

WHITE WITCH

Created by

Stevan Serban and Aleksa Serban

Pilot episode

Matice Srpske 10, 21000 Novi Sad, Serbia
belka.heljda@gmail.com

TEASER

INT. RADIO STATION STUDIO - DAY

Behind the mic, in a poorly-lit studio, we see the face of an Afro-American woman, only up to below her eyes --

-- meet ABIGAIL (30). She is a radio show host. Her eyes are in shadow. Her sensual lips are accentuated by bright red lipstick. And her voice -- WOW!

ABIGAIL

You're listening to your favorite break online radio station, THE GOOD WITCH. Are you hiding in a hole because of one of them? One of those few in number who are of flesh and blood like the rest of us, but who stand apart from us because they hold power and authority? Well, you've come to the right place. The Good Witch is your guardian angel. We'll make sure we solve your problem for good. We have our first listener on the line today. Hi, Honey. Tell us about your problem.

LISTENER #1 (V.O.)

(through tears)
He's a piece of shit...

ABIGAIL

Take your time, Honey. Try to relax. We have all the time in the world.

EXT. BLACK LIMO - CONTINUOUS

A limo drives through the streets of New York.

LISTENER #1 (V.O.)

While I'm caring for our three children, he's out in his black limo having a good time with that assistant of his.

In the limo we see a good-looking HUSBAND (40) passionately kissing an attractive BLONDE.

LISTENER #1 (V.O.)

I can't take it anymore...

ABIGAIL (V.O.)
 Honey, the last thing you want to
 do is hurt yourself and hurt your
 children too.

The Blonde takes the Husband's tie off and unbuttons his
 shirt.

LISTENER #1 (V.O.)
 All he cares about is his damned
 money and climbing the damned
 ladder.

INT./EXT. BIG TRUCK - CONTINUOUS

A DRIVER (40), long hair tied in a pony tail, with a beard
 and an earring in one ear, drives a truck through the streets
 of New York.

The radio in the cab is playing *La Grange by ZZ Top*. The
 Driver taps his fingers on the steering wheel in time to the
 music.

LISTENER #1 (O.S.)
 Every evening he comes home late
 and tells me he's out earning a
 living for us.

The truck drives along the street.

INT. RADIO STATION STUDIO - CONTINUOUS

As she talks to the Listener, Abigail taps on a computer
 keyboard.

ABIGAIL
 Honey, has he ever hurt you?

The Listener says nothing.

ABIGAIL (CONT'D)
 Are you there?

LISTENER #1 (O.S.)
 Yes, he has... a few times.

ABIGAIL
 How many times?

LISTENER #1 (O.S.)
 Too many.

EXT. BLACK LIMO - CONTINUOUS

LIMO DRIVER (60). Old-school. Listens to the Beatles on the radio while driving and sings along.

ABIGAIL (V.O.)
Honey, now that's a serious problem, but the Good Witch is going to help you fix it.

The blonde unzips the husband's fly.

ABIGAIL (V.O.)
As we speak, all your sorrow and all your pain are recorded in the strings that intertwine the universe...

We see the face of the Husband contorted in pleasure as the blonde gives him head.

INT. RADIO STATION - CONTINUOUS

Abigail finishes typing and for a moment her index finger hovers above the Enter key, and then she goes ahead and presses it.

ABIGAIL
... The strings record all the emotions and all the actions of every living being that has ever lived, that lives now and that ever will live on this wonderful planet of ours, and in the whole universe...

INT./EXT. BIG TRUCK - CONTINUOUS

The song La Grange stops midway and *Sympathy for the Devil* kicks in.

ABIGAIL (V.O.)
... Every good deed brings its reward...

The Driver is first confused by the change of song, and then his eyes open wide involuntarily, and he accelerates.

EXT. BLACK LIMO - CONTINUOUS

On the radio in the limo, the Beatles song stops midway and Sympathy for the Devil kicks in.

ABIGAIL (V.O.)
 ... And every bad deed brings its
 punishment.

The Limo Driver's eyes open wide involuntarily and he accelerates.

LISTENER #1 (V.O.)
 Will you help me?

EXT. BIG TRUCK - CONTINUOUS

The big truck is being driven at high speed. The traffic light that it is fast approaching is green. There are no other vehicles in front.

ABIGAIL (V.O.)
 Honey, the Good Witch is just a
 Guardian Angel, who knows how to
 read the strings and help all of
 you who have, since the dawn of
 time, suffered injustice. Who have
 been kept down, abused and robbed
 of your rights...

EXT. BLACK LIMO - CONTINUOUS

The Husband is in ecstasy as the Blonde blows him.

The limo approaches a traffic light, a red one, at high speed. There are no other vehicles in front of the limo.

ABIGAIL (V.O.)
 ... How to re-establish balance
 between good and evil, just a
 little sooner than the creator of
 the strings envisaged.

The limo blows through the red light.

The big truck hits the back end of the limo at great speed, breaking it in two.

The Limo Driver has survived in the front of the limo.

The Husband and the Blonde are dead at the scene.

INT. RADIO STATION - CONTINUOUS

Abigail is at the mic.

LISTENER #1 (O.S.)
Will I finally find peace?

Abigail gets a message on her cellphone. She reads it and then places the phone down next to the microphone.

ABIGAIL
Honey, the strings tell me your problem has just been solved. Now go be with your children. If you're just tuning in, the Good Witch has just helped another suffering soul solve their problem. What's YOUR problem? Call us. And now, some music.

Sympathy for the Devil (Rolling Stones) kicks in.

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE**EXT. STREET - NIGHT**

The Truck Driver sits in shock on the tailgate of an ambulance. An EMT stanches the bleeding from the cut he got on his forehead when he hit it on the windshield.

Next to him is COP #1, taking notes.

TRUCK DRIVER

... It was green... It was green...
I swear to God it was green...

COP #1

Calm down, sir. It wasn't your fault. We just reviewed the camera footage.

TRUCK DRIVER

You did?

COP #1

We did. You had a green. The limo driver ran the red.

TRUCK DRIVER

What happened to the people in the limo?

COP #1

My partner's just talking to the driver.

TRUCK DRIVER

And the passengers?

Cop #1 merely shakes his head. Dismayed, the driver clutches his head with both hands.

COP #2 crosses to the Limo Driver who is leaning against the front section of the limo.

COP #2

Sir, you need to tell us what happened.

LIMO DRIVER

(breathing heavily and
clutching his chest)
Sympathy for the Devil.

COP #2

Sorry?

LIMO DRIVER

I was listening to the Beatles and suddenly another song came on.

INT. KICKBOXING CLUB - LATER

An attractive brunette spars with her COACH (40). Both are wearing gloves and protective headgear --

-- meet HOPE (357). She is spirited, smiling, brimming with self-confidence. You'd never know it at first glance, but she's a witch.

Hope is on the attack, aiming a flurry of blows at the Coach with her fists and feet as he tries to defend himself.

Hope stops raining blows on him and breathes deeply in and out again. Both lower their gloves.

HOPE

You were good today --

COACH

If you say so.

Out of the blue Hope lands a lightning blow, right in the Coach's face.

HOPE

-- not careful enough, though.

Hope laughs, takes off her headgear and exits the ring.

COACH

Fuck you, Hope!

Hope turns to the Coach and winks at him. The Coach points a finger at her.

COACH (CONT'D)

Next time!

IN THE BATHROOM

We see Hope from behind, naked from the waist up, leaning with both hands on the wall of the shower as the water from the shower head above runs down her back.

Across the whole of her back is a huge tattoo of a skull, with snakes emerging from its eyes, nose and mouth.

The tattoo transforms into the image of a woman, burning at the stake.

BEGIN FLASHBACK:

EXT. SPANISH VILLAGE - DAY

SUPER: "Spain, 1670..."

In the village square a crowd of peasants gathers around a burning pyre on which the flames have already begun licking around a woman with long, blonde hair.

Everyone watches silently as the woman on the pyre intones some kind of mantra, a calm expression on her face.

There is sadness on the faces of some of the village folk. Some are appalled by what they are seeing.

As the flames take further hold of the woman she continues intoning the mantra.

On the faces of the other peasants there is visible anger at being forced to attend the execution.

END FLASHBACK.

INT. KICKBOXING CLUB - BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

We see Hope in the bathroom in the same position, from behind, above the waist.

Her whole body shudders for a moment as though she has been jolted out of a dream. The skull-and-snakes tattoo is visible on her back again.

Hope turns off the shower but remains standing, leaning on the wall with both hands, her head hanging down between her shoulders.

EXT/INT. CAR - CONTINUOUS

ÁLVARO ZAPATERO (40) sits in the driver's seat. Raffi's partner. He is Puerto Rican. Super religious. Honest. A faithful friend. Superstitious. He is playing games on his cellphone. The car is in front of a rough apartment complex. A few Hookers cross the street.

There is a rosary hanging from the rear-view mirror together with several icons of the Virgin Mary.

A man exits the building and puts on dark glasses --

-- Meet RAPHAEL "RAFFI" HUNTER (40). Homicide detective. A strong-willed character. Full of confidence but he carries a great burden.

Raffi lights a cigarette and gets in the car.

Raffi takes a plastic cup of coffee from the holder in front of the passenger seat, takes a pleasurable gulp, sits back in his seat and takes a fervent puff on the cigarette.

He says nothing, knowing that he is about to get a lecture from Alvaro.

Alvaro sets aside the phone, starts up the car and pulls away.

ALVARO

Good morning to you too, Partner.

RAFFI

Good morning, Detective Zapatero.

ALVARO

I'll never understand --

RAFFI

-- What will you never understand, my dear Alvaro?

ALVARO

Where is the pleasure in screwing hot pussy but drinking cold coffee?

Raffi looks thoughtfully out the window.

RAFFI

You'll never know till you try.

ALVARO

Thanks, but no thanks. I'm faithful to my Lucia.

RAFFI

Paying for sex isn't cheating.

Raffi's cellphone rings. He looks at the phone and rolls his eyes.

RAFFI (CONT'D)
Hey, Jacqueline --

Raffi holds the phone away from his ear as JACQUELINE (40), his ex, evidently shouts at the other end.

RAFFI (CONT'D)
-- Jacqueline, you don't have to shout, I can hear you fine... Of course I didn't forget I was supposed to come and get Evelyn. Goodbye, Jacqueline.

ALVARO
Admit it, you forgot your daughter was supposed to be spending the weekend at your place.

Raffi takes a sip of coffee. He is used to Alvaro's lectures about his disorderly way of life.

RAFFI
Forgetting to come to work is one thing, but forgetting when it's my weekend with Evelyn - no way.

ALVARO
So what's the problem, then?

RAFFI
Her Royal Highness Jacqueline has an event set up at her fancy bridge club, and I had some fantastic sex this morning that went on a bit longer than planned.

INT. JUICES AND COOKIES CAFÉ - DAY

The café is done out in a sixties style. Behind the large counter there is an opening through which customers can see the juices and cookies being prepared in the kitchen.

The café is full. Hope enters from the Kitchen, dressed in a hippie style and carrying a plant pot with an unusual-looking flower growing in it.

MURIEL (520) crosses to Hope. He is a wizard, and the head chef. He is a good-looking, dark-haired guy. Latino type. Charming. Overly protective of Hope. He is her mentor, friend and helper.

Hope gives him the plant pot.

HOPE
Find a good place for this
beautiful flower.

Hope goes to her regular table in the corner, by the counter.
Muriel sets the pot down on the counter and follows her over.

MURIEL
You've got to be kidding me. A car
crash. It's too obvious. Lately,
you've been lacking in imagination.

Hope puts her bag down on the chair by her table.

HOPE
You worry too much. You'll get
wrinkles.

Muriel puts a hand to his forehead as if to check whether he
has wrinkles, then smirks.

MURIEL
Ha ha! Very funny.

Hope takes off her jacket, drapes it over her chair and heads
for the kitchen door --

-- Muriel follows close behind --

HOPE
One less evil. Another story with a
happy ending. What's done is done.

-- Hope and Muriel pause in front of the kitchen door --

HOPE (CONT'D)
How are the cookies coming along?

MURIEL
They'll be ready for tasting today.

-- Hope and Muriel go into the kitchen.

The kitchen is not the same as we see it through the opening
behind the counter.

As Hope and Muriel enter we see what the kitchen really looks
like.

We see something resembling a medieval alchemist's
laboratory.

There are cauldrons hanging over flames, with various potions bubbling in them, while next to them stand TROLLS, mixing the potions with large wooden spoons.

On large wooden benches there is a complex glass distilling apparatus containing different-colored liquids. There is smoke of various colors coming out of some of the vessels.

At the benches stand SARA (250), BEATRICE (220) AND ANDORA (120). They are witches. We see them in their true form. They are ugly. Long, straggly hair. Faces covered in warts.

The Witches add various ingredients to ceramic dishes which they mix with wooden spoons.

The walls are made of stone, and there are cobwebs in the corners and all over the ceiling.

There are torches burning on the walls which serve as lighting.

Hope and Muriel go over to one witch who is mixing cookie dough in a wooden bowl.

Hope takes a pinch of dough with her fingers and tastes it. Hope looks at Muriel.

HOPE

Mmmmm... This is really tasty! Call me when the cookies are baked.

Muriel smiles in satisfaction.

MURIEL

I told you.

EXT. BRIDGE CLUB - DAY

EVELYN (15), Raffi's daughter, and Jacqueline stand outside the BRIDGE CLUB.

Jacqueline is dressed like every rich woman you've ever seen. She is imperious. Arrogant. Her wealth and social status are shamelessly on display.

Evelyn is wearing the uniform of a private school, and has a schoolbag on her back.

Evelyn is a smart young lady. She hates having to bow to her mother's wishes for her life, but goes along with it for the sake of peace. She adores her father and can hardly wait to stay with him for the weekend.

JACQUELINE

I would ask you to behave as your status befits. Do I make myself clear?

Evelyn will say whatever her mother expects her to, just to get her off her case.

EVELYN

Yes, Mom.

JACQUELINE

As soon as you get indoors you are to do your homework. Clear?

EVELYN

Yes, Mom.

JACQUELINE

And I don't want you listening to that horrible satanic music, I want you to answer the phone when I call.

EVELYN

Yes, Mom.

Raffi's car pulls up in front of the club.

Raffi gets out of the car. Evelyn runs to him and throws her arms round him.

RAFFI

Hey, Princess.

EVELYN

I missed you so much!

RAFFI

I missed you too. Jump in the car, I won't be a minute.

Evelyn gets in the back seat of the car.

EVELYN

Hi Uncle Alvaro.

Evelyn and Alvaro give each other an elaborate handshake, like members of some street gang.

ALVARO

Hey, Princess! Ya got big plans---

JACQUELINE

(interrupting)

If you want to take her somewhere you can take her to the park for a walk or to the theater. I don't want you ruining all my work in two days.

RAFFI

What work is that?

JACQUELINE

What's necessary for Evelyn to become an educated, classy young lady, not some street urchin that listens to heavy metal.

Alvaro greets Jacqueline from the car.

ALVARO

Hello, Jacqueline.

Jacqueline smiles a false smile.

JACQUELINE

Hello, Alvaro.

RAFFI

(to Jacqueline)

My house, my rules.

JACQUELINE

My advice to you is to respect the custody agreement you signed.

RAFFI

Have fun with your fancy friends.
Goodbye, Jacqueline.

Raffi gets in the car. Jacqueline turns angrily and walks into the bridge club.

The car pulls away.

INT. JUICES AND COOKIES CAFÉ - KITCHEN - DAY

Muriel corners the Trolls, like hostages. They are speaking quietly. The Trolls are angry.

TROLL #1

We'll never get it finished. This new girl is too slow.

TROLL #2

She has to weigh everything three times and sniff every herb.

MURIEL

Hey! Who's the head chef here? You or me?

Troll #2 hangs his head and carries on mixing the potion in his cauldron.

MURIEL (CONT'D)

She's a young witch. She's only a hundred and twenty years old.

TROLL #3

Boss, but she's always looking over our shoulders, trying to tell us how to hold our spoons. Three hundred and fifty years we've been mixing potions in cauldrons and now some hundred and twenty-year-old kid wants to tell us how to do our job.

Muriel is angry at the Trolls for taking that tone with him.

MURIEL

Not so loud. The customers don't have to hear us.

TROLL #1

If the cookies aren't ready on time, we're all screwed, you included.

TROLL #2

I don't want Hope turning me into a man again for a month because of that kid.

TROLL #3

You know very well how humiliating that is for us.

MURIEL

I'll talk to her when I've finished some things I have to do. You calm down and get back to work.

The Trolls look at Muriel, shaking his head with mistrust.

MURIEL (CONT'D)

Now!

INT. POLICE STATION - SHARED DETECTIVES' OFFICE - DAY

There are detectives interviewing prostitutes, detectives struggling to write reports, detectives making phone calls. Just an ordinary day at the station in the Homicide unit.

An elevator opens to the area.

Alvaro, Raffi and Evelyn exit the elevator.

Evelyn pauses, closes her eyes and takes a deep breath through her nose.

RAFFI

Evelyn, are you all right?

Evelyn opens her eyes with a smile.

EVELYN

I love this smell.

ALVARO

What smell, Princess?

All three stand in front of the elevator as Evelyn surveys the large office.

EVELYN

The smell of a decaying society. Detectives in cheap suits, unwashed drug dealers, cheap hookers, corrupt cops. This is the real world!

RAFFI

Evelyn, please keep your thoughts to yourself, OK?

EVELYN

I usually do Dad, but I couldn't help myself this time.

RAFFI

Princess, find yourself a quiet place, don't touch anything and behave yourself. I don't have much work so we'll be off home soon.

Raffi heads for his desk.

ALVARO

How old are you now, Princess?

EVELYN

Fifteen.

ALVARO

I'd never have thought! You come with me.

Alvaro extends his arm, she takes it and goes with him.

The CAPTAIN (50) stands at the door of his office, experienced, charismatic.

CAPTAIN

(loudly)

Detective Hunter, can I see you in my office, please.

CAPTAIN'S OFFICE

The Captain sits behind his desk, Raffi in a chair in front.

CAPTAIN

Raphael, you are the best detective we have in Homicide.

RAFFI

Thank you, sir. I do my best.

CAPTAIN

I know. That's why I'm giving you an assignment that's off the books.

RAFFI

Off the books? Like the Wachovia bank robbery case?

CAPTAIN

Nope, for this one, you won't be writing any reports. You won't say a single word about the assignment you are about to get, except to me. Do I make myself clear?

RAFFI

Yes, sir. I appreciate your trust.

CAPTAIN

There was a fatal car crash today. A Wall Street broker and---

RAFFI

And his assistant over on Whitehall and 52nd Street - both dead.

(MORE)

RAFFI (CONT'D)

I heard about that on the way to
work.

The captain takes a folder from his drawer and gives it to
Raffi. Raffi takes the folder.

RAFFI (CONT'D)

You don't think it was an accident?

CAPTAIN

I don't know. You're a better
detective than I ever was.

RAFFI

That's not true, sir! You're a
legend round here!

The Captain sighs.

CAPTAIN

Take a good look at this report.
And be careful out there.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO**EXT. TRUCK STOP - DAY**

Truck drivers wait for their next load at this lot. There are not many trucks.

There is an improvised café on the parking lot, in front of a camper trailer.

The only customers are the Driver of the truck that tore the limo in two and Raffi, sitting at a table, having a beer.

RAFFI

Listen, I know it wasn't your fault. You had a green light. He ran the red. It's all on the cameras. But I need a detail. Anything you maybe forgot.

TRUCK DRIVER

I don't know. It's all just a haze now. Well, not everything. But that moment, just before I drove into the intersection. It's like that moment never happened. I'm really sorry.

Raffi stands up and shakes hands with the truck driver, holding on to his hand for a few seconds.

RAFFI

If you should happen to remember anything...

TRUCK DRIVER

I know. I have your number.

Raffi breaks off the handshake and leaves.

INT. RAFFI'S APARTMENT - LATER

Raffi enters the apartment and leaves his keys on the side table by the door. We see a modest and neat apartment. Maybe too neat for a man who is at work all day.

Loud rock music can be heard from upstairs. Raffi smiles.

RAFFI

(loudly)
Evelyn, I'm home.

Raffi heads upstairs. We hear a live version of AC/DC's song *TNT*.

INT. EVELYN'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Raffi stands in front of Evelyn's bedroom door and knocks. Nobody opens. Raffi knocks a little louder, knowing better than to walk into his daughter's room unless she opens the door herself.

RAFFI

Evelyn. It's me, Daddy.

Evelyn finally opens the door. We see a smiling Evelyn in ripped jeans and a leather biker's jacket, her face and hands smeared with color as though she is painting the apartment.

EVELYN

Hey, Dad. Come in. I gotta show you something.

Raffi walks into the room and cannot resist nodding in time to the music as he does so. The floor of the room is a mess.

There are several big sheets of cardboard on the floor, daubed with slogans denouncing war. STOP WAR! WORLD PEACE! WE FIGHT FOR PEACE!

On the floor are also long pieces of wood to which the cardboard sheets are to be fixed, along with nails and a hammer.

EVELYN (CONT'D)

There's gonna be a protest on Sunday, against all the wars in the world...

Evelyn pauses to listen to the song. The chorus is approaching. Evelyn raises a finger in the air.

EVELYN (CONT'D)

... Wait!

Here it comes..! Evelyn and Raffi sing the refrain together and bang their heads as if they are at the concert, imitating Angus Young's signature moves on the guitar.

EVELYN/RAFFI

'Cause I'm T.N.T., I'm dynamite
T.N.T., and I'll win the fight
T.N.T., I'm a power load
T.N.T., watch me explode...

The chorus is over and Raffi signals to Evelyn to turn the music off.

Evelyn stops the music using her phone.

Raffi looks at the protest placards with their anti-war slogans.

RAFFI
What is this?

EVELYN
Some friends of mine are organizing the protest. They asked me to make as many picket signs as possible.

RAFFI
Friends of yours?

Raffi looks at her daughter, wondering whether she is kidding him or is serious, and fears she might be serious.

EVELYN
Yup. And you and me are going to the protest together.

RAFFI
You and me.

Evelyn nods affirmatively.

Raffi sighs deeply. He looks at his daughter, then at the signs, which she has evidently been working on all day, and thinks about how to resolve the situation without hurting her.

RAFFI (CONT'D)
Where's the protest happening?

EVELYN
Guess.

RAFFI
Central Park?

EVELYN
Yes!

RAFFI
It's a deal. Your Mom said we could go to the park.

EVELYN
Ye-e-e-ah!!

Evelyn runs at Raffi and jumps at him, embracing him.

Raffi and Evelyn stand embracing for a few moments.

EVELYN (CONT'D)

I love you so much.

Raffi smiles as if he is the happiest father on earth.

RAFFI

I know. I love you more than anything in the world.

INT. JUICES AND COOKIES CAFÉ - NIGHT

Hope is sitting at her table. The table is covered in stuff as usual: a notebook computer, papers everywhere, a cup of tea, two cellphones.

Hope is talking on a third cellphone.

An OLD LADY (70) enters and approaches Muriel, who is standing behind the counter.

The old lady takes a gift wrapped in newspaper from her handbag. Muriel regards her with puzzlement as she unwraps the gift, saying something to him as she does so.

Hope continues talking on the phone and observes.

HOPE

... Yes. The ad needs to go out on all the social media at the same time... The new cookie goes on sale on Sunday...

The gift Muriel has received is a Russian nesting babushka doll. The old lady gives the doll to Muriel. He thanks her and smiles.

The old lady caresses Muriel's cheek, smiles at him and, happy, as though a huge weight has been taken off her shoulders, leaves.

Hope finishes her conversation and beckons to Muriel. He approaches her table with the doll in his hand.

HOPE (CONT'D)

What was that about?

MURIEL

That was that old lady they wanted to evict. She brought a thank-you gift.

Hope takes the doll from Muriel, places it on the table and smiles.

HOPE

I remember. She got to stay in the apartment and they even halved her rent.

Hope pauses, as though trying to work something out in her head.

HOPE (CONT'D)

What day is it today?

MURIEL

Friday.

HOPE

Go look in the kitchen, see how they are doing with the new cookies.

MURIEL

Don't worry. They'll be done.

Hope looks at Muriel, waiting for him to do as he is told.

MURIEL (CONT'D)

OK, I'm going.

Muriel exits. Hope stares at a single spot in front of her as though hypnotized.

BEGIN FLASHBACK:

EXT. SPANISH VILLAGE - DAY

All the villagers are out in the village square. The fire has already surrounded the body of the woman on the pyre.

Tears can be seen running down the faces of some of the village women.

We see a LITTLE GIRL (9) in the front row, with a soldier beside her who is holding her head in the direction of the pyre, forcing her to watch the spine-chilling scene.

Tears start to run down the girl's cheeks.

END FLASHBACK.

INT. COP COFFEE SHOP - MORNING

Only Alvaro and Raffi are at the counter. Alvaro is eating a donut as though it is the finest delicacy in the world. Raffi sips coffee and stares thoughtfully into the cup.

RAFFI

The Captain told me yesterday I was a good detective.

ALVARO

Asshole. He's lying.

RAFFI

Really?

ALVARO

Course he's lying. He hasn't got the balls to look you in the eye and tell you you're the best detective in the station.

Raffi takes a sip of coffee.

RAFFI

Then how was I stupid enough to believe that Jacqueline being rich wouldn't stop us having a happy marriage?

Alvaro takes the last bite of his donut and drinks the last gulp of his smoothie. A smoothie mustache remains on his upper lip.

ALVARO

You're the best detective because you're the smartest of us all. But love and smarts are two very different things, my friend.

Raffi smiles ironically.

RAFFI

Time was when I didn't know where the time went Monday to Friday. And now... I can't wait till Fridays, when Evelyn stays with me for the weekend.

ALVARO

Take some advice from a friend.
There's an Internet radio station
called the White Witch.

RAFFI

Are you screwing with me?

ALVARO

I never joke about that stuff. This
lady, she helps people fix their
problems with their neighbors,
finds lost stuff, makes love
potions and cookies. I'm telling
you, this Good Witch does a better
job than Social Services.

RAFFI

Thanks for thinking of me, but I'm
not that desperate yet.

INT. JAIL VISITING ROOM - DAY

The Limo Driver sits in the visiting room cubicle in a prison
uniform and talks to Raffi.

LIMO DRIVER

I already told the cops everything.
Why are you asking me all this
again?

RAFFI

Maybe you missed some small detail.
Maybe you forgot something,
something that distracted you.

The Limo Driver is losing his patience.

LIMO DRIVER

No. I said everything I had to say.

RAFFI

What does Sympathy for the Devil
mean? It's what you said to the
cop.

LIMO DRIVER

A song.

RAFFI

I know it's a song. The Stones.
What's the song got to do with you
running the red light?

LIMO DRIVER

I was listening to the Beatles. I love the Beatles. I mean, the Stones are cool and all, but not really my thing.

RAFFI

I don't understand, what do you mean?

The limo driver is getting irritated again.

LIMO DRIVER

The cop didn't get it either. He probably thought I was crazy. Halfway through the Beatles song Sympathy for the Devil just kicked in suddenly, and then a few seconds later... BAM. That truck T-boned me.

We hear a voice over the PA system.

VOICE OVER THE PA SYSTEM (V.O.)

Visiting time is over. Please exit the room.

LIMO DRIVER

Good luck.

The Limo Driver puts down the handset and leaves.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE**INT. JUICES AND COOKIES CAFÉ - DAY**

Hope sits at her table and looks at the promo photos for the new cookie on her laptop. Across from her sits Muriel, awaiting a reaction, since he is the author of the photos.

Hope frowns as she looks at the photos, deliberately keeping Muriel wondering.

HOPE

This is no good at all.

Muriel is dismayed. Crestfallen.

MURIEL

I knew it.

Hope looks at him for a few moments, sitting there looking sorry for himself. Hope picks up her phone and takes a picture of the deflated Muriel. Hope smiles.

HOPE

I got you good! Again!

MURIEL

(ironically)

Ha ha.

Muriel leans over the table towards Hope in annoyance --

MURIEL (CONT'D)

You know, you need to grow up!
You're three hundred and fifty-
seven years old but you behave like
some goofy hundred-and-twenty year-
old. I've been sweating for three
days to make some decent photos,
just so you can screw around - and
the launch is tomorrow!

-- Muriel gets up angrily. Hope continues to tease him.

HOPE

You can talk! Look at you, five
hundred and twenty years old and
still can't take a joke!

Hope is a little sorry that Muriel got offended.

HOPE (CONT'D)

The photos are fantastic, they are already up on all the social media.

Muriel stands by the table, thinking about something he can go and do just so he doesn't have to argue with her anymore.

HOPE (CONT'D)

Sit down and drink that tea.

Muriel reluctantly sits back down, still angry at Hope's little joke at his expense, and takes a sip of tea.

Hope looks at something on her laptop. Muriel observes her and thinks about how to get back at her.

MURIEL

You know, maybe your problem isn't that you're childish.

Hope looks at him with a smile and decides to roll with his attempt to come back at him.

HOPE

Oh, so you're a shrink now too!

Muriel smiles in satisfaction that Hope is going along with the game.

MURIEL

When was the last time you got laid?

HOPE

Now that is low.

MURIEL

August 1969 at Woodstock with that good-looking young Jewish guy. Isn't that right?

HOPE

Yeah, so?

MURIEL

Maybe it's time you thought about that problem.

Muriel looks at his watch and acts like he is busy and doesn't have time to chat with her.

MURIEL (CONT'D)

While you're thinking, I've got work to do. I gotta check round the kitchen.

Hope leans back on the chair-rest, crosses her arms and looks angrily at him. Muriel gets up --

MURIEL (CONT'D)

Some of us have gotta work.

-- Muriel exits. Hope looks angrily after him.

HOPE

(to herself)

Asshole!

646

EXT. RAFFI'S POLICE CAR - DAY

646

Raffi and Alvaro drive through the streets of New York. James Brown is on the radio. Raffi is smoking and looking thoughtfully out of the window. Alvaro is worried about Raffi. Alvaro looks at him and breaks the silence.

ALVARO

Did you call the Whwhite Witch?

Raffi says nothing. Alvaro gets irate at Raffi's silence and his refusal to tell him what's bothering him.

ALVARO (CONT'D)

I'm serious, man. You're not the type.

RAFFI

Not what type?

Alvaro is delighted that Raffi has finally broken his silence and now steps up his helpful tone.

ALVARO

You're not the type to live on his own, screw whores and see his daughter once a week. Stop thinking about that goddamned rich bitch. What's done is done. You ain't the first to get a divorce.

RAFFI

And what therapy would you prescribe, Dr Zapatero?

ALVARO
Go fuck yourself, asshole!

RAFFI
I've thought about that too, but
it's not long enough.

ALVARO
OK. I see where this is going.
Well, what *Doctor Zapatero*
recommends is that you call the
White Witch and tell her all about
what's bothering you. She'll
recommend some love cookies to you,
and when you eat them --

Alvaro is excited that Raffi is finally listening to him, and not only that, is actually talking to him.

ALVARO (CONT'D)
-- BINGO! Your soulmate will appear
on the scene, and you'll live
happily ever after. Call her, or I
will. Now!

RAFFI
Over my dead body.

ALVARO
Fine then. I'll kill you first,
then you can call her from hell,
cause that's where you're headed if
you don't get yourself together
fast.

Alvaro is angry that he cannot persuade him to call the damned radio station and starts to cycle the tuner on the radio.

RAFFI
What are you doing?

Alvaro has finally found the station. *The Rolling Stones' Sympathy for the Devil* is playing and Alvaro starts to tap his fingers on the steering wheel in time to the music.

Raffi snaps out of his depression when he hears the song.

RAFFI (CONT'D)
What's that?

ALVARO

Man, you might be smart, but you don't know squat about any music that's not AC/DC. It's Sympathy for the Devil.

RAFFI

The Stones. Of course I know. I'm asking what station it is.

ALVARO

The Whhite Witch. It's just music right now. When the song's over you'll hear what the lady's got to say and what she can do for you.

Raffi takes a cellphone from his pocket.

RAFFI

Give me that number.

ALVARO

What number?

RAFFI

The phone number of the radio station, Doctor!

Alvaro wriggles in his seat in satisfaction at having finally gotten him to call the witch, enjoying the music all the more now.

RAFFI (CONT'D)

Give me that number.

ALVARO

666 3333

Raffi dials the number and then realizes that Alvaro knows the number by heart.

RAFFI

You know the number of the White Witch? You're a Christian.

Alvaro quickly genuflects.

ALVARO

I am, and proud. Christ helped the common man get free of tyranny. The Whhite Witch helps ordinary people like you and me solve problems they never could by themselves.

Raffi holds the cellphone, delaying calling the radio station until he has finished his exchange with Alvaro.

RAFFI

You know Christians burned witches
at the stake in the Middle Ages,
don't you?

Alvaro smiles in satisfaction, knowing that he has the upper hand over Raffi in this debate.

ALVARO

Witches weren't burned by
Christians, they were burned by the
Church. It's a big difference.
Isn't it?

Raffi has no response to Alvaro's observation and remains silent. Raffi looks at his phone screen for a few moments as though still making up his mind, and then goes ahead and dials the radio station.

RAFFI

Have you bought any of those
cookies?

Alvaro fervently denies that he has.

ALVARO

NO! But they helped my neighbor a
bunch.

Raffi looks disbelievingly at Alvaro.

RAFFI

Hi, my name's... Alvaro.

Alvaro angrily tries to snatch the phone from him, but he has to keep his attention on the road. Raffi fends off Alvaro and does not break off the call.

ALVARO

Are you crazy? Hang up! Did you
hear me?! Hang up!

Raffi fends off Alvaro's attempts to take the phone from him.

RAFFI

I'm in a mess after my divorce.

INT. POLICE STATION - LATER

Raffi is at his desk, reading some report or other. The Truck Driver approaches his desk in denim jacket and jeans with a cap on his head.

TRUCK DRIVER
Detective Hunter.

Raffi raises his eyes and is surprised to see the driver.

TRUCK DRIVER (CONT'D)
You told me to get in touch if I remembered anything.

Raffi is puzzled, as though he never expected the Truck Driver to call again.

RAFFI
Yes, yes!

Raffi looks around the office as though not wanting any of his colleagues to see that the Truck Driver has come to see him.

RAFFI (CONT'D)
Please, take a seat. What's up?

TRUCK DRIVER
I was thinking about what you said, that maybe I forgot something in the moments before the crash.

RAFFI
I'm listening.

TRUCK DRIVER
Look at me.

RAFFI
Sorry?

TRUCK DRIVER
I'm a truck driver. Textbook case. I'm driving my truck and listening to --

RAFFI
-- ZZ Top.

TRUCK DRIVER
That's right. I just remembered that.

(MORE)

TRUCK DRIVER (CONT'D)

I've gone over that moment before the accident in my head a thousand times. There was nothing unusual that didn't happen any other day of the week. But then I remembered something. The radio station I listen to every day was playing La Grange by ZZ Top - I'm getting into the song when it suddenly changes and it's another song.

Raffi stops him.

RAFFI

Sympathy for the Devil.

The driver is taken aback, and Raffi looks thoughtful. So he has finally found something that makes this accident unusual.

TRUCK DRIVER

Yeah. How did you know?

Raffi doesn't want to reveal anything to the driver.

RAFFI

No idea. I just said the first thing I thought of that was the complete opposite.

TRUCK DRIVER

I mean, I like the Stones. But not as much as ZZ Top. To me they'll always be the best. That's why I didn't remember it straight away.

RAFFI

And?

TRUCK DRIVER

That's it. That's the only thing I didn't think of that happened before... that limo blew the red light and... you know the rest.

Raffi breathes in deeply, satisfied at the thought that perhaps he has actually found something unusual in this apparently straightforward accident.

Raffi stands and extends a hand to the Truck Driver. The Truck Driver stands and shakes it.

RAFFI

Thank you for letting me know that.
Bye then.

TRUCK DRIVER

Bye.

Raffi looks thoughtfully after the truck driver.

Alvaro approaches Raffi, coffee in hand.

ALVARO

Who was that?

Raffi starts as though from a dream and turns towards Alvaro.

RAFFI

Er... Some guy about some stolen goods. I pointed him in the right direction.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR**INT. HOPE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT**

Several shots of the apartment hallway. Living room. Kitchen. Ending in the bedroom. The decor of the whole apartment is in a sixties hippy style.

Hope sleeps. Her whole body shudders as though she is having a bad dream.

BEGIN DREAM SEQUENCE:**EXT. SPANISH VILLAGE - DAY**

SUPER: "Spanish Village, 1670..."

The village square is empty. There is no-one there, just a few pieces of wood still burning where the pyre was.

We see a girl, side-on, standing close to the pyre and staring at it unblinking.

A man approaches her, we only see him up to his abdomen. He places a hand on her shoulder.

On his hand we see a sun tattoo, and on his index finger a silver skull ring.

We see the girl from the front. There is anger and hatred on her face.

The man, with his arm round her shoulder, can be seen only up to the waist.

END DREAM SEQUENCE.**INT. HOPE'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS**

Hope sleeps. After a few moments she opens her eyes and, thoughtfully and quite calmly, stares at a point in front of her.

INT. POLICE STATION - DAY

Raffi stands at the door of the Captain's office. The door is open. The Captain is reading some report or other.

Raffi knocks on the door. The Captain looks up from his report.

CAPTAIN
Detective Hunter. Come in.

Raffi enters.

CAPTAIN (CONT'D)
Close the door.

Raffi approaches his desk.

CAPTAIN (CONT'D)
Take a seat.

RAFFI
I think you were right.

The Captain closes his eyes, tips his head back a little and sighs deeply, remaining in this position for a few moments.

The Captain brings his head back to its normal position and opens his eyes.

CAPTAIN
Thank God!

RAFFI
I'm sorry?

CAPTAIN
And thank you too, of course,
Detective Hunter. So, I didn't just
imagine it all.

The Captain interlocks the fingers of both hands and leans his elbows on the desk.

CAPTAIN (CONT'D)
What have you got?

RAFFI
It might be nothing. Maybe I'm
paranoid, maybe I've started making
connections where there aren't any.
I don't know.

The Captain unexpectedly bangs his hand loudly on the table, leans back in his chair and folds his hands over his chest.

CAPTAIN

That's it! That's how I've felt for the last twenty years too. I'd begun to think I was going crazy.

Raffi is puzzled by the Captain's reaction.

RAFFI

But, sir, I haven't even told you what I found out.

CAPTAIN

I'm sure you're going to tell me - but what really matters to me is what you just said. It means I haven't been losing my mind. My gut feeling about all those cases has been right. Now tell me what you found out about the accident.

RAFFI

The case is officially closed - it's a plain old traffic accident. But I talked to the drivers and found out that both were listening to their favorite radio stations, but just before the crash the radio station switched over in both vehicles and both drivers heard the same song.

CAPTAIN

Which song?

RAFFI

Sympathy for the Devil.

CAPTAIN

Really? Someone's still playing the Stones on the radio? Have you even heard them on the radio in the last ten years?

Raffi does not reply at once. He pretends he is trying to remember and looks the Captain straight in the eyes, suddenly puzzled at the Captain's obsession with this case.

RAFFI

No, no, can't remember. Must be a long, long time since I heard the Stones on any radio station.

CAPTAIN

Anything else?

RAFFI

No. That's all for now.

CAPTAIN

No, that's not "all for now". You just stuck your shovel right where the "X" marks the spot, where the treasure is buried. You just have to dig deeper.

INT. JUICES AND COOKIES CAFÉ - NIGHT

Hope waters the plants in the café. Muriel approaches her and speaks in a low voice.

MURIEL

We have a problem in the kitchen.
You need to come right away.

Hope continues watering the plants, as though she hasn't heard him. She is still angry at Muriel over his aspersions about her sex life.

HOPE

I'll come as soon as I've finished watering the plants.

IN THE KITCHEN

Hope enters and sees chaos in the kitchen.

The table-top in the center of the kitchen is a disaster area. Several glass vessels have exploded.

The different-colored liquids that have spilled out of them give off smoke of the same shade. The witches are more disheveled than usual.

Muriel stands by the door scratching the back of his head. The Trolls, frightened expressions on their faces, stare at Hope but do not stop mixing the potions in their cauldrons.

TROLL #1

We told you Miss Hope.

Hope looks angrily towards the Trolls. All three freeze in fear, and their faces show it too.

Troll #2 speaks to his companions, but does not move except to continue mixing his potion like the other two. Only his lips move.

TROLL #2

I told you you're smarter when you
keep your mouth shut.

Hope raises an index finger in front of her ready to point at the Trolls.

TROLL #1

No, no, no!

TROLL #2

Please don't!

TROLL #3

Miss Hope, we're begging you...

Hope points her finger at the Trolls and a blue light leaps from it towards them.

The Trolls transform into three good-looking Latino-type men with black, slicked-back hair, dressed in black pants and white shirts.

Sara and Beatrice look at the Trolls and go into fits of laughter.

The Trolls look at one another and sadly hang their heads.

Andora hangs hers a little and quietly speaks to Hope.

ANDORA

It was my mistake. I'm sorry.

Hope approaches Andora and places a maternal hand on her shoulder.

HOPE

Don't worry, dear.

Hope looks at Sara and Beatrice with an angry scowl.

HOPE (CONT'D)

It can happen to anyone.

Sara and Beatrice stop laughing and get serious.

You're young. You've got your whole life ahead of you. You'll learn.

Hope stretches out her hands towards the table and starts to slowly move her fingers.

Everything that got broken and spilled in the explosion starts to return to its state before the explosion, like a film playing in reverse.

Hope goes to the door and stands next to Muriel. She speaks to him without looking at him.

HOPE (CONT'D)

When were you planning to tell me that the kid is having problems?

MURIEL

I wanted to give her a bit more time.

HOPE

Fifty years?

MURIEL

Less.

HOPE

Good old wizard Muriel. You always were so attentive when it came to the young witches.

Hope goes out. Muriel claps his hands together.

MURIEL

What are you waiting for? Let's get back to work.

EXT. WIDOW'S HOUSE - DAY

Raffi knocks on the door, and glances around at the neighborhood while doing so.

After a few moments, the WIDOW (35) opens the door. It was her husband who died in the limo.

RAFFI

Good day, ma'am. My name is Edwin.

WIDOW

How can I help you?

RAFFI

I work for an insurance company that insures limos. First I want to say that I am sorry for your loss. Would you mind if I came in?

The Widow looks at him with suspicion.

WIDOW

Today, a Sunday? Sorry, my kids are home, this is all still very recent.

RAFFI

I'm sorry, we work 24/7, I won't keep you long.

A car horn is heard several times. Raffi turns to the street.

Evelyn gestures at Raffi through the window of the car, which is parked in front of the Widow's house, hurrying him to finish the conversation.

Raffi gestures back at her and turns to the Widow.

RAFFI (CONT'D)

I'm sorry. My daughter. I'm taking her to piano lessons, she doesn't want to be late.

Raffi shrugs and smiles.

RAFFI (CONT'D)

Kids.

The Widow feigns a polite smile.

RAFFI (CONT'D)

I'll be brief. It's my job to verify whether everything was OK with the limo. It may affect our decision to insure such vehicles in the future.

WIDOW

I don't understand.

RAFFI

Did your husband ever complain about the driver? Did he ever tell you that the vehicle had a fault, perhaps?

The Widow starts to doubt that Raffi is really from the insurance company and shakes her head.

WIDOW

No, nothing like that. Now look, I'm sorry but I really have to be going.

The Widow starts to close the door and Raffi hurries to ask her one more question.

RAFFI
Does the song Sympathy for the
Devil mean anything to you?

WIDOW
Goodbye.

The Widow looks at him with something resembling fear and closes the door.

Raffi turns back to his car.

RAFFI
(to himself)
You are definitely hiding
something, ma'am!

Raffi gets in the car. In the back seat are the anti-war placards Evelyn made.

EVELYN
Dad, we're gonna be late.

RAFFI
Don't you worry, Princess. Your
daddy's a cop, remember?

Raffi's car cruises off down the street and we see Raffi place a blue police light on the roof of the car and switch it on.

INT./EXT. RAFFI'S POLICE CAR - DAY

Alvaro and Raffi drive through the streets of New York. Raffi is driving, clearly in a good mood. Alvaro is in a bad mood at having to work on a Sunday.

ALVARO
I hate working Sundays.

RAFFI
Tell me about it. You see your kids
every day, I only see my Evelyn at
weekends.

ALVARO
Hey, how did it go at the protest?

RAFFI

Great! I wondered about letting her, but then what kind of father would I be? She'll remember this weekend her whole life.

Raffi is thoughtful for a moment.

RAFFI (CONT'D)

I'll remember it too, that's for sure.

ALVARO

I'm happy for both of you.

Alvaro looks out of the car window as though realizing something is wrong.

ALVARO (CONT'D)

What are we doing here? This isn't our beat.

Raffi is deliberately keeping Alvaro guessing.

RAFFI

I've got something private to see to. It won't take long.

Raffi parks across from the Juices and Cookies Café.

The entrance door is framed with multicolored balloons, as though they were celebrating something inside.

Alvaro starts to fidget in his seat but doesn't want Raffi to notice his discomfort.

Raffi has noticed but is pretending he hasn't.

ALVARO

What is this?

RAFFI

I can see how important it is to you that I get my life together, so I've decided to come and pick up my cookies.

Alvaro gets increasingly anxious, but tries to act as if he has never been in the café.

ALVARO

Oh, that's where that is.

Alvaro nods knowingly, as if he imagined all along that this was just the spot for a café like this.

ALVARO (CONT'D)
Queens. Of course. Where else?

Raffi sees Alvaro's efforts to conceal his unease and so steps up the game.

Raffi turns to Alvaro and says to him mischievously:

RAFFI
First I called that radio station -
you were getting on my case about.
So I decided to do as you said. And
then I thought, you can't care more
about how I feel than I do.

Alvaro smiles sourly.

ALVARO
I'm glad you took my advice.

Raffi slaps Alvaro on the shoulder.

RAFFI
Let's go and get my love cookies!

ALVARO
I'll wait for you in the car.

Raffi is thoroughly enjoying his little game with Alvaro.

RAFFI
Oh, no, no, no. You put me up to
this and I need you with me for
support. I've taken the decision, I
expect you to help me through it.

Alvaros can't keep calm anymore and loses his temper.

ALVARO
(angrily)
OK, OK. I'll go with you, but just
so you know, I'm only doing this
for you. Got it?

Raffi smiles in satisfaction.

RAFFI
Of course.

Raffi looks at his watch and both get out of the car. Alvaro makes a face as if there is a firing squad waiting for him inside.

INT. JUICES AND COOKIES CAFÉ - CONTINUOUS

Alvaro and Raffi enter the café. It's the launch of the new cookie. The café is full of people. They are all nibbling cookies. Alvaros notices Hope and immediately panics and turns the other way.

Jimi Hendrix can be heard playing quietly in the background.

Alvaro is still acting all innocent.

ALVARO

Nice place.

Raffi looks around at the decor.

Through the opening behind the bar we see the Trolls as good-looking Latino guys with slicked-back hair, each mixing something in front of him with a scowl on their faces.

The Witches are now three attractive young cooks - Sara is blonde, Andora is a redhead, Beatrice a brunette.

RAFFI

It's like Woodstock.

Muriel notices Alvaro and heads over to him. Alvaro hasn't noticed Muriel coming over.

Muriel puts his hand lightly on his shoulder and Alvaro starts as though ready to fend off attack.

MURIEL

Mr. Alvaro!

Muriel shakes Alvaro's hand. Alvaro smiles sourly.

MURIEL (CONT'D)

Didn't expect to see you at the launch!

Alvaro plays dumb.

ALVARO

Actually I brought a friend. He wants to try some of your cookies. This is my friend, Raphael.

Raffi extends a hand.

ALVARO (CONT'D)

And this is...

Muriel shakes Raffi's hand with a smile.

As they shake hands we see a sun tattoo on Muriel's hand, and a skull ring on his thumb.

MURIEL

Wonderful name you have. My name's Muriel. I'm the head chef in this little family shop, serving mere mortals.

RAFFI

Please to meet you, Muriel.

Muriel smiles and holds Raffi's hand in the handshake for longer than is usual and looks at him as though he wants to find out more about Raffi from the contact.

Raffi and Muriel stop shaking hands.

MURIEL

Mr. Alvaro, your order is ready. You can pick it up at the bar. I'm sorry to hear about your divorce, but all you have to do is eat a cookie and fate will send you the love of your life.

Alvaro is angry at Raffi for getting him into this situation.

ALVARO

Thanks, Muriel.

Muriel sees Hope nearby and beckons to her. Hope smiles and comes over.

MURIEL

Here's my dear sister too.

Hope smiles when she sees Alvaro. She comes over and shakes his hand.

HOPE

Mr. Alvaro! So pleased you could grace our modest little launch with your presence!

Hope comes closer to Alvaro as though to prevent anyone hearing what she is going to say to him.

HOPE (CONT'D)

Don't worry. We won't tell anyone
you're a detective.

Alvaro smiles sourly.

MURIEL

Sis, Mr. Alvaro has brought a
friend too.

Muriel indicates towards Raffi. Hope turns to Raffi. Their
eyes meet.

Those few moments, as Hope and Raffi look into each other's
eyes, cannot be described except perhaps by comparison with
Jimi Hendrix's Woodstock performance

Hope breaks off the seemingly awkward moment and extends a
hand to Raffi.

HOPE

Friend or colleague?

Raffi shakes Hope's hand as though hypnotized.

RAFFI

Both. I'm Raphael.

HOPE

What a wonderful name. I'm Hope,
pleased to meet you.

RAFFI

Hope?

Hope merely nods affirmatively.

RAFFI (CONT'D)

Well, pleased to meet you too, but
your name is more beautiful.

They finally stop shaking hands. Hope gently touches Raffi on
the shoulder.

HOPE

You'll have to excuse me. I have to
go and see to the other guests.

Raffi still stands as though hypnotized.

RAFFI

Of course. You're the host.

Hope leaves. Muriel smiles politely at the two men.

MURIEL

I also have to go, unfortunately.
Work calls.

Raffi emerges a little from the trance-like state he has been in for several minutes and looks around at the décor of the café.

RAFFI

What is this place?

Alvaro starts to explain himself. Raffi listens to him but continues looking around the café, trying to understand what happened while he was shaking hands with Muriel and Hope.

ALVARO

You've every right to be angry with me. I don't come here all the time. I've been a few times.

Raffi looks at his watch in confusion.

RAFFI

This is impossible.

ALVARO

Are you listening to what I'm saying?

RAFFI

No.

ALVARO

Fine. What's impossible?

RAFFI

I looked at my watch when we got out of the car. It was four fifteen.

ALVARO

And?

RAFFI

Now it's five thirty. We only just walked into the café but according to my watch we've been here an hour and fifteen minutes.

ALVARO

Your watch is broken. We haven't been here fifteen minutes.

Something doesn't sit right with Raffi and he feels the urge to get out of the coffee shop as quickly as possible.

RAFFI

Take the cookies and let's go.

ALVARO

Hey, what about our free drink?

RAFFI

Forget it. I'll wait for you in the car.

Raffi leaves and Hope stares after him. Muriel observes Hope as she sees Raffi out with her gaze.

Alvaro heads for the counter to get his cookies.

END OF ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE**INT. RAFFI'S APARTMENT - NIGHT**

Raffi and Evelyn are sitting on the couch. Evelyn is showing Raffi something on her phone.

Evelyn is in her school uniform. Her school bag is beside her. Raffi is in a jogging suit, drinking beer.

EVELYN

The video from the protest is all over the media.

RAFFI

Yeah. With you and me in the front row.

EVELYN

Daddy, you and me aren't what's important. What's important is the message we've sent to the world. Enough killing, enough wars! We all need to live in peace and love.

RAFFI

You think this is going to change anyone's mind?

EVELYN

Of course it will. All those people out there, getting themselves killed fighting for someone else's interests... they'll get it.

Evelyn thinks for a moment and looks worriedly at Raffi.

EVELYN (CONT'D)

Wait. Could this get you into trouble at work?

Raffi hugs her.

RAFFI

Hey, Princess, I'm a cop. Remember?

Evelyn gently rests her head on Raffi's chest.

Jacqueline bursts in like a whirlwind of fury.

JACQUELINE

Didn't I stress the importance to you of ensuring my daughter's proper upbringing?

Raffi corrects her.

RAFFI

Our daughter's.

JACQUELINE

My phones haven't stopped ringing. You and your daughter --

RAFFI

Aha, she's my daughter now.

JACQUELINE

Yes. You're on all the news! You had to be right at the front! Her in torn jeans and some sort of biker jacket, you in dark glasses and cap. Why didn't you just go ahead and get a mohawk, like De Niro in Taxi Driver!

RAFFI

It wouldn't suit me, I'm a bit too old for a haircut like that.

Evelyn kisses Raffi's cheek, takes her school bag and stands up.

EVELYN

I had the best time! See you next week!

JACQUELINE

(to Raffi)

We'll see about that when I've talked to my attorney!

RAFFI

Read the papers, Jacqueline. It's all in there... what days OUR daughter is with me. Doesn't say anything about how we spend our time. Anyway, you can tell your attorney we were in the park. Just like you asked.

Jacqueline exits furiously. Evelyn follows her out and then turns towards Raffi and silently mouths the words "I love you".

Raffi winks at her.

INT. POLICE STATION - NIGHT

Raffi knocks on the door of the Captain's office and walks in.

RAFFI

I was home. Worked the day shift.
How come you are working a Sunday?

CAPTAIN

Even I have to work Sundays
sometimes.

There is a large box full of papers on the Captain's desk.

CAPTAIN (CONT'D)

This is for you. This box can't
stay at the station. You take this
home.

RAFFI

What is it?

CAPTAIN

These are all the cases I collected
in the twenty years I was a
homicide detective that are similar
to that accident that happened the
other day.

RAFFI

What do I do with them?

RAFFI (CONT'D)

First read through them all. Then
look for what you found in that car
accident. In twenty years I
couldn't find what you found in
three days. I'm sure you'll get to
the bottom of it.

Raffi looks thoughtfully at the box.

RAFFI (CONT'D)

I don't know what to say. It still
makes no sense.

CAPTAIN

Don't say anything. Go and find out
what the fuck it's all about.

Raffi approaches the desk, takes the box and heads out.
The Captain stops him just before he leaves the office.

CAPTAIN (CONT'D)

Hunter.

Raffi turns to the Captain.

RAFFI

Yes, Captain?

CAPTAIN

Let me know if you find anything.

RAFFI

I will, sir.

INT. RAFFI'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Raffi sits on the couch drinking beer and staring at the coffee table in front of him. On the table is the bag of cookies and a small bowl next to it.

Raffi opens the bag and tips the red cookies into the bowl and takes one. As he eats the cookie his expression turns to one of appreciation.

RAFFI

Damn, these are pretty good!

INT. JUICES AND COOKIES CAFÉ - NIGHT

The café is closed. Hope sits in thought at her desk drinking tea.

Then she spasms, as though she is about to throw up. It happens again.

Hope feels as if she is about to vomit something up and puts her hand in front of her mouth.

Eventually, a red cookie, just like the one Raffi ate, comes out of her mouth. Hope looks in shock at the cookie and can't believe her eyes.

HOPE

A love cookie?

FADE OUT.