

THEIR PASTS WILL HELP THEM PUSH THROUGH TO VICTORY AGAINST THE HORRORS OF WAR, BUT THEIR INDIVIDUAL STRENGTHS WILL BE WHAT ULTIMATELY DEFINES THEM.

WITCHES

STRONG WOMEN, FLYING SAUCERS AND NAZIS.

10 EPS.

WIP

Roland screams out and Liddie rushes across the room. Still clawing at his wrists, he kicks the last of the sheets from his feet and legs. Liddie tries to nudge him awake but Roland flails his arms, hitting her in the jaw and knocking her to the ground. As she hits the floor, the pile of down feathers explodes under her, filling the room. She pulls herself up and kneels beside the bed, wiping the blood from her mouth and again trying to calm Roland. She places her hands on his forehead and then (out of desperation) over his mouth, to muffle his screams. As quickly as it started, it stops. . . .

Roland slowly opens his eyes. Confused, the ash from his nightmare turns to down feathers and Liddie rests her head on his heart as he settles. Her hands squeeze Roland's fingers, still fidgeting and tearing at his arms. She reaches out to touch the scars on his wrists but he quickly pulls away.

ROLAND
Don't!

LIDDIE
How'd you get these?

ROLAND
(Looking down and rubbing the tiny scars)
. . . I don't know . . . I don't remember . . .
I guess I've just . . . Always had em?

"FOR MOST OF HISTORY,
ANONYMOUS WAS A WOMAN."

VIRGINIA WOOLF



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