

(Name of Project)

by  
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(Based on, If Any)

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in Order of Work Performed)

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(Current Writer, date)

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THE WITCHES OF EASTWICK

DARYL

Looking for me? I said are you looking for me or is this just a happy coincidence?

ALEX

Well actually I was just---

DARYL

Just looking. Well too bad. You want some lunch? Daryl van Horn...

ALEX

Alexandra Medford.

DARYL

The local sculptress, the one who makes the little booby dolls.

ALEX

Well, they're just little---

DARYL

Little? Yes, but potent full of juice. Potent. You can feel it when you pick them up. Of course, the scale is all wrong, you need to make them bigger you know. Let yourself go, get some size into it. Do you like fish? We're having fish for lunch.

(ENTER FIDEL)

DARYL

Interesting, huh?

ALEX

Oh yes.

DARYL

Fidel, that's his name. Women love him. They're crazy about him. He has a big schlong. Huge. Well, there you are... scale again. Size. I don't know, maybe it's a masculine thing. They say women don't care. I'm sort of in the middle myself. How about you?

ALEX

How about me what?

THE WITCHES OF EASTWICK

DARYL

You see, women are in touch with different things. That's my opinion. I know it's not a fashionable opinion right now, but fuck it! I know what I see. I see men running around trying to put their dicks into everything. Trying to make something happen. But it's the women who are the source, the only power. Nature. Birth. Rebirth. Cliche, cliche. Sure, but true.

ALEX

Why are you telling me this?

DARYL

Because you're an honest woman and I'm being honest with you. I like women. I admire them. But if you want me to treat you like a dumb twit I will. But what's the point. You have brains Alex. More than brains and you don't even know it, do you? Well most women do not.

ALEX

Are you married?

DARYL

Good question. You see...brains! The answer is no. I don't believe in it. Good for the man lousy for the woman. She dies, she suffocates. I've seen it. Then the husband runs around complain to everyone that he's fucking a dead person. And, he's the one who killed her. Where's your husband?

ALEX

Dead.

DARYL

Sorry, but you're one of the lucky ones. When a woman unloads a husband or a husband unloads a woman...however it happens...death, desertion, divorce... the 3D's. When that happens, a woman blooms. She blossoms like flowers, like fruit. She is ripe.

(MORE)

THE WITCHES OF EASTWICK

DARYL (cont'd)

That's the woman for me. Would you like to see my house?

ALEX

Yes.

DARYL

The pool is right over there, past the piano where the ballroom used to be. Interesting word "ballroom".

ALEX

It's always been one of my favorites.

DARYL

Ah, this is my bedroom.

ALEX

Yes it is.

DARYL

The Borgias once owned the bed. Of course, you have to pay for it with your soul, but...what the hell I deserve a little luxury. You have to take care of yourself. No one's gonna do that for you, are they?

ALEX

What is it that you think you're doing?

DARYL

I'm being as direct with as I know how. I thought that you might appreciate it. And uh...anyway I always like a little pussy after lunch. Whatta say...hmm?

ALEX

Are you trying to seduce me?

DARYL

I wouldn't dream of seducing you. Alexandra. I wouldn't insult your intelligence with anything as trivial as seduction. But, I would love to fuck you.

THE WITCHES OF EASTWICK

ALEX

Well you know, I have to admit that I appreciate your directness Daryl. And, I will try to be as direct and honest with you as I possibly can be. I think... No, I am positive that you are the most unattractive man I have ever met in my entire life. You know in the short time that we have been together, you have demonstrated every loathsome characteristic of the male personality. And even, discovered a few new ones. You are physically repulsive, intellectually retarded, you're morally reprehensible, vulgar, insensitive, selfish, stupid. You have no taste, a lousy sense of humor and you smell. You're not even interesting enough to make me sick.

DARYL

Would you like to be on the top or bottom?

ALEX

Good-bye Daryl and thank you for a lovely lunch.

DARYL

Well if that's the way you feel about it. Is that the way you feel about?

ALEX

Who are you?

DARYL

Just you're average horny little devil.

ALEX

I have to get home.

DARYL

What have you got to go home to Alex? There isn't anybody there, is there? The kid will take care of herself. She'll grab some food and fall asleep on the bed doing her homework. I promise. The house cleaning?

(MORE)

THE WITCHES OF EASTWICK

DARYL (cont'd)

Well, you clean up the dirt...there's just more dirt to clean up tomorrow. You make the beds, they'd just have to be made tomorrow. Wash the dishes? There's more to wash tomorrow.

ALEX

I have to go home to make---

DARYL

Make dinner. It just gets eaten. You've done your best, Alex. You've done the wife bit, the motherhood bit, the carpools, the vegetable garden, needlepoint, the macrame potholders. Cup of coffee, with the neighbor in the morning... a couple of drinks, a couple of pills. A little psychoanalysis... where are you now Alex?

ALEX

I'm exactly where I want to be and I'm doing fine.

DARYL

Pretending to be somebody else. Pretending to be half of what you are. How long can you last like that? The world keeps growing, and you feed it. But it doesn't feed you, does it? It washes through you down the drain, wasted. A woman is a hole, isn't that what they say? All the futility of the world pouring into her. How much can you take, Alex? How much can you take before you snap? Lying on your bed, looking at the ceiling...waiting for something to happen. And knowing all the time, you were meant for something better. Feeling it. Wanting it. Use me, Alex. Use me. Fill me up. I can take it. Make it happen. No, don't wait. Time is the killer. Make it happen. Do it Alex, do it now.