

THE MAGIC APOTHE-CARE-Y:

RECIPE FOR DISASTER

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EXT. WITCH COTTAGE - DAY

A SIGN in front of the cottage, residing on a hill, reads:

"THE MAGIC APOTHE-CARE-Y.

Where we use the dark arts to brighten up your days."

A VILLAGER walks by covered in RASHES, <SCRATCHING> herself and <COUGHING>. She spots the sign, then nervously averts her eyes and walks off whilst continuing to <COUGH>.

INT. WITCH'S COTTAGE - POTION ROOM - DAY

HEXA, (26F) a young stern witch, wearing an APRON, is stirring a liquid mixture in a CAULDRON. She reads her GRIMOIRE RECIPE SPELL BOOK, as it floats in mid-air.

HEXA

Alright, next ingredient.

(calling)

Blair, slugs! I need slugs!

BLAIR, (12M) a slim and scruffy boy, with black hair and a small bump on his forehead, pokes a JAR OF EYEBALLS on a shelf. As soon as he hears Hexa, he skims other jars.

BLAIR

(sotto)

Slugs, huh? Slugs...

Blair spots a jar of SNAILS and grabs that instead. GLINDA, a white cat sitting on a shelf, catches Blair.

GLINDA

Mrrow?

He puts his finger to his lips. Glinda shrugs, curls up in a ball and sleeps. Blair walks over to Hexa, offering the jar.

BLAIR

Here ya go, Hexa.

HEXA

Thanks, Blai- What the hex, man? I asked for slugs, not snails.

BLAIR

But if we add snails, their shells could offer that crunchiness that slugs don't provide.

HEXA

You're lucky I checked before adding this in. Come on, Blair. We only have thirty minutes to get this plague remedy potion ready before the mayor gets here!

Hexa notices Glinda sleeping on a shelf.

HEXA (CONT'D)

Good girl, Glinda.

Glinda stands up, stretches in a downward dog position, and then knocks over VARIOUS BOOKS off the shelf.

HEXA (CONT'D)

No, Glinda! I take it back! Blair!

Blair tries to dodge the books, whilst reaching for Glinda.

BLAIR

Come on, ah! Glinda, stop!

Glinda jumps off the shelf as Blair catches her. He opens the door, chucks her out and <SHUTS> it.

GLINDA (O.S.)

(muffled)

Mrow!

BLAIR

Why can't I be a potioneer already?
I'm supposed to make potions not cat-sit and be on standby!

Hexa grabs a JAR of SLUGS and pours them into the cauldron.

HEXA

Patience.

BLAIR

Where? I don't see any sick people.

HEXA

(pinches the bridge of her nose)
Not patients, patience. Just follow the instructions next time, okay?

Hexa sets the empty jar down and skims her recipe book again.

HEXA (CONT'D)

Mushrooms... Blair! Check if we have mushrooms.

BLAIR

We're out.

HEXA

You didn't even check!

BLAIR

No, really. We're out.

A beat. Then Hexa <SLAPS> her forehead.

HEXA

Why did I forget to buy mushrooms?!

BLAIR

Do we really need mushrooms?

HEXA

Yes! It's a dominant ingredient!

Hexa shows Blair the recipe.

HEXA (CONT'D)

See? "Mushrooms" is listed at the top. Remember this, Blair. Dominant ingredients are always listed at the top of the list for potion recipes.

(shuts the book)

Potioneers must follow the rules.
Nothing more, nothing less.

BLAIR

Rules are made to be broken! How do we know instructions are enough if we don't experiment with alternatives?

HEXA

We don't have time to experiment.
We can't afford any mistakes!

Hexa removes her apron and <CLICKS> her fingers.

HEXA (CONT'D)

Blair! Broom! Now!

Blair opens the front door, grabs a nearby MOP and tosses it to Hexa. Hexa places the broom betwixt her legs, and jumps off the ground but then <THUD> lands on her face!

HEXA (CONT'D)

(muffled)

I. said. Broom. Blair.

BLAIR

Uh... whoops -

Hexa gets up and walks over to Blair <PATTING> herself down.

HEXA

Now you listen here, squirt. You'd better not touch the mixture while I'm gone. Or else, I will meet your demands and start experimenting with spells. On you!

BLAIR

Alright, fine! I won't.

Hexa's expression softens in relief.

HEXA

Stay here and don't touch anything.

BLAIR

You know, it's been proven that the greatest masters of alchemy didn't make extraordinary discoveries, by just following instructions.

HEXA

Blair, word of advice from your mentor. If you want to change the game, at least know the game first.

Hexa's BROOM flies towards Hexa's awaiting hand. She catches it, sets it between her legs and flies through the doorway.

EXT. SKY - CONTINUOUS

Hexa carefully maintains her balance on the broom whilst soaring through the clouds.

HEXA

(to herself)

I am a good witch therefore I am a good mentor. He'll be fine. He'll be fine.

INT. WITCH COTTAGE - CONTINUOUS

Blair walks over to the door and <SLAMS> it, right after Glinda prances back in.

BLAIR

Can you believe her, Glinda? It's like she doesn't trust me at all! She only cares about what's in this stupid book!

Pause as Blair suddenly realises Glinda is back in.

BLAIR (CONT'D)

Wait, you're not supposed to be back here!

Suddenly a <KNOCK> is heard. Blair walks over to answer it.

BLAIR (CONT'D)

(annoyed)

Back already, Hexa? Did you run out of magic dust to fly your broom or -

But he opens the door to see MAYOR SILAS, instead. He is slim and resentful, mid 40s. He vigorously <SCRATCHES> himself as he is also covered in RASHES, carrying a SLIP.

BLAIR (CONT'D)

(panics)

Mayor Silas, sir! Welcome to the Apothe-Care-y! Where we use dark magic to -

SILAS

- you don't have to say that all the time, witch-boy. Although you do need to work on that slogan. I'm here for my order. <COUGHS>.

Silas' spit goes onto Blair. Blair, completely unphased, simply wipes off the spit.

BLAIR

Uh... you see, the order isn't ready. The potioneer just went out for ingredients -

SILAS

- what?! When will she <COUGHS> be back?

BLAIR

How should I know? I mean... I appreciate you are concerned but you will have to wait until our potioneer gets back. We apologise for the... in-con-veni-ence.

SILAS

Argh! What was I expecting from a couple of witches and their practices of dark magic? Cancel the order!

BLAIR

Wait! Give us twenty minutes and it'll be ready!

SILAS

Okay, ten. But not a minute longer.

BLAIR

(rehearsed)

Thank you kindly, sir. We'll have your order ready by then.

SILAS

You'd better. Otherwise, you'll be losing a customer - and many more!

Silas leans in close to Blair, menacingly.

SILAS (CONT'D)

And you know very well what happens to witches when they get a bad reputation.

Blair <GULPS>. Silas leaves, <SLAMMING> the door.

SILAS (O.S.) (CONT'D)

(muffled)

Cursed witches! Lucky they're immune to this <COUGHS> wretched disease!

BLAIR

Wow, Hexa was right. That butt-kissing talk actually works.

Blair walks back and forth, panicking as Glinda watches.

BLAIR (CONT'D)

What am I going to do, Glinda? If we don't get that potion ready then Silas will tell the village, we'll go out of business and be chased out of here! Probably get burned at the steak if we're not lucky! I don't even like steak!

Glinda then hops on a SHELF and starts knocking over VIALS. As each vial hits the ground, MULTI-COLOURED CLOUDS start <ERUPTING>. Blair tries to dodge the clouds.

BLAIR (CONT'D)

Glinda, no!

Blair dashes to the cauldron and catches a vial before it lands in the mixture.

BLAIR (CONT'D)

You crazy cat! You could have ruined the recipe!

Glinda stares at Blair and sits down, her tail swishing from side to side. A beat as Blair slowly formulates an idea. A large smile slowly grows on his face.

BLAIR (CONT'D)

(to himself)

She didn't say there'd be any consequences if anyone else touched the recipe...

He looks up at Glinda, who is raising an eyebrow.

BLAIR (CONT'D)

On second thoughts, Glinda, we've got some experimenting to do!

GLINDA

Mrrow!