

HERE BE WYTCES

written by

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EXT. MYREFALL TOWN SQUARE - DAY

A young girl is led through a small village. Think Belle's village from Beauty and the Beast. That kind of place.

But on this particular day, the town seems far less inviting. The shops are closed, and a threatening red tints the sky. The girl looks around, unsure where her parents are leading her.

The girl and her parents join a crowd of other townsfolk, all of them clamoring angrily. Their shouts bleed together, filling the air with an unpleasant din.

The young girl is clearly discomfited by this riotous crowd.

The horde migrates to the center of town, where a large wooden stake has been erected onto a raised platform.

Through the mass of people, the young girl can see a woman led to the platform by two men in monastic clothing.

She kicks and yells and writhes, but the men hold her in place. They lead her to the wooden stake and tie her to it.

Another man, dressed in the garb of a clergyman, his face like stone, steps up to the platform. The man, Reverend Westerfield, holds aloft a bible and makes a speech.

His words are indistinct over the din of the crowd, but certain words just barely escape the noise; words like "impurity", "cleansing", "abomination", "safety".

As the good reverend finishes his sermon and descends the platform, the stake is lit aflame. The woman's cries of rage turn to pleas, and then to screams.

As the fire grows in intensity, the gathered crowd cheers the destruction of this evil woman. All but the young girl, who watches in horror. She squints her eyes shut...

EXT. MYREFALL TOWN SQUARE - SEVERAL YEARS LATER

...and a young woman of 13 opens them. Her name is Kestrel Bauer. She is clothed in her Sunday Best, a modest, colorless dress and a bow. She has curly brown hair, pale skin, and a tentative posture.

She walks towards a large stone building with her family, all of whom are similarly dressed.

Church bells ring out throughout the town, which looks a fair bit more pleasant than it did on that day so many years ago.

The sky is its standard shade of blue. Children run through the streets. Ignoring that last scene, this seems like a pretty nice place to live.

INT. WESTERFIELD CHURCH - MORNING

Kestrel separates from her family to sit with the other village girls her age. She finds them in the pews, halfway through one of Cassandra's stories.

CASSANDRA

- right off the cliff! Twenty feet down to the lake! Sploosh!

Cassandra has short hair and freckles. She is the kind of girl who seeks out mayhem for the express purpose of capturing other's attention. The story she is telling at the moment is probably untrue, but nobody really cares.

THEODOSIA

That is crazy! Oh, hey Kestrel.

Theodosia is a buttoned up kind of person with her hair restrained and her posture rigidly formal. Her outfit is the nicest out of all the girls.

KESTREL

H - hey, Theodosia.

Kestrel gives a paltry wave and slots herself between Cassandra and Theodosia.

DANIELLE

Was it cold in there?

Danielle is completely wrapped up in Cassandra's story. She is Cassandra's best friend, partially because she's the only one who tolerates her antics. Danielle is the kind of person who is not exactly on speaking terms with reality.

CASSANDRA

It was freezing at first, but it got warmer after the first couple of times.

DANIELLE

You mean you jumped in more than once?

CASSANDRA

Well, sure! It was only scary the first time, when I didn't know what it was like. After that it was fun.

THEODOSIA

I can't believe your father let you do that! My father would sure as heckfire be furious if he heard about me doing something like that.

CASSANDRA

Well of course I didn't tell my dad! Do you you think I want to get in trouble? And don't none of you go telling him, alright? If you do, I'm gonna stop being friends with you for forever!

DANIELLE

Forever? But that's a long time!

CASSANDRA

Well, keep it a secret then, alright?

THEODOSIA

What about you, Kestrel?

KESTREL

Huh?

Kestrel snaps back into focus. She hasn't been paying very close attention to the conversation up until this point.

THEODOSIA

What did you do over the weekend?

KESTREL

I, uh...just farm stuff? Pop needed help with the pigs.

CASSANDRA

Aw gross, you were down in the pig pen?

DANIELLE

Hush it, Cassie! Pigs aren't gross, they're smart and cute! I wish I lived on a farm with you, Kestrel. Then I could be friends with all the piggies!

CASSANDRA

You do know what they do to pigs on farms, right Danielle?

DANIELLE

They...milk them?

A hush falls over the crowd, and the choir begins to sing.

Reverend Westerfield walks to the stage and assumes his usual position behind the pulpit. He adjusts his glasses and opens a bible to a clearly predetermined location. He clears his throat and the choir ceases.

WESTERFIELD

Today I want to talk to you all...
about Uniformity.

Westerfield glances down at his Bible.

WESTERFIELD

I appeal to you, brothers and
sisters, in the name of our Lord,
that all of you agree with one
another in what you say and that
there be no divisions among you,
but that you be perfectly united in
mind and thought. Corinthians one
ten.

He pauses briefly, then looks up.

WESTERFIELD

I do want to congratulate you good
people of Myrefall. We are a
strong, faithful community. You are
like minded souls, the lot of you.
Together, we have withstood many
hardships, and it is because we
stand as one.

He pauses for longer this time.

WESTERFIELD

But even one outlier could change
all of that. Christ had twelve
disciples. It only took one to sell
him out. Look around you.

The churchgoers glance nervously at one another.

WESTERFIELD

I am certain that most every face
you look upon belongs to a kindly
soul. But perhaps one has different
intentions to the rest of us. And
indeed, it only takes one.

The audience grows ever more suspicious.

WESTERFIELD

We must remain vigilant, my friends. For the machinations of witchcraft are ever present. Yes, there are witches amongst us. They connive in the shadows, looking for but one of us to pervert. For our greatest strength is our unity. Were these vile cavorters to sway even one of us to the side of wickedness, then we would be torn asunder. I want you to look over there.

He points towards Kestrel. She panics. Why is he pointing at her?

WESTERFIELD

There...is my daughter Theodosia.

Indeed, the good reverend was in fact pointing towards the girl sitting next to Kestrel. Theodosia herself is not particularly pleased with the sudden attention either.

WESTERFIELD

Now there is an example of moral righteousness. Kind, faithful, a proponent of the traditional values. I truly am proud of her.

He clears his throat.

WESTERFIELD

I apologize for my brief digression. Please open your Bibles to Ephesians four eleven.

Kestrel is utterly petrified.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - DAY

Kestrel, Cassandra, Theodosia, and Danielle stroll along a lazy country road. Long patches of grassy farmland stretch out on either side of them. Cassandra balances atop a waist-high stone wall which borders the road on one side.

DANIELLE

Mmm...you smell that fresh country air? Nothing quite like it.

CASSANDRA

All I smell are cow pats.

KESTREL

Hey, do your parents ever talk about what witches actually do?

THEODOSIA

Huh?

KESTREL

I mean, what bad things do they do? They must have done something around here to make everybody hate them so much.

THEODOSIA

I'm not quite sure. Father says that they cavort with the devil for their powers, but he won't tell me what cavorting is.

Cassandra drops down from the wall and pokes out between Kestrel and Theodosia.

CASSANDRA

I know what witches do! Remember that drought a couple years back? Well my daddy says it was a witch's curse that caused it!

DANIELLE

Didn't we catch that old crone?

THEODOSIA

Oh yeah. I remember my father was the one who led the procession at her burning.

DANIELLE

Good riddance!

CASSANDRA

But that's why we gotta be careful! We got one of them, so they're trying to get us back! People say anything that goes wrong around here is done by witches, working their vengeful magics.

Cassandra gesticulates wildly, playing it up for her audience.

KESTREL

So the fire over by the granary?

CASSANDRA
Oh yeah, that's *definitely* witches.

THEODOSIA
Lumberin' Pete breaking his leg?

CASSANDRA
Witches for sure.

DANIELLE
Old Man Henderson says that it was
witches what ate up his celery
patch.

CASSANDRA
...I thought that was rabbits.

DANIELLE
Witches coulda sent the rabbits.

CASSANDRA
Can't argue with you there.

The church bells let out a faint ring.

THEODOSIA
It's already five!? Oh no, I'm
supposed to be home!

DANIELLE
Me too!

Danielle runs off into the fields.

CASSANDRA
Okay, I'll see y'all later!

Cassandra runs off in a different direction.

KESTREL
Bye Cassie! Bye Danielle! Bye Theo!

Kestrel and Theodosia continue in the same direction.

They look at each other.

KESTREL
(embarrassed)
I forgot that we were going in the
same direction.

Theodosia giggles.

EXT. KESTREL'S HOME - EVENING

A plain wooden house overlooks a paltry farm. Animals graze lethargically underneath the setting sun.

INT. KESTREL'S HOME - DINING TABLE - EVENING

Kestrel is at dinner with her family. Their dinnerware is made of stone. Their utensils are wooden. Their meal is some unrecognizable kind of stew.

Her Pop is shaped like a rectangle. He has both muscle and fat in equal supply.

Her Mum is maybe a bit more overweight than average for a woman, but this is back in the day when that conferred success in life.

Her brother Barnabas is about two years younger than her. His expression is that of one who surveys the atmosphere looking for opportunities to rile folks up.

Kestrel looks up from her mystery stew.

KESTREL

Mum...pop...why are witches bad?

POP

Hrrm?

KESTREL

I mean I know it's bad to be a witch. Everybody knows that. But nobody ever talks about why they're bad.

Mum and Pop turn to each other, then back to Kestrel.

POP

It was Ipswick the Crone. She was... eccentric, but everybody thought she was harmless.

MUM

Then the droughts came.

POP

Yes, the droughts. The rains didn't come, and without them our crops would not grow.

MUM

A lot of folks died that winter. Your grandfather was one of them.

(MORE)

MUM (CONT'D)

There just wasn't enough food to go around.

POP

Then we caught her, one night. Dancing in the darkness, some kind of ritual at her feet. Reverend Westerfield recognized it immediately.

MUM

A droughting hex.

POP

She tried to destroy our town, so we paid her back in kind.

MUM

You were a little too young to remember, I think.

KESTREL

No, I remember pretty clearly.

POP

Does that answer your question, Kestrel?

KESTREL

Y-yeah.

Kestrel lowers her head...

Just enough to see that her hands are...glowing?

This is a bad thing. Kestrel doesn't know what this is but she knows it's a bad thing.

She looks up at her family. They haven't noticed her hands, but they seem to have noticed her sudden panic.

Though the window she can see one of the family's pigs, LEONARD, ambling around.

MUM

Is everything okay, Kestrel?

KESTREL

Uhh, yeah, it's...LEONARD! NO! BAD PIG! STOP IT!

Kestrel's family turns around to see what she's yelling at.

Seeing nothing unusual, they turn back to find that she has stuffed her arms inside of her shirt.

KESTREL

He was doing a bad thing. But he stopped. Before you turned around.

BARNABAS

Why do you have your arms in your shirt?

KESTREL

It's cold. I'm cold. Can I be excused?

BARNABAS

What, did you steal something? Is that why you had us turn around? Mom, I think Kestrel stole something!

BARNABAS tries to yank her arms back through her sleeves.

KESTREL

I didn't steal anything, you brat!

Kestrel panics and kicks her little brother in the shin.

BARNABAS

OWWW-UH!

POP

Kestrel! Go to your room!

KESTREL

(relieved)

Thank you so much!

Kestrel bolts for her room. Her pop seems confused. Gratitude was not the reaction he anticipated.

INT. KESTREL'S ROOM - EVENING

Kestrel slams the door to her bedroom and, for safety, props a chair against the handle.

She slips her arms back through the sleeves to confirm that yes, her hands are in fact glowing an eldritch green.

She paces around her room in a panic.

KESTREL
 what is this what is this what is
 this what is this

Kestrel runs her fingers through her hair, then recoils at her own hand. She examines her afflicted hands, waving them in front of her face and prodding at them with her fingers.

She touches two fingers together, and the interplay of power produces a jumper-cable-like spark.

Kestrel yelps and jumps back.

POP
 (through door)
 Kestrel? Are you all right?

Kestrel panics. She can't let her father see this.

She rifles through her clothes, looking for something to conceal her hands. The doorknob jiggles.

POP
 (through door)
 Why can't I open this? Did you bar
 your door?

KESTREL
 (still rifling)
 It's been sticking lately. Just
 keep at it, it'll open eventually.

She finds what she was looking for - a pair of gloves. She begins to slip them on.

POP
 (through door)
 Kestrel, what's going on in there?

KESTREL
 Is it still stuck? Hang on, I'll
 get it.

A gloved hand pulls the chair away from the door.

Kestrel opens the door.

KESTREL
 Sorry about that. We might have to
 call in Mr. Carpenter to take a
 look at it.

POP

Are you all right? I though I heard
you yell.

KESTREL

Mmmm...nope! Not me! One of the
pigs, maybe?

Her father seems less than assured.

POP

Kestrel...you'd tell me if there
was a problem, right?

Kestrel takes too long to answer.

INT. SCHOOLHOUSE - DAY

A small, weathered schoolhouse. A fifty-something woman
lectures to a class of about twenty children. Students write
on slate tablets using chalk.

Tiny squeaks of chalk on slate are audible throughout the
room. The schoolteacher's lecture can just be made out above
the din.

SCHOOLTEACHER

...landed on Plymouth Rock in the
fall of 1620...

Cassandra and Danielle play an improvised game of Pictionary
using their slates while the teacher has her back turned.

Cassandra holds up her drawing. A crudely drawn equine,
perhaps?

Danielle writes on her slate and holds it up. "Horse"

Cassandra shakes her head and makes some alterations to her
drawing. She holds it up. The equine now has buck teeth and
bigger ears.

Danielle looks closer at the drawing and makes another guess.
"Zebra???"

Cassandra gets frustrated. She scribbles forcefully on the
slate, and holds it up again. The creature now has a speech
bubble that says "Hee Haw".

Danielle writes on her slate "You can't use words. That's
cheating."

Unbeknownst to the two of them, the schoolteacher has finally noticed their little game.

SCHOOLTEACHER
Danielle!

DANIELLE
DONKEY - I MEAN - YES MA'AM?

CASSANDRA
Took you long enough!

SCHOOLTEACHER
That's detention for the both of
you.

The two girls cry out in annoyance.

Kestrel has been paying little attention to this exchange. Instead, she has buried her head in her tablet, attempting to focus on the teacher's lesson.

The anxious taps of her fingers betray the fact that this attempt has been largely unsuccessful.

Pretending to look over her notes, she sneaks a glance at the skin beneath her gloves under the desk.

Yup. Still glowing.

SCHOOLTEACHER
Kestrel?

Kestrel is jolted back to reality.

KESTREL
Yes'm?

SCHOOLTEACHER
You know the rules. No gloves
during classroom hours.

KESTREL
Can I please - just for today -

SCHOOLTEACHER
Hand them over right now, missy.

The schoolteacher goes for her gloves, and Kestrel shouts. Just then, Frogs.

A baker's dozen of live frogs appear all around Kestrel.

There is chaos in the classroom. The boys shout. The girls squeal. The schoolteacher faints.

All eyes are on Kestrel.

INT. KESTREL'S HOUSE - DINING TABLE - EVENING

The atmosphere around the table is noticeably more tense than the previous night.

POP

What exactly were you planning to do with all those frogs?

KESTREL

I told you, they weren't mine!

POP

They jumped out of your bag, Kestrel.

KESTREL

So *that's* what they told you...

POP

Do you have a better explanation for how they got there?

KESTREL

...no.

Barnabas is smiling wickedly. It's very rare that someone besides him is in trouble, and he is soaking it in.

BARNABAS

So where'd you get 'em all?

Kestrel glares at him.

MUM

Kestrel, I know you're feeling upset, but at least try to eat your stew.

KESTREL

I'm not hungry.

POP

If she doesn't want to eat, she won't eat. Now, Barnabas. Go bring the pigs in for the night.

BARNABAS

What? But I did it last night!

POP

It's your job to bring the pigs in.
Don't complain!

BARNABAS

But I need to go to the bathroom!

As Barnabas argues with his parents over chore duties, Kestrel silently rises from her seat and goes to the door.

KESTREL

It's fine, I've got it.

She exits.

EXT. KESTREL'S HOME - EVENING

Kestrel finishes corralling the pigs into their pen. She closes the gate on them, then walks over to the barn which acts as the pen's forth wall.

She slumps down against the barn wall. A particularly fat and dark-colored pig ambles over and looks at her with sympathetic eyes.

KESTREL

Aw, Krivit...

She scratches the pig's head affectionately.

KESTREL

Is there something wrong with me?
These things are happening in my
body, and I can't make them go
away. I don't know what's going on,
and I can't talk to anybody else
about it because they'll think I'm
a - but, I'm not, right?

She glances nervously at her arm.

KESTREL

I can't be a witch, because witches
are bad. I'm a good person inside,
I think, so this can't be witch
stuff happening to me. It has to be
something different, something
good, right?

The pig remains silent, as pigs tend to do.

Kestrel tilts her head back in defeat. She sighs.

KESTREL

You're right, Krivit. There is something wrong with me. I dunno who decided to make me like this but I hope they're having a good laugh up there.

Kestrel looks back at Krivit and smiles. She starts lavishing the pig with attention.

KESTREL

(cooing)

Thanks for listening, buddy. You're a real good listener, aren't you? Aren't you!?

Just then, she hears a rustling in the bushes.

Kestrel turns her head to the woods which border her house.

KESTREL

Is somebody out there? Barnabas?

No answer.

Kestrel slowly stands upright and peers into the woods.

KESTREL

Nice try, Barnaby. Not falling for this again.

Something rustles just past the treeline. Kestrel jumps.

She picks up a nearby broomstick and brandishes it nervously. She creeps towards the source of the noise, hopping the pen's fence when she comes to it.

There in the woods, she finds an old book lying on the ground.

KESTREL

Hello? I think you dropped this.

She looks around for the book's owner, then leans down to examine it.

The tome is old, probably much older than her. The leather binding has begun to peel in places. Embossed in faded gold on the cover is the word "WITCHCRAFT".

Just as Kestrel reaches for the book, she sees a figure just at the edge of her vision.

She turns to confront the figure, but it is already gone.

MUM
 (faintly, o.s.)
 Kestrel? Come inside, lamb.

Kestrel surveys the landscape one last time. Nothing.

She stuffs the book inside her dress and runs back home.

INT. KESTREL'S ROOM - NIGHT

Darkness.

Then the light of a candle illuminates Kestrel's room.

She places the candle down on her nightstand and retrieves the tome of witchcraft. Her face inquisitive, she leafs through the pages of the book. Each page has a different wood-carving illustration on it.

A bubbling pot...an assortment of mushrooms...a ritualistic altar...a glowing hand?

Kestrel stops on this last page. The illustration in the book closely resembles the affliction of her arm. She begins to read the page's contents aloud.

KESTREL
 (reading)
 Manos Illuminos, or The Glowing Hand, is a symptom of magical buildup. Witches act as a human conduit for the world's magical energy. Magic is naturally drawn into their bodies, but failing to channel this magic properly can lead to this affliction, amongst others. See also page fifty three, spontaneous combustion, for further information.

KESTREL
 Not gonna think about *that* for too long.

KESTREL
 (reading)
 There are many ways to disperse the magical buildup, but the simplest is to transfer it into life energy and feed it to a natural conductor.

She looks up in frustration.

KESTREL

Natural conductor? What the heck is that? Where's the see also page for natural conductors!?

Looking back to the book, Kestrel notices something else on the page. Some small handwritten print has been scrawled into the margins of the page.

"Seems like plants work really well as natural conductors. People don't notice the sudden growth, and the results are simply beautiful!"

Kestrel thinks about this for a moment.

CUT TO:

Kestrel returns with a flowerpot, obtained from somewhere in the house. She removes her glove, checking to make sure her door is closed. The light from her hand outshines even the candle.

She focuses on the plant, and green light pours from her fingertips, infiltrating its leaves and roots. Soon the plant has absorbed all of Kestrel's built up magic. The only light remaining is the candle's.

Then the plant begins to grow. The stalk expands. Leaves sprout. Flowers bloom. It is as if watching a time lapse unfold in real life. By the time it finishes, the plant has nearly doubled in size.

Kestrel examines her hand. Back to normal.

She is interrupted by a knock at her door.

POP

(muffled)

Kestrel? Are you still up?

In a panicked rush, Kestrel stuffs the book underneath her bed. Her father opens the door just a minute later.

POP

Go to bed, please. Another big day tomorrow.

KESTREL

All right, I will.

POP

That's my girl. Good night.

He shuts the door. Kestrel hops into bed.
 She turns her head to the candle and blows.
 Again, darkness.

EXT. KESTREL'S HOME - DAY

Kestrel sits out near the barn, reading the book of Witchcraft. Krivit snoozes next to her.

KESTREL

Let's see if we can figure out who
 this mystery note taker is.

She flips to a page with a note in the margins.

KESTREL

(reading)

Going to test if wooden bowls can
 be used as makeshift cauldrons.
 Update: oh lord everything is on
 fire

KESTREL

Well, now I know she has access to
 wooden bowls. Boy, doesn't *that*
 narrow it down?

She turns to the next page

KESTREL

(reading)

Extinguishing Spell: wish I'd known
 about this back when the granary
 caught fire. Or before I
 experimented with the bowls.

KESTREL

Wait...if she knows about the
 granary fire...nah. There's fires
 in lots of towns.

She flips the page.

KESTREL

(reading)

Last week I saw Lumberin' Pete -

Kestrel shuts the book decisively.

KESTREL

Alright, that clinches it. There may be lots of fires, *but there's only one Lumberin' Pete*. This person has to be from Myrefall.

She looks at the pig.

KESTREL

But what do I do with that information? Should I look for her? I can't exactly go asking around, "Anybody seen any witches lately?" But it would be nice to...all right. Here's what I'll do. I'll put together the pros and cons of looking for this person. That's what normal people do, right? They stay calm and analyze the situation.

Kestrel uses a stick to write out a list of all the pros and cons in the dirt.

PROS: Someone to confide in, can help me with magic, not alone anymore

CONS: Potentially get burned alive by friends and family.

Kestrel frowns and wipes the list away.

KESTREL

The pros, I think, do not outweigh the cons here. Maybe I just sit tight and see if she comes to me. This person clearly knows a lot more about witchcraft. If she wants to talk to me, I'm sure she can figure it out.

She flips through the book, and a slip of paper falls out of the last pages. One last note, in the same handwriting as all the others.

KESTREL

(reading)

He almost caught me practicing again. It's too dangerous to keep this thing around, so I'm giving it to you. I saw you summon all those frogs earlier today. This book should help, but don't use it for too long.

(MORE)

KESTREL (CONT'D)

Learn how to suppress your magic,
then get rid of the book. Hopefully
it doesn't get you in trouble.

Kestrel hears something. A commotion has started brewing
somewhere in town.

She stows the book somewhere safe and goes to investigate.

EXT. MYREFALL TOWN SQUARE - DAY

A crowd of worried townsfolk has gathered at the center of
town. The MAYOR and Reverend Westerfield stand on an elevated
platform to address them.

VILLAGER 1

The rains should be here by now!

VILLAGER 2

My crops should be knee height by
now. They're only ankle height!

VILLAGER 3

It's another hex! There's
witchcraft afoot!

Kestrel finds Danielle near the edge of the crowd.

KESTREL

(whispering)
What's going on?

DANIELLE

(whispering)
People think there's another
drought. They wanna go looking for
the witch that did it.

KESTREL

(whispering)
Wh-what are they gonna do if they
find any witches?

DANIELLE

(whispering)
Same thing they did last time, I
guess?

KESTREL

(whispering)
You mean they're gonna -

Kestrel is interrupted by the good reverend, who has finally stood to address the crowd.

WESTERFIELD

Friends, neighbors. I know you are frightened. You wish to take action. And while we have no proof yet that there is a practitioner of arcana in our midst, I promise you this: the instant I discover a trace of any witchcraft in this town, I will rally this good town, and together, we will drive the menace from our streets!

Everybody seems pretty satisfied with the reverend's words.

Everyone except Kestrel.

EXT. KESTREL'S HOME - DAY

Krivit lies dormant out by the barn. Kestrel paces worriedly around him.

KESTREL

They're gonna find us out! They're gonna, they're gonna find me, they're gonna find her, whoever she is. Won't that be a fun place to meet up, tied to a stake!? "Hi! My name is Kestrel! Good to meet you! Sorry about the screaming, I'm not usually on fire like this!"

Exhausted, she plops down onto the ground, and reaches for the spellbook. She cracks it open and flips through it.

KESTREL

And what if she IS the one responsible for the drought? There's no droughting spell in here, but what if there's a Volume 2 out there? What if she made it up herself?

She tosses the book away, and leans back to look at the sky.

KESTREL

I just gotta risk it. It's not safe here for me anymore. The other witch too. I gotta find her, and then we need to hightail it out of this town!

EXT. SCHOOLHOUSE - DAY

Kestrel walks towards the schoolhouse, muttering to herself.

KESTREL

So whoever left that book for me,
they've got to be either a teacher
or a student here. Maybe I can suss
an answer out of somebody. I'll
have to be incredibly cautious with
my words, though.

CUT TO:

INT. SCHOOLHOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Kestrel's schoolteacher prepares for the day's classes.
Kestrel herself leans faux-nonchalantly against a wall.

KESTREL

Man, don't you just *hate* it when
your arm starts glowing and you
have to go find a natural
conductor? *The worst!*

The teacher glares at her.

CUT TO:

Cassandra slumps back in her chair, half asleep. Kestrel
leans in real close.

KESTREL

Hey, thanks for that *book* you lent
me. It's been really helpful.

She winks obviously.

CASSANDRA

What book? I didn't lend you a
book.

KESTREL

Didn't you, though?

CASSANDRA

....No.

CUT TO:

EXT. SCHOOLHOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Theodosia sits against a tree and reads her Bible. Kestrel descends into frame upside down, evidently hanging from one of the tree's branches.

KESTREL
secret-witch-says-what?

THEODOSIA
I'm sorry?

KESTREL
Darn it...

CUT TO:

EXT. SCHOOLHOUSE - LATER IN THE DAY

Kestrel walks home after school has ended. Her attempts have all failed.

KESTREL
Well that didn't work. And I'm pretty sure everybody thinks I'm insane now. Overall: not a very good day! There's gotta be some way to tell who's magic and who's normal!

EXT. MYREFALL WOODS - LATER

Kestrel finds a secluded clearing out in the woods where she can practice her magic without fear of detection.

She finds an old tree stump and places the book on it. She then opens it to a predetermined location.

The illustration depicts a hand holding a small, circular piece of glass. The heading says "LOCATING MAGYKS".

She reads from the passage.

KESTREL
(reading)
This spell can enchant any ordinary piece of glass. By looking through the enchanted glass, one can perceive traces of magical energy in the world around oneself.

KESTREL
Sounds good. Let's give it a go!

Kestrel holds up what looks to be a square lens from a pair of glasses. Her eyes flit between the lens and the book as she recites the incantation.

The lens begins to glow an arcane purple. Glowing runes etch themselves onto the edges of the lens.

Then it gets really bright, and really hot.

Kestrel tosses the lens away. It explodes in a flash of purple. The force of it knocks her over. Kestrel spends a moment getting back on her feet and steadying herself.

She looks around. There are tiny shards of glass embedded into every nearby surface.

KESTREL

Whoo. Okay. That didn't work.

She consults the book, wiping away a few glass pieces. There's another note in the margins.

KESTREL

(reading)

This spell is hard. I might want to practice some other stuff first.

KESTREL

Hmm. Fair enough. Maybe I shouldn't have started with something near the end of the book.

She flips back to one of the first pages.

KESTREL

All right. Levitation.

That's right, it's time for a Training Montage. You know how this goes. At first, Kestrel can barely lift a pebble.

CUT TO:

She pours over the book, studying the words of the author as well as the notes in the margins.

CUT TO:

She makes adjustments to her technique. The rocks begin to float higher and faster.

CUT TO:

She looks at other spells. The rocks now grow, shrink, and transform into butterflies.

CUT TO:

Now she is a master of manhandling rocks. Boulders swoop effortlessly above her head as she reads the spellbook.

Montage complete.

KESTREL

All right, let's kick it up a few notches.

She flips to much farther in the book.

The page shows an illustration of a blossoming flame.

KESTREL

Fire stuff. I'm on board.

She snaps her fingers, and indeed, a flame sprouts.

A small one at first, but as Kestrel waves her hands around rhythmically, it spirals out larger and larger.

She laughs and delights at the mystical light show all around her. But she loses control for one second, and a lick of flame hits her arm.

Kestrel cries out in pain and jumps back. The flame, now untethered, drops from the air and sets a tree ablaze.

The sight of the burning tree brings back memories of the woman burned at the stake all those years ago.

Images of the witch's death flash before Kestrel's eyes, and her screams seem to echo throughout the clearing.

The memories fade. Kestrel slumps to the ground.

Eventually, the flames die out.

Kestrel wipes tears from her eyes as she stands. She flees from the clearing, tiny sobs escaping her lips.

The book of witchcraft is left alone on the tree stump.

It sits there.

Kestrel scampers back, grabs the book, and is gone again.

INT. KESTREL'S HOUSE - EVENING

Kestrel walks in the door to find her parents upset with something. Her Pop is sitting hunched over, his hands fidgeting nervously. Her Mum attempts to comfort him, but her expression betrays a similar feeling of devastation.

KESTREL

Wh-what's going on in here?

Her mother works up the nerve to speak.

MUM

The town well...it's collapsed.

KESTREL

What?

POP

The whole thing just fell. Stone, wood, everything. A complete mess. It'll take weeks just to clear out the debris.

KESTREL

When did this happen?

POP

Missus Mason went to fetch a pail earlier today. Came back to tell everyone jus' now.

MUM

It's those damned witches, I know it.

KESTREL

Well it's - we don't know that there were witches involved.

POP

Kestrel.

KESTREL

It's a pretty old well, I mean maybe it just fell ap-

POP

Kestrel!

Kestrel looks at her father. His expression is solemn.

POP

We - we can't afford to keep the pigs no more.

KESTREL

What?

POP

We don't have a good source of water. It's gonna be hard just getting enough for the family. We can't be worried about all them other mouths.

MUM

Now, we know you've got a fondness for the big one -

KESTREL

His name is Krivit.

MUM

Krivit, right. We figure we can send him to the butcher's last, if it makes you feel better.

KESTREL

You can't do this! The, uh... the butcher! He won't give us a good price for em! They're too skinny! They won't be ready til September at least.

POP

We can't keep feeding these pigs til September, Kestrel. We're just gonna have to take whatever price the butcher gives us.

KESTREL

Just a little more time, please! What if the rains come soon?

POP

...fine. We got half a barrel of water that's too dirty for humans anyway. The pigs can drink from that. Once that's gone, though...

MUM

Sorry, lamb. It's all we can do to stay afloat right now.

KESTREL
(distant)
Yeah, okay...thanks.

15 INT. KESTREL'S ROOM - EVENING

15

Kestrel slams the bedroom door shut and pulls out the spellbook. She flips furiously through its pages.

KESTREL
C'mon, c'mon, water spell...
something to make it rain, or at
least fill up that barrel...

She finds a page illustrated with an icon of a water drop.

EXT. KESTREL'S FARM - EARLY MORNING

The sun has yet to rise above the horizon, but it's light reflects across the sky, painting the farm a soft pink.

Kestrel's pop trods over to the pig pen. Seven pairs of expectant eyes glance at him.

A barrel rests next to a trough inside the pen. Kestrel's pop lifts the lid from the barrel, and lowers a wooden bucket into it. He lifts the now filled bucket, and pours the water into the trough.

The pigs lap up the water greedily. Kestrel's pop glances sadly at the water level in the barrel, then replaces the lid and walks away.

Enter Kestrel.

The girl sneaks over to the barrel and knocks on its side. The sound of the knock is fairly high pitched. A bad sign.

Kestrel places her hand on the top of the barrel, and a sound is heard, not unlike the sound of a cup being filled under a sink.

She knocks on the barrel again. A lower sound this time.

Satisfied, Kestrel hops the fence and goes to pet Krivit.

KESTREL
There we go, buddy. All filled up.
If I just replace the amount poured
out every day, then Pop'll be none
the wiser. All I have to do is come
fill up the barrel...in secret...
(MORE)

KESTREL (CONT'D)
 every day...forever. All right, so
 it's not the most sustainable plan.
 I'll have to think of something
 else eventually.

EXT. MYREFALL WOODS - DAY

Kestrel has another small piece of glass, and has the book turned open to the LOCATING MAGYKS page. She clenches the lens in her hands, and looks at it intently.

This is serious business.

Slowly and clearly she recites the incantation. As before, the small piece of glass begins to glow purple. Cracks appear on the edges, seemingly indicating an imminent explosion, but Kestrel holds strong. She continues the incantation unfazed.

The cracks expand through the lens and glow bright white. Kestrel flinches.

Bang! The glass explodes right in the girl's face! And yet, she is completely unharmed. Glass shards hover motionless mere inches from her face. They seem to be caught in a blue forcefield surrounding her entire body.

Kestrel dissipates the forcefield and all of the shards drop to the ground.

KESTREL
 Well, the shield spell was a good
 idea...

A voice can be heard calling out through the trees.

WESTERFIELD
 (o.s.)
 Is somebody out here?

Kestrel grabs the spellbook and hides it behind her back as Reverend Westerfield steps through the treeline.

KESTREL
 Reverend Westerfield!

WESTERFIELD
 Oh, it's you. The, um, the Bauer
 girl.

KESTREL
 Kestrel.

WESTERFIELD

Yes, that's right. Did you hear that just now?

KESTREL

Hear what?

WESTERFIELD

There was a cacophony in this direction, almost like an explosion. I was on my way back from the Millers' when I heard it.

KESTREL

Oh, uh, that... I think it came from over there.

She points in the opposite direction the Reverend entered.

WESTERFIELD

Hrm... say, what are you doing out here to begin with? You should not be alone in the woods, it is dangerous for a girl your age.

KESTREL

I'm thirteen, I can take care of myself.

WESTERFIELD

Still, it's rather peculiar for a girl to be out by herself in the middle of the - is that glass at your feet?

Kestrel looks down. Oh crap - the broken lens!

KESTREL

Woah! Glass! That's crazy! What's *that* doing here... immediately below my feet?

WESTERFIELD

The Lord does not look kindly upon liars, Miss Kestrel. How did all of this broken glass get here?

KESTREL

Well... why don't you tell me how you think it got here, and then I will confirm or deny it?

WESTERFIELD

I think it has something to do with whatever you've got behind your back.

KESTREL

I - I don't have anything behind my back!

WESTERFIELD

Really now? You're holding your hands behind your back for no reason?

KESTREL

Yyyup! Here, I'll show you!

Kestrel closes her eyes and mutters under her breath.

She removes her hands from behind her back and holds them up in a display of innocence. Indeed, nothing in her hands. Not even the spellbook.

KESTREL

See?

The spellbook is, in actuality, levitating just behind her back, out of sight.

The Reverend is confused. He is not used to being wrong.

WESTERFIELD

Oh. Well... whatever you were doing with that glass, don't do it. I, uh, I expect to see you at confessional this week. For whatever you've done.

Westerfield leaves. Kestrel sighs and untenses. The spellbook falls to the ground.

KESTREL

That... was close.

INT. KESTREL'S HOUSE - DINING TABLE - EVENING

Again, the family dines together. Kestrel stares absentmindedly at her plate.

MUM

Kestrel, you seem distant. What bedevils you?

Kestrel hesitates to speak.

MUM

Kestrel?

KESTREL

Do you guys love me?

POP

What kind of silly question is that? Of course we love you.

KESTREL

Would you love me...no matter what I did, or what I was?

BARNABAS

What did you do?

KESTREL

Nothing! I was just wondering!

BARNABAS

Did you let more frogs loose in school?

KESTREL

I didn't do anything!

POP

(sternly)

Barnabas.

MUM

Of course we would love you no matter what.

BARNABAS

What about me? Would you love me even if I was a demon or something?

POP

Stop being foolish. You're *not* a demon so there's no reason to ask such a question.

KESTREL

So you're saying if he really was a demon...if he had the devil's powers inside of him...then you wouldn't love him anymore?

POP

What does it matter? No child of mine is a demon or a witch or anything of the sort, so there's no reason for me to answer the question!

MUM

There's no reason to get cross with them...

KESTREL

What about you, Mum? Would you still love us if you thought we were monsters?

MUM

Of course, lambie.

POP

Margaret...

MUM

(whispered)

Like you said dear, it's never going to happen. Why not give them the answer they want to hear?

POP

Fine, then.

(addresses children)

If the two of you were devilspawn, I'd love you the same. I'd kiss yer accursed heads good night as I tucked ya into bed. "Sleep well, my little monsters." And then I'd lock yer doors so you couldn't come an' eat my bones while I slept!

Barnabas seems satisfied with this answer. The whole conversation was a game to him, after all.

But Kestrel, who was looking for a genuine answer to the question, is crestfallen.

EXT. SCHOOLHOUSE - NOON

It's lunch hour at the schoolhouse. Kestrel's classmates frolic and play all around the building.

Kestrel herself is seated near a tree with Cassandra, Theodosia, and Danielle.

Cassandra picks at the wet dirt, exposing some worms.

CASSANDRA

I bet I can eat all these worms.
How much money will y'all give me
if I can do it?

THEODOSIA

None! Zero money! Don't eat worms!

DANIELLE

I got a few coins round here...

THEODOSIA

Stop encouraging her!

Danielle hands a few coins to Cassandra.

CASSANDRA

So that's three coins from
Danielle, how many from you, Theo?

THEODOSIA

I know for a *fact* you can eat
worms! I'm telling you don't do it!

KESTREL

Four coins over here.

Kestrel passes the money along.

CASSANDRA

Nice!

THEODOSIA

Aw, come on!

Cassandra satisfies the requirements of the bet. Kestrel and Danielle cheer her on while Theodosia looks away.

CASSANDRA

Hah! Toldja I could do it, Theo!

THEODOSIA

I never doubted you could do it. I
just didn't want to see it. Can we
please talk about something else?

DANIELLE

Like what?

KESTREL

What about...witches?

DANIELLE

What about 'em?

KESTREL

So...if you guys wanted to track down a witch, what would you do?

DANIELLE

Like she did something bad to you, and you wanna get her back?

KESTREL

Er, not exactly...

DANIELLE

Ohhhh, I know what you're getting at! You can't fool me, Kestrel.

KESTREL

(startled)

What?

DANIELLE

You want to hunt down the witch who started the drought and give her the old one-two! Be the hero, save the town! Right?

KESTREL

...sure. Something like that. So yeah, how would you guys go looking for a witch?

THEODOSIA

I - I don't think my father would want me talking about stuff like this.

CASSANDRA

I think I'd probably just follow the smell. Ha!

DANIELLE

Hee hee hee. Or maybe look for the ugliest women in town, that should get you on the right path!

CASSANDRA

Danielle, don't say things like that!

She pauses.

CASSANDRA
That's insulting to ugly people!

Cassandra and Danielle cackle with delight.

KESTREL
If you didn't have anything useful
to say, you could have just kept
your mouth shut.

DANIELLE
Hey, we're just joking around! It's
not like there's any witches 'round
here to get offended.

CASSANDRA
(mocking)
Ooh, unless Kestrel's a witch! Oh
no! Don't put a hex on me, Kestrel!
Pleeeeeease!

DANIELLE
I'm too young to die! Somebody save
us from the evil witch!

Kestrel stands up and storms away from the girls.

All three turn to look at her.

CASSANDRA
What'd we do?

EXT. SCHOOLHOUSE - LATER THAT DAY

Kestrel walks home after school, her shoulders hunched.

Danielle approaches her.

DANIELLE
Kestrel, are you mad?

Kestrel stays silent.

DANIELLE
I didn't mean to hurt your feelings
or nothing. Honest. Cassie and I
were just teasing. We know you're
not really a witch.

Kestrel speeds up, leaving Danielle behind.

DANIELLE
I - I'll see you at church, okay?

She does not respond.

EXT. MYREFALL WOODS - AFTERNOON

Kestrel has procured a small, rounded piece of glass. She attempts the same spell on it as before.

The glass begins to glow. Kestrel instinctively ducks for cover. But this time...the lens doesn't explode.

Kestrel tentatively goes to pick up the lens. Upon touching it, glowing runes pulse out from the contact point.

KESTREL

I...I did it. I did it!

She dances and cheers with joy out in the middle of the clearing.

KESTREL

Well, let's see if it works first.
Don't want to catch my chickens
before they count.

She ponders her words.

KESTREL

That's not how the saying goes at
all. Catch my chickens before they
what!? Sheesh.

She shakes her head, and then holds the lens to her eye.

The lens tints her vision purple as she looks around the clearing. Everything seems to be in order.

KESTREL

All right, the woods are non-
magical. That checks out.

Next she looks down at her hand. A flame-like spiral of white magical energy spirals out from it.

KESTREL

Woah, that's bright!

She moves the magic lens away and back to her eye several times to verify that it's working.

KESTREL

Yup. Hands are magical.

She looks to the spellbook. It too glows, but fainter than her hand.

KESTREL

And the book has some left over magic. Guess it's working. This is great! I can just hold this up and anything with magical residue on it will stand out! I can use this to find the other witch, and I can look to see if -

Something dawns on Kestrel. She grabs the lens and the spellbook and hightails it out of the clearing.

EXT. MYREFALL TOWN SQUARE - AFTERNOON

People go about their lives, unaware or at least uncaring of the girl holding a strange piece of glass in her hand.

Kestrel herself has only one focus - the town well.

It is still broken. Myrefall's burliest men work tirelessly to clear the debris so it can be rebuilt.

Kestrel glances around to make sure nobody is watching, and then holds the lens up to her eye.

Through her viewpoint, she examines the town. Nothing glows with the telltale sign of magical residue. Not the citizens, not the buildings, and most interestingly, not the well.

KESTREL

(muttering)

So it wasn't a witch who destroyed the well after all...

EXT. KESTREL'S HOME - SUNSET

Kestrel returns to refill the water barrel.

Once finished, she hops the fence and lays on the ground, looking at the sky. Krivit sunbathes next to her.

KESTREL

All right. Church is tomorrow. Everyone in town will be in the same building together. It's the perfect opportunity to use the glowy lens. By this time tomorrow, I'll know who gave me this book.

She gestures towards the old tome.

KESTREL

Actually, it's a little scary to think about, you know? Finding the other witch and actually leaving Myrefall? Don't get me wrong, it's dangerous here for me. I'd be much safer somewhere else... but it's still my home. Besides -

She sits up and faces the pig.

KESTREL

- it's still in trouble. The well is still broken and there's no sign of rain. If I leave now, that barrel of water will run out quick, and you'll be bacon for sure.

The pig seems troubled by this news. Or maybe it doesn't. Again, it's just a pig.

KESTREL

And that's not the end of it. People are still gonna go thirsty, and if the harvest doesn't come in...

She shouts in frustration.

KESTREL

Agh! If only there was a way for people to stop being afraid of witches, I could stay here, and, and help them!

Kestrel ruminates on this. Then she has an idea.

KESTREL

Maybe I need to turn my thinking around. Instead of staying so I can help, maybe I can help out so they'll let me stay! If I can fix the drought, everyone will realize that witches can be good!

She cracks open the spellbook.

KESTREL

Now, I think I saw a Rainmaking ritual somewhere in here...

EXT. OLD FIELD - NIGHT

It's the middle of the night.

The witching hour, one might say.

Kestrel stands in the middle of an old field on the edge of town. Distant cottages are faintly visible on the horizon.

Kestrel places the finishing touches on what looks to be a ritualistic altar. A ten foot wide circle has been drawn on the ground, and a star inside of that circle. Small trinkets have been placed at the tangents where the star meets the circle. Things like feathers, vials of goo, and pouches of salt.

Kestrel consults the spellbook. It is open to a page on "Rainmaking."

KESTREL

(reading)

To summon the rains, one must give oneself completely over to the ritual. The dance must be performed with passion, and the chant must be sung loud enough to reach the clouds.

KESTREL

Well, if I sing that loud, I'm going to wake up the whole town. Let's hope the clouds have really good hearing.

Kestrel whispers the words to the rainmaking song, and dances with a wary slouch in her posture. The dance resembles some mystic kind of ballet, graceful and light.

The altar begins to glow. Wisps of water swirl together, forming small clouds in the sky.

KESTREL

It's working!

Bolstered by the apparent success of her spell, Kestrel dares to sing a little bit louder. The altar glows even brighter, illuminating her against the night sky. The clouds grow larger yet.

KESTREL

Still not big enough for rain, though.

CUT TO:

INT. BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Silhouetted against the glow of Kestrel's magyks, a dark figure sits up and looks out his bedroom window.

VILLAGER 1
Honey, you awake?

VILLAGER 2
(groaning)
I am now. What's the matter?

VILLAGER 1
Are...are you seeing what I'm
seeing? Because I'm seeing a gall
darn moonlight cavorter right
outside our window.

VILLAGER 2
What're you talking about?

Another silhouetted figure rises to view the scene.

VILLAGER 2
Oh my lord.

The man lights a candle, illuminating the two.

CUT TO:

EXT. OLD FIELD - MOMENTS LATER

A window in one of the nearby houses lights up. Then another.
And another.

KESTREL
Oh no, they're waking up! I've
gotta finish this fast!

Kestrel begins to chant with increasing speed and volume.
More windows light up. Townsfolk exit their homes to
investigate the peculiar sight. Many of them hold pitchforks
or firearms.

VILLAGER 3
What's that glow?

VILLAGER 1
There's somebody out in the field!

VILLAGER 4
It's a witch! Get her!

The villagers rush towards the glowing circle.

Kestrel watches them approach with growing concern. She sings louder and dances harder.

Ultimately the mob grows too close for comfort. Kestrel ceases the ritual and runs off into the night.

The light from the altar begins to fade. Up in the sky, the magically collated clouds begin to disperse as the power holding them in place slowly fades.

The villagers pause to look up.

VILLAGER 2

Look at the sky! Something's happening to the clouds!

VILLAGER 5

It's that witch! She makes a big scene, and suddenly all the clouds go away! It has to be her fault! She's been warding off the rain!

VILLAGER 4

I was right! I knew it was a droughting spell! That evil hag is going to be the death of us all!

The murmur of the crowd continues, until something else catches the townsfolk's attention. The mob parts to make way for Reverend Westerfield, who has just arrived on the scene.

The reverend examines the altar. He kneels to look at the little trinkets scattered around. He scoops up some dirt, still glowing faintly.

Westerfield stands back up. All eyes are on him, questioning, frightened. He addresses his flock.

WESTERFIELD

We will meet for church tomorrow at the usual time.

Westerfield walks away from the crowd of people surrounding the altar. He looks back over his shoulder.

WESTERFIELD

Be ready for a fight.

INT. WESTERFIELD CHURCH - MORNING

All the townsfolk congregate at church yet again, taking their places in the pews. Unlike the previous Sunday, however, the mood is far less cheerful.

The church bells ring ominously.

Kestrel stays near the doors, surreptitiously surveying the crowd with the lens for a sign of magic. Nothing.

A hand grabs Kestrel and pulls her into a nearby corridor.

It's Theodosia! She slams the door and glares at Kestrel.

THEODOSIA

What did you do last night!?

KESTREL

Wh-what?

THEODOSIA

My dad came home last night talking about an altar carved into the ground outside of town!

KESTREL

What makes you think it was -

THEODOSIA

You've had the book for just one week and already you're performing rituals? You were supposed to stay hidden!

KESTREL

Wait a minute - are you...?

Kestrel holds the lens to her eye.

A heavenly white glow encompasses Theodosia.

THEODOSIA

What the heck are you - oh wow, is that a magic eye? Color me impressed!

Kestrel lowers the lens, her expression amazed.

KESTREL

You - you're the one who gave me the book! You're the other -

CUT TO:

The church's sanctuary. Reverend Westerfield addresses the townsfolk.

WESTERFIELD

- witch is somewhere in our presence. You have all seen the signs. They were subtle at first. A disappointing rain season. A collapsed well. Alone, nothing to be -

CUT TO:

Kestrel and Theodosia are still talking.

KESTREL

- worried about? Nobody saw me! I was so close, too!

THEODOSIA

Close to what? What exactly were you doing -

CUT TO:

Westerfield again.

WESTERFIELD

- last night, we received definitive proof of witchcraft. There, on the outskirts of town, was a ritualistic -

CUT TO:

And so on.

KESTREL

- altar set up to try and end the drought.

THEODOSIA

A rainmaking ritual...

KESTREL

Exactly! I thought that if I could show everyone that witches could do good things, then maybe they wouldn't try and -

CUT TO:

WESTERFIELD

- hunt the witch down and make her see justice. She will eventually fall before us. Of that I am -

CUT TO:

KESTREL

- sure it really wasn't you? You could have started it by accident.

THEODOSIA

Of course I didn't start the drought! Why would I want to hurt the town? You of all people should know that not every bad thing that happens here is a -

CUT TO:

WESTERFIELD

- witch's fault! There can be no other explanation! But don't fret, for we have the power of the lord with us. There is nowhere she can -

CUT TO:

THEODOSIA

- hide, not to reveal yourself to everybody! I know you had good intentions with the ritual, but you won't be able to change people's mind about us. As far as our neighbors are concerned, each and every witch is a -

CUT TO:

WESTERFIELD

- godless heathen, hidden amongst our ranks. Until we suss this traitor out, I promise that we will keep -

CUT TO:

KESTREL

- looking for you all week! Why didn't you tell me who you were? It sure would have saved me a lot of trouble.

THEODOSIA

I didn't want you to find me!
Things would have been so much
simpler if you didn't know I was a
witch! We could have just gotten -

CUT TO:

WESTERFIELD

- on with our lives, doing nothing
about that evil that lurks amongst
us even now? Or will we band -

CUT TO:

KESTREL

- together we could do so much
more! We could fix the well, we
could finish the rainmaking ritual,
we could help the -

CUT TO:

WESTERFIELD

- people of this town, I am
canceling the sermon for today!
Instead, I want you to join me in
spreading the word of our god to
the streets! Together, let's take
back this town!

The townsfolk erupt in a roar of religious fervor.

They rise from their seats and storm towards the doors.

CUT TO:

KESTREL

Did you hear that?

THEODOSIA

They're forming a mob. This is bad.
We have to hide!

KESTREL

Why would they suspect us?

THEODOSIA

We're two girls who skipped church
to talk amongst ourselves. That's
suspicious enough for them.

Theodosia takes off. Kestrel pursues.

KESTREL

Wait! I have so many questions!

THEODOSIA

I'll answer them on the way! Just come on!

INT. WESTERFIELD CHURCH - CORRIDORS

The two witches race through the labyrinthine hallways of the Westerfield Church. Kestrel follows behind Theodosia. Angry muffled shouts can be heard just behind them.

KESTREL

So where did you get the book in the first place?

THEODOSIA

My father has a room full of witch junk he's confiscated over the years. He must have thought locking it away was safer than trying to destroy it. Based on my experience with magic stuff, I'd have to agree with him. Anyway, I broke in there a few times to gather supplies.

KESTREL

Hah! Your dad probably didn't think he'd be helping a witch out by confiscating all that!

THEODOSIA

You're probably right. So, the book: I think it belonged to Old Ipswick.

KESTREL

You mean the witch that everyone thought-

THEODOSIA

Yeah. Her. Father raided her house after the execution.

KESTREL

And the notes in the margins?

THEODOSIA

Those are mine. Just stuff I figured out while practicing.

KESTREL

Hey thanks for those! They were more useful than the book itself!

THEODOSIA

That, uh, wasn't the intention but I'm glad it worked out for you...

KESTREL

So I'm guessing you figured me out because of the, um, frog thing?

THEODOSIA

I had my suspicions a little before that. I was looking at you in class and noticed you seemed to be afflicted with the Manos Illuminos. The frog thing definitely clinched it for me, though.

KESTREL

Heh, that was pretty embarrass - wait, why were you looking at me in class?

Theodosia does not answer.

KESTREL

Hey! Why, were you...whoo. Hah.

Kestrel stops running. She puts her hands on her knees and catches her breath. Theodosia stops and looks at her.

KESTREL

I'm not...I'm not good at running ...and talking...at the same time. Is there somewhere...we can hide... instead?

THEODOSIA

Well, there's one thing I can try. Quick, up against the wall.

The two girls flatten themselves up against the corridor wall. Theodosia mutters some words and the two disappear. Only the faintest shimmer of their outlines are detectable.

KESTREL

Woaahhh! Invisibility! How's it work?

THEODOSIA

So long as we stay still, the spell will hold.

KESTREL

You don't mean completely still,
right? Like, do I have to hold my
breath?

THEODOSIA

Shh! They're coming!

A gang of rabbled rousers turns the corner to the hallway where the two girls stand dormant. They pass by the invisible witches, completely unaware of the two.

Except for one person, who stays behind.

Reverend Westerfield glares at the space where the two girls lie still. He seems to recognize the minor light refraction which accompanies the spell.

Westerfield waits for the angry mob to completely round the corner. Then, he reaches towards the two girls...

And yanks his daughter towards him, breaking the spell on her.

WESTERFIELD

Theodosia! What are you doing out here?

THEODOSIA

Father!

Kestrel watches the two argue, still cloaked by the spell.

WESTERFIELD

What have I said about doing your little tricks out in public like this? Don't you know what these people would do to you if they saw you?

THEODOSIA

That's why I was hiding!

WESTERFIELD

It's time to go home. The streets aren't safe today. I don't know who that witch is, but I don't want anybody thinking that it's you!

THEODOSIA

But I *am* a witch, father!

WESTERFIELD

Don't say that! We don't know *what* you are! I'm not sure how you got it in your head that you are one of those...those *things*, but... it's not true.

He yanks his daughter along.

THEODOSIA

I guess you're right...

She looks at Kestrel, and emphasizes her words.

THEODOSIA

It is pretty dangerous for *someone like me* to be out here. *The safest place is definitely home.*

WESTERFIELD

I'm glad you're seeing sense for once. Now, come on.

As Theodosia is led away, she retrieves something from her pocket and furtively tosses it onto the ground.

The corridor is empty.

Then Kestrel removes the veil of invisibility.

She bends down to retrieve the object that Theodosia had left behind. It seems to be a normal rock.

Regardless, Kestrel pockets it. She makes her way back to the church's exit.

EXT. MYREFALL TOWN SQUARE - DAY

Once again, the sky has reddened. The sun is blocked by clouds. Torchlight casts the town in harsh shadows. Shouts of religious fervor echo throughout the streets.

Kestrel creeps through, circumnavigating the angry mobs.

She catches a glimpse of one of the crowds from behind an upturned cart. It seems her own family has joined the crusade.

KESTREL

Mom...pop...

Kestrel continues through the streets. She rounds a corner and bumps into Cassandra and Danielle, who also appear to be skulking around the edge of town.

DANIELLE

Kestrel!

KESTREL

Hey! Why aren't you over with everybody else?

CASSANDRA

We kinda skipped church to go looking for crawdads.

DANIELLE

No point joining up with them now, they'll think that one of us is the witch!

CASSANDRA

Better to let 'em nab some other girl first so they settle down some.

DANIELLE

Who do you think they'll get? I hope it's Tabitha, she's mean to me at lunch.

CASSANDRA

Hey wait, what are you doing out here, Kestrel?

KESTREL

Oh, I was...with Theodosia! But her dad took her home.

CASSANDRA

You mean the Westerfields aren't out with the mob? You'd think they would be on the front lines!

KESTREL

Yeah...I guess that is pretty weird.

DANIELLE

Hey, stay safe, alright?

KESTREL

You too.

The two parties depart in opposite directions.

EXT. KESTREL'S FARM - LATER

The pigs run wildly around their pen, squealing with fear.

KESTREL

Hey, hey, guys! It's okay!

She goes to refill their water barrel, but a loud noise from somewhere in town scares her off. She runs into the house.

INT. KESTREL'S ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Kestrel enters her bedroom and shuts the door.

The blinds are drawn, but streaks of red light pour through the cracks. The shouting is fainter, but still audible.

Kestrel sits down on her bed and takes out the stone. She fiddles with it for a bit, and nearly drops it in surprise when it begins to speak.

THEODOSIA

(through stone)

Kestrel? Can you hear me?

KESTREL

Theodosia! Did you transform into a rock? Normally I wouldn't ask a person something like that, but I summoned frogs out of nowhere the other day so I'm kind of open to any possibilities at this point.

THEODOSIA

(through stone)

Heh. I don't blame you. The real answer isn't any less crazy.

CUT TO:

INT. THEODOSIA'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Even compared to Kestrel's room, Theodosia's bedroom is austere.

A plain wooden bed. A nightstand. A window. That's all.

A couple of knick-knacks are visible underneath her bed, however, suggesting that there's more than a few things hidden out of sight in this room.

THEODOSIA

That's a speaking stone. I've got one of my own here in my room. They're enchanted so that sounds which go into one of them come out of the other!

INTERCUT -- SPEAKING STONE CONVERSATION

KESTREL

Wow! What did you make these for?

THEODOSIA

Mostly to mess with people. Hide one on my father's chair. Make a fart noise. That kind of thing.

KESTREL

Wait a minute. Wait a minute, Theo. Are you telling me...you used a magical instantaneous communication device...for fart jokes?

THEODOSIA

Y...yes?

KESTREL

That's amazing. Why aren't we *Best Friends*?

THEODOSIA

Maybe we can be, after all this.

KESTREL

So what's the plan? We've got a perfect way to coordinate our actions now, so all we've gotta do is get our stuff, meet up some place, and - oh hey, do you think we could bring Krivit with us?

THEODOSIA

Sorry?

KESTREL

Krivit. He's this one pig I -

THEODOSIA

No, I mean...what plan?

KESTREL

Like a plan of escape! How are we getting out of Myrefall?

THEODOSIA

Wait, you want to leave?

KESTREL

...yeah? That's the whole reason I went looking for you! So we could escape together, make our own way through the world, that kind of thing!

THEODOSIA

But this is our home! All of our friends are here!

KESTREL

Theo. I don't know how to tell you this, but our friends? They will set us on fire if they even *think* we might be witches.

THEODOSIA

Look, I know it's not great here, but it could be even worse out there! We don't know! Are you really ready to risk it?

KESTREL

Yes!

THEODOSIA

Well I'm not, alright?

Kestrel sighs.

KESTREL

Okay. I'll drop it. Really, it's just good to have somebody I can talk to about all this witch stuff. Can I tell you something?

THEODOSIA

What?

KESTREL

I've been confiding in the *pig*. How sad is that? I might as well have been talking to the walls!

THEODOSIA

That's not too bad. I was...sort of talking to the book.

KESTREL

What?

THEODOSIA

The notes, I mean. That I left in the margins. Those were kinda my way of getting things off my chest.

KESTREL

I get it. So when did it start for you? When did you first get the glow hand?

THEODOSIA

A couple of weeks ago, maybe a month or two. I haven't really been keeping track.

KESTREL

How'd you know it was, you know, -

THEODOSIA

Witch stuff?

KESTREL

Yeah! Because I was completely lost before you gave me that book.

THEODOSIA

Father talked a lot about all the telltale signs that someone was a witch. It was pretty scary when they all started happening to me.

KESTREL

That's right, your dad. Does he... know about your magic?

THEODOSIA

Yeah, but you'll never catch him calling it that. He refuses to accept the possibility that his own daughter is one of those "evil witches". Maybe he thinks I'm doing all of this just to make him angry.

KESTREL

What, being a witch?

THEODOSIA

I know, it's ridiculous. It's not like I could stop even if I wanted to. Spontaneous combustion and all that.

KESTREL

So that's why you gave me the book?

THEODOSIA

Yeah. Father said to get rid of it. Then that same day, I saw somebody who needed it more. Pretty lucky, really.

KESTREL

It must have been Ipswick's ghost, watching out for us! OOO-ooo-OOO!

THEODOSIA

Dork.

KESTREL

So...she didn't actually start the drought, did she?

THEODOSIA

Who, Ipswick?

KESTREL

Yeah.

THEODOSIA

I don't think so. I asked my father what her ritual looked like once, and he basically described the rainmaking altar.

KESTREL

So she was trying to stop the drought...

THEODOSIA

Yup. Same thing that just happened to you, huh?

KESTREL

She was just trying to help, and they killed her for it.

The two girls silently contemplate this for a moment. Kestrel eventually breaks the awkward silence.

KESTREL

Uh, so how about you teach me all of your secret advanced spell techniques you probably have?

THEODOSIA

How about you teach me how you got the magic eye working?

(MORE)

THEODOSIA (CONT'D)

I was trying that one for *weeks* and you figure it out in a couple *days*? That's not fair at all!

KESTREL

If I'm being honest here, I kind of exploded it the first time I tried. First two times, actually.

THEODOSIA

Well, what about the time you *didn't* explode it? What'd you do differently then?

KESTREL

Nothing, I think? I had a different shaped piece of glass than the first time, I guess...

THEODOSIA

What shape?

KESTREL

Um, round? Kinda circular? It was from an old mug, I think.

THEODOSIA

Hey, that might be it! I remember somewhere in the book it says that circles are more conducive to channeling magical energy. Perhaps otherwise it can't contain the magic, so, you know. Explosion.

KESTREL

I guess the other pieces I tried it on were a bit more jaggedy...

THEODOSIA

Hey, looks like you discovered something! You should write it down in the book!

KESTREL

No way! I'm not gonna mess up your book like that!

THEODOSIA

You're not messing it up, you're making it better! Come on! We'll be margin buddies!

KESTREL

Fine. Yeah. All right.

Kestrel takes out the book and turns to the intended page. She dabs her quill into an ink bottle and writes a note.

KESTREL

There we go.

She blows on the wet ink to hasten its drying.

THEODOSIA

Now we've both got notes in there together! Hey, maybe we could pass the book back and forth, taking notes and learning from each other! We can talk on the speaking stones all night, practice out in the woods...

KESTREL

(warmly)

Hey, I thought you said it was dangerous for us to do stuff together?

THEODOSIA

(lackadasically)

Ehh, it'll be fine. We just have to be careful.

Kestrel hears some shuffling outside her bedroom door.

INT. THEODOSIA'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

KESTREL

(through stone)

Hold on. I think I can hear somebody at the door. I'm gonna go check real quick.

THEODOSIA

Be careful, alright Kestrel?

Reverend Westerfield bursts through the bedroom door.

He grabs the speaking stone and hurls it out the window.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET CORNER - CONTINUOUS

It lands on the cobblestones outside.

KESTREL
(through stone)
Theodosia? Theodosia! What
happened? Can you hear me?

CUT TO:

INT. THEODOSIA'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

THEODOSIA
My speaking stone!

WESTERFIELD
I told you to stop fooling around
with those trinkets. At least now I
know who is responsible for that
ritual last night. The Bauer girl,
it was? I suppose she has been
attempting to sway you to her side.

THEODOSIA
What side?

WESTERFIELD
The side of Witchcraft, of course!
She means to corrupt you! She would
have you use your...peculiarities
for evil!

THEODOSIA
My *magic*, father.

WESTERFIELD
Don't call it that! We don't know
what it is that afflicts you! And
no wonder you've attracted this
witch, the way you keep flaunting
it around! I specifically told you
to stop doing it, and here I catch
you with one of your talk rocks!

THEODOSIA
Talk rocks?

WESTERFIELD
Your...speaking implement, the-
look, the name isn't important! The
point is I told you not to use any
of your tricks anymore!

THEODOSIA

I can't just stop doing mag- I can't stop doing *IT*, because that's not how *IT* works! It's dangerous to let it built up for too long -

WESTERFIELD

What's dangerous is you doing those, those *things* you do! What's dangerous is you colluding with that Bauer girl! Those are the kinds of things that make people round these parts assume you're a witch! I try to keep people from finding out about you, but it's hard when you won't just listen!

THEODOSIA

But you'll tell them about Kestrel, is that right?

WESTERFIELD

It's completely different! That girl really is a witch!

THEODOSIA

So am I! You keep telling yourself that I'm different from Kestrel, from Old Ipswick, but I'm one of them! If you had any integrity at all, you would march me out to that town square and burn me right alongside Kestrel!

WESTERFIELD

Stay your tongue! I will not be disrespected in my own household! Now, you are to stay here while I deal with the creature who has put such thoughts in your head!

THEODOSIA

If you hurt Kestrel, I won't ever forgive you!

WESTERFIELD

I'm sorry, dear. I'm doing this for your own good.

He closes the door as he leaves. It locks with a click.

THEODOSIA

No!

She slams her fist on the door, to no avail.

INT. KESTREL'S ROOM - DAY

KESTREL
Theo! Is this thing working?

Kestrel is still fiddling with the speaking stone. With no progress made, she finally gives up.

KESTREL
Ah, stupid rock!

A voice from outside the door.

POP
(through door)
Kestrel?

Kestrel looks at the door in fear.

POP
Kestrel, it's your father. Open the door, please.

She telekenesises her bed in front of the door.

The knob jiggles.

POP
(through door)
Honey, did you bar the door again?

KESTREL
Go away!

POP
(through door)
Kestrel, come out, dear. I just want to help you!

KESTREL
No you don't!

Her father mutters under his breath.

POP
(through door, muttering)
...no, just give me a second, I know I can get her to come out.

KESTREL
Who are you talking to?

Some other soft voices can be heard.

POP

Nobody.

KESTREL

I can hear someone else!

POP

That's just Mr. Carpenter. He's, uh, here to fix the door. But we need you to open up.

VILLAGER 1

(through door)

Alright, Bauer. We tried it your way. Now I'm busting it down.

The sound of a body impacting the door is heard.

Kestrel's bed moves slightly from the impact.

POP

Kestrel. Just come with us.

Another slam. The bed moves a little more.

Kestrel flips through the pages of the spellbook, looking for something to help her.

INT. THEODOSIA'S ROOM - DAY

Reverend Westerfield approaches his daughter's door.

He knocks and speaks through the door.

WESTERFIELD

Theodosia?

No response.

WESTERFIELD

I know you're upset. You probably think I'm the bad guy here. And I'm okay with that. The only thing which matters to me is that you're safe.

Still nothing.

WESTERFIELD

Theodosia, please talk to me.

He opens the door. Theodosia is nowhere to be seen. The curtains on the window billow gently in the breeze.

WESTERFIELD

Theodosia!

Westerfield shoves his head out the window, searching desperately for his daughter.

WESTERFIELD

Theodosia!

EXT. STREET CORNER - CONTINUOUS

Westerfield can be heard faintly yelling.

A young female hand picks up the speaking stone.

INT. KESTREL'S ROOM - DAY

The bed has been shoved far away enough from the door to allow entry. Kestrel's pop and another man search her bedroom.

It seems Kestrel has mysteriously disappeared as well.

POP

How...how did she get out of here?

VILLAGER 5

She's a dang ol' witch, in't she?
Proolly flew right out the winder.

They examine the window.

Just then, Kestrel lifts the veil of invisibility she had been hiding under and scrambles out of her room.

Her bed makes a noise as she hops over it, and the two men turn to see her.

VILLAGER 5

Hey!

INT. KESTREL'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Kestrel slams the bedroom door behind her. The two pursuants briefly struggle to get it back open. It's enough time for Kestrel to make her way to the front door. She opens it...

And yet more angry townsfolk pour in, blocking her way.

VILLAGER 1
There she is!

VILLAGER 3
Don't let her get away!

She runs back the way she came, but her father and the other man have gotten the door back open.

With aggressors approaching on either side, Kestrel has no choice but to run upstairs.

VILLAGER 4
Somebody grab her!

She shoves a bookcase down the stairs, but it's not enough to stop the encroaching horde.

Kestrel is cornered in the upstairs hallway. In a move of desperation, she climbs out a window and onto the roof.

EXT. KESTREL'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

VILLAGER 1
She's heading onto the roof!

One of the townfolk climbs up after her. She kicks at his hands and he falls off into the pigs' water trough. He is soaked but unharmed.

Ladders are propped up against the house and villagers begin to scale them. Kestrel pushes a few over but more pop up.

Now there are several people on the roof.

They advance towards Kestrel.

Suddenly, a flash of blinding white light.

THEODOSIA
(o.s.)
Stop!

As the light fades, the townsfolk turn to look at the source. There, they see Theodosia, floating three feet above the ground. Her voice echoes mystically.

THEODOSIA
Leave that girl alone. It's me you want. I'm the witch.

The townsfolk slowly retreat from Kestrel's home.

VILLAGER 2
Is that the reverend's daughter?

VILLAGER 4
She was hiding right under our
noses the whole time!

VILLAGER 3
What's Westerfield gonna do when he
finds out?

Kestrel's family run to embrace her.

MUM
My precious baby girl!

POP
I knew it! I knew they had to be
wrong! There's no way my daughter
could be a witch, I said, but did
they listen!?

BARNABAS
Sorry about all that. Just...how
many options do you get to chase
after your sister with a pitchfork,
you know?

Kestrel pays them no mind. She shrugs off their shows of
affection and keeps her eyes fixated on the levitating girl.

EXT. MYREFALL STREETS - CONTINUOUS

Theodosia has begun to descend. She seems intent on
submitting to the will of the mob. The townsfolk are nearly
upon her. Westerfield steps in and shields his daughter.

WESTERFIELD
STOP! You will *not* touch my
daughter!

VILLAGER 3
Outta the way, Westerfield. We know
your kid's a witch, and we can
prove it to you.

Westerfield has lost control of his herd. He begins to fidget
nervously and stumble over his words.

WESTERFIELD
You're wrong! It's that Bauer girl
who's the witch!
(MORE)

WESTERFIELD (CONT'D)

I overheard her talking with - I mean, uh, the voice of god came to me! He told me that *she* is the true witch!

VILLAGER 2

We saw her floating three feet in the air!

WESTERFIELD

A trick! Devilry! That wicked child is trying to frame my daughter!

VILLAGER 5

Oh yeah? Did the girl also make your daughter confess to being a witch?

WESTERFIELD

Y-Yes! She has possessed my baby girl, and spoken such lies with her tongue! Go! Go get her! She walks free as we speak!

VILLAGER 4

Don't be a hypocrite, Reverend! You're always talking about uncovering the evil hidden in our midst. Well, there's an evil hidden right under your roof and now you're protecting it!

WESTERFIELD

Do not speak ill of my blood! I'll - I'll see you burn for this!

VILLAGER 2

You don't have that kind of authority, Reverend. We're gettin' your girl whether you want us to or not. We've seen her do magic.

WESTERFIELD

Magic? No! Those are mere parlor tricks. Flashing lights, floating around, talk rocks... these aren't the deeds of a witch!

VILLAGER 2

W-what's a talk rock?

VILLAGER 1

Yeah, we didn't say nothing about no talking rocks...

WESTERFIELD

Uh...

VILLAGER 3

Did... you know... your daughter was a witch?

WESTERFIELD

She's not a witch! I told you! This is... something else. A gift from God, a - I don't know!

VILLAGER 5

You *did* know about her!

WESTERFIELD

No! I -

VILLAGER 2

How long have you been lying to us?

WESTERFIELD

Only a month - wait, no! I haven't been lying to anybody!

VILLAGER 4

The rains stop, the well collapses, our crops wither up, and you've been knowingly harboring the monster that did it all?

WESTERFIELD

She's not responsible for the drought, I promise you -

VILLAGER 2

How can we believe you anymore? If she didn't cause this drought, then who did? And don't say it's that little girl on the roof!

WESTERFIELD

I - sometimes, bad things just happen. It's out of our control.

VILLAGER 3

That's baloney! We got a bona fide witch right here, and you're saying she didn't cause all this? I bet you're in cahoots with little miss witchie over there!

WESTERFIELD

What are you insinuating?

VILLAGER 3

It's the perfect cover, innit? Wise old reverend, perfect little girl. Who would expect them to tear this town apart from the inside out? The old man sows seeds of paranoia throughout the town, while the girl wreaks havoc with her "parlor tricks". Then you go and blame some innocent girl and do it all over again!

WESTERFIELD

That's preposterous! I would never betray your trust!

VILLAGER 2

You already did, old man.

VILLAGER 5

Somebody grab the girl already!

WESTERFIELD

No! If you want to get to her, you're gonna have to go through me!

VILLAGER 3

Suit yourself.

The angry mob descends upon the two Westerfields. The good reverend attempts to fight back, but ultimately he is trampled beneath the feet of his former congregation.

It is not a pretty sight. Presumably. The camera graciously cuts away from his corpse.

EXT. MYREFALL TOWN SQUARE - LATER

The scene is remarkably similar to that day several years ago. The shops are closed. The sky is tinted red. The bells of the Westerfield Church ring in the distance.

The whole town is gathered around another stake raised in the center of the town square. Cassandra, Danielle, and Kestrel'S family are all there. The only one absent is Kestrel herself.

Theodosia is led to the stake by two men of the cloth. Unlike Ipswick, she does not fight back against them. She seems entirely resigned to her fate.

The two men tie Theodosia to the stake. She hangs her head.

One of the men nervously addresses the procession.

MAN OF CLOTH

Uh, normally Reverend Westerfield would say something at this point, but... you know. Does anybody else want to step up and, um, say something?

The crowd remains silent. The mob is without leadership.

MAN OF CLOTH

Well, um, I guess we'll just go ahead with it, then.

The two men obtain torches from somebody in the crowd.

They light the pyre rather unceremoniously and step down to join the rest.

The fire around Theodosia is small. But soon, it grows larger and larger. It starts to lap at her heels. She lets out a small cry of pain, the first sound she's made yet.

Just then, the fire is sucked away from the stake, as if by a vacuum. The crowd is shocked by this, and turns to see...

Kestrel, brandishing the fire aggressively.

KESTREL

Looks like I - looks like you... I can't think of a cool line. Whatever. It's fine.

MUM

Kestrel?

POP

Kestrel?

CASSANDRA

Kestrel?

DANIELLE

Kestrel?

THEODOSIA

Kestrel!

Kestrel strides single-mindedly over to the stake, while the crowd murmurs in confusion.

VILLAGER 3

It's the Bauer girl!

VILLAGER 4

She really is a witch? I thought Westerfield was lying to us!

VILLAGER 1

Yeah, I'm confused. Who is and is not a witch in this dang town?

Kestrel points at herself and Theodosia.

KESTREL

She's a witch, and I'm a witch, and I'm not scared to say that anymore.

MUM

Kestrel, what are you doing?

POP

Explain yourself, young lady!

KESTREL

I'm freeing my friend, and then we're leaving. I don't wanna hurt anybody, okay?

POP

Well, you've already broken your poor mother's heart! How could you do this to us?

KESTREL

Do this to you? You guys were chasing me down with pitchforks! I don't owe you anything!

MUM

Kestrel, please think this over!

KESTREL

I already have.

POP

Why would you choose this life?

Kestrel stands up on the raised platform.

This will be her soapbox.

KESTREL

All right, it might be time to explain a couple things to everybody. First of all: I didn't choose to become a witch. Neither of us did.

She gestures at Theodosia.

KESTREL

It just kind of happens to you.

VILLAGER 3

To me?

KESTREL

No. I mean, maybe. Probably not. Second of all, we can't just ignore it. If either of us try to deny something so integral to our being, it will just build and build until it finally bursts out. And that's not a figure of speech, by the way. We will literally explode.

A couple people step backwards.

KESTREL

Lastly, and I *cannot* stress this enough...we are *not* responsible for the drought, or the well, or any of the other bad things that happen around here. I hate to admit it, but Reverend Westerfield was right—sometimes bad things just happen.

VILLAGER 2

Aw, what a crock! You expect me to believe a witch?

KESTREL

(smiling nervously)
It would be very nice if you could!

VILLAGER 1

We're just gonna let her stand there? Somebody do something already!

Some of the bolder villagers take a step towards Kestrel.

KESTREL

Welp, I tried. Krivit!

Krivit jumps out from behind her, and squeals threateningly at the mob. Startled, they recoil.

While the pig keeps the townsfolk at bay, Kestrel twirls the flames around in her arms. They flutter and flow like ribbons.

Using the momentum from her dance, Kestrel hurls the flames directly at the stake. It explodes into splinters, and Theodosia is freed.

THEODOSIA

You saved me!

KESTREL
You did it first.

Theodosia smiles.

KESTREL
So can we, uh, go now?

Theodosia looks at the approaching horde of angry villagers.

THEODOSIA
Yeah, that's probably the best
course of action.

EXT. MYREFALL STREETS - CONTINUOUS

And the two girls are off, pursued through the streets by their friends and neighbors. The pig follows behind them.

KESTREL
Oh shoot, they're getting close...

Kestrel prepares a spell and aims it at the aggressors.

THEODOSIA
Don't hurt them, alright? They're
not bad people, they're just...
scared.

KESTREL
I know that! I'm just going to
knock them off balance a bit!

Kestrel yanks the foundation off of a nearby stack of firewood, and the pile comes toppling down. Kestrel cheers celebratorily. Some of the villagers trip and fall on the firewood. Others clamber over their fallen compatriots. The chase is far from over.

KESTREL
(breathing heavy)
Oh boy... getting winded again...

THEODOSIA
Here, let me try something.

KESTREL
(breathing heavy)
Yeah...go ahead...!

Theodosia summons the magic from within her being. She forms a bubble behind the two. When villagers cross the barrier of the bubble, they begin to float.

Their momentum slows, and they bounce pathetically off each other. Some reach for friends and handholds, or fruitlessly attempt to swim through the air like it was water.

KESTREL

Woah! Anti-gravity! What page is
that on?

One fellow manages to push his way out of the bubble. His triumph is short lived, however, as he finds himself toppling back to the ground.

The mob has reached a near standstill. Kestrel and Theodosia push ahead.

KESTREL

Okay great, now we just need to
make our way to - AAAGH!

The girls turn a corner to find More Townsfolk! Some of the villagers have gone around the obstruction, and are once again back on the girls' heels.

KESTREL

Okay then, how about... this!

Kestrel levitates her pig in the air, before throwing him forwards. Krivit rolls bowling-ball-like towards the villager pins.

Strike!

The two girls dash past the crumpled mob.

THEODOSIA

Isn't that going to hurt the pig?

KESTREL

Krivit doesn't mind, do ya, boy?

Krivit has returned to their side. The pig seems dazed but unharmed.

KESTREL

See? He's fine.

Unsurprisingly, there are yet more townsfolk in pursuit of Kestrel and Theodosia.

THEODOSIA

Well, you've got to give it to
them. They are *fully* encompassing
the virtue of perseverance.

(MORE)

THEODOSIA (CONT'D)

Granted, they've also got the sin of wrath going on, so morality-wise let's call it a wash.

The girls pass by the town well, still broken.

KESTREL

Quick, help me grab all the pieces of the well.

THEODOSIA

I'm not throwing stones at our neighbors!

KESTREL

No, no, we're just gonna block them off!

The two witches levitate the broken fragments of the well into the air.

THEODOSIA

Well, we just saved them a lot of clean-up work.

Kestrel glances at the approaching mob.

KESTREL

They don't seem too thankful.

THEODOSIA

Maybe they're mad we stole their well?

KESTREL

We better put it down, then.

The floating pile of debris immediately collapses into a heap of unscalable rubble. Nobody's getting past that anytime soon.

THEODOSIA

They're just going to go around, you know.

KESTREL

Don't worry. I have another idea.

As the two girls head off, the angry mob spirals off into several different directions. They wind through indistinguishable corners.

VILLAGER 3

Hey, do you hear that?

Indeed, there is something faintly audible in the distance. It sounds like the whispers of two girls.

The villager silently motions for his compatriots to follow him. They creep towards the noise.

THEODOSIA
(whispering, o.s.)
Your other idea was just to hide?

KESTREL
(whispering, o.s.)
Well, do you have a better one?

The villager leaps from around a corner.

VILLAGER 3
Ah hah! ...huh? Where are they?

There are no girls there at all. The source of the noise is indeed a small pebble. The villager picks it up.

KESTREL
(through stone)
Based on the sounds of confusion coming out of this thing, I'm guessing my plan worked.

VILLAGER 3
What witchcraft is this!?

THEODOSIA
(through stone)
You just got talk-rock'd, son!

The villager throws down the stone in frustration.

CUT TO:

Kestrel and Theodosia are far, far away from the mob.

KESTREL
No use for *that* anymore.

Kestrel throws the speaking stone over her shoulder.

KESTREL
This is it! We're almost out of here!

She notices that Theodosia has slowed down a bit.

KESTREL
Hey, what's wrong?

THEODOSIA

We...we can't leave yet. Not while everybody still needs our help. There's still a drought, everybody's crops are bad, we didn't *hurt* the well situation but we didn't exactly *help* it either -

KESTREL

Okay, okay, okay. I get it. Son of a gun, I hate that you're right. Things would be *much* easier if you were wrong.

She exhales in resignation.

KESTREL

Alright, what's the play?

THEODOSIA

We gotta go to your rainmaking altar.

Off the girls go towards the old field where Kestrel had set up her ritual. Their distant forms are spotted by one of the townsfolk.

VILLAGER 2

Hey! There they are!

The mob reforms and marches towards the witches.

KESTREL

ARE! YOU! KIDDING! ME!

EXT. OLD FIELD - DAY

Kestrel and Theodosia return to the site of the rainmaking ritual. The altar is relatively undisturbed.

KESTREL

Oh, thank goodness they didn't destroy it. Let's get started.

THEODOSIA

Wait, but I don't know the dance...

Kestrel tosses Theodosia the spellbook.

KESTREL

I'll get started. Join in when you're ready.

Kestrel begins to dance. The altar glows a little. Its naturalistic blue contrasts against the harsh red of the villager's torches.

Out in the distance, the silhouetted form of the mob appears. The townsfolk look upon the girls attempting their ritual, and of course immediately get the wrong idea.

VILLAGER 3
That devilrous altar!

VILLAGER 5
They're trying to finish the
droughting spell!

The mob begins to encircle the altar.

KESTREL
Hey, I need your help over here!

THEODOSIA
Sorry, I'm still trying to figure
out the steps...

KESTREL
Forget the book, I'll just show
you!

Kestrel grabs Theodosia's hands and pulls her into the circle. Theodosia drops the spellbook. They take a couple of steps together.

THEODOSIA
Now, I think I've got these first
few steps down. It's like this,
right?

KESTREL
Yeah, you've got it.

THEODOSIA
But what's after that?

KESTREL
Okay, then you kind of go like...

Kestrel shows Theodosia the next couple of steps. Theodosia tries them and falls, and the two of them laugh. Kestrel helps her up, and the two of them continue dancing. They have largely forgotten about the angry mob.

KESTREL
Hey, you're getting the hang of it!

THEODOSIA

Great!

KESTREL

And now we switch places, and do
the whole thing backwards.

The dance continues. It is beautiful in an "innocent young lovers" kind of way. The altar glows brighter, and big dark clouds begin to form in the sky.

THEODOSIA

Hey, I think it's working!

KESTREL

Yeah, this is farther than I got
last night at least...

The mob continues to close in on the two dancers. They're right up on the altar now. Theodosia looks into Kestrel's eyes.

THEODOSIA

Hey, whatever happens, I just want
you to know...I'm glad you found
me.

Kestrel smiles.

The altar explodes with light. A huge pillar of magic shoots up into the sky, enveloping the two witches. A shockwave erupts from the pillar, toppling the members of the mob. There is a sound like an explosion. No, not an explosion... thunder.

One of the townsfolk picks herself up off the floor. She reaches for her pitchfork, but then she feels something. A raindrop. She looks up.

Water pours from the sky. It's raining. For the first time in months, it's raining. The villagers' paltry torches are extinguished by the downpour. The sky has gone from a hellish red to a calm dark blue.

The pillar of light fades. Behind it stand Kestrel and Theodosia, still locked in the final pose of their dance. They look at the sky.

The townsfolk are still. Their rage has been washed away and replaced with shock.

The girls jump and cheer in celebration. Nobody else moves.

KESTREL
We did it!

 THEODOSIA
We did it!

The two witches settle down and look at the townsfolk in front of them, sopped and morose.

 VILLAGER 1
You...you really were trying to help us.

Kestrel nods her head. Her expression lies somewhere between understanding and "no shit, sherlock".

 VILLAGER 4
Everything you said was true.

 KESTREL
(whispered through rictus)
Yeaahhhh...

 VILLAGER 5
And when we saw you out here last night...

 KESTREL
Mmm-hm!

 VILLAGER 1
Oh my god. We tried to kill a kid! Two kids! What's wrong with us?

 VILLAGER 2
Hang on! They're still witches! And how do we know they're responsible for this rain anyhow?

 VILLAGER 3
Give it a rest, pal. We saw them shoot a pillar of light into the sky, and then the rains came back.

 VILLAGER 1
As for the witches thing, I'm willing to look the other way on that. Everybody agree?

There are murmurs of affirmation.

 VILLAGER 1
That's what I thought.

 VILLAGER 5
Can you girls find it in your hearts to forgive us?

THEODOSIA

Uh...give us some time.

KESTREL

You *did* try and set her on fire.

VILLAGER 5

I - yeah, I mean, that's fair. I don't think any of us can complain about that. Still, we're gonna try and put all this behind us.

VILLAGER 4

It goes against our way of life to let you keep living here. But maybe our way of life was kind of dumb.

VILLAGER 1

Nobody is going to bother you any more, alright. If they try, they're going to have to go through us.

THEODOSIA

Thank you all so much, but...

VILLAGER 1

But?

KESTREL

But, we're actually leaving Myrefall. It's time for us to move on.

EXT. MYREFALL ENTRANCE - LATER

The rain has cleared up somewhat. All of the buildings are still dripping wet, and the sky is a contemplative grey.

Most of the town has turned up to see Kestrel and Theodosia off. All they have with them are Krivit and the spellbook.

THEODOSIA

I think that's it. Ready to go?

KESTREL

Almost. I need to say goodbye first.

Kestrel approaches her family, who has been waiting by the edge of the crowd.

MUM

Oh, lamb.

Kestrel gives each of them a hug.

MUM

You don't have to leave if you don't want to.

POP

We could figure something out, I just know it.

MUM

I mean, we're already breaking the rules just by standing here and talking to you, so it's not out of the realm of possibility that we could -

KESTREL

Guys. It's okay. I want to go.

MUM

Is it us? Do you think we wouldn't accept you for who you are?

KESTREL

No, it's nothing like that. It's just - there's a big world out there, you know? And I want to see what's in it. And there's probably more people who need help, and maybe...maybe there's more people like me and Theodosia. And I want to find those people.

POP

You're a good person, Kestrel. A better person than me. I'm sorry I ever doubted you.

MUM

Are you ever going to come back?

KESTREL

Maybe someday, to visit. You'll probably see me around again if there's ever another drought.

MUM

Well, whenever you come back, there's a room here waiting for you.

KESTREL

Thanks.

Kestrel turns to her brother.

KESTREL
You gonna miss me?

BARNABAS
Are you kidding? Christmas is going to be *twice* as good now that you're out of the way!

Kestrel gives him a magical wedgie.

BARNABAS
Ouch! Ouch! I'm kidding! Of course I'm gonna miss you! Come on!

She releases the stranglehold on his underpants.

KESTREL
I'll miss you too, you little demon.

Kestrel walks back to Theodosia, glancing over her shoulder for one last look at her family. They give a little wave.

KESTREL
Okay. I'm ready.

The two girls walk through the main gate and down the path out of town. About twenty feet out, they hear shouts coming from behind them.

DANIELLE
WAAAAAAAAIIIT!

Cassandra and Danielle come racing down the path. Kestrel and Theodosia turn their heads and are immediately tackled. The four girls all end up on the ground.

CASSANDRA
You were gonna leave without saying goodbye, weren't you!?

THEODOSIA
We didn't know where you were!

DANIELLE
Well obviously we were hiding so we could run out and surprise you!

CASSANDRA
Can't give us the slip *that* easy!

THEODOSIA

We seriously spent half an hour
looking for you.

The four girls stand back up.

KESTREL

Are you guys trying to tag along
with us?

DANIELLE

What, and go into the woods? Where
there's bugs? No thank you!

CASSANDRA

How the heck are you two gonna
survive all by yourselves?

KESTREL

Uh, we are *magic*. You know that,
right?

THEODOSIA

Besides, if things get really bad,
we can always eat Kestrel's pig.

Kestrel hugs Krivit defensively and glares at Theodosia.

THEODOSIA

I'm kidding, I'm kidding.

Kestrel hugs even harder.

KESTREL

Hey, before you go, we've got
something for you two.

THEODOSIA

Yeah, we whipped up some more of
these while we were looking around
for you.

Theodosia holds out two plain looking stones.

DANIELLE

Oh no thanks, I have rocks over by
my house actually.

KESTREL

No, no, no. These are special.
Check it out.

Kestrel grabs one of the stones out of Theodosia's hand.

KESTREL
Testing, testing.

The stone in Theodosia's hand repeats Kestrel's words.

THEODOSIA
They're called talk rocks.

KESTREL
I thought you said they were
speaking stones?

THEODOSIA
I kind of like talk rocks better
now.

KESTREL
The point is, whatever you say into
one will come out of the other.

CASSANDRA
So Danielle and I can talk to each
other over any distance?

THEODOSIA
Basically.

CASSANDRA
(wickedly)
This. Changes. The Game.

All four of them hug goodbye. They start to walk in their
separate directions.

KESTREL
Bye, girls. You really were good
friends.

CASSANDRA
Bye. Hey - sorry about all that
stuff we said about witches.

THEODOSIA
It's fine. We heard worse.

DANIELLE
Really though, it was mean. You
guys aren't witches, all right?

KESTREL
But... but we are, though?

CASSANDRA
 (whispering)
 I'll explain it to her later.
 (normal volume)
 Bye!

Bye!

KESTREL

Bye!

THEODOSIA

EXT. THE FOREST - AFTERNOON

Kestrel and Theodosia wander through the forest. Krivit trots along beside them. Light cascades through the tree line, illuminating all the lush foliage all around them. It is like unto Eden.

KESTREL
 Sure is nice out here. I can't believe all this was just outside of Myrefall the whole time!

THEODOSIA
 So what do we do now?

KESTREL
 Oh, like, out here?

The girls cross a fallen tree over a rushing creek.

THEODOSIA
 Yeah. I'm not really sure what the career path for a witch is. As far as we know, we're pioneers in this field.

KESTREL
 I know what you mean. Like, do we just set up a hut somewhere and start brewing potions? Do we have to live in a hut? Is that a requirement?

Kestrel notices that Krivit seems unwilling to cross the log bridge. She magics him up and floats him across.

KESTREL
 Don't get me wrong. I like huts and all. I just don't want to be tied down, you know?

THEODOSIA
 Yeah. So how do we start?

KESTREL

I guess we just... find a place to hole up, practice our magic, and look for other witches.

THEODOSIA

Do we *know* there's other witches?

KESTREL

Well, there were two of us in one town alone, three if you count Old Ipswich. Chances are there's more somewhere out there.

THEODOSIA

I guess you're right.

KESTREL

Hey - there's something you never told me...

THEODOSIA

And what's that?

KESTREL

That day in school...when you saw my glow hand...why were you looking at me in the first place?

Theodosia blushes and looks aside.

THEODOSIA

It's - I don't know how you'll feel about me if I tell you.

KESTREL

Is it that you're a witch? Because I already knew that. Seriously though, after all we've been through, there's nothing you could tell me that would make me like you less.

THEODOSIA

Okay, okay. I... kind of had a crush on you. *Have* a crush on you, really.

KESTREL

Hey, that's cool, because... me too, I think.

THEODOSIA

Really?

KESTREL

Yeah.

Theodosia plants a small kiss on Kestrel's cheek. Kestrel blushes, and the two girls clasp hands and walk off together into the distance.

EXT. STONEWELL - MUCH LATER

A wooden sign signifies the entrance to a small town.

WELCOME TO STONEWELL!

CUT TO:

EXT. OLD FARMHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

A young girl sits against the wall of an old wooden farmhouse. Her head is buried in her arms, and she is weeping.

She raises her head. Her eyes are red and wet. She takes another look at her arms beneath her gloves.

Yup. She's got the Glow Hands.

Just then, a noise startles her. There's a rustling in some nearby bushes.

The girl walks over to investigate. As she creeps through the brush, she almost trips over something laying on the ground. It's a book. Embossed on the book's cover is the word "WITCHCRAFT".

As the girl bends down to pick it up, she notices two silhouetted figures on the edge of her vision. The girl turns around to confront them, but the figures are already gone.

The girl picks up the book of witchcraft and opens it. On the very first page, she finds the following inscription:

"This book should help you out. Check Page 32 for help with your hand. Page 50 can help you make a talisman. Come into the woods when you're ready. And remember: You are not a monster. You are not broken. And most importantly, you are not alone."

At the bottom of the page, the message is signed:

- Kestrel & Theodosia