

*The Curse of Sarah Good*

by

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THE CURSE OF SARAH GOOD

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FADE IN:

EXT. GALLOWS HILL - DAY

A sparkling clear mid-summer day. 39 year old SARAH GOOD stands, taking in every detail. Glorious golden sunlight ignites the leaves green. The fingers of a breeze STRUM slender branches, woo birds to SONG; a harmony of nature's sound. She gulps the fragrant air savoring each breath. A noose tightens around her neck.

We see her now, standing in the back of a horse drawn wagon. In four parallel wagons, four other women, hands bound behind them. A mass of onlookers mingle in the shadow of the gibbet: the noble magistrates, the accusers, the bloodthirsty, the horrified. The SHERIFF reads the death warrant over the CRIES and JEERS of the crowd. Steady hands calm the horses. As the condemned women pray to themselves the EXECUTIONER fixes a noose around each woman's slender neck.

SHERIFF CORWIN

Their Majestie's William & Mary now  
King & Queen over England and colonies  
will and command you on this day --  
Sarah Good, Rebecca Nurse, Susannah  
Martin, Elizabeth How and Sarah Wild  
from their Majestie's Goal in Salem  
to the place of execution taken and  
there cause every of them to be hanged  
by the neck until they be dead.

The weight of these words HUSHES the crowd.

SHERIFF CORWIN (CONT'D)

You fail at your peril and this shall  
be your Sufficient Warrant given  
under my hand and seal at Boston the  
12th day of July in the fourth year  
of the Reign of our Sovereign Lord  
and Lady William and Mary King and  
Queen. The honorable John Hathorne.

Reverend NICHOLAS NOYES brandishes his Bible seeking to reignite the pitiless in the crowd.

NOYES

The Apostle Peter tells us, "Be Sober.  
Be Vigilant. Because your adversary  
the Devil as a roaring lion walketh  
about, seeking whom he may devour."

(MORE)

NOYES (CONT'D)

The Devil makes war on the lamb by  
sorcery and witchcraft and delusion.  
He devours among us good women and  
children in his unholy war. And  
here the cursed stand unrepentant!  
I call each by name. Confess your  
league with the devil.

(beat)

Sarah Wild!

SARAH WILD

Our Father who art in heaven...

Wild continues her recitation of the Lord's Prayer.

NOYES

Elizabeth How! Confess to your evil  
ways.

ELIZABETH HOW

(picking up with Wild)

...Thy will be done on earth as it  
is in heaven.

Wild and How recite together.

NOYES

Goodwife Martin! Seek forgiveness  
consort to the Antichrist.

MARTIN

(taking up the prayer  
with the others)

As we forgive those who trespass  
against us.

NOYES

Rebecca Nurse!

She has already taken up the prayer.

NURSE

And deliver us from Evil. For thine  
is power and the glory forever and  
ever.

NOYES

Amen.

(a beat)

But the words said with the black  
heart of deception Christ cannot  
hear. Sarah Good, stand and confess  
to the art of witchcraft that you  
have so long practiced.

SARAH GOOD

Good Mr. Noyes, I am no more a witch  
than you are a wizard!

(to the assembled  
magistrates)

And if you take away my life God  
will give you blood to drink.

NOYES

His will be done!

With a nod from the Chief Magistrate the horsemen tug the  
reins and the obedient horses hoof forward. The wagon bed  
below her feet narrows, leaving no purchase.

SARAH GOOD

As above, so below.

Each women steps into the warm summer air. A sudden gust  
bends the surrounding trees and five Ravens perched in a  
nearby oak take flight with mournful CAWs. Five bodies from  
the gallows sway.

The officials are satisfied with their work.

STOUGHTON

(to the sheriff)

The court thanks you, Sheriff Corwin.

CORWIN

Goodman Stoughton, 'tis the good  
people of Salem who owe thanks to  
you for exposing the devil among us.

NOYES

There hang five firebrands from hell.

STOUGHTON

The devil is on the run, Mr. Noyes.  
But come, there is more to be done.

INSERT MAIN TITLE:

THE CURSE OF SARAH GOOD

INSERT TITLE:

Salem, Massachusetts, October 1992

EXT. WITCH MUSEUM - DAY

The statue of Roger Conant, with his billowing cape and  
puritan hat, is an imposing presence outside the gothic church  
housing the Salem Witch Museum.

ANGLE ON PLAQUE

Roger Conant, founding father of the Naumkeag settlement, renamed Salem for "Shalom" or Peace, June 29, 1629.

Drifts of incendiary red-orange maple leaves line the street. A tour bus off-loads its cargo of thrill seekers in front of the museum. Conforming to the attire of rebellion, 19-year-old ZOE is black clad, clothes with zippers in all the wrong places accessorized with a spiked choker and black lipstick. She's pierced and tattooed. She guides the tourists inside.

ZOE

Right this way. The real story of the Salem Witch Hysteria. Check out our new exhibit, witch trials in America.

EXT. SALEM CITY HALL BUILDING - DAY

RALPH LELAND (late 40's) Mayor of Salem ascends the grey granite steps of this historic Greek Revival edifice. Oversized, manic, and smooth-talking Leland habitually gets his way. He's greeted by the officer on duty.

OFFICER PUTNAM

Good morning Mr. Mayor.

MAYOR LELAND

Right you are, Officer Putnam.

He vanishes inside.

EXT. LAYFAYETTE STREET, SALEM - DAY

ADAM, 18 years old, lopes up Layfayette St. He wears the costume of an 18th century pirate. His multiple piercings, tattoos, black fingernails, and matted hair fuses his true identity with his outfit. A Police cruiser matches his pace, Chief of Police LOU NOYES (late 30s) eyes him suspiciously. Adam yells to the open car window.

ADAM

I'm just hoofing to work.

The police car drives ahead. Adam dismisses it with a vulgar salute. As he crosses SALTENSTALL Elementary School, he gathers a mass of mucus and saliva and hawks a giant luggie on the carved granite school sign.

EXT. PIRATE MUSEUM - DAY

A brood of costumed revelers loiter in front of this storefront tourist trap. A woman with two heads poses with the statue of Capt. Hook. REBECCA PARIS, local reporter and photographer, snaps her photo.

REBECCA

Thanks.

TWO HEADED WOMAN

I'll be in tomorrow's paper?

REBECCA

Maybe. Thanks again.

Rebecca turns her attention to other possible subjects. Adam arrives. He takes one last long drag then stomps out his cigarette and cuts to the door.

TOURIST

Hey pal, there's a line here.

He eyeballs the man. A stout oaf cradling his three-year-old brat. Time to get to work.

ADAM

(menacingly theatrical)

Damn ye' friend. So precious is your position that every advantage you protect with word and deed? I care not for your customs nor the laws you cower in for protection. I am a free prince and to my own gain I have sworn allegiance. And in my freedom I will take what you have. For unlike you, no great stores do I possess. In want of everything and in possession of nothing, danger looms. Beware.

The tourist quakes. The three-year-old starts to sob. Adam breaks character.

ADAM (CONT'D)

I'm messing with you, man. Have a good time in there.

INT. MAYOR'S OFFICE - DAY

In the vacant reception area Leland fills a "witch city" mug from the industrial coffee service. He carries the brew into his private office. The fluorescent lights blink on casting a harsh unforgiving ambiance. Folders and papers litter every horizontal surface. Ancient Venetian blinds block the view onto the town below. Leland pries a finger between the slats and glances out.

LELAND'S POV

A grey morning. Halloween decorations adorn the slumbering stores. A public-works crew wrestles with refuse from last night's parties.

EXT. FIRST CHURCH OF SALEM - DAY

Several parishioners emerge from the gothic stone temple, shaking hands with the robed pastor. ALDERMAN JOHN STOUGHTON, (mid-60s) avoids the social gathering as he strides toward town. He passes the church's yard sign, it reads: "Today's Sermon: From Darkness to Light, A Christian Response to the Pagan Holiday. Today's film: The Occult: An Echo from Darkness."

INT. MAYOR'S OFFICE - DAY

One firm tug. The blinds rocket up percussively then skitter half way down as Leland recoils. Sitting on the ledge outside the window is a Raven, black as night. Its yellow eye probes the inner chamber.

There is a knock.

MAYOR LELAND

Come on inside.

Stoughton is weasely, shrewd, and filled with the righteousness of his convictions. He nudges the door lazily with his toe, leans within the frame and scans the contents of a folder.

STOUGHTON

I've been telling you, don't bank on the witches.

MAYOR LELAND

You've got the report.

STOUGHTON

30% below your target numbers.

Leland snatches the folder. Examines the contents.

MAYOR LELAND

The tourists aren't coming...

STOUGHTON

Why would HE reward unholy efforts...

MAYOR LELAND

...We're going to lose tax base...

STOUGHTON

...when we could be a beacon of righteousness.

MAYOR LELAND

...We're going to lose businesses.

STOUGHTON

Good. We shouldn't support the devil's work.

MAYOR LELAND

The good Christian people of Salem feed their families for half a year on what they make in October, John.

STOUGHTON

"Let no one be found among you who practices divination or sorcery, interprets omens, engages in witchcraft, or casts spells, or who is a medium or spiritualist or who consults the dead..."

MAYOR LELAND

It's all bogus anyway...

STOUGHTON

"...Anyone who does these things is detestable to the LORD." Deuteronomy 18, verse 9.

MAYOR LELAND

Spare me the scripture. The dedication tomorrow is about tolerance...

STOUGHTON

"Have no fellowship with the unfruitful works of darkness."

MAYOR LELAND

...About living together in peace.

STOUGHTON

It's one thing to honor the innocents who were killed, Ralph, it's another to promote Satanism to get re-elected.

MAYOR LELAND

Jesus, John.

STOUGHTON

There you go...

Saved by a knock on the door.

MAYOR LELAND

Come on in.

Chief Noyes is bullet proof in his crisp white shirt, grey flannel slacks and shiny black shoes. Tall and confident, he's a leader and knows it.



MAYOR LELAND (CONT'D)

Lou.

NOYES

Mr. Mayor. Alderman Stoughton.

MAYOR LELAND

What about tomorrow?

NOYES

Long memories, people in this town.

MAYOR LELAND

Nothing stays buried.

NOYES

But we're ready.

MAYOR LELAND

Media?

NOYES

Local papers mostly.

MAYOR LELAND

Why the hell isn't this a national story?

NOYES

Can't tell the same story for 300 years and keep it interesting.

MAYOR LELAND

They teach Salem in every school room in the country.

STOUGHTON

They should teach the ten commandments.

MAYOR LELAND

You're right, Lou. Salem needs a new story.

He squints through the blinds onto the empty streets below.

EXT. SALEM - DAY

Salem is deeply committed to Halloween. There are store front haunted houses, wax museums, and magic parlors.

EXT. SALEM STATE COLLEGE - EVENING

Students hasten between buildings on this brisk fall evening.

## EXT. SALEM STATE LECTURE HALL - EVENING

The marquee glows announcing tonight's public lecture -- Satan in Salem: The Salem Witch Trials. Prof. Jedidiah Zachery. A small knot of people crowd the doors.

## INT. SALEM STATE COLLEGE LECTURE HALL - EVENING

College students and community members sit in the dimmed lights of this worn but inviting lecture hall. On a riser in front is Professor Jedidiah Zachery, mid-thirties, confident, charismatic; his Bohemian style doesn't fit the academic stereotype. His lecture has the fire and brimstone energy of a Baptist preacher.

PROF. Z

It was the righteous against the devil; every day, everywhere.

Behind him large projections of the many representations of the devil.

PROF. Z (CONT'D)

The health and stability of the whole community was dependent on the morally correct behavior of each member of the settlement. Any one person could let the devil in.

The audience is transfixed.

PROF. Z (CONT'D)

These settlers are in constant fear of the Indians who they see as the army of Satan.

Prof. Z moves in front of the projection screen. Images of Indians as devil figures light up the screen and are mapped on Z's face and white shirt, giving him a demonic visage.

PROF. Z (CONT'D)

The beast, the dragon vs. Christ, the lamb, embodied in the community.

(pause)

It is in this context that tensions between the Village of Salem and the Town of Salem are cast. The town, prosperous and already being pulled toward a new more secular social structure threatens the stability of the conservative puritanical village.

## EXT. SALEM STATE COLLEGE LECTURE HALL - EVENING

Zoe paces expectantly by the front doors sucking on a smoke. Adam emerges from the shadow.

No longer a pirate, now just another goth Salem kid. Without a word he snatches her cigarette and draws a long drag.

ZOE

Late.

ADAM

Don't even. I'm howling about how I have to meet you and Boss-Blackbeard is spanking me about being on time. Fucking Kafka-esque.

Zoe reaches for her smoke but Adam pulls his arm away and Zoe falls forward into full body contact. Adam's plan but not what Zoe had in mind.

ADAM (CONT'D)

Thrilling to see you too.

ZOE

Let's just go in.

She takes her smoke back.

ADAM

Aren't you encyclopedic about this already?

ZOE

Jed has...

ADAM

Jed.

ZOE

...his own brilliant way of seeing things.

ADAM

How can you stand him?

ZOE

It'll be worth it. Come on.

Adam grabs the butt for one last drag.

ADAM

I hate him.

He drops the cigarette and crushes it out under his heel.

INT. SALEM STATE COLLEGE LECTURE HALL - EVENING

PROF. Z

... And so witchcraft becomes the only credible explanation. Occult evidence is used to jail over one hundred men, women and children. 19 who insist on their innocence are hung. One is pressed to death because he refuses to plead. Five, including an unnamed infant of Sarah Good, die in jail. What continues to fascinate us now, three hundred years later is the question -- who did Satan's work? Those that were convicted and executed, or those that carried out the aggressive prosecution?

The lights come up. Applause from the audience. Mayor Leland steps to the podium.

MAYOR LELAND

Thank you. Thank you Prof. Zachery.

Adam stands.

ZOE

Sit down.

ADAM

Professor?

PROF. Z

What is it, Adam.

ADAM

So you blame Satan for the whole thing in Salem?

PROF. Z

The whole thing. So insightful.

ADAM

You know what I mean.

PROF. Z

Were you even here?

ADAM

...People had nothing to do with it?

PROF. Z

To them it was Satan. But Satan's just a metaphor...

STOUGHTON  
That's where you're wrong.

PROF. Z  
Oh, God's word made flesh.

STOUGHTON  
Don't you blaspheme. Satan was here  
among the pagans then.

PROF. Z  
They were all Christians in Salem,  
John.

STOUGHTON  
On the gallows, Sarah Good, at the  
moment of her execution curses the  
magistrates, she says, "if you kill  
me you'll have blood to drink." And  
what happened...

INSERT TITLE: BEVERLY, Massachusetts, December 1717

EXT. BEVERLY CHURCH - DAY

Snow drifts against the granite head stones of this church-  
yard cemetery. Heavy boot traffic has reduced the snow to  
a path of compressed ice leading to the church door.

INT. CHURCH - DAY

Though 25 years older, Reverend Nicholas Noyes retains the  
vehemence of his earlier days. The congregation sits rigidly  
in the oppressive cold of the church house. Noyes, wet with  
perspiration, pontificates.

NOYES  
We must ask, "if Christ is a God of  
Mercy, why then will he enact judgment  
upon the wicked?" Can he not forgive?  
And the answer, good men and women,  
is Christ's mercy is reserved for  
the repentant. Those who stand  
arrogant and proud in their wickedness  
claiming the righteousness of God...

He pauses, staggers, and draws a deep breath.

NOYES (CONT'D)  
... in their wickedness of  
arrogance...

Blood is trickling out of his nose.

NOYES (CONT'D)  
...using God as an instrument of  
greed...

He coughs a great glob of blood into his handkerchief. He persists in his sermon.

NOYES (CONT'D)  
...Using God to human ends...

Blood fills and overflows his mouth. He sputters, coughs, collapses. Men rush to his aid...

NOYES (CONT'D)  
...are condemned.

He is dead.

STOUGHTON (V.O.)  
It is clear proof. Satan had his  
minions then...

BACK TO INT. SALEM STATE - NIGHT

STOUGHTON (CONT'D)  
...and you Wiccans are the servants  
of the devil now.

ADAM  
Convenient coincident for you zealots.  
The whole charade was a land grab...

STOUGHTON  
We should have finished the job 300  
years ago.

ZOE  
You can choke on those words.

STOUGHTON  
Your curses don't scare me.

ADAM  
They should.

PROF. Z  
People! This isn't personal.

ADAM  
Easy for you to say. Your great  
great whatever grandfather, Sheriff  
Corwin, lined his pockets with the  
property of the executed.

PROF. Z  
Accident of birth.

STOUGHTON

There are no accidents.

ZOE

You're right. You're right. There are no accidents. Everything has a cause but not necessarily one that we can identify, or see, or understand or even accept if we did understand it. Can't we all agree on that at least. More is going on than we have the ability to comprehend. Some things are a mystery. Not everything. But some things...

STOUGHTON

I give up! Pearls before swine.

PROF. Z

...All we can do in the end is tell a good story.

EXT. SALEM COMMON - NIGHT

Zoe strolls along the park's path as Adam zigzags on his bike.

ADAM

Just saying it doesn't make it come true.

ZOE

Sometimes it does.

ADAM

Maybe for you.

ZOE

Maybe she was a hereditary witch, you know, her grandmother in England was a healer or midwife or something.

They merge with a group of teenagers at the gazebo.

INT. BLACK CAT BAR - NIGHT

Mayor Leland drinks with a group of well dressed men at this local pub.

EXT. SALEM CITY COUNCIL BUILDING - NIGHT

Alderman Stoughton ascends the stone steps into the City Council Building.

INT. SALEM STATE COLLEGE LECTURE HALL - NIGHT

A custodian removes the detritus after the lecture as Prof. Zachery packs his leather briefcase with notes, slides and video tapes. REBECCA PARRIS, a middle-aged hippie-chick with a 35mm Nikon over her shoulder plods down to meet Zachery.

REBECCA

Hey Professor.

PROF. Z

Jed. Name's Jed.

REBECCA

If I could just take a shot Professor,  
for the piece in tomorrow's paper.

Zachery poses. Rebecca snaps a photo.

PROF. Z

Lots of passion in tonight's crowd.

REBECCA

Not what I'd call it.

PROF. Z

No?

Another photo.

REBECCA

It's a war.

PROF. Z

That's extreme don't you think?

REBECCA

"Politics mixed with Bloodshed."

PROF. Z

You're quoting Mao?

REBECCA

I'm staying out of the way.

EXT. PANTHEA'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Wind CHIMES rustle softly as Zoe, Adam, and two friends, MARY, and SID trudge onto the porch and inside Zoe's Mom's black colonial. Electric candles burn in the windows.

ZOE (O.S.)

(calling)

Hi Mom.



Lights flick on, spilling onto the street from the downstairs windows.

INT. SALEM CITY COUNCIL BUILDING - NIGHT

Light pours from an open office into the dim and deserted corridor of the City Council building. A figure moves about in the office, casting an animated shadow on the hallway floor.

Beethoven's "Ode to Joy" clicks off. The light is extinguished. The door pulled closed. A skeleton key twists in the lock, throwing the bolt with a loud CLICK.

Alderman Stoughton draws his coat around him, resisting a frosty draft. His footsteps reverberate on the cold marble floor as he turns to descend the stairs. On the bottom rung he sees a woman, dressed in Colonial garb, a noose coiled tight around her neck. Her face obscured by her bonnet. She inches her face toward his.

Stoughton's cell phone RINGS with extraordinary vigor. He opens his brief case and answers the offending phone.

STOUGHTON

Hello. Hello?

The CLICK at the other end confirms that there was a call.

INSERT ON PHONE

He menus to the last call and re-dials it.

BACK TO TOP OF THE STAIRS

Stoughton hears the THREE PART TONE indicating the call can't be completed. He looks down to the bottom of the staircase. There is no one there.

Stoughton hurries from the building.

EXT. SALEM CITY COUNCIL BUILDING - NIGHT

The crisp fall air brings Stoughton back to reality as he pauses outside the City Council building. Groups of costumed revelers mill about the city streets.

STOUGHTON

Dear Lord, why have you forsaken  
this town.

INT. PANTHEA'S HOUSE - BASEMENT - NIGHT

Zoe, Adam, MARY, and SID carry poster board, paints, brushes, newspaper, and wood strips down the stairs and into the basement. They start setting up to make posters.

MARY (18) is wide-eyed and fresh faced with the look of a medieval waif. SID has the grungy look of an urban bike messenger. He lights up a joint.

SID

Your mom won't care?

The joint gets passed.

ZOE

She's cool about what she doesn't know about.

MARY

She knows everything, that's the problem. She's got like X-ray vision.

ZOE

Like that time she knew I had a hickey even though I was wearing a turtle-neck.

ADAM

It was July.

ZOE

We had a cold spell.

ADAM

Yeah, it was like the ice age after that hickey.

ZOE

Shut up.

Each of them works on a poster.

ADAM

Why can't they be straight out: it was about power and greed. That's the only reason anyone ever kills anyone else. No matter how they've worked it out in their heads.

SID

To Power and Greed.

He lifts his beer and takes a sip. Adam lifts his can as well.

ADAM

Power and Greed.

MARY

Then there's revenge.

ADAM

Sweet.

Mary considers her poster.

MARY

Reparations or Restitution?

ZOE

Doesn't make any difference.

SID

Yeah, no one knows what either word means.

ZOE

No, I mean, we're not going to change anything by holding a few signs.

ADAM

We'll remind people we're still here.

ZOE

Can't you stop being such a victim?

ADAM

I'm no victim. Martha Carrier, my great great great whatever, she's the victim. They canceled her Christmas up on Proctor's Ledge.

ZOE

Stop it.

ADAM

Before she was stiff, they stripped her, put in her some old rags, and dumped her in the dirt.

ZOE

Shut up.

ADAM

There isn't even a grave. They just left her there for the buzzards to pick out her eyes...

ZOE

Shut up!

ADAM

And the killers, they end up with a fucking granite obelisk headstone and a manicured lawn with a view of the river. Corwin and Hathorn and Stoughton and Saltonstall.

SID

The golden eagles.

ADAM

Yeah, the town conveniently forgot he signed Bridget Bishop's death warrant.

ZOE

You can't change the past.

ADAM

You're high. The town sucks in all this cash from the execution. And who runs the town? The descendants of the killers.

SID

Justice at work.

ADAM

Some of that coin should come our way.

ZOE

Sometimes you have to accept things the way they are.

ADAM

No. No you don't. Witches don't believe that. You don't believe that.

Mary displays her completed poster, it reads, "JUSTICE WILL BE OURS"

EXT. GROVE OF MEMORY - DAY

Clouds hover thick, low, and cold, drenching the world in a wet fog. A small crowd shivers under umbrellas, anticipating the dedication of the Salem Witch Memorial -- a tribute to the men and women killed in 1692.

A few protesters line the periphery waving signs with slogans: "No Deals with the Devil;" "Witches are NOT welcome in Salem;" and "Accept Jesus -Save Your Soul."

Adam, Sid and Mary hold signs of their own. They read, "Restitution Now!" "Right the Wrong, Pay Up!" And "Justice is Ours!"

Prof. Z smokes a cigarette. Zoe spots him and they exchange a glance. Rebecca Parris snaps photos. Mayor Leland steps to the PA.

MAYOR LELAND

I'd like to welcome you on this solemn occasion. We're here to remember those innocents who were killed 300 years ago; to dedicate this memorial to their memory, and to unveil this marker.

ANGLE ON MARKER

The granite stone is covered with a red velvet veil. From above something falls onto the velvet cover and is absorbed. Now another. A drop of moisture from an overhead branch? A drop of blood? No one sees anything unusual.

MAYOR LELAND (CONT'D)

My dear friend, Panthea Talbot, Wiccan High-Priestess of the Elemental Coven, and the Official Witch of Salem, will give the benediction.

As she's introduced, "boos" from some of the protesters.

YOUNG SHEPARD

Thou shalt not suffer a witch to live!

MRS. SHEPARD

Accept Jesus!

MAYOR LELAND

Please. Please.

Panthea Talbot's jet black hair, dark purple eye makeup and long cloak mark her as a Wiccan High Priestess. Pentagram earrings dangle from her ears and a medallion hangs around her neck.

PANTHEA

We begin our gathering today by invoking the spirits, from the north, spirit of the earth -- the dust from which we are born and to which we return -- from the east, spirit of the air -- the knowledge and thought that informs our action -- from the south, spirit of fire -- the light and heat of transformation -- and from the west, spirit of water -- the intuition and wisdom of our emotions. May these spirits sanctify our space, allowing us to honor the dead, celebrate the living, and acknowledge the web of connections that binds together all of creation. Amen.

Mayor Leland steps back to the microphone.

MAYOR LELAND

It is now my pleasure to introduce  
our own Governor of Massachusetts:  
the honorable Putnam H. Towne.

GOVERNOR TOWNE

Thank you Mayor Leland, Ms. Talbot,  
and thanks to you the people of Salem  
who are here today to dedicate this  
monument...

The Governor unveils the marker, tossing the cover aside.  
It flops at Zoe's feet like a wet dish rag. The Governor's  
handkerchief stains red as he wipes his wet hands.

GOVERNOR TOWNE (CONT'D)

...As you know, all but five of the  
victims of the Salem witch hysteria  
have already been exonerated.

ZOE'S POV

Red fluid seeps from the veil. She reaches down and gives  
it a squeeze. It runs red.

GOVERNOR TOWNE (CONT'D)

Now in 1992 comes time for the final  
five. An so, by the power vested in  
me as governor of the Commonwealth  
of Massachusetts...

Zoe picks up the veil, showing it to Mary. She gives it a  
squeeze. Mary catches some of the fluid, smells it. Zoe  
touches her finger to her tongue.

GOVERNOR TOWNE (CONT'D)

...I hereby rescind the convictions  
of Bridget Bishop, Alice Parker,  
Margaret Scott, Susannah Martin, and  
Wilmott Redd, exonerating them of  
all charges and proclaiming them  
innocent of the crime of witchcraft  
for which they gave their lives...

Whispering to Mary.

ZOE

It's blood.

GOVERNOR TOWNE

...May they rest in peace; and may  
God have mercy on the souls of all  
those who were swept up in the wave  
(MORE)

GOVERNOR TOWNE (CONT'D)  
of fear that gripped our land 300  
years ago.

Applause follow the Governor's comments. Rebecca Parris snaps photos, the lightening-bolt flash illuminates the faces of the dignitaries.

MARY  
What?

Mary also touches her finger to her tongue.

ZOE  
(louder so that the  
dignitaries can hear)  
The cover, it's wet with blood.

The crowd hushes. A drop of blood hits the marker with a small SPLAT, then another. Adam and Sid trace the drop's path up. The Governor scans upward as does Prof. Z. Nothing is visible in the mist. Mayor Leland eyes the crowd. Rebecca continues to snap photos. Through her viewfinder she sees something in the locust tree canopy. She snaps a photo -- the flash catches the source of the dripping blood: The body of Alderman Stoughton, hanging from a high branch. Blood flows from the corner of his mouth, down his chin, and drips onto the monument below.

Mary screams. Pandemonium.

NOYES  
Don't let anyone leave.

Two dark suits whisk the Governor away. The crowd surges in for a look. Adam and Sid slip away through the cemetery.

NOYES (CONT'D)  
(to the officers)  
Get names.

OFFICER PUTNAM  
Right Chief.

The Governor's motorcycle escort comes to life with light flashing and sirens blaring. It speeds away from the chaos.

YOUNG SHEPARD  
(to Noyes)  
Those Satan Kids...The ones with the  
signs.

OFFICER PUTNAM  
Hey!

ADAM

(to Sid)

Don't turn around. Don't run.

OFFICER PUTNAM

You boys...with the signs.

They keep walking through the grave yard.

YOUNG SHEPARD

They're getting away.

(calling to others)

Come on!

The three Christian Protesters take off after Sid and Adam. Young Shepard is an athletic, clean-cut 18 year old. The other protesters are his mother and father. The officer calls after them.

OFFICER PUTNAM

Hold on there.

Noyes stops him.

NOYES

Let 'em go. I know where to find  
all of them. Let's get to work.

Rebecca snaps a final photo of Noyes in command. She breaks away from the crowd.

Panthea, Zoe, and Mary stand arm in arm looking on in silence.

EXT. GRAVEYARD - DAY

Adam and Sid vault headstones to escape pursuit.

YOUNG SHEPARD

Stop!

MRS. SHEPARD

Murderers!

Sid and Adam cut into an alley, fly around a corner, and dead end behind the Pirate Museum. Adam dashes to the back door, bangs on it. Nothing. He fumbles with a ring of keys. Sid rips the poster board off the wooden shaft of his sign. As his pursuer rounds the corner Sid swings hard and low, catching him just above the ankles.

SID

Love Thy Neighbor!

The boy goes flying, crash-landing in a pile of trash bags. Mom races to check on her fallen son.



Adam frantically searches for

**THE KEY.**

Dad advances on Sid, swinging his "Finish the Job" sign.  
Sid parries with his staff.

ADAM  
We're in!

Sid scrambles backwards to the door with the whole family  
now in pursuit. Adam is inside the doorway urging him on.

ADAM (CONT'D)  
Come On!

Sid slips inside. Using the wooden pole like a pike, he  
pushes his foe backward and the two boys slam the door closed.

INT. PIRATE MUSEUM - DAY

ADAM  
This way.

EXT. PIRATE MUSEUM - DAY

The Protesters sprint to the front of the building, cut the  
line, and burst inside.

INT. PIRATE MUSEUM LOBBY - DAY

Crashing through the lobby they barge into the exhibit hall.

OWNER  
Oi! Yous need a ticket.

INT. PIRATE MUSEUM EXHIBIT HALL - CONTINUOUS

The protesters burst into a re-creation of the Salem Harbor  
of olden days. Wax figures glorify 18th century pirate life.  
In the tavern diorama, among the life-sized wax figures,  
Adam and Sid, in full pirate costume, stare with defocused  
gaze and shallow breath.

YOUNG SHEPARD  
They're in here.

MRS. SHEPARD  
Over there.

The burly owner, flanked by two Hell's Angels security dudes  
confront the crashers.

OWNER  
Time to go.

MRS. SHEPARD

There are murderers in here.

OWNER

They's pirates, they's all murderers.  
Now shag off!

The Hell's Angels escort the family away.

OWNER (CONT'D)

Boys?

Adam and Sid relax.

OWNER (CONT'D)

Let's have it.

EXT. SALEM GROVE OF MEMORY - DAY

A police tape barrier blocks access to the memorial. The morning mist has lifted, blown by the light wind. Detectives work the scene. The distinct WHIR of a hydraulic scissor lift drowns all conversation. Eyes shift to the basket's ascent -- first contact with the lifeless body of Alderman Stoughton. Leaves fall from nearby oaks, riding the wind. Two men from the coroner's office retrieve the body. Rebecca Parris snaps photos.

The mayor looks on. She frames him in her viewfinder and takes his picture. He acknowledges her, then turns away.

EXT. SALEM COMMON - DAY

A Peter Pan Tour bus farts to a halt on the perimeter of the Salem Common, a stream of tourists flooding the street.

Adam, Zoe, Mary and Sid huddle on the steps of the massive stone Gazebo in the center of the park. Sid sucks on a cigarette blowing perfect smoke-rings.

ADAM

We should stick together, especially  
at night.

SID

Watch each other's backs.

ZOE

I'm just walking home from work.

ADAM

I'll be there at 8:30.

ZOE

No. You don't have to.

ADAM  
Zoe, Stoughton just got toasted...

ZOE  
Don't look so happy.

ADAM  
...and there's a bible thumping mob  
who wants to pin it on us.

Rebecca Parris crosses the Common. Suspicious eye-contact  
connects her with the town kids. She makes the first move.

REBECCA  
Hey.  
Just looks in return.

REBECCA (CONT'D)  
You were at the lecture last night.

ZOE  
Yeah.

REBECCA  
And the dedication this morning.

ZOE  
So.

REBECCA  
And you guys had signs.

SID  
And you're the cub reporter who's  
going to break this thing wide open.  
Whatever that means.

MARY  
You and your pictures.

ZOE  
What's the story about?

REBECCA  
What are those signs about?

ADAM  
Self explanatory, I'd say.

REBECCA  
I'm not as smart as you.

SID  
Clever ploy.

REBECCA  
Maybe you could help me out.

ADAM  
Some people gained a lot when the  
Salem witches were killed. Others  
lost a lot.

MARY  
Power and greed.

REBECCA  
So killing Stoughton is payback?

ADAM  
An eye for an eye.

MARY  
You're not quoting the bible!

ZOE  
He doesn't mean that.

ADAM  
It wasn't us.

REBECCA  
What else would you say?

ZOE  
That I know who it is.

REBECCA  
Tell the police.

ZOE  
It was Sarah Good's curse.

REBECCA  
I don't write fiction.

ZOE  
Stoughton was talking about it last  
night. You were there.

ADAM  
Blood was dripping from his mouth.

REBECCA  
He was hung for Christ's sake.

ADAM  
So were 19 innocent people.  
Stoughton's a direct descendent --  
he was cursed.

ZOE

He was cursed.

MARY

It's the 300 year anniversary.

SID

It's the curse.

REBECCA

There's no curse. Just a lame ghost story. How is the specter of Sarah Good supposed to get a guy up a tree?

ZOE

By getting him to climb up, slipping into a coil of rope, and jumping.

REBECCA

You're whacked.

MARY

Stranger things have happened.

ADAM

Hey, you started talking to us.

SID

So we started talking.

ZOE

Not our fault you don't listen.

EXT. SALEM STREET - DAY

Mayor Leland shuffles along Washington Street, vision turned inward. Disrupting his somnambulance Prof. Z greets him. Z holds an enormous coffee "to go" cup.

PROF. Z

Mr. Mayor.

MAYOR LELAND

Professor.

PROF. Z

Bit of a daze? Need a sip?

MAYOR LELAND

There's no bean strong enough.

Z slips a small silver flask from his inner coat pocket and flashes the mayor.

PROF. Z

Juice of the grain then?

MAYOR LELAND

Thanks Jed.

He takes a nip.

MAYOR LELAND (CONT'D)

This morning.

PROF. Z

Horrific.

MAYOR LELAND

Do you think it could be?

PROF. Z

What?

MAYOR LELAND

What I'm hearing. That it, it's a haunting. The curse of Sarah Good.

PROF. Z

Good rumor for the magic business.

MAYOR LELAND

And what's good for the magic business is good for both of us.

PROF. Z

There's no curse, Mr. Mayor. Just like there were no witches. I'm living proof.

EXT. REBECCA PARRIS' HOUSE - DAY

Rebecca bolts through the Halloween yard ornaments to her front door.

INT. REBECCA PARRIS' HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

She dashes inside, down the hall, and into a bathroom that she's converted into a photographic darkroom. The door closes wiping the frame to black.

INT. DARK ROOM - DAY

The enlarger light clicks on and then off. Rebecca slips a piece of white paper into a chemical bath. An image emerges. It's Alderman Stoughton, suspended in the Locust tree. She slips it out of the chemical bath, dunks it in clear water, and clothes-pins it on a line filled with images of the hanging man.

EXT. WITCH MUSEUM - NIGHT

Zoe emerges from the arched doors of the Witch Museum. She stands for a moment looking about expectantly, chilled in the night air. Adam doesn't appear. She sets off on foot, crossing the street into the Salem Common.

EXT. SALEM COMMON - NIGHT

Adam hides in the shadows, watching Zoe as she makes her way home.

INT. PANTHEA'S HOUSE CEREMONY ROOM - NIGHT

Panthea strikes a small bell nine times. A circle of people surround her.

PANTHEA

Gather sisters and brothers, peace  
be to you all. Come spirits of the  
earth,

She sprinkles salt on the alter.

PANTHEA (CONT'D)

Air,

She blows onto a chalice filled with incenses sending fragrant smoke across the alter.

PANTHEA (CONT'D)

Fire,

She lights a candle from the candles that are already burning and sets it on the alter.

PANTHEA (CONT'D)

And water.

She takes a small bowl and leafy twig and sprinkles water around the outside of the alter.

PANTHEA (CONT'D)

Hail and welcome universal powers of  
north, south, east and west.

THE COVEN

Hail and Welcome.

PANTHEA

With love do we enter and bind this  
circle.

Panthea brandishes a ceremonial dagger overhead and walks the edge of the circle then steps to the center.

## PANTHEA (CONT'D)

Tonight we ask the spirits for protection from the hatred and ill intent that is focused on our community. And we call out to any spirit of the past who was innocent in life and a victim of the hysteria that gripped Salem 300 years ago, to cease wandering, to follow your guide to the tunnel of light. Focus now everyone on peace. Peace to every restless spirit that moves between our world and the world beyond the veil. Let an aura of peace grow from you -- surrounding you in peace, merging with those around you. So mote it be.

## THE COVEN

So mote it be.

The coven stands with eyes closed. Zoe, as a priestess speaks from inside the circle.

## ZOE

We invite the spirits of protection. Shield us from suspicion and accusations. So mote it be.

## THE COVEN

So mote it be.

Panthea and Zoe lead the group in a melodic chant.

## THE COVEN (CONT'D)

Ah-oh-eh.

The trance deepens as the witches focus their intent. Suddenly a brick CRASHES through the window, a car SCREECHES away. Screaming and confusion replaces the melody.

## PANTHEA

Do Not Break the Circle! Calm.

Panthea regains everyone's focus.

## PANTHEA (CONT'D)

To the all this is our wish: peace, and harmony on earth and among the spirits. So Mote it Be!

## COVEN

So mote it be.

Silence. Panthea moves to the center of the circle holding a chalice filled with wine.



PANTHEA

Thanks to the spirit guardians who  
bring peace and protection. Now  
drink.

The brick sits among the broken glass -- scrawled on the  
side -- "Thou Shalt Not Suffer a Witch to Live." Panthea  
takes a sip, then hands the chalice to Zoe who tastes it.

INT. BACK STREET COFFEE HOUSE - DAY

Zoe sips black coffee without taking her eyes from "A Complete  
Guide to Magic and Ritual." A pile of other magic and  
witchcraft books rest on the table. Back Street is a local  
dive, unknown to the tourist riffraff. Attempts to make it  
"artsy," and "funky," highlight its shabbiness. Prof. Z  
comes in for his daily dose, taking in the room and spotting  
Zoe instantly. He grabs a mug and pours himself coffee.

PROF. Z

Zoe.

ZOE

Hi Jed.

PROF. Z

You and your boyfriend helped spice  
things up at the lecture.

ZOE

He's not my boyfriend.

He sits at her table.

PROF. Z

HE thinks he's your boyfriend.

ZOE

Everyone sees what they want to see.

PROF. Z

When you fuck someone they develop  
feelings for you.

ZOE

I can't control how other people  
feel.

PROF. Z

You can control who you fuck.

ZOE

Can I?

Her "what about you" look shuts him up.

ZOE (CONT'D)

How much do you know about Sarah Good?

PROF. Z

Not you too.

ZOE

There's something to it, right?

PROF. Z

No, there isn't.

ZOE

She swore revenge at the moment of her death.

PROF. Z

You'll forgive her, she was a little upset.

ZOE

It's real. There's some supernatural manifestation...

Prof. Z flashes the front page of the Salem newspaper.  
"Stoughton Slain at Ceremony."

PROF. Z

No. There's a woman weeping tonight because the man she loves isn't in her bed. Some spirit didn't make her a widow. A person did. Flesh and blood. That's what's real.

ZOE

Ok, ok. But you know about her, about Sarah Good. She wasn't just some regular puritan woman, was she?

PROF. Z

That's exactly what she was.

ZOE

No. Stoughton was right, when he told that story, she really was a witch.

PROF. Z

She's no more a witch than I am a wizard.

ZOE

I don't believe you.

PROF. Z  
Look for yourself.

ZOE  
That's an invitation?

PROF. Z  
You've always had one.

EXT. BACK STREET COFFEE HOUSE - DAY

Zoe slips out the door into the Back Street alleyway. Prof. Z follows. Adam, in his pirate work clothes, spies them as they leave. He watches as they snake between buildings merging with the costumed revelers parading on the main drag.

EXT. SALEM - DAY

Zoe and Prof. Z fight the pedestrian flow, weaving onto a residential street of stately Victorians, now carved into condos.

EXT. PROF. Z'S HOUSE BOAT - DAY

Salem Harbor is mostly work-horse fishing and lobstering boats by autumn. A few leftover yachts and day sailers bob in the steal gray water.

Looming over this bucolic scene is the massive Salem Power Plant. Beacons strobe irregularly from its two 400 foot tall chimneys. A four story high mountain of black coal feeds the burners inside.

Zoe and Prof. Z walk the plank onto Z's house boat.

INT. PROF. Z'S HOUSE BOAT - DAY

A neat library fills the main cabin of the boat. Zoe browses the shelves. Many are authored by Zachery.

ZOE  
This boat should sink with all these books.

PROF. Z  
It's physics, not magic.

ZOE  
Magic is understanding nature, just like science.

PROF. Z  
Not the same thing.

ZOE  
Ok, more like engineering. Magic  
works on solving a specific problem.

PROF. Z  
Like floating.

ZOE  
If she floats, she's a witch.

PROF. Z  
So cunning.

ZOE  
What have you got?

PROF. Z  
Whatever you're looking for...

ZOE  
Oh please Jed. That might have worked  
when I was 15...

PROF. Z  
...Genealogies, court transcripts,  
letters...

ZOE  
Oh.

PROF. Z  
What are you looking for?

ZOE  
A clue.  
(off his look)  
Come on. Where should I start?

He pulls several volumes from the shelf.

PROF. Z  
The arrest warrant. Then the trial  
transcript.

He opens one of the leather bound books and flips to find  
the important page. Zoe adores him.

ZOE  
You used to help me with my homework.

PROF. Z  
The fate of empires rests on the  
education of the young.

ZOE  
You taught me a lot. Everything you  
did, it will all come back to you.

She tenderly places her hand on his.

PROF. Z  
Start here.

EXT. POLICE STATION - DAY

Rebecca Parris strides toward the door with a large envelope  
under her arm.

INT. POLICE STATION - CONTINUOUS

A "visitor" badge hangs around her neck as Noyes leads her  
into his office. She thrusts the envelope into his hand.

REBECCA  
I brought these.

Noyes examines the photos, Rebecca hovers over his shoulder.  
Stoughton shrouded in mist with what looks like hands closing  
around him.

NOYES  
Strange how the fog affects the  
shadows.

REBECCA  
Those aren't shadows. Here, look at  
this one.

In this print the fog seems to take the shape of a ghostly  
skull behind Stoughton as he hangs.

NOYES  
Kind of a double exposure here.

REBECCA  
You see exactly what's there.

NOYES  
Photo manipulation plain and simple.

REBECCA  
I'll bring the negatives.

NOYES  
What are you trying to hide?

REBECCA  
I'm a reporter.

NOYES

Who are you trying to protect?

REBECCA

I'm out for the truth no matter how impossible it might seem.

NOYES

That so. Well Ms. Parris, then we're on the same side, for now.

INT. Z'S HOUSE BOAT - DAY

On an upper deck overlooking Salem Harbor, Zoe and Prof. Z stand, sharing a joint. A huge Mexican blanket encircles their shoulders. The hot exhaust plume from the power plant hits the cool air and condense into a billowing white ribbon streaming skyward. Z turns Zoe toward him and kisses her. With a note of sadness she submits. Z wraps them both in the boldly colored blanket.

INSIDE

Zoe and Z both naked, cuddle together under the Mexican blanket.

EXT. DEAD HORSE BEACH - SUNSET

The sun sets over Collin's Cove, a thumb-smudge of water pressed into Salem. Zoe and Z sit on the wall at Dead Horse Beach watching the play of pale light on the water. Zoe leans over and takes a drag off of Z's cigarette. She hands it back to him as she stands.

ZOE

I have to go.

PROF. Z

OK.

ZOE

We're open late tonight.

PROF. Z

I know. More research tomorrow?

ZOE

Ok. Bye.

She walks up the hill.

PROF. Z

Bye.

Prof. Z stays on, smoking. Satisfied.

Beach sand GRINDS under the footfalls of someone coming up the sidewalk.

ADAM

Well what a surprise! Prof. Jedidiah Zachery as I live and breath.

PROF. Z

Adam.

ADAM

What's this? Taking in a romantic sunset all by the lonesome.

PROF. Z

I don't have a juvenile need to always be with someone.

ADAM

No, you have a pathetic middle-aged need to always be with a juvenile.

He steals a cigarette from Z's pack and lights up, defiantly sitting down next to him.

ADAM (CONT'D)

Leave her alone.

PROF. Z

She's over 18.

ADAM

Card her before you roll her?

PROF. Z

Beautiful sunset, don't you think?

He puts his arm paternally around Adam's shoulders.

ADAM

Get off, fag.

PROF. Z

Reminds me that the earth spins its way around the sun, unfeeling, uncaring, unalterable, billions, maybe trillions of days and nights gone by. You and me, we come, we go, makes no difference. What we do, makes no difference. Still, here we are, might as well enjoy ourselves. Now don't go ruining my lovely sunset. Get on your cute little bike and go play with your friends.

ADAM

The curse is for real.

PROF. Z

Woo.

ADAM

Zoe knows it.

PROF. Z

Does she?

ADAM

She didn't tell you?

PROF. Z

Her mouth wasn't available for talking.

ADAM

Fucking Incubus. Time to even the score.

PROF. Z

Sorry Adam, you're not in my will.

Adam throws the butt in the beach sand and walks away. He calls back.

ADAM

Watch your back, Professor.

PROF. Z

(more to himself)

Touching your concern.

EXT. WITCH MUSEUM - NIGHT

Adam hides in the shadow of the Roger Connent statue spying on the witch museum. The door opens, flooding light into the October night. Zoe emerges. Adam watches her walk across the street and into the common. Then he speeds off on his bike around the outside of the park.

EXT. SALEM - NIGHT

Adam slows to a stop, hops off and stows his bike. He finds a hiding place behind a huge hedge and calms his breathing. Zoe turns the corner and walks by, unaware. Adam watches her go by.

EXT. PANTHEA'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Zoe steps to the front door and lets herself in. Adam observes from the shadows. He surveys the outside of the house.



A light spills from a second floor window, evidence of Zoe's presence. Adam positions himself in the street, ready to launch a stone at Zoe's window when the front door opens.

PANTHEA

(welcoming)

Adam, it's ok, come on in. I can't afford to fix another broken window.

He hops up the steps behind her.

ADAM

Busted.

INT. ZOE'S HOUSE - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Panthea calls up.

PANTHEA

Zoe! Adam's here.

ZOE (O.S.)

I'll be right down.

Panthea tunes in on Adam.

PANTHEA

Wait, let me look at you. You're troubled, your aura is contracted. Is it the murder?

ADAM

No. Payback if you ask me.

PANTHEA

Adam!

ADAM

You think curses are real, don't you Ms. Talbot?

PANTHEA

Yes, but it's complicated...I'll make some tea, we'll talk.

Zoe comes around the corner of the stairs.

ADAM

Killer.

ZOE

Hey. I just got home. Come on up.

PANTHEA (O.S.)  
(calling from the  
kitchen)  
I'm making tea.

ZOE  
OK, Mom, we'll be down in a minute.

Adam stays at the bottom of the stairs.

ADAM  
What's shakin'r?

ZOE  
Everyone's talking about...

She turns to go upstairs but Adam doesn't follow.

ADAM  
I mean with you? What's going on  
with you? Like the highlights.

ZOE  
Went to work. You know.

ADAM  
Yeah I do know. Before work?

ZOE  
I don't know, reading mostly. Adam,  
there really is a curse, you know, a  
real curse. With the power to infect  
people in our world. To act on behalf  
of that disturbed soul. I was reading  
about astral disturbances and fissures  
between different planes of reality.  
And then I read some of the original  
material about Sarah Good, she had  
this powerful intent, a kind of fore-  
knowing about what would happen to  
the people who killed her...

Zoe's slowly working her way down to him.

ADAM  
Impressive. You spent all day  
reading?

ZOE  
People are throwing bricks through  
the window.

ADAM  
Reading in Zachery's private library  
is sure to protect all of us.

ZOE

What are you doing?

ADAM

What are you doing?

ZOE

What I want to do.

ADAM

Fucking Zachery?

From off screen the sound of a WHISTLING tea kettle.

ZOE

(glancing in the  
direction of the  
kitchen)

Shut up!

ADAM

He's a soul sucking vampire dressed  
up for polite company.

ZOE

I know what you think about him.

ADAM

With good reason.

ZOE

If it harm none...

ADAM

You don't know that.

ZOE

...Do what thou will.

ADAM

You don't know who knows.

ZOE

So. I'm not hurting you...

ADAM

I'm not thinking about me.

ZOE

We're not 15 anymore. I don't need  
protection from him.

ADAM

He's a skulking reptile. He's a  
ravenous jackal.

(MORE)

ADAM (CONT'D)

Spawn of an opportunistic villain  
armed with the power of the state.  
His great great great whatever got  
away with killing people and pocketing  
their property. It's in his fiber,  
this idea that he can take whatever  
he wants, have whoever he wants,  
without answering to anyone.

ZOE

It's different. I'm not a child. I  
want him. Sometimes I want a man to  
be with. Even if he's a bad man.  
Because he's a bad man.

ADAM

Too many bad men in this world.

ZOE

I know you're not one of them.

ADAM

You don't know shit.

PANTHEA

(from the kitchen)

Tea's ready.

Adam steps to the front door.

ADAM

(calling back)

Thanks Ms. Talbot.

(to Zoe)

I'm gone.

Adam mounts his little bike, and peddles away. Panthea and  
Zoe stand in the doorway.

ZOE

Adam. Don't go!

PANTHEA

Adam!

ZOE

Mom.

They watch Adam disappear into the night. The wind chimes  
are still and silent.

EXT. BLACK CAT CLUB - NIGHT

A cluster of smokers cleave to the entrance of this local  
pub. Costumed figures flow in and out.

Electro-Acoustic Irish music leaks out every time the door opens.

Z stands apart from the group sucking the last drag from his butt. Across the street he sees a woman dressed in a colonial costume. There is a noose around her neck. He's mesmerized.

PROF. Z

Ow. Damn.

Z drops the cigarette and shakes his burnt fingers. He grinds out the offending ember with his boot. When he looks up, the woman is gone. Pulling his coat close against the cold, Z treks toward the Common.

EXT. SALEM COMMON - NIGHT

Costumed figures move in and out of the shadows, their laughter and conversations ride the night air blending into an uneasy concerto.

Z increases his pace as he cuts through the park. ALEX and a pair of "droogies," from A Clockwork Orange stride behind him whistling "ode to joy."

Z's POV/Reverse POV as he scans the scene, his anxiety evident. A woman emerges from the shadows...she's walking her dog. The "droogies," are getting closer, singing, "Singing in the Rain."

Z takes a right turn toward the water and the hoodlums keep going straight. A moment of relief. Then he sees her again, the "hung woman." He takes off running.

EXT. POWER PLANT - NIGHT

Z squeezes between panels of chain link fence into the Power Plant yard. He races across the expansive parking lot.

Cutting to the back of the plant he rounds a towering pile of coal, pauses and struggles for breath. There is no pursuer in sight. All is quiet. He is safe.

From out of the darkness a stone crash-lands into the coal pile next to Z's resting place. Others meteor down in close succession. Z probes the darkness. What's going on?

Emerging from the shadows a coal conveyor sets up directly over him. Soft-ball sized coal chunks rain down. Covering his head he zigzags, but can't avoid being pummeled.

Staggering, wounded, he sinks to his knees. He spots a small plywood plank. Crawling through the coal hailstorm he shields himself under the board. The percussive impact is terrifying. He can't bear the weight of the mineral piling onto the board.

He's pinned. Gasping for air, no breath comes to him. With a sickening CRACK, his ribs shatter, blood spurting from his mouth. Professor Jedidiah Zachery is dead.

EXT. POWER PLANT - MORNING

The sun breaks clear and cold on this windless day. The power plant reflects in the still waters of Collins Cove like Monet's Water Lilies. Plumes of super hot gases billow straight up from the smokestacks.

A house sized power shovel ladles furnace-destined coal into the bucket conveyor. Prof. Z's twisted and bloated body dumps from the scoop and rides the long slow beltway towards annihilation.

The electrical HUM of the conveyor drops in frequency as it slows to stop. ALARMS, sound, piercing the early morning tranquility.

INT. ZOE'S ROOM - MORNING

The ALARM from the power plant wakes Zoe.

INT. BACK STREET COFFEE SHOP - DAY

Police Chief Noyes waits patiently in line behind a hungover Frankenstein hunk arguing with a tattered Mummy girl. His radio crackles to life.

FRANKENSTEIN

The mummy didn't need to eat. He was already dead.

DISPATCH

Base to Broom One.

NOYES

Broom One.

DISPATCH

284 call came in from the power plant. You need to get over there.

NOYES

Copy.

He steps out of line and goes to the front. The attendant waits on him.

NOYES (CONT'D)

Large, black, extra sweet.  
(to the line)

Sorry, seems like a real dead guy showed up.

EXT. POWER PLANT - DAY

DEAD PROF. Z'S POV:

The hardened faces of Noyes and the Coroner sunlit against a blue sky. A ZIPPER wipes the image to black.

BACK TO SCENE

The coroner finishes zipping the body bag. Police and detectives swarm over the scene. Statements being taken. Notes made. Evidence gathered. Noyes sips his coffee.

The coroner snaps off his examination gloves.

CORONER

Wrong place at the wrong time that's for sure.

A camera flash announces Rebecca Parris' arrival.

NOYES

(to Parris)

You going to add some evil spirit looking down at us like last time?

REBECCA

Funny?

NOYES

Maybe there's a face in the smoke.

REBECCA

Who's in the bag?

NOYES

Professor Jedidiah Zachery.

REBECCA

Get out.

NOYES

We need the official identification, so that's not for print.

REBECCA

I'll wait. Who's next of kin?

NOYES

Panthea Talbot.

(off her look)

Ex-wife. You didn't know?

REBECCA

Strange match.

NOYES

Is there any other kind?

REBECCA

Do I report this as a murder?

NOYES

Accident. There was a coal shipment sitting on that barge. The plant was waiting for the wind to come down to off load. Regulations say they can't move the coal if the wind is above 5 MPH because the dust blows into the neighborhood. It's been sitting here for a couple of days and it was costing them to hold it, so last night when the wind died down they started moving this pile. The Professor lives down in his boat. Seems like Zachery took a bad short-cut home.

REBECCA

Is there a connection between Zachery and Stoughton?

NOYES

In your pretty little head.

REBECCA

Two days and two men dead.

NOYES

I said this is looking like an accident to me.

REBECCA

Both descendants from witch trial magistrates.

NOYES

Half the town claims they're descended from the witches and the other half from the judges. It doesn't mean anything.

REBECCA

When was the last time two people died like this in the same week?

NOYES

Well Miss Parris...

REBECCA

Rebecca.



NOYES

I'm no historian, Rebecca, but I guess that'd be 300 years ago.

REBECCA

That's an interesting story, now isn't it? Sure to get the town a lot of attention.

EXT. SALEM STREET/ INT. MAYOR'S CAR - DAY

Mayor Leland and Noyes drive through town.

NOYES

Worse part of my job, telling next of kin.

MAYOR LELAND

You've never had to kiss babies. Smelly, sticky, bundles of infection. Why people throw babies at politicians, its baffling. Here we go.

NOYES

Thanks for doing this Ralph.

MAYOR LELAND

I knew her long before she was Panthea. Before Jed. I owe it to her.

EXT. THE CHALICE MAGICK SHOP - DAY

Diagonal on the corner of two well-traveled streets, this modest black shop draws the initiated and the curious. A security guard stands near the doorway as a line of well-groomed picketers shuffle back and forth on the sidewalk with anti-witch signs.

An official car pulls up in front. Mayor Leland and Chief Noyes pass the protesters and step inside.

YOUNG SHEPARD

Magic is the work of Satan.

MRS. SHEPARD

The End is Near.

The SHOUTS of the protesters continue over images in the Magick Shop.

INT. THE CHALICE MAGICK SHOP - CONTINUOUS

Mayor Leland supports Panthea who is visibly shocked and shaken by the unwelcome news.

YOUNG SHEPARD (V.O.)

Accept Jesus.

Zoe sits in a small curtained area at a table with a spread of tarot cards. She hears the wailing of her mother and rushes to her.

MRS. SHEPARD (V.O.)

Repent Now.

The Mayor and the Chief explain. Zoe collapses in tears.

MR. SHEPARD (V.O.)

Cast out the witches.

Noyes turns the "Open" sign to "Closed."

YOUNG SHEPARD (V.O.)

Give up your Evil Ways.

Panthea yells at Zoe, stabbing a finger in the air. Zoe sobs.

PROTESTER #4 (V.O.)

It's not too late to Finish the Job.

EXT. THE CHALICE MAGICK SHOP - DAY

The Mayor and Noyes lead Panthea from the shop, past the now silent protesters, and into the waiting car. Zoe follows, refusing to get in. Panthea tries to pull her, but she resists. The car pulls away with Zoe doubled over crying on the curb. Young Shepard tentatively puts his arm around the grief-stricken girl. She turns into his shoulder and weeps.

EXT. PROF. Z'S HOUSE BOAT - DAY

Still distraught, Zoe approaches the landing. She spots Adam's bike. He's waiting for her on the deck.

ZOE

Come to party?

She joins him on board.

ADAM

I got no buckets for our dear departed.

ZOE

That's cold.

ADAM

Returned three-fold if you ask me.

ZOE

He was my step-father.

ADAM

He was a good daddy alright.

ZOE

He's the only father I had.

ADAM

But he's not what you wanted. Or needed. Or deserved. I know you. You think he's godly but deep down you know he wasn't. I didn't track you to tear him down. I came to stand up for you.

ZOE

'K. He didn't deserve it.

ADAM

No. 'Course not.

ZOE

He cared about me.

ADAM

Sure he did. And you cared for him in a Stockholm syndrome kind of way.

ZOE

Shut up.

ADAM

And no good's going to come from him being offed.

ZOE

He believed me, about Sarah Good. He let me use his library. That's why I was here. You have to help me. Can't you feel it?

ADAM

Sure I can.

ZOE

People are afraid. Of us. It's an infection. A brick through our window and people yelling slogans is going to seem polite. More people are going to die. And they're going to blame our kind. It's going to end with fire and screams if we don't do something.

ADAM  
Zoe, don't freak.

ZOE  
I've got to make contact with the  
spirit of Sarah Good. She can tell  
me how to stop this.

ADAM  
Tell us. She can tell us.

ZOE  
We have to make contact by Samhain --  
when the worlds of the living and  
the dead touch. We have to stop  
this by Halloween or we may not be  
able to reach her -- by then it's  
going to be the Salem Witch Trials  
take two.

INT. DARK ROOM - DAY

A photo of Noyes at the ceremony emerges from the white paper.

REBECCA  
The alderman was known to be a  
descendent of the judge that sentenced  
the victims to hang. Professor  
Zachery was a well known descendent  
of the sheriff that pressed Giles  
Corey to death trying to get him to  
plead. More than a coincidence don't  
you think?

Noyes sits in the sink.

NOYES  
It's curious. But not necessarily  
connected.

REBECCA  
And then someone spreads this ghost  
story as a cover?

NOYES  
Who's spreading it.

REBECCA  
I heard it from those Goth kids.

NOYES  
They're trouble-makers.

REBECCA

That Adam Greene kid, sure seems the type. He mixed it up with both of them the other night. Anyway, what do I know, I'm just a reporter. You, you're the expert.

NOYES

I'm also from the line of Preacher Nicholas Noyes famous fanner of the witch trial flames. I'd like to know what's really going on.

INT. PROF. Z'S HOUSE BOAT - NIGHT

Zoe, Adam, and Mary pour over ancient volumes. Sid works on a computer.

MARY

Did you know they executed two dogs they thought were witches?

SID

Scape-dogs.

ADAM

Kill those dogs, everything's gonna be all right.

SID

Zoe, what are we even looking for?

ZOE

Anything, everything. I need to know about her world so when I meet her spirit I can understand what she's trying to communicate, and why she's taking revenge, now.

MARY

All I've found out is that Walt Disney, Joan Kennedy, and the Pillsbury dough boy are all related to one of the witches.

ADAM

That dough boy's demonic.

ZOE

There's got to be something more.

ADAM

It's the same rap over and over. She was the daughter of who-ever. Got married. Got married again.

(MORE)

ADAM (CONT'D)

Was poor. Got arrested. Had a baby  
in prison. Baby died. Got hung.  
Apparently she wasn't too happy about  
it.

ZOE

That's why she's out there. We have  
to find a way to put her to rest.

SID

She should come and do this research,  
it will bore her into eternal sleep.

INT. MAYOR'S OFFICE - DAY

The mayor hunches over his desk reading through a rectangular  
magnifying glass. There's a knock.

MAYOR LELAND

Come on in. Did you catch this?

He hands him the newspaper and offers the magnifying glass.

MAYOR LELAND (CONT'D)

Damn eyes are going.

INSERT OF ARTICLE HEADLINE: KILLER HAUNTS WITCH CITY

NOYES

You can't miss what's happening  
outside your window.

Leland pulls back the blinds and gazes onto a rally of well  
dressed white people. Holding signs saying "make our streets  
safe," and "find the killer," a speaker shouts to the mob  
through a bullhorn. The group turns and follows the leader  
as they snake away down the pedestrian mall.

Leland plops heavily into his chair grumbling to himself as  
he anticipates what's coming.

MAYOR LELAND

Stick around, Lou.

Noyes flattens himself against the back wall. Leland takes  
a nip from his flask and downs a pill as the CHANTS of the  
protesters grow closer. Then he takes a swig from a bottle  
of Scope, swishes and spits into an empty coffee cup. His  
transformation complete, he BUZZES the outer office.

MAYOR LELAND (CONT'D)

Happy to see them.

The door opens and the group shuffles in. Leland stands to  
welcome them.

MAYOR LELAND (CONT'D)

Come in, come in. Good to see you George, Edward, Mary how nice of you to come. Did you paint that yourself or did the kids helps?

GEORGE

Ralph, this isn't a friendly visit so you can dispense with the pleasantries.

MAYOR LELAND

Now George, I welcome any chance I have to meet with you and the others here.

GEORGE

Well we're not so happy to be here. Ralph, these murders...

MAYOR LELAND

We don't know that...

GEORGE

Exactly! Two good men are dead, both prominent descendent of the witch trial prosecutors.

MAYOR LELAND

There's no connection between them.

GEORGE

That is the connection. Highly suspicious circumstances. We want protection.

MAYOR LELAND

There is nothing for you to be afraid of.

GEORGE

Ralph, look at this room. All of us trace our lines back to those times. Even Lou back there.

NOYES

George.

GEORGE

Ralph, we know where you came from. We put you in this office. And we expect you to look out for us.

MAYOR LELAND

That's exactly what I'm doing George.  
(MORE)

MAYOR LELAND (CONT'D)

My job is to spread the news about our town, get people to come to Salem and spend their money in your restaurants and shops. To take your tours and visit your museums. All of you know that's where it starts.

GEORGE

It's not the economy, stupid. It's life or death. We don't want to end up like Stoughton or Zachery. Catch this killer.

He shoots a cold stare at Lou.

GEORGE (CONT'D)

Lou.

NOYES

George.

The group takes up their chant as they storm out.

NOYES (CONT'D)

(to Mayor Leland)

The lifeblood of any democracy, an enraged citizenry.

MAYOR LELAND

Not so funny. Ok Chief, what do you know?

NOYES

That the undertaker is doing better than expected.

MAYOR LELAND

What else?

NOYES

Not much in the way of evidence. No witnesses. Stoughton seems like a suicide. Zachery seems like an accident. Rebecca Parris, the reporter, thinks Adam Greene is connected to it. We'll keep searching for something more. It's just bad timing for the town.

MAYOR LELAND

Bad publicity is better than no publicity at all.

NOYES

That so?



MAYOR LELAND

No. I don't believe it for a second.  
Time to call in the Feds?

NOYES

You think I'm screwing this up?

MAYOR LELAND

I've got bull horn wielding protesters  
in my office Chief. I won't sit on  
my hands. Never have.

NOYES

Hold off, Ralph, just a couple more  
days. If I don't have a lead, call  
them. I'll take the back seat.

EXT. GALLOWS HILL PARK - TWILIGHT

Adam races up the street past the sign that reads "Gallows  
Hill Park," and skids to a stop next to Zoe.

ADAM

Score.

Adam retrieves four framed mirrors from his oversized  
backpack.

ZOE

Great! Come on.

They dash to a small alter Mary adorns with candles.

At the boundary between the woods and field, Sid lights a  
candle and drops it into a paper bag weighted with sand.  
He's marked the threshold of a path that leads into the  
forest.

Adam delivers a mirror to him, then runs a distance away.  
They mess with the mirrors, trying to align them.

ZOE (CONT'D)

Stop! We need to cast the circle.

ADAM

Let's get in position first.

ZOE

No, you have to be protected. We  
don't know what might be coming from  
that portal.

Zoe takes her ritual blade and traces a circle on the ground  
around the three others. Mary lights the candles and incense.  
Adam follows Zoe sprinkling salt. Sid follows Adam sprinkling  
water.

ZOE (CONT'D)

Hail and Welcome spirits of the Earth,  
Air, Fire, and Water -- Guardians of  
the North, South, East, and West.

OTHERS

Hail and Welcome.

ZOE

We bind this circle with love and  
seek protection from any that would  
do us harm. We are united in our  
purpose to see and communicate with  
the spirit of Sarah Good. So Mote  
it Be.

OTHERS

So Mote it Be.

Zoe holds a mirror in front of her and adjusts the angle  
until she can see Mary. Mary adjusts her mirror until she  
can see Adam. Adam directs his mirror to pick up the  
reflection of Sid, whose mirror reflects the image of the  
candle lit threshold into the woods.

SID

Can you see the path?

ZOE

Yeah.

MARY

Now what?

ZOE

We call her.

ADAM

Dial Spirit 9, 7777.

ZOE

Telepathically. Everyone concentrate  
and ask her to come through the  
portal. The multiple reflections  
slow down time enough for me to see  
her even though she's on a higher  
vibrational level.

They're serious. The candles flicker in the light breeze.  
We see Sid, holding his mirror and its reflection of the  
trail. We see Adam's mirror with its reflection of Sid and  
his mirror. We see Mary's mirror with its reflection of the  
other two.

Zoe opens her eyes and searches the image in her mirror.  
She sees the reflection of the others and deep in frame, the

reflection of the path coming out of the woods. She inspects the shadows. Closing her eyes and focusing her intent she calls to the spirit.

ZOE (CONT'D)

Sarah, Sarah Good.

Another look in the multiple reflections. There is a hint of movement. Yes! Something stirs in the shadows. Zoe probes the reflection. There is something coming!

Two disheveled teen-agers CRASH out of the woods. They down the last of their beers and toss the cans in the brush. Recently fucked and clearly fucked-up their arrival terminates the attempt to make contact with the spirit world.

GIRL

You said you wouldn't.

GUY

You can't always control it.

ADAM

Hail and Welcome spirits of the malt liquor.

GUY

What?

GIRL

Oh, freak show.

GUY

Sorry dude.

SID

'Ts-alright. Come on.

The teens pass.

MARY

Well?

ZOE

I don't know. Maybe there was something.

ADAM

Two wasted fluid friends?

ZOE

Be serious.

MARY

I felt it. A presence.

ZOE

Me too.

MARY

Unbind the circle.

From afar a POV from the woods onto the teenagers as they finish the ritual.

ZOE

We thank the guardians of the north,  
south, east and west and the spirits  
of the earth, air, fire, and water  
for their blessings and protection.  
Go in peace.

The POV rushes backwards through the woods as the teenagers fade to white.

ALL TOGETHER

So mote it be.

EXT. GRAVEYARD - NIGHT

A mound of earth covers a freshly filled grave.

EXT. THE CHALICE MAGICK SHOP - DAY

Egg-shells litter the sidewalk in front of the shop. One worker scrapes hardened egg-slime from the store window as another crew covers a smashed window with plywood.

A cluster of tourists and practitioners of the craft hover beneath the pentagram that adorns the front door. Noyes and Rebecca excuse their way through the cloaked figures stepping inside.

INT. THE CHALICE MAGICK SHOP - CONTINUOUS

Not quite the Star Wars bar, but The Chalice at Halloween attracts a flamboyant crowd. Customers peruse the books, crystals, cauldrons, herbs, wands, and other paraphernalia of the shop. Noyes and Rebecca thread their way to the counter.

NOYES

Is Panthea Talbot around?

CLERK

She's doing a reading. She'll be  
done in a few minutes. Can you wait?

NOYES

Sure.

CLERK

That's very considerate. You have a lovely aura.

REBECCA

Lovely.

NOYES

I do?

CLERK

Yes, pink, and very bright.

REBECCA

Very pink.

NOYES

A pink aura?

CLERK

Yes. Very healing, very loving.

NOYES

You can see that?

REBECCA

(under her breath)

No, but I can make up anything since you can't either.

CLERK

Oh yes. There's so much to see when you remove the limitations imposed by your rational mind.

REBECCA

We're going to browse. Will you get us when Panthea is done.

CLERK

I'd be happy to.

INT. THE CHALICE MAGICK SHOP TAROT ROOM - CONTINUOUS

In a private room, warm and velvety, Panthea Talbot contemplates a spread of Tarot cards. Violet and Yellow candles illuminate the intimate space. A curl of incense smoke perfumes the air. Crystals and mineral stones decorate the reading table. Zoe looks on.

PANTHEA

There is certainty. It all points to one thing.

(MORE)

PANTHEA (CONT'D)

One clear path opens before you and the only choice you have is to take it, though it will fill you with fear and sadness. But what you wish for is at the end of this path, and no one can go with you.

She turns over three cards.

PANTHEA (CONT'D)

These cards show that you'll have the courage you need and the certainty that you need. And that you'll accomplish the task that's testing you now. So, take heart. And while this path is for your steps alone, your friends can escort you to the threshold, and that is soul comfort.

INT. THE CHALICE MAGICK SHOP - CONTINUOUS

Rebecca steers Noyes away from the counter. They stop in front of a display of crystals and minerals.

NOYES

Is the irony overwhelming, or is it just me.

REBECCA

What do you mean.

NOYES

300 years ago, these Christian, puritanical zealots, including my own family, try to wipe out what they see as an outbreak of witchcraft in Salem. And by killing innocent people, they forever link the name Salem with the idea of witches. What happens? Salem becomes a magnet for just the kind of people that the persecutors were trying to exterminate. Now look at it. There are more crystal ball shops per capita than anywhere else in the country.

PANTHEA

Chief Noyes, nice of you to come by but I told one of your officers everything I could about the hate crime.

NOYES

Thank you, Ms. Talbot.

(MORE)

NOYES (CONT'D)

We're stepping up our patrols and  
I'm hoping things settle down.

PANTHEA

We all are. Ms. Parris. I read  
your article on the killings.  
Something of a supernatural angle.

REBECCA

I'm just reporting what people are  
telling me. More than a coincidence,  
though, don't you think?

PANTHEA

Trick question. You know quite well  
I don't believe in coincidence.

NOYES

That makes two of us. Ms. Talbot,  
can you tell me about Adam Green's  
relationship with your daughter,  
Zoe.

ZOE

We're friends.

Surprised by her proximity.

NOYES

He's your boyfriend.

ZOE

Just a friend.

NOYES

Nothing more?

ZOE

Maybe.

PANTHEA

Why do you ask?

NOYES

Seems like Zoe and the Professor  
were friendly.

PANTHEA

Not recently?

ZOE

I was using his library. To learn  
about Sarah Good. To tell her to  
stop her haunting.

NOYES

Adam didn't care much for your late  
ex.

PANTHEA

No. He's loyal to my daughter.

NOYES

Some rivalry there?

ZOE

Mom.

PANTHEA

He's passionate, outspoken, and  
unconventional but not a bad young  
man. He's angry. And he wants things  
changed. Good qualities in youth.  
Trouble's here, but not from him.

EXT. SALEM CITY HALL BUILDING - DAY

A group of protests march in a slow circle outside of city  
hall, their "Jesus Bus," parked on the street behind them.  
Carrying hand-made posters reading "Remove Satan from Salem,"  
"Finish the Job!" And "Jesus: The Way, The Truth, and The  
Light," they sing spirituals and attempt to pass leaflets to  
passersby. As Mayor Leland comes up the street the protesters  
wave their signs and break into shouting:

PROTESTER #1

Stop the Killings!

PROTESTER #2

Bring Jesus Back to Salem!

PROTESTER #3

Finish the Job!

PROTESTER #4

Thou Shalt Not Suffer the Witches to  
Live!

EXT. SALEM STATE COLLEGE - DAY

A dark and cold day. Dense clouds banish the sun. Mist  
hangs in the air, drenching pedestrians who traverse the  
terrestrial cloud.

The marquee of the theater reads: Tercentennial Genealogy  
and the Salem Witch Hysteria. Workshop by Robert Gary Boyd.

INT. LECTURE HALL - DAY

The masses that pack the lecture hall represent a cross  
section of the community.



A man in a suit and tie chats cordially with one wearing thread-bare camouflage.

Several family groups are busy taping huge family tree posters up to the walls. One extended family carries cardboard shields painted with their family coat of arms.

An assortment of odd balls, the curious, the snobs, and some who seem genuinely interested.

Rebecca and Chief Noyes perch eagerly in the front row. Adam and Sid survey the scene standing in the back. Adam wears a "IBEW local 2222" hoody.

Opposing groups are easy to spot. Some wear t-shirts reading, "I survived the Salem Witch Hysteria," others read, "Finish the Job." Adam starts up a chant.

ADAM

Restitution now! Restitution now!

SID

Restitution now! Restitution now!

A cluster of people against the opposite wall start singing "Jesus Loves Me." The audience polarizes with some taking up the chant, others taking up the song, and a sizable middle crying out for the others to stop, booing, hissing, whistling to drown out the opposing sides. The place is in an uproar.

FRONT OF THE HALL

Noyes steps to the microphone.

NOYES

People! Good People of Salem.

The mayhem continues. He takes the mic from the stand and holds it in front of the speaker, generating terrific feedback. The ear-splitting sound quiets the crowd.

NOYES (CONT'D)

Disorderly conduct will not be tolerated. Settle down, we're here to learn something.

People calm. Noyes and Adam exchange a steely glance. A rotund middle-aged geek waddles to the front of the hall. His lime-green elastic pants are hiked up to his chest and a filthy bulging fanny pack perches on his gut. He oozes fake sincerity as he whines into his wireless mic.

BOYD

Hello. Hello. Can everyone hear me ok?

(MORE)

BOYD (CONT'D)

Nice to have such a spirited group.  
Hello. Ok, good! That's just  
something I like to check so I know  
that everyone is included. Because  
this workshop is like a tent that  
enfolds us all in it's big-armed  
embrace no matter who you came from,  
no matter if your relations lived in  
the big house on the hill or the  
shack by the swamp, you're here now  
and thank you for that.

His face, purple from lack of oxygen, returns to a more human  
tone as he pauses.

NOYES

(to Rebecca)

I just got a break.

THE BACK OF THE LECTURE HALL

Noyes bee lines to the goth kids.

ZOE

He's coming over here.

ADAM

Anytime someone reports a pack of  
gum missing I get picked up.

NOYES

Nice to see young people who have an  
interest in history.

ADAM

Those who are ignorant of the past  
are destined to repeat it.

NOYES

(about the sweatshirt)

I've always liked that logo.

It is a fist with lightning.

NOYES (CONT'D)

Your old man works at the plant?

ADAM

He's an operator.

NOYES

Thought so.

ADAM

Touching, this male bonding.

NOYES  
Let's talk.

ADAM  
About what?

NOYES  
The dearly departed.

ADAM  
You sorry that your great whatever  
grandfather got my great whatever  
grandmother hung?

NOYES  
The more recently deceased.

ADAM  
So you're not sorry.

NOYES  
I'm responsible for my own actions.

ADAM  
Ditto.

NOYES  
The Prof. was boning your girlfriend.

ADAM  
He was a fucking Chester. You're  
three years late on the pick up  
Einstein.

NOYES  
Protect her by dispatching him?

ZOE  
He doesn't need to protect me.

NOYES  
That's exactly what a hedonistic,  
self-destructive, delusional little  
twig like you needs. Someone to  
protect you.

ZOE  
Eat chain Keystone.

NOYES  
I had the motive, and thanks to dad's  
hoody here I can place you at the  
power plant.

ANGLE ON FRONT OF HALL

BOYD

So I ask you to join together with  
your neighbors here and take courage,

Rebecca watches as Noyes cuffs Adam around the back of the neck and leads him out of the lecture hall. She dashes after them.

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

Since there is both real joy in  
discovering your family history and  
an equal danger of disorientation  
and shock if something unexpected  
emerges. But I urge you to embrace  
the identity of your forbearers,  
because after all, they are part of  
us and without them, none of us would  
be here to make the world that we  
live in now.

EXT. SALEM STATE COLLEGE - NIGHT

SID

I'll go tell his dad.

ZOE

(to Mary)

Can you stay?

MARY

He foams and spits.

ZOE

Jed's gone, we need someone.

MARY

I'll see what he says.

ZOE

Bring him to the boat tomorrow.

MARY

If he spits on me...

INT. PANTHEA'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Zoe bursts in, urgently calling to her mom.

ZOE

Mom! Hey Mom!

PANTHEA

Up here.

ZOE

Mom, they arrested Adam.

PANTHEA

No! Why?

ZOE

Adam was wearing his dad's union sweatshirt, and Noyes said that he could have gotten into the plant and, you know...

PANTHEA

Of course he didn't.

ZOE

And that Adam had a motive, because of me and Jed.

PANTHEA

Again, you and Jed.

ZOE

If it harm none, mother. If it harm none, do as thou will.

PANTHEA

By the Goddess can you be so blind?

ZOE

It isn't my fault!

PANTHEA

Grown ups take responsibility for what they do.

ZOE

What about Adam? He didn't do anything.

PANTHEA

No. I'm sure he didn't.

ZOE

Mom, I know, somehow I know that it's Sarah Good.

PANTHEA

Zoe. Hauntings aren't...

ZOE

You have to help me, I've tried to contact her, but I can't.

PANTHEA

Because she's not present.

ZOE

You could find out for sure. You  
can read the akashtic record.

PANTHEA

My love, tapping the earth's magnetic  
record isn't like visiting the  
library. It takes preparation, the  
right setting, the right helpers,  
practice.

ZOE

I know. I know! Can't you can find  
her with some kind of astral  
projection.

PANTHEA

Stop now.

ZOE

You have to find her. You have to  
help Adam.

PANTHEA

My dear child, we'll cast a spell  
for Adam's safety.

ZOE

You can't do anything more than light  
a freak'en candle?

PANTHEA

One piece of evidence...

ZOE

I know.

PANTHEA

Show me one thing that points to  
Sarah Good...

ZOE

Mom, I know.

PANTHEA

...And I'm the first to try to contact  
her. But there's nothing there.

ZOE

People are dying! I'm telling you  
that I know that it's Sarah Good and  
you're going to do nothing?

Off Panthea's look.

ZOE (CONT'D)

What good is having all of that power  
if you won't use it?!

PANTHEA

You say you know it's her, then you  
have to use your intuition. What's  
it telling you?

ZOE

That I'm part of it.

PANTHEA

What?

ZOE

That's what my intuition says. That  
I'm the one who has to figure it  
out. That I'm the one who can make  
it all stop. But I'm not sure what  
to do, or how to do it. And no one  
seems to be able to point me in the  
right direction.

EXT. Z'S HOUSE BOAT - DAY

Boyd, Zoe, Mary, and Sid are clustered around the library  
table contributing to a family tree.

BOYD

This is an impressive collection.  
But holding irreplaceable originals  
in a library on a boat, well it's  
just...

ZOE

...An acknowledgement of our  
impermanence -- he used to say.

BOYD

That unique sense of humor must be  
what you loved about him.  
(examining the family  
tree)  
Impressive amateur work.

SID

Her daughter, Dorcus, was never the  
same after being locked up and Sarah  
Good gave birth in jail, but the  
baby died.

BOYD

If you're right, her line died out  
in the 1700s.

(MORE)

BOYD (CONT'D)

What about the first husband, Daniel Pool? They had children.

SID

No known children.

BOYD

Uncertainty provides opportunities. No KNOWN children.

MARY

You're the man.

BOYD

While this is territory that many others have already trod, and to expect some new find, even with this special, albeit, small collection, is a kind of unbridled optimism that could only be displayed by a group of energetic youths, I'm ready to join you in this search. Shall we?

SID

Dude.

ZOE

So mote it be.

INT. MAYOR'S OFFICE - NIGHT

The mayor is illuminated by the light of a glowing television as he finishes signing a stack of papers.

Insert on Television

Rebecca Parris sits in front of a cheesy set on a Salem community access television news show. Panthea Talbot is one of the guests as is Mr. Shepard.

REBECCA

...while I hesitate to call these two deaths criminal, the Salem police have arrested Adam Greene, for questioning related to the death of Prof. Jedidiah Zachery, at the power plant. The arrest of Greene has raised new tensions between the town's mainstream community and the neo-pagan --

MR. SHEPARD

Devil Worshipers.



REBECCA

Mr. Shepherd...

PANTHEA

This is precisely the kind of inflammatory comment that preys on ignorance and creates fear.

MR. SHEPARD

We should be afraid -- 300 years after we tried to run the devil out of Salem, Satan is back.

PANTHEA

Heaven, hell, Satan, all inventions of Christianity. There's no devil in our religion.

MR. SHEPARD

Just because you don't believe in the devil doesn't mean that you aren't doing his work.

Leland pours himself a drink.

EXT. GRAVEYARD - NIGHT

Two dark figures trot through the gravestones. They shine a flashlight onto several monuments until they come to the one they're looking for. Swinging a sledge-hammer with great gusto, they shatter the slate marker and run off.

EXT. SALEM - NIGHT

Three figures spray paint a store front window.

EXT. SALEM - DAY

Spray painted on the walls and windows of a number of magic shops and parlors the words: Devil Worshipers Must Die.

EXT. CHURCH - DAY

As churchgoers arrive they pass the message board, with the words, God is Love.

INT. POLICE STATION - DAY

Noyes calls to Adam through the bars of the holding cell.

NOYES

Hey Greene, time to take a ride.  
Judge wants to see you.

EXT. POLICE STATION - DAY

Noyes leads Adam from the back door of the station to a waiting squad car. Reporters crush in to get photos and shout questions. Angry citizens circle the car.

REPORTER

Is it true that Greene is a Satanist?

NOYES

I can't speak...

PERSON IN CROWD

Everyone knows he is.

PERSON IN CROWD #2

He threatened my kid in school.

PERSON IN CROWD #3

Burn him.

REPORTER #2

What about the vandalism at the magick shops?

NOYES

Halloween always comes with a few pranks that are taken too far.

PERSON IN CROWD #3

They're getting what they deserve.

PERSON IN CROWD #2

Get rid of them.

REBECCA

Is Greene linked with Alderman's Stoughton's death?

NOYES

There's an ongoing investigation.

A uniformed officer whispers a message to Noyes. He pushes Adam into the back seat, hops in front, and the car screeches away.

EXT. SALEM STREET - DAY

Noyes careens through the Point neighborhood, lights and siren blazing. An Ambulance passes them from the other direction.

EXT. GREENE'S HOUSE - DAY

They skid to a stop across the street from a modest ranch house, engulfed in flames.

Fire fighters douse the home with jets of water but it is clearly a total loss. Noyes rushes out leaving Adam imprisoned in the back seat.

Adam tries to smash his way out of the car but the cage holds him in.

ADAM

Let me out of here. Goddamn it.  
Let me go. Let me out.

He breaks down.

As the house burns and Adam weeps we see the mailbox standing by the curb. In reflective numbers and letters: Mr. S. Greene and Mr. A. Greene. 2833 Hawthorn St.

EXT. SALEM - NIGHT

The Full Moon shines over the Harbor.

EXT. MAYOR'S OFFICE - DAY

Noyes steps into City Hall.

INT. MAYOR'S OFFICE - DAY

Noyes makes his case to the unresponsive mayor.

NOYES

How am I supposed to guarantee  
people's safety?

MAYOR LELAND

That's your job Lou. But I am not  
closing down Haunted Happenings.

NOYES

The whole town could be in flames on  
Halloween night. That what you want?  
A goddamn riot.

MAYOR LELAND

Don't exaggerate.

Reads from a small notebook.

NOYES

Escalating crimes against property --  
houses, stores, a couple of  
gravestones, and now, a church.  
Half a dozen assaults directly  
attributable to religious tension.  
These are just the ones that have  
been reported. Ralph, they burned  
that kid's house down.

MAYOR LELAND

Increase your patrols, get some support from Danvers or Marblehead PD. We'll pay from the rainy day fund. But there is no way we're calling off Halloween.

EXT. Z'S HOUSE BOAT - DAY

On a research break, Sid and Zoe stand, smoking in the bright autumn sun. Boyd, sits, looking across the harbor. He retrieves a squeeze bottle of nose spray from his fanny pack and takes a snort in each nostril.

From inside, Mary's excited exclamation.

MARY (O.S.)

This is it! I got it!

She rushes to the deck holding an old volume.

MARY (CONT'D)

I've got a line from Poole and Good.

BOYD

Go on!

MARY

Poole was an indentured servant. He was released from his bond 9 months after he and Sarah Solart were married. At precisely the same time he was released, a son was born to his master --

BOYD

Remarkable coincidence.

MARY

He was 45, his wife was 42.

SID

Fertile couple for that day and age.

BOYD

Being forced to give up a child might leave a certain bitterness.

SID

Her rich daddy offs himself then her new stepfather boosts her inheritance. She hooks up with Poole and is conned into giving up her kid to spring him. When he dies, they come after her for his debts. The vultures take her land, and she's on the skids.

MARY

Then the town trumps up these  
witchcraft charges and kills her.

ZOE

No wonder she cursed them all.

BOYD

Tough life. Let's find out what  
happened to her line, shall we?

EXT. GALLOWS HILL PARK - TWILIGHT

Zoe strikes a small chime seven times. She and Mary sit on a blanket in the twilight chill. A candle burns between them. Arranged around the candle are pages with Sarah Good's name, the name of her relations, copies of drawings and paintings from the witch trials. The girls join hands.

ZOE AND MARY TOGETHER

Sarah, our sister. Emerge from the shadows. Guide our hands. We come with affection. Your grief is our grief. Your anger is our anger. Give over your worldly matters to the living. Find rest.

The girls prop a quiji board between them and place their hands on the pointer.

ZOE

Are you Sarah Good?

The pointer moves to "no."

MARY

Who are you?

The pointer moves.

MARY (CONT'D)

(whispering)

I'm not.

ZOE

(whispering)

Me neither.

MARY

One

ZOE

Who

MARY

Sees.

ZOE  
One Who Sees. Have you seen the  
killings in Salem?

The pointer moves to "yes."

INT. ROCKEFELLER'S RESTAURANT - DAY

The tab for lunch peeks from the padded black folder sitting  
squarely in the middle of the table.

NOYES  
This was great.

REBECCA  
That Pistachio Mango sauce was to  
die for.

NOYES  
Delicious.

REBECCA  
I can't believe you've never had  
that before.

NOYES  
Blame my WASP upbringing.

Noyes examines the check.

NOYES (CONT'D)  
I'll have to get this, can't let  
there be any suggestion of  
impropriety.

Rebecca grabs it away.

REBECCA  
I'm not some stooge of the police.

NOYES  
What?

REBECCA  
You think you can buy me lunch and  
I'll print your lies.

NOYES  
Well, yes.

As they stand to leave they both toss some bills on the table.

EXT. ROCKEFELLER'S - DAY

Noyes holds the door open and Rebecca steps through. A street piper plays "Ode to Joy," as costumed pedestrians take in the scene.

NOYES

You know, the First Church was right here.

There is a large historical marker affixed to the wall outside the restaurant. Noyes stops in its shadow.

REBECCA

I've read the plaque.

NOYES

But do you know what happened in the First Church?

REBECCA

Baptisms, communions, insufferably long sermons fomenting intolerance and enforcing conformity.

NOYES

The judges "examined" the women who were accused of being witches.

Noyes tugs Rebecca playfully into the alley.

EXT. ALLEY - DAY

REBECCA

What were they looking for?

Noyes traces his finger down Rebecca's neck.

NOYES

Certain marks.

REBECCA

Like this one.

A red hive has appeared on the back of Noyes' hand.

NOYES

No. They called them the Devil's Teats. A Protuberant excrescence of flesh.

They retreat deep into the alley, unseen by others.

REBECCA

Where did they look?

Noyes whispers in her ear.

NOYES

Everywhere. They had to be very thorough.

Rebecca unbuttons her shirt and Noyes slides it off her shoulder. He inspects her shoulders.

NOYES (CONT'D)

A person's life was at stake.

Noyes holds Rebecca close, he traces his finger up her abs...

NOYES (CONT'D)

The whole community was at risk.

...to her waiting breasts.

NOYES (CONT'D)

Nothing could be overlooked.

She grabs his face and kisses him hard. Another red hive has appeared, this one on his neck. He pins her to the wall as they grind into each other. Rebecca's hand grabs Noyes' crotch.

REBECCA

A protuberant excrescence, I need a closer look.

She flips him so his back is to the wall. Her head drops out of frame and we all know where it's going. Noyes throws back his head, his breathing deepens as he gazes at the empty strip of sky between the buildings. A woman in colonial garb, a noose around her neck, watches the scene from above. As his pleasure builds, his expression changes from ecstasy to agony. He can't catch his breath. The hives have merged into a mass of red inflamed skin. He clutches his chest, and sinks slowly to the pavement.

EXT. ESSEX STREET - DAY

Rebecca flies out of the ally and onto the busy pedestrian street. A police officer surveys the holiday crowd. Rebecca grabs him, tugging him into the alley.

REBECCA

You have to come.

POLICE OFFICER

Ma'am!

He resists.



REBECCA

It's Chief Noyes. Come ON!!

EXT. ALLEY - DAY

They rush to the alley. Noyes is unconscious. Rebecca starts CPR and mouth to mouth. Noyes' lips are swollen Pamela Anderson size, cracked and bleeding.

POLICE OFFICER

(into his radio)

1019, Officer down, request ambulance.

EXT. NEWS STAND WASHINGTON STREET - DAY

A blue shed with a stripped awning squats in the middle of this busy north/south thoroughfare. Newspaper and magazines cover the outer walls. Mayor Leland stops traffic as he saunters across the bright green cross walk to the news stand.

CORKEY

Morning Mr. Mayor.

He hands him a New York Times, a Boston Crier, and a Salem News.

MAYOR LELAND

Good morning Corky.

CORKEY

Front Page.

Leland examines the Boston Crier. Splashing the front page is the headline, "Wicked Witch Stalks Salem." Joining the headline are photos of Stoughton, Zachery, and Noyes. Under the photo another headline: "Descendants of Accusers Targeted."

CORKEY (CONT'D)

Bad timing for the town.

MAYOR LELAND

Strange thing, Corkey, poor Lou dies from natural causes and somehow it's the work of a wicked witch. Anyway, it'll only bring more people our way.

CORKEY

Silver lining in the darkest cloud.

MAYOR LELAND

Yeah, silver lining.

INT. SALEM JAIL - DAY

Zoe waits expectantly at a table in the visitor's gallery. Adam is escorted into the room. He takes the seat across from Zoe.

ADAM

Hey.

ZOE

Hey. Here.

She hands him a button down shirt.

ADAM

Thanks.

ZOE

You're seeing the judge.

ADAM

High noon with the man.

ZOE

Show him this...

She opens today's paper.

ZOE (CONT'D)

...Proves you didn't do it.

ADAM

Freakish.

ZOE

It happened while you were in here.

ADAM

Doesn't matter about Noyes, they want me for the professor.

ZOE

I know you didn't do it. I'm going to get you out.

ADAM

The fog will lift after all this Halloween craziness. Everyone is all freaked out by the 300 year anniversary, and the Jesus Saves, and the You're in league with the Devil, and the Wiccan circles, and the deaths. Give it a couple of days. I don't have a house to go home to anyway.

ZOE

How's your old man?

ADAM

OK. Pissed at me.

ZOE

Blame the victim.

ADAM

It's always my fault.

ZOE

There's someone who can help you and  
I have a plan to get him to.

INT. MAYOR'S OFFICE - DAY

Decked out in orange and black witches robes, Zoe lies in wait for the Mayor. Arriving with his newspapers in hand, he's neither upset nor surprised to see her there. He slumps into his high back desk chair.

MAYOR LELAND

Good morning, Zoe.

ZOE

Mildred let me in, she's part of our coven. I brought coffee.

MAYOR LELAND

Thanks.

Leland opens his drawer and pours some whisky into his coffee.

ZOE

Starting a little early?

MAYOR LELAND

It's Halloween. Did you see the protesters?

ZOE

They noticed me.

MAYOR LELAND

I bet they did. Still, they'll buy lunch here and a post card or two. It's not all bad.

ZOE

Mr. Mayor, I don't know what the town is doing about these hauntings...

MAYOR LELAND

...hauntings, that what they are?

ZOE

...But I want to help.

MAYOR LELAND

You want to help?

ZOE

Yes.

MAYOR LELAND

You're going to rat on your boyfriend?

ZOE

Adam isn't the killer.

MAYOR LELAND

That would make my life too easy.

ZOE

But I know who it is.

MAYOR LELAND

Do you?

ZOE

I have a gift.

MAYOR LELAND

Zoe, I'm sure you do. But there are more psychics in the Salem yellow pages than there are plumbers. If anyone knew anything, the Police would already know.

Off her look.

MAYOR LELAND (CONT'D)

Let's have it.

ZOE

It's the spirit of Sarah Good.

MAYOR LELAND

Not you too. I know you mean well, but leave it to the police.

ZOE

The police won't find anything. It all looks like something else. Stoughton -- suicide. Prof. Z -- accident. Chief Noyes -- allergies. There are going to be others, tonight. You could stop them.

MAYOR LELAND

Maybe if I could get some work done!

ZOE

She's your many times great  
grandmother.

MAYOR LELAND

What?

ZOE

Sarah Good. You're hers.

Zoe plasters the family tree on Leland's desk.

MAYOR LELAND

Really? Boyd help you with this?

ZOE

I'm going to contact her, her spirit.

MAYOR LELAND

And she's going to confess.

ZOE

She's acting through the living.  
That's what One Who Sees told us.

MAYOR LELAND

One Who Sees.

ZOE

The Quiji board spirit.

MAYOR LELAND

You think I'm the puppet of some 300  
year old dead woman?

ZOE

She was innocent and they hung her.  
You have to help her find peace.

MAYOR LELAND

And then what? I'd announce that  
after talking with my dead fore-  
mother, I was convinced that no crimes  
were committed...

ZOE

...by the living anyway...

MAYOR LELAND

And we'd just open the door for your  
pal Adam?

ZOE

Well, yeah.

MAYOR LELAND

And I'd tell reporters that the evil spirit...

ZOE

I don't think she's really evil...

MAYOR LELAND

Vengeful spirit?

ZOE

OK.

MAYOR LELAND

The vengeful spirit is now at rest and everyone in town is safe?

ZOE

Exactly. If you said it, people would believe you. But we have to contact her tonight, on Samhain, when the spirit plane and our own are in closest contact.

MAYOR LELAND

Zoe, I've known your mom for a long time. Hell, we grew up together. I've known you since you were born. You're good people. And I have to tell you, I don't believe in any of this crap. Sarah Good is dead. There's no magic, there are no curses, there are no devils, no angels, no seeing the future, no crystal healing powers, no everything happens for a reason. I like the witches because they bring in the tourist dollars. And that, my dear, is reality. The food on your table tonight comes from some stooge who wants to believe that his tattered life isn't a result of years of bad decisions. So he buys some candles and incense. Easy answers for the simple minded. You and your dear mother are no more gifted than my magic eight-ball.

He picks up the eight-ball and shakes it.

ZOE

You have to listen to me! You could be the vehicle.

MAYOR LELAND

(to the eight-ball)

Should Zoe go now so I can get to work.

(reading the answer)

Yes.

ZOE

You can break this curse.

MAYOR LELAND

You don't need me.

ZOE

Her blood runs in your veins.

MAYOR LELAND

Then it's you she wants, because if I'm her blood relation then so is my daughter. You are the last of the line.

Zoe's been struck by lightning.

MAYOR LELAND (CONT'D)

Now time to go.

EXT. SALEM TRAIN STATION - DAY

Sid and Mary are dressed in gothic extreme as they hand out "Haunted Happenings" guides to revelers exiting the train.

SID

(to Mary)

"If you kill me you'll have blood to drink."

(on the job)

Here you go. Haunted Happenings Tonight.

YOUNG SHEPARD

(interrupting)

Jesus loves you. Turn from your evil ways.

SID

(to Mary)

That is a wicked curse. And no denying she is the cause.

MARY

(on the job)

The psychic fair is in the Museum Place mall 'till 8.

(MORE)

MARY (CONT'D)

(to Sid)

One Who Sees says she's acting through  
the living.

MRS. SHEPARD

Yes to Jesus. No to Satan's holiday.

SID

I don't get that. Like her spirit  
takes over?

MARY

Not like that, like leaving open a  
window that the spirit can come  
through.

SID

So we close the window.

MARY

Zoe says our best chance is tonight.

YOUNG SHEPARD

You can be saved by the grace of  
Jesus.

MARY

We have to go to the Samhain circle?  
(to the tourist)  
Here's a guide for the family.

PIRATE DAD

I read there is a real Wiccan Ceremony  
tonight.

MARY

I haven't heard anything about that.

SID

Not that I know of. Maybe they know  
at City Hall.

PIRATE DAD

Thanks. Come on kids.

SID

(to mary)  
Gallows hill.

MARY

After Sunset.



INT. Z'S HOUSE BOAT - DAY

On the family tree, Zoe traces the path from Sarah Good all the way to Ralph Leland -- then writes in her own name.

PANTHEA (O.S.)

Do you feel connected now, knowing your place?

ZOE

You told me my father was dead.

PANTHEA

It was a lie. Forgive me.

ZOE

He wasn't killed in Vietnam?

PANTHEA

No.

ZOE

You made him out a hero.

PANTHEA

He was. Ask him.

ZOE

That's why you didn't want me nosing around about Sarah Good.

PANTHEA

I didn't know.

ZOE

You were afraid. You were afraid that I'd discover that my dead father is really alive.

PANTHEA

By the goddess I didn't know.

ZOE

That I'd find out you're a complete and total sham.

PANTHEA

No.

ZOE

You'd rather the whole town go up in flames than tell me the truth. You'd let my best friend go to jail to protect your old lie.

PANTHEA

Not telling you had nothing to do  
with these deaths.

ZOE

I don't want the sob story. I want  
to know if you'll help me. I have  
to stop her, tonight. I have to  
prove that Adam didn't do it. I  
have to keep her from killing again.  
I have to stop this infection of  
fear. These mobs that burn down  
houses and throw bricks through  
windows. They're going to kill  
someone. Why won't you help me stop  
her?

PANTHEA

Zoe, you've know it's her because  
you're connected through blood. You  
don't need my help contacting Sarah  
Good, you're part of the same fabric.  
It's Samhain tonight. Seek her.  
Bring her rest and peace. Soothe  
her trouble. You can start the  
healing. I love you my child.  
Blessed be.

INT. NORTH STATION, BOSTON - EVENING

A crowd of commuters mill about anxious for their train to  
be called.

NEWS PAPER BOY

Get'ya Cry'a he'a. Real hauntings  
in Salem. The witches are back.  
Read about it he'a.

A family dressed like a place setting: Mother plate; father  
knife, son fork, and little girl spoon stop to buy a paper.

KNIFE

Here you go.

NEWS PAPER BOY

There you'ar sir.

SPOON

Are there really witches in Salem  
Papa?

KNIFE

That's what we're going to go see.

And so apparently are hundreds of others. Mayor Leland was  
right -- there was a silver lining.

## ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

Five o'clock train to Rockport now  
boarding on track two. Running  
express to Salem and making stops in  
Beverly, Montserrat, Prides Crossing,  
Beverly Farms, Manchester, West  
Gloucester, Gloucester, and Rockport.  
Five o'clock train to Rockport track  
two.

Side by side with the white collar commuters are hundreds of costumed ghosts, goblins, witches, wizards, ladies, knights, princesses, action heroes, grim reapers, ax murderers, chain saw killers, devils, guys in drag, strippers, goths in leather, zombies, vampires, mummies, Frankensteins, swamp things, and monsters from every book, movie, and tv show ever made. People dressed as toaster, blenders, and lampshade heads. There are space men, spaceships, and aliens. Fruits, vegetables, wedges of cheese, sharks, dogs, cat women, bears, gorillas, and the family outfitted as a place setting: plate, fork, knife, and little bity spoon, all squeezing through the sliding doors and onto the train.

INT. PROF. Z'S HOUSE BOAT - NIGHT

Zoe sits at a table in the library surrounded by white candles. There is scroll of paper in front of her. She closes her eyes, breaths deeply, and sets the pen to paper.

ON THE PAPER:

"Sarah Good, through Zoe Talbot, Samhain, 1992" tops the page.

Zoe's hand scribbles; lines and loops.

ZOE

Sarah Good. Great Grandmother.

The scribbles turn to letters. "My daughter, given up so long ago, it is I."

ZOE (CONT'D)

Your spirit is here?

We hear Sarah Good's voice as Zoe channels her spirit through the automatic writing.

SARAH GOOD (V.O.)

Forced to roam as my bones waste in  
unconsecrated ground. I long for  
the rest you can provide.

ZOE

How?

SARAH GOOD (V.O.)

Return my bones to good earth.

ZOE

Have you killed?

SARAH GOOD (V.O.)

On only one have I wished vengeance  
and by his grace have I been rewarded.  
This gift I have passed to my  
grandchildren and now to you.

Zoe is startled into normal consciousness.

ZOE

What? Of vengeance? The gift of  
vengeance?

She reads back the words she's written.

ZOE (CONT'D)

Now to you.

FLASH CUT TO:

INT. SALEM STATE COLLEGE LECTURE HALL - NIGHT

Zoe yells at Stoughton.

ZOE

You can choke on those words.

FLASH CUT TO:

EXT. GROVE OF MEMORY - DAY

Stoughton hangs from the locust tree.

FLASH CUT TO:

INT. PANTHEA'S HOUSE - NIGHT

A young Zoe is smothered under Prof. Z's frame as she resists  
his assault.

YOUNG ZOE

You're crushing me.

FLASH CUT TO:

INT. PROF. Z'S HOUSE BOAT - DAY

ZOE

Everything you did, it will all come  
back to you.

FLASH CUT TO:

EXT. POWER PLANT - NIGHT

Prof. Z is pummeled by a downpour of coal chunks.

FLASH CUT TO:

INT. SALEM STATE COLLEGE LECTURE HALL - NIGHT

Zoe curses Chief Noyes as he's arresting Adam.

ZOE

Eat chain Keystone.

FLASH CUT TO:

EXT. ALLEY - DAY

Noyes suffocates in the alley.

BACK TO SCENE:

INT. PROF. Z'S HOUSE BOAT - NIGHT

Zoe tries to calm herself, breathes deeply, lets her eyes shut, and puts pen to papers once more.

ZOE

Grandmother. Sarah. Sarah Good.

All that comes are lines and loops.

EXT. SALEM - EVENING

Traffic is at a stand still as lines of cars, trolleys, and buses clog the narrow roadways in and out of town. Costumed revelers cruise the main drag. Police man barricades as the carnival spills into the streets.

The crowd parts as Zoe wanders through. She arrives at a main stage where a band plays. Mayor Leland is under a nearby canopy visiting with dignitaries. Zoe advances on the roped off area. She calls over...

ZOE

Mr. Mayor! Mayor Leland.

He sees her and turns away.

ZOE (CONT'D)

Dad!

That gets his attention. He wishes she would disappear, but leaves the party to find out what she wants.

MAYOR LELAND

Zoe.

ZOE

I had a talk with my kin folk.

MAYOR LELAND

Did you?

ZOE

You've done well for yourself, Dad.

MAYOR LELAND

Now isn't the time for some father-daughter bonding.

ZOE

You've accomplished a lot.

MAYOR LELAND

I've worked hard.

ZOE

And you deserve everything you got?

MAYOR LELAND

I'm a working class kid who made something of himself, no shame there.

ZOE

Never got any special help?

MAYOR LELAND

Lots of people have helped me.

ZOE

I mean didn't you ever wonder how it was that your political enemies just vanished? Weren't you lucky in the extreme? Didn't you just wish for someone to go away, and then you never heard from them again? Oh Daddy-O, you know what I mean, sure you do. More than just a coincidence.

MAYOR LELAND

I've been lucky, sure.

ZOE

Almost like you've had a guardian spirit.

MAYOR LELAND

Zoe, what are you going on about?

ZOE

Just that the torch has been passed.  
To me. But I don't want it. And I  
don't want it to revert to you when  
I'm gone. So Dad, party like this  
night is your last, 'cause it is.

MAYOR LELAND

A threat like that and I'll throw  
you in the tank with your friend.

ZOE

You know it doesn't matter where I  
am. Maybe if Adam was let out, I'd  
change my mind. Good-night, Dad.

She gives him a peck on the cheek.

EXT. GALLOWS HILL PARK - NIGHT

An alter is made ready as a small crowd gathers in the chill  
night. Rebecca Parris is part of the group, she approaches  
Panthea.

REBECCA

Ms. Talbot.

PANTHEA

Ms. Parris.

REBECCA

Please, Rebecca. I'd like to take a  
few photos and observe the ritual  
for an article. Maybe it would help  
diminish the stereotypes.

PANTHEA

Certainly, Rebecca. I ask only that  
you take photos before or after we  
bind the circle. And that you join  
the circle tonight before you write  
your piece.

Rebecca steps back and snaps a photo.

REBECCA

Thank you, that'd be perfect.

Panthea nods to a helper. A chime is struck nine times.

PANTHEA

Join hands.

Rebecca, Mary and Sid are part of the circle.

MARY

Zoe's not here.

EXT. WITCH MUSEUM - NIGHT

Zoe weaves her way through the crowds on Adam's bike. Passing the closed main entrance, she turns the corner stopping at the "employee entrance." Zoe retrieves a glow-stick from her backpack. Hanging it around her neck provides enough light for her to unlock the door and slip inside.

INT. WITCH MUSEUM - NIGHT

Zoe deactivates the alarm then climbs to the control booth over the museum's main floor. Below her life-sized wax figures eternally retell the tragic story of the Salem Witch hysteria.

She scans a cue sheet illuminated by the booth's dimmed light and comes to the note, "Sarah Good's Curse, # 24." Flipping switch 24 brings up the lights on a woman in colonial garb, a noose tightened around her neck.

She takes a hack-saw from her back-pack and steals along the backstage walkways until she arrives at Sarah Good's diorama.

ZOE

Sorry, Grandmother.

She saws off the stiff wax rope that attaches to the gallows above, and then liberates Sarah Good's head at the neck.

EXT. WITCH MUSEUM - NIGHT

Zoe sneaks out with the head tucked under one arm. She is not out of place on Halloween night in Salem. The full moon casts a maze of shadows as she walks through the Salem Common. Maple leaves crunch beneath her feet.

EXT. GALLOWS HILL PARK - NIGHT

Smoke curls from a large incense burners catching beams of moonlight streaming through the night sky. Sid, Mary, and members of the coven hold hands in a circle. Purple candles fill the ritual space with a warm bloom. Panthea shimmers in robes of silky purple. She raises an ornate crystal tipped wand and slowly traces a pentagram in the air.

PANTHEA

By the powers of earth, air, fire,  
and water, joined together with divine  
spirit: strict charge and watch I  
give thee, that to this place no  
evil thing may approach nor enter  
in.



She takes a small mound of salt and drops it into a chalice. Stirring with her athame she speaks.

PANTHEA (CONT'D)

With the purity of this salt and  
with the dissolving power of this  
water I dispel all that is negative  
and counter to my intent.

ANGLE ON THE CIRCLE

PANTHEA (CONT'D)

Tonight at Samhain by the power of  
the moon goddess the energy of the  
planes of existence draw close. We  
seek a glimpse of unity. Knowledge  
returned to the physical plane.  
Guidance for action.

INT. SALEM JAIL - NIGHT

A uniformed officer appears at the door to the lock-up.

OFFICER #1

Greene! Judge's order just came  
through. Not enough evidence to  
hold you.

He slides the bars open.

OFFICER #1 (CONT'D)

You're free to go. Collect your  
property upstairs.

Adam walks out.

EXT. GROVE OF MEMORY - NIGHT

At the edge of this memorial, etched into the stone, quotes from the innocents. Zoe crosses the police tape into the Grove of Memory, but there are no police on duty. She takes a small telescoping spade from her backpack and extends it to its full length. Searching the memorial stones she finds the monument for Sarah Good. She places Sarah Good's wax head on the stone slab and hangs the glow stick around its neck and starts to dig.

EXT. GALLOWS HILL PARK - NIGHT

A complex and buoyant drum rhythm echoes in the night air. The coven pulses to the beat as the members whirl around the circle.

EXT. SALEM STREET - NIGHT

Haunted Happenings is in full swing. Mayor Leland surveys the massive street party with satisfaction. A waiter comes over with a tray of drinks. The Mayor takes a cup, is about to taste it, then pours it on the ground.

EXT. GALLOWS HILL PARK - NIGHT

The coven stands in a circle, everyone holds a candle.

PANTHEA

Farewell to the guardians of the north, south, east, and west. Close now the paths between our world and the dwelling places of all spirits. We take from them knowledge of how to live a more peaceful life, in harmony with all kingdoms. This circle is released.

Rebecca's camera immediately starts to flash.

PANTHEA (CONT'D)

Now we'll walk to the Grove of Memory. Not only do we go to remember innocent people who were executed by the state, but we go to remind ourselves what happens when we allow fear to overcome reason. Out of fear comes destruction. We walk for courage and creativity.

The coven marches out of the park.

REBECCA

I'm going to go on ahead so I can get some shots of the procession as it arrives. I'll see you there.

EXT. PROF. Z'S HOUSE BOAT - NIGHT

Adam arrives at the house boat.

INT. PROF. Z'S HOUSE BOAT - NIGHT

Adam looks around inside. He finds the scroll of paper and the family tree. He sets off.

EXT. PROF. Z'S HOUSE BOAT - NIGHT

Adam searches the outside area.

ADAM

Where's the fucking bike?

EXT. GROVE OF MEMORY - NIGHT

Zoe makes progress with the small shovel though the ground is hard. Rebecca Parris looks on from the shadows. She presses record on a small tape recorder.

EXT. SALEM STREET - NIGHT

The candle light procession winds through the streets adding new marchers as it makes its way toward the Grove of Memory.

EXT. PANTHEA'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Adam trots to the door of Panthea's house. The house is lit from the inside but no one answers Adam's persistent knocking.

ADAM

Zoe. Ms. Talbot. It's Adam.

He goes around the side and finds Zoe's old bike. He takes off toward town.

EXT. SALEM STREET - NIGHT

As the candle-light procession passes the First Church of Salem, protesters proclaiming Jesus as Lord flank the witches and join the march.

EXT. GROVE OF MEMORY - NIGHT

Zoe finishes digging.

EXT. SALEM STREET - NIGHT

As Adam draws toward town the crowds make bike riding impossible. He ditches the bike and starts to run. He sees the candle-light procession approaching the Grove of Memory.

EXT. GROVE OF MEMORY - NIGHT

Zoe traces a circle with her ritual dagger. She's dug a small hole at the base of Sarah Good's memorial stone.

ZOE

The circle is magic because it has no beginning and no ending. It exists eternal, unbroken, complete. And we who are in this physical plane can see and sense the eternal and the infinite even as we live in the limited and linear.

Panthea, Mary, Sid, and the coven and the protesters all arrive. They quiet as Zoe continues on without noticing.

ZOE (CONT'D)

The circle is whole and hope because we ourselves are fragments and shards scraping to survive, unknowingly wounding others with our sharp corners. As we grow in years and wisdom perhaps we can soften these edges.

She takes the head and lays it in the hole.

ZOE (CONT'D)

Tonight, I symbolically give these bones back to the earth as the true bones of our ancestors are lost to us forever. Sarah Good, here your bones are symbolically laid to rest -- in a marked grave, consecrated ground. So now Grandmother, you must find rest.

Earth covers the unblinking eyes of the wax face of Sarah Good as Zoe fills the hole. The onlookers are silenced and immobilized by Zoe's ritual.

ZOE (CONT'D)

And now I pray to the goddess for the strength to end this curse and to bring healing.

Adam breaks through the onlookers.

ZOE (CONT'D)

As the full moon must wane and fall completely into shadow, so must our fleeting lives.

ADAM

No! Zoe, NO!

Zoe plunges the dagger into her body. She staggers. Adam rushes to her and lowers her into the grave that we now see she dug for herself. Rebecca Parris snaps photos.

ADAM (CONT'D)

Zoe.

ZOE

Had to end the curse. Bring healing.

Adam, Panthea, Mary, and Sid cradle Zoe in her grave.

ZOE (CONT'D)

I killed them. I didn't know it until tonight. I couldn't risk it again.

PANTHEA  
Foolish child.

Zoe exhales her last breath.

EXT. SALEM - NIGHT

The clock strikes midnight, Halloween is over. The Salem Police walk forward, shoulder to shoulder in long ranks, clearing the streets of partyers.

EXT. NEWS STAND WASHINGTON STREET - DAY

The whole town looks like it has a hangover. Corkey sells papers to the one or two commuters on the way to work.

Mayor Leland shuffles across the desolate street to buy a paper.

CORKEY  
Morning, Mr. Mayor.

He hands him a New York Times, a Boston Crier, and a Salem News.

MAYOR LELAND  
Good morning, Corky.

CORKEY  
Front Page.

Leland examines the Boston Crier. Splashing the front page is the headline, "Curse Claims Its Last Victim." Joining the headline is the photo of Zoe taken by Rebecca Parris.

MAYOR LELAND  
No silver lining this time. Not  
this time.

He walks back to town hall. A raven perches on the shoulder of Roger Connent.

THE END