MOUNTAIN HEXER

BY

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EXT. MOUNTAIN - DAY

A beatup old pickup truck winds its 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 the Sigil of Baphomet: 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 door 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