

MOUNTAIN HEXER

BY

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EXT. MOUNTAIN - DAY

A beatup old pickup truck winds it's way along a narrow mountain path..The trees are filled with leaves dappled with red, orange and yellow.

A faded bumper sticker on the back reads West Virginia Mountaineers. The license plate is also that of West Virginia.

INT. PICKUP - DAY

LONNIE, a skinny guy of about 20, nervously drives. He looks to his overalls-wearing passenger BRYAR, 30s, who angrily grips a shotgun.

BRYAR  
Swear to the Almighty, I'm gonna kill me  
that devil whore.

LONNIE  
But the pastor said to bring her back alive.  
Says an exorcism might save her soul. Stick her  
face in the baptismal font or some such.

BRYAR  
That's fool talk. Ain't no savin' a witch.  
They got evil baked in their bones.

Bryar pats his shotgun.

BRYAR  
Ol' Blasty here is more n' a match for any  
Mountain hexer.

EXT. CABIN - DAY

The pickup arrives at a rustic log cabin. Smoke billows out the stone chimney.

Bryar and Lonnie get out and look around. Small stick figures dangle from the trees. Other twigs are knotted into strange, mysterious shapes.

LONNIE  
Sure this is the place?

BRYAR  
No, Lonnie, I'm sure everyone around here  
hangs hexin' charms from there trees. Well,  
lookee there.

He points to the stout front door of the cabin. Upon it is carved th Sigil of Baphemet: an inverted pentagram with a goat head in the middle.

BRYAR  
If she ain't a devil whore, I don't know  
What one is.

LONNIE

Maybe she just likes goats.

BRYAR

Shalene Skruggs! Know your in there! Come on out or yer gonna get real chummy with ol' Blasty!!

LONNIE

Maybe she's not home.

Two stick figures drop from the tree and land at their feet.

BRYAR

Oh, she's home. Get on out here, devil Whore!!

LONNIE

Maybe we should just let her be.

BRYAR

What? After what she did? I had enough of these Mountain witches comin' into town, desecratin' our Church, stealin' our pets for sacrifice. Hell, I'm on my fifth poodle already. Here's what I think of you, you conjurin' floozy!

He fires a blast into the center of the Sigil of Baphomet.

Lonnie drops to his knees, screaming in pain.

BRYAR

What's wrong?

LONNIE

Aghh!! My balls! My balls!! There gone!!

BRYAR

The hell you say.

Two little spheres drop from the sky and splat on the ground in front of them. Two squirrels scurry out from the tree, snatch the nuts and run up the tree.

LONNIE

My nuts! Damn squirrels got my nuts!

BRYAR

Well, winter is coming.

Bryar bravely faces the cabin.

BRYAR

You don't scare me, devil whore. The beefy Hand of the Lord protects me and—

Lonnie drops again.

BRYAR

What now?

LONNIE

My thing! My weiner! Its gone! Oh,  
Sweet Jesus I look like a Ken doll down  
There.

A three inch skinworm falls from the sky and lands in front of them.  
An owl screeches down from the tree, snatches it and disappears into  
the branches.

LONNIE

No!!

Bryar slowly turns to the cabin.

BRYAR

Okay, I'm open to negotiatin'.

The door slowly opens. A flame flickers inside.

BRYAR

I ain't goin' in your sin shack, woman!  
Come out and face me!

The dorr slams shut.

BRYAR

Well, shit.

LONNIE

What about my junk?! Dang, I didn't  
Even want to come up here with you!!

BRYAR

Hey, I needed a ride. Look I'm sure  
There's some Swedish doctors what can  
give you a junk transplant. They'll  
fix you up with a gad dang meat torpedo.

LONNIE

For real? How'm I sposed to pay for that?

BRYAR

Obamacare.

He turns back to the cabin.

BRYAR

Alright, I had enough of this. Gonna  
smoke this witch out.

He takes out his Bic, picks up an old rag off the ground.

BRYAR

Prepare to roast in hellfire, Lucifer's  
Slutbag!!

A stiff breeze blows out the lighter. A moment later, the pickup explodes in flames.

LONNIE

Dang! No! Just put in a new tranny!!

Bryar grits his teeth, faces the cabin with scary intensity.

BRYAR

That tears it. You don't mess with a man's truck.

He pumps his shotgun.

BRYAR

I'm comin' in!! And I'm takin' your head with me, you wretched hexer!!

The door creaks open.

LONNIE

Don't do it, Bryar.

Bryar advances.

BRYAR

Lord is my shepherd. I shall not want. He maketh me...how's that shit go? Whatever. One dead whore head comin' up.

Lonnie watches Bryar walks into the cabin. The door slams shut behind him.

For many moments, there's no sound but the wind blowing.

Then the door opens. Bryar walks out, shotgun by his side. He looks kind of dazed.

LONNIE

Well, what happened?

BRYAR

Let's just get to steppin'. Two hours hike down this mountain.

LONNIE

Where's Shalene's head? Did you get her?

BRYAR

Seems she's a conscientious and thoughtful woman.

LONNIE

Thoughtful? She stole my twig and berries!!

BRYAR

Turns out this was nothin' but misunderstandin. Woman is lonely is all.

They start walking down the trail.

BRYAR

We came to an agreement. Ain't gonna be no more hexin". No more pet thieving. No more desecratin' of any kind.

LONNIE

How'd you swing that, Bryar.

BRYAR

Youre her new boyfriend.

LONNIE

What?!

BRYAR

Swears she'll treat you real nice. Fact is Lonnie, it's the only way to get yer dick n' balls back. I was lyin' bout that Obamacare. They don't cover no witchcraft induced injuries.

Lonnie looks on the verge of tears.

BRYAR

Buck up, now. Shalene don't look that bad in a certain light. Hey, you know she's into some freaky stuff. I'll bet you might just like it.

LONNIE

Think so, Bryar?

BRYAR

Know so. But, uh, your gonna have to live in her root cellar.

LONNIE

Ah, well. Prolly nicer than my trailer.

BRYAR

Prolly.

The two friends disappear down the mountain trail.

Back at the cabin, the door slowly creaks in. Evil cackling is heard within.

THR END

