

Bewitching

By

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EXT. CUL-DE-SAC. MORNING.

The sun rises on the neighborhood. Birds chirp, welcoming the light of a new dawn.

NARRATOR V.O

In a quiet, dreamy little suburb in idyllic America an all American family prepares for a celebration like no other. Join Dickie and Elizabeth Van Der Burg as they get ready for a night that will be positively...

A pleasant jingle starts signaling the start of the title sequence. 'Bewitching' wipes over the screen with a sparkle.

TITLE SEQUENCE.

The music continues as we see each character introduced.

DICKIE - Dickie is swinging his golf club, after hitting his ball he turns to camera and smiles.

ELIZABETH - Preparing a meal. She smiles at the camera.

MR & MRS WILLOW - Mr & Mrs Willow share a drink. They turn to camera and smile.

SAMANTHA WILLOW - She twirls in a nice summer dress then smiles at the camera.

MR & MRS MAPLE - Mr Maple is reading his newspaper. Mrs Maple snatches it out of his hands and holds out a trash bag. They smile at the camera.

The music swells as it reaches the end and we fade into the episode.

INT. BEDROOM. MORNING.

Fade in on a double bedroom. The bed is in the centre of the room in front of a large window with the curtains drawn. The early morning sun glows through the curtains.

Sat at a large dressing table, brushing her hair is **ELIZABETH**. Late 20's - mid 30's, woman of the 60's. Think Samantha from Bewitched. She is wearing a night gown. Her hair is in rollers and she is putting on her make up.

She glances at her husband in the mirror. He is behind her practicing his golf swing.

He is wearing a shirt and sweater vest but hasn't put on his trousers yet. He has his socks and suspenders on.

DICKIE. Mid 30's, clean shaven, hair in place. He swings his club again, bending his knees as he follows through.

ELIZABETH

You're going to be late darling.

Dickie almost trips as his concentration falters. He hits a vase on a large chest of drawers, smashing it on the floor.

DICKIE

Now honey, how many times have I told you. You don't interrupt a man during his back swing.

Elizabeth turns around and looks at him innocently. She flashes him a smile.

ELIZABETH

I'm sorry darling, let me fix that up.

She turns her attention to the vase. She flourishes her arms and clicks her fingers. We hear a chime and the vase is magically fixed and back in place on the drawers. Elizabeth smiles again and nods happy with her work.

ELIZABETH

There, good as new.

DICKIE

Yes, much better.

ELIZABETH

Now you'll want to get going. You don't want to be late for your tee time with Larry.

Dickie looks at his watch and nods.

DICKIE

I suppose you're right. Tee of is nine thirty so I guess I'll skip breakfast.

Dickie goes to walk out, Elizabeth calls after him.

ELIZABETH

Oh darling, aren't you forgetting something?

Dickie steps back into the room. He walks over to Elizabeth.

DICKIE

You're right, have a nice day sweetheart.

Dickie kisses his wife, she smiles at him.

ELIZABETH

Oh thank you darling. But I was talking about something else.

She looks down. Dickie realises he has no pants on.

DICKIE

Oh!

FADE OUT...

EXT. GOLF COURSE. DAY.

The light rises on a large golf course. Dickie is stood leaning on his golf club. Another man is lining up his swing. The other man is **LARRY WILLOW**. He is mid to ate 30's, dressed in a garish golf outfit. A jumper and stripped trousers. He is wearing a silly hat to shield his eyes from the sun.

Dickie looks at his watch as Larry lines up his shot carefully, taking his time. He goes to swing but thinks better of it and lines his shot up again. Dickie rolls his eyes.

DICKIE

Larry, while we're still young if you don't mind.

LARRY

Patience is a virtue Dick. That's why I'm two strokes up.

DICKIE

You're two strokes down Larry, and I'd like to finish this game before the next ice age.

LARRY

Two down? Huh.

Larry takes his shot, the two men watch as the ball lands in a water trap.

DICKIE

You're right, maybe you should have taken longer.

LARRY

Damn! You put me off.

Dickie sets up his tee, Larry watches.

DICKIE

Sure I did Larry. Now stand back and watch.

Dickie takes his shot. It is equally as bad and lands in the same water trap. Larry laughs.

LARRY

Yeah, you showed me Dick.

DICKIE

Shut up. Why do we come here every Saturday Larry?

LARRY

Oh, don't be a sour puss. Nothing better than a round of golf and a smoke in the clubhouse.

DICKIE

Well, how about we skip the course and go straight to the cigars.

Larry smiles a mischievous smile.

LARRY

Dick you old dog you. I like the cut of your jib. Lets go.

The two men laugh as they start to walk back to the clubhouse. After a few seconds Larry looks at Dick.

LARRY

Say Dick?

DICKIE

Yeah?

LARRY

You still need my Samantha to help with your dinner party tonight?

DICKIE

Yeah, why? She doesn't have to cancel does she?

LARRY

No, no, nothing like that. I was just wondering what this party is all about?

DICKIE

I told you Larry, Liz has some family visiting from Europe. They're a little eccentric so having someone help us during dinner will impress them.

LARRY

Europe huh? They aren't weird are they?

DICKIE

Oh Larry, they're from Europe, they're really weird. But don't worry. Sam will be taken care of.

LARRY

If you say so Dick. I'm just worried about exposing her to something too unusual. She's a sensitive girl.

DICKIE

Larry, we've known each other for years. I promise after tonight, you'll be happy as, well, happy as Larry!

Dick laughs at his joke and hand Larry a cigar.

DICKIE

Here, smoke this. It's from one of Liz's relatives. After smoking this cigar, all you're problems are over.

Larry looks at the cigar. He smells it and nods. Larry puts the cigar in his mouth and Dick strikes a match and lights it. Larry takes a few puffs and coughs.

LARRY

Wow, thats strong.

DICKIE

Only the best.

Dick lights his own cigar. Larry starts to cough more. Dick motions for him to keep smoking. Larry is coughing badly now as he tries to smoke the cigar.

LARRY

Dick? What's in this cigar?

Larry is struggling to breath now. Blood starts to dribble out of his mouth.

DICKIE

Cyanide.

Dick puffs his cigar as Larry looks at him in horror. Larry coughs up his last and falls flat on his face while Dick puffs his cigar casually. He looks down at the dead Larry.

DICKIE
(To camera)
 I do love Saturdays.

FADE OUT...

INT. KITCHEN. DAY.

Lights up on Elizabeth. She is weighing out some flour. She glances over at the kitchen sink which still has last night's dishes in it. She sighs then looks around with a grin. With a flourish she clicks her fingers and the dishes disappear. Elizabeth smiles at the camera and winks.

ELIZABETH
(To camera)
 Much better.

She moves a kettle to the stove. As she does we hear a distant knocking.

AGATHA
 Helloooo? Elizabeth? Are you in dear?

In walks a loud woman. She is the quintessential 60's housewife. She is wearing a smart dress and her hair is perfectly placed. She looks like a stepford wife. **AGATHA WILLOW.**

Following Agatha is a younger woman, 18ish. She is wearing a light summery dress. She looks hippie, flower child. **SAMANTHA WILLOW.**

ELIZABETH
 Agatha! Hi, you're a little early. Would you like some tea?

AGATHA
 Oh you know I'd love some dear.

Agatha sits down at the table and sets down her purse. Elizabeth sits too. Samantha stands looking around the kitchen, Agatha snaps her fingers at her.

AGATHA
 Oh Samantha! Do sit down, you're making the place look a mess.

Samantha sits down while Elizabeth gives a forced smile.

AGATHA
 Samantha is very excited to meet your, cousins was it? From Europe?

ELIZABETH

Europe, yes. You could say that.

AGATHA

Well, she's been practically glowing with excitement for weeks now, haven't you.

SAMANTHA

(Embarrassed)

Mom!

Elizabeth looks at Samantha wide wide hungry eyes.

ELIZABETH

Have you indeed? Well, my ... cousins, are going to be very pleased to meet you to Samantha.

Samantha smiles at Elizabeth who stares at her intensely for a moment. Agatha is looking around the house unaware of the strange moment between Elizabeth and her daughter. Samantha meets Elizabeths smile but can't meet her eye.

HHSSSSSSS...

ELIZABETH

Who want's tea?

Elizabeth stands and goes to the stove.

AGATHA

Oh, you know I'd love some. Your tea always sends me right off to sleep at night.

ELIZABETH

Does it indeed.

Elizabeth pours three cups of tea. She waves her hand over two of the cups. She turns back to the table and serves the tea to her guests.

AGATHA

Two lumps of sugar please dear.

Elizabeth drops two lumps of sugar in the tea and hands it to Agatha. She takes a sip.

AGATHA

Delicious as always.

As Elizabeth hands Samantha her cup, Agatha slams her head against the table, falling uncounsious. Samantha jumps.

SAMANTHA

Mom! Are you ok?!

Elizabeth takes a sip from her tea.

ELIZABETH

Don't worry dear. She's quite dead.

Samantha's eyes widen in horror.

SAMANTHA

What!

Elizabeth holds a small stone in her hand. It flashes and Samantha stands up straight, stiff as a board.

SAMANTHA

What's happening!

ELIZABETH

Oh hush now Sam, You won't be able to move anywhere so just be quiet while I dispose of your mother.

Samantha goes to scream but Elizabeth snaps her fingers and Samantha's voice breaks. She tries to scream but no noise comes out.

Elizabeth smiles at her and stands. She moves to Agatha and lifts her head. Agatha lets out a pained groan. Elizabeth looks surprised. She looks at Samantha.

ELIZABETH

I'm impressed. You're mother can certainly take a dose. Oh well.

Elizabeth holds out her hand and a kitchen knife appears. Samantha's eyes widen in horror and she screams a silent 'NO!' as Elizabeth cuts the throat of her mother. Agatha's eyes go wide as her throat is cut. Her blood sprays across the table. Elizabeth drops the lifeless head of Agatha and she slams against the table and she falls to the floor.

Elizabeth smiles and walks over to Samantha. She raises the glowing stone again.

ELIZABETH

Follow me little one. We have so much to do and time is running out.

Elizabeth walks out of the kitchen and is followed by a struggling Samantha who is dragged along by an unseen force.

FADE TO BLACK...

COMMERCIAL BREAK.

A man is sitting in an armchair reading the paper. **MR MAPLE.**

NARRATOR V.O

Hey, you there!

The man reacts to the voice, pointing to himself.

NARRATOR V.O

Yeah you! Are you tired of being nagged by the old ball and chain?

The man nods, almost brow beaten.

NARRATOR V.O

Then do I have just the thing for you.

A light joyful jingle plays as a box labeled cyanide spins on the spot.

NARRATOR V.O

That's right! Cyanide! The one use solution to an annoying spouse.

The man is holding a box of cyanide and is pouring it into a glass of lemonade. He walks to his wife who is cooking dinner. He offers her a glass of lemonade while taking a sip of his own before setting it down. **MRS MAPLE.** She smiles and takes the glass from her husband before screaming at a spider on the wall. Mr Maple turns and hits it with his rolled up newspaper. Taking the opportunity Mrs Maple switches the glasses. Mr Maple turns back around and smiles at his wife like a champion.

They both take a long drink of their lemonades. After a pause Mr Maple starts to foam at the mouth. He looks at the camera with a look of 'YIKES' and then he falls down dead.

CUT TO...

Mrs Maple holding the box of cyanide and smiling at the camera.

NARRATOR V.O

Cyanide! It makes annoying problems go away, forever!

FADE OUT...

INT. LIVING ROOM. EVENING.

Dick comes home, he throws his hat on the coat stand and drops his golf bag on the floor.

DICKIE

Honey, I'm home!

Elizabeth comes into the living room dressed in a long robe. Dickie looks at her and beams, like he is seeing her in a wedding dress.

DICKIE

Oh, sweetheart. You look fantastic.

Elizabeth gives a little twirl as she speaks.

ELIZABETH

Well thank you darling, now go and get ready. It's nearly time.

DICKIE

Is Sam here yet?

ELIZABETH

Has been since midday. Oh, she's doing very well.

DICKIE

I knew she would. The moment I saw her I knew she'd be just perfect for this.

Dick runs off screen and Elizabeth flourishes and clicks her fingers causing Samantha to appear. She is half dead, her dress now stained with blood. Her face has been cleaned of blood but it can still be seen in her hair. She staggers, following Elizabeth as she makes some last minute adjustments, lighting candles.

Dick walks back in, now dressed in a robe matching his wife's. He stops when he sees Samantha.

DICKIE

Wow, you've done an amazing job. Our Lord will be very pleased.

Samantha is dragged by the unseen force towards a chair covered in flowers. She is made to sit. Elizabeth stands behind her and places a crown made of thorny flowers on her head. A whimper escapes Samantha as the thorns dig into her head causing blood to drip down.

ELIZABETH

No noise now little one. Or I'll silence you again.

Dick starts a low chant as Elizabeth places a large goblet on Samanthas lap.

DICKIE

Lord Hastur, inheritor of all the
Earth and those who inhabit it.
Accept this sacrifice so that we
may be your vessels on this
Earth.

Samantha shakes her head. She struggles to move but can only mover her head.

SAMANTHA

No! Please no!

ELIZABETH

Shh little one. Sit quietly now.

Elizabeth brushes her hand along Samanthas head as though soothing a child.

SAMANTHA

You can't sacrifice me! Don't you
need a virgin or something? I'm
not! I have a boyfriend an...

Samantha is stopped by the laughter of Dick and Elizabeth.

DICKIE

Sweet gir no. Whatever gave you
that idea?

SAMANTHA

What?

Elizabeth oves to Samanthas face, leaning in and speaking in a soothing soft voice.

ELIZABETH

No little one. We aren't some
silly satanists worshiping stolen
symbols and whispers in the dark.

Dick nods in agreement. A more serious expression on his face like he is preparing to give a life lesson to a child.

DICKIE

Samantha, our lord Hastur demands
a more delicious sacrifice. So
we'll give him a whore.

SAMANTHA

I'm not a whore!

DICKIE

Of course you are slugger. We've seen you sneaking around with that boy, oh what is his name again sweetheart. Johnny? Bobby?

ELIZABETH

Billy dear, Billy Jefferson.

DICKIE

That's it, Billy Jefferson. Yes, we know how many times you've opened your rotten legs for him little lady, and I have to admit, we are a little dissapointed.

Samantha shakes her head, pleading as tears roll down her face. Blood still dripping from her head.

DICKIE

We'd hoped you'd fall pregnant.

ELIZABETH

Double the sin, double the sacrifice. But, no baby.

DICKIE

No baby. So disappointing.

SAMANTHA

I'm happy to disappoint you. I'm on...

ELIZABETH

Yes we know. Sad sign of the times I'm afraid. Isn't that right darling.

DICKIE

Too right sweetheart. You just can't find a solid sinner nowadays. Always some loophole to get out of it. Oh well, the whore will have to do.

Elizabeth flourishes and a long knife appears in her hand. Samanthas eyes widen as she realises her fate.

Elizabeth stands in front of Samantha again and raises the knife above her head. She stops suddenly, a thought coming to her.

ELIZABETH

You know darling, I've just had a thought.

DICKIE

What's that sweetheart?

ELIZABETH

We have poor Samantha here frozen
in place like a common hog.

Samantha starts to nod as she sees a potential way out of this.

DICKIE

Well, what else would you suggest?

ELIZABETH

Why don't we hang her from the ceiling and cut her throat. Let the blood drain from her into the chalice.

Samantha starts to struggle again as she realises she has no way out but to fight for herself. Elizabeth holds the glowing stone up keeping Samantha from moving too much. They continue their conversation as though it was over the dinner table.

DICKIE

I don't see it as practical with our ceiling here sweetheart.

ELIZABETH

But shouldn't we at least try darling?

DICKIE

Usually I'd say yes sweetheart but we don't really have the time. I really wish you'd have mentioned this earlier.

ELIZABETH

Oh I suppose you're right. Ok lets carry on.

Samanthas eyes widen as she realises her fate.

SAMANTHA

No!...

Her scream is cut off as the knife plunges into her chest. Elizabeth expertly carves at the girls like she is carving a turkey. When she is finished Dick reaches into the girls chest and removes her heart. He places it into the chalice.

DICKIE

Now, Lord Hastur, we imbibe the
body of the sacrifice, that we
may be your vessel on this Earth.

Elizabeth smiles lovingly at Dick. They begin to tear
into Samanthas body. They tear away her flesh and eat her
until there is nothing left but blood and bone.

Now covered in the blood of the young girl Dick and
Elizabeth pick up the chalice containing Samanthas heart.
They quietly chant in Latin. Walking to the middle of the
room they place a ring of candles and kneel in the middle
of it. They raise the chalice above their heads. Their
eyes glowing a bright yellow.

CREDITS.

END.