CORALINE

(Coraline is holding a stick which looks like a water divining rod, like a large Y. She holds it by the top part of the Y aiming the stem to the ground)

Coraline:

Magic dowser, magic dowser: show…me…the well!

(Out of no where a masked figure comes running by and grabs her stick)

Coraline cont’d:

Ahhhh!!! Get away from me!!!

(The figure stops takes of his mask and Coraline gasps, he just a little kid in a costume)

Wybie:

Hoo! Let me guess, you’re from Texas or Utah; someplace dried out and barren, right? I heard about water-witching before but it doesn’t make sense; I men, it’s just an ordinary branch.

(Coraline grabs the stick from his GLOVED HANDS)

Coraline:

It’s a dowsing rod!

(Coraline pokes Wybie)

Wybie:

Ow!

Coraline:

And I don’t like being stalked, not by psycho-nerds or their cats!

(A cat has been lurking around. Wybe crouches to scratch the cat behind his ears. You can use a stuffed animal off to the side)

Wybie:

He’s not really my cat; he’s kinda feral you know, wild? Of course, I do feed him every night and sometimes he’ll come in my window and bring me little dead things.

Coraline:

Look I’m from Pontiac.

Wybie:

Huh?

Coraline:

Michigan? And if I’m a “water witch”, then…

(she points the stick and stomps her foot)

Where’s the secret well?

Wybie:

You stomp too hard and you’ll fall in it!

(Coraline jumps of the circle she’s been standing on. It’s a wood cover to the well. You can use cardboard. Wybie uses another stick to pry the lid up)

Wybie cont’d:

See? Suppose to be so deep if you fell to the bottom and looked up, you’d see a sky full of stars in the middle of the day.

Coraline:

Huh?

(Wybie puts the well cover back)

Wybie:

Surprised she let you move in. My Gramma. She owns the “Pink Palace”. Won’t rent to people with kids.

Coraline:

What do you mean?

Wybie:

(suddenly worried)

Uh…I’m not supposed to talk about it.

(Changing the subject, he lifts a gloved hand to shake)

Wybie cont’d:

I’m Wybie, Wybie Lovat.

Coraline:

(skeptical)

Wybie?

Wybie:

Short for Wyborne. Not my idea, of course. What did you get saddled with?

Coraline:

I wasn’t saddled with anything. It’s Coraline.

(He mistakes COraline for Caroline)

Wybie:

Caroline what?

Coraline:

COraline. Coraline Jones.

Wybie:

(confused and not hearing the difference)

Hmm…It’s not real scientific, but I heard an ordinary name , like Caroline can lead people to have ordinary expectations about a person.

(Wybie’s grandmother calls him from afar)

Grandmother:

Wyborne!

Coraline:

I think I heard someone calling you, Wyborne.

Wybie:

What? I didn’t hear anything—

Coraline:

Oh, I definitely heard someone, “Why-were-you-born”.

(We hear a dinner bell and the grandmother calling again)

Grandmother:

Wyborne!

Wybie:

(under his breath)

Grandma! Heh. Well, great to meet you Michigan water witch. But I’d wear gloves next time.

Coraline:

Why?

Wybie:

Because that dowsing rod of yours? Uh, it’s poison oak.

Coraline:

Ahhhh!!!!

(Wybie runs off and Coraline throws down the stick)

END