

A WALK ON THE WICKED SIDE

FADE IN:

EXT. SMALL TOWN — COASTAL CALIFORNIA — DAY (1990)

Soft wind blows a candy wrapper across a street. No people in sight. A few parked cars.

Mom-and-pop shops line both sides of the street.

A black Mercedes Benz rolls through town.

Benz pulls into a gas station.

Clouds brooding in the sky.

A BLACK-GLOVED HAND

grips a gas nozzle. Fills the Benz's gas tank.

MATCH CUT:

A LITTLE GIRL'S HAND

pours tea from an old tea kettle, into a cup. Fine china.

INT. OLD COTTAGE-STYLE HOME — DAY

A quaint home filled with old furniture, paintings of family on the wall. Lit candles in an otherwise dark room.

ALANA SELWYN, 9, carries two HOT cups of tea into a room.

She's a thin, small-boned girl. Pony tail, blouse, jeans. Cute little face. Big, thick glasses.

Alana places the cups on the table, next to her grandmother, SYBIL, late 60s.

A small, black dog run around Alana's ankles.

ALANA

Just the way you like it.

SYBIL

Lipton?

Sybil wears in an old dress, a dark shawl, and her hair looks as if it were combed with a live chicken.

Around her neck hangs a pendant: A witch's pentagram.

ALANA
Lipton Camomile.

SYBIL
I said I want instant.

ALANA
Lipton Camomile instant. With
two big teaspoons of arsenic.

SYBIL
Arsenic? What would you know
about arsenic? You're a kid.

EXT. TOWN

The black Mercedes motors along a big, empty street.
A little boy runs in front of the car. Benz brakes hard.

INT. MERCEDES

The gloved hand waves for the kid to pass. Off he runs.
Rain pocks the windshield. Falls faster, harder.
The gloved hand flips a lever. Wiper blades flash on.
A clipboard mounted to the dash. Under the clip is a piece
of paper with an address jotted down.

INT. COTTAGE HOME

Sybil stands at the front window. Peering at the sky
through the slats of her blinds.

Rain chatters on her porch.

SYBIL
I smell an ugly storm coming.

Sybil turns and limps to the table. Uses a thick, wooden
cain to support her weight.

Alana is at the table. She sips tea and snacks on a
biscuit. Feeds a piece of biscuit to her dog.

SYBIL
What kind of dessert goes good
on a day like this?

ALANA

Umm, chocolate chip cookies.

SYBIL

How about Devil's Food cake?

ALANA

Mmm. And brownies fresh out of the oven.

SYBIL

Hot apple pie... and a bag full of fresh candy.

ALANA

Candy? You got false teeth.

SYBIL

What are you cracked in the head? Soft candy! The kind that won't kill an old woman with false teeth.

ALANA

Why don't you just conjure up some Milk Duds?

SYBIL

Ha. Are you saying you wanna see some old-fashioned gypsy magic?

ALANA

No, grandma. I want to sit here and count your wrinkles.

Sybil limps over to a bookstand and pulls a paper and pen. She hands the items to Alana.

SYBIL

I'm going to do a magic potion just for you. Take this down. I need twenty juicy pear jelly beans. Fourteen strawberry jam jelly beans. Nine-hundred buttered popcorn jelly beans. Twenty-four caramel corn jelly beans. Thirteen chili mango jelly beans. Two toasted marshmallow beans. And three hunchback spiders. Tell Mr. Rainbow it's a special order.

Alana frowns, but keep writing.

ALANA

And three hunchback spiders...
rewind. What the hell-- heck
kind of potion is this?

Alana stops writing on the paper. Looks at grandma.

Sybil is at the closet. She pulls Alana's raincoat, rain boots and umbrella.

SYBIL

It's called a disappearing
potion. Now get over to
Rainbow's Candy before their
lunch break. And make sure you
count the candy. I don't want
Mr. Rainbow cheating us.

ALANA

Like right now? It's freaking-
ass raining out there.

SYBIL

Jeez m'knees. What's a little
liquid sunshine? And watch your
tongue. No more talk. God didn't
make that rain coat to sit in
the closet all day.

Alana gets up and slips into the rain coat.

Sybil pulls a \$20 from her purse.

Alana dons her galoshes. Picks up the umbrella.

Sybil smiles. Hands the money to Alana. Gives her
granddaughter a big squeeze.

ALANA

Squeeze a little harder why
don't you.

Alana shakes off Sybil's hug. Alana gives her doggie a hug.

ALANA

(to her dog)

Next time you see me, you will
have a big surprise.

SYBIL

Scratch the three hunchback
spiders. For now.

EXT. COTTAGE HOME

Two-story home, early 20th-century. Well maintained. Nicely manicured garden. Picket fence.

In the front yard is an old wooden post and on that post hangs rusty chains, supporting

A SIGN: **Your Good Fortune**

Squeaking to and fro in the wind and rain.

Also on the sign, a faded image of a crystal ball.

And a name: **MADAME SYBIL.**

FRONT DOOR

opens and Alana steps out. She snaps open her umbrella. Braces herself and heads into the wet weather.

INT. COTTAGE HOME

At the front window, Sybil's thin, wrinkled hand lowers a slat from the blinds.

She peers out. Her steel-gray eyes follow her granddaughter until she is out of sight.

SYBIL

Poof.

She lets the blinds fall.

Turns and limps away from the door. A slow shuffle. Her wooden cane supporting her frail body.

EXT. LONG DRIVEWAY - COTTAGE HOME

Alana pushes against wind and rain. Muttering to herself.

ALANA

Damn it, freaking-ass weather.

She kicks a puddle hard. Water splashes.

Her glasses blurry with rain. She looks up.

The black Mercedes approaches. Comes to a stop. The driver-side back window rolls down half way.

A dark-haired man peers out. VITO CARLUCCI, mid-40s, sharp eyes, handsome face, friendly smile, business type.

VITO

You crazy, little girl? It's raining devils and dogs.

ALANA

No shit. I mean, no crap.

Vito stops smiling. Nods.

VITO

I know what you mean. My name's Vito Carlucci. Chicago, north side. Nice to meet ya. Is the old lady giving readings today?

ALANA

Uh, do I look like that old lady?

VITO

No, you look like a nice, young lady.

ALANA

She's always open for business.

Vito stares out the window toward the house.

VITO

Cause I need a prophecy fulfilled.

The window rolls up. The Mercedes rolls on.

Alana watches the car, then turns and continues to walk through the driving rain.

INT. COTTAGE HOME

Sybil carries an empty tea cup across the room. Sets the cup down on a nearby hutch.

Her back to the front door.

KABANG – the front door is kicked open.

The wind HOWLS. Rain blows in

THREE STRANGERS

who are silhouetted against the open door.

The dog goes crazy. Barks and runs in circles.

Sybil swings her cane and a scabbard flies off. Revealing a long, thin steel blade.

She turns and holds the blade out toward the intruders.

The strangers step inside, into the candle light. Led by Vito, who wears a heavy coat.

In his right hand, he grips a closed umbrella. Rain drips from the umbrella, puddles the floor.

VITO

You the proprietor?

Sybil keeps her blade thrust out like a scorpion's tail. Vito eases toward her.

VITO

Maybe you didn't hear me. Are you proprietor?

SWOOSH – Vito swings his umbrella. Knocks away the old woman's blade. The sword flies left. Stabs the wall.

Vito approaches, his two henchmen just off his shoulder. Both henchman wear black gloves. They carry gasoline cans.

Sybil tries to run. Is tripped by Vito's umbrella. She crashes to the floor.

The dog is yapping like crazy.

Vito steps a size 12 on the old woman's head.

VITO

Are you or are you not the proprietor?

Sybil squirms. Her head pinned down.

SYBIL

Please. I did nothing to you.

Vito grinds down hard. Sybil SCREAMS.

SYBIL

Yes! Yes, I am the proprietor.

Vito motions at the dog. One of his men sets down a gasoline can. Snatches the dog.

The dog squirms and cries. The man escorts the dog out of the room.

Vito lifts his foot off Sybil. He kneels next to her.

VITO

Ever hear of cause and effect?
Cause I heard a story that made
me travel six-hundred miles in
bad weather to meet a story-
telling old hag. I think I'm
looking that hag as we speak.

SYBIL

Sir. Please...

SIDE ROOM - LATER

Sybil sits at a table. Uncomfortable, but calm. Across from her is Vito.

He removes a lighter and a dagger from his coat. Sets the lighter on the table, next to the dagger.

His men are pouring gasoline all around Sybil's business.

VITO

My nephew and his fiance came to
this sleepy, little town a week
ago. They were on vacation.
Maybe you remember 'em, Danny
Carlucci and Gracie Berto?

SYBIL

I do.

VITO

While reading their fortunes,
you told 'em something curious.
You said cousin Sal lies at the
bottom of Lake Michigan. With a
golf club smash to the head. A
couple of bullets here and
there. Now how would you know
those exact details?

SYBIL

I tell no lies. I said, Sal Galiano wouldn't play follow the mob leader. And so, somebody whacked Sal like a sack of cats.

Vito bristles. Picks up the knife.

VITO

Somebody whacked him? And who might that somebody be?

SYBIL

You, sir.

VITO

Me. Okay. And then you insulted my nephew's future kids? True?

SYBIL

I said your nephew's kids would roll to hell in burning trash cans. Because they got mafioso stink all over them. I said a person could smell you guys across a dozen cemeteries.

VITO

Your exact words?

SYBIL

Yes, sir.

Vito glares at Sybil.

VITO

You must have a serious death wish.

SYBIL

Sir, please. I speak my mind. And I get paid to read palms. Good fortune, misfortune, fate decides, not I.

VITO

You have no clue who you're dealing with, do you?

SYBIL

Yes, sir, I do. But do you know who you are dealing with?

Like a snake's hiss, Vito's knife flashes across the table. Slices Sybil's throat.

She gags and grabs her throat. Blood sprays.

VITO

When you get to hell, you shit-talking hag, send me a postcard.

Sybil's head drops. Blood pools on the table under her.

Vito tosses his lighter to one of his guys. The guy flicks the lighter and the interiors go up in flames.

Vito stands. Looks down at Sybil. He wipes his dagger on the table cloth.

INT. RAINBOW'S CANDY

Old-fashioned candy store. Huge jars of licorice, peppermint sticks, Chicken Bones, malted milk balls, and the like.

Alana stands at the counter with a plastic bag containing smaller plastic bags of candy.

She turns and walks toward the door. Exits the candy store.

EXT. RAINBOW'S CANDY

Alana's umbrella pops open. Rain smashes down on her.

The black Mercedes drives past her. Water kicks beneath the car's tires.

Alana watches. And waves good-bye.