

CAILLIIX

BY

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FADE IN:

INT. PUBLIC BATHROOM - DAY

REESE, 30, exits a stall. She holds a pregnancy test stick. Her hair is long and black like a native princess.

BRIDE, 16, a strawberry blond grabs the stick to check.

BRIDE

You're my girl.

Bride counts twenty thousand dollars into Reese's hand. Reese is more shocked than happy. Bride pats Reese's stomach. She exits singing a tune. The tune carries over:

EXT. LANDSCAPE - SPRING DAY

A vale of zesty green. Life blooms everywhere especially at the marsh where the purple loosestrife overtakes.

Here, CAILLIIX, a mommet dame, CHRISTMAS LIGHT EYES and BLACK ANGEL WINGS, HUMS in a corn field.

INT. CAFETERIA - DAY

Strange these two 30s males are alone. A handsome African, OUI-DO ALPHONSE, slurps his coffee. SVEN PALENS pale and beany, looks horrified.

OUI-DO

It's either a game or a curse depending how you look at it. But I'd advise you to clear your corn field as soon as you can.

SVEN

Or I have to take in the doll...

OUI-DO

And have a bit of bad luck. But if you keep her entertained, look after her, she'll spare you some misfortune.

Oui-Do pulls a small version of the doll from his pocket.

OUI-DO

Some people even say she's lucky.

Laughs.

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OUI-DO

Guess I'm one of them...
CaillIIIX, she's a fickle one,
gets in moods you know. But in the
spring, she turns to Bride, all
pretty as... moist as the dew.
You wanna know a secret?

Oui-Do moves in, as IF there are lots of people around.
For a moment, there are.

OUI-DO

She smokes opium. Smoked so much
it changed her DNA. She's got the
Triple Helix. She's The Trinity.
Can't die. And she's workin' to
give ta all. 'magin, life eternal.

INT. IMBOLC ULTRASOUND ROOM - DAY

Gel on Reese's pregnant stomach. The scope slides over
the BABY IN PROGRESS, a lucid fetal ball on screen.

INT. REESE'S LIVING ROOM - AUTUMN DAY

A hole in the wall might be the only source of air this
stale place gets. LIN, a slovenly wench braids Reese's
thick hair. Reese looks down at her large stomach.

REESE

Do you think I made a mistake?

LIN

Bob's not your uncle. A girl's
gotta eat.

REESE

But bear a child for someone else?

LIN

You're doing her a favor. People
say she's cursed. No harm in
helping the damned.

REESE

I'm saving my money. Wait, what
did you say? Damned? No. Just
different.

Lin ties off on Reese's braid. It hangs to her waist.

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LIN

Different enough to have three miscarriages and each of the three fathers are death prone too?

REESE

She says she's working on developing natural pain reduction methods. She's intelligent, far above most girls her age.

LIN

She lives alone. Where's she from? Doesn't it make you wonder?

INT. REESE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Bride tucks Reese into her bed like a coddling mother. Sleep falls, but sweat beads on her forehead. Ugly shades of bloody red roll on the walls. A manic clock ticks.

Reese awakens fretful. She sits, feels her severed braid and her eyes draw to Bride, weaving the braid into the head of a life size corn husk doll.

REESE

What are you doing?!

Bride gives a weak glance over to Reese.

BRIDE

Ensuring your birth is safe. Now get back to sleep.

INT. MEETING ROOM - DAY

IIII and HHHH, two vertical ladders on a white board.

PASTOR NED, 40s, galvanizes a small crowd as he adds a coiled HHHH and slams down his marker.

He spins on his heels, lifts the Holy Bible like a snake oil salesman. His large belly believes it's the judge.

PASTOR NED

Triple Helix is the mark of The Beast. Mucking with nature!

The PENTECOSTALS gasp - Lord have mercy.

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PASTOR NED
Triple Helix is Revelation and
it's on Bride Landry's mailbox.

EXT. COTTAGE - DUSK

Indeed it is, a TRI-AL-EX painted as a GRAPEVINE. Ned's
seedy complaints are overcome by the NIGHTINGALES' SONGS.

INT. COTTAGE - NIGHT

The wink of light from an oil lamp matches the smile on
Bride's ripe lips. Fascination brews as she slopes on
Reese, who's reclined in bed and shadows.

BRIDE
It will be a beautiful birth. I've
delivered hundreds of babies.

REESE
But how? You're so young.

BRIDE
I paid you to have a child; not
ask questions.

INT. PASTOR NED'S KITCHEN - NIGHT

Junky food on the counter, his jar of cheese holds a
spoon. MAL JONES, 30s, stud, jots on his clip board.

MAL
To trust a liar with enormous sums
of money? Decisions decisions.

NED
It won't touch my hands. You get
the bureau financiers to
investigate her. They'll see the
potential. I promise, money will
flow like manna from heaven.

MAL
Save it for your audience, Ned.
But alright... you're too lazy to
pursue dead wood. But to stalk
her? What's your fury?

Ned rips his shirt open. Tattooed on his chest:

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DIED OCTOBER 31, 2011

NED

Can you imagine living your life
knowing when it's gonna happen?!
She did this! The whore!

A long beat. Tah te-te Tah te-Tah te-ta Tah.

MAL

Was she good?

Ned almost smiles. That says it all.

INT. COTTAGE STORAGE ROOM - NIGHT

Bride enters a dark cramped space. Licorice root, dried
comfrey, smoked fish hanging in the rafters.

Sacks of wheat, barley and peas, God knows what else--
keeps Bride occupied day and night. Snow hits the window.

BRIDE

Welcome, Samhain.

She gathers roots and leaves into a bowl and a portion of
mealworms into a paper bag, rolling the top lightly.

INT. COTTAGE KITCHEN - NIGHT

Small quarters littered with stone and metal vessels.
Bride pours a mixed assortment into the pot.

On the counter, the bag sits, its top curl now loose.
After her cooking, she settles to write:

OLAP LAMA AMAD PADO, in Enochian script, one word per
line, forming a four-by-four cube that means--

BRIDE

Restore your path to God, whose
name is Being.

A couple of worms crawl to freedom, onto the corn doll.

KSKSKS... A stridulating sound from the corner. Bride
turns her attention to a ten gallon covered tank, home to
a COBALT BLUE TARANTULA.

BRIDE

Tara-Byte! How could I forget.

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She delivers the bag of worms to her pet.

BRIDE

My girl wants a mate? Of course.
I'll order when I'm in town.

The tarantula's cobalt blue is the same blue of Bride's plaid shawl, crossed with metallic white. Live-as-life, it slumbers over a chair, the folds, breathing, shallow.

EXT. COTTAGE - DAY

Bride squints in the light, holds fast to her shawl, the wind circles 'round her.

OUI-DO (O.S.)

Boo!

Her jewelry clacks as she jumps, startled by--

Oui-Do, who steals a tickle. The ruckus sends her shawl flying-- no, dancing in the HANDS of a BLUE APPARITION.

Oui-Do stares for a moment, glitter in his eyes.

BRIDE

Oui-Do, I'm not prone to scare.

OUI-DO

Finally, a match for Bride.
'magin! I'm just a chicken farmer.

He snaps his suspenders, gleeful. Bride smokes her pipe.

BRIDE

Would a chicken farmer mind
helping me with my harvest?

Oui-Do notes her trouble. His eyes narrow a question.

BRIDE

Got a pained woman. Long labor.

OUI-DO

I'll take care of it. Then I'm off
to town. Need anything?

BRIDE

As a matter of fact...

Bride returns with her arachnid in a clear glass cube. Oui-Do's already in the patch.

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BRIDE

Skip that! This is more important.
Now take her to...

Bride rambles instructions. Oui-Do dreams a kiss.

OUI-DO

Bride, what would it take for me
to be with you?

BRIDE

A dangerous leap to spirituality?

OUI-DO

The Triple Helix is good for a
Welsh woman but not a black man?

BRIDE

You have courage to let her bite?

She turns her back on him and trots off, but several
looks later, she watches him drive his old Ford ...away.

EXT. COTTAGE - NIGHT

Black gloss of kitty's eyes. He sits on the porch rail,
hunched. Coyotes howl nearby. A flutter in the tree tops.

REESE O.S.

Bride! Help!

EXT./INT. COTTAGE - NIGHT

A creek gurgles pleasantly, passing time in a playful wet
dance. The Nightingale continues its song.

REESE O.S.

Ahh...

Yet silence comes again and clouds blot the moon. The
creek still gurgles, now unpleasant, frogish tones.

REESE

How long's it been?

Bride's smile has a wistful taint, a shakiness.

BRIDE

Too long. Almost forty hours.

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REESE

I can't...

...her last breath, eyes still open. Bride in tears.

BRIDE

A failed experiment in pain tolerance.

INT. COTTAGE BRIDE'S ROOM - NIGHT

Prayer scarf top her head, Bride kneels at a boulder.

BRIDE

I would lessen the pain.

A soft pink blade of light enters. A good spirit?

Kchh!!! The cat hisses.

BRIDE

Paddiwack? What's the matter?

CRASH! The door blows open an evil storm: LESTER LEER, 30, Mal, and Sven with name tags (BEING) and clip boards.

MAL

She's pretty. I thought these mid wife witches all old and pongy.

He's trounced as the cat jumps at his face.

BRIDE

Paddiwack!

But it leaps away at Bride's command and skitters off.

Silence, as Mal looks to the vacant space where the cat left the threshold, then back to Bride. Suspicion.

Bride's indomitable form, the ilk of sovereignty, as Sven grabs one arm and Lester grabs the other.

SVEN

Let's do her 'fore we take her in.

Lester licks her ear. Bride doesn't flinch.

LESTER

She likes it, see?

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MAL

Hold it! You see the cat?

Mal pushes them off her. His face draws into hers, so close she can smell his last meal.

BRIDE

Potatoes, garlic and cabbage. I like a man with simple tastes.

MAL

You know what we could do to you?

Bride looks down at Mal's belt. Mal directs a pointed finger to Sven and Lester.

MAL

Collect her recipes!

INT. COTTAGE KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

Sven and Lester toss books and papers into sacks.

INT. COTTAGE BRIDE'S ROOM - NIGHT

Bride's hands, tied behind her back.

MAL

Why don't you save yourself?

BRIDE

You smell of virility.

Mal gags her, throws her on the bed. Thugs enter.

MAL

Get out!

In haste, they slam the door. The same door becomes-

INT. ASYLUM - EIGHTEEN ROOM

The locked door of ward #18. Bride in dingy clothes, but for some reason she maintains her shawl. Deteriorated, her face dulled, dulling... to become the wise old

CAILLIIIX, puts on a pair of glasses. She looks upon that paper with the Enochian script. Oui-Do's hands tremor.

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OUI-DO

Give them the knowledge they seek.
Or maybe, this time you will die,
locked here. What becomes of us?

CaillIIIX and Oui-Do embrace. INSERT: TARA'S BYTE.

VISION - OUI-DO'S FARMHOUSE

Blizzard. Oui-Do's truck. These are the times when warm
sweaty windows open up like eyelids for a nip of light.

Snug in the window is CaillIIIX doll, a nebulous smile.

MAL O.S.

The Bureau's releasing her, scared-

INT./EXT. ASYLUM RECEPTION

Reese Landry's desk, with vase of purple loosestrife. A
familiar COTTAGE PICTURE with its rustic MAILBOX hangs on
the wall. PADDIWACK, the resident cat washes in a patch
of sunlight. CAILLIIIX doll with Easter EGG EYES, hums.

Yay! Tara-Byte's in her tank and she has spiderlings!

REESE

Here's your belongings Mrs.
Alphonse.

Reese rises, her pregnant stomach evident. Spring has
returned. CaillIIIX and Oui-Do leave to the pleasant
grounds. Ned calls to them, le-hospital garb.

NED

They believe me! They're just
afraid! Afraid of the truth!

CAILLIIIX

Truth is what you believe.

She halts Oui-Do for a moment as she strolls up to Ned.

CAILLIIIX

You're not going to die.

Ned checks his chest, normal. Mal's arm locks onto his.

MAL

Come on. Time for meds.

FADE OUT:

