



"The Power of Two"
Production #4398019

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CASTLIST

"The Power of Two"

REV. SHOOTING SCRIPT - BLUE - 4/3/99

PRUE HALLIWELL.....	SHANNEN DOHERTY
PIPER HALLIWELL.....	HOLLY MARIE COMBS
PHOEBE HALLIWELL.....	ALYSSA MILANO
ANDY TRUDEAU.....	T.W. KING
DARRYL MORRIS.....	DORIAN GREGORY

GUEST CAST

JACKSON WARD
CHARON
PARK RANGER
MARIANNE
CLAIRE PRYCE*
MONIQUE* (FORMERLY MONICA)
CSI DETECTIVE
OFFICER
IRIS BEIDERMAN
JUDGE **RENAULT** (FORMERLY RENFRO)
INSPECTOR ANDERSON
INSPECTOR RODRIGUEZ
INSPECTOR BLAKELY
MR. YAKIHAMA**

*RECURRING CHARACTER; ** SPEAKING CHARACTER ADDED THIS DRAFT



Sets

"The Power of Two"

REV. SHOOTING SCRIPT - BLUE - 4/3/99

INTERIORS:

HALLIWELL MANOR
KITCHEN
ENTRYWAY
CONSERVATORY
LIVING ROOM
ATTIC
DINING ROOM

ALCATRAZ CORRIDOR/CELL

BUCKLAND'S AUCTION HOUSE
PRUE'S OFFICE
CLAIRE'S OFFICE

COURTHOUSE - JUDGE'S CHAMBERS

POLICE STATION
EVIDENCE INVENTORY
INTERROGATION
TRUDEAU'S DESK
N.D. OFFICE

MAUSOLEUM

PIPER'S HAWAII HOTEL ROOM

BEIDERMAN'S APARTMENT

PIPER'S JEEP

EXTERIORS:

HALLIWELL MANOR

SAN FRANCISCO (STOCK)

ALCATRAZ PRISON (STOCK)
ALCATRAZ ISLAND (STOCK)

BUCKLAND'S (STOCK)

COURTHOUSE (STOCK)

POLICE STATION (STOCK)

S.F. D.O.T. ANNEX

CEMETERY/MAUSOLEUM

BEIDERMAN'S APARTMENT

TEASER

FADE IN:

1 INT. HALLIWELL MANOR - LIVING ROOM - DAY 1

Amidst the b.g. frenzy of PRUE and PIPER hurrying from room to room scrambling to get ready, sits PHOEBE, on the floor, lotus position, in a Zen like trance. Several miscellaneous items lay before her.

PIPER
(rushing past)
Prue, have you seen my purse?

PRUE
(rushing past)
In the kitchen. Have you seen my keys?

PIPER'S VOICE
By the TV. I can't find my plane ticket.

Unperturbed, centered, Phoebe reaches for a tube of lipstick and holds it out as though willing a vision. Nothing. Not a problem. She reaches for a photograph of her sisters, same result.

PIPER
(rushing past)
You sure I didn't give it to you?

PRUE
(rushing past)
Maybe you packed it.

PIPER'S VOICE
I didn't pack it, I just saw it.

Where it is, is in the items in front of Phoebe, who picks up the plane ticket, which triggers:

2 PHOEBE'S PREMONITION 2

of Piper, deflated, looking helplessly on as (stock shot) a plane takes off.

3 RESUME SCENE 3

As Phoebe comes out of her premonition, stoked:

PHOEBE
I can't believe it, it worked!

(CONTINUED)

She stands, looking down at the plane ticket -- which a passing Prue snatches out of her hand:

PRUE

Found it!

PIPER

(approaches)

Thank God...

(scolds Phoebe)

Didn't you hear me looking for it?

PHOEBE

No. I mean, you don't understand -- I've been practicing, trying to learn how to call a premonition and I did -- I saw the future on command!

(then realizes)

Okay, that's the good news. The bad news is what I saw was you missing your flight.

PIPER

Great, I'm dead. I don't make it to Honolulu for the convention, my boss'll fire me.

PRUE

We can't let that happen, especially since my job's hanging by a thread as it is.

PHOEBE

Since when?

PRUE

Since all the demon-hunting time off I've been taking lately.

PIPER

I am so behind --

(off list)

-- Didn't go shopping, pay the bills, call the cable guy, cancel my hair appointment...

PHOEBE

(takes list)

I got it, don't worry.

PIPER

You sure?

(CONTINUED)

PRUE

Sure, she's got time.

Phoebe gives a look, but doesn't pursue it. Actually, doesn't have time as Prue whisks Piper to the door:

PRUE

We've stopped her premonitions from coming true before; if we hurry, we might be able to do it again!

PIPER

Okay, okay... Whoa, wait, I just realized something -- you two haven't ever been alone together. I mean, without me here.

PRUE

So...?

PIPER

(how to say this?)
So... well, you know...

PHOEBE

Piper, Prue and I are big girls, now. I don't think we need you to be our buffer anymore.

PIPER

Okay... but what about demons? What if something happens and you need the Power of Three?

PRUE

Then the Power of Two will have to do. Let's go. Oh, Pheebs, do you mind picking up my dry cleaning on the way back from the market?

PIPER

And talk to the gardner about the weeds?

PRUE

And lightbulbs, we need lightbulbs.

PHOEBE

Sure, I'll just add it to my list.

PIPER

Great, thanks, bye...

(CONTINUED)

3

Phoebe waves 'bye and, in a rush, Prue and Piper are gone leaving her alone -- just her and her list.

PHOEBE

(grumbles)

I'm not even married and I'm already a housewife...

The phone RINGS. She crosses to answer it:

PHOEBE

Hello...? Hi, Marianne --

(suddenly remembers)

Oh, jeez, I totally forgot about Alcatraz... No, I can't go -- Piper's gone and I've got a million errands to do...

(off list, rebels)

I'll be right over.

And, as Phoebe crumples up the list and tosses it:

4

EXT. ALCATRAZ (STOCK) - DAY

4

to establish the prison island.

5

INT. ALCATRAZ - CORRIDOR - DAY

5

Dressed down and rusty to reflect its decaying state. SOUNDS of seagulls, tug boat horns, waves crashing in the distance help set the scene. PICK UP a PARK RANGER, 40's, male, in uniform, as he leads a TOUR down the corridor, which includes Phoebe, her friend MARIANNE, and a couple of Marianne's young cousins:

PARK RANGER

Many notorious criminals were imprisoned here on Alcatraz before it was closed down in 1963, including the likes of Al Capone, Machine Gun Kelly and, of course, The Birdman of Alcatraz....

As he leads the tour around a corner:

5A

INT. ALCATRAZ - ANOTHER CORRIDOR/CELL - DAY

5A

ON THE CUT, we're on a rusty, tin soda can as a scuffed boot kicks it down the corridor and ricochets off bars. REVEAL JACKSON WARD, 28, murderous, bitter, terrifying upon sight. He wears prison garb (circa 1962).

(CONTINUED)

WARD

(flares to O.S. entity)
Look, I don't care who you are or
where you came from, just go away.
I don't need your help.

CHARON (O.S.)

You don't seriously plan on
spending the rest of eternity
marooned here, do you?

WARD

I'll find a way off this rock on my
own, don't worry.

Ward kicks the can again sending it through the bars
and into a cell, where we see that the VOICE belongs to
CHARON, 30, a dark, ominous angel, who's floating,
seductively, the devil's temptress.

CHARON

Who are you kidding, Jackson?
You've been stuck here ever since
they executed you. Thirty-six long
years, trapped between life and
death.

WARD

But I've learned to move things in
that time, to break the physical
plane, to prepare for my revenge.

He passes through the cell door and angrily kicks the
can against the wall. She reacts with disdain:

CHARON

Revenge...how mortal.

WARD

Go to hell.

CHARON

(unfazed)
That's what I do, only never alone.
I ferry souls there, every one I
can get ahold of.

WARD

Yeah, well, you ain't getting ahold
of this one, lady, so forget it.

(CONTINUED)

CHARON

Don't worry, I don't want your
soul, Jackson -- I want a witch's.
They're prize catches, trophies.

WARD

So, what's that got to do with me?

CHARON

If you let me get you off this
island to get your revenge, witches
will try to stop you. And the only
way they can do that is to become
vulnerable to me -- then I'll have
them right where I want them.

Ward reacts, intrigued. Charon smiles, shifts her
attention to an oncoming TOUR:

CHARON (cont'd)

Speaking of witches...

ANGLE - CORRIDOR

as the Park Ranger rounds the corner and approaches the
cell with his group.

PARK RANGER

...Twenty-eight inmates died here,
including nine while attempting to
escape and four by execution.
Legend has it that one of them
still haunts the prison to this
day. "The Ghost of Alcatraz,"
believed to reside in this very
cell. Let's see if he's in, shall
we...?

Phoebe, disinterested, looks off in the other direction
while Marianne and the rest of the group enjoy watching
the Park Ranger, who unlocks the cell and enters.

MARIANNE'S POV - OUTSIDE CELL LOOKING IN

as she watches the Park Ranger lock himself in. Other
than the Ranger, all she can see is the rusty, old soda
can, which the Ranger kicks aside.

ANGLE - INSIDE CELL LOOKING OUT

where WE SEE Ward (standing) and Charon (floating) on
either side of the Ranger, looking out at the group.

(CONTINUED)

PARK RANGER (cont'd)
...If you listen carefully, you can
actually hear the ghost's cries...

He holds his index finger to his mouth. The group
HEARS a natural HOWLING WIND.

PARK RANGER (cont'd)
There, hear him...?

WARD
What an idiot...

CHARON

Look at him as your get out of jail
free card.

Phoebe, hearing them, turns toward the cell just in
time to see -- Charon waves her hand at the Park
Ranger, who then collapses to the ground, dead. The
tourists react, scream.

MARIANNE

Oh my God!

PHOEBE

Marianne, hurry, call 911!

Marianne takes off. Phoebe rushes to the bars, tries
in vain to open the door:

PHOEBE

(off Ranger; to Ward)

What happened? What'd you do?

WARD

(locks eyes with her)

Wait, you can see me...?

CHARON

Forget her for now --

(gestures to Ranger)

-- there's your ride off the
island, hop in. *

The ghostly spirit of the Park Ranger rises out of his
body. Ward watches, amazed, then shoots Charon a look
and as he slips into the Park Ranger's body --

PHOEBE

Hold it -- what're you doing...?

You can't do that...! No, stop...!

-- he disappears within. Phoebe looks up at Charon,
who smiles back at her, taunting:

CHARON

Hope you enjoyed the tour. See
ya... *

And she disappears. Phoebe starts to say something to
her, then realizes the whole group's staring at her
like she's some kind of freak. Off Phoebe:

END OF TEASER *

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

6 EXT. ALCATRAZ ISLAND - DAY 6

BEGIN TITLES as we re-establish the scene of the crime.

7 INT. ALCATRAZ - CORRIDOR/CELL - DAY 7

as another Park Ranger unlocks the cell and CORONERS
 rush in to the dead Ranger, POLICE OFFICERS take
 statements from tourists, including from Phoebe and
 Marianne. END TITLES as the coroners zip the body up
 in the body bag, load it on the gurney and wheel it
 past Phoebe. *

8 EXT. BUCKLAND'S - TO ESTABLISH - DAY 8

9 INT. BUCKLAND'S - CLAIRE'S OFFICE - DAY 9

Prue is seated like a kid being scolded by her parent,
 which is a fair analogy. CLAIRE, serious,
 professional, paces behind her desk, making her point:

CLAIRE

In all honesty, Prue, if it wasn't
 for you, I'm not sure the auction
 house would've even been able to
 stave off bankruptcy.

PRUE

Thank you.

CLAIRE

(stops, warns)

Don't thank me yet.

(paces again)

I've tolerated your unexplained
 absences, the endless family
 emergencies... but no more. Buyers
 interested in purchasing Buckland's
 will be visiting in the next two
 days and we need to make a big
 impression. You need to make a big
 impression -- if you expect to keep
 your job, do I make myself clear? *

PRUE

Perfectly... *

Prue's assistant, MONIQUE, pokes her head in:

(CONTINUED)

9

MONIQUE

I'm sorry, Prue, but your sister's
on the phone.

PRUE

I'll call back.

MONIQUE

She says it's an emergency.

Prue dies inside as she slowly turns to see Claire
looking back, stone-faced.

10

INT. HALLIWELL MANOR - CONSERVATORY - DAY

10

At the desk, Phoebe's got Prue's laptop hooked up to
the Internet, refers to it, over:

PHOEBE

(into phone)

...Have you ever heard about "The
Ghost of Alcatraz...?"

INTERCUT:

11

INT. BUCKLAND'S - OUTER OFFICE - DAY

11

PRUE

(into phone)

Are you kidding me? This is why
you pulled me out of my meeting?

PHOEBE

Prue, you don't understand, I think
the ghost really exists...

PRUE

Did you see it?

PHOEBE

Me...? No, of course not, how
could I? I mean, I wasn't at
Alcatraz, I had way too much work
to do around here...

PRUE

Then what makes you think there was
a ghost?

PHOEBE

(thinking fast)

My friend...saw it. Marianne...
You know Marianne...

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

11

PHOEBE (cont'd)
Actually she thinks she saw two
ghosts, or maybe the other one was
something else, she's not sure...

PRUE
(impatient)
Phoebe...

PHOEBE
Witches aren't the only ones who
can see ghosts, you know. Normal
people do, too.
(off laptop)
I did some research, found out how
some evil spirits need a dead body
to transport them across water...

Prue sees Claire in the doorway glaring at her, covers:

PRUE
Look, I'm sorry the furnace
exploded, Phoebe, but you'll just
have to handle it yourself!
(into phone, sotto)
Don't forget to pick up some
tampons at the market...

Prue hangs up. END INTERCUT with Phoebe:

PHOEBE
But if this ghost is on the
mainland... Hello...? Prue...?

Phoebe, dejected, hangs up. She finds the crumpled up
to-do list and uncrumples it. She gives it a look,
looks over at the laptop, then crumples the list up
again and sits down, begins to type:

12 EXT. POLICE STATION - TO ESTABLISH - DAY 12

13 INT. POLICE STATION - TRUDEAU'S DESK - DAY 13

TRUDEAU sits at his desk with paperwork in front of
him, but at the moment, his gaze and thoughts are out
the window. MORRIS approaches with a box of files:

MORRIS
You take some of our old case files
home, by any chance, Andy?

TRUDEAU
No... why?

(CONTINUED)

MORRIS

Missing a couple. Hope the
Captain's not reviewing them...

(notices him)

So, you wanna talk about it?

TRUDEAU

Talk about what?

MORRIS

About why you've been walking
around here like a zombie lately?
Like, ever since you ran into Prue
again?

(sits; a friend)

C'mon, what's up?

TRUDEAU

I wish I could tell you, I really
do, but I just have to work things
through on my own first.

Then, another inspector, BLAKELY, 30's, black, female,
approaches them, file in hand:

INSPECTOR BLAKELY

Okay, you guys are the experts on
the freaky cases, figure this one
out --

(shows file)

-- Victim was stabbed thirteen
times in the chest, circular
pattern. CSI combed the scene and,
other than the knife, found no
evidence. Except, check this out--

She hands them an Ultraviolet photograph of a
distinctive thumb print on the knife handle.

TRUDEAU

Solid thumb print.

INSPECTOR BLAKELY

Yeah, but we didn't get it from
dusting. We got it from
fluoroscoping.

MORRIS

An ultraviolet fingerprint? Never
heard of that.

(CONTINUED)

INSPECTOR BLAKELY

We ran the print, this is where it
gets freaky --

She shows them a black and white booking photo of
Jackson Ward, circa 1960.

INSPECTOR BLAKELY

It matches up to Jackson Ward, the
serial killer who was executed at
Alcatraz thirty six years ago.

TRUDEAU

You sure about this?

INSPECTOR BLAKELY

Checked it twice.

MORRIS

Dead guy's prints on a murder
weapon? Gotta be a mistake.

Trudeau gets an idea, takes the file.

TRUDEAU

Can I borrow this?

INSPECTOR BLAKELY

Hey, whoa, where're you going?

Trudeau abruptly exits.

MORRIS

(explains)

He does that. You get used to it.

14 EXT. HALLIWELL MANOR - NIGHT 14

15 INT. HALLIWELL MANOR - KITCHEN - NIGHT 15

as Prue enters through the laundry room, calls:

PRUE

Phoebe, I'm home...

Prue sets down her purse on the counter -- next to a
stack of unwashed dishes in the sink. She gives that a
look, then crosses to the fridge, opens it up, doesn't
like what she sees.

PRUE

Phoebe...?

(CONTINUED)

15

She crosses into:

16

INT. HALLIWELL MANOR - CONSERVATORY - CONTINUOUS

16

as Prue enters, finds Phoebe using her laptop.

PRUE

Didn't you go grocery shopping yet?

PHOEBE

Oh, uh, no... I sorta got side-tracked with this ghost research.
(then)

Besides, there's not enough money in the household account.

PRUE

You should've said something, I would've transferred some in. What about the dry cleaning?

PHOEBE

(oops, forgot)
I'll go tomorrow, I swear.

PRUE

But I need to wear my nice suit to work tomorrow.

PHOEBE

Look, I know I promised, but this just seemed more important...
(off her look)

We're not gonna get into a fight already, are we? I mean, we wouldn't want to prove Piper right.

Prue digests that, then they share a smile. Truce. The doorbell RINGS. Prue crosses to answer it:

17

INT. HALLIWELL MANOR - ENTRY - CONTINUOUS

17

Prue answers the door, surprised to find Trudeau:

PRUE

Andy, hi...

TRUDEAU

Hi...

It's awkward with a capital 'A' as she admits him:

(CONTINUED)

PRUE

I was beginning to wonder if I'd ever see you again. Thought maybe you were mad at me.

TRUDEAU

No... I just needed some space. It's one thing to suspect what your secret was, it's another thing to actually see it with my own eyes.

PRUE

Does this mean you're okay with it?

TRUDEAU

(dodges that)

Actually, I'm here on a case. The kind of case where frankly, before, I'd probably be looking for a more logical explanation.

17A

INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

17A

as Prue and Trudeau enter. Phoebe looks up, listens:

PRUE

What's the case?

TRUDEAU

The son of a former DA was brutally murdered. The only quote, unquote evidence points to the last man to be executed on Alcatraz before it closed down.

PHOEBE

Jackson Ward.

TRUDEAU

(surprised)

How'd you know that?

PRUE

Yeah, how did you know that?

PHOEBE

I told you I was trying to figure out who "The Ghost of Alcatraz" was, remember? Jackson Ward's name was at the top of the list.

TRUDEAU

Ghost...?

(CONTINUED)

PHOEBE

(sees UV photo)

Yeah, hey, what's that?

TRUDEAU

Ultraviolet fingerprint, although,
technically, there's no such thing.

PHOEBE

Could be the ghost's ectoplasm,
it's outside the visual spectrum.

(sotto; to Prue)

Book of Shadows.

TRUDEAU

Ectoplasm...?

PHOEBE

Ghost skin. Do you have a picture
of this Ward guy?

Trudeau opens the file and hands her the mug shot.

PHOEBE (cont'd)

Yep, that's him --

(quickly)

-- exactly the way Marianne
described him to me. Amazing.

PRUE

Very.

PHOEBE

(before Prue can press)

So, who's this former DA's son, did
Ward know him?

TRUDEAU

Ward knew his father. He was the
prosecutor who convicted him.

PHOEBE

There you go. Coincidence? I
think not.

(to Prue)

It's gotta be the ghost who got off
Alcatraz.

PRUE

Speaking of coincidences, don't you
think it's an awfully big one that
your friend just happened to see
this ghost?

(CONTINUED)

PHOEBE

If we've learned one thing by now,
Prue, there are no coincidences,
right?

(CONTINUED)

Prue isn't buying it, but she notices as Trudeau drifts over to look out the window to gather his thoughts.

PRUE

Andy...you alright?

TRUDEAU

I don't know...I'm still trying to get used to demons and witches. I don't know if I'm ready for ghosts, too.

PHOEBE

(scoffs)

You ain't seen nothing yet.

PRUE

Phoebe...

TRUDEAU

But, if you're right, if the ghost of Jackson Ward is the killer, how do I stop him from killing again?

Off their sober reactions to that:

18 EXT. COURTHOUSE - (STOCK) - TO ESTABLISH - NIGHT 18
19 INT. JUDGE'S CHAMBERS - NIGHT 19

ON JUDGE RENAULT, 70, in his judicial robe, seated at his desk, going over precedents. His veneer nameplate tells us who he is.

ANGLE - OFFICE DOOR

as Jackson Ward enters, passing through the door, with murder on his mind. He stops, savors the moment:

WARD

Judge Renault, long time no see.

Renault doesn't react; he can't see or hear him. Ward tries to flick on the light switch, but his finger goes through it. He tries again, this time concentrating and it flicks off, throwing the room into darkness. Renault looks up, unaware as Ward advances on him.

WARD

You could've given me life in prison, shown some mercy, but you wanted me put to death.

(CONTINUED)

Ward concentrates on the nameplate and lifts it up.

JUDGE RENAULT'S POV - AT NAMEPLATE

seemingly rising up off the desk by itself.

RESUME SCENE

as Renault, spooked, stands, looks around:

JUDGE RENAULT

What's going on? Who's there...?

Ward slams the nameplate back onto the desk. Renault starts to scream, but Ward's behind him in a flash, grabbing Renault's tie, choking back his scream.

ANGLE - MIRROR (RENAULT'S POV)

Renault doesn't see Ward in the reflection, just his own tie up in the air like a noose.

RESUME SCENE

With his free hand, Ward reaches down and grabs a letter opener off the desk. From Renault's POV, all he sees is it seemingly floating toward him.

WARD

Do you have any idea how long it takes to die in a gas chamber? How much you suffer, what a cruel and horrible death it is...?

Then, without mercy, Ward stabs (O.C.) Renault in the chest, enjoying the shocked look of agony on his face as he drops to the ground. Then, Charon materializes in a puff of flame, sitting on the desk.

CHARON

I helped you get your revenge; Now it's your turn to help me get a witch.

WARD

Are you kidding, lady? I'm just getting started.

And, as Ward kneels beside the dying judge, preparing to stab him twelve more times, we:

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

20 EXT. COURTHOUSE - TO RE-ESTABLISH -DAY 20
21 INT. JUDGE'S CHAMBERS - DAY 21

On the CUT, a Police Photographer takes a FLASH photograph of Judge Renault's body as Trudeau and Morris approach, can't get over the brutality of it.

MORRIS

Thirteen stab wounds, circular pattern. Just like the other vic.

TRUDEAU

Just like Jackson Ward's M.O., too.
(off Morris)
Did some background, found out Ward killed his other victims the same way.

MORRIS

Must be a copycat killer.

TRUDEAU

How'd he know the M.O.? It was never released to the public.

Off Morris, Trudeau flags down a CSI DETECTIVE, as the detective puts the letter opener in an evidence bag.

TRUDEAU (cont'd)

Can I see that?

CSI

(hands it to him)
Already dusted for prints, nothing.

TRUDEAU

Did you fluoroscope it?

CSI

(is he nuts?)
What...?

Trudeau moves to his crime scene case, pulls out a fluoroscope (black light). He turns it on and runs it over the handle of the letter opener.

INSERT - LETTER OPENER

WE SEE an ultraviolet thumbprint appear on the handle.

(CONTINUED)

RESUME SCENE

as both the CSI detective and Morris react.

CSI

What the hell's that?

TRUDEAU

Don't ask.

(to Morris)

Ten bucks says it matches Ward's.

Morris pulls Trudeau away from the CSI detective.

MORRIS

Andy, don't go jumping off the deep end on me here, okay? Jackson Ward is dead, been that way for a long time now.

TRUDEAU

Yeah, well somebody's going around killing people, or the descendants of people who put him away.

He hands Morris the letter opener, starts out:

MORRIS

No, no, you're not leaving...

TRUDEAU

Do me a favor, have someone put together a potential victim list, anybody that had anything to do with Ward's conviction.

MORRIS

Wait, Andy...

But Trudeau's gone. Off Morris, looking down at the letter opener, none-too-pleased with his partner:

INT. BUCKLAND'S - CLAIRE'S OFFICE - DAY

THREE INVESTMENT BANKERS, 50's, Asian, serious, sit silently waiting. MR. YAKIHAMA checks his watch. Claire smiles at them, awkward, offers:

CLAIRE

I'm sure Prue'll be here shortly.

She has a lot of --

(tight)

-- family emergencies.

(CONTINUED)

They remain expressionless as Claire sneaks a peek at her watch, too. Then, Prue hurries in, apologetic:

PRUE

Claire, I'm so sorry...

CLAIRE

(cuts her off)

Let me introduce you. This is Mr. Yakihamada, Head of Acquisitions. Mr. Yakihamada, Prue Halliwell, one of our top Specialists...

PRUE

Nice to meet you, Sir.

MR. YAKIHAMA

(shakes her hand)

Nice to meet you, too. I trust everything's alright with your family?

Prue reacts, confused, as Monique enters:

MONIQUE

Excuse me, Prue --

PRUE

(clenched teeth)

Not now, Monique...

Trudeau enters next to Monique, hesitates as he sees all the important people.

CLAIRE

Can I help you?

TRUDEAU

(beat)

Yeah, I need to see Ms. Halliwell. Police business.

He flashes his shield to make his point. Off Prue:

as Prue, aghast, follows Andy out:

PRUE

Are you trying to get me fired?

23

TRUDEAU

(sober)

I think Jackson Ward has killed
again, Prue.

PRUE

Great...

24

EXT. HALLIWELL MANOR - DAY

24

25

INT. HALLIWELL MANOR - ATTIC - DAY

25

Phoebe stands before the Book of Shadows, flipping
pages back and forth, making notes.

PRUE (O.S.)

Phoebe...?

PHOEBE

(calls)

In the attic...

Phoebe continues making notes, then stops as she hears
more than one pair of footsteps approaching. She turns
to the door as -- Prue escorts Andy in. Phoebe slams
the book closed, blocks it so he can't see it.

TRUDEAU

I always wondered what was up here.

PHOEBE

(hiding it)

Prue -- ook-Bay of-ay adows-Shay,
remember?

PRUE

It's okay, Phoebe, I already told
him about it.

(off her reluctance)

Jackson Ward's killed again. We
have to figure out how to stop him.

Phoebe reacts, acquiesces as they join her at the book.

PRUE (cont'd)

Have you come up with anything?

PHOEBE

(opens book, shows her)

Not really.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

PHOEBE (cont'd)

There's just so many different references in here -- ghosts, poltergeists, evil spirits, phantasms -- it's not like dealing with a typical demon.

As she flips the pages, Trudeau looks over her shoulder in amazement. Prue and Phoebe continue on like normal:

PRUE

There's gotta be something in here about vanquishing evil spirits.

PHOEBE

(off notes)

I did find one spell, but I don't think we're gonna want to use it.

PRUE

Why not? If we need The Power of Three to say it, we can always call Piper and --

PHOEBE

That's not the problem. The problem is an evil spirit can't be vanquished on the physical plane, only on the astral plane -- his plane.

PRUE

Then how do you say the spell?

PHOEBE

Our spirits would have to say it.

(off her look)

Meaning one of us would have to die for it to work.

PRUE

(beat, then)

Keep looking.

PHOEBE

Right.

As they turn around, they see Andy still standing over the book, blown away by it. He hasn't moved an inch.

TRUDEAU

(off their look)

Ever since I was a kid, I've always believed there was...another world behind, or beyond this one.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

TRUDEAU (cont'd)

Even sort of believed in demons,
but...

(shakes head; off Book)

...I never in my wildest dreams
imagined all of this existed...

PRUE

Neither did we at first. But we've
come to believe there's a reason
why that world's been opened up to
us. Which means there must be a
reason why it's been opened up to
you, too. A good reason.

PHOEBE

Yeah, welcome to our little shop of
horrors.

Off that crack --

INSERT - BOOK OF SHADOWS

as the pages magically begin to flip.

RESUME SCENE

as Trudeau, startled, steps back.

TRUDEAU

Whoa, what's going on? Are you
doing that?

PRUE

No, sometimes it just does that on
it's own.

The pages stop flipping and settle on -- "The Truth
Spell." Phoebe and Prue share a dubious look.

TRUDEAU

'The Truth Spell...?'

PHOEBE

Wonder why it turned to that?
(pointedly)
With Andy standing right here?

PRUE

(hoping)
It must be a mistake...

PHOEBE

Or, maybe there's a reason.

(CONTINUED)

25

CONTINUED: (3)

25

Prue holds Phoebe's look, knowing what she's getting at. Phoebe looks at Trudeau, then back at Prue and nods her head, encouraging her. Off Prue:

26

INT. HALLIWELL MANOR - STAIRS/CONSERVATORY - DAY

26

ON Trudeau, activated, as he descends the stairs. Prue follows, trying to explain:

TRUDEAU

You did what last year?

PRUE

I just wanted to see how you'd react to finding out I was a witch, that's all.

TRUDEAU

So, you cast a truth spell on me? Why didn't you just ask?

PRUE

Because I was afraid you'd freak out on me -- which is exactly what you ended up doing, by the way. You just don't remember it.
(admits)

Part of the spell.

TRUDEAU

Wait a minute, my reaction to your being a witch isn't the reason we stopped seeing each other, is it? *

PRUE

You're the one who wanted to stop seeing me first, remember? *

TRUDEAU

Only because you wouldn't tell me what your secret was. *

PRUE

Which turned out to be a good thing because of how you reacted.

TRUDEAU

Freaked out.

PRUE

Exactly. Just like you're doing right now.

(CONTINUED)

TRUDEAU

You're not answering my question --
did that have anything to do with
why we stopped seeing each other?

PRUE

Sorta... Okay, yes, it did.

TRUDEAU

(takes a beat, ponders)
Just out of curiosity, how much
time did you give me to react
anyway?

PRUE

Why, what difference does it make?

TRUDEAU

How much time?

PRUE

A minute... or two.

TRUDEAU

A minute?!

PRUE

(defensive)

Or two. It was a twenty-four hour
spell, I was against the clock. *

TRUDEAU

And that's what you based your
entire decision about us on?

(incredulous)

Prue, I've had a week to react to
it this time around and it's still
not enough time for me to decide
how I feel. You should've given me
more time, I think I deserved that.
I think we deserved that.

Prue says nothing, unable to disagree with that. Hold
the moment, then Phoebe bounds down the stairs,
oblivious:

PHOEBE

Hey, I've got an idea -- since we
don't know how to vanquish the
ghost, maybe we can at least stop
him from...killing his
next...victim...

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

PHOEBE (cont'd)
(off their faces)
Am I interrupting?

TRUDEAU
(off Prue)
No, we're done. What do you mean,
stop him from killing his next
victim? How do we do that?

PHOEBE
I've got a power, too, you know.

Off Trudeau, curious:

27 EXT. POLICE STATION - NIGHT 27

28 INT. POLICE STATION - CORRIDOR - NIGHT 28

A locked, alarmed room with a sign that reads: EVIDENCE
INVENTORY, AUTHORIZED PERSONNEL ONLY. Trudeau
approaches the counter, speaks with the OFFICER on the
other side of the wire mesh barrier.

TRUDEAU
(flashes badge)
Inspector Andrew Trudeau. I need
to see the murder weapon for case
number R-13658.

OFFICER
Sign here, I'll go get it.

He slides the clipboard to Trudeau, then disappears in
back. Trudeau signs his name, then, a beat later, the
Officer reappears with the letter opener (sealed in an
evidence bag), slides it to him.

TRUDEAU
Thanks.

He exits down the corridor. After he's gone, the
officer picks up the phone, dials.

OFFICER
(sotto; into phone)
Yeah, you told me to call if
Trudeau showed.

He listens, nods, then looks up at a surveillance
camera which is pointed in Trudeau's direction.

OFFICER (cont'd)
(into phone)
He just left...

28A-29 OMITTED

28A-29

30 INT. POLICE STATION - TRUDEAU'S DESK - NIGHT

30

Morris is at his (adjacent) desk putting together a file. Trudeau approaches, in a hurry:

TRUDEAU

Did you get that list of potential victims yet?

MORRIS

Still working on it. Lot of names when you add in all the descendants.

(then)

Where've you been?

TRUDEAU

You don't want to know.

MORRIS

Really? Try me.

TRUDEAU

(wants to, but:)

Maybe later, okay? Look, I gotta go. I'll take what you've got so far, check back with you later.

Trudeau grabs the file, Morris grabs his arm:

MORRIS

We're partners, Andy. That means we work together.

TRUDEAU

I know... But this is an exception.

Trudeau holds Morris's look to let him know it's important. Morris nods, watches him exit the squad room.

(CONTINUED)

30

Then, as Morris turns back to his desk, two suits approach, two men in suits, RODRIGUEZ, 30's, Latino, threatening, and ANDERSON, 30's, white, approach:

INSPECTOR RODRIGUEZ

Inspector Morris?

(flashes badge)

Inspectors Rodriguez and Anderson,
Internal Affairs. Like to talk to
you about your partner.

Off Morris' reaction, grave:

31

INT. PIPER'S JEEP - NIGHT

31

which is parked outside the police station. Prue and Phoebe wait as Trudeau gets in the front passenger seat with the file and sealed letter opener.

TRUDEAU

Okay, got it. This is what Ward
used to kill the judge.

(hands it to Phoebe)

How exactly is this gonna work
again?

PHOEBE

I've been practicing "calling" my
power. If the psychic energy is
strong enough on this, I should be
able to see a future event.

PRUE

Hopefully, Ward's next victim.

PHOEBE

Only if we're lucky, it doesn't
always work when --

The moment she takes the letter opener (which still has dried blood on the blade) out of the evidence bag, it triggers:

32

PHOEBE'S PREMONITION

32

of a 60 year old woman (who we'll come to know as IRIS BEIDERMAN), who SCREAMS, then FAINTS. TILT UP from her face to see Jackson Ward, holding a knife, as he starts to stab her.

33

RESUME SCENE

33

as Phoebe comes out of the vision deeply affected.

(CONTINUED)

33

PHOEBE

Oh my God...

PRUE

What is it, are you alright?

PHOEBE

I didn't just see it, Prue -- I
felt it. Her terror, her pain...

PRUE

Your powers must be growing, too.

Off that, Trudeau opens a file, which has DMV one-
sheets on a couple of dozen people, hands it to her.

TRUDEAU

Anyone look familiar?

Phoebe gathers herself, thumbs through the choices,
then stops on one. She looks up at Andy, then hands
the one-sheet to him. He looks at it, then to Prue:

TRUDEAU (cont'd)

Iris Beiderman -- the foreperson on
the jury that convicted him.

Off the PHOTO of Iris Beiderman as WE hear Prue start
the Jeep:

34

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

34

35

INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT

35

ON THE CUT is an exact replay of Phoebe's premonition
as IRIS BEIDERMAN, 60, sympathetic, SCREAMS. TILT UP
from her to see Jackson Ward, holding a knife, as he
prepares to stab her, only this time --

ANGLE - FRONT DOOR

as Trudeau kicks it open, gun drawn, but then stops in
his tracks when he sees:

36

TRUDEAU'S POV

36

of what appears to be a floating knife poised over
Iris' body, ready to strike.

37

RESUME SCENE

37

where WE see Ward, holding the knife, as he turns to Trudeau and sees Phoebe and Prue rush in. Phoebe karate kicks it out of his hand. Ward stands, reacts:

WARD
(to Phoebe)
You again?!

PRUE
'You again'...?
(turns to Phoebe)
You two have met?

PHOEBE
(busted, then)
Knife!

She points to Ward as he darts for the knife. Before he can grab it though, Prue telekinetically sends it skittering across the floor to Trudeau, who steps on it, looking around.

TRUDEAU
Where is he? Is he still here?

PRUE
Right in front of us...

WARD
(off Mrs. Beiderman)
You can't keep saving her forever.
Or the others.
(foreboding)
Or yourselves...

And with that, Ward turns, and exits through the wall leaving Prue and Phoebe to exchange a nervous look.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

38 EXT. HALLIWELL MANOR - NIGHT 38

39 INT. HALLIWELL MANOR - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT 39

Get the viewers back in their seats immediately. ON THE CUT, Prue and Phoebe enter FRAME from the front door, taking their coats off, charged: *

PRUE

I can't believe you lied to me, Phoebe. And I can't believe I had to find out about it from a ghost!

PHOEBE

I already apologized for that, okay?

PRUE

No, it's not okay. I don't understand why didn't you tell me the truth? Especially about something as stupid as going to Alcatraz?

PHOEBE

Because I knew you'd go ballistic, that's why, and I thought I'd spare myself the drama.

PRUE

Why would I go ballistic over that?

PHOEBE

C'mon, Prue, give me a break. Admit it, why're you really mad at me?

PRUE

Because you lied to me.

PHOEBE

No, you're mad at me because as far as you're concerned, I was slacking off yesterday just like I do pretty much every day, right? *

PRUE

Where is this coming from? *

(CONTINUED)

PHOEBE

It's coming from the fact that I know you're really pissed because I didn't get the grocery shopping done, or your dry cleaning picked up, or God knows what else you put on that stupid list.

PRUE

Excuse me for asking you to help out a little around here while I'm at work --

PHOEBE

Ah-hah, see? That's it, time it, ladies and gentlemen -- it took a whole sixty seconds before the 'W' word reared its ugly again.

PRUE

What're you talking about?

PHOEBE

I'm talking about how you and Piper just automatically assume that I'll take care of the house just because I don't have a real job.

PRUE

That's not true.

PHOEBE

No? When's the last time you went grocery shopping, huh? Or vacuumed the house? Or stayed home all day waiting for the cable guy to show up -- which, by the way, if I got paid for by the hour, I'd be a millionaire by now!

PRUE

Phoebe, I don't do those things because I --

PHOEBE

Ding, ding, ding -- here comes the magic word again, work.

PRUE

That's right, I work, and so does Piper.

(CONTINUED)

PHOEBE

And you don't think I work because I don't bring home a paycheck like you guys. And that's why you think I'm a slacker.

PRUE

I can't believe how you're turning this around.

PHOEBE

And I can't believe how you're so totally pretending like you don't have a problem.

PRUE

I don't.

PHOEBE -

Okay, then, you just proved my point!

(hears herself say
that)

I mean, my other point -- about how I don't get any credit whatsoever for all I do around here. It's just assumed I'll do it -- just like that little crack you made yesterday morning --

(recalls it)

-- 'Don't worry, Piper, Phoebe can do it, she's got time!'

PRUE

You do!

PHOEBE

And that's my point -- my main point. You're mad at me *because I don't work!*

PRUE

(admits it)

Yeah, well, maybe you're right!

PHOEBE

And that's why I lied to you!

Saved by the bell. The phone RINGS. Beat, then Phoebe crosses to answer it:

(CONTINUED)

PHOEBE (cont'd)

(into phone)

Hello...?

INTERCUT:

40

INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

40

Piper sits in a chair, pooped, a lei around her neck.

PIPER

(into phone)

Phoebe, hey, how's it going?

PHOEBE

Hey, Piper, how's Hawaii?

PIPER

Don't know, I've been working ever since I got off the plane.

PHOEBE

Sure, rub it in.

PIPER

Excuse me...?

PHOEBE

Nothing. Listen, can I call you back? I'm... right in the middle of something here.

PIPER

Yeah, sure. Just wanted to make sure you guys were alright. Miss me...?

END INTERCUT as Phoebe looks to Prue, then into phone:

PHOEBE

More than you know, sweetie...

Yeah, we love you, too. Bye.

Phoebe hangs up.

PRUE

How come you didn't tell her about Jackson Ward?

PHOEBE

Why worry her? The Power of Three can't vanquish him anyway. It's up to us.

(CONTINUED)

They take a beat, let everything settle down, then:

PRUE

Look, we obviously have some issues to deal with here, but they're not going to get resolved overnight. In the meantime, we've got to figure out a way to stop Ward before he hurts any more innocent people.

PHOEBE

I agree.

PRUE

Okay...

(beat, hopeful smile)

Did we actually just reach a compromise?

Phoebe considers that with a faint smile, then:

INT. KITCHEN - LATER

ON the Book of Shadows, opened to a page on GHOSTS, POLTERGEISTS AND HAUNTINGS. REVEAL Prue and Phoebe looking at it:

PHOEBE

Same story, one of us has to literally die in order to vanquish the evil spirit. Any volunteers?

PRUE

Actually, maybe. But, before we even get to that, we have to figure out how to find Ward first. We can't count on your seeing his next victim again, even though Andy left us the letter opener to try.

PHOEBE

(remembers)

Wait, there was something in here about luring evil spirits, a potion...

(flips pages, finds it)

Here -- 'Mix equal parts of mercury and acid with the blood of one of the spirit's victims, then pour it over his grave.' Yuck.

41

PRUE

The blood we can get from the
letter opener, but how're we going
to find Ward's grave?

PHOEBE

I read on the Web his ashes were
interred at his family mausoleum in
Palo Alto.

PRUE

It just might work.

PHOEBE

Yeah, but if it does, he'll be
coming after us.

Off that sober thought:

42 EXT. POLICE STATION - NIGHT 42

43 INT. POLICE STATION - TRUDEAU'S DESK - NIGHT 43

ON Iris Beiderman, still shaken. Trudeau approaches
with a FEMALE OFFICER:

TRUDEAU

We're going to put you up in a
hotel for awhile, Mrs. Beiderman,
under police protection, at least
until we catch...whoever's trying
to hurt you, okay?

MRS. BEIDERMAN

Okay...

He nods to the Female Officer who starts to lead Mrs.
Beiderman off, but Mrs. Beiderman turns back to Trudeau
needing reassurance:

MRS. BEIDERMAN (cont'd)

I'm not crazy, am I? You saw it,
too, didn't you...?

TRUDEAU

(sympathizes, nods)

Yeah, I did.

(sotto)

But let's just keep it our little
secret for now, okay?

Mrs. Beiderman nods, then exits passing Morris, who
approaches Trudeau:

(CONTINUED)

MORRIS

Who's that?

TRUDEAU

Just someone...who got attacked.

MORRIS

Attacked? By who? Why?

Trudeau doesn't answer, tries to close the potential victim file, but Morris puts his hand on it, sees it's open to Iris Beiderman's one-sheet.

MORRIS

Iris Beiderman, the Jury Foreperson who helped convict Ward -- now how about that?

TRUDEAU

Look, Morris --

MORRIS

Don't 'look, Morris' me, man. You go flying out of here with that file, then you just happen to come back with somebody in that file, who just happened to have been attacked?

(off Trudeau)

You wanna tell me what's going on?

TRUDEAU

I told you, I can't, okay? I'm sorry...

MORRIS

(resigned)

Fine, whatever, it's your funeral.

TRUDEAU

What's that supposed to mean?

Morris considers telling him, then looks around conspiratorially.

MORRIS

(sotto)

They told me not to say anything to you, told me it could cost me my shield.

TRUDEAU

Who did?

(CONTINUED)

MORRIS

Internal Affairs. They've got you
in their cross-hairs.

(off his look)

Interviewed me for over two hours.
Wouldn't tell me what it was about,
but they asked a lot of questions
about you.

(friendly warning)

Watch your back, bro.

Morris pats him on the back and exits leaving Trudeau
wondering, looking around, paranoid.

44 EXT. CEMETERY - (STOCK) - TO ESTABLISH - NIGHT 44

45 INT/EXT. MAUSOLEUM - NIGHT 45

Creepy, misty, our worst nightmares about the way
cemeteries are in the dead of night. PICK UP Prue and
Phoebe, hyper-aware of that, as they enter FRAME with a
flashlight and a small, antique chalice filled with the
potion. They search the names on the marble tombs:

PRUE

I hate cemeteries at night.

PHOEBE

I hate cemeteries at day.

(hears something;
startled)

What was that...?

PRUE

Zombie, probably. Or, a vampire.

PHOEBE

Great, where's Buffy when you need
her? *

PRUE

(sees it)

Jackson Ward -- there it is.

They stop at a tomb with the name WARD in raised
lettering at the top. Several names are underneath,
including JACKSON WARD.

PRUE

Where's the note?

PHOEBE

Right here.

(CONTINUED)

She pulls it out, unfolds it, hands it to Prue.

INSERT - NOTE

which has a photograph of them smiling and waving. Underneath, it reads: "Hey, Jackson, let's party!" And their address.

RESUME SCENE

as Prue reacts, incredulous:

PRUE

"Hey, Jackson, let's party?!"

PHOEBE

Couldn't think of anything else to write.

(affixes note)

C'mon, let's do this and get outta here.

Prue takes the chalice and pours the potion over Jackson Ward's name. The letters begin to SIZZLE and BUBBLE. *

PHOEBE

Let's go!

And, as they run off, PUSH IN on the SIZZLING LETTERS:

46

EXT. SAN FRANCISCO TRANS. ANNEX - NIGHT

46

ON an ELDERLY MAN emerging from the complex, wearing a hard hat, carrying a lunch pale. FIND Ward, following, stalking his prey when all of a sudden, Ward stops like he's been shot! He stumbles against a wall in agony, looks down at his arm which is SIZZLING and BUBBLING just like the letters on his tomb.

He winces as he clutches his chest and we imagine the same thing's happening under his prison shirt. He's going through hell which, not coincidentally, cues:

ANGLE - CHARON

as she appears, unfazed by what he's going through.

WARD

What's happening...?

(CONTINUED)

CHARON

Witchcraft. Sucks, doesn't it?
You should've helped me get to them
before, when I asked.

WARD

(agonizing, determined)
How do I get them now?!

CHARON

(simple)
Visit your grave.

Ward, understanding, stumbles past her and out of
FRAME. Off Charon, watching him, anticipating her own
glory before she disappears in a blaze:

INT. POLICE STATION - TRUDEAU'S DESK - NIGHT

Very late, all the other inspectors are gone. Only
Trudeau sits at his desk, pretending to pore over a
file and making notes, but he's really waiting to make
sure no one's watching. Feeling safe, he pulls a key
out of his pocket and unlocks a drawer in his desk.
Opens it, pulls out a special file.

INSERT - FILE

We saw this in episode #15. Marked PRUE HALLIWELL,
CONFIDENTIAL. Trudeau opens it up, checks the contents
-- newspaper clipping of unsolved cases; photographs of
Prue at crime scenes; an article on witchcraft, etc.

RESUME SCENE

as Trudeau looks around again, stuffs the contents back
into the file, he starts to pick up the phone to dial,
but then thinks better of it. He pulls out his cell
phone instead, dials.

PRUE'S VOICE

(through phone)
"Hi, leave your name and number,
we'll call you back."

TRUDEAU

(into phone, sotto)
Prue, it's Andy... I've got to
bring you something, gotta get it
out of here. I'll explain when I
get there....

He pockets the phone, then puts the file in his briefcase and closes it. He stands, briefcase in hand, turns off his desk light and starts out -- but he doesn't get very far before:

ANGLE TO INCLUDE

the two suits, Rodriguez and Anderson:

INSPECTOR RODRIGUEZ
Inspector Trudeau?
(flashes badge)
Internal Affairs. Let's talk.

Rodriguez gestures for him to lead the way. And, as Trudeau gives a quick look down to his briefcase and starts walking, we:

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

48 EXT. POLICE STATION - NIGHT 48
 49 INT. POLICE STATION - INTERROGATION - NIGHT 49

Three a.m. Very tense. ON Trudeau, seated. Anderson sits opposite him. Rodriguez paces back and forth behind him. Trudeau eyes his briefcase, which sits on the table holding all the answers they're looking for inside. Play it like it's one of the characters.

INSPECTOR RODRIGUEZ

(runs down the list)

...Series of women murdered with an occult knife; prime suspect missing. Series of victims with curious holes burned into their foreheads; prime suspect missing --

(drops file after file)

-- victims found in locked rooms with every bone in their bodies broken; victims literally scared to death -- the list goes on and on. Know what they all have in common?

TRUDEAU

We've been through this...

INSPECTOR RODRIGUEZ

(ignores)

They're all unsolved cases, Trudeau, and they're all yours and Morris's.

TRUDEAU

We've solved plenty of other cases.

INSPECTOR ANDERSON

But you haven't solved these.

Rodrigues sits on the table, slides the briefcase to the side to give him more room. Trudeau notices.

INSPECTOR RODRIGUEZ (cont'd)

The question is, why? What're you hiding?

TRUDEAU

I'm not hiding anything.

Anderson slides a photograph across the table to him.

(CONTINUED)

INSERT - PHOTOGRAPH

High Angle surveillance photo of Trudeau at Evidence Inventory checking out the letter opener.

RESUME SCENE

as Trudeau looks at it, can't believe it.

TRUDEAU

You guys spy on your wives, too?

INSPECTOR RODRIGUEZ

(ignores that)

Why'd you check that murder weapon out, Inspector?

TRUDEAU

I was following...- a hunch.

INSPECTOR RODRIGUEZ

Or were you following a ghost?

Trudeau does react to that. Rodriguez knew he would, toys with the handle on the briefcase over:

INSPECTOR RODRIGUEZ

Word's out, Trudeau. You specialize in the --

(turns to Anderson)

What'd Inspector Blakely call it?

INSPECTOR ANDERSON

The freaky cases.

INSPECTOR RODRIGUEZ

(back to Trudeau)

Freaky cases, right. You're a good cop, Trudeau, I've seen your jacket. Up until last year, you were headed for Captain. Now, all these weird, unsolved cases? What happened to you, what changed?

Trudeau just cocks his jaw, shakes his head at that.

INSPECTOR RODRIGUEZ (cont'd)

Are you covering for somebody, is that it? Morris, maybe?

TRUDEAU

(passionate)

Don't hang this on Morris.

(CONTINUED)

INSPECTOR RODRIGUEZ

Then who do we hang it on?

Let that hang in the air for a beat, then Trudeau stands. Best defense is a good offense:

TRUDEAU

Look, I've told you my story. You don't believe it? Take my hardware right now, charge me. Otherwise, drop dead.

Then, in a ballsy move, Trudeau reaches past Rodriguez, grabs his briefcase and walks out. See his face as he does, holding his breath. Anderson rises to follow, but Rodriguez waves him off. Off Rodriguez, suspicious, looking back in Trudeau's direction:

50 EXT. HALLIWELL MANOR - NEXT DAY 50

51 INT. HALLIWELL MANOR - KITCHEN - DAY 51 *

Prue's at the table surrounded by several plates with herbs, plant leaves and a small bottle. She combines ingredients into a cocktail glass. Phoebe paces anxiously nearby.

PHOEBE

Maybe it didn't work, maybe Ward's not coming.

PRUE

(last ingredient)

Well, at least if he is coming, we're ready for him.

(swirls glass)

I hope...

PHOEBE

What is that, exactly?

PRUE

One killer cocktail, literally. A little Oleander, Jimsonweed, bloodroot, among other things. Stops the heart immediately.

PHOEBE

Okay, you're scaring me. Where'd you learn to do that?

PRUE

Ever see the movie, Flatliners?
Just kidding. It's in the Book of
Shadows.

PHOEBE

Where, under Dr. Kervorkian? Prue,
this is crazy! We're talking about
dying here.

PRUE

Whoever takes it can be revived by
CPR. The only catch is it has to
be done within four minutes to
avoid brain damage.

PHOEBE

That's a big catch.

PRUE

It's the only way to say the spell,
the only chance we have to send
Ward to where he belongs.

*
*
*

PHOEBE

Yeah, but who's gonna do it? How
do we decide that?

PRUE

I'll do it.

PHOEBE

No --

Phoebe finds a coin, gets ready to flip it:

PHOEBE (cont'd)

-- Call it, heads or tails.

PRUE

Phoebe...

PHOEBE

And no fair using your powers.
(flips it)

PRUE

(calls)
Tails.

The coin lands on the table, spins, stops. Tails.

(CONTINUED)

PRUE

I win.

PHOEBE

You mean, you lose.

PRUE

Only if you don't revive me.

(off her worried look)

Phoebe, I have total confidence in you. I know you're not going to let me die.

She puts her hand on top of Phoebe's, lovingly. Phoebe looks back at her, holds her look for a poignant beat.

PHOEBE

I'm scared, Prue. I mean, I'm really scared. I think maybe we've gone too far this time.

PRUE

We're doing what we have to do.

PHOEBE

I wish Piper were here. The swing vote; the voice of reason. I never knew how much we needed that before.

PRUE

I never knew alot of things before Piper went away. Like how much I probably do take you for granted, and not just for what you do around the house.

PHOEBE

Sure, you're only saying that cuz you're about to die.

PRUE

I'm serious. You were right last night, I was upset because I thought you were slacking off. But the truth is, you weren't. You were trying to find out who the ghost was, and thank God you did.

PHOEBE

Yeah, but I over-reacted. I'm the one that's upset with myself about not working for a living.

(CONTINUED)

PRUE

You work...

PHOEBE

No, I know, here. But the truth is, I want a job, a real job. One I can love as much as you love yours. I want that in the worst way.

PRUE

You'll find it, when you're ready. But that doesn't mean that what you do isn't important, because it is.

They share another nice moment.

PHOEBE

Sure glad Piper went away... I can't remember the last time that we talked like this.

They hug, holding on tight. Nice moment, broken by the phone RINGING, and the machine picking up:

PRUE'S VOICE

(on machine)

Hi, leave your name and number, we'll call you back.

CLAIRE'S VOICE

(on machine)

Prue, it's Claire. You're late, you're fired.

Click! Both Prue and Phoebe turn in the direction of the machine in reaction -- their backs to:

ANGLE - WALL

as Ward enters through the wall and bee-lines directly for the unsuspecting sisters. He picks up a heavy candlestick and swings it at --

PRUE

(sees him first)

Phoebe!!

-- Phoebe, who just barely ducks clear as Prue telekinetically knocks the candlestick out of Ward's hand. It breaks as it hits the floor.

(CONTINUED)

Pissed, Ward reaches for potential weapons on the counter, but Phoebe, backpedaling, beats him to it, knocking them out of his reach.

PHOEBE

I got him, Prue -- hurry!

Prue downs the lethal cocktail as Ward manages to pick up a silver serving knife. Phoebe quickly kicks it out of his hand. Raging in frustration, Ward swings hard and backhands Phoebe across the jaw -- knocking her into the dining room doorway, out cold. Ward reacts, surprised he could do that.

Prue's surprised, too, terrified. The bottle falls out of her hand. She begins to lose consciousness, but not before she sees Ward pick up the knife and turn to her. Then she crumples to the floor in a heap, dead.

WARD

You're making this too easy, lady.

He picks up the knife and starts toward her, but then stops when he sees:

ANGLE - PRUE'S SPIRIT

as it separates from Prue's corporeal body. A moment as Prue's Spirit looks down at her own body, then to Ward:

WARD

What the hell's going on?

PRUE'S SPIRIT

(palms forward)
Ashes to ashes,
Spirit to spirit,
Take his soul,
Banish this evil.

As Prue's Spirit repeats the chant, Ward's body begins to break up into flaming particles!

INT. HALLIWELL MANOR - FRONT DOOR - CONTINUOUS

as Trudeau enters, unshaven, unchanged, with the briefcase -- surprised the door's unlocked.

TRUDEAU

(calls)
Prue? 'You home...?

52

As he enters, he sees -- Phoebe's body lying just inside the dining room door.

TRUDEAU (cont'd)

Prue!

53

INT. HALLIWELL MANOR - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

53

Trudeau rushes in, sees Prue's out, too. Prue's Spirit sees Trudeau, keeps chanting:

PRUE'S SPIRIT

Ashes to ashes,
Spirit to spirit,
Take his soul,
Banish this evil.

Trudeau moves to Prue's body, feels her pulse, no heartbeat. He checks her chest for breathing. He clamps her nose, breathes into her mouth, then immediately begins chest compressions. The problem is, it begins to revive her -- which means Prue's spirit is being sucked back into Prue's body!

PRUE'S SPIRIT (cont'd)

Andy, no... don't!

As that happens, Ward becomes whole again. Ward smiles at Prue's Spirit:

WARD

This is even better -- now I get to kill a cop, too!

Ward picks up the knife (which is behind Trudeau, who's still giving Prue's body CPR). Ward rears back and is ready to stab Trudeau in the back, when Prue's Spirit screams:

PRUE'S SPIRIT

Andy, behind you!

Trudeau looks up -- did he hear something? Then, he turns just in time to see:

54

TRUDEAU'S POV

54

at the seemingly floating knife as it comes slashing toward him.

55

RESUME SCENE

55

as Trudeau just barely knocks the knife out of Ward's hand in time, which means he's not giving Prue's body CPR -- which means Prue's Spirit is whole again. She continues the chant, only this time there's no stopping her.

ANGLE - WARD

as his body begins to break up into flaming particles again, only this time it consumes him and he painfully compresses into a little ball of flame. Then, Charon appears and captures the flaming ball with her left hand.

WIDE

as Trudeau returns to Prue's body to give it CPR, Charon turns to Prue's Spirit:

CHARON

I was hoping to take you or your sister.

(off Trudeau)

But it looks like your soul is safe...

(back to Prue)

For now...

And, before Prue's Spirit can ask anything, Charon disappears in a fireball a beat before Prue's Spirit re-integrates with Prue's body. Prue coughs back to life and Trudeau sits her up.

TRUDEAU

Easy, easy... slow breaths, that's it...

Prue, gathering her senses, whips her head around to see Charon, but sees nobody.

PRUE

(to Trudeau)

I'm... alive, right?

TRUDEAU

Yeah... you are. Thank God...

He lovingly cups her head in his hand. Hold the moment a beat then, behind them, Phoebe slowly sits up, rubs her head, looks around, wondering:

(CONTINUED)

55

PHOEBE

What happened...? Is the ghost
toast?

Off Prue, smiling at her:

DISSOLVE TO:

56

EXT. BUCKLAND'S - NEXT DAY

56

57

INT. BUCKLAND'S - CLAIRE'S OFFICE - DAY

57

ON Claire, at the file cabinet, filing, unyielding:

CLAIRE

I'm sorry, Prue, my mind's made up.

REVEAL Prue standing at her desk, trying to explain:

PRUE

But, Claire, you can't fire me. I
love this job, I need this job...

CLAIRE

I told you I couldn't tolerate any
more unexplained absences --

Prue, exasperated, doesn't know what to say, but
fortunately she doesn't have to. Trudeau enters:

TRUDEAU

Excuse me, Ms. Pryce...? Sorry to
interrupt -- I just wanted to stop
by and say thank you.

CLAIRE

Thank me, Inspector...? For what?

TRUDEAU

For letting us borrow Ms.
Halliwell. An Asian gang was
smuggling in exotic jewelry,
antiques. She helped us set up a
sting, bust their operation.

Prue can't decide whether to run or hide. Claire,
dubious, shoots her a look, then back to him:

CLAIRE

Really. Prue didn't mention any of
this to me... before...

(CONTINUED)

TRUDEAU

She couldn't compromise her cover.
You're welcome to call my superior,
Inspector Morris, to file a
reimbursement claim, if you'd like.

CLAIRE

No, that won't be necessary...

TRUDEAU

(turns to Prue)

Soon as you're done here, we need
to talk.

PRUE

Actually, I think I'm more than
done here.

Prue starts to follow him out.

CLAIRE

Oh, uh, Prue -- don't forget about
our lunch with the investors.
Wouldn't want you to be late.

PRUE

(stops, turns)

I won't be... Thanks.

Off Claire, watching them leave:

57A

INT. PRUE'S OFFICE - DAY

Begin Here

57A

as Prue follows Trudeau in, shuts the door:

PRUE

I can't believe you just did that.

TRUDEAU

Least I could do. Afterall, you
did help us bust somebody. Sure,
he was already dead, but still --

PRUE

(sincere)

Thank you.

TRUDEAU

You're welcome.

They hold each other's look for a pointed beat.
They've been through alot together; this moment is
about that. Then:

(CONTINUED)

57A

CONTINUED:

TRUDEAU (cont'd)

Listen, Prue, I've done some thinking... about The Truth Spell.

(off her look)

I've got alot of feelings I'm still trying to sort out, but I think that whether I had a minute, a month, or a year to think about it, it wouldn't change the truth. It may sound boring, but I know I want a normal life to come home to at night someday; white picket fence, two car garage, screaming kid... but no demons.

(then)

Maybe it's because of all the evil I deal with everyday on the job, I don't know, but --

PRUE

(interrupts him)

Andy, you don't have to explain. I understand. Believe me, I wouldn't want to come home to that either, if I could avoid it. I can't, you can.

He holds her look for a bittersweet beat, then she gives him a tender kiss. Past lovers, good friends.

58

EXT. HALLIWELL MANOR - DAY

58

59

INT. HALLIWELL MANOR - KITCHEN - DAY

59 *

as Prue and Phoebe enter in conversation, each juggling canvas bags of (environmentally and sound-friendly) groceries:

PHOEBE

So, did you burn Andy's file like he suggested?

PRUE

Yeah, you should've seen what was inside, turns out he knew a lot more about us than he was letting on.

PHOEBE

Still doesn't explain how he could hear a ghost.

(CONTINUED)

PRUE

What do you mean?

PHOEBE

When you were a spirit, you said
you yelled to Andy and that's what
made him turn around in time.
How'd he hear you?

PRUE

(good question)

I don't know...

They set the bags down on the dining room as -- Piper
emerges from the dining room:

PHOEBE

Piper!? We thought you weren't
coming home 'til tomorrow.

Hugs and hi's all around.

PIPER

I know, I just had to take an
earlier flight. I...had this
terrible feeling that you guys
were...

PRUE

(prompts)

What...?

PIPER

I don't know -- at each other's
throats, maybe?

PRUE

(off Phoebe)

Us?

PHOEBE

You kidding?

PRUE

Never.

PIPER

So... nothing happened while I was
gone?

(CONTINUED)

PHOEBE

Just the same old boring stuff.
(to Prue)
Need a hand?

PRUE

(conspiratorial grin)
Thanks, Pheeb.

Piper, suspicious, watches as Phoebe helps Prue carry
bathroom items out through the swinging door. After a
beat, Piper notices something on the floor, under the
counter. She picks up a distinctive piece of the
broken candlestick Ward hit Phoebe with. Then, while
kneeling, she spots the silver serving knife sticking
out from under the fridge.

PIPER

Wait a minute...
(calls, accusing)
Prue, Phoebe...

And as she charges out of the kitchen, through the
swinging door, we:

FADE OUT.

THE END