

WILD GINGER'S WINE

Written by Darren J Seeley

3/1/10 Draft

FADE IN:

EXT. GLADE - NIGHT

A half crescent moon is bright enough to make the surrounding forest glow.

Her feet and ankles obscured by her emerald dress, GINGER (late 20s) on all fours. Crawls up to a cairn.

Her slender long hands casts away stones.

Ginger's fingers rake through earth. Digs deep.

Uncovers a woman's hand. Slender, like her own.

Ginger brushes away the pests around it. Kisses the dead woman's hand.

GINGER

Sister.

EXT. RIVER - NIGHT

From a grassy shoreline, Ginger watches two beautiful women, AZAREL and ELKE (late 20s) wash in the water.

The water comes up to the shoulders of Azarel and Elke.

A bit of mud rolls down the back of Azarel's neck.

Azarel turns to the shore. Emerges from the water.

Her green dress clings to her. The dress exposes cleavage and her feminine shape.

Out of the water, the dress reveals to be like Ginger's, with the end practically touching the ground.

Stands next to Ginger. Both women are the same height. Both gaze into each other's eyes.

In a matching dress, Elke joins them.

The three interlock arms in a triangle.

EXT. FOREST - NIGHT

Moonlight shines through Red Alder trees. Lights a patch for the women to follow. Ginger leads.

A small campfire ahead.

The trio pause. Observe.

EXT. CAMPSITE - NIGHT

Two tents. Three people.

TRISTAN (30s), SARAH (early 40s) and ROBERT (20s) laugh, drink beer.

SARAH
Be right back.

TRISTAN
Hey hon, do me a favor?

SARAH
Sure.

TRISTAN
Bring out some more chips?

INT. TENT - MOMENTS LATER

Sarah in the tent, scurries around. Grabs a bag of salsa chips along with an all in one pocket flashlight. She accidentally presses the button.

It turns on. One more click and the light turns off with a UV pin light to take its place. Frustrated, she clicks it again. Pin light turns off; red emergency lights flash.

RODGER (O.S.)
Why does she need that?

TRISTAN (O.S.)
I don't know.

Sarah puts the flashlight in her pocket.

EXT. CAMPSITE - NIGHT

Sarah sits back down on the lawn chair. Places the chips by Tristan.

TRISTAN

So why did you need the light?

SARAH

We been drinking a lot of beer.

The two guys don't get it.

ROGER

Time is it?

Tristan looks at his watch.

TRISTAN

Time for another beer.

SARAH

Come on you two. If you had to excuse yourself, do business out near the trees, you wouldn't take a light?

The men laugh.

SARAH

Well, that's just me then, right? I want to make sure the area I choose don't have any ants around, you know?

TRISTAN

Ants?

RODGER

Ants can get out of the way. Screw the ants.

SARAH

You mean piss on the ants.

TRISTAN

That'll do.

Laughter.

RODGER
Please pass the chips.

TRISTAN
Why? So you can shit on the ants?

SARAH
Well, I definitely won't go near
there.

RODGER
Ha-ha-ha.

Ginger, Elke and Azarel appear.

SARAH
Hello.

Blank stares greet the three campers. The women in green look
over Tristan and Rodger, ignore Sarah.

SARAH
Can I help you?

Silence.

SARAH
Guys alright?

Roger eyes Elke, smiles. Offers his hand out.

RODGER
I'm Rodger Mallory.

The women in green smile.

GINGER
Ginger.

ELKE
Elke.

AZAREL
Azarel.

RODGER
My brother Tristan.

Tristan raises his bottle in cheers.

RODGER
His fiancée Sarah, the future
sister in law.

Sarah waves.

SARAH
This is great. Four to two.

AZAREL
Four to two?

SARAH
Yeah. One-two-three- now four
girls. Getting a bit boring,
hearing guy talk.

Tristan gives her a light playful shrug.

SARAH
Okay, maybe not entirely boring.

Elke approaches Robert.

SARAH
What's with the green dresses? You
all miss the formal or something?

Ginger looks at her in contempt.

SARAH
No offense. I'm just joking.

Azarel in front of Tristan.

SARAH
Hey, you guys want something to
drink? Plenty to go around.

Sarah offers up a cooler.

ELKE
Plenty to go around.

Elke embraces Robert, kisses him full on the mouth. Robert submits, his hands find her hips. This distracts Sarah.

SARAH
What on earth?

Ginger stands in front of Sarah. Smacks her hard, knocks her over.

GINGER
You do not talk to me. You do not
talk.

Tristan moves to aid Sarah. Azarel restrains him, gets him to look into her eyes. Presses her lips against his, hard.

Ginger grabs Sarah by the hair. Lifts up her head, feeds it to the dirt.

Sarah struggles, gets her left hand free. Ginger grabs it. Leads it to the fire. Sarah rolls away, curls up. Holds her hand.

Sarah screams. Looks to Tristan.

Azarel smacks Tristan across the face, nails tear into flesh. Blood flies as the nose breaks.

Eyes fall on Ginger, who sits down cross legged. Her ankles and feet are deer hooves.

Ginger's eyes dilate. Turn oval black.

Azarel mounts Tristan. Her feet also deer hooves.

Elke's fingernails slices into Roger's throat. Blood streams out, gets over her right hand.

She presses her mouth to his neck.

Azarel's fingers dig deep into Tristan's throat. Kisses his neck.

Looks back to Sarah, in a taunt. Oval doll eyes. No fangs, just decayed teeth. A mouthful of blood.

Sarah gets to her knees. Elke jumps on her. Smears blood over Sarah's mouth, then cups it.

ELKE

Witness!

Sarah watches in horror: Azarel holds Tristan's severed head in her arms. Comes to Ginger, holds the head over her.

Ginger looks up, opens her mouth and drinks from the fountain.

Blood in her face, neck, bosoms.

Sarah bites down on Elke's hand in defense. White puss shoots out into Sarah's hair.

ELKE

You dirty little witch.

Smacks Sarah across the shoulder, rips into her clothes.

Aroused, Ginger's head tilts forward. Her dark eyes fall back on Sarah.

GINGER

What shall we do with you?

Elke grabs Sarah, forces her legs open wide. So wide that she breaks them.

ELKE

Be still.

Azarel walks over to them, places Tristan's head between Sarah's legs, mouth facing the crotch.

ELKE

It will all be over soon.

Ginger stands up. Sarah conks out.

The three Baobhan Sith Vampires dance around the bodies and the campfire.

EXT. FOREST - NIGHT

Azarel has Sarah's legs, drags Sarah on the ground.

Sarah comes to, shrieks.

GINGER

Quiet now. Quiet.

Walks closer to Sarah, looms over.

GINGER

Keep it closed.

SARAH

Who are you!

GINGER

We are sith.

SARAH

You crazy bitch what do want from me!

Ginger frowns. Snaps her fingers. Azarel slows down, stops.

GINGER
You brought this on yourself.

Ginger lifts Sarah's head.

SARAH
What are you doing?

GINGER
You will be quiet on your way...

Ginger slips on a headband made from human hair and two severed ears. The bloody ears cover Sarah's eyes, like coins for the ferryman.

GINGER
Or it will get much, much worse.

Ginger takes a human heart, bites into it, swallows some of the raw meat. Grits her bloody teeth, looks down on Sarah.

GINGER
(pause)
Worse than this.

Ginger shoves the rest of the heart into Sarah's mouth.

With a nod, Azarel understands. Resumes to drag Sarah on.

Elke follows Azarel and Ginger, a headless man's torso in her arms.

EXT. GLADE - NIGHT

With great care, Elke peels off the skin off the dead man's chest.

Severed ears over her eyes and heart in her mouth, Sarah lies in a shallow grave. Ginger and Azarel stand over her.

GINGER
Soon, future sister, it will take
some time to make the new dress.

SARAH
Please. Please don't kill me.

Ginger and Azarel get on all fours. Pick up scoops of dirt. Toss earth over Sarah's body.

EXT. BEAR CAVE - MORNING

With Azarel and Elke behind her in the small enclosure, Ginger stacks the last stones that blocks off the entrance, which seals them in.

EXT. GLADE - MORNING

The sun rises on the cairn. Several small rocks cover fresh dirt.

GINGER (V.O.)
No, you will live.

EXT. GLADE - AFTERNOON

Sarah's left hand worms out from under loose dirt and stone.

Frantic, she grasps the earth around her. Sunlight burns exposed skin, bubbles up in small blisters.

The soft ground breaks as Sarah sits up. Stones roll away. She spits out the heart.

Takes a few hard breaths, screams.

Light smoke, like an acid burn, rises from Sarah's neckline. Like her left hand, exposed skin blisters in the light.

She reaches up, pulls off the ear blindfold. Struggles to get out of the shallow grave.

Skin swelters. Dirt turns to mud.

Sarah draws herself from the earth. Her bare legs emerge. Her eyes go wide as she sees her feet.

Sarah's toes fused together as one, with only a cleft in the center of the foot. Like hairless hooves.

EXT. GRASSY HILL - DAY

A plume of smoke in blades of tall grass.

Sarah crawls forward, growls in pain with each move. She reaches to a nearby tree, the safety of shade. Once under, the fires die out on her hands.

UNDER THE TREE

Sarah sleeps sound. Her exposed skin charred and bruised. Her face caked in dirt, sweat and sores.

Sarah's eyes open. Tristan's watch in front of her, splattered with dried blood.

Her slender fingers close around it.

EXT. RIVER - DUSK

Sarah stumbles along the riverbank on hoofed feet. She wears Tristan's watch on her right wrist.

She looks down on the ground. Blood on sand. A trail that leads into the forest.

EXT. BEAR CAVE - MINUTES LATER

Sarah studies the closed up entrance before her. Laughs to herself as she gets on all fours.

On her back, hoofed legs up, She cries, turns her head away as she kicks forward.

Repeats the action until the barricade breaks.

INT. BEAR CAVE - MINUTES LATER

Sarah crawls in. Darkness embraces her. She digs in her pocket. Gets out the all-purpose flashlight.

The first two clicks do nothing. On the third press the hazard lights flash.

She takes a rock with her.

SERIES OF SHOTS IN BETWEEN RED FLASHES:

--Tristan's remains, mounted on a cave wall. Ants all around it.

--Human skin lays over a bucket of blood

--Sarah lifts the rock high

--Azarel wakes to see the stone smash down into her face.

--A wrapped piece of skin with two acorn shapes around a crooked stick over an ember fire.

--Sarah bashes in Elke's face, knocks teeth out. White puss sprays all over.

--Ginger swings wildly at her attacker. She rips into Sarah's left arm, blood splatters, flesh flies.

--Sarah swings, her fingers tear into Ginger's green dress.

--Ginger dead on the cave floor. Sarah mounts her. Hacks down with her fingers.

--Ginger's head severs from her body; blood flows.

On all fours, Sarah licks up the wine.

A doe-eyed Sarah rests beside the dead Ginger.

FADE OUT.