

WILLOW'S BEWITCHMENT  
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FADE IN:

**EXT. COUNTRYSIDE ROAD - NIGHT**

Under a full moon and clear sky soulless zombies shuffle across the fields.

Those in the forest stumble then fall on occasion.

But WILLOW, 20's, thin, blond, and organic, watches them from the safety of her SUV without amusement.

BAM! GADUNK-GADUNK! Her car lurches.

**INT. SUV - NIGHT**

Willow shrieks as her attention flits to the rear-view mirror.

A mangled zombie body, getting smaller as she continues, flops about the roadway behind her.

WILLOW

Sorry, mister zombie! Stay off the road, please. Uh-oh.

**EXT. COUNTRYSIDE ROAD - NIGHT**

Alerted by the minor calamity, all zombies within earshot quicken their pace towards the SUV as it accelerates.

Bright red brake lights flash before the screech of the SUV's tires and encite a zombie stampede.

**INT. SUV - NIGHT**

Willow's headlights illuminate a zombie horde in the roadway around the corner.

WILLOW

Oh, will you get a life?!

They tear apart and gorge themselves upon the occupants of a church bus.

She throws the tranny in reverse for a hard J-turn.

WILLOW

Didn't your mothers ever tell you  
to stay out of the--

WHAM! The horrible upheaval and abrupt stop of the vehicle is consistent with backing up into a tree.

General vehicle debris flies everywhere.

The moans of the undead begin to drown out the furious failure of the engine's starter.

WILLOW

C'mon, c'mon, c'mon! C'MON! A pox  
upon you, you dirty bucket of  
bolts! START!

The faces of zombies that approach from the passenger's side become distinct in the pale moonlight.

Meanwhile, the Christian-gore faced horde on the driver's side have turned about for the pinch.

WILLOW

Troubles, troubles. Lotsa troubles.  
We got lotsa knots for lotsa  
troubles.

Willow seizes a large carpet bag, rifles through it, retrieves a length of purple yarn and a sugar shaker.

**EXT. COUNTRYSIDE ROAD - NIGHT**

Big bag over her shoulder, Willow dashes from the crashed SUV to the road shoulder.

With haste she searches the grass for... something as she flings garlic salt from the shaker about her.

Her right hand works knots into the yarn. Zombies yards away.

WILLOW

Ah ha!

With her boot she toe-kicks a patch of dirt open, drops the knotted yarn into it, then kick-covers it over with dirt.

Their motivation evaporates.

Willow lopes past the zombies, who now mill about without purpose, towards the nearest country home lit along the road.

WILLOW  
It might not last long, but it'll  
do for now.

**EXT. COUNTRY HOME - NIGHT**

Sure enough, the moment she steps onto the porch the zombies return to their previous mill about with purpose.

DING-DONG!

Willow ties another series of knots in a length of purple yarn single-handed.

DING-DONG!

WILLOW  
Could that doorbell be any louder?  
It's enough to wake up the dead.

And the dead do notice.

KNOCK, KNOCK, KNOCK! DING-DONG! DING-DONG!

WILLOW  
Hello?! Is there anybody in there  
that recognizes zombies don't ring  
doorbells or knock on doors?!

She whirls to fling more garlic salt before the zombies that have crossed from the nearby forest onto the lawn.

Those close enough, and mindless enough, mimic her knock on the front door.

WILLOW  
Hecate's hearth! Will someone in  
there please open this door before  
I break something?!

She steps off the porch and kicks a shallow spot in the flower bed to drop the knotted yarn into it - but she's too late.

A zombie grabs her arm. Another grabs her blouse. She pulls back as a third grabs her bag, her blouse tears open as she saves her bag.

The knotted yarn is dropped into the flower bed, she kicks dirt over it, and the zombies again stop their onslaught.

Behind her lantern light breaks through a crack as the front door opens, a rifle barrel extends.

Somehow, between grace and magick, Willow twirls the barrel aside and her semi-nude self inside.

**INT. COUNTRY HOME - NIGHT**

ULYSSES, 50, a bent, mountain of a man, holds the rifle as if a straw, astounded.

ULY

I'm Ulysses. People call me Uly. I don't know who they are.

He gestures towards those outside, their haphazard odd utterances begin to return.

WILLOW

Thank you for letting me in when you did! I'm Willow. Is this your home?

She extends her hand to shake and looks about.

The warm glow of several candles in the room fail to add any romance to the decor.

Uly doesn't appear to know if he should put down the rifle to shake her hand and looks about the place himself.

ULY

Yuh. Well, Mama's, really.

He shakes her hand and she returns her attention to him. Smiles.

WILLOW

It's lovely.

It's not.

WILLOW

Tell me. Do the... um...

She indicates those outside.

ULY

Zombies?

WILLOW

Do they stay outside, or are we going to have to...

ULY  
Kill them?

WILLOW  
... all night long?

ULY  
They'll be fine. Can I get you a  
new shirt?

WILLOW  
Please!

**INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT**

She looks about the room as he opens a dresser drawer.

ULY  
All I have are flannel shirts this  
time of year.

More candles set atop available ledges, others lie about in  
wait. He hands her a red shirt.

WILLOW  
That'll be fine.

Without modesty, she disrobes the torn blouse, stuffs it in  
her big bag, and dons the fannel shirt large enough to be  
her bathrobe.

She rolls up the knee length sleeves.

WILLOW  
Is that apple I smell?

ULY  
First batch of warm cider cooking.  
Would you like some?

WILLOW  
Please, if it's no bother.

**INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT**

He hands her a warm mug of apple cider while she looks about  
the room.

Pots. Pans. Hung dry herbs. Lots of sugar and salt. Locked  
pantry. Knives. Spice jars. From which...

He hands her a cinnamon stick to stir her cider with.

As she stirs and sips her warm apple cider she notes candles burning about the room .

ULY

This is how Mama taught me to do  
it. "Goddess bless body and soul..."

WHITE candles burning about the room.

ULY AND WILLOW

Health and wellness is my goal."

She whirls about, locks stares with him, drops her mug on the stone floor, Mama zombie moans behind the pantry door.

ULY

Dammit, Mama. I didn't think she'd  
drop one-uh ya mugs.

Mama zombie protests more, rattles the pantry door.

WILLOW

This is--

ULY

Necessity.

WILLOW

Wrong. This is wrong. You can't do  
this! You have no right! You're a  
horrible man, Uly! You can't go  
about charm casting people like  
this!

ULY

It gets lonely out here. I GET  
lonely out here!

WILLOW

Too bad, so sad, big guy. I'm outta  
here.

She clutches her bag and begins angling toward the nearest door out.

Mama zombie emits some guttural groans.

ULY

Shuddup, Mama! This one is perfect!  
She's nice. I can tell she's real  
smart.

WILLOW

I'm not goin to fall in love with  
you. No charm can't work that...

A puzzled look flows down her face.

Mama zombie lets out a questioning moan.

ULY

Yes, Mama. She does smell nice. And  
she's beautiful, too. She's no  
dirty backdoor girl, like them  
others.

Willow eases her grip on her bag, lowers it.

WILLOW

... fast and strong.

Uly eases over to her.

ULY

She's a front door girl. She'll  
make beautiful babies.

Mama zombie lets out a pleasant moan.

Daddy zombie behind her gutturals:

DADDY ZOMBIE

Bay-yees.

Willow snaps to and darts out the door.

**INT. COUNTRY HOME - NIGHT**

Daddy zombie blocks her escape out the front door!

She pinwheels about and rushes up the stairs, Uly and father  
right behind, moreso Uly.

**INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT**

Frantic, Willow rattles each door handle. Locked!

Uly's mass slows him down at the fifth step, which, and each  
subsequent step, protests at his immense weight.

Daddy zombie, while only somewhat slower, catches up but is  
roadblocked by his son and becomes agitated.



Down below Mama zombie's moans have just enough humanity left in them to be cries.

**EXT. COUNTRY HOME - NIGHT**

Outside, a hundred zombies have encircled the house. Provoked. Excited. Hungry.

They claw at the walls, but do not enter the windows and doorways, as if blocked by a force.

**INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT**

Breathless and sweaty, Uly crawls to the top step on his hands and knees.

Behind him Daddy zombie becomes mesmerized by his own son's fat ass in his face.

A black bag on a necklace rope pops from beneath Uly's shirt and dangles around his neck.

WILLOW

So THAT's how you protect yourself  
from them.

Uly's palm slips on his own sweat on the floor. He catches himself. Looks worried. Grins.

Willow backs up to the rear window at the end of the hallway.

Outside she sees and hears the hundred zombies gathered about.

She's boxed in!

WILLOW

You're so gonna pay for this.  
Threefold's gonna get you something  
ugly.

Daddy zombie's lips pull back from his teeth. He opens his yellowed gnashers wide.

Uly gasps for air.

ULY

I'm... You're... No way out--

Uly slips again, his shoots across beneath him, his hand rips away magick banishing bag.

Daddy zombie bites deep into Uly's ass.

**EXT. COUNTRY HOME - NIGHT**

Uly's scream sends all zombies into a frenzy!

**INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT**

Uly kicks backward, Daddy zombie, fists bunched onto Uly's pants legs, only flips sideways then resumes biting.

Uly charges down the hall, a wild animal in escape! Daddy zombie en tow.

Willow has nowhere to go but over them at the last second.

With a shake of her garlic salt she leaps over the human locomotive, jumps off the back of Daddy zombie and lands on her feet with her big magick bag around her shoulder.

WILLOW  
I don't think so!

Uly and Daddy zombie crash through the rear window.

**EXT. COUNTRY HOME - NIGHT**

Two dozen zombies get second dibs on Uly.

Daddy zombie's already got his head burried in his son's back. Nothing but teeth.

**INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT**

Willow doesn't lose a step rushing out.

WILLOW  
Now you can be the backdoor man.

**INT. COUNTRY HOME - NIGHT**

Willow dashes past the kitchen where Mama zombie wails for her son, in both loss of and hunger for.

Willow runs out the front door with a clear path ahead under full moonlight.

She never sees the fists of fat, muscle, bone, and innards being ripped apart for consumption.

10.

FADE OUT: