

**Witch**

COPYRIGHT 2011

FADE IN:

EXT. GRAVEL PIT. DAY

The pit is vast and deep. There are several gravel roads that snake down into the abyss.

A LARGE RABBIT APPEARS ON A SMALL RISE NEXT TO THE GRAVEL ROAD. HE SCANS THE AREA. HIS EARS PERK UP AND TILT TOWARD A SOUND ONLY HE CAN HEAR.

THE CROSSHAIRS OF A SCOPE APPEAR ON THE HEAD OF THE RABBIT.

EXT. DEEP IN THE BRUSH. DAY

Simon, an slim, athletic good-looking teen is peering through the scope on a automatic 22 caliber rifle. Sweat beads beneath his long dark hair as he concentrates. The shot is a long one.

Simon adjust his position to accommodate a machete strapped to one hip and a Python .357 on the other.

THE RABBIT DISAPPEARS FROM THE CROSSHAIRS AS THE ROAR OF AN ENGINE SHATTERS THE SILENCE. THE CROSSHAIRS MOVE TOWARD THE SOUND.

Simon scans the road through the scope as the ROAR of an engine grows louder.

THE CROSSHAIRS LOCATE AND LINE UP ON A BLACK DODGE VAN. THE VAN IS DECORATED WITH A MULTITUDE OF ARCANE SYMBOLS. IT IS MOVING FAST JUST AHEAD OF A CLOUD OF DUST.

Simon lowers the rifle and watches as the van makes its way down into the depths of the pit.

Simon vanishes into the brush.

EXT. GRAVEL PIT. DAY

The van slides to a stop near a crude circle made from small rocks. There are five large rocks located at precise intervals in the circle. Music fills the air as 11 girls and one older woman pile out of the van.

Simon appears out of the brush. He moves into a position on a ledge above the van and watches as the girls make preparations. The older woman is obviously in charge.

The girls make a fire in the center. The older woman lights and places a candle on each of the large rocks. She makes the sign of the pentagram after lighting each candle.

The girls get naked and take up positions in the circle. The older woman puts on a black robe stands in the center of the circle.

EXT. GRAVEL PIT. NIGHT

The night comes early in the depths of the pit. The moon is full. It illuminates the circle in a peculiarly concentrated cone of light.

The girls began chanting as they slowly dance within the circle. The older woman calls the four corners. Obviously, this is a coven of witches.

Fascinated more by the nakedness of the girls than what is occurring, Simon watches.

As the sun dips behind the surrounding cliffs, the girls become merely shadows against the backdrop of the fire. Their skin shimmering in the moonlight as the chanting grows louder.

The older woman stops chanting. She stares into the darkness directly at Simon. The others stop chanting. They join the old woman staring into the darkness almost as if they can see Simon.

Simon remains motionless.

The older woman points directly at Simon. The others point as well. The leader watches for a few more moments and begins chanting.

THE OLDER WOMAN

I invoke, the Bornless One.  
The Bornless Spirit.  
Guardian of the children of truth.  
I charge thee Garou, find the  
shadow within the shadows.

The other girls now join in chanting with increasing intensity.

THE GIRLS

Find the shadow within the shadows!  
Find the shadow within the shadows!  
Find the shadow within the shadows!

Simon disappears into the brush.

EXT. GRAVEL PIT. NIGHT

The chanting grows louder even as Simon moves deeper into the brush.

The chanting stops.

Simon stops. Silence. The sound of a low, deep GROWL cracks the silence. The sound seems to come from behind Simon.

He turns. The stand of young Pine trees filters the moonlight creating an eerie landscape. Simon unconsciously unsnaps the holster holding the Python.

Simon walks backward. The rifle pointed at the darkness.

Another GROWL; this one is deeper and closer. Off to the left.

Simon moves faster. Using his back and shoulder to force his way through the brush between the trees.

The night is ripped by the simultaneous sounds of breaking trees and tearing brush punctuated by an unholy ROAR and the GNASHING of teeth. Big teeth!

Simon fires the rifle in a series of tight-reined burst; spacing the shots across the target area at different levels as he retreats in a controlled fashion.

He burns off two clips. Silence. Simon keeps moving. He slings the rifle over his shoulder while simultaneously pulling the Python.

Again the sounds of BREAKING trees and TEARING brush punctuated by an unholy ROAR and GNASHING of teeth only this time it's off to the right.

Simon fires. The roar of the magnum shatters the night even as the two foot flame from the barrel lights up the forest.

Simon places his shots in a multi-level pattern while still making an orderly retreat. Simon fires all six rounds.

Silence.

Simon keeps moving as he reloads.

Again the SOUNDS of destruction rip the night only this time in front of him. Between him and the road. Between him and life.

Simon fires the Python directly into the night as he charges ahead. Still placing his shots he forces his way through the heavy brush. The SOUNDS intensify.

The CLICK of the firing pin hitting the last spent round sends a chill up Simon's spine. He slams the Python into his holster and pulls out the machete.

Simon charges cutting and slashing his way through the darkness.

He breaks out into the open, the side of the road. Simon runs across the road and squares off. Facing whatever monster that is chasing him.

SIMON

Come on bitch! Let's get it on!

The moonlight is blocked by the clouds. The darkness seems alive. Simon waits for the attack. He moves down the road as he scans the shadows for any sign. He knows running is out of the question.

A flash of white between the trees. Something big, moving just inside the treeline.

Simons stops.

A large, white wolf walks into the moonlight. Simons stands on his toes even as he brandishes the machete. The wolf walks to the edge of the road and stops. The wolf looks at Simon.

Again the sounds of breaking trees and tearing brush punctuated by an unholy roar and gnashing of teeth only this time it's behind him.

Simon whirls around to face the sound. Silence. Simon turns around to face the wolf. The wolf is gone. He whips around to face the darkness. Silence. The moon breaks from behind the clouds.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD. NIGHT

Simon walks along the side of the road. He is walking fast. Listening intently while simultaneously scanning 360 degrees for any sign.

The roar of an engine breaks the silence. Headlights cut through the darkness.

Simon slows down and peers into the expanding swath of light.

Simon recognizes the car. A 1962 Black Ford Thunderbird. The Thunderbird slows and stops. The electric window silently slides down.

Simon leans down. Looks in the window and smiles.

A good friend, Kenny is smoking a cigarette and has a beer between his legs.

KENNY

What in the hell are you doing way the fuck out here?

SIMON

Camping.

KENNY

Really? How's that working out for you?

SIMON

I need a ride?

KENNY

Climb in.

Just as Simon opens the door a powerful gust of ice cold wind slams into the car. It nearly jerks the door off the car but Simon manages to get in the car.

INT. THUNDERBIRD. NIGHT

The car is shaking as it is blasted by the frigid wind.

Simon struggles to close his door. Kenny shudders as the cold permeates the interior of the car.

KENNY

Damn! I can see why the camping thing wasn't happening!

Kenny turns on the heater as he guns the engine.

The Thunderbird is speeding through the night. A dark wind follows.

EXT. THE WITCHES CIRCLE. NIGHT

The witches stand staring into the night as they chant.

WITCHES

Find the shadow within the shadows!  
Find the shadow within the shadows!  
Find the shadow within the shadows!  
Find the shadow within the shadows!

The older woman waves her hand. The witches fall silent.  
There is a palatable silence as they continue to stare into  
the darkness.

THE OLDER WOMAN

Who are you?

INT. THUNDERBIRD. NIGHT

Kenny reaches behind the passenger seat and pulls out a beer  
and offers it to Simon.

KENNY

You look like you need a beer.

Simon takes the beer, pops the top and takes a long slug.

SIMON

Thanks.

KENNY

I don't mean to get into your  
business but why do you need so  
many guns to go camping?

SIMON

I saw some witches tonight.

KENNY

I guess that explains the guns.

SIMON

I'm not kidding.

KENNY

Right. In the pit?

SIMON

Yes. They did something.

KENNY

Were they naked?

SIMON

Yes.

Kenny slows the Thunderbird.

KENNY

You think they saw you?

SIMON

I know they saw me. They started chanting and pointed right at me.

KENNY

What did you do?

SIMON

I got the hell outa' there!

KENNY

You think they're still there?

SIMON

It doesn't matter. We are not going back. There's something else...

KENNY

What?

SIMON

I don't know...it was big. It was tearing through the underbrush like a Grizzly Bear.

KENNY

What happened?

SIMON

I finally broke out into the road.

KENNY

Did you see it?

SIMON

No. Then I saw this gigantic white wolf.

KENNY

Wolf? Had to be a dog.

SIMON

I know a wolf when I see one!

KENNY

What'd he do?

SIMON

He just stared at me. Then I looked away for a moment and he was gone.

KENNY

White wolf...Grizzlies. Remind me not to go camping with you. You think the witches did something because you saw them.

SIMON

I don't know but it feels strange...like something's wrong.

KENNY

Maybe you should...I didn't see anything. Maybe we should go back and check it out.

SIMON

Not tonight! Tomorrow. In the daylight.

KENNY

The witches...the naked witches..they'll be gone.

SIMON

Exactly!

KENNY

What about your car?

SIMON

I'll pick it up tomorrow.

KENNY

Bummer!

EXT. SIMON'S HOUSE. NIGHT

The Thunderbird pulls up in front of an old house.

INT. THUNDERBIRD. NIGHT

SIMON

I'll see you in the morning. Early!

Kenny looks at Simon and winks.

KENNY

Not too early.

SIMON

Whatever. Call me when you're on  
your way.

Simons gets out of the car. The Thunderbird burns rubber.  
Simons walks toward the front door of the old house. The wind  
whips into a freezing cold frenzy.

INT. THE OLD HOUSE. NIGHT

Simon burst through the front door. Propelled by a violent  
wind.

He manages to close the door after a hard fight. The entry  
way is freezing cold. Simon's breath becomes like smoke. He  
feels a presence.

Simon walks into his kitchen.

A POWERFUL GUST OF WIND PROPELS HIM INTO THE CABINETS. HE  
BOUNCES OFF THE CABINETS AND HITS THE BREAKFAST BAR.

The wind lifts him up and over the breakfast bar and slams  
him into the wall. He slides down the wall unconscious as a  
cold darkness encompasses him.

Simon's body is lifted into the air. A smoky darkness begins  
to envelop his body.

Simon opens his eyes and stares defiantly into the darkness.

There is a pause as an invisible struggle occurs. Simon  
doesn't seem to be Simon but someone or something else.

The darkness withdraws into itself. Simon's body falls to the  
floor.

