

On the Run: A New Paradigm for Representation in Children's Media

by

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A thesis presented to the Honors College of Middle Tennessee State University in partial
fulfillment of the requirements for graduation from the University Honors College

Spring 2018

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ABSTRACT

This is a creative project that was crafted both out of passion and necessity. Many minorities are underrepresented in cartoons aimed at children and this never sat right with me. I developed a story that showcases the kinds of characters I thought our media was so sorely lacking. It features characters who: are women, are racial minorities, are LGBT, and who suffer from mental illnesses. Above all else, they love each other and interact in ways that show they care for one another no matter what conflicts they encounter. It was important for me to show women supporting other women, especially in a time where society tries to turn them against each other. My project is a storyboard that depicts a scene from the original script. It highlights the different relationships each woman has with one another, as well as including all five of the main characters. In addition to this storyboard, I have researched statistics about minorities in children's cartoons, and included it to support why I think my show is necessary in today's society. This show has the ability to bring hope and joy to so many young women; it is more than just a cartoon to me and I hope others will feel the same way.

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INTRODUCTION

Imagine a parent telling their child that they can be just like their favorite cartoon characters, that they, too, can be unemployed, a villain, or a housewife. Better yet, they could be dead, or non-existent! No parent would tell their child that, so why are those the most prominent ways young women are depicted, specifically in animated media? Since the television's conception, women and other minorities have been woefully underrepresented and insensitively stereotyped. Active consumers are now holding television networks accountable for the content they are airing, in addition to changing the scene by becoming content creators themselves. I am attempting to do just that by creating a show specifically geared towards young adolescent girls. I will cover the creative process in various chapters, starting with the bare bones and ending with what the project is today.

The first section, "In the Beginning," covers how I started this story. It details what I wanted the characters to portray as well as the process I went through to develop the story.

The second section, "Development for Television," covers how I took the story and altered it to suit both an episodic format and a film format. It discusses the pros and cons of each, and includes other materials related to pitching the film and the fleshed out final characters.

The third section, "The Storyboard," covers the creative aspect I took on with this thesis: creating a storyboard for part of my show. I detail how I decided to do a storyboard, the process of making one, and what I hope to accomplish with it.

The fourth section, “Research,” covers the research I did to support why my television show is needed. It has four chapters: Women in Media, Racial Minority Characters in Media, LGBT Characters in Media, and Characters Suffering from Mental Illnesses. Each chapter explores a different minority and how they are represented in media (specifically episodic shows between the years of 1990-2000).

Children heavily identify with the characters they see on screen, and often consider them their friends. Content creators cannot continue to ignore the different types of people that exist in this world—they must be held to a higher standard so that no child has to admit that there are no characters on screen that represent them.

IN THE BEGINNING

On the Run began with me sitting on a couch and listening to two completely different songs: *House of the Rising Sun* by The Animals and *Hymn for the Weekend* by Coldplay. *House of the Rising Sun* conveyed a feeling of being on the run from something big...something paranormal in nature. I felt like I was in Louisiana learning about witchcraft from someone older than merely years could tell. I could see someone driving outside of state lines, as the sun set behind them, determined to make a life for themselves. *Hymn for the Weekend*, on the other hand, starts out with women's voices harmonizing over a background noise of birds. I could imagine a group of women singing and braiding a little girl's hair as they helped her wash the blood off of her hands in a stream. These two different visions that appeared in my imagination were the basis of my new show. I knew I wanted something that focused on camaraderie and familial ties, but with higher stakes and a supernatural twist. Since that day, I worked tirelessly to develop their world and characters so I could tell this story to others.

As I began to develop this story for my screenwriting class, I tried to think of what kind of story I would want to read or watch. I wanted something that focused on other women, because I felt like every show I watched only had one or two who seemed to interact with each other. I wanted varying ages, especially women who were in their twenties like me. I wanted complex characters that shared aspects of myself that I rarely saw on television. That is to say, I wanted characters that struggled with things like depression and anxiety, as well as characters that were not heterosexual. These were things I felt like most adolescents come into contact with (whether it is through themselves or a friend), yet there was no evidence of it on TV.

she is working for. Her magic specialties lie in these charms, specifically of the botanical kind. She is an expert at mixing herbs and flowers together to create wonderful concoctions that can soothe ailments and bring luck to others. She has dark skin (except for the white patches around her mouth, fingers, belly-button, and collar bone due to her Vitiligo) and long dark hair. She sports a pair of large round glasses and can usually be found reading law books. She is a lesbian and, though her and Nora's relationship does not start out that way, the two end up together by the end of the series.

Annora (Nora) is the second oldest in the group, at twenty-one years old. Her specialties lie in divination and astronomy, so she is the night owl of the group. Despite being Camilla's kindred spirit, she has a completely different personality. She can be defined as a "chaotic neutral" type, which means that she is unpredictable and usually serves herself. That being said, she is very loyal to her friends and takes care of Percy (Camilla's younger sister) like she is her own family. She is bisexual and Vietnamese, with dark hair that she usually braids to one side of her head (the other side is shaved into an undercut). Her right ear is covered in piercings, and she is always trying to convince Camilla to get a tattoo with her. She suffers from mild anxiety, which Camilla helps with by making different soothing herbal mixes.

Mabaille (Mab) is the last technical "adult" at eighteen years old. She is easy to spot because of her shaved head. She's shorter than the rest, with a sturdy build and tired eyes. Her mother was a pageant queen and forced the lifestyle on her daughter; she tired to get Mab to mix beauty potions (her specialty) so that she could win competitions. Mab hated her emotionally abusive mother, and eventually shaved all her hair and ran away from home. She is quiet but dedicated, and is a night owl with Nora. She bands together

with Lysander, though the two fight like sisters. She is white and a lesbian, has a touch of OCD, and typically dresses rather masculine.

Lysander (Lye) is the odd one out, at sixteen. She's known Camilla and Percy since birth because of her aunt's connection to their family. She was a stowaway on the trip, against her Aunt's wishes, and tries extremely hard to be of use. She has a chip on her shoulder and believes that people look down on her because she is young. She is the main mediator since she does not stay angry long, and is an upbeat addition to the group (despite her low self-esteem and depression). Her specialties lie in pyrotechnics, and her fiery tricks usually land her in a lot of trouble. She is white and the only heterosexual one in the group. She is chaotic and immature, but she means well.

The youngest in the group is Persephone (Percy) at seven years old. She is Camilla's little sister and is generally seen as a perfect angel. She doesn't like to talk much (more than likely a side-effect of their father's physical abuse) so Camilla teaches her aspects of sign language to use. She is an incredibly powerful witch, and the reason that the girls are on the run. She is plagued by a dark spirit after she accidentally murders their father, and suffers from hallucinations that cause her to alter reality. Other than that, she is a typical seven-year old and even adopts a possum when she mistakes it for a cat.

Once I had established these characters, I knew it was time to start developing my story for a media format, specifically television.

DEVELOPMENT FOR TELEVISION

As I began to develop my idea into a screenplay, I knew I needed to create an outline that would last. I wrote summaries for two seasons worth of episodes and named them all after idioms that matched what was happening in that episode. I tried to pace it out so that the viewer never felt overwhelmed by constant action; I wanted them to have episodes where they just got to watch the characters be happy and grow together. After conversing with my professor, I also wrote it as a film screenplay for versatility. However, I believe the idea would work best in an episodic format.

The episodes were originally planned to be around thirty minutes each, but I left room in case I wanted to shrink them down for the more standard cartoon format. The first season covers the girls as they run from their home in Arizona towards the East Coast. The show begins when Percy accidentally murders their abusive father, not understanding her true powers. Camilla, Percy, Mab, Nora, and Lye all learn about a mysterious prophecy surrounding Percy while they hide out from the cops. After learning that a council on the other side of the country can help them, all the girls set out, dodging cops as they go. They teach Percy how to use her magic while trying to keep up the ruse of normalcy. However, they get sidetracked when the officials chasing them kidnap Camilla. They then aim their sights towards Las Vegas and plan an intricate rescue mission, which ends in the safety of all the girls. They then head towards New Orleans to meet up with the grandmother that Camilla and Percy didn't know they had so they can learn more about the strange prophecy.

THE STORYBOARD

When I first started this project, I thought that I would be undertaking a completely different part of the artistic pipeline. I thought I would be animating a forty-second intro sequence for my show to showcase what it was about. However, as I worked on it I realized that my passions did not lie in animating, but in storyboarding. I also thought that medium gave me better creative control over which part of my project to show to my audience. It allowed me to focus on a more intimate scene instead of having to animate a broad overview of everything.

As I searched through my screenplay to find the right piece, I landed on a scene that depicted Mab and Lye teaching Percy how to use her magic (seen on pages 116-119 of this thesis and on pages 41-44 of the attached screenplay). Before the scene happens, the girls have stopped in a small town in Arizona to make some extra cash to finance their gas and car maintenance. Camilla gets a job working at a convenience store while Nora uses her divination powers to entice the artsy crowd of the small town. Camilla disagrees but, after seeing how much money Nora is making, caves and uses a small charm to try to get more customers to come to her shop. Meanwhile, Mab and Lysander stay back in the hotel, trying (poorly) to teach Percy to aim her magic (since she has only used it once without her control). The storyboard starts in the middle of their lesson. After receiving encouragement from Mab and Lye, Percy casts her first controlled spell. Right after this, Camilla and Nora storm in, midway through a fight about using their magical powers. However, when they learn of Percy's achievements, the fight dissipates. I felt like this was a great way to showcase their different personalities as well as showing

how much they actually care for each other. It was a nice, self-contained scene that had a proper beginning and ending, humor, drama, and a feel-good ending. It was perfect.

Next came the actual process of storyboarding. It began with me re-reading the script selection over and over again. I tried to envision it in my mind; which camera angles would convey the most emotion and which ones were the most interesting to look at. Storyboarding is the first time people see a story visually represented, so it was important for it to look right. I put down a lot of rough pages, eventually settling on a flow that I liked. Then came the digital aspect.

I used my drawing tablet and Toonboom Storyboard Pro to make my vision come to life. I sketched out each of the frames all over again, making them bigger and cleaner than before. I added more frames to convey more movement and to make the actions clearer to the audience. I also cleaned up some of those frames to help establish a pattern.

I listened to a lot of music while I worked, trying to find some that felt right in the scene. In the end, I settled on some music from *Night in the Woods*, an Indie video game about teenagers experiencing paranormal things in their small neighborhood, *Silver Spoon*, a slice of life anime about friends banding together at an agriculture school, and *Steven Universe*, a kid's cartoon about a boy with magical powers living with his female-dominated family. I felt that each of these represented something that I loved that I was putting into my own work, and it became a sort of tribute.

After all this work, I can only hope that I can continue to clean the storyboard and refine it with more critique from my peers. I would love to pitch it and share my idea with others around the world. I feel like this is a story that needs to be told. These characters are dear to my heart, and I know how important it is for young creators to see

themselves represented. I want this show to be a possibility more than anything because I want to inspire young girls to feel like they can do anything. I want them to feel comforted by these characters in the same way I was when I was creating them. There is magic in a well-told story, and in that way I try to be as much of a witch as Camilla, Nora, Lysander, Mab, and Percy.

THE RESEARCH

The research I did was integral to my story. I knew that before I could ever pitch this to anyone, I had to show why a story like this was needed. I had to point out the discrepancies in media towards various minorities so that others would empathize with my cast of characters. I did research into women, racial minorities, LGBT characters, and characters suffering from mental illnesses (narrowed down to those that adolescents usually face like anxiety and depression). These topics are divided into chapters to explore them further.

CHAPTER 1: WOMEN IN MEDIA

In 1985, Allison Bechdel's comic strip, *Dykes to Watch Out For*, introduced a concept that would later become known as the Bechdel Test. This rule applies to all media and asks whether the content in question has at least two women in it who talk to each other about something other than a man (Bechdel). To increase the difficulty, some people add on the rule that the women be named before the conversation starts. This rule is important because, according to a database that attempts to record as many movies as possible, only half of all movies pass (and many only pass because the women are talking about marriage or children) (Bechdel Movie List). Even fewer cartoons seem to pass this test, especially before the 90s. Some would argue that these statistics are not applicable to children, but television, specifically animated cartoons, are how children prefer to get their information from 18 months until 2 years of age (Hapkiewicz). In addition, children cannot tell what is their reality and what is a created fantasy they see on TV; they often believe "cartoon characters are...real and alive" (Baker & Ball). Children have amazing minds, creating whole worlds and imaginary friends from scratch; it is no surprise that they would so ardently adore their favorite characters. They look up to them and believe them to be real companions. However, what they are imitating is not always what they should be aspiring to.

Women have always been underrepresented, but this is especially true in children's cartoons: three out of four characters are male, even in a setting where creators quite literally make them up (Smith, 2008; Götz, 2006). This is a particularly grievous offense since it has been noted that children tend to imitate same-gender characters on-

screen (Courtney & Whipple 1983). In 2007, research was done worldwide to ascertain the portrayal of cartoon characters. To start, the kinds of characters that girls are imitating are most often thin and white, with either blonde or red hair. They are rarely overweight, they are most often in groups, and they are only leaders 1/3 of the time (and those leaders are disproportionately white) (Götz Worldwide). Male characters also talk twice as much as female characters (contrary to popular belief), express their opinions/interrupt female characters more, and answer questions more. According to Theresa Thompson, female characters are also more likely to “be portrayed as weaker, more controlled by others, emotional, warmer, tentative, romantic, affectionate, sensitive, frailer, passive, complaining, domestic, stereotypical, and troublesome...” (Thompson). Other trends she noticed were helplessness, being rescued, failing, and gossiping, all things that, she noticed, are stereotypical of women (in comparison to the men who got to show traits that were uncharacteristic and far more varied).

Overall, female representation is bland. They get far less “breakout” roles than men do, for fear of being “ugly.” Female characters are “noticeably underrepresented as animals...monsters...robots...and other fictional beings” (Götz Worldwide). Despite being in worlds where the laws of physics and rationality rarely apply, women are still held to the same confines and expectations that they are in the real world. Must they always be housewives, cheerleaders, and witches? Why can they not be werewolves, ghosts, explorers, surgeons, or trolls? Even in these roles, they usually look far different than their male counterparts. They are sure to have a defined and delicate jaw, a cinched waist, eyelashes, and a noticeable chest. This sends a very specific message: her gender is

more important than her character. In cartoons, female characters are hyper-sexualized five times more often than males (Smith 2008).

It would seem that, contrary to expectation, the greater the creative freedom, the more likely the bias will tend towards male characters. These male characters suffer as well, however, by being shown that any characteristics they have that are deemed “feminine” have no place in today’s world. In a category of cartoon called “teachy-preachy,” males are more often sensitive and emotional. However, in other categories like action/adventure, these traits are non-existent. In addition, the “teachy-preachy” males are considered more androgynous than manly, pointing out to young boys that being in touch with their emotions makes them less of a man. However, yelling, interrupting, and bullying do not (in fact, these actions often accompany “manly-man” characters) (Thompson). Television is teaching girls that their emotions or emotions associated with femininity are unwanted and unimportant. It is teaching young girls that *they* are unimportant. Rosenkrantz, Vogel, Bee and Braverman suggested that these exact barriers and expectations are at least partly responsible for young girls’ low self-esteem.

From a young age, women are told that they cannot be anything unless they, in some way, serve a man and are beautiful while doing it. Television can empower women simply by showing them as equals. It has been suggested that children can be taught to be more environmentally aware by making cartoon characters recycle and care about the environment. If this can be achieved, then surely showing women in diverse roles (and making male characters with “feminine” attributes more prominent and normal) can help children grow and develop healthily.

CHAPTER 2: RACIAL MINORITY CHARACTERS IN MEDIA

For how infrequently women are shown in the media, WOC (women of color) are shown even less. This chapter focuses mostly on Black women, but all other minorities are implied through this generalization.

In America, every minority in animation history has started out as a stereotype. However, before stereotypes, there are schemas. Robert Axelrod defines a schema as a “pre-existing assumption about the way the world is organized” (Axelrod). These assumptions later go on to form stereotypes. However, if schemas are stopped at an early stage, then the stereotypes never become fully formed. Axelrod mused that, if a schema were to be contradicted, there were two possible outcomes: if it comes from a trusted source, then this new knowledge could be added to the schema to update it, or the schema could be forgotten as a whole. However, if the viewer does not trust the source, then the original schema stays the same. In other words, if a trusted source for children (the cartoons they watch on TV every day) were to present minorities often and in a positive light, children would learn early on that a minority presence was normal and welcomed. However, if they are not introduced to this concept, then they are more susceptible to stereotypes they see elsewhere (or to create their own based on the few COC [characters of color] they see in the media). A few of these stereotypes can be shown through the history of animation.

COC, specifically Blacks, got a rocky start in the American media to put it lightly. Warner Bros. “Looney Tunes” and Disney, among many other studios, characterized Black characters with completely black skin, only highlighted by puffy white lips and eyes. These characters were often stupid, getting into various troubles, and had

exaggerated features such as their noses to make them look ape-like. They were most commonly associated with “savages,” being drawn with loincloths or a bone in their hair/through the nose, and were usually pitied by the white characters (Lehman). Asian characters, too, were portrayed with “slanted eyes, bucked teeth, and sneaky personalities” (Smith 2004). A couple of specific examples include Warner Bros. “Jungle Jitters”, Popeye’s “You’re a Sap Mr. Jap”, and to a lesser extent Disney’s *Dumbo* with the character Jim Crow who acted stereotypically black. These representations started with the advent of cartoon short stories in the 1920s and lasted up until the 1970s (however, some would claim it has gone on longer). This meant that in addition to being segregated, beaten, and discriminated against, Black children did not even have the solace of cartoons to soothe them as other children did. And even then, young Black girls had even less solace because the rarity of a Black character was doubled when that character was a “she.”

Depending on the neighborhood children grow up in, they may not see very many people of a certain race. Kids who live in California are more likely to find a Vietnamese population (around 600,000) than say Wyoming (around 300) (2010 Census). Because of this, it is important to show various minorities throughout multiple shows—children need to be exposed to the rapidly changing cultural makeup of their country. Television influences “the process by which one learns...social roles, self-concepts, and behaviors that are generally accepted within American society” (Stroman). For many children, this is the first time they will be exposed to different kinds of people and shown how to act towards them. Many cartoon creators either stereotype minorities or leave them out of shows altogether because they feel it is not representative of their target audience

(Greenberg; Van Evra). This is an outdated way of thinking and it is not sustainable in today's diverse population.

In addition to making sure that COC are present in cartoons, their actions, backgrounds, and history must also help steer them into a positive light. Black people are often made out to be criminals on the news (or at least more villainous than White people who have committed the same crime) and so many people associate them with criminal activity (Grimes & Drechsel). Once this racial schema turns into a stereotype, it is hard for people to let it go. It becomes an extension of their own beliefs, and any attack on it is treated as such. Instead of portraying Blacks as monkeys, they now discriminate against them by casting them in fewer leading roles, giving them less important jobs, and making them inferior to the White characters (more subversive and less controversial ways of maintaining their racial schemas). This is considered symbolic racism, defined as “a new form of racial attitude, a form of resistance to change in the racial status quo based on moral feelings that blacks violate such traditional American values as individualism and self-reliance, the work ethic, obedience, and discipline” (Sears & Kinder). This only reinforces racial tension and makes it harder to overcome, especially since it is a delicate subject to breach.

Creators seem to view racial minority characters as an accent piece, leading to the term “token Black friend”. In reality, White children make up about half of the population (53% in 2010), while the rest of the minorities make up the other half (14% Blacks, 23% Hispanic, and Asians 5%)(Child Trends). The distribution is not one minority for every group of White children, though. Minorities tend to stick together, so realistic profiles are more mixed. Personally, one of my friend groups is three White

people and two Vietnamese people. Meanwhile, my friend in California is one White person in a friend group of five Asian people. It differs by location, but it is in no way “unrealistic” to have multiple minorities present in one group, just as it is unrealistic to have one female in a group of male characters. Relying on one person to represent an entire culture is dangerous and leads to negative views. If there are three White children in a group and one acts poorly, it reflects on his personality because the other White children may act differently. If there is one Black child in the group, and she acts poorly, it is a reflection on her whole race since there is no one there to offset her. Frederick Iron explained “the world is much too large for people to come into contact with each other. Because of these limitations, mass communication relies on stereotypes to provide depth and background to information about others” (Smith 2008).

Of course, the most important way that racial minority characters can be created is to hire minority creators. A popular cartoon on Cartoon Network today called *We Bare Bears* features three bears and their Korean friend Chloe. Asian-American creator Daniel Chong said this about his show:

...I received some questions and criticism about why the Bears were treated so poorly by some humans, and that their treatment often felt unmotivated. After all, these Bears were really fun and cute, so how could anyone deny them what they wanted? My response is it has always been evident to me, as an Asian American, that some individuals are treated unfairly for no other reason than looking differently. And... it is to me an allegory for what it feels like to be a minority in America. (Scott)

It is important to recognize that there are many complex and beautiful races that make up the American population. Continuing to create shows that only feature White children is not only harmful, but ignorant as well. Having positive role models is important for children of any age, and with today’s technology it is expected.

CHAPTER 3: LGBT CHARACTERS IN MEDIA

LGBT (Lesbian, Gay, Bisexual, and Transgender) representation in children's cartoons is nearly nonexistent. This is largely due to censorship from the networks that prevent LGBT characters or relationships from being aired. There are many people in the United States, as well as worldwide, who do not agree with LGBT relationships to the point where they do not want to see any content relating to it. Networks are too afraid of backlash and angry e-mails, so they censor the cartoons that they hire others to create. Shows such as *Clarence*, *Steven Universe*, *SpongeBob SquarePants*, and *The Amazing World of Gumball* are all semi-recent cartoons that have had episodes changed due to "homosexual overtones" or "risqué scenes" between two characters of the same gender. Children have no exposure to LGBT characters except for the knowledge that they are "bad" and "forbidden."

There are only about 33 American cartoons that have featured LGBT characters in television history; to put this into perspective, in the year 1995 alone there were 26 new cartoon shows. So far in 2018 there have been 30 new cartoon shows, and the year is not even half over. In the roughly seventy year period of animated TV shows, there are barely enough LGBT characters to fill even one year. In addition, many of those shows are aimed at an adult audience, like *American Dad*, or characters are not confirmed in show due to network restrictions. On top of this, many depictions of LGBT characters rely on hurtful stereotypes. For instance, the gay character Herbert in *Family Guy* is an old man who is outwardly pedophilic. In *South Park*, Stephen Stotch is implied to be cheating on his wife at a gay bathhouse. *Morel Orel*'s bisexual Coach Stopframe is shown to only be interested in sex and engages in bestiality. Gay characters are usually

hyper-effeminate, lesbian characters are often “man-haters” and punk girls, bisexual characters are shown as promiscuous, and transgendered characters are practically non-existent. Networks refuse to show LGBT characters in many cases, yet when they do get through the barriers they are horrible representations that leave viewers with a bad taste in their mouth. This only reinforces the belief for many that there should not be more LGBT characters on-screen. Various networks include LGBT characters for “brownie-points,” with no intention of fleshing out the characters past their sexuality. 2016 had the famous hashtag #buryyourgays, culminating after 25 lesbian/bisexual women were killed off on various TV shows throughout the year. LGBT women lamented at the fact that their only future in media was to be a stepping-stone for someone else, and that they had an incredibly short shelf life. However, in the real world, many of these stereotypes ring untrue.

The following statistics should be taken with a grain of salt: because of the low educational materials and acceptance for LGBT people in America, many choose not to identify or are unsure of their sexuality. That being said, about 5% of the American population currently identifies on the LGBT spectrum, and it is expected to increase in the next five years. In some states, they account for up to 11% of the population! It is notable that 46% of LGBT people are over the age of forty. In addition to this, they tend to flock together, so many friend groups consist of varied sexualities. For instance, in one of my friend groups the layout is 3/6 bisexual, 1/6 lesbian, and 2/6 straight. In another of my friend groups, the layout is 3/6 bisexual and 2/6 lesbian and 1/6 gay. However, in children’s television, LGBT characters that are clearly acknowledged in the show as well as by the creators can be counted on one hand. *Clarence* and *The Loud House* are two of

these shows, while others like *Avatar: The Legend of Korra* and *Adventure Time* had to rely on more nebulous ways to affirm their characters in order to bypass network censorship. It should be noted that many of the LGBT characters that have been pushed in recent years come from creators who are also LGBT.

Overall, LGBT characters deserve better than what they are getting. They are a multifaceted aspect of human life that cannot be boiled down to one single character. Lesbians are both butch and femme. Gay men can be both theater kids and football players. Bisexuals can be awkward and shy or homecoming queen. Transgendered characters are more than “who they were before”; they are complex individuals. LGBT youths are depending on media to give them some representation of their future in this world and how they will be treated. Some children just need to be shown how to treat others who are different from them.

CHAPTER 4: MENTAL ILLNESS IN MEDIA

Mental illness is practically non-existent in children's media. As seems to be the trend, those depictions of mental illness that do exist are particularly harmful. The stigma against it prevents those who suffer from fully participating in society, as well as hindering their lives and recovery processes (US Department of Health and Human Services; Wahl). When people suffering from a mental illness see a character on TV who also suffers, they immediately connect. However, when they watch that character die or become a villain, it makes the person wonder if they themselves are a villain to be feared, or if their lifespan will be cut short. They cannot focus on getting better if they do not see others who have overcome their hardships first.

Very few characters have been typified with mental illness, but the few who have do not say much. People view them as "dangerous, unpredictable, unattractive, unworthy, and unlikely ever to be productive members of their communities", as well as socially unconnected and unlikely to ever recover (Wahl). According to a study, they are also more likely to fail twice as often as they succeed, be killed or injured, and be exploited (Gerber). They are usually male, white, and single. In a study, 2/3 of the mentally ill characters studied acted aggressively, and 64% of them were feared by others. Only 4/14 mentally ill characters were offered treatment, and only one seemed to benefit from it. In addition, these characters never seemed to get their diagnosis from a psychiatrist or other trusted professional; they were simply dubbed "crazy" or "insane" by other characters. Another study found that 3/6 mentally ill characters were in comedic roles and the other 3/6 were in villain roles; they were all male and unattractive. A simple look at the Batman television series, where most of his villains are suffering from some sort of

mental illness, shows the imbalance. This allows the public to distance themselves from any guilt they may experience by making fun of these characters (Wilson). In short, there are no female mentally-ill characters who are acknowledged outright, and even if there were, they would be so horribly stereotyped that it would almost not be worth their creation. The public view surrounding mental illness is a dangerous environment, ripe with misinformation and fear. However, many teens suffer from mental illnesses today.

The statistics on mental illnesses will focus primarily on older children and teens (13-18), since that is when many manifest. 20% of youths have a mental health condition, 11% have a mood disorder, 10% have a behavioral disorder, and 8% have an anxiety disorder (Nami). Things like ADD, anxiety, and depression are skyrocketing in the upcoming generations. School is harder than ever before, families are more likely to break apart, the social environment nationwide is in uproar between gun control and other things like the Flint water crisis, and the political climate is polarizing people of all ages. These outside factors, along with inside factors like the makeup of a child's brain, create a perfect storm for mental illness. The problem is, many children do not know how to identify this problem. It goes unchecked, gets worse, and then the child tries to self-medicate which often leads to eating disorders, self-harm, and even suicide. These outcomes are highly preventable with the right educational materials. Showing characters on-screen with these illnesses who seek therapy, take their medication, talk out their problems with friends, and actively try and recover despite the hardships are what children need to see. They have to see that recovery is an option and a likely outcome. Many troubled youths assume they will not make it through their adolescence, and thus enter their twenties unprepared and with a lack of belonging. Giving them characters to

relate to will decrease the chance of this happening. They deserve the chance to see others who survive what they are dealing with.

CONCLUSION

This intensive research was conducted so that I could prove that the representation I was trying to show in my script was, in fact, necessary. Cartoons are an important form of education for children, regardless of how silly they may be, and it is up to determined creators to fulfill what those children need to see. If I wanted for something when I was growing up, it seems to be my job to put it out into the world so that another kid can come after me and create something even better. More importantly, I want to achieve this goal without relying on traditional gender stereotypes; I want to prove to every girl that she can get a job doing what she loves without being conventionally beautiful and without serving men. Michael Eisner, previous chairman of Disney, once said to a woman “from my position, the hardest artist to find is a beautiful, funny woman...usually, unbelievably beautiful women...are not funny.” I was crushed when I read that—who cared if I was beautiful? That had nothing to do with the show I was making. In addition, many female animators are dissuaded from the career path by predatory men, exemplified by the relationship between John Kricfalusi and Robyn Byrd (a famous animator and his underage “girlfriend”). In fact, on the website for Women in Animation, one of their hyperlinks (next to Mentorships and Scholarships) is for information about sexual harassment. This is a world I do not want to send more young women into. By making this show, I hope to empower others to change the face of women, LGBT oriented people, racial minorities, and those suffering from mental illnesses forever.

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APPENDICES

APPENDIX A: CHARACTER SHEETS



Figure A: Camilla

Camilla is the eldest, 22, in the group of witches—she is also the most responsible. She’s rather quiet and has learned to keep a handle on her shorter temper; she very rarely raises her voice to anyone in the group, but is a spitfire to any outsider who harms her friends (very mother-hen like). At 5’11”, she’s also the tallest in the group—very slender with long dark hair and ebony skin. Her witching specialties lay in herbs and charms. She is very skilled with finding flowers/plants that are useful. She’s very straight-laced and if she ever has to steal something, she leaves behind “good fortune” charms to make up for it. Very academically smart, but struggles with real-world planning. She’s an early riser, and she drinks tea in the mornings. She was born and raised in Arizona with her sister.

In three years, I see Camilla living in a small townhouse and running her own small business using her charming powers to sell jewelry and clothes imbued with good luck and other spells for the user. She is saving up to go to law school, and is helping rebuild The Order on the side.

Sex: F
Age: 22
Height: 5'11"
Weight: 130 lb
Race: Black
Eyes: Brown
Hair: Black and long, wild
Skin: Very dark and smooth with white patches around her mouth, belly-button, fingers, and collarbone (Vitiligo)
Clothes: Wears delicate clothes—often flow-y with pastel colors. Large round glasses
Posture: Prim and proper
Movement: Graceful, seems like she could have been a dancer
Speech: Slow and quiet
Marks: N/A
Birthday: March 22nd
Name: Camilla Adrieux
Parents/Guardians: Sabine Adrieux (deceased) and Thomas Pech
Home Life: Bad—often abused by her father and isolated from her mother
Parent's Educational Level: Mother (B.A. in Biochemistry) Father (some high-school)
Parent's Occupation: Mother (Research) Father (unemployed)
Parent's Financial Situation: very low middle-class
Siblings: Persephone Adrieux
Education: B.A. in Business
Values: Straight-edge; against drugs, alcohol, and any form of law breaking
Sexual Orientation: Homosexual
Outlook on Life: Cynical—keeps good mentality but is prepared for the worst
Outlook on Self: Positive—believes she is being helpful
Goals: To make sure her sister is safe and to become part of some useful order
Strengths: Hard-working, determined, kind, maternal, intelligent
Fears: Forgetting her mother, losing Percy, making nothing of herself
Failures: Overprotective, takes the whole world on her shoulders, works herself to exhaustion
Skills: Charms, sewing, leader



Figure B: Annora

Nora is the second oldest, at 21, and Camilla's kindred spirit. She's Vietnamese, and has slick black hair, featuring an undercut. She's outspoken and quick to fight to defend others. Unfortunately this makes her rather judgmental. She's 5'8", and was obviously an athlete at one point (volleyball). She loves water and oceans, and becomes more irritated when she is landlocked. She gets occasional migraines and makes sure everyone is eating fruit on the road. Her favorite subject in school was English, and she used to smoke cigarettes. Her specialties lie in astronomy and divination. She's a night owl since she spends most of the evenings watching the stars. She is very close to Camilla, and Persephone is practically her little sister as well. Nora was a foster child and bounced around homes, but once she met Camilla, she ran away from her next three sets of parents to be with her until social services gave up. She is coping with her anxiety, and Camilla gives her herb mixes to help feel better on the road. She hates feet, which Lysander takes full advantage of. She adores coffee, black. She was born in Boston, MA, and lived there until she was 12 when her father disappeared.

In three years I see Nora having finished college and working in an art museum. She is dating Camilla, but keeps her romantic life very private. She has a cat and is living in a pretty crappy studio apartment that she fills with plants that she can take care of. She makes frequent calls to her other friends and is taking astronomy courses at night.

Sex: F

Age: 21

Height: 5'8"

Weight: 150 lb
Race: Vietnamese
Eyes: Blue
Hair: Shoulder length black hair, undercut on right side of her head
Skin: Medium skin tone
Clothes: Street fashion
Posture: Upright and strong stance
Movement: Deliberate and powerful
Speech: normal, bit of a lisp
Marks: Scar on upper lip, piercings all on her right ear
Birthday: January 22nd
Name: Annora Persuad
Parents/Guardians: Eric Persuad (deceased)
Home Life: very loved, but went to foster homes after father died
Parent's Educational Level: B.A. Business
Parent's Occupation: Middle-School teacher
Parent's Financial Situation: Middle-Class
Siblings: N/A
Education: Some college (major: art history)
Values: Against most illegal things, but mostly serves herself
Sexual Orientation: Bisexual
Outlook on Life: Positive
Outlook on Self: Positive
Goals: To make her father proud and have a stable job/life
Strengths: divination, good communicator, great navigator
Fears: Dying young, being poor
Failures: judgmental, self-centered, morally ambiguous
Skills: good mediator, volleyball/sports, ukulele



Figure C: Mabraille

Mab is the “middle child”, at 18. She stands at 5’6” and is surprisingly strong. She has platinum hair that she’s shaved since she was 15. She’s also a night-owl, and usually drives while Nora lays in the back window to star gaze. She takes on a lot of responsibility and is the quietest in the group. She loves art, but she doesn’t paint nearly as much as she used to. She only ever wears sensible sneakers, and a lot of her clothes are hand-me-downs. Her mother was a beauty queen from a small town, and tried to force the life on her daughter. Mab got fed up with being someone she wasn’t and decided to cut her hair—she tries as hard as she can to be “conventionally ugly” and to give off harsh vibes. She bites her nails and always eats with her elbows on the table. She and Lysander band together but fight often. Her specialty lies in potions. She is also the most responsible when it comes to mapmaking or research. She struggles with a mild case of OCD and often picks at the leather on the steering wheel. She was born in South Carolina, and ran away when she was 15.

In three years, I see Mab enrolled in college, studying Forensics. She goes to the same college as Lysander and they are roommates. She volunteers at the local women and children’s shelter and is making a documentary about pageants with her college’s film group. She works at a bar with Lysander’s boyfriend, which is how they met. She is considering joining her college’s female rugby team.

Sex: F

Age: 18

Height: 5’6”

Weight: 170 lb

Race: White

Eyes: Blue

Hair: Platinum blonde (shaved)

Skin: Pale

Clothes: Wears whatever is convenient—more masculine clothes
Posture: Purposefully slouches but naturally has good posture, body language introverted
Movement: doesn't move much, body very calm
Speech: low, quiet, snarky
Marks: Wants tattoos
Birthday: July 23rd
Name: Mabraille Valoir
Parents/Guardians: Traci Valoir
Home Life: poor, verbally abused by mother
Parent's Educational Level: some highschool
Parent's Occupation: Cashier at the Piggly-Wiggly
Parent's Financial Situation: Lower middle-class
Siblings: N/A
Education: high-school graduate
Values: Self-serving, doesn't care what people do as long as it doesn't hurt anybody,
Sexual Orientation: Homosexual
Outlook on Life: Dismal—believes in the companionship of her friends but doesn't much care about the world
Outlook on Self: Pretty good—believes she's making great strides in appearing and behaving how she wants to, but sometimes forces it
Goals: To become the antithesis of her mother—to have gained success by her hard work and to go to college to study
Strengths: Determined, studious, great researcher, dependable
Fears: Being forced to live with her mother, having to return to the life she abandoned, being separated from her friends
Failures: Impulsive, over-exerts herself, loyal to a fault
Skills: Potions, art, great listener

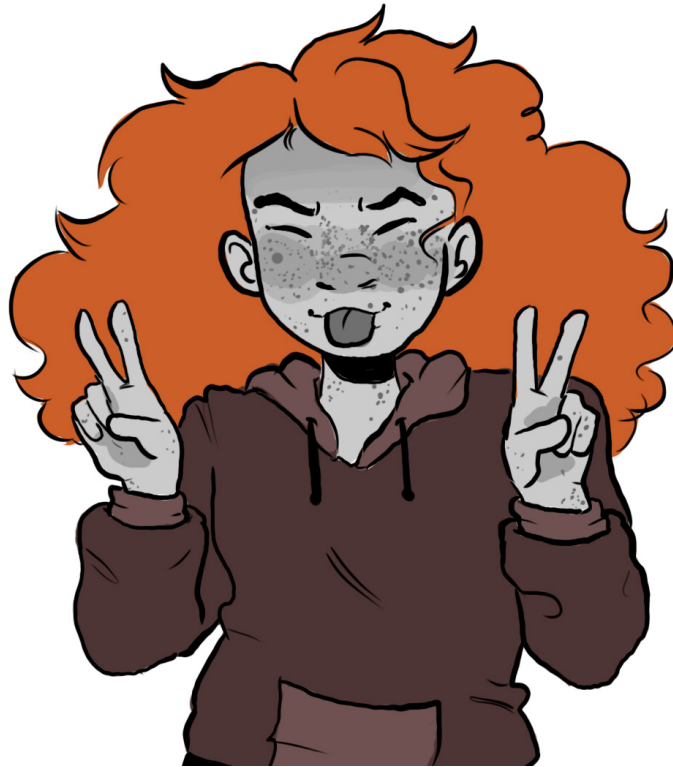


Figure D: Lysander

Lysander is the second youngest, at 16, and the most enthusiastic. She has a big, bubbly personality and is incredibly physically affectionate. She has an insane amount of wild red hair and is covered head to toe in freckles. Her teeth are pretty crooked because she never had braces. She's very headstrong and courageous, and is covered in bruises and scrapes most of the time. She's one of the main mediators of the group since she never stays angry or upset for more than five minutes. She's a bit of pyromaniac, and her specialties lie in making traps, weapons, and protection spells. She's a great cook, but very messy. She's a little spitfire, only clocking in at 5'4". Lysander is the clown of the group, but also suffers with self-deprecation. She grew up with her eccentric aunt in California, but they both moved to Arizona two years prior to the beginning of the story—as a witch herself, Lye's aunt is close to the girls. Lye has an inferiority complex because her aunt was constantly taking in young witch refugees and she didn't get a lot of attention. Her aunt and Camilla were very close and she harbors some resentment to Camilla and her way of life.

In three years, I see Lysander enrolled in college, majoring in Computer Science. She has a strong friend group. She has a boyfriend who is an English major by day, daredevil by night. He is a bartender and she is a barista until she is old enough to join him. Her self-esteem has improved and she still maintains strong connections with her friends and Aunt.

Sex: F

Age: 16

Height: 5'4"

Weight: 135 lb

Race: White (Irish ancestors)

Eyes: Brown

Hair: Red and curly
Skin: Pale and freckled
Clothes: Laid-back, sweatshirts, dresses mostly for comfort. Loves jeans with patches
Posture: Slouches a lot
Movement: quick and eccentric, talks with her hands
Speech: very loud
Marks: freckles with a mole next to her right eyebrow
Birthday: September 16
Name: Lysander Farrow
Parents/Guardians: Abel Farrow (Aunt)
Home Life: Lived in a foster home for young witches basically—warm environment, very loved, but felt ignored sometimes
Parent's Educational Level: B.S. in Social Services
Parent's Occupation: Children's book author
Parent's Financial Situation: Upper middle class
Siblings: 3 older brothers (21, 24, 30)
Education: Some high-school
Values: None
Sexual Orientation: Heterosexual
Outlook on Life: Positive, if a little wry
Outlook on Self: Negative—cocky but has extreme self-deprecation issues
Goals: To be needed by others and to be noticed by some high achievement/act of heroism
Strengths: Funny, powerful, positive, mediator, loving
Fears: dying without being noticed, isolation
Failures: Headstrong, quick to anger, immature, undisciplined
Skills: pyrotechnic magic, great climber, can play guitar



Figure E: Persephone (and Kitty)

Percy is the youngest, at 7, and Camilla's younger sister. Seen by most to be a perfect angel, she is kind and quiet. In fact, she still has not spoken to anyone except Camilla when the story begins and has been classified as mute. She has massive eyes and is very trusting. She follows Camilla wherever she goes. Unknown to most until she "accidentally" murders her abusive father, she is an incredibly powerful witch. She causes a disruption in the occult world (an innocent soul spilling the blood of another) and since that day she is "followed" by a dark presence. It mostly manifests itself in her shadow and begins to take on a life of her own, mirroring her actions but not her thoughts. Percy will often accidentally alter reality when she is scared. She finds a possum on the road during their travels and names it "Kitty", adopting it as her pet. She was born and raised in Arizona with her sister.

In three years, I see Percy (and Kitty) living with her grandma in Louisiana. Percy is in elementary school and is excelling in all her classes, as well as keeping up with her pen pals she acquired on her travels. She is still learning her magic and is making good strides. She's very close with Jack.

Sex: F

Age: 7

Height: 40"

Weight: 40 lbs

Race: Mixed (black and white)

Eyes: Hazel

Hair: Brown and curly

Skin: Lighter brown, freckly

Clothes: Basically whatever Camilla can find in thrift stores

Posture: Proper—learns from Camilla

Movement: Small gestures but "talks" with her hands and loves to run

Speech: very quiet, often doesn't speak at all—prefers to communicate in sign language sometimes

Marks: N/A

Birthday: April 14th

Name: Persephone Adrieux

Parents/Guardians: Sabine Adrieux (deceased) and Thomas Pech

Home Life: Abused by her father, but less than Camilla (who acted as her mother)

Parent's Educational Level: Mother (B.A. in Biochemistry) Father (some high-school)

Parent's Occupation: Mother (Research) Father (unemployed)

Parent's Financial Situation: very low middle-class

Siblings: Camilla Adrieux

Education: Homeschooled by Camilla

Values: Believes in the good in everyone, follows rules like her sister

Sexual Orientation: N/A

Outlook on Life: Very positive

Outlook on Self: Positive but wary—nervous that she might hurt others

Goals: Protect her sister

Strengths: Uplifting, very powerful, charming, enthusiastic learner

Fears: her powers, those chasing them

Failures: nervous, spontaneously creates powerful magic, uneducated in her powers

Skills: incredibly destructive (or restorative) magic, great reader

APPENDIX B: PROMOTIONAL MATERIALS

Figure A: Defense

A Defense of *On the Run*

Synopsis: Synopsis: Five witches embark on a cross-country road-trip after the young sister murders her father. Together, the elder “sisters” must teach the youngest how to control her magic, racing against the clock of the shady government officials who are following them and the sinister occult spirit that has started to haunt the youngest. In a search for safety, they will travel to various witch hotspots, ancient and modern, until they find an answer for the darkness that has begun to surround them.

My show is tentatively called *On The Run (OTR)*. It is a show that is sure to make your heart race as well as melt. This story of five friends, better-called “sisters”, focuses on day-to-day interactions and nuances of life while handling larger and scarier threats. I believe my show is most like the show *Stranger Things* in these elements. It also is kin to the game *Night in the Woods*, the movie and graphic novel *Scott Pilgrim vs. The World*, and the show *Supernatural*, all of which have been very popular with audiences. It is different from these shows in several ways.

- *Stranger Things*
 - **Same:** Larger group of (younger) main characters, ominous threats from the government
 - **Different:** *OTR* deals with a group of almost all girls and their powers are occult instead of experiment based
- *Night in the Woods*

- **Same:** Deals with close friends in a small town trying to figure out something bigger than themselves
- **Different:** *OTR* cast is (almost) constantly on the move and deals with mainly younger girls
- *Scott Pilgrim vs. The World*
 - **Same:** Deals with close friends who feature some sort of interesting powers that are left pretty much unexplained. Uses lots of humor
 - **Different:** *OTR* is a TV show, not a movie. The girls have a more intimate connection with their magic
- *Supernatural*
 - **Same:** Deals with siblings who are constantly on the move and usually avoiding the authorities
 - **Different:** *OTR* generally won't deal with any paranormal monsters, and the girls really aren't striving to save humanity from anything

OTR shares many popular themes, and manages to incorporate them all into one show while standing alone. Due to the nature of the timeline for my show, I believe it would best be shown on Netflix (but could also be shown on Cartoon Network or Adult Swim depending on which demographic it gets set for), so that people can effortlessly catch up/binge watch it without having to worry about missing episodes on TV.

Figure B: Synopsis

Synopsis: Five witches embark on a cross-country road-trip after the young sister murders her father. Together, the elder “sisters” must teach the youngest how to control her magic, racing against the clock of the shady government officials who are following them and the sinister occult spirit that has started to haunt the youngest. In a search for safety, they will travel to various witch hotspots, ancient and modern, until they find an answer for the darkness that has begun to surround them.

Figure C: Elevator Pitch

Okay so, you've all taken a roadtrip before, right? Maybe it was at the end of your senior year, maybe when it was when you were really little going to visit family. People go for all kinds of reasons—to see the country, to get out of their hometown, to test their friendships (and their cars), maybe because they're on the run for murder...no? Not that one?

My story is about adventure. Trust. Magic. And above all, family. Bonds forged through hardship—families formed through absence. Five young witches are dragged into a cross-country roadtrip when the young sister of the group leader accidentally murders their abusive father. But magic that powerful can't be hidden, and, unbeknownst to the girls, they are followed closely by government trackers.

In a race for time, the four girls must hide themselves while teaching the young sister to control her magical powers, which are growing and throwing them into increasingly perilous situations.

Figure D: First Season Episode Summaries

1. **Pilot (When It Rains, It Pours):** 7-year-old Persephone and her 22-year-old sister Camilla are surviving a drought in Arizona when their abusive father takes a step too far. Percy “accidentally” murders her father with her newly discovered occult powers, and a storm breaks. In the downpour, Camilla and Percy flee to the nearby house of their good friend Lysander, whose aunt takes them in and tells the group (including other friends Annora and Mabraille) that they must escape, and explains a dangerous prophecy. A shady branch of the government discovers the surge of power and goes after the girls.
2. **Come Hell and High Water:** Camilla and the gang start off on their new road-trip. They quickly encounter problems as the storm worsens and roads begin to flood. They stop at a convenience store to wait it out, but the local cops have found out about the recent murder and begin to become suspicious. The witches must use magic and their wits to escape unscathed. The FBI agents watch from the shadows and do not interfere, but determine (incorrectly) the source of their energy surge is from Camilla and decide to target her—Lysander notices this but doesn’t say anything. The girls continue to drive through the storm and the FBI arrive at Lysander’s aunt’s house.
3. **Shadow of a Doubt:** As the girls drive, Percy begins to notice an odd shadow resembling her following their car. She says nothing and the girls drive on. The FBI begins to interrogate Lysander’s aunt, taking her with them as they go to search Camilla’s house. Nora and Mab begin to stress the importance of their route, plotting out their next destination (New Mexico), while Lysander and Camilla only worry about driving away. They take a break at a park to eat and plan when the shadow catches up to Percy. Alarmed, Percy alters reality and the girls must find a way to both battle their nightmares and band together to calm Percy down. The FBI burns down their house and takes Lye’s aunt with them. The girls leave Arizona state lines.
4. **Three Time’s a Charm:** The girls stop at a smaller town halfway through New Mexico—having lost the cops, they think it’s a good idea to rest for a bit and scrounge up some cash. Nora convinces Camilla that she will take a job while Camilla stays home with Lye and Mab to train Percy in magical arts so she can control her powers. Nora sets up a fortune telling business with her divination powers which quickly attracts the excitement of the community. The others begin to teach Percy the basics of charm-work and magical safety. Camilla notices Nora’s popularity and scolds her for her “dishonest means” of making money (aka, lying to the public). Camilla tries to get a job and is rejected by the community—she spirals, wondering what she is good for if it’s not taking care of everyone else. Eventually the girls settle out and Nora (after making a hefty chunk of change) agrees to close down her business, making her last divination that a “profitable newcomer” will apply to business in her wake, and Camilla “mysteriously” begins to be accepted to jobs around town. Percy casts her first controlled spell. Lysander scrys to find out more information about the government officials following them.

5. **Field Day:** Lysander convinces the other girls to take a break and go to a local fair with Percy to avoid overworking her. Camilla continues to work her new jobs to earn money and asks for hourly updates. Soon upon arriving, the girls lose Percy. They balance trying to find her while calling Camilla, pretending Percy is still with them. Camilla has to deal with a suspicious customer who claims to know “what she really is”. Percy finds an opossum under the carousel and claims it as her own, believing it is a cat. The two meander through the park, eating food off the ground and going on rides, oblivious to their plight. The old lady believes that Camilla is an undercover actress (a harmless mistake). Camilla meets the girls at the fair, and as they are about to confess hopelessness, they find Percy asleep on a cart of the Ferris Wheel with her new pet possum, which they reluctantly allow her to keep. The old woman later reports back to an agent that she has found the witch he’s looking for, after noticing her doing charm spells to draw people into the store.
6. **Dog Days of Summer:** Lysander begins to teach Percy more dangerous spells and pyrotechnic explosions. Percy unfortunately sets off a firework inside of one of the stores that Camilla works at. Camilla has to pay her last paycheck to amount for the damages and almost loses her job. Percy feels bad and makes up her mind to tell Camilla about what she knows (that there are government officials following them and that they believe that Camilla is the most powerful witch). Camilla gets home and blows up at Lysander and chastises her about being “too immature”. Enraged, Lysander keeps the information to herself and tips off the government about where they are, believing that she can take them herself and save the girls. The hottest day of the summer rolls around in late July and tensions are mounting between the girls. Nora does some more research with Mab to try and determine more about the prophecy that surrounds Percy. They find out that there is a great likelihood that Percy might kill again, or be engulfed by darkness, and they rush to tell the others amid a large end-of-summer celebration in town. Government officials enter the town, Lysander goes to meet them.
7. **Eighty-Six:** Nora receives a phone call from Lysander’s aunt—she can’t really understand it, but knows that it’s urgent (slightly before fireworks) and all she hears is “Las Vegas”. Lysander goes to fight the officials and is quickly overtaken and knocked out cold on the outskirts of town. Nora and Mab rush through the crowds to find the other girls. Camilla is kidnapped by the officials and taken away. Nora finds Percy and drags her out of town and into the car. They drive out of the town and almost run over Lye, whom Mab picks up. They scry to find Camilla and all they see are bright lights and the rush of chips. They realize they have to go to Vegas to find Camilla and possibly Lye’s aunt.
8. **Go the Extra Mile:** The girls recount how they found their way into their strange group, telling stories to keep Percy happy and to ease her worry. Nora talks about how she first met Camilla and how she continued to run away to be with her. Lye talks about how she knew Percy’s mom for a short time, and also to herself recounts the information she’s known and kept secret. Mostly from Percy’s point of view, as she falls in and out of sleep/delusions, we hear bits of

information about all of them. Percy continues to track the followings of her shadow-double.

9. **What Happens in Vegas:** The girls arrive in Las Vegas and begin to plan out their escape mission. They all notice a billboard for a national pageant contest going on with some past winners, and the girls are astonished to see Mab on the list. Mab reluctantly lets out some of her backstory, that her mother forced her into beauty pageants, and that she was a reigning champ. Lysander and Percy stay in a hotel and practice small magic while Mab and Nora do more research on where Camilla could be. They determine that she is in a local casino/hotel that is an extremely old and paranormal site. Mab and Nora go in and scope out the place, trying to find their in. Nora tries to convince Mab to dress up with her and try and pass as casino girls; when Mab refuses, telling how her mother used to make her use beauty charms to win competitions, Nora tries again, saying that Mab should pretend to be back for the pageant and use her charm. Mab again refuses, and the two try to figure out a new plan of attack. They end up purchasing hotel rooms with the last of Camilla's money. Camilla meanwhile is being interrogated by the FBI officials in the basement, along with Lye's aunt.
10. **Dead Ringer:** While the girls continue to debate on how to sneak down to the basement, Percy falls in and out of sleep. She wakes up to see the shadow, which talks to her and warns her that she will overtake her and darkness will prevail. Percy, terrified casts a disarming spell that unbinds her shadow from herself. In her fear, she begins to bend reality again, and the fires that burned down the building originally are recreated. For the first time, her alterations are able to be seen by everyone else and the entire hotel believes the building is burning down. Everyone flees and the girls seize their change to steal back Camilla. They make their way downstairs and rescue her and Lye's aunt and escape the building. In the haste of the escape, the building does catch on fire (kitchen cooking) and begins to burn. The FBI officials believe that the girls are still inside and have perished in the flames. The girls relocate themselves to the outer skirts of Las Vegas and take refuge inside a shady Wendy's.
11. **Smell a Rat:** All the girls are delighted by Camilla's return yet Lysander holds back. Lye's aunt, whose specialty lies in reading people, understands what Lye has done and pries the truth out of her. Camilla, again enraged, begins to yell at Lye, but remembering her promise to not yell like her father, holds back. In her fidgeting, she notices on the ring her mother gave her that there are numbers engraved on the inside. She asks Lye's aunt about them, who claims they were important coordinates. They look them up and discover them to be nearby. They head out towards the coordinates, Nora and Mab trying to repair relations between Camilla and Lye. Percy sleeps for the vast majority, exhausted by her powerful efforts at the hotel.
12. **Graveyard Shift:** They arrive at the coordinates and find them to be in the middle of a graveyard. They begin to look among the headstones, confused and exhausted. Nora speaks with Camilla about the bravery of Lye in this trying time, and Mab speaks to Lye trying to encourage her to fully apologize for deceiving the group. Aware of her wrongdoings, Lye apologizes to the group and more directly to Camilla, who forgives her but tentatively. The FBI must

explain to their superiors that they've lost the girls and must abandon the mission for the time being. Percy awakens and sees a white apparition who leads her to an old headstone with their mothers name on it. Camilla mourns but Percy tries to convey to the others that the apparition is telling her to dig. Against all instinct (and modern laws) they begin to dig through the grave (Camilla also needing the closure of seeing her mothers face).

13. **Flesh and Blood:** There is a brief flashback to Camilla with her mother when they were younger, and her mother singing to her. Flash forward and Camilla chants the song without feeling as she digs. They find the casket and pull it up to open it, only to find it empty. There's a note that has an address in New Orleans. The girls realize that they still have a long journey ahead of them. They pile into a new (used) van that Lye's aunt buys for them. She informs them that she'll be heading back to Arizona to continue to take care of young witches, but under disguise and not to contact her unless necessary. The girls set out at sunrise towards Louisiana. Camilla has a new determination, a new distrust for Lye, and a few fresh scars. Lysander scrys in the backseat of the car and sees harsh troubles for the girls ahead. Nora sleeps in the trunk with Mab, both girls closer for their adventures together and covered in maps and lore, having forgotten to tell Camilla about their discovery of the dark prophecy. Percy looks out the window and sees them pass her shadow self; now bigger and more devious before she flickers out of sight. They pass a sign saying "Now leaving Nevada".

Figure E: Season 2 and 3 Plots

Season 2:

- **Episode 1-14:** The gang arrives in New Orleans and discovers the letter led them to Camilla and Percy's grandmother.
- **Episode 2-15:** The gang settles into their new semi-permanent home and Percy is enrolled in school while the others get jobs and explore the city.
- **Episode 3-16:** Percy is contacted by a member of The Order, a secret society of witches who create rules and govern from their base in Salem—Camilla searches for more answers.
- **Episode 4-17:** Nora falls for a mysterious girl who works with her, Lysander learns that her Aunt and Camilla's mother had more secrets than she thought.
- **Episode 5-18:** Percy finds a new friend in amateur magician Jack Willoughby, an 10 year old who goes to her school—Mab goes car shopping with Lysander.
- **Episode 6-19:** Camilla is becoming more interested in The Order, against her grandmothers wishes, while Percy decides to show Jack that she can do magic.
- **Episode 7-20:** Nora begins spending more and more time with her girlfriend, to the irritation of the group, and begins to blow everyone off—Mab and Lysander take a small road trip.
- **Episode 8-21:** The Grandmother's backstory is revealed as she decides to warn Camilla against The Order, including information about their mother's death—Mab and Lysander discover a magical anomaly in the city.
- **Episode 9-22:** Camilla is offered a job with The Order and must pick between a family she never knew or an opportunity she believes is good—Nora and her girlfriend get in a fight.
- **Episode 10-23:** Nora's girlfriend is revealed as a member of the Order who has been searching for Camilla's grandmother, a long time rebel, as well as Percy (for showing Jack her powers)—Camilla accepts the job offer.
- **Episode 11-24:** Mab and Lysander take Jack and Percy to the magical anomaly where Percy's shadow has been shown to be causing havoc in the occult world—Percy must confront her shadow and end it once and for all.
- **Episode 12-25:** Camilla meets the rest of the order and begins to have fears that they are not as good as she thought they were—Nora and the grandmother team up to avoid capture.
- **Episode 13-26:** Percy fights her shadow and defeats it, Nora and the grandmother drive away The Order, Camilla returns with a new mission to reform and confront this Order in Salem, Mab and Lysander find Camilla's mother.

Season 3:

- **Episode 1-27:** Camilla and the gang ask Sabine about her whereabouts for the past 8 years
- **Episode 2-28:** The girls must set off again, Percy stays behind with her grandmother to learn more magic and to stay safe, while keeping close ties with Jack

- **Episode 3-29:** In South Carolina, the gang stops to see some old friends of Sabine's—witches reveal more about the horrors of the Order—Nora is confronted by Lysander about her ex
- **Episode 4-30:** Sabine takes up the motherly role for all the girls, making Camilla uncomfortable, and bonds with Nora as she tells him what she knows of her father—Percy trains with the grandmother and becomes increasingly powerful
- **Episode 5-31:** Percy and Jack help the grandmother to run her store, and meet an old witch selling a dangerous artifact—The girls arrive in Salem.
- **Episode 6-32:** The gang does research with the Order to determine how it all went wrong—Percy and Jack discover the artifact's powers
- **Episode 7-33:** Nora's ex meets up with her to apologize and ask for help from their over-powered leader—Percy learns a new spell
- **Episode 8-34:** Order members who are against the current regime being to team up with the gang and talk about overthrowing it—Sabine and Camilla have a heart to heart
- **Episode 9-35:** Percy and Jack must plan an escape to get to Salem, the new rebels organize their plan and start their heist
- **Episode 10-36:** Percy and Jack arrive in Salem off a greyhound bus and find the gang—they all being their coup
- **Episode 11-37:** Sabine reveals her powers of hypnotism but the girls agree that they don't want to use it—the coup begins
- **Episode 12-38:** the rebels meet the leader and must convince her to step down—she refuses and the rebels must battle and their grandmother shows up to participate
- **Episode 13-39:** The rebels win and Percy uses her powers to restore the dark magic that had been seeping in through the town (bringing her powers full circle)
- **Episode 14-40:** The girls go back to New Orleans to decide what to do—Percy stays to with the grandmother to learn new magic, Nora and Sabine take a trip to find answers about her fathers death, Camilla goes back to Salem to help the order, Mab and Lysander run the grandmother's shop until they can decide where they want to go

APPENDIX C: STORYBOARD IMAGES

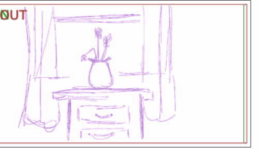
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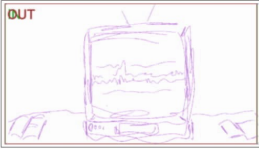
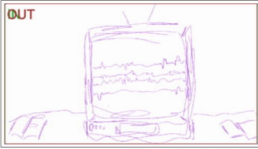
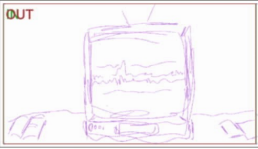
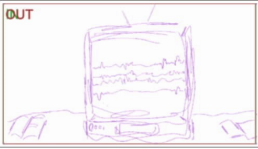

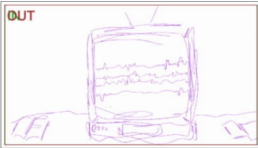

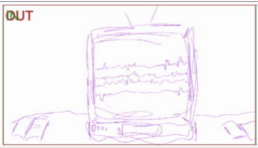
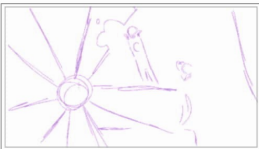
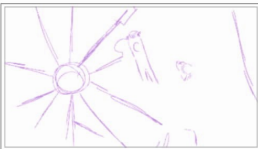
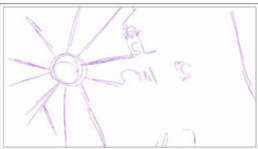
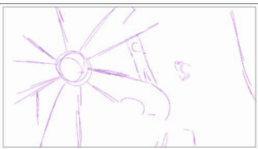
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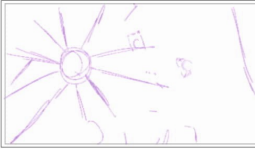

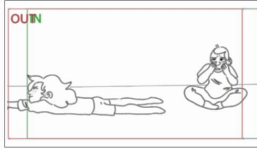
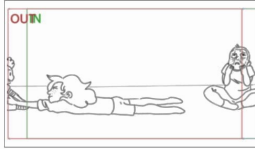
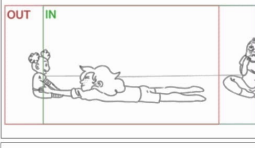
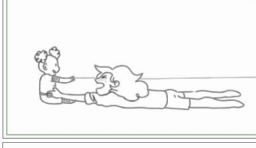
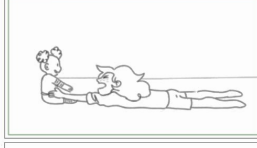
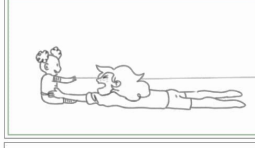
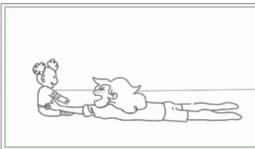


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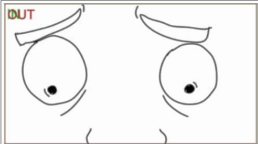
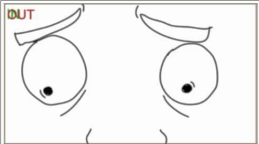
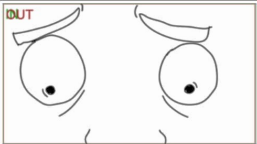

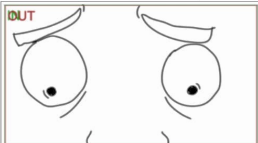
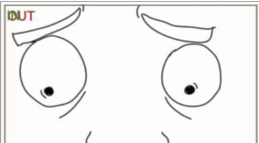
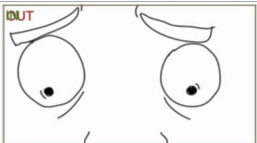




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1_0_A_1_A_1_A	08:03	4	A_00A:00	1_1_A_1_A	08:03	5	A_00A:01	1_1_A_1_A	08:03	6	A_00A:01	1_1_A_1_A	08:03	7	00:04
															
Scene	Duration	Panel	Duration	Scene	Duration	Panel	Duration	Scene	Duration	Panel	Duration	Scene	Duration	Panel	Duration
1_0_A_1_A_1_A	08:03	8	A_00A:01	1_1_A_1_A	08:03	9	A_00A:01	1_1_A_1_A	08:03	10	A_00A:01	1_1_A_1_A	08:03	11	00:04
															
Scene	Duration	Panel	Duration	Scene	Duration	Panel	Duration	Scene	Duration	Panel	Duration	Scene	Duration	Panel	Duration
1_0_A_1_A_1_A	08:03	12	A_00A:02	1_1_A_1_A	08:03	13	A_00A:11	1_1_A_1_A	08:03	14	A_00A:06	1_1_A_1_A	08:03	15	00:07
															



Scene	Duration	Panel	Duration	Scene	Duration	Panel	Duration	Scene	Duration	Panel	Duration	Scene	Duration	Panel	Duration
1_0_A_1_A_1	08:03	16	A_00A:05	1_0_A_1_A_1	08:03	17	A_00A:06	1_0_A_1_A_1	28:21	1	A_00A:23	1_0_A_1_A_1	28:21	2	01:00
Scene	Duration	Panel	Duration	Scene	Duration	Panel	Duration	Scene	Duration	Panel	Duration	Scene	Duration	Panel	Duration
0_A_1_A_1_1	28:21	1	A_00A:07	0_A_1_A_1_1	28:21	2	A_00A:08	0_A_1_A_1_1	28:21	3	A_00A:09	0_A_1_A_1_1	28:21	6	00:02
Scene	Duration	Panel	Duration	Scene	Duration	Panel	Duration	Scene	Duration	Panel	Duration	Scene	Duration	Panel	Duration
0_A_1_A_1_1	28:21	1	A_00A:08	0_A_1_A_1_1	28:21	2	A_00A:09	0_A_1_A_1_1	28:21	3	A_00A:10	0_A_1_A_1_1	28:21	10	00:03

Scene	Duration	Panel	Duration	Scene	Duration	Panel	Duration	Scene	Duration	Panel	Duration	Scene	Duration	Panel	Duration
_0_A_1_A_1	28:21	11A_0_A00:04		_A_1_A_1	28:21	11A_0_A00:02		_A_1_A_1	28:21	11A_0_A00:00		_A_1_A_1	28:21	14	01:18
Scene	Duration	Panel	Duration	Scene	Duration	Panel	Duration	Scene	Duration	Panel	Duration	Scene	Duration	Panel	Duration
_0_A_1_A_1	28:21	11A_0_A01:00		_A_1_A_1	28:21	11A_0_A01:00		_A_1_A_1	28:21	11A_0_A00:00		_A_1_A_1	28:21	18	00:07
Scene	Duration	Panel	Duration	Scene	Duration	Panel	Duration	Scene	Duration	Panel	Duration	Scene	Duration	Panel	Duration
_0_A_1_A_1	28:21	11A_0_A00:04		_A_1_A_1	28:21	12A_0_A00:03		_A_1_A_1	28:21	12A_0_A00:05		_A_1_A_1	28:21	22	00:05



Scene	Duration	Panel	Duration	Scene	Duration	Panel	Duration	Scene	Duration	Panel	Duration	Scene	Duration	Panel	Duration
_0_A_1_A_1	28:21	129	0_A00:00	_A_1_A_1	28:21	129	0_A00:03	_A_1_A_1	28:21	129	0_A00:04	_A_1_A_1	28:21	26	00:04
Scene	Duration	Panel	Duration	Scene	Duration	Panel	Duration	Scene	Duration	Panel	Duration	Scene	Duration	Panel	Duration
_0_A_1_A_1	28:21	129	0_A00:05	_A_1_A_1	28:21	129	0_A01:00	_A_1_A_1	28:21	129	0_A01:00	_A_1_A_1	28:21	30	01:00
Scene	Duration	Panel	Duration	Scene	Duration	Panel	Duration	Scene	Duration	Panel	Duration	Scene	Duration	Panel	Duration
_0_A_1_A_1	28:21	130	0_A01:00	_A_1_A_1	28:21	130	0_A00:09	_A_1_A_1	28:21	130	0_A00:09	_A_1_A_1	28:21	34	00:14



Scene	Duration	Panel	Duration	Scene	Duration	Panel	Duration	Scene	Duration	Panel	Duration	Scene	Duration	Panel	Duration
_0_A_1_A_1	28:21	13A_0_A00:03		_A_1_A_1	28:21	13A_0_A00:06		_A_1_A_1	28:21	13A_0_A00:09		_A_1_A_1	28:21	38	00:16
Scene	Duration	Panel	Duration	Scene	Duration	Panel	Duration	Scene	Duration	Panel	Duration	Scene	Duration	Panel	Duration
_0_A_1_A_1	28:21	13A_0_A01:00		_A_1_A_1	28:21	14A_0_A00:01		_A_1_A_1	28:21	14A_0_A00:03		_A_1_A_1	28:21	42	00:03
Scene	Duration	Panel	Duration	Scene	Duration	Panel	Duration	Scene	Duration	Panel	Duration	Scene	Duration	Panel	Duration
_0_A_1_A_1	28:21	14A_0_A00:03		_A_1_A_1	28:21	14A_0_A00:03		_A_1_A_1	28:21	14A_0_A00:02		_A_1_A_1	28:21	46	00:03



Scene	Duration	Panel	Duration	Scene	Duration	Panel	Duration	Scene	Duration	Panel	Duration	Scene	Duration	Panel	Duration
_0_A_1_A_1	28:21	49	00:01:00	_A_1_A_1	28:21	49	00:01:03	_A_1_A_1	28:21	49	00:01:03	_A_1_A_1	28:21	50	00:03
Scene	Duration	Panel	Duration	Scene	Duration	Panel	Duration	Scene	Duration	Panel	Duration	Scene	Duration	Panel	Duration
_0_A_1_A_1	28:21	50	00:01:03	_A_1_A_1	28:21	50	00:01:02	_A_1_A_1	28:21	50	00:01:03	_A_1_A_1	28:21	54	01:00
Scene	Duration	Panel	Duration	Scene	Duration	Panel	Duration	Scene	Duration	Panel	Duration	Scene	Duration	Panel	Duration
_0_A_1_A_1	28:21	51	00:01:00	_A_1_A_1	28:21	51	00:01:00	_A_1_A_1	28:21	51	00:01:00	_A_1_A_1	28:21	58	00:06



Scene	Duration	Panel	Duration	Scene	Duration	Panel	Duration	Scene	Duration	Panel	Duration	Scene	Duration	Panel	Duration
0_A_1_A_1	28:21	59	0_A00:00	1_A_1_A_1	28:21	60	0_A00:00	1_A_1_A_1	28:21	61	0_A00:00	1_A_1_A_1	28:21	62	00:14
Scene	Duration	Panel	Duration	Scene	Duration	Panel	Duration	Scene	Duration	Panel	Duration	Scene	Duration	Panel	Duration
0_A_1_A_1	28:21	63	0_A00:00	1_A_1_A_1	28:21	64	0_A00:00	1_A_1_A_1	28:21	65	0_A00:00	1_A_1_A_1	28:21	66	00:12
Scene	Duration	Panel	Duration	Scene	Duration	Panel	Duration	Scene	Duration	Panel	Duration	Scene	Duration	Panel	Duration
0_A_1_A_1	28:21	1_60	0_A100:00	1_A_1_A_1	29:12	1_A10	0_A100:00	1_A_1_A_1	29:12	1_A10	0_A100:00	1_A_1_A_1	29:12	3	00:14



Scene	Duration	Panel	Duration	Scene	Duration	Panel	Duration	Scene	Duration	Panel	Duration	Scene	Duration	Panel	Duration
A_1_A_1_A_1_A	29:12	1_A_30	A_100:20	A_1_A_1_A	29:12	1_A_30	A_100:08	A_1_A_1_A	29:12	1_A_30	A_100:20	A_1_A_1_A	29:12	7	01:12
Scene	Duration	Panel	Duration	Scene	Duration	Panel	Duration	Scene	Duration	Panel	Duration	Scene	Duration	Panel	Duration
A_1_A_1_A_1_A	29:12	1_A_30	A_100:00	A_1_A_1_A	29:12	1_A_30	A_100:00	A_1_A_1_A	29:12	1_A_30	A_100:00	A_1_A_1_A	29:12	11	01:00
Scene	Duration	Panel	Duration	Scene	Duration	Panel	Duration	Scene	Duration	Panel	Duration	Scene	Duration	Panel	Duration
A_1_A_1_A_1_A	29:12	1_A_30	A_100:23	A_1_A_1_A	29:12	1_A_30	A_100:00	A_1_A_1_A	29:12	1_A_30	A_100:25	A_1_A_1_A	29:12	15	00:16



Scene	Duration	Panel	Duration	Scene	Duration	Panel	Duration	Scene	Duration	Panel	Duration	Scene	Duration	Panel	Duration
A_1_A_1_A_1_A	29:12	1_RL0_A_100:06		A_1_A_1_A	29:12	1_RL0_A_100:00		A_1_A_1_A	29:12	1_RL0_A_100:21		A_1_A_1_A	29:12	19	00:15
Scene	Duration	Panel	Duration	Scene	Duration	Panel	Duration	Scene	Duration	Panel	Duration	Scene	Duration	Panel	Duration
A_1_A_1_A_1_A	29:12	1_RL0_A_100:06		A_1_A_1_A	29:12	1_RL0_A_100:03		A_1_A_1_A	29:12	1_RL0_A_100:06		A_1_A_1_A	29:12	23	00:13
Scene	Duration	Panel	Duration	Scene	Duration	Panel	Duration	Scene	Duration	Panel	Duration	Scene	Duration	Panel	Duration
A_1_A_1_A_1_A	29:12	1_RL0_A_100:06		A_1_A_1_A	29:12	1_RL0_A_100:00		A_1_A_1_A	29:12	1_RL0_A_100:05		A_1_A_1_A	29:12	27	00:11



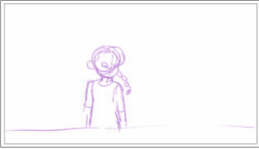

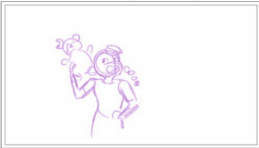
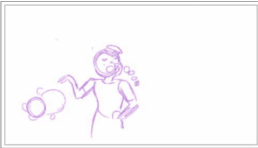

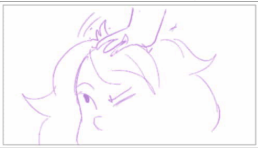




Scene	Duration	Panel	Duration	Scene	Duration	Panel	Duration	Scene	Duration	Panel	Duration	Scene	Duration	Panel	Duration
1_1_1_1_1_1	29:12	1_180	00:05	1_1_1_1_1	29:12	1_180	00:06	1_1_1_1_1	29:12	1_180	00:07	1_1_1_1_1	29:12	31	00:17
Scene	Duration	Panel	Duration	Scene	Duration	Panel	Duration	Scene	Duration	Panel	Duration	Scene	Duration	Panel	Duration
1_1_1_1_1_1	29:12	1_180	00:00	1_1_1_1_1	29:12	1_180	00:00	1_1_1_1_1	29:12	1_180	00:00	1_1_1_1_1	29:12	35	01:00
Scene	Duration	Panel	Duration	Scene	Duration	Panel	Duration	Scene	Duration	Panel	Duration	Scene	Duration	Panel	Duration
1_1_1_1_1_1	18:02	1_1_0_1_1_000:06		1_1_1_1_1	18:02	1_1_0_1_1_000:06		1_1_1_1_1	18:02	1_1_0_1_1_000:08		1_1_1_1_1	18:02	4	00:06



Scene	Duration	Panel	Duration	Scene	Duration	Panel	Duration	Scene	Duration	Panel	Duration	Scene	Duration	Panel	Duration
1_A_1_A_1	18:02	1_A_0_A_1	00A:09	1_A_1_A_1	18:02	1_A_0_A_1	00A:07	1_A_1_A_1	18:02	1_A_0_A_1	00A:08	1_A_1_A_1	18:02	8	01:23
Scene	Duration	Panel	Duration	Scene	Duration	Panel	Duration	Scene	Duration	Panel	Duration	Scene	Duration	Panel	Duration
1_A_1_A_1	18:02	1_A_0_A_1	00A:12	1_A_1_A_1	18:02	1_A_0_A_1	00A:08	1_A_1_A_1	18:02	1_A_0_A_1	00A:22	1_A_1_A_1	18:02	12	00:17
Scene	Duration	Panel	Duration	Scene	Duration	Panel	Duration	Scene	Duration	Panel	Duration	Scene	Duration	Panel	Duration
1_A_1_A_1	18:02	1_A_0_A_1	00A:13	1_A_1_A_1	41:20	1_A_0_A_1	0_A02:04	1_A_1_A_1	41:20	1_A_0_A_1	0_A02:08	1_A_1_A_1	41:20	3	01:09











Scene	Duration	Panel	Duration	Scene	Duration	Panel	Duration	Scene	Duration	Panel	Duration	Scene	Duration	Panel	Duration
A_1_A_1_A_1_A	41:20	1_A_0_A_8	0_A01:04	A_1_A_1_A	41:20	1_A_0_A_9	0_A02:08	A_1_A_1_A	41:20	1_A_0_A_9	0_A03:06	A_1_A_1_A	41:20	7	01:00
															
Scene	Duration	Panel	Duration	Scene	Duration	Panel	Duration	Scene	Duration	Panel	Duration	Scene	Duration	Panel	Duration
A_1_A_1_A_1_A	41:20	1_A_0_A_9	0_A02:09	A_1_A_1_A	41:20	1_A_0_A_9	0_A01:01	A_1_A_1_A	41:20	1_A_0_A_9	0_A03:04	A_1_A_1_A	41:20	11	00:14
															
Scene	Duration	Panel	Duration	Scene	Duration	Panel	Duration	Scene	Duration	Panel	Duration	Scene	Duration	Panel	Duration
A_1_A_1_A_1_A	41:20	1_A_0_A_9	0_A03:02	A_1_A_1_A	41:20	1_A_0_A_9	0_A03:02	A_1_A_1_A	41:20	1_A_0_A_9	0_A03:04	A_1_A_1_A	41:20	15	01:00
															



Scene	Duration	Panel	Duration	Scene	Duration	Panel	Duration	Scene	Duration	Panel	Duration	Scene	Duration	Panel	Duration
A_1_A_1_A_1_A	41:20	1_A_0_R18	0_A01:00	A_1_A_1_A	41:20	1_A_0_R19	0_A01:00	A_1_A_1_A	41:20	1_A_0_R20	0_A01:00	A_1_A_1_A	41:20	19	00:07
Scene	Duration	Panel	Duration	Scene	Duration	Panel	Duration	Scene	Duration	Panel	Duration	Scene	Duration	Panel	Duration
A_1_A_1_A_1_A	41:20	1_A_0_R18	0_A01:01	A_1_A_1_A	41:20	1_A_0_R21	0_A02:00	A_1_A_1_A	41:20	1_A_0_R22	0_A02:00	A_1_A_1_A	41:20	23	00:15
Scene	Duration	Panel	Duration	Scene	Duration	Panel	Duration	Scene	Duration	Panel	Duration	Scene	Duration	Panel	Duration
A_1_A_1_A_1_A	41:20	1_A_0_R18	0_A01:21	A_1_A_1_A	41:20	1_A_0_R23	0_A01:00	A_1_A_1_A	41:20	1_A_0_R24	0_A01:00	A_1_A_1_A	41:20	27	01:00



Scene	Duration	Panel	Duration	Scene	Duration	Panel	Duration	Scene	Duration	Panel	Duration	Scene	Duration	Panel	Duration
A_1_A_1_A	41:20	1_A_0_R28_0_A00:02	A_1_A_1_A	41:20	1_A_0_R29_0_A01:00	A_1_A_1_A	41:20	1_A_0_R30_0_A01:00	A_1_A_1_A	41:20	31	A_1_A_1_A	41:20	31	01:00
															
Scene	Duration	Panel	Duration	Scene	Duration	Panel	Duration	Scene	Duration	Panel	Duration	Scene	Duration	Panel	Duration
A_1_A_1_A	41:20	1_A_0_R32_0_A01:00	A_1_A_1_A	41:20	1_A_0_R33_0_A01:00	A_1_A_1_A	41:20	1_A_0_R34_0_A01:00	A_1_A_1_A	41:20	35	A_1_A_1_A	41:20	35	01:00
															
Scene	Duration	Panel	Duration												
A_1_A_1_A	41:20	36	01:00												

APPENDIX D: THE SCREENPLAY

FADE IN:

EXT. SOUTHWEST TOWN (PRESENT)

A small dusty town sits in the middle of a desert. The sun beats down relentlessly and heat waves dance on the pavement.

A mother calls out of her house for her children to come inside as they frolic through a sprinkler. An old man lets his equally old dog drink from a water hose. A young boy and his friends crack an egg on the sidewalk and exclaim as it sizzles. An old woman rocks in her chair on her porch as she whistles a tune. A storm rolls in over the horizon.

INT. LOCAL GROCERY STORE, NOON (PRESENT)

The same tune crackles weakly over the speakers.

A dark ebony young woman, CAMILLA ADRIEUX, works hard to service the various customers who are stocking up on water and ice.

She glances at the window as she hears thunder rumble and begins to scan the items faster, mumbling under her breath.

WANDA, her supervisor, stares out the window in confusion.

WANDA

Hun, what's eatin ya? You've been watchin' that window like the day of reckoning is upon us n' I'm seein' nothin' but that same old dusty parking lot.

CAMILLA

(embarrassed)

Oh! Wanda! I'm sorry. It's just that it looks like rain. I promised Percy that if it rained, I'd play with her.

WANDA

(chuckles)

Now you 'n I both know it's not gonna rain. This drought'll eat up those storm clouds till there's nothin left. Still...

CAMILLA

You're right. Forget I said anything! It's just that Thomas has been drinking already and Percy's home...

WANDA

Oh, dear. Well that's no good. Now,
you don't worry about any of this
you just run on home. We'll be fine
without you!

CAMILLA

Really? Oh, thank you!
(making an obvious attempt at
flattery)
I'll let the good Lord know he's
missin' one of his angels, and that
she's lying on the time stamps.

Wanda shoos her away in good spirits and Camilla rushes
outside. She gets into an old beaten up station wagon and
peels out of the parking lot.

EXT. BARREN BACKYARD, NOON

A run down house sits in the middle of the desert. Dark
imposing clouds are getting closer, but the sun is still
strong. A dry wind gusts over the cracked earth.

The car kicks up a dust trail as it pulls up next to it.
Camilla exits, throws her apron in the car, and runs to the
backyard.

A child, PERSEPHONE ADRIEUX, sits on the steps, a pair of
bright purple rain boots beside her. She has wild brown hair
and light brown skin. She brightens at Camilla's approach
and runs towards her.

CAMILLA

It's gonna rain, you little frog!
Didn't I tell ya?

PERSEPHONE

Rain! Rain! Rain!

Persephone and Camilla chant together, marching around the
backyard before Camilla bends down to tickle her.

PERCY

Do a trick!

CAMILLA

A trick you say! Hmmm...

She swirls her fingers around and small golden sparks dance
around them. Percy claps with excitement.

PERCY

Again!

Camilla smiles. She finds a flower in the ground and makes the same motion. The flower suddenly blooms despite the drought, purple and vibrant.

Percy's laughter fills the air.

The radio can be heard from inside the open window to the kitchen, mingled with their laughter, as Camilla picks up Percy to swing her around. She hums an old lullaby.

RADIO ANNOUNCER

(fades in)

--thanks, Charlie. Well folks, it looks like we're in for what's turning out to be the hottest day of the year. It's gonna be a real scorcher, so stay inside if you can. Blast that AC, stay hydrated--

The screen door slams open. THOMAS PECH leans on the frame, swaying with a beer in one hand. He's all angles, thin, sickly white, with blonde hair matted to his forehead.

Camilla pauses and places Percy on her hip. Thomas watches her for a moment.

THOMAS

I thought you had work.

CAMILLA

I got off early. It looked like it might rain and it's all Percy's been talking about.

Thomas stares. His eyes drift from Camilla to Percy.

THOMAS

I ain't never heard her speak.
She's jes dumb.

CAMILLA

She talks to me.

Percy fills her fists with the cloth of Camilla's shawl.

The radio static fills their silence.

THOMAS

(Looking into his beer can as
he swirls the remains)

THOMAS
I didn't see your tip money on my
dresser this mornin'. What's that
about?

CAMILLA
(Hesitant)
I used it to buy Percy a pair of
rain boots for the storm. The
ground is covered in glass, I don't
want her to hurt herself--

WHACK! Thomas beams the can at the wall with the experience
of an ex-baseball player. Camilla and Percy flinch.

THOMAS
You don't work to buy rainboots!
You work to pay rent for staying
under my roof! For yer 22 years of
life, who do you think kept the
lights on, hm? Kept the water
runnin', gave you 'n yer mother a
shelter? Cause it sure as hell
wasn't her!

Thomas walks down the stairs. They back away as he advances.
Thunder rumbles in the distance and the radio static
intensifies.

THOMAS
All I ask, in my time of
misfortune, is a little help from
my daughter. A measly show of
recognition, of *appreciation*, for
all I've done.

Camilla puts Percy down behind her and shoos her away. She
stands tall as her father comes to a stop before her. Percy
hides behind a tree.

CAMILLA
I've given you every penny I've
earned. I've bought groceries every
week, cleaned this house, taken
care of Percy, and worked myself to
death day and night just to keep
this family going! You're nothing
but a drunk.

CRACK! Lightning flashes in time with a sharp slap from
Thomas. He puts his face up next to hers.

THOMAS

You ain't nuthin' neither. Your
mom's magic is the only thing
keepin you around these parts. I
oughta sell you off to tha
government, you'd fetch a pretty
penny. Throw you to the conspiracy
wolves.

Deep thunder rumbles as he lets out a cackle. It chokes off.
Thomas starts, and draws back. He coughs once. Twice. Blood
dribbles out of his mouth. He clutches his throat, gasps for
air.

Camilla turns and sees Percy with her eyes trained on
Thomas. Percy stares and watches him struggle. Her hands are
fists at her side.

CAMILLA

Percy...!

Thomas falls to the ground and struggles. Percy snaps to
attention and looks at Camilla in terror. Camilla drops
beside Thomas and attempts to help, but there's nothing she
can do.

CAMILLA

Percy! Stop! What are you doing!
Stop!

Thomas spasms a couple more times before falling still.

Dust sticks to the blood on his motionless face.

The air is still as Camilla turns to look at Percy.

There's a stifling silence.

It starts to pour.

Camilla and Percy stare at each other over their fathers
dead body as streams of bloody rainwater snake towards
Percy.

Camilla sweeps her up with her rainboots and runs to the
car. She buckles Percy into the backseat.

INT. CAR

CAMILLA

Put on your boots!

Percy does so as Camilla pulls out of their driveway. She dials a number, addressing Percy through the rearview mirror while the line rings.

CAMILLA

What was that? What the hell was that? What did you do to Thomas?

Percy remains in a shocked silence as Camilla swerves to avoid a slowed car. The rain is intensifying.

The call goes to voicemail.

CAMILLA

Shit!

She drops the phone in her lap and looks at Percy.

CAMILLA

Percy. Listen. I need to know what happened.

PERCY

Scared.

CAMILLA

You were scared? Scared of what? Of Thomas?

PERCY

Hurt.

Camilla looks in the mirror. Her cheek swells as she examines a small cut. She heaves a sigh.

CAMILLA

What did you do to Thomas?

PERCY

Dunno...

CAMILLA

Did you use your magic?

PERCY

Magic?

CAMILLA
You know, like the tricks I do for
you? It feels like fireworks in
your tummy. Like the Fourth of
July, remember? Did it feel like
that?

PERCY
Fireworks. Magic.
(She nods)
Hurt.

Camilla sighs again.

PERCY
...Accident.

Camilla looks back at her.

Her phone starts to ring. She fumbles for it and answers the
call.

CAMILLA
Hello?

LYESANDER
(through the phone)
What's up, cheeseslice? Oops I
meant homeslice. Actually now I'm
hungry. Can you pick me up--

CAMILLA
(shouting)
This is not the time, Lye!

LYESANDER
(voice considerably more
worried)
Hey, what's wrong? Is it Percy? Is
it Thomas? Did he hit you again?
Oh, God, did he hit Percy? I swear
I'll stuff that beer bottle right
down his throat!

CAMILLA
No, no! I mean. Not exactly. I
mean. God. I think...I think Percy
killed him.

LYESANDER
(beat)
...Killed him? Like...killed him
dead?

CAMILLA
(looking back at Percy)
Yeah.

Camilla stops at a red light. A police officer pulls up beside them. He nods his head with a smile and Camilla tries to smile back. Her hand falls to her side and she casts a charm with a quick motion.

The light turns green amid a small twinkle of sparks. The cop turns left and the girls go straight.

CAMILLA
Hold on, I'm getting everyone else in.

Camilla pulls over for a moment to put in a couple more numbers before she drives again.

ANNORA
Hey, dear!

MABRAILLE
Yo.

CAMILLA
Okay guys. I need everyone to at Lye's house. It's an emergency. Be there.

MABRAILLE
Do I need my fake?
(Joking)
Is it time to forget who I am again?

CAMILLA
Maybe.

A quirky white house can be seen at the end of the road.

LYESANDER
Are you close? I mean you must be.
She killed him? You're sure?

CAMILLA
Pretty darn sure. Swear on a sigil.
Swear on every sigil Abel can design.

ANNORA
Wait, who killed who? Someone's dead? is it someone we know?

LYESANDER

Used to.

Camilla pulls into a driveway and turns off the car.

CAMILLA

Just meet us here ASAP!

She hangs up, yanks Percy out and they trot up the stairs and bang on the door.

LYSANDER FARROW opens the door, still holding the phone to her ear. A shock of red bedhead, an oversized shirt, and one missing sock indicate that she has just woken up.

LYESANDER

I just woke up.

She lets them into the house.

INT. LYSANDER'S HOUSE

LYESANDER

Excuse the mess and all that. I'm sorry I'm going through formalities when your dad is literally rotting as we speak!

Camilla makes a distasteful face as she wrestles Percy's boots off of her feet.

LYESANDER

(Yelling)

Aunt Abel! Camilla's here and something's real fucked up!

ABEL FARROW descends the stairs at a rapid pace, tying the ends of her cardigan around her waist. She sticks her hand out over Camilla's head just as a drop of water falls down.

ABEL

Stubborn leaks.

She makes a twisting motion of her hand and a patch reseals itself on the ceiling.

Lye kicks an errant pot under another leak.

ABEL

What's happened this time?

Abel's hand wavers over the blooming bruise on Camilla's check. Camilla swats her hand away.

CAMILLA

Percy used magic for the first time.

ABEL

Oh! How wonderful! So she shares the gift after all!

CAMILLA

I wish it were under better circumstances. She appears to have just slaughtered our father.
(near hysterical, but trying to stay calm)

Abel starts in surprise. She looks to Percy who sits on the stairs and watches them. Abel leads the other girls into the kitchen where they sit down around a worn table.

INT. LYSANDER'S KITCHEN

The kitchen is full of plants and various bottles hanging from the ceiling. Potion bottles are scattered on the counters and there are scorch marks from accidents on the walls.

Abel pulls a jar full of salve from the top shelf and hands it to Camilla, who applies it to her cheek.

ABEL

Camilla, dear, would it benefit Percy to take a little nap?

CAMILLA

Oh, yeah, I suppose.

Abel nods and begins mixing ingredients together. Soon she has a bubbling potion in front of her. Lysander brings in Percy swaddled in a blanket and they feed her the potion.

Camilla sweeps Percy's hair back.

CAMILLA

Atta girl. You're gonna get sleepy, but only for a little bit. We'll be right here.

Percy's head falls slowly onto Lye's shoulder, and Lye sits her in a nearby armchair.

The hall door opens and ANNORA PERSUAD walks in, a lean, young, Asian-American woman with a swoop of dark hair braided to one side.

She catches sight of Camilla's nearly healed wound first, before looking to Percy asleep in the chair.

NORA
Is Mab not here yet?

LYSANDER
Not yet. She lives the farthest away though so it's expected.

ABEL
I'll be right back, I need to find something.

Abel hurries out of the room and rummages around.

Nora fixes Camilla some tea and the three sit in silence until the door opens again and MABRAILLE VALOIR enters, a stout girl with a shaved head.

MAB
So what's the big hubub?

Abel returns to the room holding a large book and some maps.

Camilla takes a deep breath. The rain pours outside.

CAMILLA
Thomas and I were fighting. It got a little out of hand but nothing that hasn't happened before. But then...

All look over to Percy.

CAMILLA
He just started coughing up blood. And I looked over and she was just *staring* at him. And I tried to help but there was nothing I could do, he just died right there.

Nora places her hand on Camilla's. Lysander lets out a low whistle. Mab rubs her forehead.

MAB
So she's magical after all.

ABEL
And her first work is a spell of murder. Quite unlike your powers, or your mother's.

CAMILLA

What do we do?

There's a pause. Abel leans back in her chair, taking in a deep breath.

ABEL

Camilla, when your mother came here, she was adored by all. Just got swept up on our doorstep one day.

CAMILLA

What does this--

ABEL

Her powers as a witch lay with hypnosis. She could enchant others with her voice. And when your father used her to become a famous radio star, she made a lot of money.

CAMILLA

I know, but Thomas spent it all. Why are you telling me this?

ABEL

Not all of it. She gave some to me in case something happened and you would have need of it. I'm telling you now: you need to take this money and go. Be a blessing on someone else's doorstep.

The other girls exclaim and Abel hushes them all. She passes some maps towards Camilla, as well as a box. Camilla opens the box and finds a stack of hundreds.

ABEL

You need to head as far east as possible.

NORA

She's not going anywhere without me.

Nora links her arm through Camilla's.

CAMILLA

Nora, please...

NORA
Camilla, I don't have anything
waiting for me in this town. I only
moved here because of you, and you
know I'd follow you anywhere.

MAB
I mean, why not? I'll tag along.

ABEL
This is not a journey for "tagging
along" girls.

She pulls out the thick volume.

ABEL
There's a prophecy--

LYSANDER
Of course there's a prophecy.

Abel whacks the top of Lysander's head with a wooden spoon
before she opens the book.

ABEL
Listen. If an innocent witch spills
blood with her first spell, she
will be consumed by darkness. Percy
is in real danger.

CAMILLA
So what do we do? I don't know
enough about magic to keep her
safe!

ABEL
There is a group of witches your
mother and I knew in South
Carolina. Go to them and they can
get you the help you need.

NORA
What do we do in the meantime?

Thunder crashes.

ABEL
(gets up)
You keep Percy safe. Make sure she
never leaves your sight. Get out
now before the roads flood.

The girls gather their things.

LYSANDER
I'm going too.

ABEL
Yeah, as if, kid. You're only 15
you're not going anywhere.

LYSANDER
They may need my help!

ABEL
I don't want to hear it, the most
you'll do is set off fireworks in
the car. You're my family and
you're not going anywhere if I have
anything to say about it.

Lysander is sullen as she nods to Nora, then embraces Mab in
a tight hug.

Camilla takes the maps that Abel hands her and tears up.

ABEL
Oh, dear. This won't be the last
time you ever see me. You know, it
used to be tradition that a witch
would leave her hometown and start
a new life somewhere else.

CAMILLA
But never like this.

ABEL
No, this is a little more unusual.
But you and your sister have always
been unusual. Don't stop driving
for anything. You all will make it
through, I'm sure of it.

Camilla nods and the girls step out into the rain. They run
to the car; Nora gets in the front seat and Mab carries
Percy and slides in the back.

NORA
Do you think we have time to get
food?

CAMILLA
We're gonna have to get gas...

MAB
It can be quick. In and out.

The girls drive to the nearest gas station. Mab stays outside and fills the car while Nora and Camilla go inside.

INT. GAS STATION

Nora and Camilla begin grabbing food and waters. A pair of cops walk into the store as the bell dings.

CASHIER

Howdy, boys!

The cops tip their hats. Camilla motions for Nora to hurry up. One of the cop's radio beings to crackle.

COP #1

Ah, Matt, we have...a bit of a strange scenario on our hands.

MATT

Go ahead.

COP #1

We've gotten a report of what looks to be a murder victim out n' the fields.

COP #2

Jesus.

MATT

Roger that. Do we know anything about perp?

COP #1

Someone identified the guy as Tom Pech. Maybe keep a lookout for his kid. Real dark. Long hair. Camille is her name I think.

Camilla and Nora stiffen. They haul their findings to the front counter to check out.

The young cashier eyes them with with an irritated disbelief before he begins to ring up all the items.

Camilla taps her fingers on the table while Nora bounces on her heels.

NORA

(under her breath)

You might wanna go ahead and go outside. I can get this.

The cops sidle up behind them.

MATT
How you girls doin'?

NORA
Fine! Thank you for asking.

Nora smiles like normal to the friendly cops. Camilla keeps her head down.

COP #1
You guys be safe out there in that rain, it's coming down like cats n' dogs now. I recommend you get...home...

He leans forward a bit to look at Camilla. Camilla ducks her head.

The cop taps Matt's arm and motions at her.

MATT
Hey, you girls wouldn't happen to know Camille would ya? Tall girl, dark, like you. About your age too, I think.

NORA
Camille? No, I don't think so.
We're just passing through!

She shoots daggers at the cashier who has stopped in his tracks and ogles the situation with a vague interest.

Mab opens the door.

MAB
Hey Camilla, car's all--

She stops when she sees the cops. The cops look between her and the others.

Matt leans into his walkie.

Nora squeezes her eyes shut as Mab makes a harsh gesture with her hand. Matt's head turns violently sideways and he falls on the ground, unconscious.

COP #1
Hey! What's the big idea--

Nora turns and clocks the first cop, knocking him on the ground.

CAMILLA

It would really benefit you to give
me our items now.

The cashier hands her several bags with shaking hands.

Camilla grabs Nora and runs outside with Mab.

A tall man watches from nearby their car. He wears a dark
suit and sunglasses, even though it's raining. He shakes off
his umbrella. The girls do not notice.

All three bundle into the car as the first cop comes to. He
leans into his radio urgently as the girls blast out of the
station.

INT. CAR

NORA

Oh, God. This isn't good.

CAMILLA

We just have to get outside state
lines. That's our only priority
right now.

MAB

I can barely see a thing!

The rain is mostly obscuring the windshield and they see the
flash of red and blue lights.

CAMILLA

Hang on!

She pulls several sharps turns. The noise of the sirens gets
softer until they can't see the lights anymore. Nora heaves
a breath. They pass the border of their county.

THUNK! The back seat kicks in.

LYSANDER

What was that all about?

All the girls scream.

Mab throws a well-aimed punch into the trunk.

LYSANDER

Ow! What the hell was that for?

CAMILLA
Language!

PERCY
Wye!

NORA
What are you doing here? Abel
said--

LYSANDER
(crawling out of the trunk
hatch)
Abel doesn't control me. She's not
my mom. Even if she was that
wouldn't stop me from going on a
life-risking adventure with you
guys!

Lysander closes the hatch and snuggles in between Mab and
Percy. Percy hangs on to Lysander's arm. Mab crosses her
arms and stares at her.

Lysander's nose has begun to bleed.

LYSANDER
Aw come on, don't leave me like
this.

Nora passes back some tissues, looking at Camilla. They wait
for her to pass approval or to turn the car around.

Camilla heaves a sigh.

CAMILLA
We're in too much trouble to turn
around. She'll have to stick with
us.

Lysander cheers and Nora groans. Mab smiles in the back.

CAMILLA
But we're calling Abel later! That
woman has been like a mother to me,
even if you don't see her as one.
She doesn't deserve to have to
worry about you.

Lysander pouts.

LYSANDER
Then I guess I won't tell you about
the guy.

MAB
What guy?

LYSANDER
What did I just say?

Camilla hushes them from the front seat to focus on driving.

Mab makes a gesture. Lysander shrugs. Mab gestures more emphatically. Lysander shakes her head with a smug smile.

Mab delivers a quick punch to Lysander's nose again. Percy laughs. Camilla and Nora scold them from the front seat.

INT. LYSANDER'S HOUSE

Abel sits at her kitchen table, sipping a cup of tea.

There is a banging at the door.

She takes a deep breath and draws herself upright before going to answer it.

Two men stand before her. Both in dark suits. Both in shades. In the rain. One is the same man who was at the gas station.

ABEL
(Confused)
Can I help you?

Both men whip out I.D.'s. Abel squints at them trying to catch their names, but they move too fast.

TANNER OBSUL
Ma'am we're with the DOPATP--

DIMITRI CANNES
The Department of Protection
against the Paranormal--

TANNER
And we've been informed you may
have some information that would be
of importance to us.

Abel crosses her arms.

ABEL
I've never heard of such a
department.

The men push past her and into the house.

TANNER
Not surprising. We work
mainly...behind the scenes.

Dimitri stops to look at photos on the walls. There's a
large number of framed photos of children.

DIMITRI
All these kids yours?

ABEL
In a matter of speaking. I'm a
foster parent. The only one whose
"mine" is the redhead.

DIMITRI
Where is she now?

Abel shrugs.

ABEL
We got in a bit of a spat. She's
upstairs playing video games.

They all stop to listen. There's the thunderous noise of a
shooter game being played and violent curses.

ABEL
I'd prefer if you didn't bother
her.

TANNER
We're not really here for her.

Abel motions to the table and they all sit. Tanner steeples
his fingers together.

TANNER
We're here to talk about Camilla
Adrieux.

INT. CAR - LATE AFTERNOON

Lysander's nose has stopped bleeding. The girls are driving
in a comfortable silence. Lysander and Nora have changed
seats so that Nora and Mab can plot their route.

MAB
Remind me again why we can't just
use our cellphones?

CAMILLA

Because we're taking all the precautions we can. We don't want anyone knowing where we're going or the locations of these witches. If they knew mom...

NORA

Do you think they'd know where she is? Or what happened to her?

Camilla shrugs.

PERCY

Hungwy.

LYSANDER

Hey, the lil' nug is hungry. I'm starving too, why are you depriving our growing bodies of their sustenance?

MAB

Eat a moonpie and shut up.

LYSANDER

Aw come on, Camilla, don't make me suffer. I wanna stop and stretch anyway, we've been on the road for hours.

NORA

We can't stop. There's police on our tails, probably. In case you forgot, one person in this car is now a murderer.

LYSANDER

Yeah, it's you killjoys.

Mab groans. Nora rolls her eyes and straightens out the map.

Their conversation fades to background noise. Percy looks out the window.

She sees a dark shadow. It winks in and out of existence, following their car. Percy leans closer to the window until her face is pressed up against it.

The shadow disappears.

Percy looks outside frantically trying to find it when

WHAM! It presses itself up against the window. A crack of lightning illuminates a perfect shadow copy of Percy herself.

The shadow grins then winks away.

Percy begins to wail.

LYSANDER

Whoa whoa! What are you guys doing to that kid back there?

MAB

Nothing she just went haywire!

Nora and Mab attempt to calm down Percy to no avail.

CAMILLA

Guys, I can't focus on driving if she's screaming like that!

LYSANDER

We need to stop!

NORA

We need to keep going! We have to get out of here and into New Mexico by midnight!

Percy wails louder and beings to flail her arms and legs.

INT. LYSANDER'S KITCHEN

CRASH! Tanner swipes Abel's coffee cup off the table and it shatters into pieces.

DIMITRI

Missus Farrow, please don't waste our time.

TANNER

The most intense magical reading in our records just shot out of this tiny nowhere town. That's not an accident.

DIMITRI

A man is dead because of it.

TANNER

And now three girls are on the run.

DIMITRI
We're no fools. An energy source
like that has to be protected.

TANNER
And the good people of this country
need to be protected from it.

DIMITRI
So. Tell us again how you don't
know where they went.

Abel looks down. She runs her fingers over the worn surface
of her table and looks over at her wall. A photo of her,
Camilla, and a young woman holding a baby Percy is framed in
the center. She looks at the men.

INT. CAR

Percy's wails continue and the girls are all agitated.

LYSANDER
Oh my God just shut her up!

NORA
You talk like that again and you'll
have another nosebleed!

Out of nowhere, the girls drive out of the worst of the
storm and the rain eases up. The sun peaks out, highlight
the rain on the windshield.

CAMILLA
I'm sorry Nora, Mab, but we gotta
pull over. There's a rest stop in a
mile or so--we'll eat and I'll calm
down Percy and then we can go.

NORA
I really don't think that's a good
idea Cam--

Percy's wails drown out the rest of her sentence. A soft
high pitched whining fills the car. Camilla throws her phone
into the backseat.

CAMILLA
Just do me a favor and call
Abel--we're out of the storm and we
can't see the cops so that should
ease her mind some.

Mab picks up the phone while Nora unbuckles Percy and holds her in her lap, soothing her and beginning to braid her hair.

Lysander puts on a large pair of headphones.

The dial tone fills the air.

INT. FBI CAR

Abel's cell phone rings. She looks at the two agents before sliding the ringer to silent. She's exhausted and looks disheveled.

TANNER
Your daughter?

ABEL
Business. I can catch it later.

She looks out window and fiddles her fingers. A pair of handcuffs rest on the center consul.

DIMITRI
We'd like to thank you again for being so...cooperative. We'd hate to use any more extreme force.

ABEL
Of course.

TANNER
We're here.

They pull up outside of Camilla's house and exit the car.

INT. CAMILLA'S HOUSE

Dusty light filters in through the windows, illuminating stacks of papers on tables and scattered beer cans around a beaten up armchair.

Dimitri and Abel walk to the window overlooking the backyard. Thomas' body is covered by a sheet but the police are nowhere to be seen.

Dimitri walks outside to inspect it.

TANNER
This place is a pigsty.

ABEL
That's Tom for you. He never cared
about anyone but himself.

He picks up some children's toys and puts them in a bag. He also gathers several old looking books and moves to a back room.

INT. PERCY'S ROOM

The room is delightfully pink but sparsely filled. A mobile turns slowly over a small bed.

TANNER
You didn't mention a little kid.

ABEL
Oh, Percy. Camilla sent her to go
live with a distant relative. For
her safety, and all that.

Tanner picks up more objects before moving next door.

INT. CAMILLA'S ROOM

The walls are yellow like the rest of the house with brown carpet. It's very clean, with lots of plants blooming. There are books stacked on every surface.

TANNER
Quite the intellectual.

ABEL
She is. She wanted to go to law
school.

TANNER
How are these plants blooming?
There's no sunlight in here.

He inspects the plants, then picks off a couple leaves and places them in a plastic bag.

All three reconvene in the living room.

INT. CAMILLA'S HOUSE

DIMITRI
I think we found what we were
looking for.

He has a can of gasoline from the garage. He begins pouring it all over the carpet.

ABEL
What are you doing!?

TANNER
This is a matter of national
security. According to you, no ones
using this house anyway.

He grabs her by the arm and they all exit the house.

EXT. CAMILLA'S HOUSE

Dimitri pours a trail then throws the container at the
house. He pulls out a match, strikes it, then sets the trail
ablaze.

Camilla's house goes up in flames. The men get in the car
and Abel stares in horror as police sirens start to wail
again.

Abel turns and runs.

EXT. REST STOP - SUNSET

The girls have pulled off for a rest and sit on benches in a
small park. Camilla holds Percy, who has stopped crying, on
her lap, gently bouncing her.

Lysander and Mab exit the rest stop with various sandwiches
and drinks and they all sit down to eat.

CAMILLA
So. New Mexico is next huh?

NORA
It's looking like it. We have to
get all the way to South Carolina
so we really need to minimize our
stops.

CAMILLA
We'll need money though--this isn't
going to last us forever.

She checks her wallet--a chunk has already gone to filling
up their tank and buying food.

Mab pulls up grass and sprinkles it on Lysander. Percy
begins to wiggle in Camilla's grasp so she puts her down.

MAB
Any word from Abel?

NORA

None. I wonder if the storm is
messing with her signal.

LYSANDER

I wonder if the cops came to
question her.

The girls go silent, thinking about this option.

MAB

How did you sneak out, Lye?

LYSANDER

Oh, I put on my Youtube channel so
that my videos of me playing games
would loop at full blast. It'll
take her a while before she braves
my room.

As the girls chat, Percy explores the area. Suddenly, she
notices something is off. The hairs on her arms stand up.
She turns this way and that.

The sun is setting, elongating her shadow. Then suddenly.
Behind her. The shadow girl steps up.

Camilla's phone rings.

CAMILLA

Hello?

Abel's voice comes through the other side, broken up.

ABEL

Camilla! Thank God! Listen,
you--more trouble--than just the
cops!

CAMILLA

What? Abel, I can barely hear you!

The others perk up when they hear Abel's name. Nora puts her
ear closer to Camilla's to try and hear.

ABEL

Agents--questioned--did the best I
could--never heard of them
before--Tanner and Dim--went
through--house...

CAMILLA
They went through our house? Abel
please, where are you?

ABEL
Get out! Don't stop--drive--they
burned everything--after you.

NORA
They're after...you?

She and Camilla share a frightened glance.

ABEL
--don't know--it was Percy--get her
out!

A high pitched noise breaks the phone call.

They all put their hands to their ears.

LYSANDER
What is that?

NORA
Where's Percy?

The girls turn and see Percy standing by herself, crouched
down, hands over her ears.

Lysander's sandwich turns to spiders and she screams.

The bench underneath Camilla begins to waver and slide like
watercolors. She gets up, terrified.

All around them, their reality is altering.

NORA
What the fuck what the fuck??

CAMILLA
It's not real! None of this is
real, I don't think!

MAB
You think it's Percy?

CAMILLA
Of course I do! She's getting
spooked by something, we have to
calm her down! She doesn't know how
to control her magic yet!

The girls all rush to Percy. Camilla grabs her by the wrists.

CAMILLA
Percy! Percy! Look at me!

Percy shakes her head. The trees begin to bend toward them. Lysander screams about a hole appearing in her hand.

CAMILLA
Percy. Listen. I'm here. We're all here. We can protect you.

Percy opens her teary eyes and looks at Camilla. Camilla nods.

CAMILLA
That's my girl. I'm here. Breathe. In and out. Remember? Like we practiced.

Percy begins to take shuddering breaths.

CAMILLA
It's the same as with Thomas. Something bad has happened. But I'm here and I'll make it better.

The hallucinations begin to subside. The trees start to straighten. The hole in Lysander's hand closes.

Camilla begins singing a soft song, a lullaby. Nora sits close by and joins in. Lysander adds her voice, then shoots Mab a glare until all the girls are softly harmonizing.

It's an old ritual that the girls are well familiar with.

Percy takes a deep breath and throws her arms around Camilla's neck.

NORA
Oh, thank God.

The world has returned to normal. The girls crouch in the grass, alone, holding a sobbing child.

LYSANDER
Do you think the phone call was part of the hallucination?

NORA
I don't think so.

CAMILLA
Abel said that there were agents
following us.

PERCY
Big baddies.

MAB
Yeah, sweetie.

CAMILLA
They interrogated Abel and they
ransacked and burned my house.
We've got bigger things on our
plate now than the local police.

NORA
So...Now what then?

CAMILLA
We go. You guys were right we
should have never stopped. We have
to teach Percy to control her
magic.

LYSANDER
It's not going to end in South
Carolina, is it?

Camilla shakes her head. The girls exchange glances.

CAMILLA
We have to find out more about this
prophecy and we have to find a way
to end it. Percy's already stronger
than all of us.

NORA
I'm staying with you.

MAB
Same. Nothing's changed.

LYSANDER
Guys...

A couple of people notice them from the rest stop,
interrupting Lysander.

MAB
We need to go.

The girls gather their things and head back to the car.

They drive out of the rest stop, the sun setting behind them.

INT. CAR - NIGHT

Mab drives the car, while Lysander sleeps next to her. Camilla and Percy sleep in the backseat, and Nora lays in the back window watching the stars and taking notes.

The headlights illuminate a sign. *Welcome to New Mexico!*

Early morning. Mab fills the car with gas. Everyone runs for a bathroom break, Camilla tries to wake Percy up.

Dawn. The car is stopped on the side of the road. Mab is bent over the open hood, messing around with some of the internal mechanics. Lysander mocks her sleepily from her seat. Mab wipes a greasy hand on Lysander's face through the open window.

Mid-morning. The car is running agin. Mab switches spots with Camilla, cuddling up to Percy. Nora switches with Lysander and begins to relay her notes to Camilla.

CAMILLA

(voice hushed)

So, master map-maker, what are we looking at.

NORA

I'm predicting our route to be something like this--New Mexico, Texas, Oklahoma, Arkansas, Tennessee, South Carolina.

CAMILLA

That seems reasonable enough.

NORA

Yeah, but here's the thing.

Nora looks into the backseat at Percy, Mab, and Lysander.

NORA

We've gotta get these kids somewhere safe. And Percy...we've gotta teach her some stuff. Specifically before we get to South Carolina. We can't roll up with an ultra-magical child who alters reality when the lights go out.

Camilla heaves a sigh.

CAMILLA

I know. We just...we don't really have time to stop. We have FBI on our tails, supposedly.

NORA

I know. But I think we can afford to stop in a couple towns along the way. It won't be a quick trip to South Carolina, but it will be a productive one.

CAMILLA

That way we can train Percy...

NORA

And maybe find a safer spot for Mab and Lysander to stay.

The car makes a deep groaning noise.

NORA

Aaaaand maybe scrounge up some money to give this old gal some alterations.

CAMILLA

Fine, agreed. We'll tell the rest of the group when they wake up. For now, let's let them sleep.

INT. CAR - MIDDAY

The car pulls into a sizable town. It is a quirky place, brightly painted buildings and colorful people to match--one of those "artsy" towns.

NORA

I think this is as good a place to stop as any.

CAMILLA

Hey kids! Wake up!

Mab sits up groggily, rubbing one eye. She gives a sharp elbow to Lysander who wakes up with a loud snort.

LYSANDER

Where are we? What'd I miss?
Where's the little booger?

They do a cursory search for Percy and find her on the floor behind Camilla's seat. Lysander pulls her out and bounces her on her knee to wake her up.

NORA
We're stopping! Just for a couple days or a week to scrounge up some cash. Mab, Lye, I'm putting you guys on car duty. We need this tank in shape when we set off again.

MAB
That's asking a lot. She's not exactly...

The car groans again as if to protest. Camilla smacks the top of the dash to attempt to jog the AC.

MAB
Hm. We'll do our best.

They pull into a motel parking lot. The neon stutters even in the daylight. Camilla and Nora stroll inside, and the others start throwing away trash that has accumulated in the car.

INT. MOTEL LOBBY

There is old, 70's carpeting and bright turquoise curtains on the windows. A middle-aged woman works the counter, chewing bubblegum. She perks up when she see the two of them.

CONCIERGE
Oh! Fresh faces! In our little sleepy town! Tell me you girls are going to give me some business and didn't just get lost on the freeway.

Camilla laughs, twisting her wrist again. Small sparkles surround her as she casts a personal charm on herself. Nora notices and helps play along.

CAMILLA
Not at all! We're actually looking to book...

She looks at the prices above the woman's head. She checks her wallet quickly--not enough money to spare to rent two separate rooms. One will have to do.

CAMILLA
One room, please! King sized bed.
For...5 days?

The woman eyes Nora and Camilla with renewed interest.

CONCIERGE

Oh! You know, little ladies, we get
a lot of your type around here.
You'll blend in just fine!

Nora stiffens and looks to Camilla.

CAMILLA

(slightly tense)
Oh! What do you mean?

CONCIERGE

You two make an adorable couple.

Camilla starts. It's not the first time they've been
mistaken for a couple, but is relieved. Nora plays it up,
smug.

NORA

You're too kind! We're taking our
nieces on a cross country
trip--getting ready for kids,
y'know?

The concierge laughs and hands them a room key.

CONCIERGE

Well, I hope you all explore our
city. You're sure to find some
great souvenirs!

NORA

Tell me,

She glances down and catches the woman's name-tag, KAREN.

NORA

Karen. Are there any temp job
openings around here? Gas is
getting awful expensive in these
hot summer months.

KAREN

Oh, sure. Lily's place is always
looking for cashiers and stockers.
If you're crafty, though, you can
set up a stand and sell your merch!
We have little drifters come
through and set up shop all the
time.

Nora elbows Camilla in excitement.

NORA
Is your town into magic by any
chance?

Camilla shoots Nora a dangerous glance. Karen claps her
hands together excitedly.

KAREN
Oh! It's always an exciting time
when magicians come to town. What's
your specialty?

NORA
Fortune telling. Astrology. That
kind of stuff.

KAREN
Well, you'll certainly pull a big
audience with that kind of gig!

Camilla grabs Nora's elbow and tugs, hard.

CAMILLA
Darling, I think it's time we got
our nieces out of that hot car.
(to Karen)
Thanks for the room!

She holds up the key and dangles it, dragging Nora outside
with her.

EXT. MOTEL

MAB
Finally!

Lysander snatches the key and the three of them run down the
row of doors with their things.

Nora pulls a duffel bag out of the trunk and Camilla pulls
out a small roller.

CAMILLA
Nora, what in the hell was that?
You can't just go around
advertising that stuff!

She slams the trunk.

NORA
Whatever! This place is kooky, they
think magic is real anyway. And
even if they don't, everyone loves

NORA
getting their fortune told! No
one's gonna believe I'm an actual
witch.

The two start walking after the others.

CAMILLA
That's not a risk I'm willing to
take. Do you remember the FBI that
are on us? That interrogated Abel?
Let's just get jobs at the
convenience store.

NORA
No, that's your style, not mine.
It'll be fine, you worry too much!

She smooths the worry line between Camilla's eyebrows.

NORA
Wifey.

Camilla smacks her hand away as Nora plants a loud kiss on
her cheek.

INT. MOTEL ROOM

They enter their room and drop their things on the floor.
The same old carpet and bright curtains adorn the room,
along with one giant bed and an old TV. Wood paneled walls
are decorated with bright paintings and the interior
doorways lack doors, replaced with strings of beads.

MAB
This place is...bright.

LYSANDER
Yeah, fits you perfect!

Lysander jumps up onto the bed, pulling Percy up with her.
The two start jumping and laughing.

MAB
God.

Nora joins in, pulling Percy up on her shoulders. All three
fall down, in high spirits. Camilla rolls her eyes.

CAMILLA
You guys make yourselves at home.
I'm going to go apply for that job.
Don't order room service.

She points to Lysander and Mab.

CAMILLA
Remember what I tasked you guys
with. Look for car parts and also,
try and teach Percy some stuff. I'm
trusting you guys, we have five
days here. Let's make them count.

She exits the room. Lysander lets out a low whistle.

LYSANDER
What's up her butt?

MAB
It's like you forgot that her
little sister just murdered their
dad.

LYSANDER
Yeah, but Thomas was a grade-A
asshole and now we're on a
road-trip! We'll teach this nugget
everything she needs to know.

She tweaks Percy's nose.

Nora looks out the window after Camilla, distracted.

NORA
I'm gonna go set up shop myself.
I'll be back.

She waves dismissively and heads out.

Mab and Lysander look at Percy who looks back at them with a
huge grin. She sneezes suddenly and all the paintings fall
off the wall.

LYSANDER
Hoo boy. We've got some work to do.

EXT. TOWN SQUARE

Nora finishes setting up a cheap stand. It says "Fortunes
for Sale, \$20" on the top and has two deep blue curtains
parted around the desk.

Nora sits smugly in her chair and awaits her first customer.

A man approaches, wearing a short sleeved floral shirt and
khaki shorts. He sports a dark pair of sunglasses.

DIMITRI
Twenty dollars for a fortune?
That's a bit pricey isn't it?

NORA
On the contrary! It's rather cheap,
especially when you consider the
fact that I'm the real thing.

She taps the side of her nose, like it's a secret.

NORA
Most people charge well over fifty,
and they're mostly making things
up.

Dimitri takes a seat in the folding chair in front of her.

DIMITRI
Oh? And how do I know you're the
real thing?

He leans forward on his elbow and pushes his sunglasses up
into his dark hair. He has bright blue, piercing eyes.

NORA
Give me your palm and I'll show
you. But I warn you, this "proving"
act you're making me do will cost
you extra.

Dimitri waves his hand, flippant, before placing it in
Nora's.

DIMITRI
I've got money to spare.

Nora holds onto his hand and closes her eyes. She traces
absent circles around his palm.

NORA
Your dad died when you were
twelve...your mom is still around,
but you two don't talk.

She opens her eyes briefly.

NORA
That's something we have in common.

Dimitri watches her more closely.

NORA
You're here on business but you're
trying to make it seem like a
vacation. And...you keep a lot of
secrets from that lover you have
back in Portland.

Dimitri pulls his hand away, rubbing it carefully.

NORA
I'm sorry, that's all I can find on
your past. You must live a very
closed-off life, your palms say
almost nothing.

DIMITRI
That's enough.

He throws the money on her desk.

NORA
(counting it)
Wait, don't you want your fortune?
I didn't even give you one!

DIMITRI
I'm satisfied.

He walks away, putting his glasses back on. Nora finishes counting the money--it's all there, a rounded fifty dollars. By this point, she's drawn a small crowd and they begin to line up.

Nora forgets her strange first customer as she begins to help others.

INT. CONVENIENCE STORE

Camilla watches Nora outside her shop with narrowed eyes. She got the job and is working as a temp cashier and stocker.

Her boss sidles up beside her, an old woman with a tanned, wrinkled face, BEATRICE.

BEATRICE
That new girl is with you, isn't
she?

CAMILLA
Sometimes I wish she wasn't.

Beatrice lets out a hearty cackle.

BEATRICE
 Ah, young love. Well she's
 certainly making a name for herself
 out there.

There's a large crowd around Nora's stand. Nora laughs with
 a young woman's palm in her hand. She winks and the woman
 laughs as well, bashful.

Beatrice hobbles to a back door that says EMPLOYEE'S ONLY.

BEATRICE
 Our people love novelties, for
 sure. Let me know if you have any
 trouble with the store! I'll be
 upstairs.

CAMILLA
 Yes ma'am!

She leans forward on her palm, letting out a sigh.

CAMILLA
 (under her breath)
 Nora, what are you doing?

She looks down at her satchel by her feet. It's full of the
 herbs and flowers she uses in her charm potions.

She observes the empty store, and her empty tip jar.

CAMILLA
 Maybe we just need a little luck,
 is all.

She ducks behind the counter and mixes some herbs and water
 in an empty jug. She whispers some words over it, then
 places it by the door.

People begin to look over at the store, suddenly remembering
 things they need to buy, and start to head in.

Camilla strikes up conversation with all of them, catching
 Nora's eye outside her window. Nora is giving her a knowing
 look. Camilla averts her eyes and starts to help other
 customers.

INT. MOTEL ROOM --LATE EVENING

Mab sits on the floor with her head in her hands. Lysander has a bloodied nose again and lays on her stomach, holding Percy.

The room is a mess, the paintings are still on the floor, and the fan spins idly with a scorch-mark on one of the blades.

Percy giggles innocently.

LYSANDER
You little monster.

MAB
This is the worst. Camilla is gonna
make us pay for that.

LYSANDER
Shush. It was there when we got
here.

Percy makes grabby hands and small sparks fly out of her fingertips.

MAB
(in unison)
No!

LYSANDER
(in unison)
No!

Lysander reaches her hands up grabs her hands. There's a small boom and smoke escapes between Lysander's fingers. Mab looks anxiously at her.

Lysander removes her hands which have been lightly scorched. She lets out a high-pitched whine as Mab picks up Percy.

MAB
Okay, Percy. Since we can't do any
more property damage to the room
and because we can't kill Lye,
you've gotta listen to us.

LYSANDER
It probably doesn't help that my
specialty lies in pyrotechnics.

Mab bounces Percy on her hip as Lysander runs her hands under the faucet in the bathroom.

Mab sits down on the bed and places Percy on her knees. She spins her around. In the center of the room is a cheap teddy bear, bought from a gas station for Percy's comfort. It sits on a bedside table; target practice.

MAB
Look, Percy. Just hit that bear.
Aim your sparks at the bear. Like
we showed you, remember?

Percy looks up at Mab then down at her hands. She holds them out in front of her.

Lysander watches from the doorway, wiping off her hands.

LYSANDER
Don't burn anything, Percy! You can
do it!

A spell rockets out of her hands and into the bear, hitting the right ear and tipping it off the desk.

The girls erupt into celebration.

MAB
Percy! You did it!

Lysander bumps into the door frame on accident, aggravates her nosebleed, and runs to hug Percy.

PERCY
I did it! I did it!

LYSANDER
That's what a spell is, Percy! You
can aim them and all that good
shit!

Mab pushes Lysander away.

MAB
Dude watch your language around the
child ears. Also you're getting
blood, like, all over her face.

The door slams open and they turn their attention to Camilla and Nora storming in, mid-fight.

CAMILLA
It's irresponsible!

NORA
It's lucrative, is what it is! I
made almost \$350 in one day! What
did you make?

Camilla holds her head up high as she throws her bag on the
bed. Some of her supplies spill out.

CAMILLA
\$200 with tips.

Nora sweeps in behind her and holds up a bundle of lavender.

NORA
Yeah, and I wonder how that
happened! You are such a hypocrite!
You're using magic just as much as
I am!

MAB
Hey!

Camilla snatches the lavender and stuffs it back in her bag.
Mab is ignored.

CAMILLA
A *charm* is not the same as openly
using my magic for the amusement of
others!

NORA
Oh, would you get off your high
horse? We're supposed to be making
money, Camilla!

MAB
(slightly louder)
Hey!

CAMILLA
We're also supposed to be hiding
from the FBI!

MAB
(Yelling)
HEY!

The girls turn and look at her. She holds Percy, whose hands
are smudged with soot and whose face still has Lysander's
blood on it. Lysander herself holds a tissue to her face and
hands a couple of baby wipes to Mab.

Nora and Camilla seem to notice the chaotic room for the
first time.

NORA
What happened here?

MAB
While you two we're fighting over
the moral high ground, your little
sister cast her first controlled
spell!

LYSANDER
Thanks to moi's!

MAB
That's not how French works, Lye.

Camilla rushes over to hold Percy in her arms, taking the
baby wipes from Mab and cleaning her.

CAMILLA
Oh, Percy! I'm so proud!

NORA
Not bad, guys.

She ruffles Lysander's hair and pinches Mab's cheek before
collapsing on the bed.

NORA
I'm going to sleep. Wake me up
never.

CAMILLA
Aren't you going to brush your
teeth?

Nora gives an exaggerated snore and Camilla rolls her eyes.

CAMILLA
Thanks you guys. Keep up the good
work. Tomorrow, though, take the
car to the mechanic and see what
you can do about it.

The two of them give various forms of consent before
starting their night time rituals. Lysander and grabs her
toothbrush and Mab squirts some face wash in her palm.

CAMILLA
(horrified)
What happened to the fan!?

The girls cringe and start their respective tasks.

INT. MOTEL ROOM - EARLY MORNING

An alarm clock buzzes and Camilla hits it promptly. It's still mostly dark in the room. All the girls are sharing the bed together, with Percy in between Nora and Camilla, Mab curled at the foot of the bed, and Lysander mostly hanging off onto the floor.

Camilla clucks her tongue and slips out of bed. She gets ready, grabs her bag, and leaves for work.

Several hours pass before Nora wakes up, groggy and disoriented.

NORA

Oh, shit, work.

She gets up and dresses quickly. Lysander is at the door as she tries to leave. Mab and Percy are waking up slowly.

LYSANDER

Hey, Nora!

Startled, Nora takes a step back.

NORA

Good morning...Lye. You're up awfully early.

Lysander gives a shrug before shoving a flier in her face. Nora takes it, confused.

NORA

A...fair?

LYSANDER

Yeah-huh! We've been here for a couple of days and you guys have been working so hard, I figured you could use a break!

NORA

I dunno...I don't think Camilla would approve.

LYSANDER

I texted her earlier and she said as long as we watch Percy it'll be fine! Come on, it's been nothing but strict business around here! But Percy is getting better at her spells and we fixed the car--

MAB
Mostly.

LYSANDER
So I think we've earned this!

Nora stops and considers for a moment.

NORA
Yeah, okay! Camilla's not going
though?

LYSANDER
I mean, unless you can convince her
to take off work.

Nora rubs her chin.

NORA
She deserves a break more than any
of us. I'll see if I can sway her.

She waves goodbye and heads outside. Lysander pumps her fist
and spins around to Mab and Percy.

LYSANDER
We're going to the fair!

INT. CONVENIENCE STORE - LATE DAY

CAMILLA
I'm not going to that fair!

Nora pulls a puppy dog face. It's after Nora's shift and
people can be seen walking by with funnel cakes and cotton
candy.

NORA
Oh, come on Camilla! It'll be fun!
Percy is gonna want to have her big
sister around!

Camilla finishes a transaction with a customer before
glaring at Nora.

CAMILLA
We don't have time to waste, Nora!

NORA
Look, I've made more than enough
money with my business. I know you
like being in charge but...we can
help.

Camilla looks off to the side, obviously uncomfortable. Nora places her hand on Camilla's.

NORA
You don't have to do this alone. I know we seem...immature...but we can handle things.

The store is empty. The fan buzzes and a couple people mill around outside. A dog barks in the distance. Several plants sit in the window now, along with a couple hanging from the ceiling--Camilla's touch.

CAMILLA
I just feel like...if I'm not taking care of you guys, who is?

NORA
We're taking care of each other! Mab and Lye have been teaching Percy magic for Pete's sake! And I've been taking care of you!

She taps her pocket where some of the money still sits.

NORA
And that's okay.

CAMILLA
If I'm not
(air quotes)
"The Mom" then who am I?

NORA
You're you. You're Camilla Adrieux, professional badass.

She tucks Camilla's hair behind her ear and squeezes her hand.

NORA
I'm tired of fighting and I want to go to this fair with you. You need a break. If you don't take one, this whole thing will break you.

Camilla takes a deep breath and leans back.

CAMILLA
Okay, I'll go with you.

Nora gives her a one hundred-watt smile.

NORA
And I'll stop doing fortune
telling. You're right, It's
probably dangerous.

Camilla smiles back.

CAMILLA
Thank you.

INT. MOTEL ROOM

Lysander's phone buzzes. She checks it and sees a message
from Nora: CAMILLA'S COMING!

Lysander lets out a relieved breath. She stands in the
bathroom, alone, looking at herself. Her mind flashes to
Dimitri, watching them at the gas station. Her fingers grip
the sink.

MAB
(from the living room)
Hey, did you get that text from
Nora? Camilla's coming, against all
odds.

Lysander lets out a pained groan. Mab pokes her head in the
doorway.

MAB
Hey, you okay?

Lysander shakes her head and sits against the bathtub. Mab
crouches down next to her.

LYSANDER
I just...don't feel great. I think
you guys should go on without me.

MAB
What? That's dumb. You're dumb.
This whole thing was your idea.

Percy toddles in and leans on Mab's back.

PERCY
Is Wye sick?

Mab takes a deep breath and watches Lysander hold her
stomach and press her face into the cool rim of the tub.

MAB

Yeah, I think she is. She's not gonna go to the fair with us. And I only say that because I want you to be healthy in the car--I don't need you spreading that crap to me.

She stands up and fishes some med supplies out of her suitcase.

LYSANDER

Germaphobe.

MAB

Take these, and these, and drink lots of water.

She tosses a couple bottles at Lye and catches them weakly.

LYSANDER

Take lots of pictures for me?

MAB

You got it.

Mab hoists Percy onto her shoulders and the two head outside, Percy yelling about cotton candy.

As soon as the door shuts, Lysander runs out of the bathroom and returns with a roll of aluminum foil. She covers the basin of the sink with it and turns the faucet on.

LYSANDER

Sorry, Mab, but I have more important things to do than the fair.

EXT. FAIRGROUNDS

The girls are holding various foodstuffs and Camilla has a stuffed dragon in one hand. They're standing in line for a carousel. As they board, Mab takes a white horse next to Nora on a reindeer. Camilla and Percy take a stationary sled behind the two.

As the ride starts to move, Camilla lays her head on the side of the sled, closing her eyes.

CAMILLA

I forgot how soothing these things are, after a day of rollercoasters.

Percy holds the dragon that Camilla gave her but spots something out of the corner of her eye. Intrigued, she puts the dragon down and hops of the carousel. Nobody notices as she sneaks through the fence to follow the object.

Nora turns, laughing at a joke Mab made.

NORA
Camilla, listen to--

She looks, confused, searching for Percy.

NORA
Camilla.

CAMILLA
Hm?

NORA
Where's Percy?

Camilla opens her eyes and jerks upright. She checks next to her and around the carousel .

CAMILLA
Shit.

The three girls jump off the ride and begin searching through the crowds.

NORA
It's a carnival and she's like
seven. How far could she have gone?

Percy follows the creature into an alley.

PERCY
Kitty?

She holds out her hands, fingers outstretched towards a trashcan. It rustles. There's a hiss. A shadow looms out behind it.

Percy moves the trash bag.

INT. MOTEL BATHROOM

Lysander pulls her hair pack into a ponytail and looks at the sink. The lights are off, but there are cheap electric tea candles flickering around the sink.

LYSANDER
It's scryin' time.

She pulls up a chair and stares into the basin, hands braced on the counter. After about five minutes, she begins to see what she was looking for.

Dimitri walks up to Tanner, who is leaning against a pole on the outskirts of the town.

TANNER
Did you find them?

DIMITRI
Yes. The dark haired one was doing fortune telling in the square. Rather bold, if you ask me.

TANNER
So the others must still be with her then.

DIMITRI
Yes, they seemed pretty inseparable.

TANNER
So now?

DIMITRI
We play our cards right and grab her while we can.

Dimitri lights a cigarette and begins to smoke. Tanner looks at him with distaste and Dimitri frowns, putting it out.

TANNER
We're not worried about the others?

DIMITRI
I don't think so. Not right now. They're not nearly as powerful, and we don't want to start a full on witch hunt. That's a battle I'm afraid we can't win.

Tanner ducks into a dark car. Dimitri looks behind him, seemingly directly at Lysander, before he follows and shuts the door. The sound of their talking is cut off, and Lysander pulls back. The image disappears.

She runs to the light and flips it on, staring at herself in the mirror, breathing heavy.

LYSANDER

Oh boy. This is not good.

EXT. FAIRGROUNDS

Camilla, Nora, and Mab continue their search for Percy.

CAMILLA

Wait.

She puts her hand in front of the other two and they hear it again. A high pitched screech.

MAB

Percy!

The girls run in the direction of the noise, pushing past other pedestrians who yell in complaint. They turn a corner and see Percy kneeling on the ground.

Camilla rushes forward as Percy turns around. She's sporting a full grin, and holding a small possum in her arms.

Camilla stops short. She hesitates.

PERCY

Kitty!

Nora and Mab burst into relieved laughter.

CAMILLA

Oh, Percy, honey...that's not a...

She trails off as she realizes it's a losing battle. She kneels down and gives Percy a hug.

CAMILLA

Don't run off like that. You scared me.

The possum tries to chew on Camilla's long hair.

Mab breaks off her laughter abruptly at the display.

MAB

Oh, that's mad gross. It's not coming home with us, is it?

NORA

I dunno, witches have familiars.

MAB

But it's a possum. In our car.

They all stare at it. It's not necessarily cute, but it seems to be clinging to Percy for dear life. Percy also seems calmed by its presence.

CAMILLA

I could...charm it? To have a good attitude?

MAB

I'm never leaving shotgun.

CONVENIENCE STORE - MIDDAY

It is the following day. Percy wears a backpack with her possum in it. She runs around the store with Lysander, laughing and joking around.

Nora hangs out at the counter with Camilla. There's a lull in customers. Camilla counts the till and Beatrice sweeps the floor.

NORA

Are you sure that backpack will work?

CAMILLA

Yeah, I spent most of the night enchanting it. It's bigger on the inside, with enough room for that possum. And it's stabilized so he doesn't bounce around.

NORA

Good. Mab said she was gonna possum-proof the car, whatever that means.

Sparks shoot up from behind an aisle.

CAMILLA

Hey! You two be careful!

There's a chorus of giggles.

CAMILLA

(to Nora)

Hey, did Lye say anything to you yesterday?

NORA

No, but she's made a miraculous recovery. I think she just didn't want to hang out with us.

Camilla shuts the till and begins wiping down the counters. She watches Beatrice shuffle into the EMPLOYEE'S ONLY door and gives her a small wave.

CAMILLA

She said she had to tell me something today. I found some bits of aluminum foil in the sink and I think she may have been scrying.

NORA

What? Why?

CAMILLA

I think she was trying to find out information about Abel--I mean that's who she learned it from.

There's a larger shower of sparks followed by loud laughter.

CAMILLA

Hey! What did I say!

Lysander appears and gives an apologetic wave. Camilla exhales and puts away her cleaning supplies.

CAMILLA

I should make enough after today's shift for us to head out.

NORA

Yeah? Huh. I'll kinda miss this little place. Maybe we should visit again once things have settled down.

CAMILLA

Yeah, I think so. Will you go home and tell Mab to get the car ready and start putting our things up? I told Karen that we'd check out early tomorrow morning.

Nora shoots finger guns and opens the door. A little bell jingles and hides the first POP. Camilla looks up, noticing the difference in sound. Nora turns back to say something, notices the change in Camilla's stature, and turns.

A much louder POP sounds and Camilla comes out from behind her counter.

CAMILLA
What are you guys...

An earsplitting crack tears the air apart and Camilla falls backwards. A fireball the size of a small dog comes from behind an aisle of dried fruit and tears a hole into the ceiling.

Various furniture from Beatrice's upstairs apartment falls through the hole. Several of the aisles are ablaze with fire.

Nora rushes in and beelines for the bathroom, dumping out the tip jar as she goes. Camilla turns, frantic, and unhinges a fire extinguisher on the wall. She sprays it over the fire and Nora enters, dumping water on some small patches behind Camilla.

The fire is extinguished completely. There's a beat of silence. A crowd has gathered outside the windows. Lysander lays several feet from the fire with Percy on her lap. She absentmindedly rubs her soot-covered hands on Lysander's sweatshirt.

Beatrice slams open the door in a fury.

BEATRICE
What did you do to my shop!?

LYSANDER
Beatrice! I swear, it wasn't
Camilla's--

CAMILLA
It was my fault, Beatrice. I...

She surveys the damage.

CAMILLA
One of the kids brought in a
firework from the fair. I should
have made sure they didn't have any
on them.

BEATRICE
This is coming out of your
paychecks! Plural! This is going to
cost me a fortune to fix! And my
nice lamp...

She hobbles over to the wreckage and pulls out a shattered stained glass lamp.

BEATRICE
Get those kids out of here!

CAMILLA
Yes ma'am.

Nora grabs Lysander by the collar and holds Percy in her other arm. She gives a worried look to Camilla who begins to help Beatrice clean up the wreckage.

NORA
You're in for it now...

INT. MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Nora sits on the bed with Percy asleep in her arms. Mab paces back and forth, wearing a tread in the carpet. They both watch Lysander who sits in the corner with her hood up over her head.

The silence is palpable. They know the damage done is extreme.

The door opens. All their heads whip towards it.

Camilla enters, dog-tired. She throws her bag to the side and takes off the ball-cap she'd been wearing. She kicks off her shoes and pushes her hair back with a deep sigh. She fixes Lysander in her gaze, eyes cold.

Lysander chews on one of the ties of her sweatshirt, anxious.

Nora places a hand on Camilla's shoulder. Camilla tilts her chin up slightly.

CAMILLA
You just cost me nearly my entire earnings.

Nora cringes. Mab picks up Percy and quietly exits the room. Lysander stops chewing.

CAMILLA
Four days of work. Sixteen-hour workdays. Plus my tips. I also had to help Beatrice, who is possibly one of the nicest people we've met, completely clean and start restorations on her store.

LYSANDER
Camilla, I--

CAMILLA
(Yelling)
Don't talk to me!

Lysander falls silent, eyes wide. Nora stands and puts her hands behind her head, before searching through the nightstand.

CAMILLA
Do you have any idea what you've done? That sets us back days! We don't have the luxury of staying here any longer! I worked like a dog so that we wouldn't have to live off of moonpies--
(She picks one up and tosses it across the room)
And you waste it away! Like it's nothing!

LYSANDER
I didn't mean to!

CAMILLA
Oh of *course* you didn't mean to! You've never held a job in your life! You're a spoiled, immature, self-centered brat! You took Abel for granted and you take *this* for granted! This isn't a field trip, we're *on the run*! For our lives!

Nora fishes out her savings, counting it up. Camilla walks towards Lysander.

CAMILLA
I asked you one thing, to teach Percy, and you teach her your pyrotechnics! Dangerous spells that could hurt others! And you teach her to be careless with them, just like you!

LYSANDER
Those are spells that could protect us! She's more powerful than any of us, why would I waste time teaching her baby shit?

CAMILLA

Because she is a baby! Practically!
And she needs to learn from the
basics up!

LYSANDER

We don't have time for that! I did
what was right. And I'm not
careless! I'm watching out for us!
It's *her* you should be worried
about!

She stabs a finger in Nora's direction. Nora starts, in the
middle of counting her money, looking offended.

NORA

Whaddya mean by that?

CAMILLA

Nora earns money! Not in the best
way, but she did it! She makes maps
and plots our course and takes care
of Percy! What do you do? All you
do is make messes we have to clean
up. You're useless. I never should
have allowed you to come with us.

Lysander reels back. Tears well up in her eyes. She storms
out of the room and slams the door behind her. Mab
hesitantly peeks her head in after a minute.

MAB

That went...about as I expected.

Camilla slumps onto the bed, her head in her hands.

CAMILLA

I can't look at her right now.

NORA

Cam, I still have over \$700. It's
not the end of the world, we can
still make it.

The girls stare at the window.

MAB

I hope she comes back before
sunrise. We're leaving...

CAMILLA

Whatever. I hope she storms all the
way home.

EXT. GAS STATION

Fluorescent lights flicker ominously. The gas station is empty except for the clerk inside. Lysander approaches a payphone, quarters in hand. She has a number scrawled in black on her palm. She dials it.

She curls the cord around her finger as the phone rings.

DIMITRI

Hello?

LYSANDER

Hi. I'd like to report
some...mysterious women in my town.
I think they might be witches.

INT. MOTEL ROOM

Mab paces the room, again, while Nora brushes her teeth and Camilla lays on the bed with Percy snuggled into her stomach.

MAB

It's been a couple hours now. Lye
is a hot head, but she doesn't
brood.

Nora talks through her toothpaste.

NORA

She'll be fine! She's not stupid.

Mab snorts in disbelief. Camilla stays silent. Nora's phone starts to vibrate on the counter. She spits out her toothpaste and answers.

NORA

Hello?

ABEL

Where's Camilla? She's not
answering her phone.

NORA

She--

ABEL

It doesn't matter. I need you stop
running. Leave Lye and Mab and
Percy in South Carolina; I'm sure
you're settled there by now--

Nora has put the call on speaker. Camilla sits up in bed and Mab stops pacing.

NORA
We haven't exactly--

ABEL
There are bigger things brewing.
Bigger things than these FBI kids.
I've seen something worse. I hate
to be rescued, so I'm not gonna
ask, but I do need your help.
Come--

The line cuts off abruptly. Nora holds the phone out questioningly.

NORA
Why does she always do that?

CAMILLA
We need to go. Again.

MAB
What about Lye?

CAMILLA
We'll pick her up on the way out.
Start gathering everything
together, I'm gonna go put our
money next to the cash register. I
hate not being able to do things
lawfully.

The girls begin throwing their belongings into their duffles as Camilla runs to the front desk.

EXT. EDGE OF TOWN - NIGHT

Lysander waits on the outskirts of town, huddled in her sweatshirt; even summers in the desert have cold nights.

LYSANDER
This'll teach Camilla.
(imitating Camilla)
"Oh, I'm so smart and pretty and
adult! I know better than
everyone!"

She kicks a rock.

LYSANDER
I'm smart too.
(yelling into the distance)
I got a 32 on my mock ACT's
Camilla!

Her voice is lost in a sudden breeze.

LYSANDER
Bet you didn't know that. You never
listen to me. But this way I can be
worth something. I'll prove my
place. I can defend you guys.

She practices an incendiary spell, then lifts up the hem of
her shorts to reveal a knife strapped into a garter. She
pulls it out and does a couple of movements with it.

Headlights on the horizon. Lysander looks up, expectant. She
grips the knife tighter.

The car slows at it approaches her. Stops. A man gets out.

DIMITRI
Lysander?

LYSANDER
That's me. Are you the FBI guys?

DIMITRI
I'm one of them, yes.

LYSANDER
Cool.

She whips her arm around and makes a sharp gesture with her
hand. There's an explosion of fire and dirt between the two
of them. Lysander adjusts her hold on the knife and waits
for the dust to settle.

LYSANDER
Where are you, you little--

Dimitri appears behind her and gives her a swift chop to the
back of the neck. Lysander drops to her knees, then falls
facedown in the dirt, out cold.

Dimitri takes the knife.

DIMITRI
What a headstrong, idiotic, little
girl. I don't remember you being
part of the party.

He flips the knife in his hand before he gets back into the car and speeds towards the town.

INT. MOTEL LOBBY

Camilla approaches the lobby doors. They're locked, so she pulls out a bobby pin and makes quick work of the lock. She pushes the door open and pulls out a couple hundreds from her purse, setting it down next to the register.

CAMILLA

Sorry, Karen. This'll have to do.
And it should cover the fan.

She backs away. As she turns, a black sack is thrown over her head.

EXT. MOTEL

Nora carries Percy on her back and Mab follows, each dragging most of the luggage.

NORA

What the...

She squints as she sees Dimitri walking out of the lobby. Her eyes widen as she sees Camilla draped over his shoulder.

NORA

Oh, fuck!

She pushes Percy into Mab's arms as Mab drops the luggage. Nora breaks into a sprint after him.

MAB

Nora! Wait!

Dimitri turns and sees the two of them. He speeds up, pushing Camilla into the backseat and getting into the car himself. It revs up and his tires spin in the dirt before he peels out of the parking lot and onto the road.

NORA

Shit!

She runs her fingers through hair, helpless. She turns and runs back to Mab and helps grab the luggage. The two of them throw it into the car with reckless abandon before driving away.

INT. CAR

NORA
Oh, this is bad. This is so crazy,
stupid bad.

Percy has woken up and is anxious in the backseat.

PERCY
What's wong?

NORA
Uhh...

MAB
We're going to fix it, Percy. Don't
worry. Your big sisters are on the
case.

Percy seems only slightly eased. She clambers over some
luggage and presses her face against the window as they race
out of town.

PERCY
Wye!

NORA
FUCK WE FORGOT ABOUT LYE!

She slams on the breaks and Percy faceplants into the
backseat. She lets out a wail and Mab unbuckles to grab her.

MAB
Nora! Language AND bad driving! Be
careful, you could've brained her!

She holds Percy close, whispering the lullaby, and looks out
the window.

MAB
We have no idea where Lye is, how
can we--

PERCY
Wye!

Percy wails again and points at the window.

MAB
I know honey, we're not forgetting
her I...promise...

As she's putting Percy's arm down, she notices where she's
pointing.

MAB
Oh, shit, Lye!

She shifts Percy to Nora.

NORA
Language!

Nora yells as Mab opens the door and inspects Lysander's motionless body.

MAB
Oh, come on Lye. Don't do me like this.

She feels for a pulse. Breaths a sigh of relief when she feels one.

MAB
She's just unconscious!

NORA
Then get her in the car! We've practically lost Camilla!

Mab hoists Lysander up by the armpits and unceremoniously stuffs her into the backseat.

MAB
She's gonna feel stiff when she wakes up, but that's the best we can do for now.

Nora slams her foot to the gas and they get back on the road. Mab is now in the backseat, and attempts to reposition Lysander with little luck. She finally takes a bottle of water and pours it down the back of Lysander's sweatshirt.

Lysander starts and headbutts Mab's jaw. Mab exclaims, pulling back, as Lysander sputters awake.

LYSANDER
Mab--! Where's...?

She turns, mentally counting the passengers.

LYSANDER
Where's Camilla?

NORA
The FBI caught up with us, they kidnapped her.

LYSANDER

Oh, f--

Mab puts her finger up to Lysander's lips.

MAB

Little ears. Please.

NORA

Lye, we need your help.

Lysander looks wary, turning around and pulling herself up into a seat.

LYSANDER

What's that?

NORA

We need you to scry and find out where they're going. We lost their trail pretty fast, and the last thing I need is the cops pulling us over for speeding.

Lysander hesitates.

LYSANDER

Do we have the materials?

MAB

I scooped all your stuff in one of these bags so I'm sure it's here...

They begin to rifle through the various luggage, pulling out aluminum foil and the electronic candles. Mab makes a makeshift bowl out of a to-go box lid and they pour half a water-bottle into it.

Lysander goes quiet. The hum of the car engine is overwhelming. She takes a deep breath.

Tokens. Chips. The sounds of them sliding together between the palms of hands, into the metal cup of dispensers, across felt tabletops. People talking, laughing. The clink of glasses. Slot machines ticking. Bright colors and indistinct shapes.

Lysander looks up.

LYSANDER

Looks like we're going to Vegas, ladies.

INT. CAR - LATE MORNING

Nora drives through the night. Mab wakes up to several cans of RedBull surrounding their exhausted driver. Lysander wakes up to a splitting headache.

NORA
We're here.

The bright sunlight makes Vegas look less like a party city and more a like a deserted wasteland. Everyone seems to be inside with a hangover.

LYSANDER
Ugh, can we turn down the lights.

MAB
That's the sun, Lye. What happened to you out there?

Lysander is cut off from answering.

NORA
We need a plan of attack, guys. We have no earthly idea where Camilla is and no clue how to get her back.

Percy munches on some Doritos in the backseat. Mab turns to look at her.

MAB
Percy, you wouldn't happen to have any super magical hunches, would you?

PERCY
Munch?

LYSANDER
No, *hunch!* Where's Camilla?

Percy scrunches up her face, and stops eating her chips. She clambers to the window again, stepping on Lysander. She looks around, the sun bounces off of her curly bedhead.

PERCY
Ghosts!

Lysander looks where she's pointing. Her jaw drops.

LYSANDER
Oh my god. Oh my god!

Lysander grabs Mab's shirt collar from the back seat and yanks her forward and back, frantic.

LYSANDER
OH MY GOD!!!!!!

MAB
What? What do you want?

LYSANDER
Mab, that's you isn't it! Up there!

All four crane their heads to the windows. A large billboard advertises a national pageant with this week's dates on it. It also features the past winners. Among them is Mab, nearly unrecognizable with a waterfall of wavy blonde hair and stunning makeup.

MAB
Oh, uh, yeah. Well. Like Percy said, a ghost. You know, of who I used to be and all...that...

She trails off as she notices the girls ogling her.

MAB
What?

NORA
You never told us you were a pageant girl! A nationally known one!

Mab heaves a deep sigh, looking uncomfortable.

MAB
Yeah, well, I didn't think it was important.

LYSANDER
Mab, holy crap, you're hot!

Mab blushes and shoves Lysander away from her seat.

MAB
It wasn't about being hot!

Lysander leans in and Nora turns down the radio. They wait for the rest of the story to follow. Mab makes a disgusted noise.

MAB

I grew up in a trailer park. My mom was a pageant girl and that's what she wanted me to be. It was in my lineage to come from beautiful successful people, alternatively wasteful. It seemed to skip a generation that someone spent every cent they earned. My mom was that generation.

She looked out the window. Nervously, she rubbed the back of her ear.

MAB

Anyway, I was a winner. My mom found out I could do magic--

LYSANDER

She couldn't?

MAB

No, that skipped a generation too. My grandma was amazing at it. Anyway, she wanted me to make a potion for myself so I would always be attractive. Or one for the judges so they would always view me that way. She wanted me to cheat my way to victory, said I was getting uglier with each passing day.

Mab shrugs.

MAB

She stopped being famous because she got old. I guess that's what she feared for me. But I told her I wouldn't change my appearance and she kicked me out. So I cut off all my hair and skipped town.

The car is silent. Nora lets out a low whistle.

NORA

That's really heavy. I'm sorry, Mab.

Lysander loops her hand around the armrest and squeezes Mab's.

MAB

It's okay. I've gotten better about that. I know it's not who I am. I just usually don't have billboards reminding me.

Percy points insistently out the window again.

PERCY

Ghosts!

MAB

Yes, we've acknowledged them.

LYSANDER

Oh, she's looking at that.

She points to a nearby hotel. A sign outside reads "MOST HAUNTED HOTEL IN LAS VEGAS! COME STAY!"

Lysander lets out a defeated sigh.

LYSANDER

That's as good as anything I guess.

They park their car and head inside the lobby.

INT. HOTEL LOBBY

Sleek marble floors bounce light all around. Lysander shields her eyes as they approach the front desk.

The concierge eyes them with worry and distaste. A young girl bounces a child on her hip, between a bruised and dusty redhead and a menacing teen with a shaved head. All four look worse for ware and have dark circles under their eyes. The four of them don't make the best impression.

But its not his job to judge in Las Vegas so he gives them a room and the four head upstairs.

INT. HOTEL ROOM

Lysander flops on the bed with a groan.

LYSANDER

I am stiff in places I didn't know that I could be.

NORA

We have to focus on finding Camilla. We don't have time for naps.

She swats Lysander with a rolled up magazine.

NORA
Every night we stay here is eating
away at more of our cash.

She plops herself down on the carpeting and begins unfolding maps and pieces of paper with scrawled notes. Mab joins her on the floor, while Lysander rests her chin on the edge of the bed. Percy climbs up to sit with Lysander and observes the situation.

NORA
Lye, will you do me a favor and go
scurry in the sink? We may be able to
get some more information.

Lysander heaves a sigh and rolls off the bed. She drags herself to the bathroom, grabbing her supplies on the way. They hear the faucet turn on and Nora looks to Mab.

NORA
We're gonna have to do some
exploring, I think.

MAB
Recon? I'm down.

The two look to Percy.

MAB
Lye can look after her. I'm sure
they won't burn anything down this
time.

Nora pulls a face, but the two break into nervous laughter.

NORA
But we can't go out looking like we
walked off of the streets. I guess
it's time for a little clean up.

Mab begrudgingly agrees and the two get to work.

They sit in front of a mirror and help each other fix their makeup and brush their hair so they won't draw attention. They change into cleaner clothes as Lysander emerges from the bathroom, looking thoroughly worn.

LYSANDER
They're here. In the basement I
think. It's definitely not looking
good.

She yawns heavily and lays on the bed.

LYSANDER
Now if you'll excuse me, I have a
pounding headache and some sleep
that I didn't quite catch.

Nora swings her bag onto her shoulder and Mab drops some
sunglasses onto the bridge of her nose.

NORA
Look after Percy, will ya? We're
going out to do some snoopin.

There's a squeak and Percy opens her bag. Her rather
distraught looking possum emerges.

MAB
Oh, I forgot about that thing.

Percy pulls a handful of food from the bag and gives it
small scratches behind the ears. Lysander eyes them warily.

NORA
Have fun!

The two exit the room. Percy hops up onto the bed, carrying
her possum with her. It escapes from her hands and curls up
on Lysander's stomach.

LYSANDER
Oh, so this is happening now?

Percy lets out a small giggle.

LYSANDER
This is gonna be a fun time.

INT. HOTEL

Mab and Nora stroll around the various hallways and
conference rooms.

MAB
So, nothing unusual. Con rooms, a
casino, kitchens...

NORA
But we want what's underground.

They take the elevator down to the lobby again.

NORA
This is far down as it goes.

MAB
Stairs?

They investigate the few stairwells and see no obvious way down.

Nora watches a couple of showgirls enter a room marked off from the public.

NORA
...Hey Mab.

She singsongs and gestures to the women.

Mab straightens immediately.

MAB
No. No way. I'm never dressing up
for someones entertainment again.
Not even for Camilla.

Nora recognizes the sudden shift in tone and drops the subject.

NORA
Respected. We'll have to figure
something else out. But what? We're
not in Oceans Eleven, we're amateur
witches. What do we have?

MAB
Percy.

INT. HOTEL BASEMENT

Dimitri and Tanner stand before Abel and Camilla. The women are seated, with ropes bound around their hands and feet.

They sit in in a large, empty garage. One bulb flickers above them. There's a hollow echo to their voices.

DIMITRI
Miss Adrioux, please. I'm just
trying to do my job. I need to know
how you killed Thomas Pech.

CAMILLA
I already told you how!

DIMITRI
And I told you that wasn't good
enough. Why do you test my
patience?

CAMILLA
Why do you test mine, assuming you
know how magic works?

There's a silence. Dimitri straightens and clasps his arms
behind his back.

DIMITRI
I'm beginning to think you know
nothing about how Thomas was killed
because you didn't do it.

Camilla remains quiet. Abel watches, exhausted.

TANNER
We assumed it was her because of
the gas station, but it could have
been any of them. The girl with the
shaved head is the one who cast the
spell.

DIMITRI
Motive is the key, though. Who has
the motive? Sure they're all
friends, but friends don't kill.
Lovers? Maybe the Asian?

CAMILLA
She's Japanese you generalizing
asshole.

DIMITRI
I didn't want to assume. Touchy
subject. No, no. We're missing
something.

He taps a finger against his lips thoughtfully.

Tanner starts and pulls out a plastic bag from his pocket.
In it are a couple of the small plastic toys he'd grabbed
from Percy's room.

TANNER
The piece we're missing, Dimitri.
The kid. The little sister.

Dimitri's face brightens as Camilla's falls.

DIMITRI
Tanner, you clever dog! Yes, of
course, the abused sister sent away
to live with a relative. Except she
wasn't, was she?

He looks at Abel. Abel holds him in a steely gaze.

DIMITRI
Little sister sees an atrocity,
hasn't learned to control her magic
yet, and lets it get the best of
her. She's only human, as we all
are.

He looks up at the ceiling as if he can see through the
floor.

DIMITRI
So where is she now?

INT. HOTEL ROOM

Percy lays on her stomach and squeezes her possum close to
her face. It chirps in affection.

Lysander stares at the ceiling.

LYSANDER
It's my fault your sister got
"got", Percy. I'm sorry.

Percy looks to Lysander, then back to the possum.

PERCY
It's okay.

Lysander looks at her.

LYSANDER
Yeah?

PERCY
Yeah. Accident. I know those.

Lysander pulls on the strings of her sweatshirt again.

LYSANDER
You know, Percy, I think I could
actually learn to like kids if
they're all like you.

The possum jumps out of Percy's arms and onto Lysander's
chest.

PERCY
He wuvs you!

LYSANDER
Oh! What a cutie!

She gives him an affectionate pat. The possum drools on her face.

LYSANDER
You know? Less cute.

She carries the possum into the bathroom and runs the sink to clean off the slobber.

Percy looks at the ground. A sense of trouble begins to sink over her.

PERCY
Camilla...

Her eyes drift to a glass of water on a tin tray. Her eyes slide out of focus. The lights flicker around her.

LYSANDER
(as if from a great distance)
Percy?

Percy sees Camilla in the basement, next to Abel. The men interrogate them. Dimitri looks directly at Percy.

Percy sees her shadow self on the other side.

The reality begins to alter. She sees blood drip from Camilla's eyes. The ground cracks underneath their feet and swallows Abel. Dimitri and Tanner grow in height, looking down through shadowed faces.

Her shadow self begins to gain color, like a developing picture. Percy looks down at her hands and notices them fading.

They're switching places.

She screams.

Nora and Mab burst through the door.

NORA
What's happening?

LYSANDER

I went to clean slobber off my
cheek and she just went into a
trance!

MAB

She's scrying!

She knocks the glass off the tray and slams the light switch
off. The flickering stops but Percy's cries continue. The
lights burst overhead and sparks rain down.

The carpet catches fire and they hear several windows break
in below them. The walls creak and groan.

NORA

This is gonna be a much bigger
bill....

Mab grabs Percy and the girls run from the room. As they run
down the hallway, the fire follows them, hungry. The
sprinklers turn on to no avail. The chaos is infectious and
soon the halls are full of people screaming and running.

LYSANDER

This is no illusion! She lit the
whole damn place up!

Percy looks over Mab's shoulder. The shadow girl stands in
the hallway. She grins, a full copy of Percy, and
disappears.

INT. HOTEL BASEMENT

The ground shakes above Camilla and her interrogators.

TANNER

What the...

Dimitri takes off his glasses and wipes some of the dust off
of them.

Another shake. More dust rains down. The ground beneath
their feet begins to crack.

DIMITRI

Something tells me our Percy is
here after all. Tanner.

He snaps and the two of them turn to leave.

CAMILLA
Hey! Untie us! We're gonna die down
here!

A more violent shake. The men stabilize themselves. Dimitri
puts his glasses back on.

DIMITRI
No one will notice. Like father,
like daughter.

The men leave. Camilla turns to Abel.

CAMILLA
What do we do?

Abel pulls against the rope on her arms. Smoke begins to
waft in through the upstairs.

ABEL
I...don't know.

INT. HOTEL LOBBY

Nora leads the rush with the girls, Percy in her arms.

LYSANDER
We have to find Camilla! She's in
the basement!

They run against the grain of people, further into the
casino. They push past the show girls and into the covered
door.

A staircase descends before them.

NORA
Oh, thank God.

They hurry down the stairs. As they round a corner, they
bump into Dimitri and Tanner.

Both parties stare at each other, startled. Then Tanner
attempts to rush Nora in the small space. Mab counters him
as she ducks low and rams her shoulder into his stomach. His
breath leaves him in an audible OOF before Mab smashes his
head against the wall.

LYSANDER
You!

DIMITRI
Well, look who it is.

He flicks out the knife he'd stolen from her and takes a stance.

Lysander pulls her hands back, her eyes bright and furious, her hair rising around her.

LYSANDER
This is for my sister, you asshole!

A fireball shoots from her hands directly into his chest. He's blown backwards and falls the ground. His glasses crack, and he tries to look up at her.

LYSANDER
Good thing I didn't miss this time.

She delivers a quick kick to his nose and he's out. Lysander leans down and picks up her knife. The fire is gains strength and the stairway fills with smoke.

They continue down the stairs.

INT. HOTEL BASEMENT

Camilla takes quick shallow breaths and struggles against her ropes.

CAMILLA
This is hopeless!

WHA-THUNK!

She stiffens at the impact of something into the back of her chair. Her ropes loosen. She turns to see Lysander at the front of the group, hand outstretched. The knife she had thrown is stuck into the back of the chair, having sliced through the rope.

MAB
Showoff.

Lysander grins. Camilla rushes towards Nora and Percy while Lysander retrieves her knife and cuts Abel's ropes.

CAMILLA
You guys! How'd you get here? How'd you know where we were?

NORA
We asked our magic mirror.
(To Abel)
Good thing you taught her well.

ABEL
I didn't teach her anything, the
little sneak just spied on me.

She ruffles Lysander's hair affectionately then pulls her
into a tight hug.

Percy's wails cease as soon as she sees Camilla and refuses
to let go of her.

Camilla strokes Percy's hair and whispers reassurance in her
ear.

MAB
This is real cute and all, but the
building is still currently
burning.

ABEL
Oh, right. This way!

They run towards an emergency exit at the far end of the
room. Pieces of the ceiling begin to rain down on them.

They fling themselves out of the doors just as the building
begins to collapse.

They back up a hill and watch it fall in silence. Firetrucks
and ambulances begin to wail onto the scene.

LYSANDER
Woops?

MAB
I'm sensing a trend.

ABEL
A trend?

Nora delivers a swift kick to Mab's shin. A couple people in
the crowd turn and look at them up on the hill.

ABEL
We should probably get as far away
from here as possible.

The girls nod in agreement and walk in the opposite
direction.

Percy looks behind her once more, eyes wide.

CAMILLA
Come on, Percy.

She picks her up in her arms and they walk off.

INT. WAFFLE HOUSE - NIGHT

They sit around a table, all worse for wear. A waitress sets down five steaming cups of coffee along with some bland breakfast food. There's silence as they all eat.

Abel finally breaks the silence.

ABEL
So, I guess the elephant in the room is how did they find you all and why weren't you in South Carolina.

Lysander averts her gaze. Abel notices. Nora puts down her sandwich and Mab swallows a mouthful.

CAMILLA
We stopped to get jobs. We were gonna be under the radar...

NORA
But I got a job fortune telling. I didn't think it would be that big a deal! I was making great money and we needed it.

Abel fixes Lysander in her gaze.

ABEL
Lye? What did you know?

All the girls turn to her.

MAB
Know? Did you know something?

Lysander pulls a face.

ABEL
Better out than in.

Lysander sighs.

LYSANDER
I noticed that guy--

ABEL
Dimitri.

LYSANDER
Yeah. I noticed him at the gas station when I was still hiding out in the car. I could see him through the keyhole.

NORA
Why didn't you say anything?

LYSANDER
I tried! There were just more important things going on. You guys wouldn't listen to me.

She twiddles her thumbs.

ABEL
But that's not all, is it?

LYSANDER
I stayed home from the fair to see if I could find them. They'd found us out through Nora.

Nora looks horrified.

NORA
My first customer. He was weird and so closed off...I should've known. I'm so sorry guys.

There's various voices of sympathy but Camilla is silent.

LYSANDER
I was gonna tell you but...we got in that fight...

She looks at Camilla, guilty. The rest of the girls are still confused, but Camilla has begun to work it out.

CAMILLA
You...

LYSANDER
I wanted to prove I was worth something! I thought I could take them. So I called in an anonymous tip and waited for them.

CAMILLA
But they kicked your ass.

LYSANDER
(cracking a weak smile)
Yeah, he kinda did.
(the smile fades)
But then I found out he got you
and...I'm so sorry, Camilla.

There's silence at the table as they eat. Abel coughs. Nora nudges Camilla, but the silence stretches on.

NORA
So. Now what, Abel?

Abel twists a ring around her finger. She contemplates it. She pulls it off and hands it to Camilla.

CAMILLA
What's this for?

ABEL
Your mother told me to give it to
you. I never found the right time.

Camilla turns it in her hands. The light gleams off of an engraving on the inside. She squints.

CAMILLA
What is...

Nora leans in over her shoulder.

NORA
Hey, those are coordinates!

CAMILLA
Coordinates? To where?

Abel shrugs.

ABEL
I never looked into it. It wasn't
my job. But I think they're close
to here.

CAMILLA
Is this where she is? We could find
her after all these years?

Nora busies herself and inputs the points into her phone.

NORA

They are! Like, crazy close!

She shows Camilla.

CAMILLA

What are we waiting for then?

She tries to zip out of the booth, but Nora yanks her down by her shirt.

NORA

Slow your roll. We have to pay,
little miss rulebreaker.

They pay their bill and head outside. They call a cab and take it to the coordinates.

EXT. CEMETARY

They pull up in front of a small wrought-iron gate. The women pile out of the car and stand, motionless. The trees whisper in the wind and the stars shine bright away from the city lights.

Nora places a hand on Camilla's shoulder. They enter the graveyard.

They walk in silence for a bit. Lysander lags behind with Mab, helpless about how to ask for Camilla's forgiveness.

CAMILLA

Why are we here?

She shakes her phone in frustration. Percy, at the back of the group, notices a white mist to her right. She walks towards it, but trips over a root coming out of the ground.

She looks up at a headstone. SABINE ADRIEUX. Camilla kneels down beside her.

CAMILLA

Oh...Mom.

Silence. Then she hiccups a sob and holds on to the grave.

PERCY

Who?

CAMILLA

Mom! She's your mom. She's our family.

Percy looks confused, then walks over to Nora.

PERCY

Family.

She tugs on Nora's pant-leg.

CAMILLA

No, Percy, it's...not the same thing.

Percy frowns, and tugs again, more insistent.

PERCY

Family.

She then moves to Mab and places her hand on her kneecap.

PERCY

Family.

Next is Abel. Then she stops at Lysander. She grabs Lysander's hand and pulls it down to Camilla's level.

PERCY

Family.

Camilla looks up at her. Lysander has tears in her eyes.

LYSANDER

I'm so sorry Camilla. About all of this.

Camilla throws her arms around Lysander's neck and hugs her tight.

CAMILLA

You guys are the only family I have left. I'm sorry, too.

They hold each other for a moment while Abel picks up a shovel leaning against a tree.

ABEL

Okay girls, let's get to digging.

ALL

What?

ABEL

You know the saying, a body isn't dead until you wear its bones as a necklace!

The girls look at her in horror. Camilla wipes away some tears and Lysander blows her nose in the hem of her shirt.

LYSANDER
That's messed up, Abe.

ABEL
It was a joke. But this is closure.
With witches, there's a proper
burial process.

They hesitate. Lysander turns and runs back towards the entrance. Percy kneels down and begins to dig with her hands.

CAMILLA
Oh, God, what are we doing.

They dig for a couple minutes before Lysander returns with various shovels.

LYSANDER
I found a shed! I'm all for
breaking the law. I always wanted
to do something shady in a
graveyard.

They dig for several more hours before they strike a casket. Camilla hops into the hole and yanks on the lid.

The coffin is empty.

CAMILLA
What?

Inside there is a slip of paper with an address in New Orleans. Camilla turns it over, looking for more, and finds nothing.

CAMILLA
That's it? Another note?

Abel leans on her shovel, face smug.

ABEL
I had a feeling. Sabine was crafty.
If I had the hazard to guess, I'd
say that's your grandma's address.

CAMILLA
We have a grandma?

Abel nods.

ABEL

One of the great voodoo queens of the south. I guess now is as good a time as any to meet her.

The girls share looks of incredulity.

MAB

We're going to New Orleans?

INT. HOSPITAL

Dimitri and Tanner stand before their boss, both badly beaten and bruised.

DIMITRI

I'm afraid...we lost them. They are believed to have perished in the fire.

BOSS

I wish you two would have.

Their boss inhales sharply and crosses her arms.

TANNER

We did our best--

He's cut off when she slices two fingers to the right, snapping his neck. He falls to ground and Dimitri straightens up.

BOSS

You know what they say. If you want something done right, you have to do it yourself.

She motions with her head and several larger men grab Dimitri under his arms and pull him back into his hospital room. The door shuts with finality.

The boss walks down the hallway with purpose, her heels clacking against the floor. She puts a finger to her ear.

BOSS

Charles? Connect me with Salem. Tell them there's a new witch hunt on.

EXT. ROADSIDE - MORNING

Camilla embraces Abel in a hug.

CAMILLA
I wish I had more time to spend
with you.

ABEL
We can't get all our wishes
granted, kiddo.

She takes Camilla's chin in her hand and kisses her
forehead.

CAMILLA
What are you gonna do?

ABEL
I've had a project in the works for
a while now that I think is finally
ready to go. I've set up a system
and I'm going to be fostering
runaway witches, like you all. It's
all very hush hush, though, so
don't contact me unless you have
to.

Camilla grins.

CAMILLA
You'll be great at that! After all,
you did such a great job with us.

They hear Lysander crack a bad pun and all the girls groan.
Abel rolls her eyes.

ABEL
Just promise me to be safe.

Camilla turns and looks at the girls. Nora runs her hands
over the new teal paint of the van Abel has bought for them.
Lysander bounces Percy on her hip, and quips a joke at Mab.

Mab retracts her hands out of the engine and slams the hood
before running her greasy fingers over Lysander's face. The
possum in Percy's backpack pokes its head out and squeaks
with delight.

CAMILLA
No promises. Not with these guys.

Abel pulls her into a tight hug.

ABEL

Take care of Lysander. I'm afraid I didn't do the best job bringing her up.

CAMILLA

You did what you could. She's actually a pretty great kid.

Lysander glances their way and flashes them a toothy grin.

The girls pile into the car as Abel waves them off. Nora and Mab pass out in the trunk and Percy sits up front with Camilla.

Lysander sits in the back seat and scrys.

CAMILLA

What's it look like?

LYSANDER

(In a joke voice)

I see fire and smoke, and a duel between two powerful witches. It will rip a hole between the known and unknown and change our paranormal future as we know it!

CAMILLA

Tell me something I don't know.

The girls laugh, but Lysander looks off to the side, worried.

Percy looks out the window as they drive. She catches a glimpse of herself outside in the woods. She blinks and it's gone. Her possum pokes its head out of the bag, quizzical. Percy smiles, shadow forgotten, and rolls down the window to stick her head out.

Camilla turns up the radio as the car rolls down the highway.

They pass a sign: NOW LEAVING NEVADA.

FADE OUT.

THE END