

"CHARMED"

"Something Wicca This Way Comes"

Pilot Episode

Written by Constance M. Burge

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w/Blue Re-Shoots 7/23/98
w/Pink Re-Shoots 7/23/98
w/Yellow Re-Shoots 7/29/98
w/Green Re-Shoots 7/29/98
w/Goldenrod Re-Shoots 7/31/98
w/Tan Re-Shoots 8/3/98
Rev. CHERRY SCRIPT - 8/10/98
Rev. DOUBLE WHITE - 8/11/98
Rev. DOUBLE BLUE PAGE - 8/13/98
(Page 12; REMOVE 12A)

"CHARMED"

CAST LIST
"PILOT RE-SHOOTS"
REV. CHERRY PILOT 8/10/98

PRUE HALLIWELL.....SHANNEN DOHERTY
PIPER HALLIWELL.....HOLLIE MARIE COMBS
PHOEBE HALLIWELL.....ALYSSA MILANO
DET. ANDREW TRUDEAU.....T.W. KING
DET. DARRYL MORRIS.....DORIAN GREGORY

GUEST CAST

JEREMY BURNS.....ERIC SCOTT WOODS
ROGER.....MATTHEW ASHFORD
ADMITTING NURSE
WOMAN
CHEF MOORE
PHARMACIST

"CHARMED"

Sets
"Pilot Re-Shoots"

INTERIORS:

HALLIWELL MANOR - DAY/NIGHT
MIDDLE PARLOR
FRONT PARLOR
PHOEBE'S BEDROOM
FOYER
ATTIC
STAIRWELL
DIINING ROOM

CONSERVATORY

MUSEUM STORAGE AREA

RESTAURANT
KITCHEN

ROGER'S OFFICE

HOSPITAL E.R.

PHARMACY

WAREHOUSE
FREIGHT ELEVATOR

EXTERIORS:

SAN FRANCISCO - NIGHT (STOCK)
APARTMENT/CRIME SCENE - NIGHT
KITCHEN

HALLIWELL MANOR - DAY/NIGHT
FRONT YARD
FRONT PORCH

MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY - DAY

WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

RESTAURANT

ND STREET

BAR - NIGHT (STOCK)
STREET NEAR BAR

CAB - MOVING - NIGHT

"CHARMED"

FADE IN:

1 EXT. SAN FRANCISCO - EST. - NIGHT (STOCK) 1

Gray clouds pass over a full moon. Lightning pierces the sky. Thunder crashes. And rain pelts the city below.

2 EXT. APARTMENT - NIGHT 2

We SEE (the back of) a MAN. This man has climbed the fire escape and now peers inside.

3 INT. APARTMENT - KITCHEN - NIGHT 3

A WOMAN performs a ritual many single women do every night. She pours herself a glass of wine and feeds her odd-looking cat, who sports an unusual collar. She does not notice as she leaves the kitchen that the cat, unnerved by the MAN, has bolted out its cat door.

IN THE LIVING ROOM

The power flickers on and off, illuminating a small altar. On this altar are tools of Wiccan ritual: a wand, candles, a bell, censer, and a ceremonial knife.

The woman touches the wick of each candle, magically "lighting" them as if the tip of her index finger contained fire. She then kneels inside a circle, closes her eyes and begins to chant.

WOMAN

"Ancient One of the forest deep,
Master of moon and sun. I shield
you in the ancient way, here in my
circle round. Asking you protect
this space, And offer your Sun-
force down."

The MAN steps into FRAME behind the woman. Sensing another presence, she spins around. Her initial fear fades to recognition -- she knows this person.

WOMAN (CONT'D)

(pleasantly surprised)
What are you doing here?

She rises to face him. Without warning, a knife, its handle covered in ornate stones, is raised in response. The woman's surprise turns to confusion. Before she can respond, the knife plunges downward. Her SCREAMS are drowned out by THUNDER.

4 EXT. HALLIWELL MANOR - SUTRO HEIGHTS - EST. - NIGHT 4

It is a grand and mysterious Victorian, a house of secrets. PIPER HALLIWELL, carrying groceries, rushes up the stairs. Piper, mid 20's, earthy, creative, and rarely on time, believes life is best navigated with a sense of humor.

5 INT. HALLIWELL MANOR - MIDDLE PARLOR - NIGHT 5

The power flickers on and off, revealing a house in the "Shabby Chic" style: the allure of time-worn objects from yesteryear inter-mingled with the slip-covered furniture and paint-crackled decor of today.

PRUE HALLIWELL, is on a ladder, attempting to fix a crystal chandelier. A "Woman's Guide To How To Fix Anything" manual is nearby. Prue, the oldest sister (late 20's), is classically beautiful, incredibly driven and educated.

PRUE? PIPER (O.S.)

PRUE
In here! Working on the
chandelier!

Piper enters to face Prue, well aware she is very late.

PIPER
Sorry I'm late.

PRUE
What else is new? Piper, I would
have been here to meet the
electrician myself but you know I
can't leave the museum until six.
I didn't even have time to change.

PIPER
I guess I just didn't realize how
long I was in Chinatown.

Piper peels off her rain coat, revealing a white chef's coat, black-and-white checked chefs pants, and clogs.

PIPER (CONT'D)
Did Jeremy call?

PRUE
(points to package on
the dining room table)
No, but he had a package sent and
some roses delivered. What were you
doing in Chinatown? I thought your
interview was in North Beach.

(CONTINUED)

PIPER

(moves to package,
opens it)

I did. I went to Young Lee Market
after my interview to get
ingredients for my "audition"
recipe tomorrow.

PRUE

That Wolfgang Puck knock-off didn't
hire you today?

PIPER

No, but this may just get me the
job.

She holds up a bottle of port, sent by Jeremy and shows
it to Prue, who has stepped down from the ladder to
join her.

PRUE

Jeremy sent you port?

PIPER

It is the ultimate ingredient for
my recipe.

PRUE

What a nice boyfriend.

Piper smiles, sets down the port. She notices an
antique game board known as a Spirit Board, resting on
the dining room table.

PIPER

I don't believe it. Tell me that's
not our old Spirit Board.

PRUE

(nods "yes")

I found it in the basement when I
was looking for the circuit tester.

Piper flips the Spirit Board over. INSERT: C.U.:
INSCRIPTION ON THE BACK OF THE SPIRIT BOARD:

PIPER

"To my three beautiful girls. May
this give you the light to find the
Shadows. The power of three will
set you free. Love, Mom."

(then, to Prue)

We never did figure out what this
inscription meant.

PRUE

We should send it to Phoebe. She's
the girl so in the dark, maybe a
little "light" will help.

(CONTINUED)

PIPER

You're really always so hard on
her. *

PRUE

She has no vision. No sense of the
future. *

PIPER

I really think Phoebe's coming
around.

PRUE

As long as she doesn't come around
here, I guess that's good news.

CLOSE ON PIPER

She can save the bad news for later...and she will.
She sets down the Spirit Board and heads for the
kitchen.

CLOSE ON SPIRIT BOARD

As Piper continues on into the kitchen a funny thing
happens to the "pointer" on the Spirit Board. It
"slides" across the board. Thunder. Lightning.

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

6 INT. APARTMENT - CRIME SCENE - NIGHT 6

TITLE SEQUENCE BEGINS: (20-30 SECONDS)

The murdered woman's apartment is now crime scene. Camera PANS through the apartment lobby as we pick up various apartment building dwellers trying to catch a view of what's happening from their vantage point on the staircase. Yellow tape and police officers keep the "lookie-loos" back -- among them, a bathrobed woman trying to convince a police officer to let her out for a minute to walk the dog cradled in her arms. Various activity and commotion will continue in the lobby until the camera PANS over to find a harried, but ever professional, INSPECTOR DARRYL MORRIS (30's, smart, family man, African American). We stay on Morris for a moment until his attention is drawn toward the front door of the building.

TITLE SEQUENCE ENDS

MORRIS

Well, it's about time!

ANGLE ON: ANDREW "ANDY" TRUDEAU

Late 20's, smart, handsome, intense, as he enters the crime scene and approaches his partner.

TRUDEAU

I got here as soon as I heard.
Another dead female, right? Mid-to-late-twenties --

MORRIS

-- I've been paging you for over an hour, Trudeau. Where've you been?

TRUDEAU

Oakland, checking out a lead.

MORRIS

What lead?

TRUDEAU

One that didn't go anywhere.

MORRIS

You're avoiding my question.

TRUDEAU

Because you don't want to know-I went to an occult shop.

He's right, Morris doesn't. Beat.

(CONTINUED)

MORRIS
You hate me, don't you? You want
to see me suffer.

TRUDEAU
I want to solve these murders.
Someone's after witches --

MORRIS
-- Women --

TRUDEAU
That "woman" up there? I'll bet
she was killed with an "athame."

MORRIS
Wrong. A double-edged steel knife.

TRUDEAU
Right. That's an "athame." It's a
ceremonial tool. Witches use them
to direct energy--

MORRIS
-- This woman didn't direct jack.
She was stabbed. Plain and simple.

TRUDEAU
Was she found near an altar?

MORRIS
Yes...

TRUDEAU
Were there carvings on that altar?

MORRIS
(yes, but)
Just do me a favor. Don't ever
follow a lead without checking with
me first.

TRUDEAU
You want to go to occult shops?

MORRIS
Let's get to work, okay?

Morris leaves. Trudeau hangs back as REPORTER JEREMY
BURNS (late 20's, sharp minded, liberal) approaches.

JEREMY
Inspector Trudeau. Jeremy Burns,
San Francisco Chronicle.
(hands Trudeau a
business card)
Care to comment?

TRUDEAU

A woman was stabbed. Plain and simple.

JEREMY

That's the third one in three weeks.

Trudeau has turned and walked away from Jeremy.

7 (OMITTED)

7

8 INT. HALLIWELL MANOR - FRONT PARLOR - SAME TIME

8

Piper, at the front bay window, watches the cab pull up. She drops the curtain, then anxiously moves toward Prue. Prue sees Piper coming.

PRUE

I don't get it. I've checked everything. There's no reason the chandelier shouldn't work.

PIPER

Uh, ya know how we've been talking about what to do with the spare room? I think you're right. We do need a roommate.

PRUE

We could rent out the room at a reduced rate in exchange for help around the house.

PIPER

Phoebe's good with a wrench.

PRUE

Phoebe lives in New York.

PIPER

Not anymore.

PRUE

What?

PIPER

She left New York. She's moving back in with us.

PRUE

You've got to be kidding.

No, Piper's not. Prue crosses to the kitchen to clean up. Piper follows.

PIPER
I could hardly say no. It's her house, too. It was willed to all of us.

PRUE
Months ago -- and we haven't seen or spoken to her since!

PIPER
Well, you haven't spoken to her.

PRUE
No, I haven't. Maybe you've had a brain surge and forgotten why I'm still mad at her?

PIPER
Of course not but she had nowhere else to go. She lost her job. She's in debt.

PRUE
And this is news? How long have you known about this, anyway?

PIPER
A couple of days, maybe a week...or two.

PRUE
(or two!)
Thanks for sharing. When does she arrive?

PHOEBE (O.S.)
Now.

Prue and Piper shut up and turn to see:

9

ANGLE ON PHOEBE

9

In her early 20's, Phoebe is the willful, free-spirited youngest sister. She is also one hundred eighty degrees away from Prue -- and not by accident. Beside her is a backpack, bursting at the seams.

PHOEBE
Surprise.
(holds up a key)
I found the hide-a-key.

PIPER
Phoebe.

PHOEBE

Hello Piper.

Piper crosses to Phoebe and hugs her.

PIPER

Welcome home. It is so good to see you, isn't it Prue?

PRUE

I'm speechless.

The tension is broken by the SOUND of a cab, HONKING.

PHOEBE

Oops. I forgot about the cab.

PIPER

I'll get it.

Piper grabs a purse off the counter and rushes out.

PRUE

Hey! That's my purse!

Prue turns to Phoebe, who tries to suppress a smile.

PHOEBE

Thanks. I'll pay you back.

PRUE

(beat; notices
backpack)

Is that all you brought?

PHOEBE

It's all I own. That and my bike.
(awkward beat, then)
Look, I know you don't want me --

PRUE

(blurts out)

We're not selling Gram's house.

PHOEBE

Is that why you think I came back?

PRUE

The only reason Piper and I gave up our apartment and moved back was because this house has been in this family for generations --

PHOEBE

-- No history lesson needed, I grew up here, too, so can we talk about what's really bothering you?

PRUE

No. I'm still furious with you.

PHOEBE

You'd rather have a tense reunion filled with boring chit-chat and unimportant small talk?

PRUE

No, but otherwise we won't have anything to talk about.

PHOEBE

I never touched Roger.

PRUE

Whoa.

PHOEBE

I know you think otherwise because that's what the Armani-wearing, Chardonnay-slugging Trust-Funder told you but --

Piper returns. We HEAR her before we SEE her.

PIPER

I have a great idea! Why don't I make a fabulous reunion dinner!

PRUE

I'm not hungry.

PHOEBE

I ate on the bus.

They exit in opposite directions.

PIPER

We'll try the group hug later.

Thunder. Lighting. The house lights flicker.

9A INT. PHOEBE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

9A

C.U.: A NEWS REPORT

From the crime scene of the murdered woman. The sound is down. We'll FEATURE reporters, particularly Jeremy persistently trying to get information from Morris.

We HEAR a KNOCK at the door and Phoebe, getting dressed into her pajama's, walks past the television set. We STAY with Phoebe as she opens her bedroom door to find Piper, dressed in her pajama's. She's holding a wicker tray. On it are some finger sandwiches, two glasses of iced-tea, and some carrot sticks.

(CONTINUED)

PHOEBE
Thank God, I'm starving!

PIPER
I figured.
(enters, notices Jeremy
on TV)
Hey, that's Jeremy! What's
happened?

PHOEBE
Oh, some woman got whacked.

PIPER
"Whacked?" Phoebe, you've been in
New York too long.

Piper shuts off the television and makes herself
comfortable on Phoebe's bed. The two sisters eat,
talk.

PHOEBE
I should have stayed. Why didn't
you tell Prue I was coming home?

PIPER
And risk her changing the locks? I
don't think so. Besides, you
should have been the one to tell
her, not me.

PHOEBE
(flops on bed beside
Piper)
Good point...Chicken Little. It's
just so hard to talk to her. She's
always been more like a mother:

PIPER
That's not her fault. She
practically sacrificed --

Phoebe's heard this a million times. She joins in as
Piper finishes her thought:

PIPER/PHOEBE
-- "her own childhood to help raise
us."

PHOEBE
Yeah yeah yeah.

PIPER
Hey, we're lucky she was so
responsible. You and I had it
easy. All we had to do was "be
there."

PHOEBE

Yeah, well, I don't need a mom,
anymore. I need a sister.

PRUE (O.S.)

Knock knock.

They look up to see Prue, standing in the door frame.
Dressed in her pajama's, she holds a down comforter and
an extra blanket.

PRUE (cont'd)

This was always the coldest room in
the house.

PHOEBE

Thanks.

PRUE

I just don't want to hear another
word about Roger, okay?

Prue leaves. *

10

INT. CONSERVATORY - NIGHT

10

Candles illuminate Piper and Phoebe playing with the
Spirit Board. They have their hands on the wooden
pointer which slides around the board. A bowl of
popcorn, almost gone, rests on the table.

PHOEBE

I'm glad to hear you and Jeremy are
still together. Where'd you meet
him, anyway?

PIPER

We met in the hospital cafeteria
the day Grams was admitted. He was
covering a story. I was bawling
over a bagel. He gave me a napkin.

PHOEBE

(yuck)
How romantic.

(CONTINUED)

PHOEBE
(yuck)
How romantic.

PIPER

As a matter of fact, it was. The napkin had his phone number on it. Now stop pushing the pointer.

PHOEBE

I'm not touching it.

PIPER

You used to always push the pointer. More popcorn?

Phoebe nods. Piper gets up and moves to the kitchen.

PHOEBE

I forget your question.

PIPER

(calls from kitchen)
I asked if Prue would have sex with someone other than herself this year!

PHOEBE

(calls to kitchen)
That's disgusting!
(looks down at board)
Please say "yes."

Phoebe's fingers, resting on the wooden pointer, suddenly slide across the Spirit Board, landing on the letter "A."

PHOEBE

Piper...

The Spirit Board pointer slides across to the letter "T."

PHOEBE (CONT'D)

...Piper, get in here!

Phoebe yanks her fingers off and away from the pointer.

PIPER

(peeks head back in door)

What?

Prue comes in through the other end of the dining room.

PRUE

What did you two do now?

PIPER

Me? I didn't do anything.

They turn to Phoebe. She's freaking out.

(CONTINUED)

PHOEBE

The pointer on the Spirit Board.
It moved on its own.

Prue and Piper burst out laughing.

PHOEBE (CONT'D)

I'm serious. It spelled "A-T."

Prue and Piper stare at the Spirit Board. Nothing happens.

PIPER

Did you push it?

PHOEBE

No!

PRUE

You used to always push the
pointer.

PHOEBE

My fingers were barely touching it.
Look!

Phoebe lightly places her hand on the pointer. Nothing happens. Prue shoots a look, turns to leave when the pointer -- with Phoebe's fingers resting lightly on it -- slides from the letter "T" to the side of the board and then quickly back to the letter "T."

*
*
*

PHOEBE

It did it again! It moved!

Piper and Prue turn around.

PRUE

It's still on the letter "T."

PHOEBE

I swear, it moved!

Prue leaves. The pointer suddenly begins to move again.

PHOEBE

There! Look!

Piper's looking. Phoebe takes her fingers OFF the pointer. It CONTINUES TO MOVE, landing on the letter "I."

PHOEBE
You saw that, right?

PIPER
I think so, yeah.

PHOEBE
I told you I wasn't touching it.

The pointer moves again. Piper tries not to freak.

PIPER
Prue, can you come here a sec?

PHOEBE
(following the letters)
"A-T-T-I-" I think it's trying to tell us something.

Phoebe finds a pen. Grabs a stack of nearby mail and flips over an envelope. Phoebe jots down the letters. At the same moment that Prue returns to the dining room, the pointer lands on the letter "C."

PRUE
Now what?

PHOEBE
(holds up paper)
"ATTIC."

Thunder. Lightning. The lights go out and the house is pitched into darkness.

11 INT. FOYER - NIGHT

11

Piper grabs her rain coat off the coat rack and begins to put them on. Prue, holding a flashlight, follows Piper.

PRUE
Don't you think you're over-reacting? We're perfectly safe here.

PIPER
Don't say that. In horror movies, the person who says that is always the next to die.

PRUE
It's pouring rain. A psycho's on the loose. And Jeremy's not even home.

(CONTINUED)

PIPER
So I'll wait in the cab until
Jeremy gets back from work.

PRUE
That'll be cheap.

Piper grabs the portable telephone and dials 411.

PIPER
I saw that pointer move, Prue.

PRUE
What you saw was Phoebe's fingers
pushing the pointer. She's playing
a joke on us. There's nothing in
that attic.

PIPER
We don't know that. We've lived
here for months now and we've never
been able to get the attic door
open.
(beat, frustrated)
Great. The phone doesn't work. *

PRUE
And the power's out. Come with me
to the basement. *

PIPER
What?

PRUE
I need you to hold the flashlight
while I check out the main circuit
box. *

Phoebe enters the foyer, carrying her own flashlight.

PIPER
Phoebe will go to the basement with
you. Won't you, Phoebe?

PHOEBE
No, I'm going to the attic.

PRUE
You are not. We already agreed -

PHOEBE
-- I'm not going to wait for some
handyman to check out the attic and
I'm certainly not going to wait
until tomorrow. I'm going now.

She mounts the stairs as Prue, pissed, takes off in the
opposite direction, toward the (never-to-be seen)
basement. Piper is now alone in the foyer.

She thinks a moment, then calls out to Prue.

PIPER

Prue, wait!

12 INT. STAIRWAY TO ATTIC - NIGHT

12

Phoebe's flashlight illuminates the closed attic door. She slowly reaches out, grabs the door handle, turns it. The door won't open. She pulls at the handle, jimmies the door and it still won't open. She turns around to leave when we HEAR the SOUND of the door creaking open behind her. She turns to see the attic door has swung open.

13 INT. ATTIC - NIGHT

13

The attic is a big space, with large glass window panes and a peaked roof. Antiques are covered and against the walls.

As Phoebe glances around, a SUDDEN FLASH of LIGHTNING draws her attention to an old wooden trunk in front of a large stained-glass window. She moves to the trunk, opens it -- CREAK -- and peers inside.

AN ANCIENT, ANTIQUE GREEN COVERED BOOK

Rests at the bottom of the trunk in a thick pile of dust. Phoebe reaches in, takes out the book. She blows on the cover - dust flies. She reads the title.

PHOEBE

"The Book of Shadows."

Phoebe opens the front cover to see a centuries old wood-carving of a coven of three women gathered around a circle, casting spells. And, on the first page, an elaborately scrolled incantation. Phoebe looks at it.

14 STAIRWELL ENTRY - SAME TIME

14

Prue and Piper are at the bottom of the stairs.

PRUE

Phoebe!

(no response)

She should be back by now.

PIPER

You go first.

They climb the stairs.

15 15. INT. ATTIC - NIGHT

15

Phoebe's reading an incantation aloud.

PHOEBE

"Hear now the words of the witches
The secrets we hid in the night."

Thunder. Lightning. Phoebe shrinks back, scared, then gathers her confidence as she continues.

PHOEBE

"The oldest of Gods are invoked
here. The great work of Magic is
sought."

16 INT. MIDDLE PARLOR - SAME TIME

16

As Phoebe continues to invoke the incantation, we SLOWLY MOVE IN on the crystal chandelier.

PHOEBE

"In this night and in this hour, I
call upon the Ancient Power."

The crystals on the chandelier begin to vibrate. Light -- not from the light bulbs but from an unknown light source, emanates in all directions.

PHOEBE (O.S.)

"Bring us the power to we sisters
three! We want the power! Give us
the power!"

The light shines on the wall and mantels, on generations of portraits and photograph that feature the female relatives of the Halliwell sisters. The light bounces from photograph to photograph, settling on a picture of Prue, Piper and Phoebe. The photo glows with luminescence and the sisters, who are standing apart, seem to move closer together. Are we losing our minds?

17 EXT. HALLIWELL MANOR - NIGHT

17

The white light shines outward from a window, casting a mystical, ethereal glow into the night.

18 INT. HALLIWELL MANOR - NIGHT

18

In the photograph of the three sisters, we see we have not lost our minds: the sisters have definitely moved closer together.

19 INT. ATTIC - NIGHT

19

Prue and Piper, flashlights in hand, approach.

PRUE
What the hell are you doing?

PHOEBE
(busted/confessing)
...Reading...an...incantation.
(holds up book)
It was in this "Book of Shadows."
I found it in that trunk.

PRUE
Let me see that.

Prue grabs the book as Piper, worried, turns to Phoebe.

PIPER
How did you get in here?

PHOEBE
The door...opened.

Piper's not quite sure how to take this.

PIPER
Wait a minute. An incantation?
What kind of "incantation?"

PHOEBE
It said something about there being
three essentials of magic: feeling,
timing, and the phases of the moon.
If we were ever going to do this,
now -- midnight on a full moon -
was the most powerful time.

PIPER
"This?" Do what "this?"

PHOEBE
Receive our powers.

PIPER
What powers? Wait. "Our" powers?
You included me in this?

PRUE
She included all of us.
(reading incantation)
"Bring us the power to we sisters
three."
(holds up book)
It's a book of witchcraft.

(CONTINUED)

PIPER

Let me see that.

Prue hands Piper the book. On the front cover is a strange and exotic insignia. It is the Triquetra, the ancient symbol of the female trinity.

20 INT. APARTMENT/CRIME SCENE - NIGHT

20

The woman's body, wrapped in a body bag, is on a gurney. Morris stares at a small tattoo on the shoulder of the woman. It is the same exotic insignia that is on the Book of Shadows.

TRUDEAU

It's the same tattoo that was on the other three victims.

MORRIS

So the murderer is killing cultists.

TRUDEAU

No, the murderer is on a "witch hunt."

MORRIS

Yeah, and he's five hundred years old and lives in Salem.

The CORONER zips up the rest of the body bag. Morris and Trudeau follow the gurney, pushed by the Coroner.

MORRIS

Look around, Trudeau. Pentagrams, altars, offerings. All tools for a freak fest. *

TRUDEAU

They call 'em "sabbats," and this was hardly a freak fest. She was a solitary practitioner. She practiced her craft alone. *

Morris sighs, frustrated. *

TRUDEAU (cont'd) *

Let me ask you something, Morris. Do you believe in U.F.O.'s? *

MORRIS *

Hell no. *

TRUDEAU

Neither do I. But do you believe
there are people out there who do
believe in U.F.O's?

MORRIS

Yes, but I think they're crazy.

TRUDEAU

Well, then, why can't you believe
there are people who believe they
are witches?

Morris considers this rationale.

MORRIS

(mimicking Trudeau)

All I know is that if you don't
stop talking about "witches," I'm
gonna start questioning you.

We HEAR a MEOW. It's a cat. The victim's cat.
Trudeau bends down toward it.

MORRIS (cont'd)

I'd stay away from that cat,
Trudeau. It's been clawing the
crap out of everyone. See ya at
the car.

Morris heads out. Trudeau waits a beat, and then
bends down to pet the cat. Morris, at the door, turns
around to say something, then stops. He can't believe
what he's seeing. That cat loves his partner.

21 INT. FOYER - NIGHT

21

The sisters, guided by the flashlight, head down the
stairs.

PRUE

Spirit Boards. Books of
witchcraft. It figures all of this ..
freaky stuff started when you
arrived.

PHOEBE

Hey, I wasn't the one that found
the Spirit Board.

PRUE

But it wasn't my fingers sliding
around on the pointer.

PIPER

It doesn't matter. Because nothing
happened, right, Phoebe? When you
did the incantation?

PHOEBE

My head spun around and I vomited
split pea soup. How should I know?

The sisters enter the middle parlor.

PIPER

Everything looks the same.

PHOEBE
(disappointed)
You're right.

PRUE
Yep, the house still needs work.

PIPER
And everything feels the same.

Prue and Phoebe head for the dining room. Piper calls out.

PIPER
So nothing's changed. Right?

They don't notice the "changed" photograph behind them.

22 EXT. HALLIWELL MANOR - NIGHT

22 *

The HOODED MAN (who, hopefully, our audience will think is Trudeau) enters FRAME and watches as the three sisters put the Spirit Board away. He watches a moment, then turns and leaves.

FADE OUT:

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

23

EXT. HALLIWELL FRONT YARD - THE NEXT DAY

23

Piper has just finished cutting some herbs. As she walks around the side of the house, she sees Phoebe sitting on the stoop. Dressed in bike riding clothes, Phoebe nurses a cup of coffee.

PIPER

You're up early.

PHOEBE

I never went to sleep.

PIPER

Don't tell me you put on a black conical hat and spent the night flying around the neighborhood on a broomstick?

PHOEBE

The only broom I've ever had was kept in a closet beside a mop.

PIPER

So what were you doing?

PHOEBE

Reading. Is Prue around?

PIPER

She went to work early. Reading "aloud?"

PHOEBE

No. But according to the Book of Shadows, one of our ancestors was a witch named Melinda Warren.

PIPER

(leans in/whispers)

And we have a cousin who's a drunk, an aunt who's manic, and a father who's invisible.

PHOEBE

I'm serious. She practiced powers. Three powers. She could move objects with her mind, see the future, and stop time. Before Melinda burned at the stake, she vowed that each generation of Warren witches would become stronger and stronger, culminating in the arrival of three sisters.

(beat)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

PHOEBE (cont'd)
These sisters would be the most powerful witches the world has ever known. I think we're those sisters.

Piper grabs her belongings, including her chef's jacket and black and white checked pants, out from the house.

PIPER
Look, I know what happened last night was weird and unexplainable but we are not witches and we do not have special powers.
(ready to leave)
Besides, Grams wasn't a witch and as far as we know, neither was mom.
(gives Phoebe a peck on the cheek)
So take that, Nancy Drew.

Piper heads for her car, parked in the street below. Phoebe calls after her.

PHOEBE
We're the protectors of the innocent. We're known as "the charmed ones!"

Piper SLAMS the car door shut in response. Piper starts the car and drives away.

PHOEBE
And I beg to differ about Grams.

24 (OMIT)

24

25 EXT. MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY - ESTABLISHING - DAY

25

BOSS (O.S.)
There's been a change of plans.

26 INT. MUSEUM - STORAGE AREA - DAY

26

We MOVE PAST workers unpacking Asian artifacts to find Prue and her handsome, male BOSS, (late 20's), a designer-suited vision complete with wire-rimmed spectacles. He checks an inventory list on a clipboard he carries.

PRUE
A change of plans? Regarding the Beals Exhibition?

The boss nods his head, then points his pen at Prue. In fact, he'll use the pen a lot to "accent" his words.

BOSS

The extra money you helped raise through private donations has sparked significant corporate interest. The Beals artifacts will now become part of our permanent collection.

PRUE

(a big sigh of relief)
Oh. Wow. That's terrific.

BOSS

Which is why the Board wants someone a little more qualified to handle the collection from now on.
(off her reaction)
You look surprised.

PRUE

I don't know why, I'm furious. I've not only been with this project since it's inception, I was the curator who secured the entire exhibition.

The Boss nervously slides his pen into his shirt pocket.

PRUE (CONT'D)

You're "the someone a little more qualified," aren't you?

BOSS

I could hardly say "no" to the entire board of directors, could I? But I know you'll be happy for me. After all, what's good for me is definitely good for you.

INSERT ON PEN in the Boss's shirt pocket. It begins to vibrate.

BOSS

Right, Miss Halliwell?

PRUE

"Miss Halliwell?" Since when did we stop being on a first name basis? When we stopped sleeping together? Or when I returned your engagement ring, Roger?

That's right. Prue's boss, is also her ex-fiance.

ROGER
I didn't realize the two were mutually exclusive, although I certainly enjoyed one more than the other.

PRUE
(low, livid)
Bastard.

Prue turns to leave. A blue ink stain appears and begins to spread underneath his shirt pocket.

ROGER
Prue. Wait.

Prue turns around.

ROGER
I feel like I should say something.
(smart aleck)
If only to avoid a lawsuit.

And it's at that very moment that Roger notices the ink stain on his shirt. He takes the pen out from his pocket when it seems to EXPLODE, spraying Roger with ink. Whoa.

27 (OMITTED) 27

28 INT. RESTAURANT - KITCHEN - DAY 28 *

Piper puts the finishing touches on her audition recipe. She opens the bottle of port, sniffs it, then satisfied, pours some port into a clear measuring cup. She's about to pour the port over her recipe when SHERIDAN MOORE, a hip, European uber-chef, enters, hands clapping. *

CHEF MOORE
Your time is up!
(glances at a 3X5 card)
Let's see. "Roast pork with gratin of florence fennel and a penne with a port giblet sauce."

Much to Piper's surprise, he picks up a fork, helps himself to the pasta and prepares to taste it.

PIPER
Chef Moore!

She eyes the port-filled measuring cup.

CHEF MOORE
(fork poised in mid-air)
What?

PIPER
The port --

CHEF MOORE
-- Without it, the sauce is nothing more than a salty marinara. A recipe from a woman's magazine!

He brings the fork closer toward his mouth.

PIPER
I didn't have time for--

He's cut her off with a raised hand. With the other hand, he brings the fork to his mouth. Holding the fork poised just in front of his mouth, Chef Moore suddenly "freezes." The fork remains poised.

PIPER
Chef Moore?

He doesn't respond. She waves a hand in front of his face.

PIPER
Hello?

Piper has somehow managed to freeze time! She doesn't waste any time. She grabs the measuring cup and quickly dabs a tiny bit of port over his fork. No sooner has she finished, than Chef Moore becomes "unfrozen" and the pasta disappears into his mouth.

29 EXT. RESTAURANT - PAYPHONE - DAY 29 *

Piper's hands shake as she tries to call home.

PIPER
(low, to herself)
Answer the phone, Phoebe.

30 EXT. HALLIWELL MANOR - DAY 30 *

Phoebe closes the front door behind her as the phone rings inside. She walks her bike down the stairs.

31 EXT. RESTAURANT - DAY 31 *

As Piper hears the answering machine pick up (in the B.G.), she hangs up the phone.

(CONTINUED)

Piper quickly turns around and bumps into...Jeremy...scaring the hell out of herself.

PIPER

Jeremy?
(calms)
God, you scared me.

JEREMY

I can see. Sorry. You okay?

PIPER

(convincing herself)
Yeah. Now I'm okay. I really am.
(changing subject)
What are you doing here?

JEREMY

I wanted to be the first to congratulate you on your new job.

He produces a beautiful bouquet of red roses.

PIPER

You're always surprising me. How did you know?

JEREMY

You prepared your speciality. And anyone who's ever sampled your work can see how truly talented you are.

PIPER

Oooh, I get so turned on when you talk about food.

JEREMY

(grabs her chef's coat ..
and pulls her close)
Hamburgers...pizza...hot dogs...

Piper, laughing, embraces Jeremy with a frisky lip lock.

32

EXT. ND STREET - DAY

32

Phoebe rides down a street. As she turns a corner, she SEES dream-like MTV style flashes of TWO TEENAGE BOYS (possibly on skateboards) recklessly skating down a street. A car horn HONKS, tires SCREECH. The car does everything in its powers not to hit the boys but cannot break in time. Witnesses SCREAM.

ON PHOEBE

She blinks, ending the premonition. Whew. She begins to pedal down a hill.

(CONTINUED)

Halfway from the bottom, we HEAR the front door of a house SLAM shut and two NOISY TEEN-AGE BOYS. Phoebe's head jerks left to see these TWO BOYS barrel into the street and into traffic.

PHOEBE

No! Wait!

Phoebe races in front of them, cutting them off. All seems well until

PHOEBE'S BIKE HITS A CAR

And loses control of the bike. She hits the curb, flying off the bike and into the street. She lands with a THUD.

ON PHOEBE

Lying in the street, clutching her right arm. As PEOPLE rush to Phoebe's aid, the odd-looking cat with the unusual collar appears from out of nowhere and stares at all the commotion.

32A INT. ROGER'S OFFICE - DAY

32A

Roger, on the phone, sits in his high-backed chair, swiveling from side-to-side. He's got a new shirt on and he's adjusting his tie. (Note: His chair faces away from his desk so that he can admire his executive view.)

ROGER

...Well, it was my idea to spark corporate interest through private donations. Besides, I've not only been with this project since its inception, we both know who really secured the entire exhibition --

He swivels his chair around to the front of his desk.

ROGER (cont'd)

(surprised to see her)

-- Prue.

ANGLE ON PRUE

She stands in his office, car keys in hand, holding a purse.

PRUE

I quit.

TO INCLUDE ROGER

ROGER

(low, muffled)

I'm gonna have to call you back.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

ROGER (cont'd)
(hangs up phone)
Think about this, Prue.

PRUE
Lousy job, lousy pay, lousy boss.
What's to think about?

ROGER
Your future. Because, believe me,
if you leave with no notice, you
can kiss any references --

PRUE
-- Don't threaten me, Roger.

ROGER
(shrugs)
You know me. Had to try.
(different tack)
You're angry. You're hurt. Your
pride is wounded. I understand all
that. That's why you can't even
see that I'm doing you a favor.

PRUE
Excuse me?

ROGER
I had to take the exhibit away from
you! If I didn't, the Board would
have brought in a total stranger.
Think about it, Prue. I'm here for
you, not some stranger. You should
be thanking me, not leaving me.

PRUE
I'm not worried. I'm certain your
intellect will make short work of
the seventy-five computer discs and
thousands of pages of research I've
left in my office.

ROGER
You're going to regret this.

PRUE
I don't think so. I thought
breaking up with you was the best
thing I ever did, but this
definitely tops that. Goodbye,
Roger.

She turns and leaves his office.

ROGER
(calls after her)
I hope there are no office supplies
in your purse!

32B EXT. ROGER'S OFFICE - SAME TIME

32B

Prue, frustrated, mimes "wringing" Roger's neck.

32C INT. ROGER'S OFFICE - SAME TIME

32C

Roger's necktie suddenly moves up toward his neck, strangling him.

ROGER
(gagging/coughing)
What the -- help!

Roger grabs at his necktie, leaning backward in his chair as if to get away from the necktie. He begins to pound on his intercom system, trying to alert his secretary.

ROGER (cont'd)
-- Help!

He pulls a desk drawer open, frantically searching for -
- and finding -- a pair of scissors. He pulls out the
scissors, leaning back as he cuts off his tie -- but
falling back in his chair in the process. The chair --
Roger with it -- hits the ground with a THUD, the only
thing now visible on Roger, the soles of his Oxfords
show, raised high in the air. As Roger's head peeks
around the desk -- what the heck has just happened?

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

33 INT. HOSPITAL - ER - DAY

33

Prue rushes into the busy ER. She approaches the front desk. A MAN (we see only his back) is also at the desk.

PRUE

Hi, I'm looking for my sister,
Phoebe Halliwell.

ADMITTING NURSE

One second, please.

(to the MAN)

What's the name again?

TRUDEAU

Inspector Andrew Trudeau. Homicide.
Dr. Gordon is expecting me.

The Nurse turns her attention to the end of the counter.

PRUE

Andy?

TRUDEAU

(turns to see)

Prue?

Prue nods, smiles.

TRUDEAU

I don't believe it. How are you?

PRUE

Good, Andy, how are you?

TRUDEAU

I'm fine. I just...can't believe
I'm running into you.

PRUE

I'm picking up Phoebe. She had
some kind of accident.

TRUDEAU

She gonna be okay?

PRUE

She'll be fine. What are you doing
here?

TRUDEAU

Murder investigation.

(CONTINUED)

The Admitting Nurse returns, interrupting them.

NURSE

Your sister's still in X-ray, so it'll be another fifteen minutes. Dr. Gordon's office is to the left and down the hall. He's with a patient right now, but you're free to wait outside his office.

PRUE/TRUDEAU

Thank you.

Prue and Trudeau turn toward one another, feeling awkward and uncomfortable. So much to say. Not the right time.

TRUDEAU

Well. Good seeing you, Prue.

PRUE

You, too, Andy. Take care.

She hesitates a moment, then turns and starts to walk away.

TRUDEAU

You know.

(as Prue turns)

Phoebe's busy. Dr. Gordon's busy. Can I buy you a bad cup of coffee while we wait?

Prue smiles her answer.

ANGLE ON HALLWAY

Prue and Trudeau head toward the vending machine.

PRUE

So, you're an "Inspector" now.

TRUDEAU

What can I say? In any other city, I'd be called a detective.

PRUE

"Inspector's" classier.

TRUDEAU

I'm liking it better already.

PRUE

Your Dad must be so proud.

TRUDEAU

Third generation, you bet he's happy. How 'bout you? You taking the world by storm?

(CONTINUED)

PRUE
Not yet. I'm back living at Gram's house, and, as of an hour ago, I'm looking for work.

They've stopped at the vending machine. Trudeau has thrown some quarters in, waits as coffee fills a cup.

PRUE (cont'd)
I heard you moved to Portland.

TRUDEAU
I'm back. You still seeing Roger?

PRUE
How'd you know about him?

Trudeau smiles and shrugs as he hands Prue her coffee.

TRUDEAU
I know people.

PRUE
You checked up on me?

TRUDEAU
I wouldn't call it that.

PRUE
Yeah, what would you call it?

TRUDEAU
"Enquiring minds want to know?"

PRUE
You checked up on me.

He smiles sheepishly. She laughs.

TRUDEAU
What can I say? I'm a detective.

34 EXT. BAR - TO ESTABLISH - NIGHT (STOCK)

34 *

PRUE (O.S.)
The chosen ones, the "charmed" ones. Phoebe, this is insane.

35 INT. BAR - NIGHT

35

Prue and Phoebe sit at the bar. A bartender gives Prue coffee and a Tequila shot to Phoebe, then leaves.

PHOEBE

Are you telling me nothing strange happened to you today? You didn't freeze time or move anything?

PRUE

Roger took an exhibit away from me. Look. You may think you can see the future, which is pretty ironic --

PHOEBE

-- Since you don't think I have one? That my "vision" of life is "cloudy" compared to your perfect hell?

(calming down)

Even if you don't want to believe me, just once, can't you trust me?

No, Prue can't. But they're not talking about Roger.

PRUE

I do not have special powers.

The small pitcher of cream slides across the bar and rests beside Prue's coffee cup.

PHOEBE

Really?

The cream in the pitcher begins to mysteriously drain from the pitcher while the level of liquid in the coffee cup rises until the coffee, now with cream, turns "beige."

PHOEBE

That looks pretty special to me.

PRUE

(blown away)

Oh my God. It just...I just...You mean that I can move things with my mind?

*
*
*

PHOEBE

With how much you hold inside, you should be a lethal weapon by now.

PRUE

I don't believe it...

*

PHOEBE

This must mean that Piper can freeze time.

*

Prue grabs, then downs, Phoebe's shot of Tequila.

PHOEBE

Are you okay?

PRUE

No, I'm not okay! You've turned me
into a witch!

36 EXT. CAB - MOVING - NIGHT

36

Piper and Jeremy, having just finished a celebratory dinner, cab through the city. (Note: Piper's roses peek out from her backpack.)

JEREMY

Okay. What's going on? You've
hardly spoken since your audition.

Piper musters up the courage to talk about her "power."

PIPER

Has anything strange or
unexplainable ever happened to you?

JEREMY

Sure. It's called luck. Or fate.
Some call it miracles. Why? What
happened?

PIPER

Forget it. Even if I could tell
you, you'd swear I was crazy.
(changing subject)
Open your fortune cookie.

Jeremy can see she obviously doesn't feel like talking.

JEREMY

Okay.

He cracks open his fortune cookie, finds the fortune.

JEREMY

"Soon you will be on top."

PIPER

It doesn't say that.

JEREMY

Yes, it does.

PIPER

(snatching fortune)
Let me see.

JEREMY

Is that a bad thing?

PIPER
(reads fortune)
Of the world. "Soon you will be on
top of the world."

She playfully tosses the fortune at him.

JEREMY
(getting an idea, leans
forward to Cab Driver)
Take a left on Seventh, would you?

PIPER
Seventh? I thought we were going
to your place.

JEREMY
We are, but you reminded me of
something. I want to show you the
old Bowing Building. The view of
the Bay Bridge? It's amazing.

The cab heads toward a deserted industrial area.

37

EXT. STREET NEAR BAR - NIGHT

37

Phoebe and Prue exit the bar and walk down the street. *

PHOEBE
When I was looking in the Book of
Shadows I saw these wood carvings.
They looked like something out of a
Bosch painting. All these
terrifying images of three women
battling different incarnations of
evil.

PRUE
Evil fighting evil, that's a twist. *

PHOEBE
Actually, a true witch is a good
witch. They follow this Wiccan
Rede: "An it harm none, do what ye
will." If a witch violates this
oath, they become known as a
warlock, "regardless of their
gender. Warlocks have but one
goal: to kill witches and obtain
their powers. Unfortunately, they
look like regular people. They
could be anyone, anywhere.

Phoebe stares at the busy, PEDESTRIAN-FILLED street.

PRUE
Okay, wait a second. And this has -
- what -- to do with us? *

(CONTINUED)

PHOEBE

The women in the first wood carving were in a slumber but in the second one they were battling some kind of warlock. I think that as long as we were in the dark about our powers, we were safe. Not anymore.

The odd-looking cat appears from out of nowhere and watches them as they disappear around the corner. *

37A INT. PHARMACY - NIGHT

37A

PHARMACIST

I'll be right back with your prescription.

PHOEBE

Take your time.

PRUE

(to Pharmacist)

Excuse me. Where do you keep the aspirin?

PHARMACIST

Aisle Three.

PRUE

Thank you.

Prue turns, leaves. Phoebe follows.

PHOEBE

Chamomile tea works great for headaches.

PRUE

Not for this one, it won't.

Prue finds her way to Aisle Three, Phoebe on her heels. As Prue begins to search the shelf for the aspirin, Phoebe takes the opportunity to offer Prue a positive perspective of their new-found powers.

PHOEBE

I'm not afraid of our powers. I mean, everyone inherits something from their family.

PRUE

Money...antiques...a strong disposition. That's what normal people inherit.

PHOEBE

Who wants to be normal when we can be special?

PRUE

I want to be normal. I want my
life to be normal.

(looks up, frustrated)

This is aisle three, right?

PHOEBE

We can't change what's happened.
We can't "un-do" our destiny.

PRUE

(ignoring Phoebe)

Do you see any aspirin?

PHOEBE

I see Chamomile tea.

Prue stops searching. Turns to Phoebe.

PRUE

I have just found out that I'm a
witch, my sisters are witches, and
we have powers that will apparently
unleash evil in all forms. Evil
that is apparently going to come
looking for us. Forgive me,
Phoebe, but I am not in a
homeopathic mood right now.

PHOEBE

Then move your headache out of your
mind.

Prue starts to say something when a plastic bottle of
aspirin suddenly flies on the shelf toward them --
Prue's reflexes are right there. It's a perfect catch.
(Option: The aspirin lands in a red plastic shopping
basket Prue carries.)

PRUE

(stares at aspirin
bottle, then at
Phoebe)

Any guess where the Pepto Bismol
might be?

PHOEBE

You...you move things when you're
upset.

PRUE

What?

PHOEBE

"The Book of Shadows" said our
powers would grow.

PRUE

Grow to what?

PHOEBE

Who knows?

PRUE

That's ridiculous. I thought you landed on your arm, not your head.

PHOEBE

You don't believe me?

PRUE

Of course I don't believe you!

PHOEBE

(beat)
Ro-ger.

Three more plastic aspirin jars suddenly fly off the shelves. Prue immediately picks them up.

PHOEBE

Now, let's talk about "Dad" and see what happens.

PRUE

(holding back her
anger)
Dad is dead, Phoebe.

PHOEBE

He's moved from Manhattan, but he's very much alive.

PRUE

Not to me, he isn't. He died the day he left Mom.

PHOEBE

What are you talking about? He's always been a major button pusher for you!

(beat)

You're mad he's alive, you're mad I tried to find him, and you're mad I came back. Dad-dad-dad-dad-dad.

Prue can't take it anymore. She releases her anger. An entire shelf of products flies off the shelf and to the floor. Phoebe stares at the mess, then looks up at Prue.

PHOEBE (cont'd)

Feel better?

PRUE

Lots.

PHARMACIST

Ms. Halliwell, your prescription
is...Oh my.

WIDE ANGLE ON PHOEBE AND PRUE

In the middle of the aisle. The store looks like it's
been hit by an earthquake.

TO INCLUDE PHARMACIST

PHARMACIST (cont'd)

Bobby...clean up on aisle three.

Prue and Phoebe exchange glances, then start picking up
the mess. *

Off their looks:

38 INT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

38

Jeremy and Piper stand in front of an open warehouse
door.

JEREMY

Well. Here we are.

Piper peers inside. It's dark and deserted.

PIPER

I don't care how amazing the view
is, I'm not going in there.

(off his mischievous
look and grin)

No, I mean it.

Jeremy whispers something in Piper's ear. Piper
laughs.

PIPER (cont'd)

That's disgusting. What do you
think I am, a White House Intern?

JEREMY

Come on. I have a surprise inside.

He pulls a (only slightly) protesting Piper inside.

39 INT. FREIGHT ELEVATOR - MOMENTS LATER

39

Piper and Jeremy enter the wire-caged elevator. Jeremy
pushes a button and the elevator roars to life. *

(CONTINUED)

JEREMY

You are going to love this. I bet you tell Phoebe and Prue the moment you see them.

PIPER

I never mentioned Phoebe came home.

JEREMY

Oops.

The lights flicker and go out. As they flicker back on, we SEE Jeremy now holds the jewel-encrusted athame.

PIPER

(tries to remain calm)
What is that?

JEREMY

Your surprise.

He takes a step toward her.

PIPER

Stop it. You're scaring me.

JEREMY

He takes another step. Piper backs away.

PIPER

Dammit, Jeremy. I'm serious.

JEREMY

So am I. I've waited six months for this moment. Ever since "Grams" went into the hospital. I've known for quite some time now that the moment the old witch croaked all your powers would be released.

JEREMY (cont'd)
Powers that would reveal themselves
the moment the three of you were
together again. All that was needed
was for Phoebe to return.

PIPER
(a beat, realizing)
It's you, isn't it? You killed
those women.

JEREMY
Not women, witches.

PIPER
Why?

JEREMY
It was the only way to get their
powers.

He holds up his right hand. Fire sparks from his
fingertips, a power that once belonged to the dead
nurse.

JEREMY (CONT'D)
And now I want yours.

His facial features begin to contort. We get a glimpse
of "Jeremy the Warlock." Scary.

Piper SCREAMS. Jeremy grabs Piper by her shirt collar,
yanking her toward him. He's going to send the knife
ripping through her, when suddenly: the knife
"freezes."

WIDEN TO INCLUDE JEREMY

He is "frozen" -- so is the elevator -- midway between
two floors. Piper starts to pull away from Jeremy when
she realizes his grip on her shirt is also "frozen."
She can't get away from him!

Piper, panicked, quickly tugs at her shirt, trying to
pull it away from Jeremy's grasp. She even bends a
couple of his fingers back, until she finally manages
to extricate herself from Jeremy's grip.

PIPER
Stay calm...think...think...you
gotta get out of here.

Piper frantically searches for a way to escape, finally
spotting an escape hatch in the roof of the elevator.

She finds her footing on the side of the steel mesh
elevator cage and pulls herself up. She pushes open
the trap door and pulls herself through when suddenly:

(CONTINUED)

PIPER IS JERKED BACKWARDS

In the elevator below, Jeremy, now "unfrozen" has grabbed one of her legs. Piper is being grabbed back into the elevator. At the last minute, she finds a two-by-four piece of wood and hits him. He releases her leg.

PIPER PULLS HERSELF ONTO THE LANDING

Leaving the unconscious Jeremy in the elevator below.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

40 INT. HALLIWELL MANOR - DINING ROOM - NIGHT 40 *

Phoebe listens to messages on the answer machine. We HEAR a beep, followed by Roger's voice.

ROGER (ANSWER MACHINE)
...Prue, it's Roger. Look, I'm
sorry about what happened today.

Phoebe doesn't notice as Prue, holding an odd-looking cat, walks into the room.

ROGER (ANSWER MACHINE)
Call, okay? No matter how late --

Prue steps forward and hits the "delete" button on the answer machine.

PRUE
Piper's definitely not home.
Unless she's turned into a cat.

Prue sets the cat down. It runs off.

PHOEBE
How'd the cat get in?

PRUE
I don't know. You must have left
the window open.
(points to machine)
Did Piper leave a message? *

PHOEBE
No. She's probably out with
Jeremy. Roger called.

PRUE
Yeah. That's why I pressed the
delete button. *

We HEAR the front door slam. It's Piper.

PIPER (O.S.)
Prue! Phoebe!

PHOEBE
In here.

Piper, bruised and terrified from her Jeremy encounter, rushes into the dining room. She is a woman on a mission.

(CONTINUED)

PHOEBE
Piper?

PRUE
What is it? What's wrong?

PIPER
Quick! Lock the doors! Check the
windows! We don't have much time!
(grabs Phoebe)
In the Book of Shadows. Did it say
how to get rid of a --

PHOEBE
(frightened)
-- Warlock?

41 INT. WAREHOUSE - ELEVATOR - NIGHT 41

Jeremy, stirs, then wakes, rubbing his head. Realizing
Piper has escaped, he immediately forgets his headache.

42 INT. HALLIWELL MANOR - NIGHT 42

Prue dials the phone. Piper secures the doors and
windows.

PRUE
I'm calling the cops.

PIPER
And tell them what? That we're
witches? That some freak with
powers beyond comprehension is
trying to kill us? Even if the
cops did come...they'd be no match
for Jeremy. And we'd be next.

Phoebe rushes down the stairs.

PHOEBE
I've found our answer. It's our
only hope.
(moving back up stairs)
Come on!

42A EXT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT 42A

Jeremy, in a rage, leaves the building and runs down
the street.

43 INT. ATTIC - MOMENTS LATER

43

OVERHEAD SHOT: The three sisters, sitting inside a circle of lit, white candles. A black cooking pot, filled with a few swirling candles, rests between them. There's a sense of urgency as the sisters cast this spell.

PRUE
(consulting Book of
Shadows)

We've placed the nine candles
anointed with the oils and spices
in a pot to burn, right?

PIPER
Wait! I only count eight!

PHOEBE
You forgot this one.

Phoebe holds up a tiny, striped candle.

PIPER
A birthday candle?

PHOEBE
Guess Grams was low on witch
supplies.

PRUE
(ever the leader)
Next, we'll need the poppet.

Piper holds up a "poppet," a make-shift doll, carved out of soap. As Piper does this:

PIPER
Got it.

PRUE
You're set. You can cast the
spell.

PIPER
First, I'll make it stronger.

She places some roses -- (that Jeremy gave her) -- on top of the fleshy doll. She holds the poppet over the pot and quickly begins to chant.

PIPER
"Your love will wither and depart
from my life and from my heart."

Prue and Phoebe watch as she presses the rose thorns deep into the doll's stomach.

44 EXT. ND STREET - NIGHT

44

Jeremy, running down the empty street, suddenly doubles over in pain, stumbling into a chain-link fence.

45 INT. ATTIC - NIGHT

45

Piper finishes the spell.

PIPER

"Let me be, Jeremy, and go away forever."

(drops poppet into pot)

The spell is complete.

PRUE

Let's hope it works.

They start to lean in toward the pot when -- Kaboom!
The poppet blows and flames shoot up from the pot.

46 EXT. ND STREET - NIGHT

46

Jeremy writhes, turns away from the fence. Thorns sprout from Jeremy's face and body, piercing his shirt. His chest begins to swell and palpate -- growing and stretching. Thorns from the roses literally begin to push out from under his skin and out of his chest. He screams.

JEREMY

Ahhhh!!!!

Jeremy pulls away from the fence, and collapses to his knees. He tries to "fight" the thorns -- tries to "will" them back into his body -- but the pain is overwhelming.

47 INT. ATTIC - NIGHT

47

The flames on the poppet begin to diminish, then disappear. High fives all around for the Halliwell sisters.

PRUE/PHOEBE/PIPER

Yes!

As Prue and Piper continue to celebrate, Phoebe leans in and grabs the black pot. But as soon as she touches it, something happens -- she gets a vision -- and it scares the hell out of her. She jerks her hands away from the pot.

PHOEBE

It didn't work.

PIPER

What?

PHOEBE

The spell. It didn't work.

PRUE

How do you know?

PHOEBE

When I touched the pot...I had a flash. I saw Jeremy.

PRUE

You just "touched" the pot and you saw him?

PHOEBE

(nods, scared)
He's on his way here.

On the three sisters: let's get the hell out of this house!

48 INT. HALLIWELL MANOR - NIGHT

48

The sisters run through the house and head for the front door. Prue throws the front door open.

ANGLE ON JEREMY

Standing at the front door. And he ain't selling Amway.

(CONTINUED)

He looks terrible: thorns have broken off his face, leaving welts, his clothing is ripped from the thorns, etc.

JEREMY

Hello, ladies.

He raises the athame and steps into the house. As the sisters begin to back up, Prue, in front of Piper and Phoebe, instinctively puts her arms out to the side, to protect her sisters.

PRUE

Piper...Phoebe...

Prue jerks her head. Jeremy is SLAMMED backwards. *

PRUE

...Get out of here -- NOW!

Piper and Phoebe turn, run back up the stairs towards the attic. *
*

JEREMY

Cool parlor trick, bitch.
(wiping at blood)
You were always the tough one,
weren't you, Prue? Didn't even cry
at your mommy's funeral.

PRUE

And I won't be crying at yours.

She jerks her head, sending Jeremy backwards against
the wall. She turns and runs back toward the stairs
that will lead her to the safety of the attic. *

49 (OMITTED)

49

50 INT. ATTIC - NIGHT

50

Bruised, terrified, their adrenaline pumping, Phoebe
and Prue push a dresser against the closed attic door.
Together they then put a desk chair on top of the desk. *

PRUE

(amazed; to Phoebe)
You're right. Our powers...they're
growing. *

Piper appears. She quickly secures an old leaf rake
between old electrical cables running along-side both
sides of the door and underneath the door handle. *

PIPER

Let's put as much against the door
as we can! *

Piper leaves to get more furniture. Phoebe moves to
help, but Prue gently pulls Phoebe back. *

PRUE

Phoebe, I'm sorry.

PHOEBE

For what?

PRUE

Not trusting you.

Phoebe is genuinely touched. But the moment of
reconciliation can't continue. Because suddenly the
chair FLIES off the dresser. The sisters react with a
scream: *

PRUE/PIPER/PHOEBE

AHHHH!!! *

(CONTINUED)

The dresser slides away from the door. The rake handle starts to jiggle. The sisters back away from the door. *

PIPER
What do we do?
(looks around)
We're trapped! *

Suddenly, the door BURSTS open and Jeremy, athame raised, is in their attic. *

PRUE
Come on! We'll face him together!
(grabs her sisters)
Remember the Spirit Board? *

PIPER
(remembering)
The inscription -- on the back! *

PIPER/PRUE
"The power of three will set us free." *

JEREMY
No! *

Too late. He's hurled backwards. Before the sisters realize how strong they are together, Jeremy snaps his hands and a circle of fire surrounds the sisters. The sisters, horrified, react. *

PRUE
Come on! We've got to stay together! *

Jeremy snaps his hand again. The fire becomes a swirling vortex of flickering dust, circling the three sisters. It's as if they're trapped inside the hurricane from hell. *

PRUE (cont'd)
The power of three will set us free! *

Piper and Phoebe join in. *

PRUE/PIPER/PHOEBE

The power of three will set us
free! The power of three will set
us free!

Thunder. Lightning. As the sisters continue chanting,
Jeremy and the cyclonic vortex reach a fevered pitch.

JEREMY

I am not the only one! I'm one of
millions...in places you can't even
imagine, in forms you would never
believe. We are hell on earth!

PRUE/PIPER/PHOEBE

THE POWER OF THREE WILL SET US
FREE!

JEREMY

YOU'LL NEVER BE SAFE AND YOU'LL
NEVER BE FREE!

And with that, Jeremy EXPLODES into nothingness. Gone
forever, the sisters, safe at last.

PRUE

(catching her breath;
amazed)

The power of three.

DISSOLVE TO:

Prue, Phoebe and Piper collapse into one another, safe at last.

DISSOLVE TO:

51 EXT. HALLIWELL MANOR - FRONT PORCH - THE NEXT MORNING 51 *

The front door opens and Prue steps outside. She bends down to get the paper.

TRUDEAU (O.S.)
Good morning.

ANGLE ON TRUDEAU

Walking up the stairs toward the house. He holds a tall paper cup filled with designer Starbuck's-type coffee.

BACK TO PRUE

PRUE
This is a surprise.

TRUDEAU
I've been feeling really guilty about that bad cup of coffee. I wanted to make it up to you.

PRUE
So you brought me a "good" cup of coffee?

TRUDEAU
(glancing at his cup)
This? Oh, no, this is mine. I wanted to ask you out to dinner. Unless, of course, you're afraid.

PRUE
Afraid of what?

TRUDEAU
Oh, you know. Having too good a time, stirring up old memories, rekindling the old flame.

PRUE
Good point. Better not.

TRUDEAU
Okay.
(beat)
Friday night? Eight o'clock?

Prue smiles, starts to say "yes," then stops. Trudeau can't help but notice.

TRUDEAU (cont'd)
You hesitated.

PRUE
Yes, but it's not what you think.
My life -- it's gotten a bit
complicated. Can I...call you?

TRUDEAU
Sure.

He finds a business card and hands it to Prue.

TRUDEAU (cont'd)
Take care, Prue.

PRUE
Bye, Andy.

As he leaves the house, Piper and Phoebe, dressed in hip exercise gear, step out of the house, curious. Phoebe carries her new pet, the cat. Piper stares out at Trudeau as he heads for his car.

PIPER
That was Andy.

Prue smiles. Phoebe turns to Piper.

PHOEBE
I told you I heard a man's voice.

PIPER
What'd he want?

PRUE
He asked me out.

PIPER
And you said...

PRUE
...I started to say yes, but I
stopped. I wondered if I could
date anymore. I mean, do "witches"
date?

ANGLE ON TRUDEAU

At his car. He looks up, sees Piper and Phoebe.

TO INCLUDE THE SISTERS

PIPER
Not only do they date, they usually
get the best guys.

PHOEBE
(laughs, waves at
Trudeau)
And the best jewelry.

PRUE
You two won't be laughing when it
happens to you. Believe me,
everything's going to be different
now.

ANGLE ON TRUDEAU

at his car. He's seen the cat. Does a slight double-
take before he gets into his car and drives away. Prue
turns and walks toward the house. Her sisters follow.

PHOEBE
At least our lives won't be boring.

PRUE
But they'll never be the same.

PHOEBE
This is a bad thing?

PRUE
No, but it could be a big problem.

PIPER
Prue's right. What are we going to
do?

PHOEBE
(curious/mischievous)
What can't we do?

PRUE
We're going to be careful. We're
going to be wise. And we're going
to stick together.

PIPER
This should be interesting.

Phoebe and Piper disappear inside the house. As Prue
nears the front door, she glances up at it and as she
steps inside the house, the front door magically closes
behind her.

END OF PILOT