

BEA WITCH

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INT. LARGE KITCHEN - DAY

Granite counter tops extend down the length of the room, flanked by cherrywood cabinets. Stainless steel appliances glimmer under recessed lighting.

AUNT BEA, 70s, grey hair in a stern bun, peers over her spectacles at a book that floats in mid-air before her, title obscured.

The rest of the kitchen is quiet, save for the hum of the refrigerator.

AUNT BEA
I can see you.

Silence.

Aunt Bea doesn't look up from her task.

AUNT BEA (cont'd)
Behind the door.

JENNY, 7, appears from behind the doorframe, a frown wrinkling her cute freckled nose.

JENNY
I'm gonna tell Mom.

A page of the floating book turns unaided.

AUNT BEA
Tell her what, my dear?

Jenny frowns.

AUNTIE BEA
Not that she'd even believe you
anyway, afterall, you are just a
spoiled brat.

Jenny seems sting by the words.

JENNY
I'm not spoiled and I'm not a brat.

AUNTIE BEA
Momma's little Princess.

JENNY
Am not.

AUNTIE BEA
Butter wouldn't melt.

JENNY

That's it, I'm gonna tell her that
you are a horrible witch.

Aunt Bea LAUGHS.

Leans towards Jenny, and as she does her countenance
darkens, her nose extends, warts appear on her chin, hairs
sprouting from them.

AUNTIE BEA

Like this?

Jenny's face is a perfect O of shock.

AUNT BEA

And I eat bothersome little girls for
my scrummy lunch.

Her mouth opens to reveal rows of super-sharp fangs,

Jenny SCREAMS...

INT. CHILD'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

The walls are a cheerful lavender and accented with white
crown molding. The bed is covered in piles of plush stuffed
animals, mostly Disney.

A white wood dresser displays framed photos, jars of glitter
pens, and stacks of coloring books.

Jenny wakes, still screaming, tangled in her Sleeping Beauty
comforter.

Footsteps in the hallway.

MOM, 30s, opens the door.

MOM

Hey, hon, you okay?

Jenny looks around the room, fear slowly leaving her face.

MOM (cont'd)

Bad dream?

Mom sits on the edge of the bed.

Jenny shakes her head.

JENNY

Real, it was real. I was in the kitchen and --

MOM

But you're all snug in bed, honey.

Jenny thinks for a moment.

JENNY

Witches can do that.

Mom throws her hands up in the air.

MOM

Not this again.

JENNY

Aunt B --

MOM

Is our housekeeper.

JENNY

But --

MOM

(softening)

She's the least witchy person I know.

JENNY

She --

MOM

Is asleep, as you should be. Now, back to sleep and no more telling tales, it's very unladylike.

Mom gets up from the bed and tucks Jenny in.

JENNY

No more silly dreams. Okay?

Jenny nods and snuggles in, eyelids dropping in seconds.

INT. LARGE KITCHEN - DAY

Jenny bustles in, all energy and color. She marches up to AUNT Bea who is adding some flour to a mixing bowl.

JENNY
(gabbling)
I-told-her-I-told-her-everything.
You-wont-be-able-to-hide-now.

AUNT BEA
Whoa, slow down angel, told who,
what, about everything?

JENNY
About you being a witch.

AUNT Bea LAUGHS, a gentle and warm sound that sows seeds of
doubt in Jenny's eyes.

AUNT BEA
Child, I have no idea where you get
these ideas from but I wish I had
half your imagination.

JENNY
It's not my magination, I saw you.

AUNT Bea can see that Jenny is sincere.

AUNT BEA
Okay, what did you see Jen?

Jenny gathers herself.

JENNY
Well, it was you in the kitchen with
a floating book, and you turned into
a witch to eat me.

AUNT Bea cannot help but grin.

AUNT BEA
And when and where did all this
happen?

JENNY
Well yesterday after lunch, but then
it was kinda at night too, in the
kitchen but in my bedroom too.

AUNT BEA
Was it perhaps a dream?

JENNY
(frustrated)
That's what Mom said.

AUNT BEA
And she's most likely right, Moms
usually are.

JENNY
And she said I shouldn't tell tales.

AUNT BEA
Well, she has a point, no one likes
a tattletale.

JENNY
But your face, it went all witchy!

Aunt Bea laughs again, hint of a cackle.

AUNT BEA
Like this?

Her face starts to wobble, chin pushing out, nose too,
warts, pointy ears this time too.

Jenny SCREAMS.

INT. CHILD'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Jenny wakes, hand clamped over her mouth.

Too late, Mom's footsteps thud ever nearer.

The door opens.

MOM
Let me guess.

JENNY
But her face, it was just like in the
movie.

She points at her Sleeping Beauty comforter.

MOM
Hmm, maybe we should have a think
about what movies you are allowed to
watch?

Jenny shakes her head.

MOM (cont'd)
So no more of this foolishness then?

Jenny nods.

JENNY

Cross my heart.

MOM

Okay, then, Disney + privileges
maintained for now.

JENNY

Thank you.

MOM

Now, sleep, again, and this time, not
a peep until morning.

Jenny shuffles deeper into the bed.

JENNY

Promise.

MOM

Righty, nighty nighty.

She heads for the door.

Turns back to say one last thing... but Jenny is already
softly snoring.

MOM (cont'd)

(whisper)

Goodnight, sweetie.

She closes the door.

Quiet... for a moment.

In the corner of the room a shadow moves, a whisper soft
footstep.

Jenny stirs.

JENNY

Who's there?

The shadow detaches and comes into the streak of moonlight
cast through the bedroom window.

AUNT BEA

Can't you guess?

JENNY

No, can't be, I'm dreaming ag --

INT. LARGE KITCHEN - NIGHT

JENNY

... ain.

AUNT BEA

Not this time.

The lights are on in the kitchen.

Aunt Bea, in full witching finery, stirs a large bubbling pot of grue on the stove.

Her book floats in front of her.

The book's title, gold gilded on the spine, reads "Cooking With Children".

AUNT BEA (cont'd)

Ah, the final ingredient.

She cackles at her joke.

Jenny SCREAMS... one last time.