

The Witch Finder

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WGA REG. # 2313619 (c) 2025

1st Draft

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EXTREME CLOSE UP: A BEAUTIFUL BRIGHTLY COLORED CATERPILLAR SLOWLY MAKING IT'S WAY DOWN A BLACK-LIMBED TREE BRANCH.

WE SEE THAT THE INCH WORM IS HEADED TOWARDS THE LAST GREEN LEAF TO BE FOUND ON THE BRANCH.

SUDDENLY, A LARGE BLACK CROW LANDS ON THE BRANCH CAUSING IT TO SWAY.

THE CATERPILLAR NEARLY FALLS FROM THE BRANCH, BUT MANAGES TO HANG ON JUST LONG ENOUGH FOR THE CROW TO SWALLOW IT UP WITH ONE GULP.

WE SEE THAT THE CROW IS JUST ONE OF HUNDREDS, LINING THE TREES.

AND THAT LAST GREEN LEAF FALLS SLOWLY TO THE GROUND LANDING JUST IN FRONT OF A VERY SHORT MAN WALKING DOWN A TRAIL LITTERED WITH AN ENDLESS SUPPLY OF BROWN LEAVES.

EXT. APPALACHIAN TRAIL (BLOOD MOUNTAIN, GEORGIA)- DAWN

We see the man who the leaf fell in front of is a DWARF, named HARPER HILL (40s). Harper is wearing a battered looking top hat, and bright velvet clothing which just so happen to be the same color pattern as the unfortunate caterpillar we just saw eaten up in the trees.

Harper picks up the green leaf, from the mossy ground and looks up to see where it might have fallen from.

HARPER'S POV: dozens upon dozens of CROWS all sitting on black tree limbs staring back down at him.

We see Harper's gaze fixed on the birds overhead until a large heavy hand is placed on his shoulder, snapping him out of his fog.

HARPER

Jesus.

HARPER POV: we look up at an older, silver-haired, CHEROKEE INDIAN, named CHIEF (60s). He is holding onto a donkey with several saddle bags strapped across it's back.

Chief, doesn't say anything to Harper, instead he walks right past him, silently leading his donkey, FANNY.

Harper looks at the ancient Indian and shakes his head in disbelief.

HARPER (cont'd)
Sorry... I wasn't aware my standing
here was going to bother you.

Chief looks at him and slowly shakes his head in disappointment.

HARPER (V.O.)
I didn't think he would answer me. He could if he wanted to, I just knew he wouldn't. It wasn't Chief's way. And while most people his age might be content to do nothing more than sit on their porch in their rocking chair, sipping on moonshine, Chief was out here hauling gear with me, searching for witches. And in Georgia, along the Appalachian Trail, there turned out to be hundreds of them hiding up there in the mountain valleys. Some had been up there for generations. Feeding off the people who lived up there in isolation. Nobody reported them missing. Because oftentimes there was nobody to report them missing. They just became an afterthought and then, not even that.

Harper speaks once more at the dozens of eyes string back down at him as winces with disgust, before he starts following Chief.

HARPER (V.O.) (cont'd)
Locals around here know witches like to hide their magic in places normal folk can't find. Like the steam that comes off a pond on a hot summer's day, or the swirls that come with the morning fog.

Harper and Chief pass by a small holler where women are out hanging laundry. Harper tips his hat to the ladies.

HARPER
Ladies.

The Women see the dwarf and his Indian traveling companion and drop their clean linen into the mud as they ran back inside and shut the door.

Chief looks down at Harper, no change of expression. He just continues stomping ahead.

HARPER

You're a man of few words, Chief. But every one of them, a goldmine.

Harper looks at the laundry left thrown on the ground and smiles.

HARPER (V.O.)

I really can't blame them. It's the cost that comes, I suppose, with being well-known for possessing such an unusual talent. For God, in all his infinite wisdom, saw fit to bless me, and for some reason, *only me*, with the rather off-putting ability to sniff out witches... no matter how well they might be hiding.

Harper continues to see crows up in the trees staring down at him.

HARPER (V.O.) (cont'd)

Of course they love to take advantage of my services. Nobody wants to live up there in the hollers when they know there could be a witch out there somewhere trying to put a curse on them or one of their kin. It was easier for them to pay me and get me to go out and inspect the land for any scent of sorcery.

Harper takes in a deep breath of fresh air. He removes his round spectacles and wipes them off. He smiles up at Chief who looks down at him and then returns to walking.

No change in expression.

HARPER (V.O.) (cont'd)

And what did I do when I did find a witch somewhere up there in mountain valleys feeding off of some poor unsuspecting fool?

CU: CHIEF

HARPER (V.O.) (cont'd)

Well that's what I had Chief for. He was a genuine Cherokee Medicine Man.
(MORE)

HARPER (V.O.) (cont'd)
He was taught to kill *uda'kadu* by his grandfather when he was still just a boy. And he'd been killing them ever since.

BACK TO NORMAL:

They come across a body hanging by the neck from a tree branch.

Crows are fighting with one another as they compete to peck away at the exposed flesh on the dead man's face.

HARPER (V.O.) (cont'd)
I've always hated birds. Ever since I was a child. I knew it was an irrational fear. But one I fear my mama instilled in me early on when she would tell me birds could carry off a child my size without any difficulty. So I feared any bird who happened to be hovering over me, was doing so with intent of snatching me up and carrying me off to feed her hatchlings. It was a gruesome image. One I was forced to carry with me for many years.

Harper and Chief turn off the main trail and start walking up a narrow muddy path.

HARPER (V.O.) (cont'd)
It wasn't until I much older that Chief just happened to mention by chance that witches will often use crows, by looking through their eyes in order to scour the land for unsuspecting victims who might make for an easy catch and a decent meal. When I learned that truth about crows, it felt as if massive weight had been lifted off my shoulders. My irrational fear of birds it seems, had been quite justified all along.

Chief saying a silent prayer under the man swinging above him as Harper just walks past him.

HARPER
Don't doddle. We're almost there.

Chief continues to pray without acknowledging his companion.

EXT. PATH- DAY

Both Harper and Chief are making their way through thick overgrown brush as they try to follow the path they are on.

HARPER
Good lord, I can't believe anyone can
live this far back.

CU: HARPER'S FACE- his NOSE starts to twitch, causing his spectacles to nearly fall off. Harper catches his glasses and immediately wipes off the smudges.

HARPER (cont'd)
Do you smell that?

The Chief looks and again doesn't say anything. Harper forgot he can't smell what he can.

HARPER (cont'd)
Sorry. There's definitely one here.
(takes a whiff, not pleasant) Pungent
too. Probably been here a while. I
just hope these poor bastards didn't
wait to long to call.

EXT. AN APPALACHIAN HOVEL- DAY

The path leads to a dilapidated looking hovel overrun with moss and crab grass.

Chief looks at Harper who looks to be breathing through his mouth. Harper nods confidently.

HARPER
Yeah.

Chief pulls out a handful of salt from a fringed leather bag he has with him. He starts spreading the chewed up rock salt around the shanty while singing a prayer to himself quietly.

Harper pulls out a handkerchief and breaths into it.

HARPER (cont'd)
Jesus, that's a rank smell. You sure
you can't smell that?

Chief doesn't respond. He continues singing and spreading the salt out in what looks like is becoming a circle.

HARPER (cont'd)
Well you're lucky you can't. It's
fucking awful. I don't think even you
could handle this stench, Chief.

Chief continues to ignore him.

HARPER (cont'd)
It can't be healthy for me to be
breathing this in. No way in hell can
this be healthy, not for me or my
lungs to be breathing this rancid air
in.

Chief finished completing the circle of salt that he made
around the hovel.

HARPER (V.O.)
Ordinary salt was all it was. Nothing
fancy when it came to me and Chief.
He spread it out like that because
once we start, we don't that witch to
take off into the hills or lose
herself somewhere amongst the timber,
where we might never find her.

Harper turns to the camera and breaks the fourth wall. He
bends down and picks up a handful of the salt on the ground.

HARPER
Turns out for some reason that few
can understand, a witch cannot
tolerate the touch of salt on their
skin. It scalds them like boiling
water would for you or me. Why? Hell
not even Chief knew the reason why.
Or if he did, he wasn't saying.

Harper looks at Chief and smiles. Chief remains
expressionless.

HARPER (cont'd)
We spread the salt to keep whatever
it is I'm smelling inside. No witch,
no matter how powerful, is going to
want to cross over a bed salt unless
they absolutely have to. (turns to
Chief) OK, let's do this quick, I'm
hungry and this odor just ain't
helping my appetite.

Harper sees a large MURDER OF CROWS lining the branches of
every tree that's around them.

HARPER (cont'd)
I did say let's do this quick, did I
not?

Chief sees the birds overhead. He cups his hands to his mouth and lets out an animal call that scatters the birds to the wind.

Harper smiles.

HARPER (cont'd)
Thank you, chief. I didn't want to
say anything, but they were starting
to give me the willies.

Chief pats his smaller friend on the shoulder and smiles. He then walks over to the donkey and pulls out a crossbow from one of the saddle bags. He hands it to Harper who already has a quiver of razor sharp bolts in his hand.

Chief then pulls out a hatchet and tucks it into his belt.

HARPER (cont'd)
We ready?

Chief nods as the two approach the house.

HARPER (V.O.)
We'd done this before.

Chief kicks in the door. It splinters into a million shards of wood.

HARPER (V.O.) (cont'd)
Chief kicks in the door so we might
make entrance. This can be tricky. We
ain't exactly subtle, so anything in
there that might not want to meet a
pair of witch hunters, would have
time to prepare when we finally made
our way in.

INT. HOVEL- FRONT ROOM

The inside of the tiny hovel looks depressing and gray. No color.

Harper breaths in the air which nearly causes him to gag. Chief watches him with a stoic expression.

HARPER
She's still here.

Chief pulls the hatchet out of his belt and continues in. He passes by a window and breaks it, causing sunlight to flood in.

INT. HOVEL- KITCHEN

A small kitchen table is covered with dirty plates and insect activity.

Chief passes by another window and breaks it with his elbow. The sunlight causes the WITCH to be spotted standing in the kitchen.

HARPER

WATCH IT!

Chief turns to see the witch suddenly standing there in front of him! An old hag with yellowed skin and no visible eyes, only two empty dead sockets.

HARPER (V.O.)

Most witches were content to live in seclusion. Feeding off of whatever despair and torment they could manage to dredge up from these poor people they lived around. Most never knew they were feeding a witch, despite living for years with undeserved misery and sadness, which a witch like this could feast on for days.

She bends over backwards and scurries up the wall like a giant spider. Once she reaches the ceiling and can go no further, she hisses at Harper with a long snake like tongue.

HARPER (V.O.) (cont'd)

There were other witches however, could be just a bit more aggressive. They fed on flesh and sinew. Fortunately for all concerned, this breed of succubus was rather rare to find and not common to these parts.

Harper raises up his crossbow and fires it at the witch. The bolt is attached to a rope that slams into the Witch's abdomen.

HARPER

Got her.

Chief grabs the rope tethered to the witch and starts dragging her out.

HARPER (V.O.)

Once we have her on the line, there's really nothing more she can do. Sure she'll squirm and fight like a hellcat to get away from us. Chief and I had seen just about every variation of this dance.

The screaming witch gets dragged past Harper who turns to the camera once more.

HARPER

And now before you start feeling pangs of sympathy for the way we are treating this here witch, let me remind you that she is responsible for the torment and misery of at least five of Georgia's finest inbreds living up here somewhere in the woods. So don't feel bad for her. Feel bad for the poor bastards she drove to killing themselves just for nothing more than her pleasure.

EXT. HOVEL

Chief has the rope over his shoulder and is hauling the screaming witch out into the daylight.

HARPER (V.O.)

And once Chief has her outside in the sunlight.

Chief drags her through the salt, causing her skin to sizzle.

HARPER (V.O.) (cont'd)

It's just a matter of keeping her quiet for the transport back home.

Chief grabs the witch who hisses at him. And with one stiff swing of his hatchet, the Medicine Man removes the witch's head from her body.

HARPER

The manbo said she wanted both the hands and feet this time. Everything else she said we can burn.

We see Chief grab the headless corpse's arm and lay it out flat.

The HAND looks closer to a bird's talon than a normal human appendage. Chief takes in a deep breath before slamming the hatchet down hard on the wrist.

SLAM!

The crows scatter into the sky.

INT. NEVERMORE TAVERN- NIGHT

Harper is sitting at a table slurping broth from a large bowl while Chief sits and watches him with a disgusted look on his face. Harper smiles at his silent friend, who shakes his head before he takes a bite of his steak, using a proper fork and knife.

HARPER

We'll head out in the morning and meet up with Manbo by late afternoon. She promised us near double the usual if we could somehow get what she needed to her before the end of the week. Lucky for her, she gave that job to the right people. Now with what Manbo pays us, we should be able to pay off what we owe to the Jackal, and still have enough left over for us to live well for at least a few days. A week at most if we're careful. And provided you don't go out and spend it all in the first night asking nasty bitches to use your face as a toilet. (turns to camera breaking the 4th wall) A rather embarrassing dilemma that we've been forced to face on more than one occasion.

Chief smiles and nods, downing another shot of whisky.

HARPER (cont'd)

I mean it Chief. You're going to have to learn moderation. You're going to hurt one of these girls one day.

Chief laughs and pours himself another shot.

HARPER (cont'd)

Well how about pouring me one as well you stingy son of a bitch.

Chief pours his friend a shot and they both down it without a toast.

EXT. ROAD- MORNING

Harper and Chief walking down a dirt gravel road with their donkey in-between them.

HARPER (V.O.)

The Manbo was a voodoo priestess who made her home way back up in the hills far away from the hollers. No man was allowed to go there. Ever. And those she invited to go with her back to her home, were simply never heard from again. They just disappeared off the face of the Earth. No sheriff or lawman would dare to go up into that part of the hill country. So they were just gone and then forgotten. It was a morbid piece of information but one that killed any interest I might have ever had in seeing where the Manbo lived. I was curious, but not that curious. When we had business to conduct with one another, it was done at the crossroads, where each of us could see the other coming from miles away. We traded in witch parts, not trust. Probably because trust was more rare than witch parts. And a whole lot more expensive.

EXT. CROSSROADS- MORNING

Harper and Chief stop at a dilapidated looking crossroads. Harper looks down the two roads that intersect.

There's no sign of anyone on either road.

HARPER

Nothing yet.

Harper catches Chief whispering something into their donkey's ear.

HARPER (cont'd)

Him you'll talk to?

Chief stares at Harper with a black expression.

HARPER (cont'd)

Sorry, I didn't mean to interrupt you. Please continue.

Chief glares at Harper while continuing to stroke the donkey's mane.

HARPER (cont'd)
You better hope she shows. Otherwise we are broke my friend. Which means no Princess Running Water or anything like that. I don't even think we have enough to get ourselves a hotel room to sleep in tonight.

Chief stares at Harper, and then acknowledges him by bending over and looking down each road. He points his finger down the road coming in from the west.

CHIEF
There.

Harper turns to look and sees a sleek BLACK WOMAN strolling down the road. She looks as ethereal as an angel and as deadly as a demon, this is MANBO (48).

Harper watches her as she walks towards them.

HARPER (V.O.)
Manbo used the witch parts for whatever voodoo spells she worked on back in her home. It was said she could make a man leave his wife and family and fall in love with whomever she wanted. She had driven several men to the brink of death and many, many more past it. For some reason she took a liking to me and to a lesser degree my friend Chief. We had been conducting business like this for years. Never once did she give me reason to regret doing so. In fact, I actually the occasional visit with her. Provided of course if she was in a good mood. But that was never a guarantee. Just like anything else you find up in these hills, you never know what you're going to get, until it's usually too late to do anything about it.

Manbo reaches them and smiles.

MANBO
You brought de stuff?

Harper pats a burlap bag he has slung over the donkey's back.

HARPER

I was told you were interested in the hands and feet.

MANBO

That's right. Dat what you and your Indian have in there?

HARPER

It is. You said you'd pay more if we got it here quick. Here it is. Quick.

MANBO

I like you little man. Maybe one day you come back with me up to my home. I let you climb Manbo. You won't ever want to come home. Guaranteed.

HARPER

Thank you for the offer Manbo. But right now what we really need is that money you promised us for bringing you this bag of fingers and toes.

MANBO

How much I say? One hundred?

HARPER

You know you said double if we got it here quick.

MANBO

Two hundred? Mon ami, little man, are you trying to kill Manbo?

HARPER

Not me. I love Manbo.

MANBO

Yes but you love Manbo's money more.

HARPER

A man's got to eat.

Manbo suddenly whips out a thick roll of one-hundred dollar bills. She licks her thumb and peels off two of them.

MANBO

Here you're money.

Harper lunges for it, but Manbo pulls it back.

MANBO (cont'd)
Eager, eager, little man. Is he
interested in making even more?

Manbo lets Harper take the two hundred dollar bills from
her.

HARPER
Another job? Sure. Just tell me
where.

MANBO
And then that beautiful nose of yours
will do the rest.

Harper gently taps his nose.

HARPER
It's not much to look at, but it does
have it's benefits. (Harper turns
back to the camera, 4th wall be
damned!) That was a damn lie. This
goddamn nose made me the target of
every witch, hag, incubus, succubus,
warlock, enchantress, and sorcerer
who chose to dabble with the dark
arts. It was curse, not a gift. (back
to Manbo) Where is she at?

MANBO
This one not like the others.

HARPER
How so?

MANBO
This one a man eater. She like the
taste of flesh. Kill three men, in
just under a week. They still walk,
but they no longer men.

Harper and Chief look at each other, neither wanting to say
what they were really thinking.

MANBO (cont'd)
But you the Witch Hunter. You smell
her out and catch her when she not
expecting. But this one dangerous,
little man. She eat you up and not
let you die. Make you one of her
shadow puppets. But that only happen
if she can catch you. With Chief, you
have no problem.

HARPER

What is it you want from her?

MANBO

Manbo want the heart, little man. For that I pay five.

HARPER (V.O.)

I knew she was trying to lowball me. Five hundred for a necromancer was woefully low. She expected me to come back with another offer. But I just didn't feel I was strong enough at this time to face down a death-dealer. Much less, tearing them open and to retrieve their heart.

Harper smiles at Manbo as he pockets his money.

HARPER

Perhaps some other time, Manbo.

MANBO

What if I pay six?

HARPER (V.O.)

If she was willing to pay six, I knew she'd be willing to pay a thousand. No amount was worth it if I was dead and couldn't spend any of it. Besides, the state me and Chief were in, the last thing I wanted to think about was tangling with a necromancer and all the shit that comes with that.

HARPER

Thank you, but no. (to Chief) Come on, Chief. Let's go home.

Harper turns back to Manbo.

HARPER (cont'd)

Maybe in a couple of days when I've regained my strength...

But he stops talking when he sees she is gone.

HARPER (cont'd)

Christ, I hate when she does that. (to Chief) We can visit one cat house, Chief. One!

Chief smiles and nods. He slaps his donkey's ass...

CUT TO:

AN EMPTY SHOT GLASS BEING SLAMMED DOWN ONTO THE BAR.

INT. CAT SCRATCH BORDELLO- NIGHT

Booze!

Poker!

And Floozies!

Welcome to the Cat Scratch!

Harper and Chief take a seat at an empty table. An older SALOON GIRL comes up to them.

SALOON GIRL
Hello Harper, hello Chief.

Harper smiles and gets up to kiss the lady's hand.

HARPER
Turquoise Rose, how ya been?

TURQUOISE ROSE
Getting older by the day, Harper. You got money?

Harper shows her a twenty dollar bill.

HARPER
I'll take an unopened bottle of bourbon and two glasses.

TURQUOISE ROSE
And you Chief the usual?

HARPER
If you have someone willing?

INT. UPSTAIRS ROOM

DOCTOR NYX has a young lady's legs up in the air in stirups. He's in between performing what looks like a gynecological examination on LOOSE LUCY.

LOOSE LUCY
Goddamn it doc, how many times do I got to tell you?
(MORE)

LOOSE LUCY (cont'd)
 If you're going to be sticking your
 fingers in my pussy, don't be eating
 no chicken wings.

DOCTOR NYX
 Well if you'd quit picking at your
 cooter, maybe I wouldn't have to be
 down here interrupting my dinner to
 see what the hell is wrong with you.

Doctor Nxy takes a bite from a chicken wing that's on a
 plate, next to his medical bag.

DOCTOR NYX (cont'd)
 You got the damn thing infected.

LOOSE LUCY
 Can I work?

A knock on the door. Turquoise Rose sticks her head in.

TURQUOISE ROSE
 You interested in taking payment from
 Chief tonight. All the other are
 currently busy.

LOOSE LUCY
 Can I doc?

DOCTOR NYX
 It'll burn you pee.

LOOSE LUCY
 It'll burn either way. I might as
 well get paid for it. (to Rose) Tell
 Chief I'll be with him in five in
 room five.

INT. POKER TABLE- NIGHT

Harper is seated at a poker table holding two jacks in his
 hand. The pot in front of him looks like a small mountain
 made out of greenbacks, two gold rings and a silver pocket
 watch.

The players Harper is seated with look like a rogue's
 gallery of swindlers and cutthroats.

It's Harper's play.

HARPER
 I'll bet thirty.

Two players fold, leaving just Harper and a huge Mexican named, PABLO.

PABLO
You're thirty, and fifty more.

Harper smiles nervously at the bet. He rechecks his hand.

HARPER
I call. Two jacks.

Pablo glares at the dwarf for what seems like an eternity before throwing his hand into the muck.

Harper happily drags the pot.

COWBOY (O.S.)
You're him aren't you?

Harper pulls his winnings in front of him before looking to see asked the question. It was made by a rough looking COWBOY seated directly across from him.

COWBOY
The one who can sniff out witches.
That's you right?

HARPER
It depends, who is it that wants to know?

COWBOY
Hey, I'm just a fan. I like what you can do.

HARPER
Most do.

COWBOY
A lot of people been talking about you.

HARPER
I'll bet they have.

PABLO
Hey are we going to talk all night?
Or are we going to play cards?

COWBOY
Shut the fuck up Pablo before I walk over there and ram my boot up your ass! (to Harper) So tell me... how do you do it?

HARPER

If only I knew. It was something I was born with. So you're going to have to ask the maker.

COWBOY

What is it they smell like? Witches. I bet they stink don't they?

HARPER

Like New Orleans... after Mardi Gras.

COWBOY

Whoa, that does sound like a powerful stench. So tell me then, why do you go looking for them?

HARPER

I was told I wasn't tall enough for the rodeo. (to table) I bet twenty.

Pablo laughs, before folding his hand. As does SHIFTY EYES, PENCIL MUSTACHE and STOVE TOP HAT.

Once again it comes down to Cowboy and Harper.

COWBOY

I'll bet those things hate you something horrible, don't they?

HARPER

And then some.

COWBOY

Funny thing about witches is, you wouldn't think they'd be able to come together and place a bounty on someone's head. But guess what, they most certainly can.

Cowboy reaches for his gun, but is shot from behind.

Turquoise Ross reaches for her gun. But before she can fire, Cowboy falls dead onto the table.

We see that Chief was standing behind him on the second floor. Chief is standing upstairs with Loose Lucy, both are BUTT NAKED, except for the rifle Chief's holding in his hands, and a dirty wash towel around his neck.

Harper tips his hat to Chief.

HARPER

Thank you Chief!

FADE TO:

SUNRISE OVER THE EASTERN RIDGE LINE

INT. CAT SCRATCH BORDELLO- DAWN

Empty bottles and shotglasses are stacked up in front of Chief and Harper who are leaning on each other in a drunken mess.

HARPER

(slurred)

I'm talking about romance. Can you understand romance you fucking savage. The love a man finds from just one particular woman. Can't you understand that?

Chief shakes his head no.

HARPER (cont'd)

Of course you can't. It because you're a heathen. A creature of lust, driven only by your most basic and carnal desires.

Chief laughs and agrees.

CHIEF

That's the first thing you've said tonight that makes any sense.

HARPER

Well then fucking hell, let's order another round.

CHIEF

(laughing)

Now that's two things you've said that makes sense.

HARPER

Chief, now that we're opening up with one another, do you mind if I tell you something serious?

Chief's face goes expressionless.

HARPER

You smell a little bit like pee.

Chief's face erupts into laughter.

CHIEF

Yes I do!

HARPER (V.O.)

For Chief, watching a woman squat down and piss all over him was what seem to get him through the night. I thought it was deviant. But who was I to interfere with something as harmless as an odd peculiarity my friend seemed to enjoy behind the privacy of closed doors. At least I hope he kept them closed.

A seedy looking bartender sends Turquoise Rose over to collect on the payment.

TURQUOISE ROSE

It's time to settle up with the house.

Harper nearly blind drunk looks up at the pretty lady with a goofy grin.

HARPER

How much do we owe?

TURQUOISE ROSE

Three-hundred and twenty-four dollars. And sixty-three cents.

That figure read aloud is enough to sober Harper up fast.

HARPER

I'm sorry, come again?

TURQUOISE ROSE

Chief said you were good for it.

Harper looks at Chief who raises his eyebrows like a school boy caught cheating.

EXT. CAT SCRATCH BORDELLO- DAY

HARPER

Three hundred dollars Chief? Are you fucking kidding me? Just how many of those bitches did you have piss on you?

CHIEF

(ashamed)

All of them.

HARPER

Of, for fuck's sake. What did I say?
I said one shower, did I not? One
shower, not a dozen! Moderation
Chief, you must learn moderation! And
Jesus, we still owe the Jackal a
hundy, and I'm sure the sheriff is
going to expect his cut sometime this
year, we can't keep avoiding him. And
despite our financial woes, you
somehow thought it best to spend
every last dime we had, on something
nasty like being used as a toilet.

CHIEF

It's not nasty.

CHIEF (cont'd)

It's nasty Chief! It's fucking nasty.
Nobody but you wants to get pissed
on, OK! But have I ever once judged
you for it? No! And why? Because
you're my friend! And friends don't
spend every last dime they have on
something only one of them is going
to enjoy.

CHIEF (cont'd)

I'm sorry.

HARPER

I'm sorry, did you actually apologize
to me?

Chief remains expressionless.

HARPER (cont'd)

You know you fucked up and you
finally are man enough to admit it.

Suddenly we hear the distinct sound of a SHOTGUN being
racked off-screen.

Both Harper and Chief turn with hands raised and see TATER
(19) and ANDERSON (23), two thick muscled hired guns.

TATER

You stick dick, you have our money?

Harper and Chief look at each other.

HARPER

I'm sorry, am I stick dick or is he?

TATER

Does it really matter. Which one of you bags of shit has our hundred dollar bill?

HARPER

You must work for Mr. Jackal.

ANDERSON

That's right. And Mr. Jackal said we should bash your fucking brains in if you gave us any lip.

TATER

Or if you didn't have our money.

Chief reaches for his knife, but Anderson points his double barrel right in his face.

ANDERSON

I'd think twice about that if I were you Chief.

TATER

Last chance short drawers, do you got our money or do I got to blast your little body all over these stones?

HARPER

I need to talk with Mr. Jackal.

TATER

About what may I ask?

HARPER

I need to tell him how I can double his money by the end of the week.

TATER

And how might you be able to do that?

HARPER

For Mr. Jackal's ears only.

TATER

And what if I decide to just turn the lights out on you.

HARPER

I suppose Mr. Jackal doesn't get paid. (to Anderson) You might as well dig two graves.

(MORE)

HARPER (cont'd)
(to Tater) Cause when the Jackal
finds out just how you cost him two
hundred dollars, well, I'm sure he's
going to want to have a word with
you.

Tater looks over at Anderson who shrugs his shoulders in
uncertainty.

Harper looks at Chief, who just looks at him and shakes his
head in disappointment.

INT. JACKAL'S OFFICE- DAY

It's a slaughter house.

Freshly butchered carcasses are hanging from the ceiling as
sinew and gore have been left splattered and drying on the
walls and caked onto the ground.

Tater and Anderson lead their captives to a pair of wooden
chairs, placed just between two hanging sides of beef.

TATER
Sit down.

Chief looks at Harper who lifts his eyebrows in resignation.
Both sit without protest.

A third stool is in front of them, however, that one is
occupied by the severed head of a pig, looking back at them.

HARPER
Thank you.

TATER
It wasn't meant to be friendly,
friend.

HARPER
So much for being polite.

ANDERSON
Take a look above you.

Tater and Anderson both chuckle.

Harper looks up to see a pair of MEAT HOOKS hanging over
them.

TATER
Those might just be for you two.

ANDERSON

Mr. Jackal thought it might be nice,
in case he wanted you to hang around
with us for a while.

Harper looks nervously at Chief who is staring straight
ahead at the pig head, shaking his head.

HARPER

Oh for fuck's sake.

JACKAL (O.S.)

Where is he! Where is my little witch
finder?

The Jackal is a bruiser of a man who arrives to this meeting
wearing a blood stained leather apron and a belt of carving
knives.

JACKAL

There he is!

The Jackal picks Harper up off the chair and off his feet.
He looks like a rag doll as the Jackal gives him a bear hug
that manages to nearly squeeze the air from out of the
smaller witch finder's lungs.

When Harper is put down, he is dismayed to see his nice
clothes stained with the blood from the Jackal's apron.

JACKAL (cont'd)

And goddamn if you boys didn't manage
to bring this old bastard in as well.
Chief, how the hell are you?

The Jackal extends his hand which Chief accepts.

CHIEF

Great.

JACKAL

Well that's good news, because I
thought you boys were not going to be
here for the surprise.

HARPER

Surprise?

A look of disappointment comes over the Jackal's face.

JACKAL

You mean you fellas aren't here for
my birthday?

Harper and Chief look at each other puzzled.

JACKAL (cont'd)
Tater! You didn't tell these two that
it was my birthday.

TATER
I thought it was supposed to be a
surprise.

JACKAL
For me, Tater. Not for them. Shit,
how the hell are they going to know
what to get me, if you don't tell
them it's my goddamn birthday?

As a way to emphasize his disappointment, the Jackal pulls
out a cleaver and slams it down hard into the center of the
severed pig's head, leaving it there for added dramatic
flair.

Harper has to clear his throat before he's able to speak
again.

HARPER
I'm sorry I didn't know it was your
birthday. I didn't have a chance to
get you anything.

JACKAL
All I want, is my money, Harper. What
you owe me.

Harper looks at Chief who refuses to look back. His eyes are
fixed on that meat cleaver stuck between the eyes of that
pig in front of him.

HARPER
Funny thing about that money... we
don't have it.

Jackal smiles and pries the cleaver out of the pig's skull.

JACKAL
Well that's just too bad. Cause
that's all I really wanted.

HARPER
We had it. Honest. Pulled us in a
real nasty one yesterday. Got paid
and everything. But...

JACKAL
Always a but.

HARPER

We were robbed. I told them the money was meant for you but they didn't seem to care. In fact I think I remember one of them saying, 'Fuck the Jackal' but it all happened so fast. They were threatening to kill Chief, if I didn't give them the money.

JACKAL

So you gave them my money, in order to save your friend, is that it.

Jackal stands behind Chief tapping his fingers on the top of his head.

JACKAL (cont'd)

How much is you owe me?

HARPER

I believe it is exactly one-hundred dollars.

JACKAL

You believe. Anderson? How much do you recon' one old Indian who looks to be somewhere north of twenty years past his prime worth?

ANDERSON

At least three dollars. That's about what you'd get if ground him up and sold him for feed.

JACKAL

And the little one?

TATER

(looking at Harper) Him? You probably make more money selling him off to the circus or something.

JACKAL

I ain't interested in selling him. I'm interested in knowing what he might be worth.

ANDERSON

Fella his size? Maybe a buck. Buck and a quarter at most.

The Jackal looks at Harper with a lost look on his face.

JACKAL

Four dollars, Harper! Four dollars and twenty-five cents if I'm lucky! That still leaves you some ninety dollars short! What can I do to get that back? Should I just eat the loss and have some fun here with both of you?

Tater and Anderson both smile at that suggestion.

JACKAL (cont'd)

Or do I try and think of some other way of recouping from you what you owe me?

HARPER

I prefer the latter.

JACKAL

Which one is that? I'm not an educated man like you Harper. I never was real good with the English language, the way you are.

HARPER

The second choice. The one where you don't kill us and you think of some other way we might be able to pay you back.

Tater and Anderson do not like that option.

But Jackal drops his head, relieved.

JACKAL

I was hoping you would say that.

Chief looks at Harper who shakes his head, not understanding what Jackal is talking about.

JACKAL (cont'd)

I mean don't get me wrong. Killing you two would be the perfect way to finish off my birthday. I'd bleed you both out so slow. Let you watch your life slowly trickle out of your body as I start to gut you and watch your eyes widen when I hit that certain sweet spot. Oooh wee, I just don't know how a man can deny himself that sort of fun.

HARPER

What is it you need? We're willing to do anything.

JACKAL

Oh, I know you are. Believe me, I know you are.

Harper looks at the pig's head with the deep groove left in it's head from where the cleaver split it open.

CUT TO:

A PLATE OF BACON AND EGGS BEING PLACED ON A TABLE.

INT. DINING ROOM- DAY

The breakfast plate is in front of Harper. Chief is across from him, already eating.

JACKAL

Eat up boys. You're going to need your strength.

Harper tries pecking at his food, but something has him distracted.

HARPER

I'm sorry, I guess I'm a bit dense. What is it you exactly would like us to do?

JACKAL

Well I figured I'd give you boys a chance to eat before we went into particulars. But if you're game, I'm ready to spill the beans all over this table.

Harper looks at Chief how is happily enjoying his meal. Chief looks up and shakes his head at his partner.

HARPER

We're ready for the details.

JACKAL

Suit yourselves. (to Anderson and Tater) Fellas. Do you mind bringing in Charlotte for me?

TATER

Yes sir, right away.

HARPER
Charlotte? A female friend?

JACKAL
Oh, she's more than that.

The Jackal's two henchmen quickly return carrying a small, child's coffin.

They place it on the dining table directly in front of Harper and Chief.

Anderson looks at the Jackal for permission, which the Jackal gives with a look.

Anderson pries off the lid to reveal the body of a small girl lying in side. The coffin is lined with plastic as the girl is covered with ice.

Her face shows horrible pox scars.

JACKAL (cont'd)
My daughter Charlotte.

HARPER (V.O.)
I recognized the pox scars. Horrible disease that means this poor girl most likely suffered before she passed. Fortunately the ice was doing it's job and keeping the odor down to a tolerable level and the rotting of the flesh down to a minimal.

HARPER
She's lovely. I'm sorry for your loss.

JACKAL
Thank you. Her passing was quite a blow for me and my wife. She took it harder than I thought she might. She shot her head off with my shotgun. Just, "BOOM" and head was gone. Nothing much I could do about that. But Charlotte. She was just starting her life. She didn't deserve this. Not while she was still just a baby.

HARPER
What would you like from us?

Jackal looks at Anderson who covers Charlotte back up. Once the lid is sealed, the two men carry her away.

JACKAL
I hear there might be a necromancer
somewhere up in these hills.

HARPER
A necromancer?

JACKAL
Don't talk to me like I'm stupid boy.

HARPER
I'm sorry. I wasn't trying to mislead
you into thinking that I didn't know
what the word meant. I simply meant
to say, is a necromancer really what
you want?

JACKAL
Do you have any children?

HARPER
No.

JACKAL
A woman? Someone you love?

HARPER
I did. A wife. But she died long ago.

JACKAL
Did you love her?

HARPER
With everything in my soul.

JACKAL
And if you could?

HARPER
I don't know.

JACKAL
You don't know?

HARPER
I don't know if what I brought back,
would be the same as what had left
me. She may hate me for bringing her
back. The kind of hate that can't
ever die. You ask if I would bring my
Stacey back? And I tell you, I just
don't know.

JACKAL

Well fortunately I don't give two drops of piss about your opinion or your fucking feelings. You're nothing more to me than a little pig.

HARPER

Excuse me?

JACKAL

I said, you are nothing more to me than a little pig. A pink, squat little potbellied pig, who just happens to be able to stick his nose into shit without shame. Root it around in the filth until you find what you're looking for.

HARPER

A truffle?

JACKAL

Exactly! You're my little truffle pig. And that's exactly what you're going to do for me. Find me a truffle.

HARPER

I am?

JACKAL

You are.

HARPER

But I can't find truffles. I wouldn't even know what one looks like, if truth be told.

JACKAL

But you do know witches. And that's what I want.

HARPER

A witch?

JACKAL

(to Anderson) See, and you thought he couldn't be taught. You and (pointing at Chief) that nasty piece of shit over there who smells like he pissed himself are going to go out into those hills and find me a witch.

HARPER

I'm sure that shouldn't be too difficult a task. Chief and I could have one back here before nightfall.

JACKAL

Not this witch. I have one in particular in mind. And I want you and the Chief here to find this thing and drag her ass back here.

HARPER

A necromancer?

JACKAL

It's the only thing who can bring me back my Charlotte. And for that, I'd do anything.

HARPER

Do you know where she is?

JACKAL

I'm just told, she's close.

HARPER

Well close can be a hell of a lot of ground to cover to find just one necromancer. You're going to have to give me some time to find her.

JACKAL

I'm told that ice will keep Charlotte fresh for no more than two days. After that... nothing's going to stop the bloat from happening.

HARPER

Two days? And what if I'm a little late.

JACKAL

Then the next time I send for someone who owes me money, it'll be your head I have on that chair, waiting to be split open with a cleaver.

HARPER

Two days will be just fine. And that makes us even.

JACKAL

Good. And just to help keep you motivated, I'm sending my two best men with you.

This obviously catches Tater and Anderson by surprise.

TATER

You're doing what?

JACKAL

Teddy... I need someone with them I can trust. Someone who I know will be there to keep them honest. Now don't worry, I'll make it right with you at the end of the month when I hand out the wages.

Tater and Anderson sulk off.

HARPER

Just one last question if you don't mind.

JACKAL

What is it?

HARPER

After you're done with the witch, we're going to need her heart.

EXT. CROSSROADS- NIGHT

Harper is out there with Tater, who is trying to use an old wool blanket to keep himself warm.

TATER

This is some bullshit! What in the fuck are we doing? I'm freezing.

HARPER

I told you, we're waiting.

TATER

For who? You ain't seen nobody and nobody knows you're even here.

HARPER

Have faith, Tater.

TATER

My balls are freezing up in my sack goddamn it!

(MORE)

TATER (cont'd)

I'm giving you two more minutes
before I throw a blanket over this
fucking freakshow.

HARPER

She'll be here. (Harper points down
the road) Look there, here she comes.

Coming down the road, almost floating on air, is Manbo. The
mysterious lady is holding a lantern out in front of her
making her seem even more sinister than she already does.

HARPER (V.O.)

Of course she'd be out here. She
wanted something. (looking at Tater)
The Jackal got a little nervous when
I told him I need to leave and meet
with the Manbo. Everyone knew, before
I made a go at one of the witches
that lived back there beyond the
hollers, I checked in with the Manbo.
It was bad luck not to and not even
the Jackal wanted to be on Mama
Manbo's bad side. But I suppose he
also didn't want me taking Chief and
making a run for Kansas neither. So
instead I got myself a babysitter.
Unfortunately it was one that came
with the high potential of saying
something so incredibly stupid that
it get us both killed.

TATER

How in the fuck did that stupid bitch
know we were going to be out here?

HARPER

You're not from around here are you?

TATER

The fuck is that supposed to mean? I
asked you a question goddamn it! How
the hell did this woman know we would
be here?

HARPER

Call it a gift. Now keep your ears
open and your mouth shut. Don't say
anything. Even if your spoken to.

TATER

Fuck you little man. If that little lady wants to ride a thoroughbred, I'll take her to the Camptown fucking Races.

HARPER

Shut the fuck up or you're going to get us both killed.

MANBO

You came back. Somehow I knew you would.

HARPER

We'll take the deal.

TATER

What deal?

HARPER

Never you mind. This ain't got nothing to do with you.

TATER

The hell it don't.

MANBO

Little man, who is this rude individual standing here?

TATER

You ain't got to use the dwarf to talk to me, sugar lips.

Harper winces at the egregious insult.

MANBO

Sugar lips? You a big man. Think you big enough for Manbo?

TATER

Lady I got whatever...

Tater's eyes bulge as his his wind is suddenly cut off. He around in oxygen starved panic.

Manbo turns back to Harper.

MANBO

You said no to finding the meat eater.

HARPER
Things change.

MANBO
So does my fee.

HARPER
Now we've each other too long to
start haggling with one another like
this was a fucking flea market. You
said six and I'll take six.

Tater falls to the ground unconscious.

HARPER (cont'd)
And I'm going to need this one to
come back with me.

Manbo looks at Harper and then releases her hold on Tater.

Tater gasps for air.

HARPER (cont'd)
Do we have a deal?

MANBO
When Manbo get her heart?

HARPER
That all depends. How far away is
she.

MANBO
Not far. Day's walk.

HARPER
Then let's say no more than five
days.

Manbo raises four fingers.

MANBO
I give you four days to bring me the
heart. After that, I lose hope.

HARPER
Deal. Now tell me where she is.

MANBO
I hope that nose of yours is working,
my friend. Cause where I'm sending
you, very dangerous.
(MORE)

MANBO (cont'd)

The necromancer lives at the bottom of Black Glitter Gulch. Where exactly, I not sure. That's why you have your nose.

HARPER

Black Glitter Gulch, got it. Anything else?

MANBO

Yes. (pointing to Tater still writhing on the ground) When you done, send this fool up to come see me. I think I like him.

HARPER

I'm sure he'll be... (he realizes that Manbo is already gone) well shit. (kicks Tater) She's gone fuck stick, let's go.

HARPER (V.O.)

I don't really know what Manbo was. Certainly not mortal, but not witch neither. The nose, knows. Which is why I supposed I never asked. To me Manbo never smelled like anything other than lilacs and lavender.

FADE TO:

DAWN

EXT. THE TRAIL (RIDGE)- DAY

The Four Hunters: Harper, CHIEF, TATER and ANDERSON are each on a horse making their way down a craggy stretch of timberland.

The donkey is tethered to Chief's nag.

Harper looks over the side of the cliff as he negotiates his horse through the narrow pass.

ANDERSON

Feel like telling us where we're headed?

HARPER

Not particularly, no.

ANDERSON
Well this is bullshit.

HARPER
You can talk to the Jackal about that. I was just told you were to tag along and do whatever it was I asked of you.

ANDERSON
Fuck you, we're not you're slaves. That's what you got Chief for.

TATER
Question is, just what does the Indian get from hanging out with a scroungy little shit like you?

HARPER
Chief is my friend and my business partner. And you'd do well to show him some manners.

TATER
Manners? What sort of manners can you show a Indian? You know these people are animals don't you?

HARPER
I'd watch your tongue.

TATER
Or what, this drunk old fuck is going to breathe on me?

Chief rides his horse up so that he's riding right next to Tater.

HARPER
(to himself)
Oh shit.

TATER
Hey there you old bastard! You feel like getting down there on the ground and making it rain some Chief?

Chief looks at Tater and smiles. Then without warning! Chief launches himself off his horse and drags Tater to the ground.

Chief jumps on top of him and starts beating the dog piss out of him.

Anderson starts to go for his gun. But anticipating that, Harper already has his gun pulled, cocked, and pointed at Mr. Anderson.

HARPER
I wouldn't do that if I were you.

Chief pulls out his bone handle knife.

HARPER (cont'd)
Chief! I didn't stop this man from
killing you, just to watch you kill
someone else. Let it go, Chief.

Chief spits on Tater as he climbs back up on his horse.

Harper takes a swig from his canteen before swishing some water around in his mouth and spitting it down on Tater.

TATER
Come on stick dick! We're waiting on
you.

TIME LAPSE:

EXT. THE TRAIL (EDGE OF BLACK GLITTER GULCH)- LATE DAY

TATER
Hey we got to stop.

HARPER
Stop? Why we're almost there.

TATER
We're almost where?

HARPER
Where we need to be. Now why is it
that we have to stop.

Harper looks at Chief who shrugs his shoulders.

TATER
I gotta take a shit.

HARPER
Are you fucking serious?

TATER
What? I had a big breakfast and now I
feel like I have the need to pass.

HARPER
Hold it you fucking baby.

Chief laughs.

ANDERSON
Just let the man take a shit.

HARPER
Fine. But if we miss our opportunity
to catch Mr. Jackal's witch...
(Harper's nose starts twitching)

TATER
What is it?

HARPER
I smell something. Something close.

Harper takes in a deep breath, blowing it hard out his
mouth.

HARPER (cont'd)
Oh, yeah... that's ripe.

TATER
Is this where we're supposed to be.

HARPER
No. It must be another.

ANDERSON
Well then just leave it the fuck
alone than. We already know what our
bounty is. There's no reason for us
to go and get greedy.

HARPER
You'll get no argument from me lad.

TATER
Well then if that's the case, do you
mind if I have a fucking moment to
myself so I can have a movement?

HARPER
Suit yourself kid.

TATER
Thank you! Anderson, you stand watch.
Don't let anything get close to me
while my britches are down.

ANDERSON
Just don't take too long you
constipated fuck.

HARPER
It's good to see the Jackal takes
such pride in who he chooses to hire.

ANDERSON
(to Tater) Go take your shit. (to
Harper) You shut the fuck up. (to
Chief) And you... just fuck you.

Chief nods silently in approval.

Tater leaves.

HARPER
You talk that boy as if you've known
him for some time. I'm guessing kin.
Am I right?

ANDERSON
The stupid shit out there relieving
himself is my little brother, Teddy.

HARPER
Although, everyone calls him Tater.
Am I right?

ANDERSON
You are.

HARPER
On account of you're brother's
insatiable desire for potatoes of
every shape, color and size! Am I
right?

ANDERSON
You are not. He is called Tater on
account of the fact that he's stupid
and could never say his own name
properly.

HARPER
Teddy, Tater, Tater, Teddy. Yes. I
can see the struggle.

ANDERSON
So's not to confuse him, we just
started calling him Tater.

HARPER

I see. And did the Jackal tell you and your brother what we are out here doing?

ANDERSON

He did.

HARPER

And for the sake of curiosity, could you please tell me what your employer said to you?

ANDERSON

He said you two were witch hunters. And that you owed him a lot of money, so you weren't to be trusted. Me and my brother are to help you where we can. And bring whatever this thing we're after, back home to him.

HARPER

Very good. But it sounds like the Jackal left out one vital piece of information.

ANDERSON

Which is?

HARPER

You listen to me while we're out here. If I tell you to do something, it don't mean I've opened it up for committee. When I say jump, you had already be getting off your ass and looking for a soft place to land. It's me that's going to get this freakshow back home, you understand that. And I can only do that if you and your brother follow my orders. Savvy?

ANDERSON

How long you been doing this.

HARPER

Seven years. Seven long years. Don't even try to ask me how many witches I've put down in that span of time. Cause, I haven't got the foggiest. Too many.

ANDERSON
You ever think you might have
accidentally killed an actual person
or two in all those years you've
spent getting paid to kill.

HARPER
I don't have to think, I know. At
least one that I know of. But a few
more I came to suspect.

ANDERSON
Does it ever bother you? The thought
of killing a person?

HARPER
I wouldn't be human if it didn't.

ANDERSON
Shit, I've killed plenty of people.
And not a one of them has ever
bothered me.

HARPER
And the defense rests.

ANDERSON
What?

Harper shakes his head like it was nothing.

HARPER
Where the hell is your brother?

Anderson starts to look around.

ANDERSON
I don't know. TEDDY! WHERE YOU AT
BOY?

EXT. SECLUDED AREA (SHIT IN THE WOODS)

Tater is not far away, crouching in some bushes with his
pants around his ankles.

ANDERSON (O.S.)
TEDDY!

Tater is struggling to have a bowel movement but it's just
not coming.

TATER
(to himself)
Goddamn it. Come on.

Then he hears something rustling around in the trees somewhere near him.

TATER (cont'd)
Andy? Is that you?

No answer. More rustling.

Tater abandons the mission. He starts to hike up his trousers.

TATER (cont'd)
Man can't get a moment's fucking
piece out here without one of you
sons of bitches pissing around. You
know when I come back out there, I'm
going kick somebody's...

When from out of the brush, he is blindsided by a WOMAN dressed in rags, running wild through the woods.

TATER (cont'd)
(being knocked over)
What the fuck?

Harper/ANDERSON: They watch as the Woman in Rags tears off past them.

The Woman in Rags runs blindly right into Chief, who was off his horse taking a piss.

Harper and Anderson shoot each other a look before jumping off their horses to go and help Chief.

The Woman is in near hysterics!

WOMAN
LET ME GO!!! LET ME GO!!!

Chief struggles to hold her, but his does.

Harper and Anderson arrive to assist, followed by Tater.

HARPER
Hold on now. We have no intention of
hurting you.

The Woman continues to try and squirm free. She looks dehydrated and pale. Her face has deep dark circles around the eyes, like she hasn't been out in the sun for weeks.

Chief looks at the Woman.

CHIEF
We're not going to hurt you.

That's enough to calm the woman enough to start struggling.

HARPER
Where are you coming from.

WOMAN
I don't know.

HARPER
Who you out here with?

The Woman doesn't answer.

HARPER (cont'd)
You're not out here alone are you?
You got family?

WOMAN
No family. We work on the road.
Circus performers.

HARPER
Circus performers?

WOMAN
We got stuck down there in the muck.
She started killing everybody. I ran.

ANDERSON
Who killed them?

WOMAN
The lady of death.

TATER
That sounds like our lady.

HARPER
Quiet down, shit head. Pardon my
associate, he's an idiot. What can
you tell me about this Lady Death?

WOMAN
Everything she sees, she kills.

HARPER
So why didn't you suffer the same
fate?

WOMAN

I hid.

HARPER

You hid?

WOMAN

She didn't see me. I ran when I could.

HARPER

Listen to me, I think the woman you are describing, is the same woman we all have been sent out here to bring in.

WOMAN

Are you lawmen?

HARPER

No. I'm a witch hunter.

WOMAN

Well then turn around and go back. You don't want go down there. Ain't nothing but death down there.

HARPER

Unfortunately, the Black Glitter Gulch is exactly where we are headed.

WOMAN

Are you insane?

HARPER

Never clinically diagnosed, no.

WOMAN

If you do go down there, be careful of the blind men.

ANDERSON

The blind men?

WOMAN

They're faster than you think. And once they see you, they won't stop until they get you.

TATER

How in the fuck are they supposed to see us if they're blind?

WOMAN

They don't have any eyes. But somehow they can still see you. So if you see them, don't make a sound.

HARPER

And do you have any advise for us if they should happen to see us?

WOMAN

(scared)

Run.

HARPER

Thank you. We're quite a ways from anywhere. If you like, you're welcome to stay here and come back with us.

WOMAN

You going down there?

HARPER

Yes.

WOMAN

Then you won't be coming back.

The Woman takes a ROSARY off and gives it to Harper.

WOMAN (cont'd)

For protection.

HARPER

Thank you, again.

WOMAN

Remember, don't take your eyes off the blind men. Not even for a second.

Chief lets the Woman go and she continues running in the direction opposite from Black Glitter Gulch.

ANDERSON

Black Glitter Gulch, huh?

HARPER

The secret is out.

ANDERSON

Ever been down there?

HARPER

Up until today, I've never had the need to. You?

ANDERSON

I didn't even know this pit of shit existed.

HARPER

No sense wasting good daylight. I suppose we should be going down there.

ANDERSON

Don't you think me and my brother should know the goddamn game plan before we do?

HARPER

You're job is to do what I say. Chief and I will handle the incarceration of this Lady Death. It's what we do. (to Chief) Right?

Chief shrugs his shoulders and rolls his eyes.

Tater pulls out his gun and spins the barrel.

ANDERSON

Now just what the hell do you think your doin'?

TATER

I was just thinking about making a donation to the blind.

EXT. TRAIL TO HELL (BLACK GLITTER GULCH)- EVENING

It's a dismal looking path.

Slimy looking black moss covers the ground while gnarled branches hang overhead.

TATER

You believe what that crazy lady said?

HARPER

I do.

TATER

Blind men looking for you. Sounds like...

HARPER

Hocus pocus? I agree. That's why you should probably shut the fuck up.

TATER

(to Anderson) You gonna let him talk to me like that?

ANDERSON

I am not getting in the middle of this bullshit.

TATER

Yeah, well I'm getting pretty tired of this mouthy little bastard. (to Harper) You better watch yourself, mister witch hunter. Cause I don't give a fuck what you can do, I'll cut your nose clean off and shove it straight up your ass. Then you can see if there's any witches in there.

HARPER

My point, Tater, is that we are dealing with things that do not follow conventional rules. The magic a witch chooses to weave is based on what she is. If she's good, you might see a patch of green grass out there in the middle of a sunbaked field. If she's mischievous, she might do something harmless, like steal your clean linen, or make some poor sap fall in love with an ugly woman just for the amusement of watching him suffer.

TATER

Those don't sound so bad.

HARPER

And for the most part they're not. Chief and I don't usually bother with them and they for the most part do not bother with us. But when you find a witch with bad intentions, or even worse, if they were just born evil. Well, if their the spawn of Satan, you can imagine the sort of ungodly and disturbing things that might be brought up out of that well.

TATER

And that don't sound so good.

HARPER

No it don't. And that's exactly what I believe we are facing. So keep your guns in your holster until I tell you to pull them. Chance are you're just going to get whatever the hell is out here mad.

CHIEF

Quiet.

Everyone turns to look at the usually silent Chief.

HARPER

Chief?

CHIEF

Listen.

Anderson is the first to hear it.

ANDERSON

I hear it. Sounds like crying.

HARPER

Let's go.

ANDERSON

Me and my brother ain't getting paid to help nobody but you.

HARPER

And that's exactly what you are doing. Now come on.

Chief lags behind a bit.

HARPER (cont'd)

Chief?

The Chief looks at his partner annoyed and prods his horse to ride quickly by him.

HARPER (cont'd)

(to himself)

No sort of decorum, whatsoever.

Then Harper starts to sniff something. He looks around at his surroundings.

HARPER (cont'd)

(sniffing)

(turns to the camera) Well no shit it stinks.

(MORE)

HARPER (cont'd)

But that wasn't what was bothering me. You wouldn't think to know it, but Chief has very talkative lately. I mean, even more so than usual. I haven't the foggiest idea how old he is. I don't even think he knows. But I'm guessing he's somewhere north of half a hundred. Like Alaska north. I just hope everything's alright with the old boy. I can't even imagine trying to do this shit without him. Best we go and get him checked out by a doctor after we finish this one. But even sickly, I'd still put Chief up against any witch, wizard or warlock, anywhere, time and place. Chief is well-known throughout these parts for being a powerful medicine man... who just happens to like strange tail to bend over and piss on him. A mystery on all fronts.

And then follows the rest down the gulch.

ANDERSON (O.S.)

Harper! HURRY UP AND GET OVER HERE!

EXT. TRAIL TO HELL (WATER WHEEL)

Harper rushes forward until he sees Chief, Anderson and Tater standing around a MAN with NO EYES who someone has tied to a broken old water wheel and left outside to die.

The man looks cadaverous, but still is moving.

HARPER

Good lord, what in the fuck is that?

TATER

When we got here the birds were pecking at his face. We had to shoo them off or they would have eaten him all up.

Harper looks up at the branches. He sees Crows everywhere looking back at him.

ANDERSON

What's wrong with him?

HARPER

Well by first glance, I'd say necromancy.

ANDERSON

This is necromancy? This is what the Jackal wants for his kid?

HARPER

I tried to warn him.

ANDERSON

Yeah, well, nobody warns the Jackal. He wants something, he won't stop.

HARPER

Some people just have to learn the hard way.

BAM!

Everyone spins to see Tater holding his gun. We see that he shot a bullet into the poor creature lying crucified upon the wheel.

TATER

Whoo hoo! Look at that! I hit him square in the chest...

Man on Wheel still writhing.

TATER (cont'd)

But son of a bitch just won't die.

BAM! BAM! BAM!

Three more direct hits to the torso. The Man on the Wheel still hisses and gnashes his teeth at them.

HARPER

Will you please stop that? Do you want to attract the attention of whatever it is that might be out here?

TATER

Oh, hell I was just funning around. If this old boy is already dead, I can't see what law am I breaking?

HARPER

What about the laws of common decency, you fucking hillbilly?

TATER

Jesus! For a witch hunter you sure do have a soft heart for these fucking things.

HARPER

I'm a professional. I hunt them. I don't torment them.

TATER

Well la de 'fucking' da.

ANDERSON

What the fuck are we supposed to do if we can't kill that thing?

Harper looks at Chief who looks away.

ANDERSON (cont'd)

Surely there's the chance that there might be more of those things roaming around out there.

HARPER

I would have to say the odds of that are quite high.

ANDERSON

And you're the professional witch hunters.

HARPER

I am.

ANDERSON

Then tell us how to fucking kill these things, right the fuck now!

Chief then walks calmly to the thing on the wheel, grabbing it by the hair. his bone handle knife down into the top of the creature's skull.

HARPER (V.O.)

It was like watching a thing of beauty. He just grabbed that thing by the hair and brought his bone handle knife down into the top of its head. Nobody said anything. Nobody had to. And just like that, Chief proved why I'd rather have one of him, than a hundred or so Taters.

The creature twitched around a bit, but then stopped moving.

Both Tater and Anderson are in awe of what they just saw.

Chief viciously twists his knife around in that thing's head before pulling it out with chunks of brain matter clinging to his blade.

HARPER
Go for the brain.

ANDERSON
How the fuck did he know to do that?

HARPER
What the fuck do you think we are?
Mailmen? This is our job to these
things boy. Get that through your
head.

ANDERSON
Yes sir.

Anderson and Tater get back on their horses. When they're out of hearing range, Harper leans into to Chief.

HARPER
(whispered)
How did you know to do that?

Chief looks at Harper and shrugs his shoulders.

HARPER (V.O.)
Man of fucking mystery to the very
end.

EXT. TRAIL TO HELL (CAMPFIRE)

The group is making their way down a steep patch of soft dirt when Anderson catches sight of a campfire.

The Circus Performer's GYPSY WAGON is parked near a smoldering campfire. There is an old man dressed like a RINGLEADER, sitting on the ground in the dark. His left arm has been hacked off and his gizzards have been torn open and left out in the cold.

What looks like a STRONGMAN is lying face first in the campfire, his head a glowing ember.

ANDERSON
Fucking gruesome.

Tater has his gun out and aimed at the dead Ringleader.

TATER

That piece of shit so much as
twitches and I'm splattering his head
all over them rocks.

HARPER

I suppose we owe it to him to make
sure he doesn't come back. I wouldn't
want to face him on the way back when
he's had a chance to get his sea
legs. (to Chief) Chief? Would you
mind doing the honors?

Chief looks at Harper. He looks tired. He slides off his
horse and pulls out his bone handle knife.

Harper can see his friend looking a bit sluggish, and the
brothers looking like they notice it. He tries to build his
friend up as he goes to spear the old man.

HARPER (cont'd)

Yes sir, there ain't nobody who knows
more about this sort of thing than me
and the Chief. That's what the Jackal
is really paying for. Experience.

The Chief slams his knife down hard into the old man's head.

Harper looks on with great approval.

HARPER (cont'd)

There you see! Experience. I just
don't care how young or how strong
you fellas might be. If you don't
have experience, you don't have
anything.

Chief falls over to the ground.

HARPER (cont'd)

CHIEF!

Harper leaps off his horse while the brothers look on.

Harper rushes to his friend's side.

HARPER (cont'd)

What's wrong? Are you hurt?

Chief looks up at Harper and grabs on to his friend.

CHIEF

(slurred)

No.

The left half of Chief's face is drooping. He noticeably slurs his words.

HARPER

Oh, Jesus Christ, what the fuck did you do to yourself?

CHIEF

(slurring)

I'm fine.

HARPER

Fine? Just what the fuck does the word *fine* mean to you? And believe me, you are fucking far from fine.

CHIEF

(slurring)

Nothing can kill me.

HARPER

Oh good lord, now is not the time for bravado. Can you move?

CHIEF

No.

HARPER

Are you fucking kidding me Chief? You can't move and you think you're fine? Your face looks like it's trying to melt off your head.

CHIEF

(slurred)

I can move.

HARPER

Well fuck then... (Chief cuts him off)

CHIEF

(slurred)

I just don't want to move.

HARPER

Shit. I've known you for years, and you wait until now to start talking.

Chief tries to smile.

ANDERSON

What the fuck is wrong with him?

TATER
The witch got him didn't she!

HARPER
(to Tater) No the witch didn't get
him you fucking idiot.

ANDERSON
Well then what the fuck is wrong with
him.

HARPER
(to Anderson) Nothing. We're as right
as rain over here. Just give my
friend a minute here to get his
bearings will you? (to Chief) Do you
think you can ride?

Chief looks at his friend and shrugs his shoulders.

HARPER (cont'd)
You're going to have to try and
stand.

Chief nods. He leans heavily on his smaller friend to stand.
It's clear the left side of his body is limp.

TATER
Hey, that Indian can't ride like
that.

HARPER
Bullshit he can't ride.

TATER
Are you fucking out of your mind?
Look at him!

HARPER
There is nothing wrong with Chief. He
just simply needs to get back up on
his horse.

Chief struggles but barely is able to get back on his horse.
He holds on with his right hand.

Harper picks up Chief's left hand and puts it under the
leather strap near the horn.

Anderson shakes his head and rides off.

TATER

This is bullshit Harper. You know as well as I do that we should be putting him out of his misery. He's only going to drag us down.

HARPER

Listen here boy. You so much as raise a hand to my friend Chief and witches will be the last thing you'll have to worry about. Savvy?

TATER

He's your responsibility.

Harper gets on his horse and rides up next to Chief's left side to help keep him steady.

HARPER (V.O.)

He was my responsibility. I didn't have any kids. And when my wife passed, I didn't have any family neither. But for some reason, I had Chief. We'd seen each other at our best and our worst. And this was most definitely Chief at his worst. But if the roles were reversed, he wouldn't leave my side either. So he was as close to family as I had left in this world.

EXT. HELL (FOREST OF DEATH)

The four wanderers can see their breath misting as they breathe.

Tater bundles up his coat and Anderson blows hot air into his hands.

ANDERSON

Where in the fuck have you got us?

HARPER

Black Glitter Gulch. I've been told this is about as close to Hell a person can get while still claiming to be alive.

TATER

Why the hell is it so cold down here?

HARPER
Sun don't get down here much. That's
why normal folk know better than to
make their way all...

ANDERSON
HOLY SHIT!

The four travelers come to a sudden stop.

HARPER
What the hell is wrong with you.

ANDERSON
Look.

Anderson raises his lantern to show dozens of people, up in
the trees, swinging from the neck, off of black tree limbs,
some 15 feet off the ground. None of them, have eyes in
their heads.

TATER
Oh, what the fuck is that?

ANDERSON
(to Harper) Be honest have you ever
seen anything like this?

HARPER
No.

Chief is hanging on and Harper is only minimally having to
keep him steady.

HARPER (cont'd)
(to Chief) Do you think you could
fire a pistol?

CHIEF
(slurred)
Sure.

Harper sniffs the air. It is obvious from his face that it
is repugnant, whatever it is he smells.

Tater looks at his brother who shrugs his shoulders.

HARPER
She's close. Probably just on the
other side of what's in front of us.

TATER
You mean, you want us to ride under
that?

HARPER

Why not? They're not moving. And besides, they're tied up. Come on.

TATER

Fuck you, I'm not going out there.

HARPER

Suit yourself. I guess you're going to be out here all by yourself.

TATER

Like hell. My brother won't leave me, ain't that right.

ANDERSON

We have a job to do Teddy. Or have you forgotten about mama?

TATER

No I haven't forgotten about mama.

HARPER

Mama?

ANDERSON

The Jackal's got her working in a brothel on account of our daddy died owing him money. Mr. Jackal says if we do this job here with you, he'll let her go. So that's what we're doing. Getting the job done. Let's go.

Anderson starts out under the dangling feet of dead corpses hanging over him.

Chief is the next to ride, followed of course quickly by Harper.

Tater shakes his head.

TATER

This is bullshit leaving me here all by myself.

He doesn't last long and quickly follows the others.

The BOOTS and SHOES of the dead clink and smack into each other as they dangle lifelessly overhead.

TATER (cont'd)
Fuck me...

ANDERSON
What?

TATER
I gotta take a shit again.

Anderson looks up at the dangling feet.

ANDERSON
Go ahead. It ain't like they're going
to mind none.

Suddenly it sounds like a body hits the ground somewhere in
the dark behind them.

TATER
Did you hear that?

HARPER
Quiet!

Then the sound of more bodies falling from the trees can be
heard.

Anderson turns around with his lantern to see the BLIND ONES
on the ground walking towards them.

ANDERSON
RUN!

The four hunters gallop their horses forward as the light
from their lanterns catches bodies falling from above like
big putrefied raindrops.

The BLIND MEN make loud guttural sounds as they run in
complete darkness towards the hunters.

Tater's horse hit's a gopher hole and stumbles throwing him
to the ground.

Anderson tries picking him up onto his horse, but Tater's
weight pulls his brother from his own horse.

The Blind Men can be heard coming for them.

ANDERSON (cont'd)
Come on let's go.

TATER
I can't run.

ANDERSON'S POV: sees his brother's leg was broken in the fall.

ANDERSON
Oh, Teddy.

TATER
You go. Get out of here and run.

ANDERSON
I ain't leaving you.

Tater fires his guns into the darkness.

TATER
I love you brother. You make sure you
get mama back. You hear me! Promise
me!

The Blind Men are on him.

ANDERSON
I promise.

TATER
Good. Now go!

Then a Blind Man grabs him from behind. Tater shoots him in the head, but three more take his place, dragging Tater down into the darkness.

TATER (cont'd)
RUN! ARGGGGGHH!

Anderson runs into Harper and Chief, who still have their donkey.

HARPER
Get on, hurry!

Anderson leaps on the donkey as the Blind Men are closing in from behind.

Chief taps Harper on the shoulder.

More Blind Men coming at them from the side.

HARPER (cont'd)
We're not going to make it.

Harper keeps whipping the horses trying to get them to go faster, while at the same time trying to keep Chief steady.

The Blind Men look to just be about on them when Harper suddenly sees a BEAUTIFUL IVORY WHITE WOMAN standing in the moonlight.

Harper nearly runs her over with their horses. She holds out her hand and Harper and Chief are nearly thrown from their nags as they come screeching to a halt.

Anderson pulls out his gun.

HARPER (cont'd)
(whispering)
Put that goddamn gun away right now.

The Blind Men surround the Hunters and the Ivory White Woman.

For a tense few moments, nobody knows what's going to happen.

IVORY WOMAN
You the hunter?

Tater thinking the Ivory Woman is looking at him, shakes his head and points at Harper.

HARPER
My name Harper Hill. And, yes I hunt witches.

The Ivory Woman smiles.

AMAYA
Harper Hill, the one who can smell witches. But you aren't at all what I expected.

HARPER
Sorry to disappoint.

AMAYA
Only two reasons someone ever make there way all the way down to the bottom of the gulch. They either lost. Which is bad for them and good for me. Or they need something. Which could mean anything.

HARPER
We need something.

AMAYA
Do you know who I am Harper? Do you know what it is I do?

HARPER
Only by reputation. Which is the
reason we're down here.

AMAYA
Somebody dead.

HARPER
Yes.

AMAYA
And you want them back.

HARPER
That's right.

AMAYA
And if I do this?

HARPER
The man who employed me to deliver
you will pay you handsomely.

AMAYA
What could this man give me that I
might need?

HARPER
Money.

AMAYA
Look around, witch hunter. Do you see
any stores down here? What good is
money to Amaya?

HARPER
It's his child. He's desperate.

AMAYA
Will this man barter?

ANDERSON
Yes. To get his daughter back, this
man will do anything.

Amaya looks at Chief.

AMAYA
What wrong with this one?

HARPER
Nothing is wrong with him.

AMAYA

No, I think there is a lot wrong with him. (to Chief) You can dodge a bullet for so long, but you can't dodge time, can you? You like to me to fix.

Chief shakes his head.

CHIEF

(slurred)

No.

AMAYA

That's a shame.

HARPER

He knows.

AMAYA

Knows what?

HARPER

Nothing is for free, Amaya. And knowing your business, your price I'm afraid is just a tad too high.

AMAYA

But not for your boss, eh?

HARPER

He has different priorities than I do.

AMAYA

Maybe I just let my pets have some fun and take what they want.

HARPER

I suppose you could do that. But then, you'll have to contend with hunters coming down here on the regular.

AMAYA

You think so huh?

HARPER

I think so.

Amaya snaps her fingers and the Blind Men fall to the ground like marionettes who have just had their strings clipped.

AMAYA

Tell me, how many more hunters are there out who can sniff out a witch while they're in hiding.

HARPER

I really wouldn't know.

AMAYA

My guess is none. A four leaf clover found in a field of pig shit. But still today you have come to Amaya with an honest and open heart. I will come with you and help this man on the condition he honors his bargain with me.

HARPER

He will.

AMAYA

I'm afraid Amaya is going to need one of you to swear me that he will.

ANDERSON

I swear it. Whatever it is you want, I swear to you my employer will see that you get it.

Amaya smiles.

AMAYA

Then that's all Amaya needs to hear. When do we go?

EXT. THE TRAIL (SCENIC SUNRISE)- DAWN

We see Anderson and Chief riding on one horse together.

Amaya is on the other horse. She's looking around like she was a tourist.

And Harper is riding in the rear on the donkey.

HARPER (V.O.)

As my wife used to say, nothing easy ever is. I fully expected to be taking this bitch back to the Jackal in a burlap sack wrapped in coil and kerosene soaked rope. Not with a smile and a handshake. This bitch had something up her wizard's sleeve. I just couldn't figure out what it was.

Harper looks at Chief as Anderson quickly helps him with his drift.

HARPER (V.O.) (cont'd)
At least Chief won't fall from his saddle while we make our way back. I had never seen an Indian who had suffered a stroke before. My hope was the condition Chief was in might be temporary. But the longer it seemed his face stayed limp like that, the less hopeful I became that I might ever see him fully recover. Guess we put that doctor's visit off a bit too long. Sorry about that Chief.

EXT. THE TRAIL (SOMEWHERE)- DAY

Amaya watches Chief as he struggles to stay on the saddle. She rides up next to him.

AMAYA
That won't get any better you know.

Chief doesn't answer.

HARPER
Leave him alone.

AMAYA
Why? You like looking at him like this? All broken and sad?

HARPER
No, it tears me apart inside. But he knows, just as I do, that it's part of life. The good, the bad, and the ugly. Someone like you I don't imagine could ever understand that.

AMAYA
That's all easy for you to say. You still have both your arms. And that quick little tongue. And that golden nose. Tell me hunter, what do you wish for?

HARPER
Nothing you have to offer me.

AMAYA
Don't be so sure.

ANDERSON
I have something.

AMAYA
You? What could you possible need or want.

ANDERSON
My mama.

Amaya laughs.

AMAYA
What would you give for your mama.

ANDERSON
Anything you want.

AMAYA
And what if I told you your mama already dead.

ANDERSON
You lie!

AMAYA
Do I now?

HARPER
Easy boy. She has no knowledge of your mama. Never met her and chances are never will. She's playing mind games with you. Don't let her.

AMAYA
That's right hunter, make the boy feel better. He'll see soon enough.

ANDERSON
Shut up.

Suddenly from behind them, the sound of a shotgun being racked causes all to spin around.

They are most dismayed to see two gamey looking bandits, BUBBLE (30) and JONESY (42) standing behind them with shotguns pointed directly at them.

JONESY
Put your hands up.

BUBBLE

Throw what valuables you have on your person down on the ground in front of you.

JONESY

Don't give us any lip and we won't have to put you down.

Everyone on the opposing end of the shotguns looks to Harper for what to do.

HARPER

Best do what these fella say.

JONESY

You pretty smart for a little fella.

BUBBLE

Ha, you some kind of circus performer?

HARPER

You know I've never heard that before. No, I'm with the Sheriff's department. This here is my posse and we're taking the Indian back to town so that justice might be served.

BUBBLE

You gonna hang him?

Chief looks woefully at Harper.

HARPER

Probably. But the point is, the rest of my posse, some fifteen or so of Georgia's finest, are looking to meet up with us just over the hill. So if you're going to rob us, I guess you best do it quick. I would want to be late to the hanging.

Bubble looks at Jonsey.

BUBBLE

A sheriff?

JONESY

He ain't no goddamn sheriff! Who the fuck is going to hire a fucking dwarf to protect them. Think Bubble, think.

BUBBLE

You lying to me you son of a bitch?

HARPER

Well, I hope to one day be sheriff.

Bubble cocks his gun.

BUBBLE

No I don't see that happening.

AMAYA

(to Bubble) Where you come from?

Bubble seems thrown by the beautiful woman talking to him.

BUBBLE

Arkansas.

AMAYA

A lot of fine come from Arkansas. You like me?

BUBBLE

Yeah, I like ya. You're fucking beautiful.

JONESY

Don't talk to her.

AMAYA

And why not? He like me. And I like him. But who I don't like is you.

Jonsey walks up to her menacingly.

JONESY

I was only going to take your money. But now I'm going to take your ass as well.

Jonesy reaches out to tear Amaya's dress. She swats his hand away easily.

Jonesy smiles at the rebuke. And then close fist cracks Amaya hard in the jaw, sending the witch to the ground in a crumpled heap.

JONESY (cont'd)

Don't ever swat my hand away bitch! Now get them clothes off before I feel like hitting you again.

HARPER

Please, there is no need for this.

JONESY

Shut the fuck up short pants. I tried to give you roundheads an easy way out. I really did. But no, you wanted to act like we were stupid. Well then that's what you get. Pounded in the face and then later pounded in the ass.

BUBBLE

(laughing)

Hit her again, Jonesy, hit her again!

Amaya looks up laughing. She wipes away black blood that's streaming out of her swollen lip.

Her eyes have changed, no sign of pupil or sclera, instead their black, like two empty holes.

AMAYA

So, you boys like hitting things smaller than you, huh?

Jonesy's smile quickly fades from his face at the way Amaya has changed. A look of fear comes over him and he raises his shotgun to shoot her.

But Jonesy pauses when a large black ARMY ANT falls from the sky and lands on his hand. He quickly wipes it off, but another one falls on his face.

A similar looking ant lands on Bubble.

The two bandits quickly drop their guns as the ants start to land and bite them.

They try to move but suddenly discover both their feet are now buried in the ground up to their ankles.

They drop their guns as they fight off the insects now crawling on him.

Jonesy and Bubble swat at the ants as the start to crawl on them.

AMAYA (cont'd)

Now Amaya give you plenty of things to hit.

The ants continue to bite and swarm the two helpless bandits. It isn't long until they are engulfed in the ants as Harper and his band look on horrified.

Amaya on the other hand, has a smile that stretches from ear to ear.

BUBBLE

(agony)

Kill me please.

Anderson raises his gun to shoot him out of mercy, but Amaya stops him.

AMAYA

Lower that gun.

Harper puts his hand on Anderson.

HARPER

Those men brought this on themselves.
Don't be a fool and join them.

Anderson lowers his weapon allowing Bubble to be eaten alive.

AMAYA

Nobody puts there hands on Amaya
unless I tell them to. Let's go.

They leave the two bandits pleading for help as they scream out in pain.

HARPER (V.O.)

Watching that grisly little display
chilled me right down to my marrow.
It didn't help knowing in the back of
my mind that I was going to have to
betray her once the Jackal was
finished using her. I was afraid to
even think it, for fear this witch
might be able to read my mind. And
the last thing in the world I wanted,
was for her to know my intentions.

Harper sees ants going in and out of Bubble's mouth.

HARPER (V.O.) (cont'd)

No sir, she didn't need to know what
I was thinking. Nobody did.

Amaya bounces her head along to the sounds of excruciating agony the two bandit's are going through like it was a old familiar song she enjoyed humming along to.

Her eyes return back to normal.

EXT. THE TRAIL (ALMOST HOME)- DUSK

The travelers have stopped to piss.

Amaya turns to look at Harper who is urinating behind her near the donkey.

AMAYA
What do I smell like?

HARPER
Excuse me?

AMAYA
Witches? Do we all smell the same? Or are we like women? Each with our own unique scent?

HARPER
Nothing much unique about it. You all smell about the same.

AMAYA
And what does that smell like?

HARPER
It's not a pleasant smell.

AMAYA
You know why you can smell witches don't you?

HARPER
Nope. Just something I was born with.

AMAYA
Bullshit. You got witch blood flowing through your veins. Most likely from your mama.

HARPER
I never knew my mother.

AMAYA
Father told you she died didn't he? What was he? A soldier? A law man?

HARPER
My daddy was a magistrate. A strong and righteous man.

AMAYA
Your daddy liked to fuck witches.

HARPER
I doubt that. My father hated
witches.

AMAYA
Then you're daddy was a hypocrite.

HARPER
I don't believe you.

AMAYA
Don't think I don't know. You have a
certain smell too.

HARPER
Probably not pleasant.

AMAYA
On the contrary, I've always enjoyed
the scent of fear.

ANDERSON
I fucking knew it.

CHIEF
(slurred)
Knew what?

ANDERSON
I knew he wasn't normal.

HARPER
That's one thing in my life I have
never claimed to be.

ANDERSON
I swear, if it wasn't for my mama,
I'd...

AMAYA
You'd what?

ANDERSON
You think I'm afraid of you?

AMAYA
You should be. Let me ask you, do you
know why the blind man sees?

Anderson doesn't answer. He looks at Harper who doesn't look
as if he wants to make eye contact.

AMAYA (cont'd)
Because I let him. You see, everybody
want something from Amaya. Especially
I think (pointing to Anderson) that
one over there.

ANDERSON
There's nothing you have that I want.

AMAYA
Maybe not. Or maybe, not now. But one
day. Who knows?

ANDERSON
You're a witch. To mean that's worse
than being a whore.

AMAYA
Careful boy.

ANDERSON
Or what? You're not the first witch
I've seen. Maybe a bit scarier. But
you're all the same. You're leeches.
You suck people dry and then move on
to the next. But when you're like me
and already dead inside. You got
nothing left to be afraid of. You
hear me?

AMAYA
We'll see, boy. We'll see.

ANDERSON
Once I have my mama back, we are
outta of this shit hole and never
looking back.

AMAYA
Shit hole? This is my home.

ANDERSON
You can have it.

HARPER (V.O.)
Half witch. Didn't see that coming.
Feels sort of like a kick in the
guts, from a mule. Never knew my
mama. Never had the chance. I was
told she died in child birth. My
father never once mentioned that she
was a witch.

CHIEF
(slurring)
You alright?

HARPER
I am, thank you.

CHIEF
(slurring)
I thought you knew.

HARPER
(shocked)
You mean you knew?

CHIEF
(slurring)
Of course I knew. I'm not stupid.

HARPER
Thanks Chief.

EXT. JACKAL'S SLAUGHTERHOUSE- NIGHT

The four travelers ride towards a slaughterhouse where pigs and sheep waiting to be slaughtered are kept.

HARPER (V.O.)
By hook or by crook we got the
necromancer back to the Jackal's
before his deadline had pass.
Something inside me wondered if the
Manbo already knew she was expected
at the crossroads. That I had
returned with her package undamaged.

Harper watches Anderson help Chief off the horse they
shared.

HARPER (V.O.) (cont'd)
But with Chief in the state he was
currently in, I wasn't quite sure how
I was going to approach taking
Amaya's heart out of her chest
without her sinking my feet into the
soft dirt and burying me alive with
ants.

The Jackal comes out to greet the returning travelers.

JACKAL

I had no doubts! No doubts whatsoever that you could make good on your promise, Harper.

HARPER

Thank you sir.

JACKAL

Anderson, just where is your brother?

ANDERSON

He didn't make.

JACKAL

I am sorry. And Chief? My god, you look as if Harper left you sitting too close to a campfire. You look melted.

CHIEF

(slurring)

Never been better.

JACKAL

Well that's good news.

HARPER

Mr. Jackal, may I introduce to you, Madam Amaya.

Jackal wipes his hands off before taking Amaya's hand and kissing it.

JACKAL

Madam, thank you for this. Whatever it is you desire, consider it yours. Just please help me get my baby back.

AMAYA

(pointing to Anderson) This boy say you have his mama.

JACKAL

His mama is paying off a debt to me.

AMAYA

I want her.

ANDERSON

Like hell.

AMAYA

Otherwise, I not help you.

JACKAL
You can have her.

ANDERSON
You said I could have her if I brought this thing to you. You said she could come home with me.

JACKAL
No, I said you're momma didn't have to work for me at the Cat Scratch anymore.

ANDERSON
You fucking liar!

Anderson rushes the Jackal. Jackal looks as if he were prepared for this, strikes Anderson in the stomach with a brutal gut-buster of a punch.

Anderson goes down in a heap. Jackal isn't finished. He kicks him in the stomach which sends him sprawling and gasping for air.

HARPER
Your mama works at the Cat Scratch Bordello?

JACKAL
Oh I wouldn't say it's all work.

ANDERSON
(gasping)
She ain't no whore!

JACKAL
Let's not play games, she is a whore. She's a soiled dove who's working your family's debt to me in the only way she knows how.

ANDERSON
(to Amaya) What are you going to do with her?

AMAYA
If she mine. Anything I want.

Two more muscle heads, SLATE and LEFTY, approach the Jackal.

JACKAL
(to Slate) Go to the Scratch and tell Turquoise Rose that she needs to get her ass back up here right now.
(MORE)

JACKAL (cont'd)
You bring her with you. If she tries
to give you any grief, do what you
got to do.

Anderson lunges at Jackal.

ANDERSON
You son of a bitch.

HARPER
Wait a minute, your mama is Turquoise
Rose?

ANDERSON
Don't you say anything about my mama
that you'll regret.

HARPER
No... I've never been with her if
that's what you're worried about. I
like Turquoise. She's a good woman.

AMAYA
Looks like I got something you want
after all, don't I boy? Let me know
when this Rose gets here. I can't
wait to meet her. (to Jackal) Take me
you dead child. And let Amaya do what
Amaya got to do to wake her up.

JACKAL
(blubbering)
Oh my god thank you.

AMAYA
But listen here, Jackal. Amaya cannot
guarantee what you get. She been on
the other side for a long time.
Longer than most I try to bring back.
Before I do this, are you sure you
this is what you want?

JACKAL
Wake her up... please.

Amaya pinches his cheek.

INT. DINING ROOM- NIGHT

The table has been cleared off except for the coffin.

Harper, Chief, Jackal and Amaya are standing around it. Amaya looks at the coffin like it was someone she was preparing to duel against.

AMAYA
Take the lid off. Let Amaya see what she is dealing with.

The Jackal pries the lid off his daughter's coffin. We can see from the reaction on the faces of Chief and Harper that the smell of purification is present.

AMAYA (cont'd)
The rot has started.

Tears are welling up in the eyes of the massively sized Jackal as he looks down at his daughter.

JACKAL
Wake her up.

AMAYA
I wake her up. But you must leave us so Amaya can work.

JACKAL
How long will this take?

AMAYA
No telling. Depends on how hard the other side tries to hold on to her. Could take a few minutes...

CU: CHARLOTTE'S POX MARKED, PURPLE BLOATED FACE.

AMAYA (cont'd)
Or it could take a lot longer. But if I am to do this, I need privacy.

JACKAL
Bullshit I'm staying.

AMAYA
Then stay. I'll leave.

Jackal pulls out a pistol and points it at Amaya.

JACKAL
You're not going anywhere.

Amaya smiles and walks over to the Jackal. She opens her mouth and puts the barrel of Jackal's pistol into her mouth.

Jackal looks at his daughter. And lowers his pistol.

JACKAL (cont'd)
I'll be waiting just outside.

AMAYA
You got chamomile somewhere in this
shithole?

JACKAL
If you need it, I can get it.

AMAYA
Why don't you take make yourself
useful then shit dick and fix me a
cup of tea. (to Harper and Chief) You
two get out as well.

Harper and Chief leave the dining room with the Jackal.

HARPER (V.O.)
She didn't need to ask me twice. Save
for the fact that I still had
business to attend to, namely, prying
that heart out of her ribcage for the
Manbo, I'd be out of there and on my
way to New Orleans by now.

Amaya closes the door slowly on them.

AMAYA
No matter what you hear, do not open
this door until I tell you do so.

Harper and Chief nods silently. When the door is closed and
locked, Harper whispers into Chief's ear.

HARPER
Keep the salt ready.

Chief looks at his partner and nods sadly. Harper notices
this.

HARPER (cont'd)
What? You want the Manbo after us?

CHIEF
(slurred)
No.

HARPER
OK then. Let this thing do whatever
it is she needs to do. And then we'll
do what it is we need to do.

CHIEF
(slurred)
Last one.

HARPER
What's that? This is our last one?

CHIEF
(slurred)
No. My last one.

Chief then finds a bench to sit down on.

Harper watches him concerned.

INT. CAT SCRATCH (UPSTAIRS ROOM)- NIGHT

The room is dark until the door is rudely opened by the two Muscle Heads Jackal sent to get Turquoise Rose.

Inside the dark room on the bed, Turquoise is on top of some fat HILLBILLY giving him a \$3 dollar ride.

HILLBILLY
What the fuck! I paid goddamn it!

SLATE
Well then your welcome. (to Turquoise Rose) Get your shit on. The Jackal wants to see you.

TURQUOISE ROSE
Now?

LEFTY
Right now. So get dressed.

HILLBILLY
What the fuck about my three-dollars I spent?

LEFTY
Tell management to make it right. But this is one (pointing at Turquoise Rose) is already spoken for.

INT. PARLOR (OUTSIDE DINING ROOM)- NIGHT

Harper and Chief are sitting with the Jackal and Anderson outside the Dining Room.

The Jackal is wringing his hands like a guilty man waiting for a pardon.

Chief airs out his shirt, causing an obvious stink.

ANDERSON
Would you mind not doing that? Jesus.

JACKAL
(to Chief) What the fuck is wrong with you? Why is it you always seem to smell like piss.

CHIEF
(slurred)
Whore's piss.

JACKAL
Whore's piss?

HARPER
Ah, yes. My friend Chief, has a certain, some might say, embarrassing, sexual fetish that could seem a little unseemly to some.

JACKAL
You let people piss on you?

CHIEF
(slurred)
Whores.

JACKAL
Whores? Why just whores?

CHIEF
(slurred)
Whore's piss, powerful protection against witchcraft.

JACKAL
Really?

Harper is obviously surprised at hearing this piece of information.

HARPER
Yes, really?

Chief looks at his partner.

HARPER (cont'd)
Well you could have fucking told me
at some point!

Chief shrugs his shoulders.

CHIEF
(slurred)
I thought you knew.

HARPER
Well don't you think if I knew it
would give me protection, I wouldn't
be covered in piss from head to toe?

CHIEF
(slurred)
I suppose I didn't think you needed
it.

JACKAL
Well fuck me! I hope that shit gives
you some powerful protection cause
right now it is causing you to stink
something powerful my friend.

CHIEF
(slurred)
You get used to it.

Jackal looks at Harper.

HARPER
You really do get used to it.

The door to the Dining Room opens.

Amaya steps out and closes the door behind her. She nearly
falls as she has to be helped to a chair.

JACKAL
Is she back?

AMAYA
Not yet. She been too long.

JACKAL
That's not what you said. You said
you could bring her back.

AMAYA
Amaya not done. Just taking a moment
to catch me breath.

JACKAL

You rest when you're finished.

AMAYA

She is giving me a struggle. She not want to come back.

JACKAL

Get her.

AMAYA

And where me Rose?

JACKAL

She's on the way.

Amaya smiles at Anderson.

AMAYA

And then me and you I think might have some business together boy.

ANDERSON

You ain't taking my mama.

JACKAL

Nothing is getting nothing until my Charlotte is back.

Amaya takes a sip of Chamomile Tea that Jackal has left out for her and stands up to go back in.

As she closes the door behind her, Harper takes note of how weak she seemed.

HARPER (V.O.)

The Jackal's kid must be as hard to bargain with as the father is. Whatever she was doing, she was giving it her all. And Amaya looked tired. Weak. I couldn't be sure if Chief picked up on it. Had to trust my instincts that he did. As soon as she was done, we were going to have to hit her and hit her hard. She won't be expecting that. And that might be our only chance.

HARPER

(to Jackal) I got to take a piss.

JACKAL
You got to go, you got to go.

INT. KITCHEN

Harper quickly rummages through the cabinets and cupboards looking for something specific.

HARPER
(to himself)
Where is it? Where is it?

Finally he finds it in a dry goods cupboard. A bag on the ground with word SALT stamped on it.

INT. PARLOR (OUTSIDE DINING ROOM)

Jackal pours himself a drink as Slate and Lefty arrive with Turquoise Rose. Anderson runs to her as they hug.

ANDERSON
Mama. They killed Teddy. They killed
Teddy.

Turquoise Rose consoles her sobbing boy while glaring at the Jackal who quietly shrugs his shoulders, in a "I had nothing to do with that" way.

Jackal has the two separated by Slate and Lefty.

Harper comes in and sits down next to Chief. Turquoise Rose sees them and looks puzzled.

TURQUOISE ROSE
Harper? What are you and Chief doing
here?

JACKAL
He's doing a little job for me
darlin' that's all.

ANDERSON
Mama, you got to get out of here.
He's going to give you to that witch
in there. You gotta go.

JACKAL
Where she going to go? You think in
that dress, with those shoes and
those tits, she's going to get very
far?

TURQUOISE ROSE

(to Anderson) Baby boy, listen to me.
I love you. And no matter what
happens, nothing can change that. You
hear me. I love you.

ANDERSON

I love you too, mama.

The door to the dining room opens. Amaya walks out. She is
looks as if she's aged, 100 years. She is shrunken and bone
white. Most of her hair has fallen out in clumps, and what's
left is stringy and white like an old crone's.

Everyone is shocked by the change in her appearance!

JACKAL

Jesus Christ! Where is she? Is she
breathing? Is she alive?

Amaya looks out of breath. She staggers to a chair.

AMAYA

She is... in there.

Jackal eyes well up with tears.

JACKAL

Charlotte?

LEFTY

You want us to go in there with you?

JACKAL

No. I gotta do this myself.

AMAYA

And my payment?

Jackal points to Turquoise Rose.

JACKAL

Bon appetit.

ANDERSON

You son of a bitch!

TURQUOISE ROSE

Andy! Stop!

Amaya smiles at Turquoise Rose.

AMAYA

Come here, my child.

ANDERSON
You can't have her.

AMAYA
Oh, I can boy. Watch me.

Turquoise Rose suddenly is thrown by some unseen force to the ceiling and dragged across it until she is hanging directly above Amaya.

ANDERSON
I'm sorry! Please! Don't hurt her.
Don't hurt my mama.

Discreetly, Harper taps Chief on the leg. He shows him a handful of salt.

Chief looks at the salt and then instead of acknowledging it, just looks straight ahead.

HARPER (V.O.)
Thanks Chief.

INT. DINING ROOM

Candles light the dark dining room as the Jackal walks towards the table. He sees the coffin, it's empty. The melted ice is dripped out of the box and onto the floor, allowing the Jackal to follow the trail.

JACKAL
Honey? It's daddy. Are you in here.

We hear a small girl's laughter coming from somewhere in the darkness.

CHARLOTTE (O.S.)
Come and let's play daddy!

JACKAL
(crying)
OK honey. Daddy's coming.

INT. PARLOR (OUTSIDE DINING ROOM)

Turquoise Rose is dangling over Amaya. A pack of playing cards is on table. Amaya starts to move the deck.

AMAYA
What will you give me boy for the
soul of this woman?

The cards start flying around in the air. A couple of them fly up and nick Turquoise Rose's face causing deep cuts which bleed down on Amaya.

ANDERSON
Anything. Please, just don't hurt her.

The cards continue to swirl around, nicking Turquoise Rose again and again. It looks like death by a thousand cuts!

AMAYA
Admit to me you want what I have.

ANDERSON
I admit it. Please, just stop it.

AMAYA
A soul very expensive. What do you have to trade?

HARPER
Don't do it boy. It's a trap.

AMAYA
Quiet Witch Finder! You're job is done here. You and Chief Golden Showers can just scuttle your asses on out of here.

Harper looks at Chief.

CUT TO:

INT. DINING ROOM

Jackal is walking through the darkness.

JACKAL
Honey where are you?

CHARLOTTE (V.O.)
I'm right here daddy.

The Jackal spins around to see, Charlotte now looks like one of the Blind Men. Her eyes are gone, but she has a wide grin on her grotesquely bloated face.

JACKAL
OH MY GOD! HER EYES! WHAT HAVE YOU DONE TO HER EYES?

The walking husk of putrefaction opens her arms and smiles demonically at the Jackal.

CHARLOTTE

Give me a hug.

INT. PARLOR (OUTSIDE DINING ROOM)

The sounds of the Jackal being torn apart inside the dining room can be heard by all.

Lefty and Slate both look at each other.

SLATE

Fuck this.

The two muscle heads run.

Harper taps Chief.

HARPER

OK now.

Harper springs up and pours salt around Amaya. Chief limps over and wraps a rope of knots around her.

HARPER (V.O.)

We moved fast. Well as fast as we could. Chief tied a rope of knots around her as quickly as he could. I had the salt spread out in seconds. It was all too easy, which is what I think started to bother me the most. Amaya didn't put up a fight or even a protest. She just sat there and looked like she was seething.

The moment Harper finishes pouring his salt out in a circle, Turquoise Rose falls from the ceiling.

Anderson runs for her and picks his mother off the floor.

ANDERSON

Come on.

Suddenly, the racket inside the Dining Room goes quiet.

AMAYA

I need to feed Harper. That was our deal. I bring the girl back, and I get to feed.

HARPER
That deal wasn't with me.

AMAYA
I need flesh.

HARPER
I'm sorry, but I haven't got any to spare.

AMAYA
You a coward.

HARPER
I am a coward?

AMAYA
You waited until I was weak to do this.

HARPER
That doesn't make me a coward. That makes me a genius. (to Anderson) Take your mama and get the hell out of here.

ANDERSON
Thank you.

HARPER
Just go. And get her to a doctor.

Anderson helps Turquoise Rose to the door.

Amaya, weak and disheveled, watches them go.

AMAYA
What now then hunter? You sell me to the Manbo?

HARPER
You know of the Manbo?

AMAYA
Everyone know the Manbo. She a collector for Baba Yega.

HARPER
If it's any consolation, this wasn't what I wanted.

AMAYA
One request, hunter.

HARPER
I can't let you go.

AMAYA
Who want to be let go? I want to meet
Mademoiselle Manbo. Take me to her.

HARPER
I'm afraid I can't.

AMAYA
Why not? What part of me she want?

HARPER
Your heart.

AMAYA
It figures. Did she say how she
wanted it delivered.

HARPER
No.

Amaya snaps her finger.

AMAYA
Look.

Chief turns around and face looks normal. Any sign of the
stroke is now gone.

AMAYA (cont'd)
To sweeten the deal.

Harper watches Chief squeeze both his fists with equal
strength.

HARPER
Well all right then, fuck it. You've
got yourself a deal.

EXT. CROSSROADS- DAWN

Harper and Chief walk towards the crossroads and see Manbo
there waiting on them.

HARPER
Well there's a first.

Amaya is riding on the donkey which is between Harper and
Chief.

MANBO

No deal, Harper. I told you I only wanted the heart.

HARPER

I'm not charging you anything extra. Just the six hundred we agreed on. And then I'll be on my way.

MANBO

Chief, you looking better.

Chief doesn't say anything.

AMAYA

So you're the Manbo?

MANBO

That I am. And you must be the flesh eater. (taking note of her haggard condition) You look like you're hungry.

AMAYA

It's been a long night.

MANBO

We've been watching you for some time now.

AMAYA

Yeah? And what you think?

MANBO

They're not happy. Not happy at all.

AMAYA

Baba Yega is far from the hills, Manbo. Best you tread carefully. One day you may be at these crossroads collecting Amaya.

MANBO

You've been stealing from Monsieur Baba Yega.

AMAYA

That's a lie. Who say Amaya been stealin' from them.

MANBO

Baba Yega say so. While you busy
bringing back the dead, just who in
Hell do you think you are bringing
them back from?

AMAYA

I just take what I need to live.

MANBO

Then you take too much.

Amaya and Manbo stare at each other like two gunslingers
preparing to draw their pistols.

The tension builds until a large ant falls on Manbo.

Harper sees this and his face drops.

Another ant lands on Manbo and bits her.

MANBO (cont'd)

(wiping it off)

Ouch.

Manbo starts to laugh. We see that she now looks like she
did when we first met her, tall and beautiful.

Ants continue to rain down on Manbo. She tries desperately
to scream, but instead begins COUGHING UP even more ants
from her mouth.

Manbo drowns in ants.

When she's finished she looks at Harper.

AMAYA

Good bye little hunter.

An ant lands on Harper.

HARPER

Oh god, no.

Chief looks at his friend as more ants begin to land on him.
He rushes over and covers him with his body.

Harper sees the ants land and then runs off Chief's body.

HARPER (cont'd)

Why?

CHIEF

Whore's piss.

HARPER
Well I got to get pissed on as soon
as possible.

Amaya sees her ants running from Chief. She gets furious and walks over to grab Chief.

But when she grabs the Cherokee Medicine Man, he stabs her through the heart with his bone handled knife.

Amaya screams in pain. The ants start to burn up and disappear.

Amaya turns back into a shriveled old crone. Chief twists the knife inside Amaya's chest causing her to die. Chief then cuts her head off.

HARPER (cont'd)
Well that was well played.

Chief gets off of Harper. The signs of his stroke have returned.

HARPER (cont'd)
Oh Chief.

CHIEF
(slurred)
What?

HARPER
Your face. It's melted again.

MANBO (O.S.)
You still interested in selling me
that heart?

Harper and Chief look at Manbo standing at the Crossroads as if nothing had happened.

HARPER
Well I'll be damned.

MANBO
Not yet, but maybe soon.

HARPER
What happen to Amaya?

MANBO
Most likely somewhere hot talking
with Mr. Baba Yega.

HARPER

That doesn't sound pleasant. I thought those ants might have had you.

MANBO

The nerve of that bitch to think her magic could hurt me.

HARPER

You had me fooled.

MANBO

You have to trust the Manbo, Harper. None of these bitches out here have magic stronger than Monsieur Baba Yega.

HARPER

Of course not. It was foolish of me to ever think otherwise.

MANBO

Six-hundred dollars for the heart wasn't it?

HARPER

I have another idea.

TIME LAPSE

EXT. CROSSROADS

Harper and Chief are busy picking up the remaining pieces of Amaya's body, whose chest, we see, has been carved open.

Manbo holds Amaya's heart like it was a trophy.

We see all signs of the stroke Chief had are now gone.

MANBO

Interested in taking another job?

Harper looks at Chief who shrugs his shoulders.

HARPER

Well seeing as how we're both currently broke, why don't you tell me just what you got in mind.

A butterfly, who's colors resemble the caterpillar at the beginning of the story lands on Harper's sleeve. He stares at it for a moment before it flutters off.

He watches the colorful butterfly soar up into the sky and into the warm sunlight.

THE END