

DESCENT OF THE MAIDEN

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FADE IN:

INT. BARN - DAY

Shafts of murky light SLICE into the dusty air of a dilapidated barn. Particles of dust dance, floating in the air. The stalls are empty. No tools strewn about. An eerie, EMPTY, aging barn.

A dry CREAKING sound disrupts the silence. The amplified sound of dry rustling. A frayed aged rope is wrapped around a high support beam. The rope rubs slightly. The beam has two other wrapped sections of rope. Nooses.

One of the nooses is tightly drawn across the crooked neck of a long haired woman. Another noose hangs an old wrinkled women. And the final third noose hangs a teenage girl in a pale floral-print dress. They all look like they've been dead and decomposing for weeks.

The teenage girl's skin is extremely pale. Cracked. Dry. Weathered. Her hair is closely cropped white Afro. An Albino teenager.

Three pairs of bare feet HOVER feet above the dirt floor of the aged barn. The teenagers feet seem to sway ever so slightly.

Eyes SNAP open. Cloudy and murky. Long since dead.

The teenager's arm spastically convulse. Snapping awake. She crooks her neck to examine her surroundings. The dark clouds in her eyes begin to recede. Her eyes clear, the greyish pale-blue irises showing through.

She notices the nooses hanging the two women beside her. Then she looks down her torso and realizes she is hanging as well. Her eyes BOLT wide with recognition.

She GASPS a dry hack, struggling for air. No luck. She continues to pull at the noose with her dry cracked hands. Her feet, hovering above the ground, kick at the air. The struggle continues.

The two other women hanging on the same support beam are motionless. Nothing.

The light starts to withdraw from the barn. Darkness rolls in.

THWAM. The sound of a loud object making contact with the floor.

The teenager darts her attention to the entrance of the barn. THWAM again. It's a footstep. A large black cracked hoof steps closer to the teenager - entering her depth of vision in the dark.

THWAM. Another step closer. Two size 32 cloven hooves. Scruffy mangled, black hair reaches down to the lower legs.

The teenager PANICS - struggling with the noose.

A large horned silhouette is hidden by the darkness. PSSSSHHH. A loud sharp SNORT of animal breath - like a bull exhaling anger.

The teenager stops struggling. She is awestruck by the large beast in front of her.

The horned silhouette raises its head and bellows into the air - a low guttural howl. His breath STEAMS in the cold barn. At its height, its head nearly reaches the roof.

The beast is nearly face to face with the frozen Albino girl.

FADE:

TITLE: TWO DAYS EARLIER...

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

A bubbling pot. Dark red contents percolate on a small stove. A wrinkled hand stirs the pot.

The older woman from earlier - THE CRONE - tends to the stove. She adds a sprinkle of this powder, a pinch of that herb. She hums to herself as she works. She wears a bandana hiding grey braids underneath.

The kitchen is made of wood. Every surface. Except for a small college dorm size fridge. The Crone opens the fridge. She smiles as she reaches in. She grabs a small white saucer with a dark red viscous matter. It's a fetus of a cat.

BLOOP! The fetus plops into the boiling pot, sliding off the saucer, trailing a slippery red smear behind on the plate.

EXT. GARDEN - DAY

Hands carefully plant a bulb into the ground. The hands pat the loose soil down on top of the seed.

The long haired woman from earlier - THE MOTHER - tends to a large garden. The hot sun pounds down its scorching rays.

The ground surrounding the sectioned-off garden is dry and cracked. A light brown dust compared to the fertile dark richness of the garden soil.

She wipes her brow of sweat. Her long dreadlocked hair reaches to her breasts. She wears a small grey loose tank-top, with cargo pants and boots.

A necklace dangles between her cleavage. The chain is made of woven plants. The ornament is wrapped in human-hair, encasing a small amber crystal.

She digs another small hole in the garden with her bare hands. She reaches into a pocket on her leg and pulls out something. It's a condom in its wrapper. She buries the shiny package.

She reaches into another pant pocket and pulls out a small speckled green frog. She runs a long fingernail across its belly. She slices into the frog. Guts tumble out. Blood drips onto the freshly buried offering.

The Mother clasps her hands around the dead frog. She holds it in her clamped hands of prayer. Blood trickles down her hands, to her forearms, and drips from the elbow.

MOTHER

"She Who Has Been Called" accept
my offering against Dhul-Qarnayn.
Follow my words. Lady of the Moon,
protect the Maiden against---

SMASH CUT:

INT. BEDROOM - DAY

Kissing. Lips mash together. Passionate. Intense.

A teenage boy pulls back from the embrace. He takes off his shirt. He is fit. Toned. He smiles. Then stops.

BOY

What's wrong? Isn't THIS what you wanted?

(beat)

You're SO beautiful.

The teenage Albino girl - THE MAIDEN - bites her thumb. Thinking. She is laying down on her bed in a small peach coloured night gown.

The boy takes off his pants.

BOY

Your turn.

The boy sits down on the edge of the bed. He touches her foot, rising his dark skinned hand along her pale porcelain skin.

The Maiden watches him intently. Examining his face, its features. She touches her face, her nose, her lips.

The Boy moves in to kiss. And they do. The Maiden pulls back.

MAIDEN (soft)

Sam?

BOY/SAM

So beautiful. I love your skin.

The Maiden looks up at SAM, with her large doe eyes. He brings his hands up to her thighs and lifts the pale peach night gown.

He raises the gown over the Maiden's head. Her pale breasts tumble down. Sam cups her small bosom. Sam grins wide. Eerie.

SAM

It will only hurt for a second.

The teenage boy THRUSTS into the Maiden. The Maiden's face scrunches up from the discomfort. Her body rattles from the movement below. She looks to Sam again. His haunting smile. She turns her head, and looks away.

MAIDEN

No... It's too much... NO... I changed my---

SAM (mocking, evil)
No. NO? NOOOOO!

Sam keeps thrusting. The veins in his neck bulge. He PULLS her towards him. The Maiden begins to cry. Sam laughs maniacally. His dark skin CHANGES - his legs have become cloven hooves.

RIIIIIIPPPP-SSSHHHTTTTCCHHH! A large black horn ERUPTS from the Maiden's stomach. A twisted macabre penis RIPS through her.

SMASH:

The Maiden AWAKENS in her bed. Covered in sweat. It was a dream.

FADE:

EXT. HOUSE - DAY

The brilliant sun shines on the handmade wooden house - more like a cabin in the desert. This is AFRICA. Atop a humble hill in the plains is that same small decrepit barn from earlier. Dust clouds bloom in the distance - a cavalry of Jeeps.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

The Crone, The Mother and The Maiden are seated at the table.

MOTHER

Tell me... The Old One. You've been visited before haven't you?

MAIDEN

Yes, Mom.

MOTHER (turns to Crone)

I say The Words does He not listen?

CRONE

The Old One comes for us all. The Maiden becomes the Mother, and so it goes. As all time---

MOTHER

Not THIS time. Our Maiden is special. Can't you see that?

CRONE

His Death is coming. The Horned God
must be preparing for his Birth in
the Winter... As it goes.

MOTHER

Not this Sabbat... Not my Maiden.

CRONE

She is not so special in the eyes of
the Lord. He only wants her womb. He
cares not of her flesh. Her skin.

MAIDEN

It was a dream guys. Forget I mentioned
it... So... can Sam come over tonight
or not?

CRONE

Of course, my dear.

MOTHER

No boys... Child, you are not like
the others your age.

MAIDEN

No shit, Mom.

MOTHER

Their parents only have to worry about
their lil girls getting pregnant. They
worry of HIV. They don't have to fear
the Apocalypse.

MAIDEN (obnoxious)

Dra-maaaaa.

MOTHER

They see him as the Devil... Satan.

MAIDEN

But you said he was our saviour.

CROON

And for THAT he will be killed.

MOTHER

The Others. They aren't like us. They

worship the new Gods. The money makers.
But the Old One. The True God. They can
not accept it. They will destroy him on
sight. And US as his bringers.

MAIDEN

Uh. I got condoms for that kinda shit.

MOTHER

This is no time to joke.

CRONE (laughs)

Yeah. But she got ya there.

Mother relents and laughs. The three women laugh at the table.

BLAM! Their front door is shot apart. Several Jeeps approach.
One is parked near the house. Two men shoot machine guns.

The Mother and The Crone dive off their chairs. The Mother flips
the table over for protection. The Crone places her palm on the
wooden surface and mumbles a few select Ancient words. The
Maiden still sits holding her spoon, hovering in the air. The
Mother grabs The Maiden and pulls her to protection. The
ENCHANTED surface of the table stops the bullets. PING TING.

EXT. YARD - SAME

Another truck SKIDS to a stop, joining the others in the yard.
They are all teens strapped with weapons: machetes and guns. One
holds two hounds by the leash. He lets the young one go.

INTERCUT: EXT. YARD / INT. HOUSE

The women hide behind the table. Protected.

MOTHER

We must save ourselves.

CRONE

Let me to the yard. I will end them
easily.

MOTHER

No. We have to be smart.

MAIDEN

What?! That's Sam's dad there.

The Maiden points to outside the house, through the broken door. Sam's dad, BOZI, points to the house, directing his "soldiers".

BOZI

Dat White bitch killed my Sam. She-
Devil! She kill Sam in his dreams.
She put curse on us ALL! Do you want
her to get you in your sleep? No! Kill
that White Devil. Go on. Kill em all!!

The armed teens cheer. Blood thirsty. They charge the house.

The Crone runs out of the kitchen with surprising quickness.

MOTHER

Mother! No!

The Maiden rises her head over the table for a peek. The young hound is there. JAWS wide. It LEAPS over and TACKELS The Maiden. She SCREAMS and The Mother quickly darts her attention to the struggle. The hound SNAPS its jaws in the face of The Maiden.

The Mother snatches the hound away by its throat. She licks her finger, as her tongue slides across her nail it grows. She violently JAMS her claw into the young hound's eyes. She SMASHES through the skull. She uses her other hand and SWIPES quickly at the air with an invisible BLADE. She CUTS off the hound's head and raises it high. Her eyes flash BLACK. The large hound turns and attacks the convoy. Ripping out throats, tearing off arms.

A Jeep explodes. The Maiden sees The Crone standing in the yard. The Crone lights the end of one of her braids on fire with a lighter. It sizzles. She snuffs it out with her fingers. Flame erupts from the ground at the teen's feet. He is engulfed.

The hound continues its carnage as The Mother and The Maiden exit the house.

Bozi stands atop the truck and orders his soldiers to the women. Three soldiers with machetes advance towards the women. The Mother SLAMS her hand down to the ground. A tendril grows from the soil. The land below the soldiers explodes, as the dirt uppercuts them. One of their heads is TORN clean off. A tendril rips through the other teen and out his back with his guts.

A tall thin teen approaches The Maiden armed with a machete.

TEEN

You no look right. You evil. Your
sin is your White skin.

MAIDEN (sad recognition)

Skin?

The Maiden is upset, near tears. She stares into the teen.
Making a stand, in her pale floral dress. He stops in his place.
The machete falls. He grabs at his throat.

MAIDEN

Sticks and stones may break my bones
but words will always kill you.

The Maiden motions with her hands, twisting an imaginary "towel"
in the air. The skin on the teen's face twists, and TIGHTENS. It
SCRUNCHES up near his eyes. The flesh stretches away from his
mouth. His face TWISTS around, his ears wrap around to his nose.
His short Afro has swung around to BE his face. Twisted knots of
curly hair. He tries to scream, beneath the hair.

The Maiden makes the motions of crumpling up a "ball of paper"
with her hands. The skin of the teen crawls down his throat. The
skin RIPS apart, showing muscles and veins underneath.

The Mother FLIPS a Jeep with VINES out of the earth. The Crone
spews FIRE from the earth, SCORCHING the soldiers.

The Maiden stands before the FLAYED man. She looks to her hands,
scared. Her pale hands tremble. THEN, from behind a noose is
placed around her neck. BOZI, Sam's father, holds the rope.

The Crone watches this unfold, noticing more Jeeps in the
distance. She sits cross-legged. She lowers her head.

CRONE

Old One, hear our prayers.

A noose is lowered around her neck. It tightens.

INT. BARN - DAY

The same empty barn from earlier. The three hanging women. And
the Horned God - face to face with The Maiden.

CRONE (OS)
Are you ready for your vengeance?

The Maiden looks to her Grandmother. They are all "awake" now.

CRONE (cont'd)
The Old One has heard our prayers.

MOTHER (crooks her neck)
They can never hurt us again.

MAIDEN
What?

CRONE
Vengeance on the non-believers.

MOTHER
They will never understand us. It's
up to you, my child. The Maiden. Will
you become the Mother? Will you bring
the Lord back?

The horned god stands before them, panting its hot breath into the cold air. It bows to a knee. The ropes hanging the women disintegrate into embers, floating up into the dusty air. The three women hover in the air, high above the kneeling God.

The Maiden looks to the window of the barn. Outside, she can see a village in the distance. several Jeeps and Trucks.

The Maiden slips down the shoulder of her pale floral dress. Then her other shoulder. She cries a soft tear. It rolls down her cheek, clearing the dirt as it travels. Her dress falls to the ground before the kneeling God. It looks up and rises to the height of the naked Maiden.

The Crone smiles. Eerie. The Mother watches too, hovering in the air next to The Crone. Slowly, she smiles as well.

The large beast takes a step closer to The Maiden. Face to face.

FADE OUT:

THE END