

WITCH OF THE TREES

written by

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FADE IN:

SUPER - 1985

EXT. MICCOSUKEE RESERVOIR - NIGHT

A full moon illuminates a narrow, two lane road that winds through a sea of dead trees. Their skeletons jut out of the water. A lifeless, drowned forest.

A Camaro speeds through.

INT. CAMARO

Heavy metal blasts from the stereo.

The driver, DOUG (18), typical burnout, passes a joint to his buddy, MARK (18).

Mark takes a hit, holds it in and passes it to Doug.

MARK

(exhales)

You gonna slow down douche bag?
That's Witches Curve.

The headlights reflect off a yellow caution sign ahead.

DOUG

You believe that kid's story?

Doug takes the last hit off the joint then flicks it out the window.

EXT. ROADSIDE- CONTINUOUS

The joint lands on a pile of dried leaves and within seconds, begins to smolder.

INT. CAMARO - CONTINUOUS

Doug laughs at Mark who can't hide his nerves as they pass the "winding road" caution sign, so to torture him a bit more, he accelerates.

DOUG

How'd it go? In day she sleeps,
full moon she creeps? Blah, blah,
blah, something she'll keep?

MARK

The Witch of the trees, your soul
she'll keep.

As Doug navigates the curves, an object comes into view in the road ahead. He squints.

DOUG

What the fuck is that?

Suddenly it becomes clear. A huge dead tree lay across the road.

Doug slams the brakes, it's too late. The car spins.

Mark and Doug scream, grab on to whatever they can.

EXT. CAMARO

The Camaro spins, rolls and lands on its roof. It slides a few yards then crashes into a tree.

It's eerily quiet until moans come from the passenger side.

INT. CAMARO

Mark, bloody and mangled, stares in shock at Doug's lifeless body.

A sound comes from the dead woods. Mark slowly turns his head.

Twigs crack and break as something approaches.

He watches as a thick tree root slithers closer to the car. Panic sets in as he tries to move but can't.

The root enters the broken window and wraps around Mark.

He screams helplessly as it pulls his broken body out of the car and drags him into the darkness.

SUPER - 2009

EXT. MICCOSUKEE FOREST - NIGHT

Screams echo. Branches crack as hands part a bush like curtains, creating a view to the other side.

On the other side, in a clearing about ten yards away, a troop of rambunctious BOY SCOUTS run around a camp fire.

Peeking through the bushes is JOSH NELSON (19), handsome hippie with a large backpack strapped behind him.

He removes his hands in frustration. The branches snap back into place.

JOSH

You gotta be kidding me.

SIERRA (O.S.)

Can we please leave now?

He looks over at SIERRA REYNOLDS (19), pretty and way too pristine looking to be comfortable in the woods.

JOSH

Where do you suggest we go Sierra?
Your parent's house? My parent's
house? My car's too small. . .

SIERRA

Okay, fine. The woods it is.
How romantic.

She rolls her eyes and pouts. He smiles, puts his arms around her.

JOSH

The important thing is we're
together? Right?

Josh leans in, they kiss. From the Scout side of the bush a chorus of KUMBAYA begins. Kisses turn to giggles.

JOSH

I can't handle that. I know
where we can go.

He grabs Sierra by the hand. She reluctantly follows.

A few yards ahead, the forest floor turns to black pavement.

Sierra stops. Confused, she looks down at the cracked road below her feet. Josh coaxes her along.

Reservoir of dead trees on both sides of them, they walk down the abandoned road toward a fence marked "NO TRESSPASSING".

Just beyond the fence, entangled in vine, a yellow "winding road" sign glows from the full moon.

EXT. BOY SCOUT CAMP

The campfire crackles as the boys wrap up KUMBAYA. One of the three SCOUT LEADERS, JACK MILLER (40), stands up.

JACK

Alright men. Time to turn in.

The BOYS protest. LUKE MILLER (9), approaches his Dad.

LUKE

We really gotta go to bed?

JACK

If you guys wanna fish in the morning you do.

Luke scuffs away in defeat.

Jack picks up a stick and playfully pokes him in the butt. Annoyed, Luke turns around.

JACK

Don't let the witch get ya.

Not amused, Luke pushes the stick away.

LUKE

That's a stupid story Dad.

JOEY MORGAN (9), stands close by waiting for Luke.

Luke approaches, shakes his head "no". Totally bummed, the boys trudge back to their tent.

JOEY

This sucks. I go to bed later when I'm at home.

LUKE

I know. My Dad can be really lame sometimes.

JOEY

What was that your Dad said about
a witch?

LUKE

It's a stupid story he used to tell
me every time we went camping about
some crazy lady who wanted to save
this forest.

Joey's eyes are fixed on Luke. He waits for more.

Aggravated, Luke continues.

LUKE (cont.)

She strapped herself to a tree but
they flooded it anyway. Now she kills
people who mess with it. Told you it
was stupid.

The two boys enter their tent.

INT. TENT - NIGHT

A dim lantern glows.

An empty pint of Jack Daniels is kicked over by a flurry
of activity taking place inside a sleeping bag.

GRUNTS and GROANS and . . . finished.

Josh pops his head out, Sierra underneath him, both out
of breath, both smiling.

SIERRA

Okay. I concede. Camping is
kinda fun.

He kisses her then unzips the sleeping bag.

He reaches for his boxers, slips them on then his boots.

JOSH

I gotta piss. I'll be right back.

EXT. TENT

The tent is set up on the old, abandoned road just
behind the "NO TRESSPASSING" fence.

Light from the full moon filters through the trees.

The tent flaps open. Josh exits and shivers as he walks toward the water's edge, passing a tree with a freshly carved heart, "JN + SR" carved inside it.

EXT. WATER'S EDGE

Josh whistles as he pees.

Twigs and branches crack. He stops whistling and tries to stop peeing while he listens but drips on himself.

JOSH

Son of a bitch.

Something approaches. He strains to see.

Suddenly, a root grabs a hold of his ankle and pulls him down. It begins to drag him away, fast.

His face scrapes the ground and his mouth fills with dirt muffling his screams.

Desperately he grabs at passing branches but is pulled so hard and fast that he can't hold on.

He disappears into the darkness then. . . splash.

INT. TENT

A flashlight under Luke's chin shines on his face.

Joey, tucked in his sleeping bag, listens intently.

LUKE

In day she sleeps - Full moon she
creeps - The witch of the trees -
Your soul she'll keep.

EXT. TENT

Sierra stands outside the tent, nervously looking for Josh.

Branches crack, she squints to see through the darkness.

She cautiously inches forward, doesn't see a thick root slithering toward her.

It grabs her ankle, she falls hard. It pulls her.

LUKE (V.O.)

When her root grabs hold - It's
your life she craves - She'll pull
you down to her watery grave.

Her finger tips bleed as she desperately claws the road.

She screams as she's dragged along the pavement then
into the dark woods.

Moments later, a splash.

INT. UNDER WATER

The root pulls Sierra's limp body through the murky
water toward a cluster of dead tree trunks then pushes
her body against one of them.

Her body is absorbed.

LUKE (V.O.)

The witch of the trees helps the
forest survive - With a collection
of souls, of those once alive.

The trunk glows, casting an eerie outline of Sierra, now
suspended inside.

Surrounding trunks glow to reveal others, including Josh
and Mark.

The root retracts to the largest tree trunk, inside is a
woman.

With dead eyes she looks at her collection and smiles
wickedly.

Satisfied, she closes her eyes. All of the trunks go
dark.

FADE OUT