

# **Da Horns**

© Copyright 2014

OVER A BLACK SCREEN, THE SOUND OF FIRE CRACKLING, THE MOANING OF LOST SOULS AND FROM THE SOUND OF IT, THEY ARE IN AGONY.

FADE IN:

EXT. FIERY ABYSS - ETERNAL

A charred landscape. Burnt and burning. Glowing embers and scattered flames, the only light in a dark place.

A faceless WOMAN walks through the wasteland, past lesbian sex. The LESBIANS tempt the woman but she doesn't stop.

Her legs beautiful even stained in soot. A hacksaw hangs in her grip. She's on a mission.

EXT. SWAMP - AFTERNOON

Dead Cypress trees staggered in black water like a forgotten bone yard. A canoe cuts through the bayou paddled by a young man of about twenty one, meet JACOB.

EXT. FIERY ABYSS - ETERNAL

Horrible, animalistic SCREAMS come from a smoldering cave.

INT. CAVE - SAME TIME

Long auburn hair, a set of horns, MARIELLA, ageless beauty(except for the horns), is bent over sawing her own horns off. She let's out a horrific MOAN --

EXT. CHICKEN PEN - SAME TIME

Chickens CACKLE and dart about as KORA, haggard and old, long gray hair, moves through the yard to a wooden box.

EXT. SWAMP - MOMENTS LATER

Jacob pulls the canoe up on dry land.

EXT. CHICKEN PEN - CONTINUOUS

Kora senses a visitor. She looks up, her ice blue eyes covered with cataracts.

She unlatches the box, pulls out a PYTHON.

Chickens cluck and scatter as the snake writhes in Kora's grip. Its forked tongue caresses her cheek.

A KNOCK at the door. Kora quickly puts the snake in the box.

EXT. CABIN IN THE WOODS - MOMENTS LATER

Jacob enters an old rickety shanty.

INT. CABIN IN THE WOODS - CONTINUOUS

It's dark. Herbs hang in bundles from the ceiling. Jacob sits at a table across from Kora who coddles a chicken.

With almost kindness, she strokes its plumage, then with her jagged fingernail, she **slices the bird's throat.**

It's legs kick and jerk as the life drains out into a pewter chalice. Jacob watches wide-eyed. He swallows hard.

KORA

Ya come all da way cross da riv'a,  
know ya ain't fraid of a little  
blood.

She flips the limp chicken over on the table, slits it down the middle. Guts and innards spill out.

She rakes the wormlike intestines into a mortar and pestle, begins grinding them. She never takes her eyes off Jacob.

KORA

Ya takes da juice, do as da Kora  
say an ya gots ta sunrise ta cross  
da bridge back ta this world, lest  
ya become one a dem.

She dips her finger in the intestinal mixture, rubs the gritty substance on Jacob's lips, then pushes the chalice across the table.

He looks down at an old photograph: Miriella. Beauty. Love.

KORA

Now drink if ya wants her back.

He turns the chalice up slowly, hesitates, Kora's bony hand guides it upward. As he drinks the elixir a horrendous SCREAM takes us back into the --

INT. CAVE - SAME TIME

Miriella stands holding the bloody hacksaw in her trembling grip. The jagged saw drops from her hand, lands on the floor next to two perfect but severed horns.

KORA (O.S.)

Ders danger'n bringin' da dead  
back. Two rules. Ya gots ta get'r  
back by sunrise or the veil will  
close on ya fa'ever.

INT. CABIN IN THE WOODS - CONTINUOUS

Kora stands up, grabs the chicken by the feet, tosses it into a pile of dead chickens in the corner.

As she walks to the door, Jacob stands up, follows.

She opens the door. Stares down at him.

KORA

And if'n she done grown da horns,  
it's too late, she's pass'd over an  
ya gotta leave'r be.

EXT. CABIN IN THE WOODS - CONTINUOUS

Jacob steps down from the rickety porch. As he nears the wood's edge, the vines and vegetation grow like time lapse swallowing the cabin up.

EXT. WOODS - MOMENTS LATER

Tree canopy darkens the path. The forest seems to be exhaling. Branches like long fingers extend down towards Jacob who's walk turns into a run.

The forest grows together sealing the path behind him.

EXT. SWAMP - MOMENTS LATER

Jacob pushes the canoe through the mud, jumps aboard. Something **big** moves under the water. An alligator? A manatee?

The paddle zips through still water. FAST. Jacob looks back over his shoulder. Darkness swallows the blue sky, an encroaching shadow. He paddles faster. And faster.

Giant tentacles shoot up from the black depths. Tip the boat. Like an octopus with a zillion legs, *whatever* it is consumes the boat and Jacob dragging them under.

EXT. BRIDGE - NIGHT

Jacob stands at the edge of a gleaming bridge. He shields his eyes from the reflection of moonlight.

EXT. FIERY ABYSS - SAME TIME

Miriella staggers out of the cave. Her charred bare feet, cross smoldering ground.

The LESBIANS reach out, caress Miriella's legs as she passes until she stops.

They drag her down to the crispy ground cover. The fiery RED HEAD undresses her as the BLOND BOMBSHELL kisses up her tummy, pinches then licks her nosy nipple.

EXT. BRIDGE - CONTINUOUS

Jacob slowly steps across the bridge. In the water below, MERMAIDS swim and frolic. Dragonflies flit about until he reaches half way. Things turns darker here.

The gleaming bridge, grows thick moss under his steps. Steam rises from the water that seems to be dying with each step.

His steps quicker and quicker -- he reaches the other side.

Without a look back, he disappears into the wood's edge. Leaves behind a rotting bridge. No mermaids or dragonflies. Dead bodies are the only thing floating in the water now.

EXT. FIERY ABYSS - CONTINUOUS

Miriella climbs up from the Lesbians. Her hand reaches up, grasps a golden heart charm that rests between her breasts.

They reach for her. She pulls away. Something else calls her.

She walks naked through the furnace. A burning lake of fire in the distance. Bat-like winged creatures swoop overhead. One dives at her, snaps its jaws. She doesn't flinch.

It rains fire. She transforms from something hideous into something beautiful. Her hair straightens. Her emerald eyes glisten. Her rotting sharp fingernails, short and clean. Her soot covered body, as clean as snow. She walks. And walks --

-- then runs. Faster. And faster. Racing for the edge of the dead zone...into Jacob's arms.

They become one in embrace. He tries to look around her but she shields him turning him away from the pain.

She pulls him into woods, he stops. One more thing to check.

He scans her body up and down. Amazed. She crosses her arms over her bare breasts, blushes.

He takes off his shirt. She pulls it on. He brushes her hair from her eyes. Love. This is what he came for and this is what he's taking back with him and even death wasn't going to stop him.

He takes her by the hand.

EXT. DARK FOREST - CONTINUOUS

They hurry through the hollow. Bare branches reach down, scratch at Jacob. They don't touch Miriella. It's as if the forest wants to lay claim on a fresh soul.

Vines crawl along the floor like snakes after them.

She pulls him ahead faster. They run together through the decrepid, lifeless forest.

They race against time as the skies first light begins to glow from beneath the horizon. The bridge in sight!

EXT. BRIDGE - CONTINUOUS

Half way across, Jacob lays on the brakes. Miriella tugs at him but he stares at the corpse laden black river.

The sun breaching, the bridge behind them disintegrating. Crumbling into the water below.

She tugs again, they are running for their life. The sun is coming up, just steps away they bound across. She trips, they roll like yin and yang across the land of the living.

The sun peeks over the landscape. He checks her. She's ok. Infact, she's beautiful and alive.

He helps her up, kisses her.

As they walk hand in hand away, she looks back over her shoulder, one last look at the prison she was in.

EXT. BUNGALOW - MORNING

Miriella, now in a mini skirt and boots(sexy as shit and she knows it), walks out, strides down the walk.

She stops by a beautiful rose bush, plucks a healthy bud from the plant ever so gently.

She admires the flower. Smells its beautiful scent. Then crushes it in her palm.

The squashed bud drops to the sidewalk as her black stilettos click clack along.

We close in back on the door of the bungalow. We enter...

INT. BUNGALOW - CONTINUOUS

Pass through a quiet foyer into the...

HALLWAY

Lined with photos of Miriella and Jacob, a happy couple. We stop at a door, enter their...

BEDROOM

Morning rays beam through the window. Curtains blow in a gentle breeze.

A shattered wooden chair lies on the floor.

We move up above a blood soaked bed.

Clothed in only his own blood, Jacob lies DEAD, a broken leg from the shattered chair staked in his heart.

We close in on his face, wrenched with pain, frozen in fear. Different. Now with two new appendages protruding from his skull. Her savior now wears 'da horns'.

FADE OUT