THE WITHERED

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FADE IN:

EXT. SUBURBAN STREET - NIGHT

Alone, a rusted black van. A car passes, turns into a driveway. JACOB (late 20s) covered in shadow, leans to get a better view.

SARA (mid 20s) turns off her engine, gets out.

Jacob watches her take a gift bag.

His flexes his hands on the steering wheel. Glances at them. Moonlight reveals his tattoos of two Illuminati -ish all seeing eyes on both hands.

A deep breath. Exhales.

DRIVEWAY

Sara, unaware of her admirer, jingles her keys in her free hand as she steps up to the front door.

INT. VAN - NIGHT

Jacob rustles in the back, slips on an emerald amulet over his neck.

Finds a butcher knife. He taps the edge with his left hand.

JACOB I am the doorway.

Tucks it in a leather sheath. Stuffs it on the inside pocket of his jacket.

EXT. HOUSE - NIGHT

Sara goes inside. Closes the door. Porch light flickers on.

INT. VAN - NIGHT

Jacob caresses a sledgehammer's head.

JACOB Banshee be silent.

EXT. STREET

Jacob steps out of the side. Holds the sledgehammer with reverence. Pauses to feel the night air around him.

Hums a chant-like song. Moves on.

DRIVEWAY

The front yard lamp-post's light dies as Jacob approaches.

HOUSE

Jacob stops in front of the door. Porch light Bulb burns out. Jacob looks around the street. No nosy neighbors.

Rings the doorbell twice.

Takes a step back.

Whacks the hammer in the center of the door. Repeats.

INT. HOUSE - NIGHT

Jacob bursts through.

Sara screams.

Jacob rushes her. Swings the hammer. Eats wall.

JACOB Where are you going to go! What are going to do!

Sara holds up the bag up to block the next blow. Jacob hits the target. Glass shatters. Candles fly to the floor.

JACOB Told you what would happen when you mess with me! Kick me out of the coven? Bitch.

SARA What the hell do you want, Jacob?!

Jacob throws the hammer. Sara ducks. It crashes beside her. Jacob shows off his knife.

JACOB Don't play dumb. You know what I want. I want you. I want you to die. KITCHEN

Sara runs to her pantry, whisks open the doors. Grabs a jar of powder. Whips off the lid.

Tosses the powder in Jacob's face.

Jacob staggers back. Shakes it off.

JACOB Sandalwood. Red pepper. Roses. Jasmine. Not enough ashes.

Jacob lunges. BREE (20s) emerges out of a hiding space and knocks Jacob out with a wrench.

SARA Bree! What took you so long? And I said get the bat.

BREE This worked just as good.

SARA Watch out for his knife. He may have enchanted it.

BREE Let's call the cops.

SARA No. They can't handle someone like this. We have to do it.

BREE And what do "we" have to do?

INT. GARAGE - NIGHT

Jacob locked up in a pillory.

Sara takes off her frock. Frees her bra. Bree follows her lead.

Both put on safety goggles.

BREE Are you sure this is the only way?

SARA Not too late for you to back out. But it has to be done. He's too dangerous.

BREE

You sure?

SARA We are doing it.

Turns to a shelf where a assortment of power tools are on display.

BREE Should call the cops.

Sara chooses a buzzsaw.

SARA He'd be out in an hour.

Presses a button, the rips the cord. The swa comes alive. She feeds it. Blood splashes over the women as Jacob's right hand lops off.

Sara offers the saw to Bree.

SARA You take the next one.

BREE You take it. He's your warlock stalker.

Jacob screams.

BREE

Oh shit!

JACOB I'll kill you both! You're both dead!

Sara moves past Bree and slices off Jacob's left hand.

Red mess everywhere.

Jacob laughs.

JACOB You want to see some real bad ass warlock dark magic shit! I'll show you bad ass magic shit!

SARA I give you a minute before you go into shock.

JACOB

A minute or two is all they need.

Jacob lowers his head.

Takes a few breaths. Bleeds out.

Both hands prune up as they take life of their own.

His severed hands crawl in the crimson pool below.

Bree backs up.

Jacob cackles, coughs up blood.

SARA See why we couldn't get the cops!

BREE Use that thing!

Both hands grab on to Bree's ankles. She trips. Her head whacks on concrete.

Blood spreads around her. The hands spider up her body. Reach her throat.

> BREE Get them off me! Get them off!

Sara moves in with the saw.

BREE Not with that! Not with that!

Sara kicks he demon hands off Bree's neck.

The hands move fast. They avoid the saw's blade.

Jacob spits a glob of blood on her back.

She swerves around. Takes his head from his shoulders. The rest of him falls lifeless.

Sara stomps on the right hand.

Bends down. Tears it in half.

The right hand lays still . Then splits off as a two finger, one thumb creature and a two fingered thing.

The left hand scrambles on the shelf. Heads towards the power cord to the buzzsaw.

Sara goes for it.

The right hand passes by the cord.

Pulls out the one above. The garage light turns off.

Moonlight filters in.

Buzzsaw dies down.

SARA

Shit!

She pulls the cord. No use.

Bree rolls around.

Two parts of a severed left hand jam into her face.

She screams.

BREE

Help me Sara!

Sara drops the saw, rushes to Bree. The two halves of the hand gouge out Bree's eyes. Sara grabs both parts of the hand. They struggle in her grip. She presses them against a wall. Finds nails. Jams the first nail in. Pins it. Now the second. Jacob's right scurries past her. Sara looks around at the carnage around her. Screams. Runs. Grabs her shirt. Slips it on.

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT

The sledgehammer crashes down on the table. The right hand speeds away.

Sara chases after the monster.

Every swing misses, takes out furniture or wall.

EXT. HOUSE - NIGHT

Sara slams the hammer on the porch. No luck.

Exhausted.

Takes a breath.

Sits down. Cries.

A police car, lights on, pulls up.

SARA Thank the stars.

The OFFICER hops out.

The garage door rises.

Lights flicker on.

Sara stands up.

SARA It's in there! It's in there!

INT. SMITHSGROVE SANITARIUM - DAY

Sara, bound in a straightjacket, peers out of the door window.

SARA It's out there...

FADE OUT.