The White Women
FADE IN:

EXT. ARNOL, ISLE OF LEWIS, SCOTTISH HIGHLANDS - NIGHT

A light rain falls on a small village of "black houses".

Clouds are thick, socked in, with no moon. The only light emanates from flickering candles within the small windows of the cottages.

Smoke from interior fires escapes through thatched roofs.

A steady wind blows in from the coast, carrying the smoke inland with it.

INT. ALEC'S HOUSE - ARABEL'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

ARABEL (7, sparkling blue eyes) stands at her window.

Just outside, ALICKNA (a tiny fairy) hovers. A bright yellow glow emanates from her insect sized body.


ARABEL
(thick Gaelic brogue)
What should I do? Mither will never believe us.

A SOUND from the interior of the house, as the bedroom door slowly creaks open. Light from a blazing fire in the center of the small house spills in.

Arabel jumps into bed, pulls the thick cover over her.

INA (28, pretty in a modest way) enters quietly, carrying a candle.


INA
(thick Gaelic brogue)
Wee Ane? Are you awake? I heard voices.

Arabel smiles, sits up in bed.


ARABEL
It was just me and Alickna.

She looks to the window, but it's dark and quiet, except for the wind.

Ina places the candle on a rough hewn dresser, sits down on the bed.


INA
Alickna? Your fairy friend, aye?


ARABEL
We talk ever' nigh'.


Ina brushes Arabel's long hair away from her angelic face.

INA
I know you do, Ari. And you know I had a fairy friend when I was your age, too.

ARABEL
She protects me.

Ina smiles.

INA
Well, then, bless her wee soul. You need to sleep now. Your Fither will be home soon, and you know how long he's been away. You'll see him in the morn'.

Ina tucks Arabel down into bed.

ARABEL
Will you tell me about Fither and the White Women one more time?

INA
The White Women? You mean Baobhan Sith? Wean, that is not a tale for you to hear now. Let's talk of your fairy friend instead.

ARABEL
I'm a big girl now, Mither. I already know the tale, but I want to hear it again. Please?

Ina pinches her nose, messes her hair.

INA
You Dickens, you. Alright, one more time, but then you sleep, aye?

ARABEL
I love you.

INA
And your Fither and I love you, Wee Ane.

(beat)
Well, many years ago, before you were even born, your Fither went on a seal hunt to the Northern shores...

EXT. NORTHERN SHORE - EVENING

BEGIN FLASHBACK:
ALEC (20, lean and virile) walks along a craggy rise with BOYD (30, blonde, imposing), DUFF (28, dark, slim), and TORCUIL (45, a mountain of a man). A line of horses, each carrying seal carcasses follows behind them.

INA (V.O.)
They had all the horses of the village with them, so that they could bring back their haul of seal skins and blubber.

ARABEL (V.O.)
Why do they need to kill the seals? They're so cute.

INA (V.O.)
We need them to survive, Wee Ane. It's the way it is.

EXT. FORESTED GLEN - NIGHT
The four men sit together around a roaring fire. They laugh and jest, leather jugs of mead in their hands.

The horses stand together just outside the small glen.

ALEC
(thick Gaelic brogue)
A toast, my friends. To God's hand and our success.

They all raise their jugs and sloppily toast.

BOYD
(thick Gaelic brogue)
Aye, to the will of his Almighty Self so that we may bring this bounty back to our families.

Duff snickers, spits out a mouthful of liquid.

DUFF
(thick Gaelic brogue)
And to a scourge of beautiful, buxom women on this Holy nigh'.

Torcuil scowls, wipes frothy mead from his lips.

TORCUIL
(thick Gaelic brogue)
The White Women? As in tales of old? They not be Holy, my friend.

Duff stands up, wobbles, jug raised above him.
DUFF
Holy or no...for a nigh' of pleasure
and dancin' with a fair lass or three,
I hereby ask his Holiness for the opportunity.

Torcuil stands, swats Duff with a mighty backhand, sends him sprawling.

TORCUIL
The White Women will indeed give you
dance and pleasures, but they'll also take your very soul, fool. Ye best not ask for such carnal sins.

Alec stands as well, looks around the campsite.

ALEC
Tor speaks the truth. They may appear to be beautiful, but they are vile creatures...heinous souls who deceive and drink thy very blood.

Boyd also stands, takes a long pull of his mead.

BOYD
Aye, but is it not beauty in the eye of the beholder? Who judges us on this night?

ALEC
God judges us. We judge thy very selves.

Duff dances a jig, jug raised above him.

DUFF
And when a wench beholds my carnal pleasure, she be holdin' more than she'll be able to hold. Let God judge against that.

He laughs maniacally, empties his mead, saunters over to refill his jug.

END FLASHBACK.

INT. ALEC'S HOUSE - ARABEL'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Arabel blinks, rubs her eyes.

ARABEL
Mither, why is it that men are this way? Alickna says they can't help themselves.

Ina frowns...looks to the open window.
INA
It is the way God made them, Ari.
But they're not all of this nature.
Your Father is a good man. He is strong.
(beat)
You know this tale...to sleep with you now!

Arabel sits up, shakes her head.

ARABEL
No...please, please finish the story.
I'll sleep...I promise.

INA
You promise?

ARABEL
Yes! I promise!

INA
Alright...

EXT. FORESTED GLEN - NIGHT
BEGIN FLASHBACK:
The wind whips up out of nowhere, licking the flames of the fire.
The horses excitedly whinny, stomp their feet.
The sound of Gaelic music fills the air...softly at first, then louder.
Tree branches bend and bow in the sudden breeze.
All four men look around in concern.

ALEC
You fool! You see what you've brought?

Duff spins around in a wild and drunken dance.

DUFF
I see nothing, Frein.

TORCUIL
You will...you will...

An ominous smoke wafts in from the trees. All four men gaze in awe as four SHAPES take form around them.

Dressed in the skimpy attire of huntresses, the BAOBHAN SITH (shockingly beautiful, paler than possible) slink into view.
All four have different color hair, and a body that any man would kill for.

Each smiles a seductive grin, with eyes that glisten and reflect the light from the blaze. They slowly dance together, fingers raised in a beckoning "come join us" fashion.

Duff, stops in his tracks...completely smitten in an instant. He slowly, almost robotically, embraces the raven haired enchantress in front of him.

Boyd drops his jug, involuntarily walks forward to the blonde in front of him.

Torcuil stands his ground, unsheathes his heavy Claymore.

Alec backs against the fire, eyes wild, darting back and forth.

ALEC
Be gone you creatures of Satan! We are are God fearin' men. Leave us!

The fire spits out in a FLASH. The deepest darkness overtakes the glen.

The music rises to an insane level. Maniac laughter intertwines with the music.

SHOUTS of panic...

SCUFFLING of feet...

WHINNYING from the horses...

The CRACKING of bone and the THUD of a body hitting the ground...

Another sickening sound of a neck breaking, followed by the gush of thick liquid spilling on the smoldering fire...

A flash of steel against the dying embers and the telltale retort of metal into skin...

In the darkness, Alec dives between the horses. He pulls them in against him...around him.

The sounds of death intensify until silence suddenly wraps its arms around the night like a muzzle.

END FLASHBACK.

INT. ALEC'S HOUSE - ARABEL'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Ina holds her daughter tight.

She pulls back, wipes a stream of tears from her eyes.
INA
And your Fither huddled with the
horses until the sun shown her blessed
light the next morn'.

Arabel pulls back, looks directly into her mother's eyes.

ARABEL
And he came back home with the seals
all alone?

INA
Yes...he was the only one who resisted
the temptresses. He is a good man,
Wee Ane. He loves us both and he'll
be back tonight.
(beat)
Now you must sleep, child.

Arabel reaches out, hugs her mother, tears in her eyes.

ARABEL
Will you lie with me until I sleep,
Mither? Please?

Ina smiles, wipes away her tears.

INA
Of course...of course...

EXT. ALEC'S HOUSE - NIGHT

A light rain continues to fall.

Alec stumbles towards the cottage, naked, a gaping wound in
the side of his neck, his skin red from blood.

He knocks on the front door three times.

INT. ALEC'S HOUSE - ARABEL'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Ina awakes, a smile on her face.

She quickly gets out of bed, quietly opens the bedroom door,
advances into the...

MAIN ROOM

The fire still blazes in the hearth in the center of the
room.

Slowly, she creeps past to the front door.

She opens it, a wide smile on her face.
INT. ALEC'S HOUSE - ARABEL'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Alickna flies in though the window, hovering above the sleeping Arabel.

ALICKNA
Wake!  Wake!  It's as I told you...

Arabel groggily opens her eyes.

The sound of the front door opening outside.

A SCREAM from Ina.

A loud THUD and the sound of the fire raging out of control.

Arabel's eyes go wide.  She looks at Alickna in a panic.

ARABEL
What can we do?

Alickna flutters in front of her, her belly glowing bright yellow.

ALICKNA
Stay!  Stay!

ALEC (O.S.)
Angel?  My Arabel?  Your Fither is home...come see me.  It's been so long...

INT. ALEC'S HOUSE - MAIN ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Alec stands over the roaring fire, eyes blood red, naked body soaked in blood.  Ina's corpse roasts over the raging fire.

Alickna races toward him at an insane speed, bursts through his chest in a torrent of blood.

Alec's eyes go dead...more dead than they already were.

His body rocks back and forth and he falls onto the roaring fire.

INT. ALEC'S HOUSE - ARABEL'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Arabel climbs outside through her window...

EXT. ALEC'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

...and lands on the ground.

She runs away, tears pouring out of her angelic blue eyes.
EXT. FAIRY GLEN - NIGHT

Arabel lies asleep underneath a canopy of trees.

Hundreds of fairies hover above her, all glowing an unearthly yellow glow.

    ALICKNA
    And so it shall be, Wee Ane. Rest now...

    FADE OUT