Wicca

By

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EXT. WICCA CAMP-SITE - DAY

CLOSE ON: JAMILLA GREY (30), attractive, long dark hair.

JAMILLA It's just ... people. Enjoying some time together.

Opposite Jamilla, is PAM FELTON (32), attractive brunette, in a brown jacket top.

PAM Do you know anything about the child?

JAMILLA What do you think we are?

EXT. FARM-STEAD - DAY

A dated jumble of ramshackle farm buildings.

A group of vehicles, with men dotted around them, all FARM-HANDS with worn faces and tired expressions.

By a truck, its bonnet open, is MILES GRANT, (34). He pulls hard on a wrench, and leans back from his toil, revealing his unshaven, gritted features.

MILES

Try it.

In the truck is DUKE MOLES (45). He tries to gun the engine, and is rewarded with - a splutter.

MILES (CONT'D)

Bitch.

BACKGROUND: A dull brown sedan, spewing dust, pulls in.

Miles works the wrench, as the sedan halts. Pam exits.

MILES

Try.

A splutter. Pam stops by Miles' side. He WHACKS the wrench on the engine.

MILES

Now!

The engine kicks in.

PAM Gentle touch, huh?

MILES

Pam.

An acknowledgment of kinds. He moves to the rear of the truck. Pam follows.

PAM What are you up to?

MILES What I have to do.

Miles shoves a LARGE BAG to a side. Duke appears by the side of the truck. A side of the large bag FALLS OPEN.

MILES (CONT'D) Pierce the boil.

Pam looks at the large bag - there are GUNS inside.

PAM What are they for?

Miles makes to move away. Pam places her HAND on Miles' FOREARM. He looks at her hand, then to her.

MILES How many more kids?

PAM I can't let you do this.

MILES And you can't stop me either.

EXT. WICCA CAMP-SITE - DAY

The edge of a copse. Around it, the grass falls in a gentle hilled slope. Jamilla snaps up a BLUE-BELL, and twirls it in her fingers.

Ahead of her, among a smattering of trees, a group of people mill around the camp-site - dressed more like hippies, some of them gather wood and pile it together.

MARK TURNER (38), in a long blue robe, bearded, looks toward Jamilla.

MARK What did she want?

EXT. FARM-STEAD - DAY

Miles and his cohorts climb into the vehicles, and pull out of the Farm-stead. Pam, frustrated, watches them leaves. She heads to her car.

> PAM Can't let this happen.

EXT. POLICE STATION - DAY

A dated small town structure. Pam's sedan pulls up outside.

INT. POLICE STATION - DAY

DAVE GOODWELL (54), grey police uniform, overweight and mustachioed, lounges in a brown swivel chair.

Pam bursts into the station.

PAM You gotta do something.

Dave shrugs.

DAVE 'bout what?

PAM Miles. He's going after the Wicca.

DAVE That a crime?

PAM He's got guns.

DAVE Everybody got guns.

PAM He thinks the Wicca took the child. DAVE So do most folks.

PAM You goin' to just sit there?

DAVE You got a crime committed?

PAM It's going to be!

Dave shrugs.

DAVE So tell me when it's done.

INT. MILES' PICK-UP - MOVING - DUSK

Duke strokes a small toy PINK RABBIT. He looks at Miles.

DUKE You sure about this?

A beat.

MILES Do you want your child back?

Duke presses the stomach of the rabbit with his thumb.

DUKE Taking justice in your own hands?

MILES Justice don't care who's hands it's in, long as the job gets done.

Miles shoots a steely glance at Duke.

MILES (CONT'D) Got anyone else in mind?

INT. POLICE STATION - DUSK

ALAIN STEAD (25), bring two COFFEES from the back of the station. He places one near to Dave.

ALAIN Something happening? DAVE Will be. Given time.

EXT. CAR-PARK - DUSK

A dirt-scruff car-park, bottom of the hill from the copse.

Miles' truck pulls up followed by the other vehicles. The Farm-hands exit their rides, and gather round Miles at the rear of his truck. Miles hands out shotguns.

MILES Now, you all handled guns before.

DUKE We shot fox and pheasant.

MILES Just the same. 'cept we got bigger targets now.

Some of the Farm-hands laugh. Miles nods toward the hill --

MILES POV: A campfire in the distance, people round it.

BACK TO SCENE

MILES (CONT'D) Spread wide and wait on my say.

FARM-HAND #1 We taking them all?

MILES You plan on taking some home?

The Farm-hands chuckle, and move off toward the copse.

DUKE Planning a massacre?

MILES Call it ... eliminating. A threat.

INT. PAM'S CAR - MOVING - DUSK

Pam peers through the windscreen, straining to see.

EXT. CAMP-SITE - DUSK

Wood piled high burns in the mid-light - sending sparks hoping off. Gathered round the fire - the Wicca play drums and rustic instruments - melodic SONGS echo through the wooded area.

EXT. CAMP-SITE EDGE - DUSK

Miles and his men, stooped forward, spread out in a wide arc as they move stealthily toward the camp.

Duke, unsure, hesitates - he rubs the pink rabbit.

DUKE (whispers) I just ain't too sure.

EXT. CAR-PARK - DUSK

Pam's car pulls into the car-park. She exits her car, and checks the trucks - the BAG with the guns is empty.

She looks up the hill toward the camp, as --

CAMP-FIRE

Miles and his men rise from their positions - the CRACK of lock 'n' loading splinters the melodies of the Wicca --

CAR-PARK

Pam steps forward - eyes fixed on the camp-site as --

PAM'S POV: The copse LIGHTS UP as shot-gun blasts rip out.

EXT. CAMP-SITE - DUSK

Chaos. The Wicca run panicked one way and the other.

A Farm-hand BLASTS the back of a Wicca who falls FACE-FIRST into the burning camp-fire.

A female slips on the muddied ground - a Farm-hand reaches her and points his shot-gun at the small of her back.

FARM-HAND Looking for something, bitch?

She turns her fear-stricken face to him as - BAM! He blows a bloody hole in the small of her back.

By a TREE Mark Turner, the blue-robed Wicca, protects two women from a FAT FARM-HAND.

MARK Please! I beg you.

Fat Farm-Hand places his shot-gun against Mark's head.

FAT FARM-HAND Beg my gun, asshole.

BAM! Mark twist side-ways as lead's planted into his head.

The women SCREAM.

The Fat Farm-Hand looks to his left - a BEARDED FARM-HAND stands close with a smoking gun.

BEARDED FARM-HAND You going to talk him to death?

FAT FARM-HAND That was my bitch, asshole.

Bearded Farm-Hand looks toward the two petrified women.

BEARDED FARM-HAND Still got a bitch each.

BAM BAM BAM - they pour their guns into the two women - ripping them into a bloodied mess.

EDGE OF THE COPSE

Duke looks on. Horrified. He slowly shakes his head.

DUKE No, no, this is not...

He turns and runs into... PAM.

DUKE (CONT'D) You gotta stop this.

PAM Call the sheriff. Now. Do it!

Duke sprints down the hill, as Pam runs toward the --

CAMP-FIRE

She trips over a BLOODIED CORPSE - looks at it with disgust. Miles is a few feet away. He BLASTS a pleading Wicca. PAM STOP THIS! STOP!

Miles turns. Gun-shots ring out in the back-ground. Pam stumbles up to Miles.

> PAM This was your plan! A massacre!

MILES I call it cleansing. (shouts) We're done boys.

PAM You are insane!

MILES I'm not mad, Pam. We just see things different ways, that's all.

She laughs an incredulous laugh.

EXT. CAR-PARK - DUSK

Duke, panicked, fumbles with a RADIO.

DUKE

Sheriff!

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. POLICE STATION - DAY

Dave leans forward to pick up a hand-set.

DAVE

Goodwell.

DUKE You gotta get down here - he's killin' everyone in sight.

DAVE Who'm I talking to?

DUKE Damn, Dave! It's Duke. Miles is murdering every last one of 'em! DAVE Now just you calm down. (to Alain) Looks like we're on.

EXT. CAMP-SITE - DUSK

Pam surveys the scene around her. Death everywhere. She wanders, lost, bereaved, unable to comprehend -- anything.

A whimper. Pam's alerted.

PAM

Hello?

That whimper again. Pam turns toward a large TREE lain on its side. She heads toward it.

PAM Hey - anyone there?

She reaches the forlorn tree, and in a gape, she spots a SMALL CHILD - ragged blond hair, and a face full of fear.

PAM Hey honey. What are you doing? Are you okay?

The child, in a foetal position, wraps herself closer. Pam rests a HAND on the trunk and lowers herself. A HAND grabs Pam's hand. Pam Jumps. Jamilla raises her bloodied face over the side of the trunk.

JAMILLA

Help me.

Pam looks to the child, to Jamilla, and back to the child.

PAM Wait there honey. I'll be with you.

Jamilla struggles up the trunk, pulling Pam toward her.

JAMILLA You see what they did?

Pulling Pam closer.

JAMILLA (CONT'D) Slaughtered us. Like dogs. Jamilla GRABS the back of Pam's head and pulls it toward her, forcing their lips to EMBRACE - Pam struggles to PULL BACK - Jamilla pulls in harder - Pam's SKIN turns WHITE as life leaves it, and it shrivels, aged and contorted.

Pam's struggle relents and she falls limp. Jamilla's wounds heal, as -- SHE TAKES ON PAM'S FORM. She takes a grip of Pam's brown jacket.

JAMILLA I so love that.

EXT. CAR-PARK - DUSK

Miles shoves the last of the shot-guns back into the bag.

Pam's car in the back-ground is the only other vehicle.

Duke stares at Miles.

Jamilla (as Pam) heads toward them. She carries the child, who sits stiff as a board on her hips. The child spots Duke.

CHILD

DADDY!

Duke spins round, and sprints toward her - the child shoves herself off Jamilla and runs toward her father - they embrace as he gathers her up into his arms.

Jamilla approaches Miles.

JAMILLA Chance of a lift into town?

MILES

Get in.

Miles jumps in - shotgun on his lap.

Jamilla gets in, and looks toward Miles. Miles places his HAND on Jamilla's FOREARM. Instinctively, she withdraws.

BAM! Miles blows Jamilla's brains out.

MILES The dumb don't live long in this town, bitch.

FADE TO BLACK: