!

She realizes, with a start, that she's got the **KNIFE** suspended over her hand, about to slice the tomato. She **SLOWLY** puts down the knife before she can cut herself.

ROXIE (CONT'D)

Whoa... I had a dream this afternoon, that we were having this *exact conversation*. Only, in the dream, after I said that -- I cut my finger. And then I said 'dammit' and I put it under the faucet-

KAT

Really? Wow! Freaky!

ROXIE

I know, right?

JOANNA

It's probably just a coincidence. You knew we were coming over, you knew we'd talk about Darryl, you knew you would be slicing tomatoes - - so you had a dream about it.

KAT

Hey! Don't ruin our fun! Roxie is psychic!

Roxie hears shuffling coming from the front hall.

ROXIE

Mia? Is that you?

INT. ROXIE'S FOYER -- SAME

MIA, Roxie's daughter, is sneaking down the stairs with her DANGEROUS-LOOKING BOYFRIEND, **GUS**. She puts her hand over his mouth, makes him be perfectly still.

MIA

Yeah Mom! Be right there!

She sneaks Gus over to a window. They talk in whispers.

GUS

You don't have to sneak me out.  
Your Mom's cool.

MIA

She *thinks* she's cool. But really?  
She just wants me to be exactly like  
her! And so I don't wanna give her  
the satisfaction of knowing... I'm  
kind of... exactly like her!

GUS

I don't get it...

MIA

It's a mother/daughter thing.

GUS

It's not like we're *doing* anything.

MIA

Hey... We do stuff...

GUS

-Not the big stuff...I just wanna  
be *one* with you, Mia. It's so  
beautiful, it's like a *poem*.

MIA

-Soon. Okay? I promise...

She kisses him, and hurries him out the window.

INT. ROXIE'S KITCHEN -- SAME

Mia walks in all casual and nonchalant, Kat and Joanna are  
still there, Roxie notices something-

ROXIE

Is that a hickey on your neck??

MIA

What? No!

Roxie touches Mia's neck playfully, Mia pulls away, eyeing  
Joanna and Kat, embarrassed.

ROXIE

You made out with someone! Who is  
he? I want the scoop!

MIA

It's not a hickey! You're gross!

ROXIE

Honey, it's okay to have a hickey, we've all had hickeys. Just... be careful, okay? Maybe we should talk about safety. What base did you get to? Second? Second and a half?... You know where he -- uses his mouth on your-

Roxie points to her chest. Mia is mortified.

MIA

-Oh my God! You're such a freak!

And off she goes, stomping and screeching like a teenager. Just then, a **MOUSE** runs across the counter, jostling the blade of the KNIFE into Roxie's hand, cutting her finger.

ROXIE

Dammit!

She puts her hand under the faucet without thinking. Then, she realizes: **the dream has fully come true.**

ROXIE (CONT'D)

Whoa... My finger... The dream...

JOANNA

I'll admit, that was a little weird-

The women look at each other, not sure what to make of this. As Roxie's blood runs into the sink...

INT. NEWSPAPER BREAK ROOM -- DAY

...A spoon stirs TOMATO SOUP. Will takes a bite of the soup, Joanna stands there, watches, she is hypnotised by his gorgeousness, he's oblivious. He finally turns to her.

WILL

Hey. Joanna, I didn't see you there-

JOANNA

Yeah. People usually... don't... Anyway, I really love your-

She gestures clumsily, spilling coffee down her chest.

JOANNA (CONT'D)

Ow!

WILL

Are you okay?

JOANNA

Yeah, I just... burned my boob.

She grabs a paper towel, blots herself. Will's cell phone rings, he answers it, leaving the room, waving bye to Joanna. Once he's gone, Joanna sighs.

JOANNA (CONT'D)

Idiot idiot idiot idiot-

DARRYL (O.S.)

Nonsense, I thought it was cute.

Joanna turns, surprised, Darryl's standing in the doorway. He walks over, reaches out to shake her hand.

DARRYL (CONT'D)

-Joanna Frankel I presume... Darryl Van Horne. I am a *big* fan of your work. That piece you wrote on the rhubarb festival-

JOANNA

You actually read that...?

Darryl helps himself to some coffee and a donut.

DARRYL

-Some of it. It was boring as hell. But still... somehow... I could sense... beneath the timid, vanilla surface of your sentences, there lies someone truly... *passionate*. Exuberant. Visceral... Let's *unleash her*, whattaya say? Why don't you write an article... about me?

JOANNA

About you...?

DARRYL

And the town council. Let's delve into the dirt of Eastwick, muck up the goo! That whole Lenox Mansion business? A travesty! There's systemic corruption. Someone needs to ask -- where is the money coming from?

JOANNA

Well... in this case, isn't it coming from... you?

DARRYL

Good instincts! Follow your nose on this one. I'll cooperate fully with the article. We need to expose the criminals on the town council once and for all! Hold those who are accountable, accountable! They accepted bribes! I should know -- I bribed them! Let's blow the lid off this thing!

JOANNA

But... what about you?

DARRYL

I'll be fine. Don't you worry. I'm here to do good in this town. I'm not going anywhere... Why don't we schedule an interview? Eastwick Cafe? Say -- sevenish? See you then-

Without waiting for an answer, he leaves. Off her look-

EXT. KAT'S HOUSE -- DAY

The kids run around the yard, Kat exits the house in her nurse's uniform, the kids surround her, hug her, she hugs them back, kisses them, Raymond's in the hammock, drinking a beer.

KAT

You guys be good... Mrs. Neff is on her way... Raymond, have you thought any more about looking for a new job...? Your unemployment ran out two months ago-

RAYMOND

That guy just bought the candle factory. It's only a matter of time until they reinstate me.

KAT

I don't know if we can count on that... and Mrs. Neff is expensive, and Amy needs braces, and lately, you spend every waking minute in that hammock drinking beer.

RAYMOND

What, like you're some kind of saint? Running around with your new friends every night-

KAT

Twice. Raymond. I've gone out with friends *twice*. In five years. And now -- I'm going to *work*. You know, that thing that puts food on our table?

RAYMOND

What's gotten into you, woman?! You think this has been easy for me? I can't just go get any random job! I was in charge of *wicks*.

Kat can't help it, she loses her cool.

KAT

I'm not asking for much! I never do! I just want you to pitch in a *little*! Help with the kids, clean out the garage! What's it gonna take?! Does the freakin' Earth have to move in order for you to get out of that goddam hammock?!?!

Suddenly, the **GROUND STARTS TO RUMBLE AND SHAKE**. A minor earthquake! The kids scream, like it's fun and exciting, Kat is freaked out, Raymond falls out of the hammock with a thud!

RAYMOND

...How did you do that?

KAT

I didn't... *do* anything! I have to go. I'm late for work-

He gets up, she's freaked, hurries away, gets in her car.

INT. KAT'S CAR -- CONTINUOUS

Kat takes a moment, breathing hard, eyes darting, worried. She turns on the car. The radio springs to life.

RADIO ANNOUNCER (O.S.)

Whoa, did anyone else feel that? I think Eastwick just had her first earthquake...

INT. EASTWICK CAFE -- NIGHT

The radio plays in here too. This is the town diner, bustling with people who stare subtly as well as openly at Joanna and Darryl, who sit in a booth.

RADIO ANNOUNCER (O.S.)  
 -I'd put that as a ten-point-o on  
 the Richter scale of weird....In  
 honor of Mother Nature, here's some  
 AC/DC!

"You Shook Me All Night Long" comes on. A **WAITRESS**  
 approaches Darryl and Joanna, batting her eyelashes at Darryl  
 seductively, she places a mug of coffee in front of him.

WAITRESS  
 Is there anything else I can get  
 you, Mr. Van Horne?

JOANNA  
 -I'll take that coffee I ordered-

WAITRESS  
 (focused only on Darryl)  
 Right. And for you?

DARRYL  
 What do you have in the way of pie?

WAITRESS  
 (like it's foreplay)  
 We have. Any kind. You want.

DARRYL  
 Do you have... pumpkin?

WAITRESS  
 We have the sweetest pumpkin you'll  
 ever taste. I'll cut a slice myself.

The waitress does her best "sexy walk." Darryl is pleased.

DARRYL  
 Everyone here's so friendly.

JOANNA  
 This town is going through hard  
 times. They think you're gonna  
 save us... Can I ask you something?

DARRYL  
 I hope so. Otherwise this is gonna  
 be one helluva short interview-

JOANNA  
 -Why Eastwick? Why now? What  
 exactly do you have planned for us?

He leans in, smiling, about to answer. Then-

DARRYL

Do you ever take that bun out of your hair? Or is it permanent, like a tattoo?

JOANNA

(offended)  
I take it out.

DARRYL

Don't get me wrong. I like the bun. Kind of a sexy librarian thing. It's just that it's a little... tight. Almost like you feel the need to... bind yourself up, because you're afraid of what might happen if you just... let it all go... But see, I don't think you need to be afraid. That's when the fun starts...

JOANNA

Mr. Van Horne, your reputation proceeds you. And I have to say, I'm flattered. But -- I work for you. This is highly inappropriate-

DARRYL

I'm not hitting on you, Joanna.

She looks a little hurt.

JOANNA

You're not?

DARRYL

I mean, I certainly *will*. If you want me to. But I believe your heart belongs to another. A certain strapping young photographer at our fair newspaper.

JOANNA

Who, *Will*? Oh no. No, we're not-

DARRYL

Oh, I know you're not... You seem determined to get in your own way when it comes to him... Protection, maybe?

(MORE)

DARRYL (CONT'D)

Plus, it doesn't help that you dress like a second grade teacher circa 1982. And then there's the problem of your eyes-

JOANNA

What's wrong with my eyes?

DARRYL

Nothing! Your eyes are... phenomenal. You have the kind of eyes that render men helpless. They're hypnotic. Your eyes are the seat of your power, Joanna. But you don't even *use them!*

JOANNA

How exactly would I... *use them?*

DARRYL

You could try actually *looking* at him once in a while! Also, you have to *believe*. That people will want to do what you want them to do... that belief is the secret of persuasion... Give voice to what you want, and believe they'll want it too, and they will...

He leans in real close, talking all low and sexy, staring into her eyes. Joanna's uncomfortable.

JOANNA

That sounds... kinda... ridiculous. And simplistic. I don't really think-

DARRYL

-That's right, don't think! Just do it. Everyone in this world has a talent. You've been hiding from yours your entire life, Joanna. You have the power to make men do what you want. *You are hypnotic!* And yet you fear that power so much, that you tell yourself that no one will ever do what you want. And so no one ever does. Don't be afraid! Find your power. Use it. Hone it. Harness it.

The waitress places the pie in front of Darryl with a seductive smile, he takes a bite, closes his eyes in ecstasy, enjoying it. Joanna watches Darryl, she touches her bun... Darryl picks up his knife-

INT. ROXIE'S SHOP -- DAY

CLOSE ON ANOTHER **KNIFE**. This one held by a **MYSTERIOUS, SINISTER (YET HANDSOME) YOUNG MAN, 20s**. Roxie stares at him, terrified.

ROXIE

Jamie, we can talk about this-

JAMIE

No, we can't-

ROXIE

You don't have to do this! I'm on your side! You know I am.

JAMIE

You're on *his* side. I can't trust you anymore! You've proven that!

He pushes her into a corner, violently, grabs her by the neck. She fights back, they struggle, Roxie is upset, thrashing about, he pushes the knife up to her throat.

JAMIE (CONT'D)

I'm sorry. But I have to kill you-

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. ROXIE'S BEDROOM -- NIGHT

Roxie **WAKES UP** in a cold sweat, clutching her neck and gasping for breath. **IT WAS A DREAM**. It's still dark. She tries to go back to sleep...

INT. HOSPITAL -- NIGHT

Kat works the night shift. She enters Bun's room just as a **DOCTOR** is leaving. It's quiet and peaceful, just the **BEEP BEEP** of Bun's heart monitor. Kat gently touches BUN'S ARM, stroking it, suddenly BUN GRABS HER WRIST. Bun's eyes open.

BUN

This is all your fault!

Kat is startled.

KAT

What?

BUN

You did this! The three of you! I can see the cone of power!

(MORE)

BUN (CONT'D)

It surrounds you! It's growing stronger! It's only a matter of time... I just don't understand... how he broke through... and why now-

Kat looks at Bun like she's NUTS.

KAT

I think you're just... a little groggy. On account of the... coma.

Bun grows increasingly agitated. Grabs Kat's wrist harder.

KAT (CONT'D)

Ow!

BUN

Listen to me! I was the only one left! He killed the others! I was keeping him out! And then you three invited him in! It's all your fault!

KAT

What are you talking about?

BUN

This has all happened before! This is just as he wanted it! And now the seduction can begin... New worlds will open up, worlds you could never imagine... But the darkness is there... always there... you won't even realize... Until you end up dead! Don't you understand?! He's *evil*, child!

KAT

Who?

Bun struggles to speak. She looks confused -- **why won't the words come out?** She keeps struggling -- it's as if something or someone isn't letting her mouth move. Finally, she gets out a-

BUN

D-

But she can't get the rest of the word out. Suddenly Bun **FLATLINES**. Kat pushes the call button and administers CPR, as the **DOCTOR** and another **NURSE** come rushing in.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

INT. HOSPITAL -- DAY

Kat sits in a chair in Bun's hospital room. Bun is back in her coma, the machines beeping. Kat stares at her, nervously biting her nails...

JOANNA (PRELAP)  
You have a gift. You've been  
hiding from it your entire life.

INT. NEWSPAPER -- DAY

Joanna stares nervously at CLYDE from afar.

JOANNA  
(whispers to herself)  
Look him in the eye. Give voice to  
what you want... This is so stupid.

She takes a deep breath, walks over to Clyde's desk.

JOANNA (CONT'D)  
Clyde? Can I talk to you?

He doesn't look up, types on his computer. Annoyed.

CLYDE  
What is it? I'm kinda busy-

JOANNA  
It's about that promotion... I'd  
like to be considered...

CLYDE  
Joanna, I'm sorry. I just don't  
think you're ready-

JOANNA  
-Could you -- look at me?

He looks up, annoyed, they lock eyes. A beat. Then-

JOANNA (CONT'D)  
I'd like to be considered for the  
job. I deserve it, Clyde. I'm a  
good writer. I work hard...

He stares at her, transfixed by her eyes. Then, totally sincere, as if these thoughts are new, and coming from him-

CLYDE

Joanna, you know what? You're a damn good writer. You work harder than anyone here. I'm gonna consider you for that promotion. You deserve it.

JOANNA

Wait -- what?

He looks away from her, back to his computer. She stands there, stunned, not sure what to make of this.

JOANNA (CONT'D)

But... okay...

Joanna turns and walks away, slightly dazed. She runs into a **MALE WORKER**, holding a DONUT he's about to eat.

WORKER

Hey Joanna. You missed the donuts! Got the last one. Powdered sugar. My favorite...

Joanna looks him in the eye, wanting to experiment-

JOANNA

Edgar. You don't like powdered sugar. You wanna give it to me.

As if it's his idea, he holds out the donut-

WORKER

Do you want this? I think I... hate powdered sugar.

He hands her the donut and walks away. Joanna is FREAKED. She walks over to PENNY'S DESK. Penny stares at her computer.

JOANNA

I just got a donut...

Penny ignores her, stands up to walk away, ignoring her.

JOANNA (CONT'D)

Penny, wait!

Penny turns, annoyed. They lock eyes.

JOANNA (CONT'D)

You wanna come back here and talk.

PENNY

No I don't.

Penny walks away. Joanna contemplates, takes a bite of donut.

JOANNA

Huh. Why didn't that work...?  
 (powerdered sugar hits her  
 blouse)  
 Aw. Dammit...

She BRUSHES SOME OFF...

INT. KAT'S LIVING-ROOM -- EVENING

...A HAND brushes a FILTHY SHIRT, COVERED IN FOOD CRUMBS. It's RAYMOND, he looks down at the mess on his shirt and shrugs, puts some crumbs in his mouth, watching TV on the couch, Kat walks in, stirring some food in a bowl.

KAT

Raymond...?

He doesn't look at her, just flips channels. She puts down the bowl, sits on the couch, reaches for him-

KAT (CONT'D)

You're gonna have to talk to me at some point-

He shrinks away.

KAT (CONT'D)

Raymond. Come on! You don't want me to touch you?! This is crazy-

RAYMOND

There's something wrong with you.

KAT

There's nothing wrong with me.

RAYMOND

It's your new friends. They did something to you. Put some kind of... spell on you.

KAT

A *spell*?! Will you listen to yourself? That's nuts!

RAYMOND

I always knew that Roxie Torcoletti was... abnormal. After what she did to her husband-

KAT

Raymond! She did not kill him!

RAYMOND

Yeah? Let's see -- they had a fight in the middle of the Eastwick Inn where dozens of witnesses heard her say she wanted him to 'fall on his sword' for her. The next day, guy goes fishing -- gets impaled on a swordfish.

KAT

It's a coincidence! Do you really think she stabbed him with a fish?

RAYMOND

I think she made it happen somehow. Like you and that goddam earthquake!

KAT

I did not 'cause an earthquake!

He stands up quick, scared.

RAYMOND

Don't say another word! I don't wanna end up dead! I'm taking the kids to Arby's. I'll see you later.

He leaves, she calls after him, practically in tears-

KAT

I am not a freak!

ROXIE (PRELAP)

What's wrong with being a freak?

INT. EASTWICK INN -- NIGHT

Roxie and Kat and Joanna have dinner at this crowded, elegant, candlelit, fancy restaurant. Kat is upset. Joanna's GOT HER HAIR DOWN, she looks incredibly sexy.

ROXIE

I've always liked being a freak. And I always knew I was psychic.

(MORE)

ROXIE (CONT'D)

And it's been getting so much stronger lately, and I thought: this is cool! It's fun and exciting and empowering... But who knew I would foresee my own horrible death!

JOANNA

That's a little dramatic. It was a dream.

ROXIE

So was the one where I fell off the ladder. And where I cut my finger. And they both came true. Even when I tried to stop the one with the finger. It still came true! That means I can't stop this-

JOANNA

You've had *thousands* of dreams in your life that didn't come true. You're not gonna be strangled by some guy named Jimmy-

ROXIE

Jamie.

JOANNA

Whatever. Either. You said you knew him well in the dream. But you've never even met him. He probably doesn't even exist.

ROXIE

Maybe... I don't know... So are you gonna tell us or am I gonna have to ask?

JOANNA

What?

ROXIE

(re: her new look)  
What's with the... everything.

JOANNA

Like you said -- I feel good. I feel... powerful. Or something...

ROXIE

Well you look like a goddess.

Joanna touches her hair.

JOANNA

I feel a little self-conscious.

ROXIE

Hey, how's Bun? I went over there today and they said she almost died last night-

KAT

She's stabilized. But I think the stroke affected her brain. She said some... things.

JOANNA

What kind of things?

KAT

Nothing. Just some nonsense. About -- a cone of power. And, you know... evil...

DARRYL (O.S.)

Ladies...

They turn and see DARRYL approaching their table, smiling.

DARRYL (CONT'D)

Welcome to my restaurant. Dinner's on me tonight. That is, if I can join you.

Roxie rolls her eyes.

JOANNA

Sure! That'd be great!

Darryl takes a seat, looks at Kat intensely.

DARRYL

Kat, Kat, Kat. Finally we meet.

He kisses her hand. Then examines it.

DARRYL (CONT'D)

Very potent. The hand of a healer, a mother. Like nature herself. Nurturing, destructive...

Kat takes her hand back, uncomfortable.

DARRYL (CONT'D)

It's so wonderful to see you three together. It's... majestic...

(MORE)

DARRYL (CONT'D)

I have something special for the occasion. Did you know that the Lenox property has one of the last remaining wells in all of Eastwick? The water comes from miles beneath the surface of the Earth. An old legend says it contains magical properties. And that if you drink enough of it, it'll make you drunk.

He motions to FIDEL, who walks over with a pitcher, and pours them each a glass.

JOANNA

Sounds like fun!

KAT

It's water. Water's water.

DARRYL

You don't believe in magic?

KAT

No. I don't. And I'm so sick of this town with its dumb old legends and myths. Witches and water and whatnot. It makes us all seem like... dumb gullible hicks.

DARRYL

Oh. Well -- still tastes pretty good. So drink up.

They each take a sip of the water, Kat reluctantly. Darryl leans over and whispers in Roxie's ear.

DARRYL (CONT'D)

I've got a rather large lump of clay sitting in my house, waiting for you to get your hands on it...

ROXIE

My hands are going nowhere near your lump of clay.

DARRYL

Roxie. I'll pay you sixty... You need the money. I need the statue. Just take the job. I promise no funny business...

She looks at him, assessing. Then, she sighs.

ROXIE

Fine.

DARRYL

I'll be posing nude by the way.

ROXIE

You are such a pig.

They each drink up from their water...

EXT. TOWN SQUARE -- LATER

ON THE HUGE FOUNTAIN IN THE TOWN SQUARE. Roxie, Joanna, Kat, and Darryl burst out of the Eastwick Inn, across the street, run toward the fountain. PASSERSBY stop to stare. They're laughing, clearly inebriated, passing a bottle of WATER around like it's whiskey.

The women LEAP into the fountain and splash around, laughing. Darryl watches, admiring, happy.

**PENNY** walks by, cutting through the town square, carrying shopping bags. She watches the spectacle for a moment, upset. Then keeps walking. Joanna doesn't see her. Takes a sip of Darryl's water.

JOANNA

This water is *amazing!* I feel so light!

ROXIE

Me too!

KAT

Me too!

The women all look down in that moment, their feet are beginning to **RISE** in the water, just a tiny bit, barely perceptible -- less than an inch. This isn't visible outside the fountain, but they see it, feel it. They all look at each other, and burst into hysterics. This makes them FALL into the fountain, soaking them. They splash each other.

RAYMOND (O.S.)

Kat?? What the hell are you doing?!

They look up and see RAYMOND standing there, with the kids, and MRS. NEFF, the babysitter, holding ice cream cones. He is *pissed*.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

EXT. TOWN SQUARE -- NIGHT

Kat, soaking wet but out of the fountain, argues with Raymond, while Roxie, Joanna, Darryl, the kids, and Mrs. Neff watch from afar, PEOPLE pass by pretending not to stare.

RAYMOND

We're going home. *Now!*

He grabs her arm, she pulls away.

KAT

Ow! Let go of me.

RAYMOND

You're drunk!

KAT

I had *water!* And you're drunk *every day!*

RAYMOND

I don't want you to see those people again. I don't like what they do to you.

KAT

You can't tell me what to do!

RAYMOND

Kat, be a mother to your kids and let's get in the car.

Kat looks at her kids. She looks around and sees PEOPLE STARING at her. She's embarrassed, grabs the littlest KID into her arms, and walks away with her family.

INT./EXT. DARRYL'S BENTLEY -- NIGHT

Darryl and Roxie and Joanna sit in the back, Fidel drives.

ROXIE

She needs to divorce that sonofabitch.

JOANNA

(drunk)

You know who's not a sonofabitch? Will. You know who's totally awesome? Will. You know who I would give anything to be with?

ROXIE

-Hold on... Don't tell me-

JOANNA

-Will.

ROXIE

Really. I wasn't expecting that.

JOANNA

-Anything. I'd give anything. I just want to make him love me...

The car stops outside Joanna's little cottage. Darryl and Joanna get out, he helps her to the door. She hangs on him drunkenly, but he is a perfect gentleman.

JOANNA (CONT'D)

I'm gonna try tomorrow. I'm gonna see if it works. I'm gonna use my eyes...

DARRYL

'Atta girl.

JOANNA

Do you like my hair?

DARRYL

Yes. I like your hair very much...

We see **THE FULL MOON** rising behind them...

EXT. BEACH -- NIGHT

Roxie's daughter, MIA, walks under the **FULL BLOOD RED MOON**, now high in the sky, with GUS. Storm clouds move over the sky, quickly.

MIA

It's about to rain...

GUS

That just makes it more romantic.

He puts his arm around her, she's nervous, not into it.

MIA

I'm cold, I think I wanna go home-

GUS

I'll keep you warm. You *promised* me tonight! You're just scared...

He kisses her neck. The RAIN starts to pelt them. He gets more aggressive. Pulls her to the ground.

MIA

Gus! Stop it! Please! NO!

He's on top of her, they struggle. He gets violent-

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. DARRYL'S BENTLEY -- NIGHT

Roxie wakes up with a start. **IT WAS A DREAM.** Darryl's beside her. She's disoriented.

ROXIE

What just happened?

DARRYL

You fell asleep. You have the most adorable little snore...

She reels. He points through the open sun roof.

DARRYL (CONT'D)

Look at the moon, it's red...

ROXIE

It is... Oh my God...

Roxie goes through her purse, pulls out her cell, dials, waits-

ROXIE (CONT'D)

...She's not answering! She was on a beach. We have to find her.

DARRYL

Because of a dream?

ROXIE

Yes, because of a dream! Look at those clouds -- it's gonna rain! It's happening! It's coming true!

Darryl sees that she's serious. He leans forward.

DARRYL

Fidel, the beach. Pronto.

The car takes off squealing. It begins to rain...

INT. KAT'S HOUSE -- NIGHT

Kat and Raymond argue. The RAIN is coming down outside.

RAYMOND

You are an *embarrassment*, Kat! To me, to your children. I don't know what's wrong with you-

KAT

You know what's wrong with me? I've taken your crap for ten years, Raymond, because you were the father of my children and I thought I had to. But this ends now! I'm not gonna do it anymore! You need to treat me with respect!

RAYMOND

What I need is a drink. I'm going to Buckets. 'Cause I am this close to smackin' you.

He goes for the door, out into the rain, she stands in the doorway, calls after him.

KAT

You know, maybe I'm not the one with the problem! Maybe the problem is *you*, Raymond! Maybe there's something wrong with *you*!

He stops in his tracks, stands there in the rain.

RAYMOND

Watch it, Kat, I mean it!

KAT

No! I don't wanna watch it! Because not only are you a mean SOB, you're dull, Raymond. You're boring! You just sit on the couch and *drink*. You've got no fire, no spark, no electricity!

Raymond turns to walk toward his car, and he's suddenly **STRUCK BY LIGHTENING**. He falls to the ground in a heap. Kat gasps, her eyes widen.

KAT (CONT'D)

Oh my God...

END OF ACT FOUR





ROXIE  
I can't, Darryl.

DARRYL  
But you want to.

ROXIE  
You should leave.

He nods. He turns to go -- SHE GRABS HIM. Kisses him. Quickly pushes him away, SLAPS HIM.

ROXIE (CONT'D)  
Dammit.

DARRYL  
Ow.

ROXIE  
Sorry.

She impulsively GRABS HIM AGAIN, KISSES HIM, and once again -- pushes him away, slaps him. He touches his reddened face.

DARRYL  
Are you gonna do that every time?

Roxie is out of breath.

ROXIE  
No. I'm going to bed.

He gives her a hopeful, raised-eyebrow look.

ROXIE (CONT'D)  
-Alone.

Darryl nods, disappointed, he turns and leaves, as Roxie climbs the stairs, visibly hot and bothered.

INT. NEWSPAPER BREAK ROOM -- DAY

Joanna walks in, looking sexy and confident -- dressed more provocatively, hair down. Will is standing there, eating a donut. Joanna pours herself some coffee.

JOANNA  
Hey.

He looks at her, surprised.

WILL  
Wow. You look...

Joanna stares into his eyes. He stares back, transfixed.

WILL (CONT'D)  
Different...

JOANNA  
I know. Less uptight, and plain...

WILL  
Yeah, less plain... Wait, no. You were never plain... You were just...

JOANNA  
...Mousy.

WILL  
Yeah, kinda mousy...  
(blinks, realizing)  
Wait, no. Shy... You were shy.

JOANNA  
I'm working on not being shy...  
From now on, I'm just gonna ask for what I want.

They stare at each other.

WILL  
What is it you want?

Joanna smiles, wickedly. Then-

PENNY (O.S.)  
-Guys?

Will turns, breaking their eye contact, Joanna roars-

JOANNA  
WHAT?!?

Penny's taken aback.

PENNY  
Clyde was looking for Will.

Will nods, still confused by what just happened. He heads for the door, looks back at Joanna once, bemused. Then he goes. Joanna is frustrated, Penny pours herself coffee.

PENNY (CONT'D)  
What happened to your hair?

JOANNA

Nothing.

PENNY

What's going on with you...?

JOANNA

Nothing. Penny. Nothing.

Penny looks down into her mug, upset.

PENNY

I miss you. I miss my friend.

Joanna looks at her, feeling bad.

JOANNA

I'm still here.

PENNY

No you're not. You're different. You're acting different. I don't know who you're trying to be, but you're not being yourself.

JOANNA

This is me.

PENNY

No, I know you. Whoever this is -- it isn't you. And you know what else? If you get him, like this -- it doesn't matter. Because it's not even real anyway.

Penny turns and walks out, Joanna watches her, hurt.

INT. HOSPITAL -- DAY

Raymond wakes up in bed, Kat is by his side. Another NURSE is in the room. Kat turns to the nurse.

KAT

Can you give us a minute?

The nurse nods, leaves. A tear runs down Kat's cheek. She's resigned, sad, yet determined. She looks at her husband...

KAT (CONT'D)

Oh Raymond... I thought you might've been dead... I was so scared... And I started to think about the night Amy was born.

(MORE)

KAT (CONT'D)

When they said she was breech, and you held my hand, told me it was gonna be okay... Or the senior prom. When we danced all night, to Alanis Morrissette, remember...? Or all those Saturday mornings when the kids pile into our bed and we watch cartoons... I'm so glad you're okay.

RAYMOND

You did this to me.

KAT

No. Listen. I've made a decision-

RAYMOND

You are some kind of a-

KAT

-Raymond! Listen to me. I'm glad I remembered those things. 'Cause they're important... They help me know you're not all bad. And it's not all your fault... I let you treat me this way, for years. But not anymore. I can't let you push me around anymore.

RAYMOND

I push you around?! Says the crazy bitch who *electrocuted me!*

KAT

-I want a divorce.

RAYMOND

Yeah? Done! But I'm taking the kids. You're an unfit mother. Really shouldn't be a problem getting custody, the way you've been acting lately. I'm sure I'll have no trouble getting a judge to side with me.

KAT

Raymond, you are not taking my kids-

RAYMOND

Watch me, Kat. You wanna mess with me? Fine. This is war.

Off Kat, devastated and scared.

END OF ACT FIVE

ACT SIX

EXT. EASTWICK STREET -- DAY

Roxie and Mia walk arm in arm down a quaint street.

MIA

So how long am I grounded for?

ROXIE

I'm not going to ground you, Mia...  
it wasn't your fault, what he did...  
But I don't like the way you lied to  
me -- snuck around behind my back...  
And I blame myself for that -- I'm  
always telling you to rebel, go wild.  
I thought you needed to hear it --  
you can seem so grown-up sometimes...  
But I need to be more of a mother to  
you. Hold you accountable. Find out  
where you're going, make sure it's  
the truth... Take care of you. I'm  
just -- grateful that we got there in  
time.

MIA

But... how? How did you...?

ROXIE

I guess we're connected...

MIA

I am so stupid.

Roxie tightens her grip on Mia, hugging her close.

ROXIE

Sweetie, you are the smartest  
person I know. *He's* the jerk. And  
so am I... But things are gonna be  
different from now on... I'm gonna  
be up your butt, young lady. You  
have to check in with me. Every  
hour. No matter what-

MIA

Great. I've created a Mom-ster.

They walk off together.

INT. NEWSPAPER BREAK ROOM -- DAY

Joanna stands alone in the break room, Clyde enters. He reaches for coffee, brushing her boob.

CLYDE  
Sorry. Tight squeeze in here.

Joanna, disgusted, stares him down.

JOANNA  
Clyde. Look at me...

He does. He stares at her, transfixed by her eyes.

JOANNA (CONT'D)  
You've decided. You are gonna give me that promotion.

As if these thoughts are new, and coming from him-

CLYDE  
Joanna, I've decided -- you deserve the promotion. It's yours-

JOANNA  
And a raise. Ten percent...

CLYDE  
And a ten percent raise-

JOANNA  
And all the money in your wallet.

He takes out his wallet.

CLYDE  
Here. Have some money.

She does. As she pockets it, still holding his gaze-

JOANNA  
And also, it's not a tight squeeze in here.

CLYDE  
It's really not, not at all-

JOANNA  
You're just a creepy boob-brusher.

CLYDE  
-I just like boobs.

JOANNA

But you're not gonna do it anymore.

CLYDE

I'm done.

JOANNA

Good, now get the hell out of here.

He turns and leaves. The look on his face says -- *what the hell just happened?* Joanna watches, the thrill all over her face -- this is FUN. A beat. Will enters.

WILL

Hey Joanna... So listen, I was thinking. Do you maybe... wanna have lunch?

Joanna turns, stares into his eyes, bold, drunk on power.

JOANNA

Will, the truth is, you've always kinda had a thing for me.

He stares back at her. Nods.

WILL

You're right. I've always kinda had a thing for you... I like the way you blush, and stumble around. How nervous you are, how sweet...

JOANNA

And right now, even though it sounds crazy, you just wanna kiss me.

They stare at each other. He takes a step closer.

WILL

I would very much like to kiss you right now, Joanna.

She nods. He leans in, and KISSES HER. She sinks into it for a beat. Then -- she pushes him away.

JOANNA

Dammit!

WILL

What's wrong?

JOANNA

I want this... more than you could  
ever know... But I don't want it  
like this. It isn't real.

She rushes out of the room, leaving Will, dazed and confused.

INT. BUN'S ROOM -- HOSPITAL -- EVENING

Bun sleeps peacefully in her coma. Pull back to reveal DARRYL, beside the bed, looking down at her. He places some FLOWERS on the table. He touches her hand tenderly. And then he turns and leaves.

INT. HOSPITAL HALLWAY -- SAME

Darryl runs into a distraught Kat.

KAT

Darryl. What are you doing here?

DARRYL

Well. I was just... checking on  
you. See if you're okay...

KAT

Actually I'm not. I'm getting  
divorced. And I might lose my kids.  
I don't know what I'm gonna do...

DARRYL

I'll tell you what you're gonna do.  
The best lawyer in New York -- my  
lawyer. Now he's your lawyer. You  
don't have to worry about anything.  
Let ME take care of YOU.

KAT

No one's ever said that to me  
before...

Kat is floored. She looks at him through her tears. Darryl smiles.

ROXIE (PRELAP)

Well this is a new development...

INT. ROXIE'S KITCHEN -- NIGHT

Roxie walks in, laden with groceries, to find CHAD on a ladder, fixing the hole in her ceiling. She's surprised.

CHAD

I'm helping out. I figure if I  
wanna be your boyfriend, I should  
do boyfriend things...

He hops off the ladder. She looks at him, suspicious.

ROXIE

What smells so good?

CHAD

I made roast chicken, rosemary  
potatoes, salad, and brownies...  
Your favorite.

(off her look)

Mia told me... It's my favorite  
too... Okay, not my favorite. But  
I like it... See, we like the same  
foods... So, whattaya say? Even  
though I'm wildly inappropriate for  
you, will you have dinner with me?

She smiles, surprised. He kisses her.

INT. JOANNA'S HOUSE -- BEDROOM -- NIGHT

Joanna, alone, watches TV in bed. Her hair is back in its  
bun. She looks sad and lonely. She sighs, lets her hair  
down. She gets a little smile -- we see that she feels  
better. Her doorbell rings. She gets up...

INT. JOANNA'S HOUSE -- FRONT DOOR -- NIGHT

-Opens the door. It's PENNY. Looking upset.

JOANNA

Penny! Hey, what's up...?

PENNY

Somebody left this on my doorstep.  
It's about your friend. Darryl...  
He's not who he says he is.

JOANNA

What do you mean? Who is he?

Penny hands an envelope to Joanna, she opens it. It's full  
of pictures, documents, etc. Joanna reads one for a beat,  
then-

JOANNA (CONT'D)

But, this is impossible-

PENNY

-It's all right there! He's a liar, Joanna! He's not Darryl Van Horne. Darryl Van Horne is dead...

INT. LENOX MANSION -- NIGHT

Kat and Darryl fall into bed, kissing passionately.

KAT

I've never done anything like this...

He grins devilishly, as they roll over together in passion.

INT. ROXIE'S SHOP -- DAY

Roxie arranges pieces on a shelf. **ELI**, her employee, rings up a **CUSTOMER**. Hands the customer a promotional **POSTCARD**.

ELI

I'm doing an art show here next week. This is one of my paintings, it's of the night my parents conceived me. Or, as I imagine it...

The customer looks at the postcard, is disgusted. Turns and walks out, quickly. Eli calls after her-

ELI (CONT'D)

-Art is truth, lady, deal with it!  
(to Roxie)  
Why do people have to live in fear?

ROXIE

Maybe it's not fear. Maybe people just don't want to look at a painting of your parents having sex-

ELI

I think it's a tasteful rendering.

Roxie is moving a delicate ceramic piece when **THE DOOR TO THE SHOP OPENS**. Roxie turns to see **JAMIE, THE SINISTER YOUNG MAN FROM HER DREAM**. He smiles at her benignly.

JAMIE

Hey, how you doin'? Great shop! I love your stuff... I'm Jamie, by the way. I'm new in town...

Roxie, freaked, drops the ceramic plate and it shatters.

END OF PILOT