



HARM NONE DO AS YE WILL



Who needs copyright? If you steal it, I will turn you into a FROG!

FADE IN:

EXT. SUBURBIA - NIGHT

Scattered about, every creature you could imagine. Zombies. Vampires. A pirate or two. It's Halloween.

EXT. WOODS - NIGHT

A raging fire reaches into the night sky. A full moon hangs over a different sort of celebration.

It looks like a bunch of hippies at Woodstock, but these are modern WITCHES, and this is a Samhain ritual.

The slow steady beat of a drum fills the air. A HIGH PRIESTESS, long flowing hair, steps forward, casts a circle around the fire with the tip of her athame.

HIGH PRIESTESS

Hecate! Who art the soul's mirror
and the keeper of the keys. In the
silvered silence of the moon! In
the howls of the wild! Come, so the
living speak with the dead!

Almost trancelike, witches dance to the beat of the drum around the crackling fire.

IRIS(17) twirls graceful circles around PAUL(17) who isn't really moving to the beat. She giggles playfully.

IRIS

Just let go! Move to the beat. It's
awesome isn't it?

She coaches him. It doesn't help much, but she's having the time of her life. It's not hard for a free spirit though.

INT. PAUL'S CAR - LATER THAT NIGHT

Paul drives. Iris rides shotgun. She's still pumped.

IRIS

So, did you like it tonight?

PAUL

It was...different. I thought we
were going to a drum circle.

She frowns. Can sense his lack of enthusiasm.

IRIS

I just wanted you to get to know *my* people, Paul. I hope this doesn't change your feelings for...

PAUL

Iris. You know me. I love you. I'd never judge you or whatever was happening back there.

IRIS

It's sort of weird. A Pagan with a Christian. Who'd have thought?

PAUL

They say opposites attract.

She leans over. Kisses his cheek. Snuggles next to him.

PAUL

I always knew you were Earthy. It's not like you practice witchcraft or anything.

She slides back over into her seat.

IRIS

I can do magic.

PAUL

(chuckling)

Just don't turn me into a frog!

IRIS

Harm none, do as ye will.

PAUL

Huh?

IRIS

It's a sacred code that means you can practice magic as long as you harm no one.

PAUL

Sorry, babe. I'm just giving you a hard time. And you have my permission to laugh after meeting *my* people tomorrow.

EXT. CHURCH - MORNING

CHURCH-GOERS pour into a small chapel.

Paul and Iris walk hand in hand towards the entrance. She stops. Checks her skirt. It feels suddenly too short. She tugs it down an inch or two.

IRIS
Do I look alright?

PAUL
You're beautiful.

IRIS
I wore this shirt to sort of cover up my ink. Is the skirt too short?

PAUL
God wouldn't care if you came to church in rags. He's just happy you're here. And so am I.

INT. CHURCH - MOMENTS LATER

CONGREGATION attentive. The PREACHER finishes up a sermon.

PREACHER
Let us pray.

As Iris bows her head, her shirt opens just enough for the Preacher to fix his eyes on her pendant - a pewter PENTAGRAM.

MURMURING prayers fill the air. AMENS resonate throughout.

PREACHER
Paul. Could you bring your young friend up, please?

Whispers in the pews as Paul leads Iris to the pulpit beside the Preacher.

PREACHER
Paul has been swayed by the mark of the beast.

Iris looks up at Paul. Tugs at his hand 'let's go' but Paul doesn't move.

PREACHER
Your necklace. Show him. Go on.

Her head down. She's embarrassed. All eyes on her.

The Preacher pulls the pendant out. The crowd GASPS.

He motions them forward. They lay hands on Iris. Others come forward, surround her. Hands all over her.

They CHANT. Some talk in tongues. Paul stares lost for words.

Iris struggles. She can't break free. They're all over her.

She ducks down, lets out a high pitched SCREAM.

The the chapel goes silent. They back away from Iris.

Her eyes lock with Paul's.

IRIS

What happened to thou shalt not judge? Huh?

PAUL

Iris...

PREACHER

Let her go.

IRIS

I thought you loved me.

Everyone watching. Paul stutters over his words.

PAUL

I...I did...

IRIS

You *did*?

PREACHER

We stand between you and a lamb of God! There is a hedge about us!

IRIS

What was I thinking? You all are the same. A bunch of hypocrites, waiting to cast judgement on anyone and everyone who doesn't sum up to your God damn rules and doctrines.

The Preacher extends the Holy Bible.

PREACHER

In the name and the blood of Jesus Christ of Nazareth, Satan, I denounce you!

IRIS

I'm NOT Satan!

PREACHER

In the name of Jesus, Satan, I
denounce you!!!

Humiliated, she turns back to Paul. Her eyes beg him to follow her out of there.

IRIS

Are you coming?

He doesn't answer. The Preacher steps in front of him.

Fury swells in her eyes. She spins around, storms down the aisle. Windows burst as she passes by them one at a time.

GASPS from the congregation.

She stops at the front doors. Turns back. She slowly extends her hands, palms up.

As she lifts them towards the sky, fire rises along the four walls of the church.

The people all huddle around the Preacher, who's still denouncing Satan and spatting prayer.

Paul races down the aisle, but not fast enough as the front door SLAMS shut! He tries the door. No luck!

PAUL

Iris!! Please don't do this!

IRIS (O.S.)

YOU did this! THEY did this! I told
you I could do magic!!

The fire spreads. Smoke fills the enclosure. COUGHING.

PAUL

Harm none do as ye will!!
Remember!? You told me that!
Iris!!! P L E A S E!!!

Paul falls to his knees. COUGHS. Looks back at *his* people.

The door slowly opens. The fires squelch like magic. The smoke dissipates.

Paul crawls just outside. Looks around --

-- Iris is gone.

FADE TO BLACK.