

REAL COUNTERFEIT WITCHES  
Of The Twenty-First Century  
BY  
ANONYMOUS  
BASED ON  
BLESSED PHOEBE HARRIS & HER EXECUTION DAY  
June 21, 1786

\*

Name: S.S. ROGUES

FADE IN:

SUPER: 2011, ANTELOPE VALLEY, CALIFORNIA

EXT. JOHN'S BACKYARD GARDEN - DAY

Footfalls on the sunny path into the ARBOR where the sun only bleeds through momentarily, then subdued, hidden.

The shaded passage feels moist to the eye, canopied by fervent vines. They cling so tight to the braided wooden structure. Every wavy tendril THROBS with life.

The footfalls stop. A rich silence. SQUAK! A raven sounds, flutters above, a ruffled rest, atop the canopy.

SERIES OF SHOTS

--The raven holds a silver coin, drops it through a gap

--Inside the arbor, it falls slowly, spinning

--Lands as a King George III Threepence

LOU-LOU (V.O.)

(British accent)

Stop following me into the future.  
Don't cling like your ruddy vines.

John's hand picks the coin to pocket. A MELODY leads to:

SUPER: 1786, LONDON

EXT. LONDON, NO. 17 - DRURY LANE - NIGHT

Rain hails against the black building, its wet shell dressed in satiny blue streaks of light.

A man presses a struggling female into the shelter of No. 17's doorstep. The grip of hand. Shifting shadows.

BREATHING. A couple of drunk PROSTITUTES step past, laughing. They peek at the couple they recognize.

PROSTITUTE

Aye cum on John and Lou-Lou. Fits  
and fights again? Bury the bones.

Off go the prostitutes. Chat melts into the distance. Faint light reveals the couple's faces.

JOHN MAYLORD, a rich lord of lust, steals in for a kiss.

Red haired LOU-LOU SHELOTTI: her pale skin seems to weaken the night, her green eyes flash. She turns away. Water pools on the ground. Water pools in John's eyes.

He sees Lou-Lou's face changing: Lou-Lou the skimpy brunette, the yellow haired bird, the stone face love torn wench-- all Lou-Lous with a smear of white and black hair that's coarse and tangled like the vines.

LOU-LOU  
Sky farmer. Counterfeit.

FLASHCUT:

INT. HIDDEN COINING ROOM, LONDON, FLASHBACK - NIGHT

John proudly reveals a machine, an oversized meat grinder, diamonds on the front. He places iron beads into a crucible at the top, then cranks a shaft.

LOU-LOU (V.O.)  
Drawing the king's picture!

The beads begin to glow a hot red. He presses down the lid which he then locks in place, presses a lever. He waits. Pulls another lever. A CLINK. A compartment at the bottom of the machine opens with a jangle. A pick up.

JOHN  
A throopnee.

FLASHCUT:

DRURY LANE

Lou-Lou throws a whack of coins onto the street.

JOHN  
Dinging away our bread?!

FLASHCUT:

COINING ROOM

He hands the coin to her. She looks closely at it. KING GEORGE and DEI GRATIA

JOHN  
You can do others, too. Sixpence, shillings...

LOU-LOU  
Me? Wherya ramp this rattletrap?

Lou-Lou studies the machine. Note the inscription on front: A-PELLA MANIFESTO I. Letters blur.

DISSOLVE TO:

THE ARBOR

John feels the vines, places his head lovingly near them.

LOU-LOU (V.O.)  
You and your magic arbors, your  
obsession with vines.

JOHN (V.O.)  
Vines are like a strong will. They  
don't care which way they travel,  
they **push** and they grow.

A gentle rain falls atop the green canopy.

DREAM FLASH - COINING ROOM - NIGHT

Lou-Lou presses counterfeit coin when THREE MEN break through the door, hauling her to judgement.

DRURY LANE

BLACK. RAIN. LAUGHTER... MORE PROSTITUTES...

Lou-Lou's eyes fierce, afraid.

LOU-LOU  
No more coin! No more us!

Her voice turns croupy, scraping the air with ill health.

LOU-LOU  
I dreamt they came for me...

The rain stops. BLACKNESS. Lou-Lou enters the blackness alone, a cone of light upon her, she trembles. The SUCK of one last good breath.

A cord around her neck, tightened. She's raised from the ground to hang-- slowly. Choking.

SUPER: LOU-LOU'S STEALTH SHACK, 2011 - MAIN ROOM - DAY

LOU-LOU of 2011 startles awake from her afternoon snooze. We only see her from the back. The room is delightfully messy though pained by the strum of a banjo-playing blues singer, seeking repose in song. She turns over:

This Lou is raven like, her coal eyes obviously upset. Curious white/black strip of hair, again. She sweeps it out of her face, coughs, rubs her neck.

LOU-LOU

Aragetta?!

EXT. CALIFORNIA DESERT, LOU-LOU'S PROPERTY - DAY

An antelope slips off in the distance...

LOU-LOU (O.S.)

It's on my flesh! Can you get me  
my pills!

...then nothing but barren dry landscape. Waves of heat.

INT. JOHN'S KITCHEN - DAY

John's hand places a trinket box on the counter where an Ivy awaits transplant near a pot of dirt.

On the wall, a print of Lou-Lou 1786, the painted lady counterfeiter, pale as on that rainy night, not a tinge of fear. Lou the peaceful, pre the press of phoney coins.

John's shadow moves over the print. He brushes his hand over the masterpiece glass.

John removes a tiny wax marble from the trinket box, places it in a bottle. Caps and shakes it. He delights in the sound of the rattle. It POPS like corn. He removes the cap and pours the resulting beads into a bowl. CLINK-CLINK. Then into the microwave:

Moments later the old MELODY blooms in the microwave.

John opens the door. There, a miniature 1786 Lou-Lou Doll. Close on the machine's front shows silver letters. Not a microwave, but an APPLE MANIFESTO XLR-8.

EXT. CALIFORNIA DESERT, LOU-LOU'S PROPERTY - DAY

Heat waves break the otherwise monotonous terrain.

An ugly electric sound plays on the aimless horizon until Lou-Lou's old shack enters frame. The ugly sound marries the MELODY from John's Apple Manifesto-- it targets:

EXT./INT. LOU-LOU'S SHACK - DAY

The shoddy place looks like a bad garage sale. On the porch, tin cans hang from the roof. Wind brings their clangs in rhythm with the MELODY that overtakes the banjo until it stops entirely.

LOU-LOU

Aragetta, turn down that music at once!

Rampage. Loud scuffs from fluffy-slippered angry feet. Face of fire, she throws the door. Music blares.

INT. ARAGETTA'S ROOM - DAY

Neat little space decidedly female. An open laptop sits cold in the corner, apparently off.

LOU-LOU

You know that music reminds me--

Lou-Lou opens her eyes. The music is silenced.

LOU-LOU

Aragetta?

No Aragetta. Lou-Lou looks down. A NOTE she reads aloud.

LOU-LOU

Went to Antelope Hill to scone  
poor Benny Malone. We can use the  
cash. Hope sleep was good. Your  
very best friend, Aragetta.

The stunned Lou-Lou looks around the empty room.

INT. JOHN'S KITCHEN - DAY

John lifts the Lou-Lou Doll, places her in his pocket.

JOHN

Here now Lou-Lou.

INT. LOU-LOU'S SHACK - DAY

Lou-Lou appears like a bird, perched on an unseen branch. She turns slowly around, listening for a predator.

LOU-LOU  
Aragetta, are you playing tricks?

EXT./INT. CALIFORNIA DESERT, MOTEL ROOM - DAY

Aragetta as a good prostitute. Poor Benny Malone with the wilted look of a man whose wife crafts doilies, but wont

BENNY  
Go down for me Aragetta.

ARAGETTA  
But Aragetta wants to play.

She reaches inside her satin bag.

INT. ARAGETTA'S ROOM - DAY

Lou-Lou snaps her eyes, heady sensory uptake slowed.

LOU-LOU  
What am I saying-- of course she's  
turning tricks. What else?

Lou-Lou turns in circles, analyzing the room.

LOU-LOU  
But I'm sure I heard John's music.

She laughs, shrugging it off.

LOU-LOU  
There's no way he could find me. I  
cast a perfect stealth. Unless...

Lou-Lou exits, frantic--

INT. LOU-LOU'S KITCHEN - DAY

--to her own APPLE MANIFESTO, a pretty pink thing. She punches some numbers on the front. It jingles a tune that whirls out a FALLING DEAD SOUND before flashing:

EXPIRY DATE COMPLETED - SEPTEMBER 2010

LOU-LOU  
What?! No stealth?!

INT. JOHN'S KITCHEN - DAY

John drops a sugar cube delightfully into a delicate china tea cup, his careful hand stirs it with the smallest of spoons. Done, he plays with the spoon, springing it happily up and down with measured grace...

He alternates his thoughts from the Arbor to his tea:

ARBOR

John speaks to a twisted vine, handling it like a woman.

JOHN  
I need a new angle. Not coins.

KITCHEN

He peruses an old book on his E-Reader. Pictures of regal LOVELY LADIES, gowned, and holding parasols. He hums that melody while playing with a cord. He twines it 'round his precious Ivy-- on to its miniature trellis.

INT. ARAGETTA'S ROOM - DAY

Lou-Lou pulls at her neck as if something is there. She sinks to a strange reverie, falls to the floor, apparently asleep. The computer flashes an advertising:

**WANTED: REAL WITCHES OF THE 21st CENTURY**

Lou-Lou awakes. Sees the flashing ad. She gets up and clicks it. An artificial black suited AD MAN spouts to the camera, surrounded by purple mauve bottles and jars of LOVELY LADY BEAUTY PRODUCTS.

AD MAN  
Our company seeks energetic real  
witches to launch our Lovely Lady  
Beauty Products...

The look of "wha" on Lou-Lou's face.

LOU-LOU  
Madness! As if a real witch is  
going to reveal herself.

Lou-Lou prances around the room.

LOU-LOU

Here I am everyone! Come and take  
me away to the staay-ake!  
What a bunch of rubbish!

But the Ad Man isn't finished: Handsome, less artificial.

AD MAN

Are you the sexy witchy babe we're  
looking for?

Lou-Lou strokes her hair.

AD MAN

Want to make a difference?

LOU-LOU

Well, I have been cooped up here a  
lot lately. (irked) Maybe  
Aragetta's been stealing business.  
I never did trust a best friend.

AD MAN

Be all the witch you can be.

LOU-LOU

He's right!

EXT./INT. OFFICE, LOVELY LADY BEAUTY PRODUCTS - DAY

Glamorous Hollywood office, walls a soft lavender. Lou-Lou follows the leader. The leader is the odd looking receptionist, WANDA WUFFFUL, 20s. Very unattractive.

WANDA

My name's Wanda Wuffful by the way.

She shows off her name tag. Lou-Lou does a smile-nod.

WANDA

I think you will make a wonderful  
Lovely Lady. Just like me!

Lou-Lou's grin says "ugly?" Wanda Wuffful spots a brown package the size of a shoe box on a nearby shelf.

WANDA

Nobody opens the mail anymore?

She grabs the package and exits.

Glass shelves glimmer with Lovely Lady Products. Lou-Lou drinks it in until she catches sight of herself in the mirror: Her black/white stripe. She searches fast: A Lovely Lady BOX HAT and veil she grabs and snugs it on.

-- John enters from the back Wee-Wee room, pulling up his zipper. He wears SHADES and BEARD.

JOHN

It sure feels good to wag the dog.

LOU-LOU

I think maybe I have the wrong office. I'm looking for the person in charge of hiring.

JOHN

I'm the InterviewER if you're the InterviewEE.

He cricks his head in scrutiny.

JOHN

Hold on one moment. A call.

He whips out (thank god) his phone. Lou-Lou tinkers a bit, then proceeds to the adjoining display office. John watches cagily from the side, eyeing her up and down.

He calls up Lou-Lou pictures, sliding his finger over the screen. Various Lou-Lous glide past until: Lou-Lou 1786. Red hair, pale skin, clear green eyes.

DISPLAY OFFICE

Lou-Lou peruses the goodies on the shelves. She inspects the lipsticks, spritzes perfume, sniffs the air in audible chuffs and liberally applies lotions.

John toddles quietly in to see Lou-Lou's back turned away from him, still inspecting the products.

As Lou-Lou is about to pull down a bottle of Lovely Lady Shampoo, she stops. She's that bird again, perched and listening. She shivers with a chilled spine, then turns:

LOU-LOU

You were watching me.

JOHN

You *are* who I think you *are*?

LOU-LOU

Who do you think I am?

JOHN

Well who do you think *I am*?Her gaze zeroes: coin on table. Too clear. Wanda enters.

LOU-LOU

It's very hazy, but I remember Aragetta brought you 'round our place one night. Sconed much?

Lou-Lou watches as he covers his ringless finger.

JOHN

Please don't tell my wife. Yes, that was me. With Ara...betta.

LOU-LOU

That's a clanker. You never even met her.

WANDA

Sorry to disturb--

JOHN

It **is** you.

LOU-LOU

What are you fobbing off now?

JOHN

This job is only open to a **Real** Witch of the Twenty-First Century.

LOU-LOU

How dare you!

Lou-Lou shoves past, sits in his chair, assumes control.

WANDA

(holding a puny rattletrap)

I hitched the new APPLE MANIFESTO XM-1000. I pushed a bad button?

Lights flicker out. The MELODY transmorgifies...

EXT. CORK AND THISTLE PUB - DRURY LANE, LONDON - NIGHT

John, Lou-Lou, Aragetta, Benny, Wanda-- in rogue attire. John pulls coins from his pocket, a gesture of goodwill on his open palm. Look: a pub. They enter on good times.

FADE OUT: