

Onion Witch

written by

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FADE IN:

INT. BATHROOM - DAY

PAUL MATTHEWS, 20s, whisks a disposable razor across his cheeks and jaw--a fast, reckless shave.

He bleeds from multiple nicks. Red-pink-white gobs of shaving cream seep down the sink basin toward the drain.

Paul's wife ASHLEY, 20s, combs her dark, wet hair nearby.

ASHLEY

You're not going to make it.

Paul swipes downward.

ASHLEY

The antique shop opens in twenty minutes.

PAUL

I'll get there. Almost done.

ASHLEY

If you don't get there early, someone might beat you to it.

Paul nicks himself again and grunts.

ASHLEY

Let me remind you what you're looking for...

Paul dabs one of his cuts and mutters--

PAUL

A brass onion. We've been over this ten times.

ASHLEY

Once more. A brass piece. European. Vintage. It's shaped like an onion.

She twists her hair.

ASHLEY

My soul's inside it.

Paul quietly studies Ashley's reflection before he resumes shaving/muttering.

PAUL  
Butcherin' the hell outta myself.

ASHLEY  
You don't believe me. You don't  
think my soul's been taken...

Paul reaches out and touches her forehead tenderly, leaving a spot of shaving cream.

PAUL  
I'm with you, Ashley.

ASHLEY  
Good. Good. I can't set foot in that shop, so I have to rely on you. It's crucial for you to be discreet. Don't mention my name to the shop owner. Don't tell her that we're married.

He nods.

ASHLEY  
Just go in and buy the onion and get out. Don't chit-chat. Don't reveal anything. In and out.

Ashley pulls her hair harder.

ASHLEY  
'Cause she's a straight-up witch. You'll smell the rot and mold and cobwebs inside her. She makes it seem like she's eccentric and harmless, but it's a trap. And I got caught up in her rituals like a fuckin' fool.

She tugs away at her hair--it verges on ripping out.

ASHLEY  
So you've gotta get it, Paul. You've got to buy the onion and bring it back here, or else...

Without warning, Ashley pushes past Paul to get to the sink. She lowers her head, like she's going to vomit.

Instead, she sticks her face into the basin and licks Paul's bloody stubble--hesitantly at first and with full abandon. She can't stop herself.

A low gasp escapes from Paul's throat.

ASHLEY  
 (between licks)  
 Get it, Paul. Or else...Or  
 else...Or else...

Paul steps back.

INT. ANTIQUE SHOP - DAY

Cramped and cluttered. Narrow aisles.

Paul slips in--crouched, tentative, a nervous rabbit.

No employees. No anybody.

He moves past items: paintings, figurines, plates, wood carvings, porcelain goddesses--but no brass onions.

Paul scans high and low.

He hesitates before calling out--

PAUL  
 Hello? Anyone here?

Nothing.

Paul glances over the shelves. A jar of old tin soldiers sits. Most of the men have been melted or chewed.

A small label taped to the jar says "Brokens."

Paul taps the glass.

A door with peeling paint at the far end of the shop rattles. A sign on it says "Keep Out."

PAUL  
 (to the door)  
 Hey. Hello?

Heavy, metallic footsteps echo from the other end of the shop. Thud. Clomp. Thud.

Into the room stomps the ONION WITCH, 40s.

With the help of aluminum drywall stilts, she stands at an imposing eight feet tall. She towers over the shelves.

She wears a mold-removal respirator over her face, and her shoulders are covered by a shiny, black hairdresser's cape, blending with her mane of dark hair.

PAUL  
 (dizzied by her presence)  
 Whoa. Hey. Uh...

The Onion Witch looms over him and points with a three-inch long fingernail that's painted burnt pink.

ONION WITCH  
 Stay there.

She thuds to the "Keep Out" door, ducks inside, and slams it.  
 Paul's eyes widen with disbelief.

PAUL  
 Son-of-a-bitch.

He listens as her footsteps trail off in the room behind the door. She mutters something angry and indecipherable.

A soft industrial hissing follows--a sprayer of some sort.

Something smashes. The Onion Witch shouts. Silence falls.

Paul watches the door. He paces. Several moments crawl by.

All of the figurines, porcelain goddesses, and subjects in the paintings now seem to be staring at Paul. Dozens of prying, menacing, devilish eyes. All closing in.

Paul looks away. He removes his wallet--thick with cash. He thumbs through a bunch of twenties. Ready to make a deal.

He puts back the wallet/retrieves a small folding knife from his pocket. He pulls the blade out and folds it back in a few times--nervous fidgeting.

PAUL  
 (whispers to himself)  
 Someone should stick that old goat  
 in the ribs for all her B.S.

Paul glances. All the eyes in the shop remain upon him--unbearable scrutiny. Slowly he pockets the knife.

He flinches when the Onion Witch's voice blasts from behind the "Keep Out" door...

ONION WITCH (O.S.)  
 Whatcha want, handsome man?

PAUL  
 (off guard)  
 Hey, Okay.  
 (MORE)

PAUL (CONT'D)

Here it goes: I'm looking for a brass piece. It looks like an onion. Something for my personal collection. You might have one of these?

The "Keep Out" door opens just a crack. Three giant burnt-pink nails curl around the door's edge: menacing claws.

ONION WITCH (O.S.)

Stinks in here, don't it? Just sprayed. Killin' bugs. Don't wanna spread more fumes. Gonna talk to you through the door.

She taps a sharp fingernail against the door frame.

PAUL

Well, I've got cash and I need that onion. You have it around?

ONION WITCH (O.S.)

Saw one somewhere. Gonna give it to your wife?

PAUL

No.

She scratches the door frame with her nails.

ONION WITCH (O.S.)

But she sent you.

PAUL

(off guard again)

No. This is for me.

ONION WITCH (O.S.)

Your wife's Ashley, ain't she?

Paul thinks quietly before he leans and whispers--

PAUL

What are you doing to her?

ONION WITCH (O.S.)

(whispers back)

Givin' her customer assistance.

A few droplets of blood well up from Paul's shaving cuts, but he doesn't notice.

PAUL

You're in her head--giving her  
strange thoughts.

ONION WITCH (O.S.)

Everyone's got strange thoughts  
these days, if you ain't noticed.  
Can't blame me. This's dark times.  
Watch out, everyone. Buyers beware.

PAUL

I'm caught in the middle of this.

The "Keep Out" door creaks open a bit wider.

ONION WITCH (O.S.)

You ain't nowhere near the middle,  
handsome man.

A few bloody splotches collect on Paul's shirt collar. His  
cuts flow.

ONION WITCH (O.S.)

All men are afraid of bein' in the  
middle. Poor souls. Poor men.  
Booey-hoo. You're all broken.

PAUL

I brought cash. Let's settle this.

ONION WITCH (O.S.)

Fair enough, handsome man. Come  
back here with me and we'll find  
your onion together.

PAUL

I'll stay right here.

ONION WITCH (O.S.)

Standing around ain't gonna get you  
nowhere. Move on over. Make your  
wife happy.

Paul takes one small step forward.

PAUL

I love her. I want to make things  
right with...whatever this is.

ONION WITCH (O.S.)

Then do your part.

Paul blinks, clenches his jaw. He pulls out his wallet and his pocket knife. He yanks the blade out/slips it back in-- ready for anything.

ONION WITCH (O.S.)  
This gift will make her so happy.  
You'll see her rejoice.

Paul moves close "Keep Out" door. The Onion Witch's hand beckons him to the threshold.

A drop of his blood hits the floor.

ONION WITCH (O.S.)  
Look at them cuts, handsome man.  
Somebody poked you fulla holes.  
Let's fix you back up.

She pulls him through the doorway and into some unseen section of the back room.

Then the door slams hard.

The shop is completely quiet. Just paintings and figurines and a jar of old, broken soldiers.

INT. DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Paul and Ashley dine together in the candlelit room.

They sit amid champagne and elegant plates of food. A celebratory feast. They smile widely, blissfully.

At the center of the table is the brass onion. The candlelight flickers along its contours.

Ashley casts a long, contented look at the brass piece, and places an appreciative hand upon Paul's arm.

He nods and grins. He came through for Ashley. So happy.

Then Ashley picks up a sharp-pronged serving fork from a plate of meat.

Her face is joyous as she slowly sticks the fork into the near side of Paul's neck.

Paul never stops smiling, even as he bleeds out of his pierced jugular.

Ashley rejoices with ancient, ritualistic movements. After a moment of this, she pulls the fork out of Paul's neck and sticks it into her own. Her blood flows, but she smiles.



For the first time, it's clear that someone else is seated at the table--the Onion Witch. She, too, grins widely.

Her teeth are rotten, but she remains quite pleased.

Ashley slumps over, dead.

The Onion Witch stands up to congratulate the freshly sacrificed Ashley and Paul. The witch is as tall as the ceiling.

She hovers over them, breathing in deeply, growing in vitality at the carnage and freshly acquired souls.

A bit of blood squirts onto the brass onion and...the day reaches its conclusion.

FADE OUT:

THE END