

034045

"CHARMED"

Pilot Episode

by

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Spelling Television
5700 Wilshire Boulevard
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"CHARMED"

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

Gray clouds pass over a full moon. SUPER over moon:

September 20 * The Mabon Sabbat
The Sixth Wiccan Holiday of the Year

Lightning pierces the sky. Thunder crashes.

EXT. SAN FRANCISCO - ESTABLISHING - NIGHT

We fly over and through the rain-soaked city, gaining speed as we realize we view the city from an owl's perspective.

EXT. APARTMENT - NORTH BEACH - SAN FRANCISCO - NIGHT

The owl lands on the window ledge of an apartment. The storm has wreaked havoc on the city. Lights dim and flicker. The owl peers inside.

INT. APARTMENT - KITCHEN - NIGHT

A WOMAN performs a ritual many single women do every night. She feeds her cat (which has one blue eye and one green eye), and pours herself a glass of wine. Keeping her company is the six o'clock news (which is on in the B.G.):

REPORTER (ON TV)

...The third victim in three months
was discovered late last night in
her Nob Hill condominium.

As a (covered) body is led out on a stretcher and a DETECTIVE is besieged by REPORTERS, the woman picks up the remote control and changes the channel.

EXT. APARTMENT - KITCHEN - NIGHT

The owl focuses on the activity inside.

INT. APARTMENT - KITCHEN - NIGHT

The woman sets down the cat's food bowl. But the cat's attention is on the owl. The cat suddenly backs away from the food bowl, emitting a low GROWL.

WOMAN

I know it's not your "preferred" brand but I only had time to go to the market today. I'll go to the pet store tomorrow.

The woman does not notice the owl in the window ledge behind her. She leans over to pet the cat but, HISSING and GROWLING, it turns and runs out the cat door.

IN THE LIVING ROOM

The woman closes the kitchen door behind her and enters the living room. The power flickers on and off, illuminating a small altar. On this altar are tools of Wiccan ritual: candles, a wand, a bell, a censer, incense, and a very ornate knife, known as an "athame," its handle encrusted with over-sized colored glass stones.

INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT

The power goes out. A match is struck. As the woman lights the candles on the altar, WE NOTICE the athame knife is now missing. The woman steps inside a circle. She kneels toward the altar, dropping her robe to the floor. She lifts goblet toward the sky and begins to chant.

WOMAN

"Ancient God of the forest deep,
Master of moon and sun. I call You
in the ancient way, here in my
circle round.

The athame is raised high in the air behind her by an (unseen) SOMEONE.

WOMAN (CONT'D)

Asking that You will hear me pray,
and send Your Sun-force down."

Finished, she opens her eyes. She sees the SOMEONE. Her initial fear fades to recognition -- she knows this person.

WOMAN (CONT'D)

(pleasantly surprised)
You? What are you doing here?

The someone doesn't answer. The someone raises the knife. The woman's happiness turns to confusion. Before she can respond, the knife PLUNGES down toward her. She lets out a SCREAM -- but it is drowned out by the CRACK of THUNDER. Lightning follow, then more thunder -- but all is quiet inside the apartment. As blood begins to flow and spread

onto the carpet and outside the circle, the window bursts open and the owl flies out from inside the room, in silence.

CUT TO:

EXT. VICTORIAN HOUSE - SUTRO HEIGHTS - ESTABLISHING - NIGHT

It is a grand and mysterious house. PIPER HALLIWELL, carrying a bag of groceries, excitedly rushes up the stairs. Piper, the middle sister, is in her mid-twenties. Earthy, creative, and rarely on time, she learned early on that life is best negotiated with a sharp sense of humor.

INT. VICTORIAN - KITCHEN - NIGHT

PRUE HALLIWELL (late 20's, the classically beautiful, incredibly driven and over-achieving older sister), the sleeves of her business suit rolled up, attempts to fix a leaky faucet as she talks into a portable telephone. A small television set is on in the B.G.

PRUE

(on the phone)

...Yes, the package arrived about ten minutes ago.

She stares at a specially wrapped package on the counter.

PRUE

I'll let Piper know.

(beat)

Could you hold on a second? I'm getting another call. Not a problem. I understand. What's your telephone number in case -- hello? Jeremy? Hello?

He's hung up. Prue uses the pen in her hand to press the "flash" button on the phone.

PRUE

(on the phone)

...Hello?

(listening, listening)

...Yes, I know my sister was supposed to meet you and I have no idea what happened but this sink is really leaking.

She hears the front door CLOSE shut. As Prue continues her off-camera conversation we CUT TO:

INT. VICTORIAN - FOYER - NIGHT

The power flickers on and off as Piper quickly peels off her rain slicker, revealing a chef's coat, black and white checked chef's pants and a pair of well-worn clogs.

PIPER

Prue?

PRUE (O.S.)

In the kitchen. Fixing the sink!

As Piper quickly heads toward the kitchen we TRACK the WALL beside her. It is covered with FAMILY PHOTOGRAPHS: we SEE pictures of a WOMAN with her THREE YOUNG DAUGHTERS, these same GIRLS with their GRANDMOTHER, a HIPPY UNCLE, and various other relatives.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

Piper enters the kitchen and faces her sister.

PIPER

Sorry I'm late.

PRUE

What else is new? I would have been here myself but you know I can't leave the museum until six. What happened?

PIPER

I guess I just didn't realize how long we were talking.

PRUE

We being you and "Jeremy?"

PIPER

He's already called?

PRUE

He didn't leave a number but he did send a package.

Prue points to the package. Piper rushes over to it.

PRUE

Who is he?

PIPER

He's a crime reporter. I met him in Chinatown when I was getting ingredients for my "audition" recipe tomorrow.

FLASHBACK TO:

INT. CHINESE MARKET - NIGHT

Piper watches as JEREMY BURNS, late 20's, a tall, handsome journalist, takes some wrapped meat from the Chinese Butcher, thanking the butcher in fluent Chinese.

PIPER

He smiled at me, I tossed him a saucy one liner, and lucky me, he laughed.

Jeremy and Piper strike up a conversation. We don't HEAR what they say to one another. We only HEAR Piper in V.O.

PIPER (V.O.)

We started talking and even though he just moved here, it was as if we had known each other all our lives.

Piper hands her name/number on a piece of paper to Jeremy.

PIPER (V.O.)

It wasn't until after he'd left I realized I didn't even know his name.

EXT. MARKET - NIGHT

Piper runs out into the pouring rain. In the distance, she can see Jeremy, coat tails flapping, as he disappears down the long stairway leading to the subway. She calls to him, but her voice is lost to the rain storm.

END FLASHBACK

PRUE

I can't believe you even have to audition. That Wolfgang Puck knock-off didn't hire you today?

PIPER

No.

PRUE

I wouldn't worry. You're the best chef in your class, if not the entire Culinary Institute.

PIPER

And this may just get me the job.

Piper holds a bottle of port.

PRUE

He sent you port?

PIPER

Not just any port: Le Chateau Burgundy. It is not only the rarest bottle of cooking port ever imaginable, it is the ultimate ingredient for my recipe.

(sets down bottle)

I hope this doesn't mean he's too good to be true. Do you know how long it's been since I've had a reason to lotion my legs, strap on my Wonderbra and whip out my sling-backs?

PRUE

Ask the Ouija Board.

Prue points toward a Ouija Board, sitting on the counter. Piper looks at the Ouija, then back at Prue, amazed.

PIPER

Is that the original one?

PRUE

Check the back.

Piper sets down the port. She flips the Ouija Board over as Prue, wrench in hand, disappears under the sink.

PRUE (CONT'D)

I found it in the garage when I was looking for a wrench.

CLOSE UP: INSCRIPTION

"To my three girls. May this give you the light to find the shadows. The powers that be will set you free. Love, Mom."

PIPER

We never did figure out what the inscription meant.

PRUE

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

PIPER

You're always so hard on her.

PRUE

The woman has no vision. No sense of the future. And she has an endless list of community college transcripts to prove that.

PIPER

I really think she's coming around.

PRUE

(peeks head out from under the sink)

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

Prue disappears back under the sink. Piper starts to say something, then stops. She diverts her attention to the package Jeremy sent. Inside is a business card: it reads:

"JEREMY BURNS - CRIME REPORTER - SAN FRANCISCO CHRONICLE (415) 555-5000." We MOVE IN on the business card, then PULL BACK TO REVEAL:

EXT. APARTMENT - CRIME SCENE - NIGHT

Another one of Jeremy's business cards has been handed to DETECTIVE WADE TRUDEAU, the detective last seen on the news. Trudeau is late 20's, smart, tenacious, and very good looking. Trudeau has just arrived at the apartment of the murdered woman. JEREMY BURNS follows.

JEREMY

Detective Trudeau! Is it the same M.O. as the other victims?

Detective WADE TRUDEAU ignores Jeremy and the other reporters. Using Jeremy's business card to floss his teeth, Trudeau approaches OFFICER TILMORE. Officer Tilmore, holding up an umbrella, has been waiting.

OFFICER TILMORE

Detective Trudeau. I'm Officer Tilmore.

DETECTIVE TRUDEAU

What do you got for me?

OFFICER TILMORE

Ding dong, a witch is dead.

Tilmore doesn't get the laugh he was expecting. Instead, Trudeau heads for the crime scene. Tilmore follows.

DETECTIVE TRUDEAU
Murder weapon?

OFFICER TILMORE
A double-edged steel knife.

DETECTIVE TRUDEAU
Oh, it's an "athame." It's a ceremonial tool. It's never used for any cutting purposes. Who found her?

OFFICER TILMORE
(rolls his eyes in disgust, then, to Trudeau)
A neighbor heard her scream but waited until a commercial break to call 911.

Trudeau looks at the FRIGHTENED ELDERLY WOMAN cradling her tea-cup poodle, as she talks to a police officer.

DETECTIVE TRUDEAU
How nineties of her.

Trudeau glances away from the woman when the STRANGE-EYED CAT JUMPS up on the landing, scaring the hell out of him.

EXT. VICTORIAN - NIGHT

Thunder. Lightning. A cab pulls up to the front.

INT. VICTORIAN - KITCHEN - NIGHT

The television set features another story about the murders. Piper, at the kitchen window, isn't paying any attention. She is watching a cab pull up to the front of the house. She nervously turns to Prue, still working on the sink.

PIPER
You 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

Reduced rate. I like that.

PRUE

Besides, it'd be good to have a man in the house.

(motions toward TV)

Especially since there's some psycho on the loose.

PIPER

(hemming/hawing)

I don't know if I'd feel comfortable living with a guy.

PRUE

Why not?

PIPER

Oh, you know. Empty milk cartons in the fridge. Short and curlies in the tub. And when they're not busy using stuff they have no intention of replacing, they're sitting on the couch, channel surfing. Besides, what if our new roommate is the psycho?

PRUE

So we'll put an ad in the paper for a female with a tool belt.

PIPER

Or if that didn't work, we could get Phoebe.

PRUE

Phoebe lives in New York.

PIPER

Not anymore.

PRUE

What are you talking about?

PIPER

It didn't work out for her.

PRUE

Let's see. She couldn't have run out of men so she must have run out of money.

PIPER
She wouldn't say.

PRUE
Where did Phoebe move?

PIPER
She's coming back here.

PRUE
To San Francisco?

PIPER
She's moving back in with us.

PRUE
What?

PIPER
I could hardly say no. It's
her house, too. We all inherited it.

PRUE
A year ago -- and we haven't seen
or spoken to her since.

PIPER
Well, you haven't spoken to her.

PRUE
Thanks for sharing, Switzerland.
When does she arrive?

The front door bell RINGS.

PIPER
Now?

Prue is floored. The front door bell RINGS again.

PIPER
What do you want to do? Wait until
"El Nino" washes her away?

No response. Piper turns and heads for the door.

PRUE
Damn it. Piper, wait.
(grabs some cash)
You'll definitely need this.
(hands money to Piper)
I don't even know what to say.

PIPER

She's our baby sister. You could start by forgiving her. Or, if you're not up to a Kodak moment, have a Jerry Springer kind of reunion and kick her gravity-defying-twenty-two-year-old-butt.

EXT. VICTORIAN - FRONT PORCH - NIGHT

The full moon illuminates PHOEBE, her face covered by her long black cape. Phoebe, in her early 20's, is the exotic, free-spirited, irresponsible youngest sister. She is also three hundred and sixty degrees away from Prue -- and not by accident. Beside her is an old back pack.

PIPER

(opening the door)

Phoebe!

PHOEBE

Piper!

She looks up from beneath her cape and we realize she looks nothing like her two older sisters. The two sisters hug tightly. Finally, Piper pulls away.

PIPER

Look at you -- all skinny and Third World country looking. You look like a super model.

PHOEBE

Unfortunately, I don't have a work-out video or MTV spot.

PIPER

I hope you've at least stopped dating actors and musicians.

PHOEBE

Who else would I meet at the student aid office?

PIPER

(notices backpack)

Is that all you brought?

PHOEBE

It's all I own. That and my bike.

Phoebe points to her bike, secured in an airline box on top of the cab. The cab driver angrily HONKS the horn. =

PIPER
(holds up cash)
Don't worry. Cab fare's covered.

PHOEBE
Thanks. Piper wait --

Piper has rushed off to pay the driver. Phoebe starts to head inside, then stops, turns and calls to Piper.

PHOEBE
You just told Prue, didn't you?

When Piper doesn't respond, Phoebe knows the answer.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

PHOEBE
(entering)
Hello, Prue.

PRUE
Phoebe.

PHOEBE
Thanks for the cab fare.

PRUE
Did Piper --

PHOEBE
-- She didn't have too.
(awkward beat, then)
Look, I know you don't want me here --

PRUE
-- But you had no where else to go.
You lost your job. You're in debt.

PHOEBE
(hiding the hurt)
Exactly.

PRUE
Not that any of that is news but
we're not selling Grandma's house.

PHOEBE
I wasn't suggesting --

PRUE

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

PHOEBE

-- No history lesson needed, I grew up here, too --

PRUE

-- And it's going to stay in this family and nothing is going to change that.

PHOEBE

Can we talk about what's really bothering you?

PRUE

No. I'm still pissed off at you.

PHOEBE

So 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 that Armani-wearing, Chardonnay-slugging Trust-Funder told you but --

PRUE

-- Can we back up a minute?

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 is now alone in the kitchen. She calls out to no one in particular.

PIPER

Coffee and dessert, coming up!

Thunder. Lighting. The house is pitched into darkness.

PIPER (V.O.)

Or not.

A beat, and then a match is struck.

INT. DINING ROOM - A WHILE LATER

Candles illuminate glasses of wine and Piper and Phoebe, playing with the Ouija Board. They have their hands on the wooden pointer which slides around the board.

PIPER

You shouldn't have called Roger those names. That was cruel.

PHOEBE

So was Roger. And the more Prue hears that, the faster she'll get over him. I can't even believe she still works with him.

PIPER

She doesn't have much of a choice. There are not a lot of Natural History museums in this city.

PHOEBE

Stop pushing the pointer.

PIPER

I'm not touching it.

PHOEBE

You used to always push the pointer. More wine?

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

PIPER

I forget our question.

PHOEBE

(calls from kitchen)

We asked if you would have sex with
someone other than yourself this
year.

PIPER

(calls to kitchen)

We did not! That's disgusting!
(beat, to herself)
Let's hope it says "yes."

Suddenly, Piper looks down. Her fingers are resting on the
wooden pointer. And the wooden pointer has begun to slide
across the Ouija Board, landing on the letter "A."

PIPER

Phoebe...

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

PIPER

(screams)

...Phoebe!

Piper lifts her fingers off and away from the pointer.

PHOEBE

(peeks head back in door)

What?

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

PRUE

What did you do?

PHOEBE

Me? I didn't do anything.

They turn to look at Piper. She's freaking out.

PIPER

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

Prue and Phoebe burst out laughing.

PIPER

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

Prue and Phoebe stare at the Ouija Board. Nothing happens.

PHOEBE

Did you push it?

PIPER

No!

PRUE

You used to always push the pointer.

PIPER

My fingers were barely touching it.
Look!

Piper lightly places her hand on the pointer. Nothing happens. Prue turns to Phoebe.

PRUE

How much did you two drink?

PHOEBE

Not enough to see things.

Phoebe and Prue both turn to leave when the pointer slides from the letter "T" to the side of the board and then quickly back to the letter "T."

PIPER

It did it again! It moved!

Phoebe and Prue turn around.

PRUE

It's still on the letter "T."

PIPER

I swear, it moved!

The pointer, with Piper's fingers resting lightly on it, suddenly begins to move.

PIPER

There! Look!

Piper takes her fingers off the pointer. It continues to move, landing on the letter "I."

PHOEBE

(turns to Prue)

Did you...see that?

PRUE

I'm not sure.

PIPER

I told you I wasn't touching it!

PHOEBE

If I didn't see it myself, I would never believe it.

PRUE

There has to be an explanation.

The pointer begins to move again.

PIPER

(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 a junk-mail envelope. As Phoebe jots down the letters, the pointer lands on the letter "C."

PHOEBE

"ATTIC."

She holds up the paper. Thunder. Lightning.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Clothes are thrown into an opened suitcase.

PULL BACK TO REVEAL

Piper is the one that's packing. Phoebe stands in the doorway, watching, as the lights flicker on and off.

PHOEBE

Don't you think you're over-reacting just a bit?

PIPER

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

PHOEBE

Aren't you in the least bit curious what's up there?

PIPER

(stops packing)

Dorian Gray's picture. Lizzie Borden's axe. Tony Perkin's mother. Nothing good has ever been found in an attic.

Prue walks in, holding a perfectly packed overnight bag.

PRUE

Ready?

PIPER

Ready.

Piper snaps her suitcase shut. She pulls her suitcase off the bed. Clothes are visible sticking out from all sides.

PRUE

Phoebe, where's your backpack?

PHOEBE

I've changed my mind. I'm going to stay here.

PRUE

Fine.

Prue leaves. Piper rummages through her purse. She pulls out a cell phone and hands it to Phoebe.

PIPER

Just in case.

PHOEBE

Piper, something wonderful could be waiting for us in that attic.

PIPER

Then it can wait. We'll stay at a hotel, then tomorrow, when it's light out, we'll get a handyman to go to the attic and check it out.

(no comment)

This is no time to be Nancy Drew. Stay away from that attic.

EXT. VICTORIAN - NIGHT

Rain pounds and pours. A cab waits out front. Piper runs down the stairs and joins Prue. She YELLS above the rain.

PIPER

Phoebe's going to go to the attic!

PRUE

What? We already agreed --

PIPER

-- She's not going to wait for some handyman and she certainly isn't going to wait until tomorrow!

As rain pounds, they turn and look back at the dark house.

INT. STAIRWAY TO ATTIC - NIGHT

Phoebe, alone, holds up a lantern, illuminating the winding staircase as she makes her way toward the attic. (Note: The house was designed to protect the attic.) She reaches the closed attic door. She lifts her shaking hand and brings it near the doorknob.

PIPER (O.S.)

Phoebe - wait!

Phoebe, scared, JUMPS, then turns, lifting the lantern which illuminates Piper and Prue at the base of the stairs.

INT. ATTIC - NIGHT

The attic is a big space, with large glass window panes and a peaked roof. Antiques are covered and against the walls. On the middle of the floor is an old wooden trunk. Phoebe, holding the lantern, stands between Prue and Piper.

PHOEBE

We have to open it. We've come this far. We can't stop now.

PRUE

(pulls Phoebe back)

I said no.

PHOEBE

You can't tell me what to do.

Phoebe jerks her arm away from Prue.

PIPER

I'll open the damn trunk. If it's filled with pirate treasure, I promise to share it with both of you. And if it's filled with something evil, it can kill me first and I won't have to listen to you two fight anymore. Either way, I win.

(struggling)

Unfortunately, I can't seem to get the lid open.

Phoebe rushes to join Piper. Prue moves a little more slowly. Piper and Phoebe are really struggling as she joins them. Prue puts her hands on the trunk. With all-

three of their hands on the trunk, the lid lifts quickly and easily. A beat, and then all peer inside.

PHOEBE

What is it?

PIPER

Not gold bullions.

PRUE

It looks like some kind of ancient manuscript.

ANGLE ON: AN ANCIENT, ANTIQUE GREEN COVERED BOOK

Which rests at the bottom of the trunk in a thick pile of dust. Phoebe reaches in and takes out the book. She blows on the cover - dust flies, revealing an exotic insignia.

PIPER

It's called "The Book of Shadows."

Phoebe opens the front cover. Inside are exquisite, elaborate, centuries-old wood-carvings of a coven of beautiful women gathered around a circle, casting spells.

PHOEBE

It's some kind of book of spells and incantations.

INT. APARTMENT/CRIME SCENE - NIGHT

Trudeau, wearing gloves, peers under the tarp. He SEES a small tattoo on the woman. It is the same insignia that is on the Book of Shadows.

TILMORE

What is it?

TRUDEAU

I have no idea. No defense wounds, though. No signs of a struggle. Just like the others.

OFFICER TILMORE

No sign of forced entry either. The front door was locked from the inside. It's as if this guy materialized out of thin air.

Trudeau sees a few bird feathers on the floor beside the body. He scoops them up and puts them in his coat pocket.

INT. VICTORIAN - ATTIC - NIGHT

The sisters stand around the opened, ancient book.

PHOEBE

It says there are three essentials of magic: feeling, timing, and the phases of the moon."

PRUE

I really don't think we should do this.

PIPER

Neither do I.

PHOEBE

I agree. But it's midnight. It's a full moon. And, according to page one, if we were ever going to do this, now is the most powerful and positive time.

A long beat as they consider their options.

PHOEBE

We invoke the incantation and then we put the book away.

PIPER

Forever.

PRUE

This is just stupid crazy.
 (off their looks,
 resigned)
 I'll say it once, then I'm going to pretend this never happened.

They turn their attention to the book.

PRUE/PIPER/PHOEBE

(reading aloud)

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

INT. KITCHEN - SAME TIME

As the sisters continue to invoke the incantation, we SLOWLY MOVE IN on the leaky faucet.

PRUE/PIPER/PHOEBE (O.S.)

The oldest of Gods are invoked
here, the Great work of Magic is
sought.

The faucet begins to shake and rumble, releasing a
screeching, scratching noise.

PRUE/PIPER/PHOEBE (O.S.)

In this night and in this hour, we
call upon the Ancient Power. Bring
us the power!

The screeching, scratching noises CRESCENDO to a fever
pitch and then, without reason, without explanation, the
leaky faucet suddenly stops dripping.

INT. ATTIC - NIGHT

They open their eyes and look around.

PRUE

I can't believe we just did that.

PIPER

Nothing happened.

PHOEBE

(disappointed)

You're right. Everything's exactly
the same.

PRUE

Can we go now?

EXT. VICTORIAN - NIGHT

An owl lands on the window sill. It peers inside, watching
the women as they exit the stairwell that led to the attic
and head off to bed. The owl watches a moment, then flies
away. We have a sick feeling it will be back.

END ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

EXT. VICTORIAN - DAY

The rain has stopped but the day is gray and cold.

INT. VICTORIAN - KITCHEN - THE NEXT DAY

Piper grabs the handle to the faucet and turns it on full blast. Water SPRAYS into a dirty sauce pan and begins to fill the sink. Prue, dressed for work, enters.

PRUE

You're up early.

PIPER

I never went to sleep. I put on a black conical hat and spent the night flying around the neighborhood on a broomstick.

(off Prue's look)

Kidding. The only broom I have is in the closet beside the mop.

PRUE

I'm sure there's...some kind...of explanation for all of this.

PIPER

Then explain this.

Piper shuts off the faucet. It does not drip. Prue tries. She turns the faucet on, then off. It does not drip.

PRUE

Maybe I fixed it.

PIPER

Or maybe we are living in the Amityville House.

Phoebe enters, still dressed in the same clothes she was wearing last night.

PHOEBE

Morning.

Phoebe notices her sisters are dressed for work.

PHOEBE

You two can't possibly be going to work today.

PIPER

Frankly, I am only too happy to leave.

PHOEBE

Piper, wait. I think you should hear this. I stayed up all night, reading this book --

PRUE

Phoebe.

PHOEBE

-- I couldn't help it. I was curious. Aren't you?

PIPER

Not really.

PRUE

Absolutely not.

PIPER

But you'll torture us, anyway.

PHOEBE

(yep)

According to the Book of Shadows, our oldest ancestor was a Wiccan named Mercy Warren. She had three powers --

PRUE

-- Stop right there. "Wic" what?

PHOEBE

"Wicca." It's the preferred name for modern day witchcraft.

PIPER

So you're saying one of our relatives was a witch.

PHOEBE

That's not a negative. The word "witch" comes from "wicce" meaning "women" and from "wicca" meaning "wise." "Witchcraft" translates to "Craft Of The Wise Women."

PRUE

I'm going to the office.

Prue begins to gather her things for work.

PHOEBE
(quickly)

Before Mercy burned at the stake, she vowed that each generation of Warren witches would become stronger and stronger, culminating in the arrival of three sisters.

PIPER
Is this going to get creepy?

PHOEBE
These sisters would not only be the strongest of witches, they would be the most powerful.

(beat)
I think we're those sisters.

PRUE
We are not witches.

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

PRUE
We do not have special powers. Now stay out of the attic until I get back. And leave that book alone!
(as she's leaving)
It figures all this craziness started when you came back to town.

Prue closes the kitchen door shut.

PIPER
The three powers. What were they?

PHOEBE
She could move objects with her mind, see the future, and stop time.

PIPER
Prue's right. Stay out of that attic.

On the front page of the paper is a photograph of the murdered woman. Below the picture is an article by Jeremy Burns. Piper grabs this paper and leaves.

EXT. MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY - ESTABLISHING - DAY

Prue is an exhibit coordinator at this museum.

INT. MUSEUM - DAY

Prue is in a meeting with her HANDSOME MALE BOSS. He taps a Mont Blanc Ink pen up and down on his desk.

BOSS

There's been a change of plans regarding the Beals Exhibition.

PRUE

Really?

BOSS

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

PRUE

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

BOSS

That's why the Board wants someone a little more qualified to handle the collection. You look surprised.

PRUE

Well, sure I'm surprised. I've not only been with this project since it's inception, I was the curator who secured the entire exhibition.

INSERT ON PEN as the ink in the pen begins to rise.

PRUE

We also agreed over a year ago that I would curate through completion.

BOSS

A two-month exhibition, yes, not a major collection.

PRUE

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

BOSS

I could hardly say "no" to the entire board of directors. Speaking of which, I'll need a speech for tonight's event.

INSERT ON PEN as the ink begins to boil and bubble.

BOSS (CONT'D)

I know you'll be happy for me. After all, what's good for me is definitely good for you. 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.

He chuckles. Without warning, the ink pen suddenly EXPLODES out of the top of the ink pen, ruining Roger's shirt. Whoa.

INT. SHERIDAN'S RESTAURANT - DAY

The restaurant is closed. The dining room is quiet. We HEAR Piper's voice as we continue toward the kitchen.

PIPER (O.S.)

I've prepared roast pork with gratin of florence fennel and penne with a giblet sauce featuring Le Chateau Burgundy port.

IN THE KITCHEN

Piper is ready for her "audition" with the young, hip uber-chef SHERIDAN MOORE. They are the only two in the kitchen.

CHEF MOORE

I accept nothing less than perfection.

PIPER

I happen to be a Type A personality myself. Try it and see.

He picks up a fork, helps himself to the pasta and prepares to taste it when Piper realizes she's forgotten the most important part of the recipe: the port. The unopened bottle is resting on the counter.

PIPER

Chef Moore!

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.

Piper eyes that tablespoon as he brings the fork closer toward his mouth. She starts to say something --

CHEF MOORE

Can I try this before it gets cold?

PIPER

I forgot --

CHEF MOORE

(cutting her off)

-- Wise decision.

CLOSE UP: CHEF MOORE as he brings the fork to his mouth.

PIPER

(low)

A few seconds...that's all I need.

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?

And that's when she notices that the clock on the wall has stopped moving. Time has stopped. Without thinking, Piper grabs the port and, with eyes darting back and forth to the "frozen" Chef Moore, she quickly pours a tiny bit of port over his fork. No sooner has she finished, than Chef Moore becomes "unfrozen." The pasta disappears into his mouth.

EXT. SHERIDAN'S RESTAURANT - DAY

Piper's hands shake as she tries to use her cell phone.

INT. VICTORIAN - ATTIC - DAY

Downstairs the phone begins to ring but Phoebe doesn't answer it. That's because she doesn't hear it in the attic. She's found an old box of dusty photographs. Whatever she's seeing completely amazes her.

PHOEBE

Oh...wow.

She sets the pictures down, then picks up the Book of Shadows. Flipping through it, she SEES many images of three women battling different incarnations of evil. (It's like something out of a Hieronymus Bosch painting.)

EXT. SHERIDAN'S RESTAURANT - DAY

As Prue and Piper's answering machine picks up, Piper snaps the cell phone shut, disconnecting the call.

A BLACK GLOVED HAND

Comes into frame, touching her shoulder. Frightened, she wheels around to SEE Jeremy.

PIPER

Jeremy?

(calming)

We have got to stop meeting like this.

JEREMY

Then we wouldn't see each other at all.

PIPER

What are you doing here?

JEREMY

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

He holds up a beautiful bouquet of red roses.

PIPER
How did you know?

JEREMY
You got my package, didn't you?

PIPER
(hand to forehead)
The port. I'm sorry. I should
have called last night to thank you
but --
(I was invoking an incantation?)
-- Anyway, yes, I did use it and
yes, it made the recipe. Thank you.

JEREMY
I hope that wasn't too forward of
me.

PIPER
No. Sending port isn't being
forward. Delivering it naked?
That could be another story.

JEREMY
I'd love to hear it. Maybe over
dinner? How 'bout The Mansions at
eight o'clock?

Hold on Piper: her smile tells us the answer is "yes."

EXT. VICTORIAN - DAY

Phoebe, on her bike and very scared, rides away. We STAY
with her as she pedals down the street. As she nears a
corner, she has a sudden premonition. She SEES QUICK,
DISJOINTED FLASHES of turning the corner and hitting a
CRAZED LOOKING MAN as he steps off the sidewalk waving a
tattered cardboard sign which reads "REVELATIONS 13:"

CRAZED MAN
(slo-mo/creepy sounding)
...Then I saw another beast which
rose out of the earth...

ON PHOEBE

She blinks and the premonition is over. She eyes the
upcoming corner. Just to be safe, she swerves wide to avoid
the (as yet unseen) man. And, sure enough, just as she
approaches the corner, this MAN, carrying his sign, steps
off the sidewalk and into the street. All seems well until

A CAT

From out of nowhere, races into Phoebe's path. IN SLOW MOTION, we watch, from PHOEBE'S POV as she loses control of the bike. She hits the curb, flying off the bike and into the street. Arms and legs flailing, she lands with a thud. ON PHOEBE

Lying in the street, clutching her right arm. PEOPLE rush to Phoebe's aid. The green-eyed/blue-eyed cat stares.

INT. HOSPITAL - ER - DAY

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

What's the name again?

Prue starts to answer but is interrupted by:

TRUDEAU

Detective Wade Trudeau. Homicide.
Dr. Gordon is expecting me.

PRUE

Detective Wade Trudeau?

TRUDEAU

Prue? I haven't seen you since --

TRUDEAU

-- We broke up.

PRUE

-- High school.

TRUDEAU

What are you doing here?

PRUE

Phoebe had an accident. She broke
her arm. Piper is with her now.

The ADMITTING NURSE returns, interrupting them.

NURSE

Your sisters are down the hall to
the left. Dr. Gordon is down the
hall to the right.

They begin to walk down the hallway.

TRUDEAU

You look good, Prue. Same as you did in gym class.

PRUE

We can thank support hose for that. You don't look too bad yourself. Married life must be treating you well.

TRUDEAU

I wouldn't know. I'm separated.

PRUE

I'm sorry.

TRUDEAU

Don't be. She's not.

PRUE

(changing subject)

So who's this Dr. Gordon?

TRUDEAU

I'm investigating a murder. The victim was a nurse here.

PRUE

I read about that in the paper.

They have stopped at the end of the hallway.

TRUDEAU

Good seeing you, Prue. Call me sometime.

He brushes past her. As Trudeau disappears down the hall, a strange look crosses Prue's face. Feeling something in her hand, Prue looks down at her cupped and closed hand. Her fingers open, revealing Trudeau's business card.

Piper and Phoebe (her arm in a cast) approach Prue from the other side. Both wear really freaked-out looks.

PIPER

We need to talk.

INT. BAR - NIGHT

A bartender sets a cup of coffee in front of Prue and two shots of Tequila in front of Phoebe and Piper, then leaves.

PHOEBE

I saw the future. Piper froze time.

PIPER

What about you? Did you move anything?

PRUE

Roger took an exhibit away from me.

PIPER

Show her the photographs we told her about.

Phoebe slides some of the dusty photographs she found in the attic over to Prue. She picks them up.

INSERT: PHOTOGRAPH

Toddler-aged Prue and Piper, wearing Halloween Costumes, float in the air, plastic pumpkins in hand.

INSERT PHOTOGRAPH

Baby Phoebe lies on her back. Toys float above her head.

PRUE

I don't remember this either and I admit, they're unbelievable. But it doesn't mean we're witches. And it doesn't mean I can move things with my mind.

Suddenly the small pitcher of cream moves across the table and rests beside Prue's coffee cup.

PRUE

I do not have special powers.

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."

PRUE

Oh my God. I'm a witch.

PHOEBE

And a true witch is a good witch. They follow the Wiccan Rede: "An it harm none, do what ye will."

In the B.G. the bartender turns up the volume on the television set above his bar and begins to channel surf.

PHOEBE

If a witch violates this oath of goodness, they become known as a "warlock," regardless of their gender. Unfortunately, they look like regular people. They could be anyone, anywhere.

She motions toward the television set, where we SEE images of regular people. They look around the bar, where seemingly normal people relax and chat.

PIPER

Evil could be in any of them?

PHOEBE

They're powerful, too. They can shape-shift into other forms or other people. The book said they can enter your mind, change your thoughts and perceptions. Most importantly, they're deadly.

PRUE

What does this have to do with us?

ON TV: The Bartender settles on the nightly news.

NEWSCASTER (ON TV)

...Was found viciously murdered late this afternoon.

ON TV: We see a PICTURE of the VICTIM, a WOMAN.

NEWSCASTER

It was the fourth brutal murder in the city and although police do not yet have a suspect, they are not denying that this sadistic murderer will kill again.

The sisters exchange worried glances.

EXT. BAR - NIGHT

Trudeau is in the shadows, watching the three sisters.

END ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

EXT. MANSION HOTEL/RESTAURANT - TO ESTABLISH - NIGHT

Through the front window of the restaurant in this gothic Pacific Heights hotel, we SEE Jeremy, seated in a booth.

INT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Jeremy picks up his cell phone as Piper suddenly appears.

JEREMY

I was just going to call you.

PIPER

I'm so sorry. I had a family emergency. Have you been waiting long?

JEREMY

Long enough to memorize the menu but not so long that I'm on a first name basis with our waiter. Sit down.

PIPER

I really can't. I would have called you but I only had your office number. I didn't want you waiting here...wondering.

JEREMY

Please. Whatever it is, it can't be that bad. Or at least, it can wait.

Hold on Piper...thinking...and then she takes her coat off and slides into the booth beside Jeremy. Maybe a distraction right now is exactly what she needs.

EXT. MUSEUM - NIGHT

Prue rushes up the front steps and enters the museum.

INT. MUSEUM - CONFERENCE ROOM - NIGHT

The BOARD OF DIRECTORS enjoy wine, cheese and crackers. Roger glad-hands DIRECTORS, but he appears worried about something.

ANGLE ON PRUE

She appears outside the conference room. She waves a speech.

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

ROGER
 (pointing at Prue's
 script)
That better be the speech.

PRUE
 It is.

ROGER
 (snatches it from her)
 Where were you all afternoon?

PRUE
 The Emergency Room --

ROGER
 --You should have told me. I would
 have sent a messenger to pick up my
 speech.

PRUE
 Phoebe's fine, by the way.

ROGER
 I didn't know she was in town. What
 happened, she ran out of men in New
 York City?
 (ha-ha-ha, then)
 This is a good speech, right?

PRUE
 (asshole)
 Right.

Roger confidently strolls back into the conference room.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - NIGHT

Roger gets a cup of coffee, then moves into the crowd,
 accepting congratulations from a few of the DIRECTORS.

DIRECTORS
 The Beals Exhibition is going to be
 terrific! Quite a coup!

Roger smiles then starts to sip his coffee when the bottom to
 the styrofoam cup falls out and hot coffee covers/burns him.
 Roger winces and cries out in pain.

DIRECTOR #1
 I'll get some water.

DIRECTOR #2
You okay?

ROGER
(through gritted teeth)
Fine. I'm just didn't realize our
coffee came from Mc Donalds.

DIRECTOR #4
(approaching/slapping
Roger on back)
An amazing job on this exhibit! And
to think you did this all yourself.

ROGER
Thank you.

Suddenly, the knot in Roger's neck tie begins to slowly move up his necktie, headed toward his neck. The necktie tightens around his neck, restricting his ability to breathe, let alone speak. Roger starts gagging and coughing.

DIRECTOR #3
Roger?

ROGER
(struggling with tie)
I think your kind words have
gotten me all choked up.

Director #1 appears beside a WAITER, who carries a TRAY OF WATER-FILLED GLASSES.

DIRECTOR #1
Here. Have some water.

ROGER
Thank you.

Roger's arm goes up, sending the tray of water up into the air and back on himself, dousing himself with water.

ANGLE ON PRUE

Watching, trying not to laugh. And then her eyes go wide.

ANGLE BACK ON ROGER

The zipper on his pants won't stop going up and down -- and the tail of his starched white shirt is trying to make an escape -- out of the opened crotch area.

ANGLE ON PRUE

As the door to the conference room suddenly BURSTS open. Roger races out the door and grabs Prue.

ROGER

Prue! Thank God you're still here.
You have to give the speech.

He thrusts it in her hand, then races down the hall.

PRUE

What am I supposed to tell
the Board?

ROGER

(calls/waving arms)
Tell them...something!

Hold on Prue: smiling.

INT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Piper and Jeremy have finished dinner.

JEREMY

...And, like most guys, I like
talking about myself. Your turn.

PIPER

Well...I'm the middle of three
sisters, named after an aunt I've
never met by a father I don't
remember. My mother died when I
was five, and my sisters and I were
raised by our grandmother, a great
cook with a short temper.

JEREMY

So your grandmother is where you
get your love of food from. What
else turns you on?

PIPER

Besides food? Hmm. Well, the Foo
Fighters are cool. And I love flea
markets. Bargains really get me hot.
And kick-boxing. Love that.

JEREMY

A kick-boxing cook. You sound
perfect.

PIPER

My sister Prue is perfect. Me, I'm anything but. Worse, I take pride in knowing that I have a journal I don't write in, a room I rarely clean, and rolls of film I will probably never develop.

(off his laugh, then)

What about you? Your work seems so interesting.

As Jeremy starts to tell Piper about his job we CUT TO:

INT. VICTORIAN - ATTIC - NIGHT

Alone with the Book of Shadows, Phoebe casts a spell of health directed toward her arm. Every herb known to man rests on the floor. A pot, filled with water, is on the floor.

PHOEBE

Here is my pain, take it and soar
depart from me now, and offend me no
more.

Phoebe throws a bunch of herbs into the pot. Nothing...and then a HUGE PUFF of SMOKE. When the smoke clears, Phoebe's cast has a huge crack down the middle of it.

EXT. WAREHOUSE DISTRICT - NIGHT

Smoke -- actually, heat -- rises from a manhole cover. A (serious) Piper and Jeremy, arm in arm, walk over this manhole, as they head down the dark and deserted street.

PIPER

It sounds like you really enjoy being a reporter.

JEREMY

Not lately. These witch murders are really...

(shakes his shoulders)

...freaky.

PIPER

Your articles didn't say anything about those women being "witches."

JEREMY

I've got this source that told me the lead detective on the case thinks someone is hunting witches.

PIPER

What?

JEREMY

Something about all the women getting whacked with a certain ritual knife on specific witch holidays.

(off Piper's horror)

I don't believe it either. Besides, this detective is supposed to be a real piece of work. Believes in the occult, the supernatural.

PIPER

Does he have any idea who's committing these crimes?

JEREMY

If he does, he's not saying. But tomorrow night is the last night of the full moon.

PIPER

What's that supposed to mean?

JEREMY

If you believe this detective, all hell is gonna break loose.

He's stopped in front of a very industrial looking building.

JEREMY

Well. Here we are.

PIPER

You live here?

JEREMY

Number Three-B. Want to come up for some truly bad coffee?

PIPER

You weren't hoping I might come up and you'd get lucky?

JEREMY

No! Well, yeah. Something like that.

With much chivalry, he pushes the door open and gallantly stands in the doorway. Piper relents. They enter the building. The door closes shut behind them.

INT. BUILDING - NIGHT

We HEAR the ELECTRONIC NOISE of a service elevator as it roars to life.

IN A SERVICE ELEVATOR

Jeremy and Piper stand side by side, sexual tension mounting. Suddenly, the elevator grinds to a halt. They are stuck between floors. Jeremy jimmies with the emergency panel.

JEREMY

Don't worry. In a minute, it will start working again. Happens all the time.

Jeremy turns to Piper. Lights flicker as he moves closer. They begin to kiss, slowly and then more passionately as the door closes shut.

INT. VICTORIAN - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Phoebe, the cast in the trash, is at the kitchen sink, cleaning up after her spell. She HEARS a weird noise. She leans closer to the window above the sink to investigate when all of a sudden

THE GREEN-EYED/BLUE-EYED CAT

Leaps on the window sill outside, scaring the hell out of Phoebe. As Phoebe tries to calm herself, the kitchen door SLAMS shut behind her. Phoebe turns to see Prue enter.

PRUE

What happened to your cast?

Phoebe looks at the window sill. The cat is now gone. Confused, she looks back at Prue and answers her question.

PHOEBE

I performed a spell of health on my arm and it worked. I'm fine.

PRUE

That's terrific. Why let the arm heal naturally when you can speed up the process, do a little hocus pocus?

(MORE)

PRUE (CONT'D)

I mean, you've never waited or worked for anything before, why would you now? What's next? A money spell, a lottery incantation?

PHOEBE

At least I'm not in denial.

PRUE

Denial? I think there's a reason we were never told about our powers, and I think that reason is all about protecting us. The last thing I need is you wiggling your nose and turning this house into hell. Tomorrow morning, that book is going out to the trash and with it, any more discussion on witches, powers, and Ouija Boards.

PHOEBE

Leopards can't change their spots, so you better start learning to deal with it. You can't forget what you already know.

PRUE

Maybe you should move out.

PHOEBE

Maybe I will. And I'll take the book with me.

PRUE

Even better.

Prue leaves. A beat and then Piper returns from her date, flush with excitement. She carries the cat.

PIPER

Hey, Phoebe. Look what I found outside our door. Isn't he sweet?

PHOEBE

Piper, that's him! That's the cat from my premonition.

A beat and then the information sinks in with Piper. Unnerved, she holds the cat away from her body.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. SHERIDAN'S RESTAURANT - KITCHEN - THE NEXT DAY

Pots, pans, and a flurry of dishes as we move past them all to find Piper, working the line. A bouquet of roses is delivered. Piper wipes her hands on her jacket, then reads the card that came with the flowers. She smiles.

INT. ROGER'S OFFICE - DAY

Roger is sitting behind his desk, working, when he HEARS the sound of someone KNOCKING at his door.

PRUE

You wanted to see me?

ROGER

I'd like to talk to you about last night.

Prue enters and starts to sit down in the desk chair across from Roger when he suddenly stops her.

ROGER

Don't sit down. You won't be here long. I recommended to the Board this morning that your efforts on this exhibit be formally recognized. You are now officially-- and will continue to be -- the sole curator on the Beals Exhibition.

PRUE

(calm but thrilled)

Really.

ROGER

The decision was unanimous. You did an excellent job last night.

He extends his hand as he stands up from his desk. Although he's wearing a suit jacket, shirt and tie, he's sporting a pair of sweat pants - elastic-waisted, no zipper and some tennis shoes. Clearly, Roger's not taking any chances today. Prue shakes Roger's hand.

PRUE

Roger, there's something I should tell you about last night. The things that happened to you --

ROGER

-- Please. I just want to forget.

EXT. JEREMY'S LOFT - DAY

Roses in hand, Piper has gone back to Jeremy's loft. She tugs at the exterior doors, which have been padlocked shut.

CONSTRUCTION WORKER (O.S.)
Can I help you?

Piper turns and sees the CONSTRUCTION WORKER.

PIPER
I'm looking for Jeremy Burns.
He lives here. Number Three-B.

CONSTRUCTION WORKER
That'd be impossible. Are you sure
you have the right address?

PIPER
Yes. I was here last night.

CONSTRUCTION WORKER
M'am, no one lives here. The entire
structure has been gutted and prepped
for demolition.

PIPER
What?

CONSTRUCTION WORKER
This building was condemned months
ago.

INT. LIBRARY - DAY

Phoebe is in the stacks, flipping through witchcraft books. She begins to sense someone is watching her and indeed, we do see glimpses of something -- someone -- watching her, following her. Freaked out, Phoebe scoops up her books. She walks down a narrow row of books when suddenly

A HAND

Reaches out from nowhere and taps her on the shoulder. Unnerved, Phoebe spins around to see DETECTIVE TRUDEAU.

TRUDEAU
You forgot your book.
(recognizing her)
Phoebe?

PHOEBE
Wade?

TRUDEAU

I didn't recognize you either. I thought your arm was broken.

PHOEBE

(covering)

Crappy HMO X-Ray machine. Turns out there was never anything wrong.

(wiggles her fingers)

See?

Without further explanation, Phoebe turns and dashes off.

TRUDEAU

Wait! Your book!

He looks down at the book: it is a book of witchcraft.

EXT. JEREMY'S LOFT/BUILDING - DAY

Piper has climbed on top of an industrial trash dumpster. She very carefully pulls herself through a broken window.

INT. JEREMY'S LOFT/BUILDING - DAY

Piper looks around. She is relieved to see the building looks the same as it did last night. She moves toward the opened and waiting service elevator. A few owl feathers litter the floor of the elevator. Piper doesn't notice them as she steps inside. The door closes behind her with a LOUD CLANG.

INT. SERVICE ELEVATOR - DAY

Without warning, the elevator suddenly JERKS to a halt. Piper remembers Jeremy's words as she tries not to panic.

PIPER

(remembering Jeremy's words)

Don't worry. In a minute, it will start working again.

(to herself)

Just stay calm.

The lights in the building flicker on, then off, pitching her into darkness for a moment. When the lights flicker back on:

JEREMY

Is in the elevator beside Piper.

PIPER

Jeremy?

JEREMY
Hello, Piper.

He moves menacingly toward her. Piper backs away.

PIPER
Oh my God...it's you, isn't it?
You killed those women.

JEREMY
Not women, witches.

PIPER
Why?

JEREMY
I wanted their powers and now I want
yours.

As he moves toward her, his eyes turn a freakish color of yellow and his face and hands contort into those of a monster. His hands hold the jewell-encrusted athame knife. Piper SCREAMS for all she's worth.

END ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

INT. ELEVATOR - CONTINUING

Athame raised, Warlock Jeremy approaches Piper, backing her toward the back of the elevator. Piper's fast: she grabs the sides of the elevator, then, pulling herself up, extends her legs and kicks out at Jeremy, sending him -- and the knife -- flying into the back of the elevator.

JEREMY

Oooh. I like it rough.

PIPER

So do I.

He reaches for the knife. She's faster. Her legs SNAP toward him and he gets a face full of right foot.

JEREMY

(wiping away blood)

It's time we broke up.

He's up in an instant. He grabs a terrified Piper by the shirt collar. He's about to send the knife ripping through her throat. Piper closes her eyes and SCREAMS.

PIPER

Ahhhh!!

But nothing happens.

ON PIPER

She blinks and opens her eyes. Sees the knife "frozen" less than an inch from her throat.

WIDEN TO INCLUDE JEREMY

His hideous, contorted face also "frozen."

Piper doesn't waste any time. She climbs up to the escape hatch at the top of the elevator and pushes it open. She pulls her body through and up to the roof of the elevator.

PIPER'S POV:

The ground is a long way below. If she wants to escape, she has to jump. Piper jumps, hitting the ground with a thud. In pain, she slowly gets up and limps away.

CUT TO:

EXT. VICTORIAN - NIGHT

Rain POUNDS the house. A cab -- honking -- waits out front.

INT. VICTORIAN - FOYER - NIGHT

Phoebe, on the phone, scurries about, trying to get her things together. Making it difficult is the cat, who keeps meowing and winding its way back and forth around Phoebe.

PHOEBE

(out the window)

Just a minute!

(into phone)

You're a youth hostel, right? Well I'm a youth and I'm hostile, so what's the problem about me getting a room tonight?

Someone BANGS on the front door.

PHOEBE

(walking, talking to door)

I said --

She flings open the front door.

PHOEBE

Oh, my God. Piper.

Piper, her clothes torn, her body bruised and bleeding rushes into the house. She is woman on a mission.

PIPER

Quick! Lock the doors! Check the windows!

PIPER

What happened?

PIPER

(grabs Phoebe)

In the Book of Shadows. Did it say how to get rid of a warlock?

PHOEBE

(frightened)

I --

PIPER

(shaking her/screaming)

-- Did it?

PHOEBE

Tell me what's happened!

PIPER

The book was right. There is a warlock among us and it's Jeremy. He wants our power. And he's gonna kill us to get it.

PHOEBE

(into phone)

I'll have to call back, thanks.

She hangs up the phone. Piper has run toward the kitchen.

PIPER

Call Prue! Tell her what's happened and tell her to get home -- fast!

INT. ATTIC - NIGHT

The room has been decorated for a special ritual. Incense burns. White candles glow. A red cord forms a nine foot circle around the floor. The Book of Shadows is open and on an altar, right outside the circle and beside a large double boiler. Piper and Phoebe read the book.

PHOEBE

Place the nine black candles anointed with the separation oil into the pot to burn.

They place the candles in the pot.

PHOEBE

Next, we'll need the poppet.

Phoebe holds up a "poppet", a make-shift cloth doll. They cover the doll with red rose petals, securing the roses with straight pins.

PIPER

Let's make the curse stronger.

She secures Jeremy's business card into the poppet with a straight pin. They hold the poppet over the boiler.

PIPER/PHOEBE

"Your love will perish and depart from thy head and from thy heart let me be, Jeremy, go you hense, trouble me no more. "

They drop the poppet into the pot. Flames shoot up.

PHOEBE

The spell is complete.

PIPER

Let's hope it works.

They look down at the poppet, burning and swirling in the pot. We watch as the card curls and burn in the flame.

EXT. CABLE CAR - NIGHT

The cable car is crowded with various types of COMMUTERS. Jeremy is in the middle of them all, standing next to an EXOTIC YOUNG WOMAN who sports a lot of tattoo's and pierced body parts. As MORE COMMUTERS crowd the cable car, the YOUNG WOMAN is pushed closer to Jeremy.

YOUNG WOMAN

Ouch!

She wears a pained expression as she pulls away. She looks down. Her white t-shirt is covered with specs of blood.

YOUNG WOMAN

(touching blood)

What's...happening....

She looks up at Jeremy. Her eyes go wide in horror.

ANGLE ON JEREMY

Thorns have popped out of Jeremy's shirt and have pierced her body. The young woman's horror turns to fear. As she SCREAMS for all she's worth, Jeremy jumps off the cable car and flees across the street.

EXT. BUILDING - NIGHT

The side of this particular building is "mirrored." Jeremy is able to see his reflection. His eyes are yellow, his labored breath thick and visible. He rips off his torn and bloodied shirt.

POV: JEREMY'S "MIRRORED" REFLECTION

Jeremy's chest begins to swell -- growing and stretching. We SEE thorns from two dozen roses push from under his skin and literally out of his chest.

JEREMY
(deafening scream)
AHHHHHHHHH!
(slams fist into building)
Those witches are dead!
(his reflection cracks)
DEAD!

Jeremy flees down the street, slamming into and past
PEOPLE, hell bent on destruction.

INT. VICTORIAN - NIGHT

Phoebe is in the kitchen, tending to Piper's cuts, when
Prue returns home from work.

PHOEBE
It's about time.

PRUE
I left work as soon as I could.

PIPER
Yeah, well you're way late.

PRUE
(seeing Piper's injuries)
Oh, God, Piper. I'm calling the
cops.

PIPER
Don't bother. They'll never catch
him. He's a monster.

Without warning, the lights flicker.

PHOEBE
It didn't work.

PRUE
What didn't work?

PIPER
We did a banishing spell on Jeremy.

PRUE
How do you know it didn't work?

PHOEBE
I have a really bad feeling. I
think Jeremy is in the house.

EXT. VICTORIAN - NIGHT

The owl blinks. The house is pitched into darkness.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

The windows open with a BANG. A bright light blinds as cold air, leaves, etc. fills the house. The sisters shield their eyes from the light and wind.

PHOEBE/PIPER

"With this chant, we thee bind,
loss of powers you shall find!"

The house SHAKES and RATTLES in response. Jeremy's screams ECHO around them as a cyclonic wind blows down from the attic stairwell, as if to keep them away.

PHOEBE

(above the roar)

I'm going to the attic! I'll get
the book!

PIPER

No! We need to stay together!

The wind separates the sisters, pushing them off in different directions and to different places. WE STAY with PRUE as she makes her way down a hallway and toward a door. With all her strength, she opens, then closes the door behind her.

INT. GARAGE - NIGHT

She turns around. She has made her way into the garage. All is quiet when suddenly, a radio resting on a shelf, BLARES to life. We HEAR high energy jungle/dance music.

JEREMY (O.S.)

Cool parlor trick, eh?

Prue starts to run, but can't move. It's as if her shoes have been nailed to the floor. A white dust suddenly appears to be sucked from the cement floor beneath her feet. Like a fuse going around her, when it reaches a complete circle, it stops. Prue looks around, desperate.

WOMAN'S SOOTHING VOICE

It's okay, Prue. I'm here.

PRUE

Mom? Is that you?

JEREMY (O.S.)

Hardly.

The white circle turns to red and starts flaming up around her. It surrounds and traps Prue with a circle of fire.

JEREMY (O.S.)

I do another great impression.

(PHOEBE'S VOICE)

Roger, please. You're engaged to my sister.

Gardening tools: shears and a trowel, slide off a shelf and float in mid-air. A tool box snaps open. Nails fly out of the box. On the garage wall, an axe leaves its resting place. The tools, like the fire, circle around Prue.

JEREMY (O.S.)

(PHOEBE'S VOICE)

Roger, it's not my fault Prue works all the time.

Jeremy suddenly appears right beside Prue.

JEREMY

Your sister Piper has some loose lips. And that's not all that's loose about --

Prue, furious, jerks her head. Jeremy is SLAMMED to the floor.

PRUE

You're wrong about Phoebe. She wanted nothing to do with Roger.

Jeremy lets out a cough and starts laughing.

JEREMY

You were always the tough one, weren't you, Prue?

Prue jerks her head again. Jeremy slides backwards up against the wall.

JEREMY

You didn't even cry at your mother's funeral.

PRUE

And I won't cry at yours.

Prue's anger "sends" garden shears hurtling through space. They open up and pin Jeremy by the neck to the wall.

EXT. VICTORIAN - NIGHT

Phoebe rushes out of the house. Up ahead, Trudeau suddenly appears. He rushes toward Phoebe.

PHOEBE

Wade!

TRUDEAU

What's going on?

What she doesn't see is that Trudeau's eyes have turned yellow and his hands have turned into claws. That's because Jeremy has now shape-shifted into Trudeau.

PHOEBE

Thank God you're here!

TRUDEAU/JEREMY

(puts his hands behind
his back)

I was driving by when I heard
someone screaming.

Behind Phoebe and Trudeau, we see Prue, crawling out from underneath the almost-closed garage door. She sees Trudeau/Jeremy's claws. Confused, Prue looks back at the garage, then back at Phoebe.

PHOEBE

We need to get Piper and Prue!

TRUDEAU/JEREMY

(using Trudeau's voice)

Phoebe, calm down. Nothing's going
to happen to you.

PRUE

Phoebe, RUN! It's Jeremy!

Phoebe turns to look at Prue as TRUDEAU/JEREMY, behind her, pulls his hands/claws around and tries to grab her.

TRUDEAU/JEREMY

(Jeremy's voice)

Not yet, anyway.

Phoebe looks at Trudeau/Jeremy and SCREAMS. His face contorts and shape-shifts into a hideous monster.

ANGLE TO INCLUDE PRUE

PRUE

Run, Phoebe, run!

Phoebe swings around -- sees Prue. Behind Phoebe, Jeremy has materialized into a horrific, terrifying Warlock. He lifts the athame high above Phoebe's head.

PRUE
(frantically glancing
around)

RUN!

But Trudeau/Jeremy is faster. He yanks Phoebe toward him, LAUGHING maniacally as he raises the athame.

ON TRUDEAU/JEREMY

He sneers at Prue, but his sneer turns to confusion. He looks down and sees that a garden hose is wrapped around his feet and now snakes around his body like a strait jacket. Water begins to gush from the end of the hose. As the water hits Jeremy, it burns and sears his skin.

TRUDEAU/JEREMY

AHHHH!

INT. VICTORIAN - NIGHT

Prue and Phoebe run through the kitchen.

PRUE
Where's Piper!?!

PHOEBE
I lost her in the hallway!

Jeremy's voice ECHOES around them.

JEREMY (O.S.)
I'll get you my pretty...and your
little sister, too!

Light bulbs burst around them. The stove door flies open and emits a large flame. Kitchen drawers are opened - cutlery - knives, forks, spoons, fly out, just missing them as they head into:

THE DINING ROOM

The chandelier swings wildly. The doors to the china cabinet open, hurling china and crystal to the floor.

IN THE FOYER

Phoebe and Prue run up the stairs. They are almost at the top when the staircase MORPHS into a slide. As Prue clings

for dear life, Phoebe is hurled down the slide to the ground below.

PRUE

Phoebe!

Groggy, Phoebe tries to stand.

PRUE

Phoebe - watch out!

Jeremy stands above her, knife raised. Phoebe shields her face with her hands and SCREAMS. And that's when:

THE CAT

Hissing -- claws extended, suddenly comes FLYING out of nowhere, landing on Jeremy's face, causing him to spin wildly around. Phoebe starts for the now-normal stairs when they suddenly HEAR Piper, screaming.

PIPER (O.S.)

Help! Help!

Prue and Phoebe exchange glances.

PHOEBE

She's outside!

EXT. VICTORIAN - NIGHT

Phoebe and Piper race outside as Piper's SCREAMS continue.

PIPER

Phoebe! Prue!

PRUE

(looks up)

Oh my God!

ANGLE ON PIPER

Hanging off the side of the roof, at a forty-five degree angle. No wonder she's screaming. Jeremy, blistered and oozing, suddenly appears beside Prue and Phoebe.

JEREMY

Watch this.

(calls up to Piper)

You go, girl!

Piper plummets toward the ground, heading straight toward the spikes on the wrought iron-gate that surrounds the house and property.

PRUE/PHOEBE
NOOOOOO!!!

And then time seems to stop. Piper "freezes" just inches from the spikes.

ON PRUE AND PHOEBE

Opening their eyes to find Piper joining them.

PRUE/PHOEBE
Piper!

PIPER
We have to hurry. I don't know how long my powers last.

PRUE
Let's get to the police station.

PHOEBE
No. He's been trying to keep us away from the attic. I think it's the only place we'll be safe.

They turn to look at the "frozen" Jeremy but he's gone.

INT. ATTIC - A WHILE LATER

Bruised, terrified, their adrenaline pumping, the sisters push the old antiques up against the closed attic door. Piper and Prue grunt and groan as they push a dresser.

PIPER
I guess it is ridiculous to think if we ignored Jeremy long enough, he'd take the hint and stop calling.

PHOEBE
(struggling with a desk)
I don't understand why the spell didn't work. You and I did the incantation exactly as instructed.

PIPER
Well, something went wrong.

Prue moves to help Phoebe. They pick up the desk and begin to carry it across the attic floor.

PHOEBE
Thank you. =

PRUE

No problem.

PHOEBE

No, I mean, thank you for what you did back there. You saved my life.

PRUE

You're my sister. There isn't anything I wouldn't do for you.
(beat, confessing)
Except trust you. And believe in you.

PHOEBE

All I ever wanted was to talk to you about Roger.

PRUE

I wouldn't let you. I didn't want to hear the truth. Because then I'd have to face the fact that the man I loved...didn't love me.

They shove the desk against the door.

PHOEBE

There was never anything between Roger and me.

PRUE

I believe you, Phoebe. I really do. And I hope someday you'll forgive me.

Phoebe reaches across the desk and grabs Prue's hand. She squeezes it tightly and Prue reciprocates.

Suddenly the locked attic door BUCKLES LOUDLY behind them.

JEREMY (O.S.)

Enough with the female bonding.

The door BUCKLES again. The furniture shakes and moves from the pressure on the other side. Prue and Piper instinctively push their weight against some of the antiques.

PRUE

I say if he gets through that door, we face him together. All three of us.

PIPER

(low, to herself)
The three of us.

PRUE

Piper -- what are you doing?

Piper has run over to the Book of Shadows. She begins to furiously leaf through the book.

The wooden door splinters and cracks.

JEREMY (O.S.)

Ollie Ollie Oxen Free.

PRUE

Piper -- we need you!

PIPER

No. You two get over here.

PRUE/PHOEBE

What!?!

PIPER

(slams the book shut)

Leave the door. The three of us together, right? Trust me, okay?

Prue leave the door, followed by Phoebe.

PHOEBE

(to Prue, low)

She better be right.

Piper grabs their hands and something magical happens when the three sisters connect. A LIGHT shines down upon them, radiating them, filling them with a bolt of energy.

PIPER

Remember the Ouija Board?
The inscription -- on the back.

PRUE

The powers that be will set us free.

Thunder.

PRUE/PIPER

The powers that be will set us
free.

Lightning. Phoebe joins in. The sisters begin to chant, faster and faster, until we HEAR the SOUND of SOMEONE on the roof. They glance up. Above them, now on the attic roof, Jeremy, using the athame knife, begins to claw and tear at the roof and window panes.

PRUE/PIPER/PHOEBE
The powers that be will set us free!

Jeremy climbs on top of the attic spire, screaming.

JEREMY
I'm not the only one! I'm
one of millions...in places you
can't even imagine...in forms you
would never believe...strengthened
by powers you can't begin to understand.
We are everyone's nightmare. We are hell
on earth and we are all around you!

The sisters continue chanting. It seems to weaken Jeremy.

JEREMY
You will be the last!

PRUE/PIPER/PHOEBE
THE POWERS THAT BE WILL SET US
FREE!

A BOLT of LIGHTNING hits Jeremy. His entire body quakes
and surges. His SCREAMS echo throughout the attic.

JEREMY
You'll never be safe and you'll
never be free!

He suddenly EXPLODES - GLASS ROOF PANES SHATTER and rose
petals - hundreds of them - rain down below, showering the
attic. Prue, Phoebe and Piper lift their hands up as
beautiful rose petals cover their bodies. Safe at last.

PRUE
(to Phoebe)
Thank you.

PHOEBE
For what?

PRUE
For coming home.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. VICTORIAN - VERY EARLY MORNING

It's a sunny, beautiful day. The front door is opened and
Phoebe, followed by the strange cat, steps out. She picks
up the newspaper.

TRUDEAU (O.S.)
Hey, Phoebe.

Phoebe looks up to see Trudeau, headed up the stairs.

TRUDEAU
(sees cat)
I know it's early but last night
was the first full moon in weeks I
wasn't paged in the middle of the
night. After a full eight hours of
sleep, I was up and wide awake.
(reaching the top of
stairs)
What happened to you?

Phoebe is very banged up from her encounter with Jeremy.

PHOEBE
What can I say? If it's not my
arm, it's something else.
(subject change time)
So what brings you here?

TRUDEAU
I'm not sure really.

PHOEBE
Liar. You wanted to see Prue.

TRUDEAU
You read my mind. On second
thought, I'm gonna leave. I'll
call her later.
(bends down to pet cat)
Nice cat.

PHOEBE
Saved my life.

Phoebe closes the front door behind her. Trudeau turns to leave and that's when he spots owl feathers stuck to the front window-sill. He looks back at the closed front door, starts to head toward it, then stops.

TRUDEAU
Some other time.

It was as if Trudeau had an idea that somehow these women knew what was going on with the ritual murderers. He just wanted to check it out and confirm it for himself. He turns around and leaves, pulling his coat around him.

INT. VICTORIAN - MORNING

Prue and Piper are having breakfast at the kitchen table.

PIPER

Pass the sugar, please.

Prue looks up. The sugar bowl slides across the table.

PIPER

Oh, and the toast. Please.

Toast pops out of the toaster and flies across the kitchen, headed straight toward Phoebe as she enters, scanning the classified ads. But the toast "freezes" in mid-air.

PHOEBE

Thank you, Piper.

PIPER

Don't mention it.

Phoebe grabs the "mid-air" toast and tosses it to Piper.

PHOEBE

Oh. Wait. I just had a vision.

PIPER

Phoebe. The Mighty Kreskin.

PHOEBE

The three of us...fighting evil
forces...kicking serious butt. Of
course, I'm the thinnest and the
best dressed --

Phoebe's speech is cut off by toast, butter, and napkins which have been hurled at her by a laughing Prue and Piper. Phoebe, too, starts laughing. We hold on the three sisters, women who give an entirely new meaning to female empowerment, as we FREEZE FRAME then FADE TO BLACK.

END OF PILOT