

Revenge of a Sea Witch

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EXT. THE OCEAN - NIGHT

The full moon hangs high in the cloudless night sky, bathing everything beneath in a soft purple hue.

Any trace of air movement had ceased well over an hour before and the normally turbulent sea had become glassy calm.

EXT. FISHING BOAT - NIGHT

SIG, a tall man in his early 40s, stands at the stern staring idly at the glistening sea unfolding behind the vessel.

The boat's motor suddenly gurgles to a stop.

ORREN, a stocky man in his upper 40s, exits the wheelhouse. After tightening a rope at port side, he joins Sig at stern.

ORREN

You gonna be alright?

He turns, awaiting a response from Sig, but nothing comes.

ORREN

The silent treatment's gonna make
this trip feel a whole hell of a
lot longer, Sig.

Sig takes a deep breath and clears his throat. He looks up at the sky; the moon reflects in his pupils.

SIG

This ain't what I signed up for,
Orr.

ORREN

(laughs)
It ain't?!

Sig flashes an angry glare at Orren.

SIG

Stop laughing.

The remnants of a smile quickly washes from Orren's face.

ORREN

You knew damn well what you were
getting yourself into, brother.
This ain't an honest man's trade.

SIG

But it didn't need to end like that
either.

Clouds appear overhead. An unusually quick moving fog begins to
engulf the boat.

ORREN

Sometimes it's kill or be killed.
You wanna end up on the wrong side
of that equation?

SIG

Course not. But that's not what
Shoulda happened tonight. And for
what - a couple of gold coins and a
timepiece?

ORREN

He pulled a pistol --

SIG

He was an old man who couldn't a hit
the broad side of a barn!

Orren shakes his head and rests his forearms on the railing.

ORREN

I couldn't chance it. What if he
fired? Anybody can get lucky once
and God forbid that lucky bullet found
you.

Sig rubs his eyes.

SIG

I know, Orr. I know.

(deep sigh)

Guess I'm a just a bit shook up,
that's all. Seeing him laying there
waiting for death.

(shakes his head)

And that look on his face...I...I can't get it outta my head. Almost seemed like pity. I'd dare say pity for us.

ORREN

Pay no reverence to a dying man's face, brother. It don't mean nothing.

Sig and Orren stare out at the unending ocean.

A cool breeze ruffles Sig's hair. He shivers and blows into his hands.

SIG

It's getting damn cold out here.
(looks to the sky)
Weather came outta nowhere.

The light from the full moon is now a memory and the fog is getting thicker and thicker by the second.

Orren stands up and rubs his hands together.

ORREN

You need a coat?

Sig blows into his hands again and folds his arms across his chest.

SIG

Nah. I'll just join you up in the wheelhouse.

Sig and Orren turn, suddenly realizing that the dense fog has completely swallowed the boat, reducing visibility to a mere couple of feet.

SIG

Something ain't right here, Orr.

ORREN

It's just a bit of fog and cold. Nothing more.

SIG

It ain't natural how quick it's run

in on us.

ORREN
Hell if it ain't.

Orren starts off toward the bow.

SIG
Orr...

Orren stops and turns back, his face now partially masked by the increasing murk.

SIG
Remember that old story Pop used to tell us?

ORREN
Pop used to tell us lots of stories, Sig.

SIG
The one about the fella who killed the old gypsy woman.

Orren expels a heavy sigh.

ORREN
You're lettin' your thoughts get the best of you again, Sig.

SIG
But what if...

ORREN
But what if what?

SIG
What if that old fella had that look on his dying face 'cause he knew what we had coming to us for what we did to him? What if he was somehow connected to...

ORREN
A sea witch?! Is that what you're getting' at?!

SIG
Weather don't change this fast, Orr.

ORREN
Listen to yourself! Have you gone
mad?!

WHOOSH! Something suddenly swoops over the ship from high above
in the fog laden sky.

The brothers look up quickly only to be met with impenetrable
darkness.

SIG
What was that?!

ORREN
Hell if I know.

WHOOSH! Something else swoops past the vessel a short distance
off the starboard side. Moments later, a soft thud emanates
from up near the fog enshrouded wheelhouse.

Orren spins quickly in the direction of the bow. Sig fearfully
retreats to the stern railing.

The boat's motor suddenly coughs to a start.

SIG
Aw shit, Orr. I've got a bad
feeling about this.

Orren signals for Sig to stay then he slowly creeps fore. In a
matter of a step or two, the fog has absorbed Orren's body.

Sig stands alone, pressed against the stern railing; the sounds
of the motor rumbling and his rapidly beating heart echoing in
his ears.

BOW

As Orren eases toward the wheelhouse, the dull glow from the
dangling light bulb within gradually materializes in the ether.

Careful in movement, he makes every effort to tread as lightly
as possible as he approaches.

It is not until he is an arm's length away from the door that he sees an image that nearly makes his heart leap from his chest.

Silhouetted by the light, someone - or something - is standing within.

Orren swallows hard. His breathing becomes ragged, his heart rate surges. He glances to the fog behind him and then back to the wheelhouse.

A blood-curdling screech suddenly echoes somewhere in the darkness at the rear of the boat.

Orren freezes. He turns his head toward the stern and listens for something - anything - but the low drone of the motor drowns out all sound. He opens his mouth to call to his brother, but fear has taken his words.

He then turns back to the wheelhouse to discover that the silhouette has vanished.

A sudden flush of utter vulnerability courses through his body. He abruptly scans from side to side, only to be met by fog - walls of it that seem to be closing in on him.

With his terror filled eyes locked on the wheelhouse, Orren stumbles backward. In a matter of a step or two, the light from the dangling bulb has already dissipated into the deepening mist.

In the tense darkness, he seems to lose all sense of time and distance. The rumble of the motor has become disorienting. He feels as though he has walked a mile without reaching his destination.

It is not until his foot catches on something - sending him head over heels to the deck - that his senses return like a cold splash of water to the face.

Orren lays on his back, staring into the blackness above.

When he drops his hands to the deck, the fingertips on his right hand brush through a warm, wet spot.

He recoils his hand and squeezes his eyes tight. His mind churns with the possibilities of what he has just touched. Deep

down, he hopes - he prays - that his brother had become so frightened that he had lost control of his bladder.

Reluctantly, Orren rolls to the right; his eyes going saucer-wide when he comes face to face with his brother's upper torso, entrails flowing out of the lower half.

Orren opens his mouth to scream, but no sound comes out. He furiously crab crawls away from the body, only to slam to a halt into Sig's lower half.

Orren springs to his feet, his clothing doused with his brother's blood. He bends over, hands on knees, and begins to weep.

A DARK FIGURE, wearing flowing black garb, emerges from the stern; the fog seeming to obediently part and wrap in tendrils around its body.

After a moment's contemplation of the poor desperate soul bent over before it, the dark figure descends on Orren.

EXT. THE OCEAN - NIGHT

A gut wrenching scream echoes through the dense foggy night.

EXT. DOCK - DAY

A policeman, JONES, steps down off of the fishing boat and onto the wooden dock. A second policeman, BARBER, waits for him at a nearby pylon.

JONES

The harbor master says the boat
sailed in on its own accord.

Barber furrows his brow.

BARBER

No crew?

JONES

Not a soul. A real mystery, if you
ask me. I did find these though.

Jones hands some gold coins and a timepiece to Barber. Barber inspects the timepiece.

BARBER

Old man Worthington's timepiece.

JONES

You suppose the proprietors of this vessel are responsible for what happened to him last night?

BARBER

Perhaps. Not sure we'll ever find out though.

JONES

Why so?

Barber sighs heavily.

BARBER

Let's just say they picked the wrong person to trifle with.

A questioning look fills Jones' face but before he could open his mouth to respond, Barber preempts him with a shake of the head.

BARBER

Now's not the time, son.

He hands the coins and timepiece back to Jones and pats him on the shoulder.

BARBER

Make sure these get back to Mrs. Worthington. She'll be expecting you.

Jones considers a moment, then nods and stuffs the items into his coat pocket.

JONES

Yessir.

Jones starts to walk away, but stops and turns back.

JONES

You think they got what was coming

to them?

BARBER

I'm certain of it.

With a final nod, Jones walks up the dock and disappears past the harbor master's shack.

Barber kicks a pebble into the water and as he turns back toward the boat he pauses, sensing he is being watched. He expectantly turns his gaze to a nearby hill overlooking the ocean.

HILL

A WOMAN, dressed in a flowing black gown, stares down from the crest.

A gust of wind suddenly kicks up and, in an instant, she dematerializes into a plume of fog and dissipates into nothingness.