

CURSED: THE TWISTED SPELL

LOVE IS POISON

Written by

Michael Keeling

EXT. PENDLE HILL, LANCASHIRE - DAWN

SUPER: TWENTY YEARS AGO

The first light of dawn stretches over a vast, windswept plain. Tall grass ripples under the force of a biting wind. On one side of the plain stands SHELNA (20), almost six feet tall, with a commanding presence and coarse bronze hair that falls to her waist.

Flanking her are SIX WITCHES on each side, forming an imposing line. Opposite them, THIRTEEN WEREWOLVES stand poised to strike, muscles tense, eyes glowing with primal rage.

SHELNA
(raising her arm, voice
cutting through the wind)
Let the duel begin!

TWELVE WITCHES
(in unison, voices solemn
and steady)
We are ready.

The Twelve Witches exchange determined glances, their expressions hardened by years of practice. Slowly, they extend their arms, shifting the line into a tight circle around Shelna.

The Werewolves SNARL, baring fangs, then LUNGE forward as a single terrifying force.

WITCHES
(chanting under their
breaths, movements
synchronized)

The Werewolves tear into TWO WITCHES, the air filled with SCREAMS and the sickening sound of flesh tearing. The other Ten Witches move with swift precision—hands thrust into the soil, they unearth ROCKS, hurling them with deadly accuracy. FIREBALLS, conjured mid-air, streak toward the Werewolves, forcing them to retreat momentarily.

SHELNA
(commanding, summoning the
wind with a fierce
intensity)
Wind, shield us!

A howling vortex of wind spirals around the coven, its force pushing the Werewolves back. Shelna's twin sister, EVA (20), rushes to the aid of the two fallen witches.

EVA
 (desperately, eyes wide
 with fear)
 Hold on, sisters!

The wind starts to falter, its strength waning. A WITCH, panic overtaking her, bolts for the edge of the protective circle.

But the Werewolves are faster. They POUNCE, ripping her apart with ferocious speed. Shelna watches in horror, her body paralyzed as another witch falls.

A massive Werewolf barrels through the dying wind, crashing into Shelna. She hits the ground hard, SCREAMING in terror. Eva sprints toward her, eyes locked on the beast.

EVA (CONT'D)
 My sister!

INT. BAR - NIGHT

SUPER: Present day, 2023

The dimly lit bar buzzes with the chatter of patrons and the clinking of glasses. LUCINDA (20) sits at a small table, laughing with her best friend SKYE (23). Lucinda finishes her drink and stands, giving Skye a playful wink.

LUCINDA
 I'm getting another round. Want the usual?

SKYE
 You know it.

Lucinda heads toward the bar, her eyes scanning the crowded room. Meanwhile, LENNOX (25) walks in through the front door. He's tall, confident, and carries an air of mystery. He removes his hat, placing it on a nearby coat rack, and surveys the bar. His gaze lands on Lucinda, now seated alone.

Lennox strides over to her table, his presence commanding attention.

LENNOX
 (with a charming smile)
 Excuse me, ma'am. Are you here alone?

Lucinda glances toward the bar, where Skye is waiting for the drinks. Sensing something off, Skye turns and spots Lennox hovering over Lucinda. Her eyes narrow.

Before Lucinda can respond, THADDEOUS (50) enters the bar. He's grizzled, with a presence that exudes authority. He walks directly to Lennox, clapping a firm hand on his shoulder.

THADDEOUS
 (gruffly, but with a hint
 of warmth)
 Come on, son. Leave the girl be.

Lennox hesitates but steps back slightly. At the bar, Skye observes the interaction with growing concern, her instincts kicking in.

THADDEOUS (CONT'D)
 (to Lucinda, apologetic)
 Sorry about that. Lennox can be a
 bit... intense at times.

Skye approaches the table, drinks in hand, her eyes locked on Thaddeous. She stiffens as a faint, glowing aura appears around him, visible only to her. She leans in close to Lucinda, whispering urgently.

SKYE
 (whispering)
 Lucinda... he's a werewolf.

Lucinda raises an eyebrow, looking unimpressed.

LUCINDA
 So?

Thaddeous catches the tension in the air and glances between the two women, puzzled.

THADDEOUS
 Is there a problem?

LUCINDA
 (with a casual shrug)
 No, no problem. I actually like a
 bit of weirdness.

She shoots Lennox a playful wink, her tone flirtatious.

SKYE
 (under her breath,
 frustrated)
 What are you doing?

LUCINDA
(teasingly)
Oh, don't be jealous, Skye.

Skye's face flushes with anger. Thaddeous notices and gently nudges Lennox to follow him away from the table.

THADDEOUS
Come on, let's go.

Lennox lingers for a moment, his eyes lingering on Lucinda before reluctantly following Thaddeous.

SKYE
(snapping, her voice
sharp)
I am not jealous!

Lucinda chuckles, taking a sip of her drink.

LUCINDA
Sure, whatever you say.

Skye glares at her, emotions boiling over. Without warning, she throws her drink in Lucinda's face. The bar falls silent as Lucinda slowly rises from her chair, dripping with alcohol, her expression a mix of shock and fury.

LUCINDA (CONT'D)
(furious, voice low and
trembling)
Are you fucking kidding me, Skye?
You do this every time I like
someone!

SKYE
(defensive, but hurt)
You've just met him! You don't even
know who he is!

Skye turns abruptly and storms out of the bar, leaving Lucinda standing there, seething. The tension in the room lingers as Lucinda wipes her face with a napkin, her hands shaking.

LUCINDA
(muttering to herself)
Unbelievable...

She heads toward the restroom, slamming the door behind her. Inside, she collapses into a stall, her anger dissolving into tears. She pulls out her phone and dials.

LUCINDA (CONT'D)
(voice cracking)
Aunt Eva, it's me. I had a fight
with Skye... I'm coming home.

She ends the call and moves to the sink, splashing cold water on her face. After drying off, she takes a deep breath, trying to steady herself. She walks out of the restroom and heads for the bar's front entrance.

As she steps outside into the cool night air, Lennox is waiting. He watches her with an unreadable expression, holding his empty glass by his side.

LENNOX
(softly)
Need a ride?

Lucinda hesitates, her eyes locking with his. She glances down the street, where Skye disappeared, then back at Lennox.

LUCINDA
(quietly, but firmly)
No... I've got this.

She walks away, leaving Lennox standing alone under the dim streetlight, his gaze following her until she's out of sight.

INT. LUCINDA'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Lucinda steps inside, closing the door behind her. The hallway is dim, but the figure of AUNT EVA (45) is clearly visible. Tall with long, fiery red hair cascading over her dark robe, she stands with her arms crossed, an expression of stern disapproval.

AUNT EVA
(glancing at her watch,
voice sharp)
What time do you call this?

Lucinda avoids eye contact, her gaze fixed on the floor. She finally looks up, guilt written all over her face.

LUCINDA
I'm sorry... I had a fight...

AUNT EVA
Yes, with Skye. I know. But you
missed the coven meeting again,
Lucinda.

(MORE)

AUNT EVA (CONT'D)

If you want to take this seriously,
you need to stop messing around.
Skye's in the living room, you two
need to sort this out.

Lucinda nods, looking chastised, and slowly walks toward the living room.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Skye sits on a long sofa, scrolling through her phone, her expression tense. Lucinda enters and sits across from her on the opposite sofa.

SKYE

(not looking up, voice
clipped)

So, are you here to apologize?

LUCINDA

(bristling, defensive)

Apologize? For what? You're the one
who got jealous and freaked out.

Skye tosses her phone aside, her patience fraying.

SKYE

That's not true! You brought up
jealousy when all I was doing was
looking out for you. I'm just
trying to protect you.

LUCINDA

(frustrated, standing up)

Protect me from what, Skye?

SKYE

(sincerely, softer now)

From getting hurt...

Lucinda hesitates, her anger wavering, but she's too tired to argue.

LUCINDA

Well, it didn't feel like that. I'm
going to bed.

Skye quickly stands up as well, her concern outweighing her anger.

SKYE

Not in that state you're not. Let
me help you.

Lucinda hesitates, then nods, too weary to resist.

LUCINDA

Fine...

Skye wraps an arm around Lucinda's shoulders, guiding her upstairs.

INT. LUCINDA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Skye gently pushes the door open with her free hand and helps Lucinda to the bed. She carefully removes Lucinda's boots, mindful of the delicate material.

LUCINDA

(half-asleep, mumbling)

Be careful with them...

SKYE

(smiling, amused)

Don't worry, they're safe.

With the boots off, Skye tucks Lucinda into bed. Lucinda's eyes flutter closed almost immediately.

LUCINDA

(softly, already drifting off)

Thanks, Skye...

Skye watches her for a moment, a mix of emotions on her face, then quietly leaves the room.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Skye walks back downstairs, her footsteps light. She finds Aunt Eva standing at the entrance of the altar room, her expression softened.

AUNT EVA

Is she alright?

SKYE

Yeah, she'll be fine.

Aunt Eva sighs, a mix of relief and lingering concern.

AUNT EVA

Thanks for taking care of her. I'm sorry you two had a fight.

SKYE

(shrugs, trying to brush
it off)

It's bound to happen now and then.

AUNT EVA

(smiling knowingly)

Yes, but if I know you two—and I
do—you'll always make up in the
end. Get some rest, Skye. There are
blankets in the airing cupboard if
you need them.

Skye nods, offering a small smile in return. Aunt Eva heads upstairs, leaving Skye alone. She notices the altar room door is slightly ajar. Curious, she moves toward it, gently pushing the door open.

INT. ALTAR ROOM - NIGHT

The room is dimly lit by flickering candles nestled into slots along the stone walls. As Skye descends the creaking stairs, the air grows colder, almost biting. She reaches the basement, her breath visible in the chill.

In the centre of the room, a large GRIMOIRE rests on a weathered stand, its pages yellowed with age. Skye steps forward, her eyes drawn to the ancient book. As she flips through its pages, they stop on a LOVE SPELL. Her eyes widen with curiosity and intent.

She glances around, taking in the surroundings: rows of POTION BOTTLES, CANDLES, and CRYSTALS neatly arranged in a glass cabinet to her right. On her left, BOOKSHELVES groan under the weight of countless WITCHCRAFT TEXTS. The back wall features floor-to-ceiling windows, moonlight filtering through, casting eerie shadows over the rows of POTTED PLANTS, HERBS, and FLOWERS beneath them. A lone WHITE CANDLE flickers on the mantel beside a BLACK MIRROR.

Skye focuses back on the book, the instructions clear in her mind. She moves with purpose, plucking FRESH ROSES WITH THORNS from a nearby vase and arranging them carefully in front of the altar. She adds two RED SCENTED CANDLES and a ROSE QUARTZ CRYSTAL.

She then retrieves a box of SALT, sprinkling it meticulously in a circle over a PENTACLE CLOTH spread across the floor. The atmosphere grows tense as the salt begins to glow faintly, the room filling with a thick, creeping fog. Within the mist, SPIRIT FACES materialize, ethereal and watchful.

Skye steadies herself, opening the grimoire to the love spell page. Her voice is low and deliberate as she begins to chant.

SKYE

(whispering with intent)

I summon the Earth, Fire, Air,
Water, and Spirit Gods to assist me
in this ritual. So mote it be.

She strikes a match, lighting both red candles, then leans over to snuff out the white one. Her eyes scan the floor until she finds what she's looking for—TWO PUPPETS resembling Lucinda and Lennox, left there by Eva. With a careful hand, she takes the ROSE THORNS and pierces the puppets' chests, binding them together with threads.

She turns towards the FIREPLACE, its embers glowing softly. Skye throws a few logs in, stoking the fire to life.

SKYE (CONT'D)

I conclude this spell on Lucinda
and Lennox to make them fall in
love. So mote it be.

Skye drips hot candle wax over the bound puppets, sealing their fate. With a decisive toss, she throws them into the roaring fire. As the flames consume the dolls, she catches her reflection in the black mirror—a wide, almost triumphant smile playing on her lips.

But her victory is short-lived. Suddenly, a GLOWING NECKLACE materializes around her neck, its crimson light pulsing ominously. A SPIRIT ORB escapes from the fog, swirling around the room before vanishing into the darkness.

SKYE (CONT'D)

(startled, under her
breath)

What the hell?

The sound of the front door unlatching snaps her out of her reverie. Footsteps echo through the foyer. Panicked, Skye hurriedly smudges the salt circle with her foot, breaking its power. She quickly hides inside one of the cabinets, pulling the door shut just as Aunt Eva's footsteps descend the stairs.

INT. ALTAR ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Aunt Eva reaches the room, her nose wrinkling as she sniffs the air.

AUNT EVA

(muttering to herself)

Hmm, smells like a fresh fire...

She steps into the room, her sharp eyes immediately noticing the altar, the grimoire still open to the love spell. Skye holds her breath, watching from her hiding spot.

AUNT EVA (CONT'D)
(disapprovingly, shaking
her head)
What in the world has happened
here?

She scans the room, her gaze falling on the empty spot where the puppets once lay.

AUNT EVA (CONT'D)
(sighing)
I need to have a word with the
girls in the morning.

Aunt Eva carefully closes the grimoire, her expression a mix of concern and resolve. She straightens up, tidies the altar, and then turns, heading back upstairs.

Skye exhales softly, waiting until the footsteps fade completely before daring to move.

EXT. GRAVEYARD - NIGHT

The graveyard is shrouded in darkness, with a thick mist clinging to the ground. LENNOX, dressed in a sharp black suit paired with a black leather jacket, black boots, a PROTECTION NECKLACE, and a red tie, stands before a gravestone. He gently lays a bouquet of fresh flowers on the cold stone.

In the distance, the faint sound of a WOMAN WEEPING echoes through the still air. Lennox's head snaps up, his eyes narrowing as he scans the area. The cry seems to pull him forward, almost beckoning.

He steps cautiously through the graveyard, the crunch of gravel underfoot the only sound until he spots a figure just out of reach, shrouded in mist. As he moves closer, the figure slowly comes into focus—it's LUCINDA, her ethereal form glowing faintly, as if lit from within. She is kneeling by a gravestone, attempting to remove old, withered flowers.

Lennox approaches, a mix of surprise and concern on his face.

LENNOX
What are you doing here? Are you...
following me? And what's with that
glow around you?

Lucinda, still wiping tears from her eyes, finally looks up. When she recognizes him, her expression shifts from sorrow to a soft smile.

LUCINDA
Now who's stalking who? What glow?

She glances down at herself, seeing nothing unusual.

LENNOX
(with a smirk)
Funny. But seriously, you're glowing.

Lucinda chuckles lightly, brushing off his concern.

LENNOX (CONT'D)
I was visiting my parents' grave...
it's just over there.

He points back to a distant gravestone, his voice tinged with melancholy. Lucinda follows his gaze, her mouth falling open in surprise.

LUCINDA
I can't believe it. So close to mine, but yet so far.

She gestures toward the gravestone she's been tending.

LUCINDA (CONT'D)
Do you think they knew each other?

LENNOX
(shrugging)
I suppose that's possible.

LUCINDA
Now wouldn't that be something.

They share a brief, bittersweet laugh, their voices almost lost in the increasing wind. The sky begins to darken, the once clear night turning ominously grey.

Lennox's eyes suddenly blacken, his expression twisting in pain as a guttural groan escapes his throat. The gemstone on his necklace flares up, glowing a deep, dark red, startling Lucinda.

LENNOX
(through gritted teeth)
You need to go!

Lucinda steps back, alarmed.

LUCINDA
What was that? Why?

LENNOX
(shouting, desperate)
Just go! Now!

Without another word, Lucinda turns and runs, her form shimmering before vanishing entirely.

Lennox collapses to the ground, his body convulsing as he writhes in agony. The sound of CRACKING BONES echoes through the graveyard as he begins to transform, a terrifying howl ripping from his throat.

Lucinda's scream pierces the night, but she is nowhere to be seen. Lennox, now fully transformed into a WEREWOLF, snarls, his eyes wild. He takes off in pursuit, his heavy paws pounding the earth.

As he charges through the trees, the necklace around his neck bounces violently, finally catching on a low-hanging branch. The chain snaps, and the GEMSTONE falls, scattering across the ground as Lennox disappears into the shadows.

INT. ALTAR ROOM - NIGHT

Skye, breathless and panicked, tumbles out of the cabinet. Her hands frantically claw at the NECKLACE now glowing ominously around her neck. She tugs at it, desperately trying to remove it, but the clasp refuses to budge. Her breathing quickens, fear setting in.

Realizing she can't remove it, she forces herself to calm down. Skye kicks off her shoes and tiptoes up the stone steps, each one colder than the last. The flickering candlelight casts eerie shadows as she sneaks out of the door, barely escaping before it creaks shut behind her.

INT. LIMBO - NIGHT

The scene shifts to a dark, otherworldly space where the air is thick with the anguished cries of SOULS trapped in torment. Candles burn all around, their dim flames offering little light against the surrounding darkness.

SHELNA, restless and determined, paces back and forth, her mind consumed by thoughts of escape. Her partner, SAL (50), watches her closely, sitting stoically on the porch of a dilapidated house.

Suddenly, a dense fog rolls in, swirling around Shelna's feet. She stops dead in her tracks as a blinding light pierces the darkness, illuminating her face. Without hesitation, Shelna runs toward it, her form dissolving into the light, leaving Sal behind.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

A bustling city street, where the night air hums with distant traffic. A WOMAN IN HER 30s strolls down the sidewalk, her long blonde hair catching the glow of the streetlights. She's dressed in stylish, hipster clothing, her pace leisurely as she passes by a shop window.

Suddenly, a glowing ORB OF LIGHT streaks through the air, darting straight toward her. Before she can react, it slams into her chest. Her body jerks violently, convulsing as the light forces its way into her heart.

She gasps, her hands clutching at her chest, but the pain subsides as quickly as it came. The woman straightens up, a new, unsettling confidence in her eyes. She checks her reflection in the window, adjusting her hair and straightening her posture. With a sly grin, she continues walking, her demeanour completely transformed.

INT. LIMBO - NIGHT

Back in the oppressive darkness of Limbo, Sal remains seated on the porch, his gaze distant. From where he sits, he sees another BALL OF LIGHT streak across the dark sky, descending rapidly.

A NEW WOMAN appears in front of him, her expression filled with shock and confusion. Overwhelmed by the strangeness of the situation, she collapses to the ground, tears streaming down her face as she realizes the gravity of her new reality.

Sal watches her with an impassive expression, the weight of Limbo pressing down on them both.

INT. BEDROOM - MORNING

Lucinda stirs awake as the shrill sound of her phone alarm pierces the morning silence. She groggily reaches over and silences it, noticing a glass of water on the bedside table with a note from Eva beside it. Her brow furrows in confusion, memories of the graveyard still hazy in her mind.

She picks up the note.

INSERT - NOTE:

"Here's a glass of water for you. Please get dressed and come downstairs immediately."

Lucinda sighs, then checks her phone again. A new message pops up from an unknown number.

MESSAGE: "Was good to see you last night, hope you're okay."

Lucinda's confusion deepens. She shakes her head, ignoring the text, and heads into the bathroom.

INT. LIVING ROOM - AFTERNOON

Skye and Aunt Eva sit opposite each other on the sofa. Skye fidgets nervously, avoiding Eva's piercing gaze.

AUNT EVA
(calmly)
No need to be nervous, dear.

Lucinda enters the room, dressed in a robe with a towel wrapped around her damp hair.

LUCINDA
Sorry I'm late.

Eva lets out a huff, her disapproval clear.

AUNT EVA
(sighing)
You're always late, Lucinda. But you're here now. The two of you need to talk things through, and I need to have a word with each of you.

Both Lucinda and Skye exchange uneasy glances, the tension in the room thick.

LUCINDA
(hesitant)
What even happened last night?

Skye turns to her, trying to gauge her sincerity.

SKYE
You don't remember?

LUCINDA
(shaking her head)
No, not really.

Eva's face grows concerned as she notices Lucinda's aura shifting to a dark grey hue.

SKYE
(in disbelief)
Are you serious? We argued...

Lucinda chuckles lightly, her tone dismissive.

LUCINDA
(with a smirk)
Was it about guys?

Skye tenses, her patience wearing thin.

SKYE
Yes, but there's no need to be so--

Before she can finish, Lucinda abruptly stands, her voice rising in anger.

LUCINDA
Like what!?

Eva immediately stands as well, her voice stern and commanding.

AUNT EVA
Lucinda Marie Lavandale, sit back
down and behave yourself!

Lucinda glares but reluctantly sits back down, her attitude defiant.

AUNT EVA (CONT'D)
(calm but firm)
Whatever happened between you two,
you're adults. Act like it.

Lucinda shrugs dismissively, her expression rebellious.

AUNT EVA (CONT'D)
Drop the attitude, young lady.

Without another word, Lucinda stands up and storms out of the room, slamming the door behind her.

AUNT EVA (CONT'D)
(calling after her)
Don't you dare walk away from me
while I'm talking to you!

The door slams shut, and the room falls into an awkward silence. Skye looks at the floor, troubled.

SKYE
(softly)
She doesn't seem like herself.

Eva nods, her eyes still on the door.

AUNT EVA
You're telling me. Please, check on
her when you can.

Skye nods, her concern for her friend deepening.

INT. STUDENT BASEMENT BAR - AFTERNOON

The bar's dim, moody atmosphere is lit by a glowing blue neon sign above the counter and flickering candles nestled in the wall's nooks. It's tucked away down a narrow alley, a hidden gem for those who know where to look.

Lucinda steps inside, her eyes adjusting to the soft light as she makes her way to the bar. She slides onto a stool, scanning the room. The Barman, a man with a knowing smile, approaches.

THE BARMAN
(grinning)
Whiskey and coke, miss?

Lucinda narrows her eyes, caught off guard.

LUCINDA
How did you know?

The Barman taps his forehead with a wink.

THE BARMAN
It's a gift. Sometimes a blessing,
sometimes a curse. I can read
minds.

LUCINDA
(amused)
Right.

He pours the drink, the ice clinking softly in the glass. Lucinda's gaze drifts around the bar, taking in the eclectic crowd. As she turns back, the door swings open, and Lennox strides in, his presence commanding attention. The Barman slides Lucinda's drink in front of her and, without missing a beat, turns to Lennox.

THE BARMAN
Whiskey neat, coming up.

LENNOX
(raising an eyebrow)
I didn't even order. How.

LUCINDA
(cutting in, with a smirk)
He knows. He can read minds.

Lennox chuckles, taking the seat beside her.

LENNOX
(playfully)
Oh, hey. Fancy meeting you here.

LUCINDA
(sarcastic)
I know, right? A club for the supernatural? Why on earth would I be here?

LENNOX
Cheeky as ever, I see.

Lucinda hides a smile, staring straight ahead. Lennox scratches his chin, studying her.

LUCINDA
That's me. So, what are you doing here this afternoon? You're not stalking me, are you?

Lennox laughs, shaking his head.

LENNOX
Don't be silly. Just a coincidence. Pure luck. Is it too early for you?

LUCINDA
(teasing)
It's never too early for a drink.

Lennox grins, signalling the Barman for another round. He downs his first drink quickly and places two twenties on the bar. As he does, Another Werewolf walks in, immediately catching Lennox's eye.

LENNOX
(under his breath)
Shit, I have to go.

LUCINDA
(surprised)
What? You just got here. What about your other.

LENNOX
 (interrupting, apologetic)
 Sorry. You know I can't be seen
 with a witch.

LUCINDA
 (rolling her eyes)
 God, that's just stupid. It's the
 twenty-first century.

Lennox grabs a coaster, scribbling something on it with a pen from his pocket. He hands it to her, gripping her hand tightly for a moment.

LENNOX
 Here's my number.

LUCINDA
 (sarcastic)
 Why would I call you if you won't
 be seen with me?

He leans in, his tone softer.

LENNOX
 Be well.

Before he can leave, Lucinda grabs his arm.

LUCINDA
 Wait. Did you somehow get my number
 from the other night?

Lennox pulls away, avoiding her eyes.

LENNOX
 (hurriedly)
 I'm sorry, I have to go.

LUCINDA
 (frustrated)
 Whatever.

Lennox exits, slipping past the other Werewolf who watches him suspiciously. Lucinda sighs, grabbing her bag and standing up. As she passes by, the Another Werewolf sneers and sniffs the air grotesquely.

WEREWOLF
 (under his breath)
 Bitch.

Lucinda ignores him, pulling out her phone. A message from Skye pops up on the screen.

MESSAGE ON PHONE SCREEN: "Meet me now, it's urgent."

Lucinda tucks her phone back into her pocket, leaving the bar without a second glance. She orders an Uber and walks out into the fading light.

EXT. HOUSE - EARLY AFTERNOON

Skye stands anxiously outside her house as Lucinda pulls up in an Uber. The door to the house is slightly ajar, its frame splintered as if forced open. Lucinda steps out of the car, her pace quickening as she approaches Skye.

LUCINDA
(alarmed)
What the hell happened?

SKYE
(voice trembling)
I've been robbed.

LUCINDA
(incredulous)
Who would do this?

SKYE
I have an idea...

Skye's eyes narrow as she spots a tuft of fur caught in the door's crack. Nearby, a few strands of blonde hair cling to the back of a chair just inside the entryway.

SKYE (CONT'D)
(pointing)
Look at this...

Lucinda reaches out and grabs the fur, inspecting it closely.

LUCINDA
(frowning)
Looks like fur...

SKYE
(grim)
Yup, from a werewolf.

Lucinda's expression tightens as she glances at Skye.

LUCINDA
(firm)
Don't jump to conclusions.

SKYE
 (defensive)
 Just because you like him doesn't
 mean he's not a bad guy...

Lucinda ignores the comment.

LUCINDA
 We need to investigate further.

SKYE
 (rolling her eyes)
 Classic Lucinda, dodging the point.

They share a brief laugh, the tension momentarily easing. But Skye notices something strange—Lucinda's eyes briefly shimmer with a red hue.

SKYE (CONT'D)
 (concerned)
 Are you okay?

LUCINDA
 (nods, confused)
 Yes, why?

SKYE
 (hesitant)
 It's... nothing.

Lucinda frowns, unsure of what Skye meant, but lets it go.

LUCINDA
 Alright...

They step into the house, surveying the chaotic mess. Furniture is overturned, and papers are scattered, but nothing seems to be stolen. As they move deeper into the house, Lucinda suddenly falters, her hand gripping the wall for support.

LUCINDA (CONT'D)
 (gasping)
 I... I don't feel right...

Without warning, Lucinda collapses to the floor, her eyes shutting tight as her body begins to tremble.

SKYE
 (panicked)
 Luce, are you okay? Lucinda!

Lucinda doesn't respond. Skye drops to her knees, placing a hand on Lucinda's shoulder.

To her horror, a dark red and black glow begins to emanate from Lucinda's body, rippling across her skin and making her shudder uncontrollably.

SKYE (CONT'D)
 (frantically)
 Oh God, what's happening?

Skye leaps up, rushing to close the door to keep anyone from seeing. But as she turns back to Lucinda, ready to help, Lucinda suddenly vanishes, teleported away in an instant.

SKYE (CONT'D)
 (whispering to herself)
 Lucinda... where did you go?

Skye stands frozen, fear and confusion gripping her as she stares at the empty space where her friend had just been.

EXT. GRAVEYARD - ELSEWHERE - SAME TIME

Skye and Aunt Eva walk cautiously through the dark graveyard, their flashlights cutting through the mist.

SKYE
 Lucinda!

AUNT EVA
 (sternly)
 What are you doing?

SKYE
 (confused)
 What?

AUNT EVA
 (whispers urgently)
 You need to be silent. Use your inner eye!

Suddenly, a Night Hunter lands in their path. Eva doesn't hesitate—she launches an energy ball at him. The Night Hunter dodges with ease, then charges toward her. She quickly fires a second shot.

The energy ball hits the Night Hunter square in the face, and he evaporates into the night. A distant howl pierces the air, sending chills down their spines.

AUNT EVA (CONT'D)
 (steadying herself)
 Don't be afraid.

SKYE

I'm not!

From the shadows, a Werewolf emerges, sprinting toward them. Skye and Aunt Eva freeze, instinctively stepping back. Eva places a protective arm across Skye's chest as the werewolf's bones crack and shift. The creature howls, its body morphing until it stands as a man—Lennox, now only in his boxer shorts.

SKYE (CONT'D)

Oh, God. It's you?

LENNOX

(breathing heavily)

Yes, it's me.

AUNT EVA

(suspicious)

Who is this? Is he the one?

Skye shoots Eva a pleading look—don't push it.

AUNT EVA (CONT'D)

(to Lennox)

Where's Lucinda?

Lennox's eyes narrow as he points accusingly at Skye.

LENNOX

(angrily)

What are you doing with that!?

Skye instinctively reaches for her necklace, suddenly defensive.

SKYE

I can explain!

But Lennox pounces, grabbing her shoulders and pulling her close to inspect the necklace. Skye grips his elbows, trying to fend him off.

Just then, Lucinda suddenly materializes before them, her eyes cold and sharp.

LUCINDA

(icily)

What are you two doing?

LENNOX

(startled)

Lucinda!

Lucinda steps closer, her gaze flicking down to Lennox's boxers with disdain. Her hands rise, arms extended forward. With a fierce motion, she thrusts them back, then hurls them forward—Lennox and Skye vanish in an instant.

Aunt Eva rushes to Lucinda, horror etched on her face.

AUNT EVA
(panicked)
What have you done?

Lucinda collapses to the ground, tears streaming down her face.

LUCINDA
(broken)
I don't know...

Eva drops to her knees, pulling Lucinda into a tight embrace.

AUNT EVA
(softly)
Come on, let's go.

INT. CAVE - NIGHT

A barely lit, cavernous space. A grey, damp mist hovers just above the wet soil. Lennox and Skye materialize from thin air, Lennox's hands still gripping Skye's shoulders. Skye looks down, realizing her hands are on his elbows. She jerks them away, and Lennox quickly steps back.

They both spin around, taking in their surroundings.

SKYE
(panicked)
What is this place?

She spots an old, sooty torch on the ground and ignites it with a flick of her magic.

LENNOX
A cave.

Skye shoots him an angry glare.

SKYE
(snapping)
Shut up. Don't get cocky with me.

LENNOX
(mocking)
Why not?

SKYE

(fuming)

This is your fault! If you hadn't put your hands on me, Lucinda wouldn't have cast that spell!

LENNOX

Stop whining and help me find a way out—unless you want to tell me why you have my necklace!

Suddenly, Shelna (40), wearing a long black coat and a cowboy hat, materializes in front of them. She raises her right hand, and thick roots burst from the soil, forming a cage around Lennox and Skye.

SHELNA

Not so fast!

SKYE

What the hell! Who are you?

SHELNA

(smirking)

Oh, come on, darling. You should know who I am.

LENNOX

Let us out!

SKYE

I don't know who you are! Open this cage!

Shelna rolls her eyes and sighs, clearly unimpressed.

SHELNA

I see. She hasn't told you then.

SKYE

Told me what?

SHELNA

My sister, Eva.

SKYE

Eva? She's never said anything about a sister!

SHELNA

I'm not surprised. We don't get along anymore. But who cares?

SKYE

What do you want from us?

Shelna conjures a holograph of the Grimoire, holding it up for them to see.

SHELNA

I'm looking for this. You seen it?

LENNOX

What is that?

SHELNA

Shut it, werewolf.

Lennox growls under his breath, while Skye hesitates, glancing between him and Shelna.

SKYE

I... I don't know what that is.

Shelna's eyes narrow as she reaches through the cage, grabbing Skye by the throat.

SHELNA

(furious)

Don't lie to me!

Lennox lunges, grabbing Shelna by the neck, but she only tightens her grip on Skye. Lennox seethes with rage.

LENNOX

Let go of her!

Shelna smiles wickedly and releases Skye, who gasps for breath. With a casual flick of her hand, the root-cage collapses, disintegrating into the ground. She waves her hand again, and Lennox is suddenly fully clothed.

SHELNA

I'm leaving, but this won't be the last time you hear from me.

With a swirl of smoke, Shelna teleports away. Skye exhales in relief.

SKYE

Thank God she put clothes on you.

LENNOX

I'm sure it was rough seeing a guy in his boxers for the first time.

SKYE

What is your problem with me?

LENNOX

My problem? I saw you that night in the bar. You refused to look at me!

Skye's face flushes as she averts her gaze.

LENNOX (CONT'D)

So give me back my necklace.

SKYE

I can't.

LENNOX

What do you mean?

SKYE

Try to take it.

Lennox reaches for the necklace, but it zaps his hand, forcing him to pull back in pain.

LENNOX

Ow! What did you do?

SKYE

I don't know. I screwed up. But I'll figure out how to fix it and give it back. I promise.

As they start to leave the cave, Lennox glances back at Skye, his eyes narrowing as he notices the necklace glowing purple, with an unfamiliar symbol now etched into it. His anger only deepens.

INT. LUCINDA AND EVA'S HOME - KITCHEN - NIGHT

A cosy kitchen, dimly lit by the fire blazing in a hearth at the centre of the room. Aunt Eva sits at the table, staring intently at a photo of Lucinda. The atmosphere is heavy with concern. Lucinda enters, sensing the tension.

LUCINDA

What is it, Auntie?

Aunt Eva looks up, her expression softening.

AUNT EVA

Come sit with me, sweetie.

Lucinda hesitates but then sits down next to her aunt.

LUCINDA
Am I in trouble?

AUNT EVA
No, dear. I'm just concerned about
you.

LUCINDA
I'm alright. You shouldn't worry.

Aunt Eva studies her closely, noticing the grey whites of
Lucinda's eyes, darkening to jet black at the edges, and the
puffy bruises beneath them.

AUNT EVA
Are you sure? You don't look well.

Lucinda shifts uncomfortably.

LUCINDA
Honestly, I'm fine.

AUNT EVA
I can sense you're not. Come here.

Aunt Eva reaches for the grimoire at the end of the table,
flipping to a healing spell. Lucinda's eyes follow her
movements, anxiety creeping in.

AUNT EVA (CONT'D)
Move your chair to the centre of
the room.

Lucinda complies, her unease growing. Eva walks to a cabinet,
retrieving a glass. She sprinkles salt into it, then fills it
with water. Lucinda watches, tense.

AUNT EVA (CONT'D)
This won't hurt a bit.

Aunt Eva holds the glass above Lucinda's head, turning it
counter-clockwise as she begins to chant.

AUNT EVA (CONT'D)
(chanting)
Elements of the sun, elements of
the day, Come this way. Powers of
the night and day, I summon thee,
I call upon thee, To protect
oneself, so mote it be.

Lucinda suddenly begins to shake and whimper. The water in
the glass turns black and starts to boil. Eva quickly hurls
the glass into the fire-pit, where it explodes upon impact.

Lucinda recoils, her voice trembling with fear.

LUCINDA
What the hell was that?

AUNT EVA
Something's wrong. It's the spell.

Lucinda's eyes widen in confusion.

LUCINDA
What spell?

Aunt Eva's expression darkens with guilt.

AUNT EVA
I had a terrible feeling this would happen. Skye only wanted to help.

Lucinda's breath catches as she processes the words.

LUCINDA
What would happen? What about Skye?

Aunt Eva reaches out to take Lucinda's hands, but Lucinda pulls away, her voice rising in panic.

LUCINDA (CONT'D)
What did Skye do?

AUNT EVA
Skye cast a love spell on you and that werewolf. She didn't understand the danger.

Lucinda's eyes flare with anger and disbelief. She stumbles back, her breath quickening.

LUCINDA
Skye?

Her hands find a glass bowl on the counter, and in a fit of rage, she hurls it to the floor. The bowl shatters, sending shards flying. Lucinda turns on her heel and storms out of the kitchen, her footsteps echoing as she races upstairs, leaving Aunt Eva in a silent, tense room.

INT. LENNOX'S HOME - NIGHT

THADDEUS (45), a wise, tattooed intellectual dressed in all black, sits at the dining table, sipping tea while absorbed in a book.

The room is dimly lit, the atmosphere calm but heavy. Lennox enters, looking dishevelled and covered in dirt.

THADDEUS

You alright? What happened? You look rough. And what's with all the dirt?

LENNOX

Well, thanks. Long story, Uncle.

Thaddeus eyes him, then rises and walks to the kettle.

THADDEUS

I'm not going anywhere. Spill. Shall I pour you one?

LENNOX

No, thanks. I'll have a beer.

Lennox heads to the fridge, grabs a bottle, and twists off the cap. He takes a long sip, trying to gather his thoughts. Thaddeus, ignoring the refusal, puts the kettle on and sits back down.

LENNOX (CONT'D)

There's this girl... She's not like us.

THADDEUS

(frowning)
How not like us?

They exchange a tense look. The weight of the situation is clear.

LENNOX

What am I supposed to do? She's all I think about.

THADDEUS

You don't understand the danger this puts you and everyone around you in.

LENNOX

So, explain it to me!

THADDEUS

I can't... Not yet anyway.

LENNOX

Yeah, great. Don't tell me anything. What difference does it make?

He stands abruptly, turning toward the door, frustration boiling over.

THADDEUS

If you challenge the curse, you will both die.

Lennox freezes, his back still to Thaddeus.

LENNOX

We were ambushed... by Shelna.

Thaddeus stiffens, setting down his tea.

THADDEUS

Shelna? She died twenty years ago.

LENNOX

Apparently she didn't.

Thaddeus narrows his eyes, searching for reason.

THADDEUS

What makes you think this? It could've been a shapeshifter.

Lennox meets his gaze, unflinching.

LENNOX

She was there tonight, in the cave.

Thaddeus takes a slow sip of his tea, trying to process this.

THADDEUS

What cave?

LENNOX

(shrugs)

Doesn't matter. She was angry... wanted some kind of book.

Thaddeus's eyes widen with realization.

THADDEUS

It's started already.

LENNOX

What's start...

Thaddeus interrupts him.

THADDEUS

Lennox, you must promise me. Stay
away from this witch!

Lennox studies his uncle for a moment, torn between anger and confusion. Without a word, he turns and walks away, heading up the stairs, leaving Thaddeus alone in the dim light.

INT. LUCINDA AND EVA'S HOME - SAME TIME

Aunt Eva sits at the kitchen table, focused on a spread of tarot cards before her. The final card reveals the Celtic Cross—THE OUTCOME. Two crystals rest beside the cards, their light flickering ominously.

AUNT EVA

(Whispers)
It can't be.

A gust of wind WHOOSHES through the room, making the curtains billow. Eva spins around, eyes wide with shock as Shelna materializes before her.

SHELNA

(smirking)
Hello, dear twin.

AUNT EVA

You're dead. I was there.

SHELNA

(Mocking)
Sorry to disappoint you.

Eva's eyes narrow, searching for answers.

AUNT EVA

How is this possible?

SHELNA

Well, our dear niece's friend cast a spell that opened the door for me. You'll have to thank...

AUNT EVA

(Interrupting)
Skye! I knew it. Oh, God.

SHELNA

Don't worry. My coming back is the least of your worries.

Eva's expression hardens, determination replacing shock.

AUNT EVA
I don't want you here.

SHELNA
(Shrugs)
I don't want to be here. Give me
the Grimoire and I'll leave.

AUNT EVA
Out of the question.

Shelna's eyes narrow, her tone turning cold.

SHELNA
Always had to do everything the
hard way, didn't you?

AUNT EVA
You're not getting it. If you take
it, Lucinda doesn't stand a chance.

SHELNA
(Smirking)
The Night Hunters won't let her get
away with this. You know that.

Eva exhales sharply, anger and fear swirling within her.

AUNT EVA
Don't you think I know that?

Shelna laughs, the sound chilling.

SHELNA
(Mocking)
What a shame.

She pauses at the door, turning back with a sinister smile.

SHELNA (CONT'D)
I'll see you again, maybe with Luce
on my side.

With a final, taunting glance, Shelna closes the door behind her. Eva stands frozen for a moment, then sinks onto the sofa, the weight of what just happened settling in.

INT. LUCINDA AND EVA'S HOME - NIGHT

Lucinda walks downstairs, her footsteps soft on the wooden floor.

She sees Aunt Eva sitting on the sofa, staring blankly ahead, her face heavy with worry. Lucinda approaches and gently rubs her aunt's back.

LUCINDA
Auntie? What's wrong?

Eva looks up, her eyes filled with a mix of sadness and dread.

AUNT EVA
Shelna's back.

LUCINDA
(Startled)
What? How?

Eva takes a deep breath, her gaze meeting Lucinda's, the weight of the situation evident.

AUNT EVA
She escaped from Limbo.

LUCINDA
(Confused)
Limbo?

Eva doesn't respond immediately. Instead, she turns her eyes toward the bookshelf, focusing on a particular spot. With a subtle wave of her hand, she uses telekinesis to pull down an ancient, dust-covered book from the top shelf. It floats gently into her lap, its cover adorned with a pentacle and intricate, dainty cursive writing.

Both women COUGH as the dust stirs around them.

AUNT EVA
This is the family grimoire. I was waiting until you understood more about our history and your abilities before showing it to you. But after what Skye did... we can't wait anymore.

LUCINDA
What do you mean? What did Skye do?

Eva's expression darkens.

AUNT EVA
She cast a spell... and now you're in danger. We all are.

Lucinda's fingers brush against the book's cover, and it begins to glow softly under her touch. She recoils, startled.

LUCINDA

Is it supposed to do that?

AUNT EVA

It recognizes you.

The book opens on its own, the pages flipping under Aunt Eva's silent command. She turns to a blank page.

LUCINDA

But it's blank... Are all the...

Suddenly, the page begins to fill with shapes and colours, morphing into words and images. Shelna's face materializes, her presence almost palpable. Lucinda gasps, unable to take her eyes off the page.

AUNT EVA

This is my twin sister, Shelna. And this... is our story.

Lucinda places her hand gently over her auntie's, the intensity of the moment sinking in. Eva places her other hand on the book, and the glow intensifies. Both women's eyes turn a blinding white, their connection to the book deepening.

The room fills with a soft, mystical light as the book's power surges between them.

EXT. SHERWOOD FOREST, NOTTINGHAMSHIRE - DAY

SUPER: MID 1800s

SCROLLING TEXT:

Centuries ago, witches, determined to keep the coven bloodlines pure, cursed their own kind. They cast a spell forbidding witches and werewolves from falling in love. Those who break the rules are damned to die young, and their descendants must forever wear black.

In a peaceful clearing in Sherwood Forest, ELIZABETH (19) sits on a picnic blanket. Her bronze curls are neatly gathered at the nape of her neck. Her purple satin dress flows elegantly as she waves her hand over a wine glass, magically filling it without touching the bottle. With another wave, a nearby candle flickers to life. She effortlessly sets out plates of sandwiches and biscuits, all without lifting a finger.

Suddenly, JASPER (20) emerges from the brush, his presence bringing a warm smile to Elizabeth's face. He sits beside her and tucks a stray curl behind her ear.

ELIZABETH
You look dashing tonight.

JASPER
Thanks, I'm trying to meet your high standards.

Elizabeth laughs, brushing a piece of fur off his shoulder. Jasper flushes deep crimson, embarrassed.

JASPER (CONT'D)
Sorry... My fur gets everywhere.

ELIZABETH
I've been waiting for you.

JASPER
I travelled slowly. Tried not to be seen.

Elizabeth hands him a glass of wine, her eyes soft with affection.

ELIZABETH
I'm just glad you're here now.

Jasper takes a sip, his gaze scanning the woods nervously.

ELIZABETH (CONT'D)
Were you careful?

JASPER
There was someone. Something... I think I shook them off.

His eyes flick toward the pathway from which he came, sniffing the air. In the shadows, a BLACK FIGURE moves behind a tree.

JASPER (CONT'D)
When I say run, run as fast as you can. Don't look back.

ELIZABETH
What? What is it?

A NIGHT HUNTER steps out of the woods, a crossbow in hand.

JASPER
Run!

Grabbing Jasper's hand, Elizabeth bolts. They race through the forest together as the Night Hunter fires his crossbow, missing them narrowly. Enraged, the hunter tosses the crossbow aside and conjures a fireball, hurling it at the fleeing couple. The fireball hits Jasper's arm, and he lets out a cry of pain.

JASPER (CONT'D)

Aaarrgh!

The hunter pulls out a flintlock pistol and fires. Jasper stumbles, collapsing at Elizabeth's feet.

ELIZABETH

No!

She falls to the ground, cradling Jasper's head in her lap, her sobs choking her words. The Night Hunter approaches slowly, smiling at her pain. Elizabeth looks up at him, eyes filled with tears, her voice barely a whisper.

ELIZABETH (CONT'D)

Just... do it.

Without hesitation, the Night Hunter draws a sword and swiftly slices through Elizabeth's neck. Blood splatters across the blade. He wipes the blood with his finger, licking it with eerie satisfaction.

As the hunter steps away, he notices a faint ripple in the air. He touches it with curiosity, his hand moving in and out of the shimmering portal. Stepping through, he is transported to the present day.

INT. LUCINDA AND EVA'S HOME - NIGHT

Lucinda gasps, jolting out of the vision. Her hands tremble as she pulls them away from Aunt Eva, who looks pale but calm.

LUCINDA

(Breathless)

What was that?

Eva meets her niece's eyes, her expression grave.

AUNT EVA

That was a vision... of the past.
Elizabeth... She was your ancestor.

LUCINDA

I don't understand... How could
that...

AUNT EVA
You will, soon enough.

Suddenly, the door bursts open with a loud CRASH. A Night Hunter storms into the room, his eyes wild with intent.

AUNT EVA (CONT'D)
What the hell?!

The hunter steps forward, his voice low and threatening.

NIGHT HUNTER
Where is she!?

Eva glares at him, trying to remain calm.

AUNT EVA
Where is who?

NIGHT HUNTER
Don't play games with me. The girl!

Eva's heart races, but she shrugs her shoulders, feigning ignorance.

AUNT EVA
Which girl? I don't know what
you're talking about.

The hunter's rage boils over, and he pulls out a pistol, aiming it at Lucinda.

AUNT EVA (CONT'D)
Lucinda, run!

The hunter fires, but Eva quickly hurls an energy ball at him. The force knocks him back, injuring him. In a blink, the Night Hunter disappears, vanishing into thin air.

Eva turns frantically, her eyes locking onto Lucinda, who lies unconscious on the floor.

AUNT EVA (CONT'D)
Luce? Lucinda!

She rushes to her side, tears welling up as she cradles Lucinda in her arms.

AUNT EVA (CONT'D)
Are you okay?

Lucinda doesn't respond. Eva pulls her close, her tears falling onto Lucinda's still form.

A few moments later Lucinda jerks and opens her eyes, her eyes are dark red with a grey tint. She grabs Eva's throat.

AUNT EVA (CONT'D)
(Gasps)
Ahhhh! What are you doing?

Lucinda then floats up in the air with one hand still on Eva's neck as she grips tighter.

AUNT EVA (CONT'D)
(Breathless)
Stop!

Lucinda looks in Aunt Eva's eyes and smiles, she throws Aunt Eva across the room using her magic, she drops to the floor and her eyes turn normal.

Lucinda looks around the room.

LUCINDA
What have I done?

Lucinda in anger vanishes from the room as Aunt Eva is about to wake up. Kye rushes through the front door as she her the commotion outside.

SKYE
Eva, are you okay?

In anger Eva replies.

AUNT EVA
You! You did this!

Standing still Skye is shivering in fear.

SKYE
I'm sorry!

Eva rushes towards Skye, Skye turns around and runs out the door slamming it behind her.

AUNT EVA
Come here, you bitch!

Skye with tears down her eyes replies.

SKYE
Not until you have calmed down.

Eva then stays still and takes a deep breath. Skye opens the door again.

SKYE (CONT'D)
Are you calm now?

With tears still down her face, Eva replies.

AUNT EVA
I'm so sorry!

Eva runs up to Skye and hugs her.

FADE TO BLACK.