

INT WITCH'S WORKSHOP - NIGHT

The basement is crowded with a well worn table littered with potions and pots and pans with bubbling mixtures inside. A witch, 60s, frizzy greying hair with a birds nest haphazardly weaved in in a bathrobe is hunkered over the table looking at something under a magnifying glass.

A newt is sitting on a dollhouse bed sadly. One of its eyes unattached is in the witch's hand.

She cradles it gently and cleans it with a q-tip.

WITCH

I will try my best. At the very least
I can fashion you a stylish eye patch.

The newt rolls its eyes, both the one attached and the one in the witch's hand.

WITCH (CONT'D)

I am trying to make light of this
situation Newton. I'm a little rusty
on my surgery magic. So please keep
the sass to a minimum.

Newton lets out a sign. The witch places the eye on a napkin and walks to a bookshelf with a candle floating after her. She shuffling through many jars of random trinkets (bandaids, googly eyes, safety pins, and such) and slips a little something into the pocket of her fluffy bathrobe.

The witch comes back to the table and sits on the stool. She pulls large glasses from the nest on top her head. The glasses have a magnifying effect causing her eyes to appear 5x bigger than they are without the glasses.

She grabs a pair of barbie sunglasses for Newton and places them on his face. With his attached eye he glares as best he can over the brim of the Barbie sunglasses.

WITCH (CONT'D)

It's powerful magic and bad for your
eyes if you aren't trained. I want you
to have at least one good eye.

Newton huffs and attempts with feeble hands to swat at the glasses to remove them. The witch huffs and removes Newton's glasses.

WITCH (CONT'D)

Fine mister. Just close your eye okay?

Newton complies and closes his one eye somewhat reluctantly.

The witch takes a small paintbrush from the jar on the workshop table and takes a small jar of glitter from her bathrobe pocket.

She dips the paintbrush in the jar and leans in close, wiping the excess on the side of the jar. She picks up the eye from the napkin and slathers it with the magical glitter. It glows softly fading in and out for two beats and then the light fades.

WITCH (CONT'D)

Okay done. Open your eye.

Newton opens his eye reluctantly and winces as if expecting the magic to have backfired. The witch holds up the glitter eyeball smiling.

Newton's face falls to a dead pan.

WITCH (CONT'D)

That's just the first step okay? Open your eye and eye socket wide while I insert your eye back in.

Newton grimaces.

WITCH (CONT'D)

It's wont hurt that much. I promise.

Newton sucks in a breath and opens his eye and eye socket as wide as possible. He holds his breath as the witch leans in close. She places the eyeball softly into the socket and blows to get it in the right spot.

The glitter melds the eye to its socket. Newton blinks rapidly and his eyes tear. He goes to wipe them away.

WITCH (CONT'D)

No don't! The glitter has to set. Your vision might be blurry if you rub it.

Newton blinks in an attempt to itch his eye and clear his vision. Each blink clears away the glitter more. The witch offers Newton a small handkerchief.

WITCH (CONT'D)

It should be set now. Here let me get
you a mirror.

The witch pulls open a drawer and takes out an old blush compact. She flips it open and places in front of Newton. He blinks a few times and then looks in the mirror.

One of his eyes is facing away from the mirror in a chameleon-like way. She put it in wrong. He crosses his arms and stares up at the witch.

WITCH (CONT'D)

Can I offer you a lollipop in this
trying time?