

Hear before you're there

by

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*Attention:*

*Imagine characters in the same age as same actors in  
makeup. It's a part of the story.*

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FADE IN:

INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

Straight through the door crack, a dark-haired WOMAN, 66, lies in the bathtub.

The door opens, resolute boots-steps stride to the tub. The Woman's face freezes.

DEREK, 29, sharp facial features, long hair, watches down.

DEREK

They say you call yourself a witch. You  
have to prove under water.

He pushes her head down. One moment, the Woman is in a struggle for survival, water splashes. Derek's hands, his intensive pressure, seem to have no doubt about what he does...

INT. VESTRY - DAY

The PREACHER, 45, handsome, places down a photo on the wooden table: An erupting volcano.

Derek leans over a bit, sees in the preacher's eyes.

PREACHER

Time for another foreign assignment.

Derek nods. He grips the photo, regards the volcano.

INT. LITTLE SURGERY - DAY

The DOCTOR, 45, handsome, holds a long syringe, shots a part of the injection in the air. He comes to Derek who sits on a rusty cot.

DOCTOR

You look conversant to me, not? - No.  
You American tourists look all the same.  
Not afraid of an eruption?

DEREK

No.

DOCTOR

You're right. Last was 1960 or something  
... And the syringe? Are you afraid of  
that?

DEREK

No!

DOCTOR

Okay, boy afraid of nothing. You will  
need that. There are some dangerous  
creatures out there.

Derek's eyes look intent up to the Doctor who pushes the  
syringe into the arm.

EXT. JUNGLE - DAY

Derek marches through the thick bush, hits ecstatic with a  
machete his way forward. He stops abrupt at a small creek.  
He drops the backpack, takes out a plastic bottle.

A GECKO stares up to him from the other creek bank.

Derek pushes the bottle carefully into the water while he  
watches the gecko. They seem to have eye contact, there's a  
pure patience as if one reflects the pose of the other.

Derek stows away the filled bottle.

DEREK

(to the gecko)

Hello my friend, you God-given thing.  
You're none of these dangerous  
creatures.

Derek shoulders the backpack, walks on.

EXT. HIGHLAND TERRAIN - NIGHTFALL

Derek smashes one last plant, steps out of the jungle onto a  
large-area field. He drops the machete and his luggage,  
breathes deep while he sinks on the back.

Derek raises his head, perceives the native SPEARMAN, 45,  
handsome, with an upright positioned javelin by his side.

He observes Derek from the open terrain. After a moment, he turns around, trudges away.

Derek grabs the volcano-photo out of the backpack.

He takes a long view above the slope where the Spearman disappears. The bulky volcano fulfills the horizon in a beautiful twilight.

HIGHLAND TERRAIN - NIGHT

A fire blazes in front of a small camp.

Derek sits in the tent, plastic roof surrounded by mosquito net. He holds book and pencil.

DEREK (VO)

In the name of the lord: I  
strengthen my courage to survive  
this crusade. Be by my side and I  
extinguish the volcano with her  
unhuman blood. Amen.

HIGHLAND TERRAIN - DAY

Derek opens an instant food package, eats.

EXT. TRAIL - DAY

The volcano is in direct sight. Derek's long steps blow up the black dust.

A dark blue noble male suit nears from behind. A massive short limb brandishes, and dashes against Derek's back of the head. Derek collapses.

The handsome SUITMAN, 45, steps over Derek's unconscious body.

INT. SMALL CAVE - NIGHTFALL

Derek lies upon ripped plastic bags. The Doctor kneels right beside, sews something up.

Derek awakes. He sees disorientated up, recognizes the Suitman.

Derek raises strained the head. He MOANS AGHAST at the sight of his legs where the left foot is been chopped off and the Doctor sews up a remained stump.

SUITMAN

Give him another shot of the punch! I want him to be conscious.

Behind Derek appears the Spearman with a carafe and a cup.

Outside the small cave, at the fire place, squats a dark-haired WOMAN, 66, in a self-made leather dress.

She gnaws a grilled human foot, which is spiked on a wooden pick. She holds it like a popsicle, looks over the shoulder into the cave, shows her sharpened shiny teeth.

Derek stares at her with fear in his eyes while the Spearman sets the cup onto his lips and drenches him a red liquid.

Derek spits it partly out. The Spearman fixes his mouth firmer, drenches it slow.

SUITMAN

You're name is Derek, right?! You gotta ask yourself what a smart noble guy like me does in this dirty volcanic zone. Things always don't look what they seem to be.

(to the Doctor)

Chop off the other foot! The witch is hungry.

The Doctor takes a little hatchet out of his doctors-case. Too short, he puts it back, searches a better one.

Derek makes an AGONIZED YELP.

DEREK

Wait-wait-wait. WAIT-

(he calms)

Witches... witches don't exist. She's just a-a native cannibal.

The Preacher approaches from the side.

PREACHER

Derek ... C'mon ... Do you think  
they were all innocent? And  
nevertheless you killed them?

Derek wonders a second about the appearance of the Preacher,  
but follows straight his intention:

DEREK

Yes, yes, I think so. I was wrong.  
Everything. It was a lie. I just-

Derek CRIES.

PREACHER

There's more than good and evil,  
bright and dark. For sure witches  
exist.

DEREK

No father. No. You were wrong. We  
were wrong, father!

SUITMAN

Witches were here before you were  
there.

From behind- the Spearman turns the javelin around, focuses  
the spearhead down on Derek.

Derek SCREAMS. He lays his hands on his eyes, takes them up,  
protective, towards the spear. He opens the eyes, sees up,  
and trembles in rigidity:

The dark-haired Witch, from outside the cave, holds the  
javelin, stands exact in the Spearman's position. The  
sharpened teeth twinkle out of her pale blemished  
complexion.

WITCH/ (SPEARMAN)

(with Derek's voice)

You have to prove under water.

The Witch rams the spear down into Derek's upper body.

She's gone. Doctor, Suitman, Spearman, Preacher, infest over  
Derek.

FADE OUT: