

DO NOT GO GENTLE...

BY

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DRAFT 4

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For Impact50 (11)

EXT. WOODLAND- NIGHT.

We open on a huge full moon seen through the trees, the silhouette of two people, a man and a woman, hanging from the branch of an old oak. Below them a dog barks furiously. Three figures run through the frame. We hear shouting. A woman screams. We hear two gunshots followed by a man's tortured howl of pain followed by a single gunshot. Silence. The dog continues to bark at his master and mistress hanging lifeless. We hear sounds of movement, voices.

CUT TO:

EXT. WOODLAND-NIGHT.

MOTHER (62) and two younger women DAUGHTER 1 (29) and DAUGHTER 2 (24 and heavily pregnant), stand around a shallow pit in which burns a roaring fire. They are robed in white. Upon each robe is a sigil of womanhood- the three-crescent moon. At the edge of the fire lies FATHER (68), bound and gagged. He is unconscious.

MOTHER is holding a wedding ring. She looks to her daughters. They nod ascent.

MOTHER

I hold this symbol in my hands- Emblem of my servitude. Architect of my despair. Destroyer of my dreams. Without you these things would not be.

She casts the ring into the fire and they watch as the fire burns.

(O/S) We hear the dog still barking. Another scream. Random shouting. Silence.

DAUGHTER 1 is holding a bottle of whisky.

DAUGHTER 1

I hold this symbol in my hands- Agent of terror. Author of my wretchedness. Creator of my misery. Without you these things would not be.

She casts the bottle into the fire. A huge flash as the whisky ignites.

FATHER starts to come round. He struggles against his bonds, tries to scream, he pleads, but all to no avail. There is true terror in his eyes. Where am I?! What the hell is happening?!

DAUGHTER 2, cradling her swollen belly, holds a child's dress in her hands.

DAUGHTER 2

I hold this symbol in my hands- Defiler of my childhood. Despoiler. Abuser. Liar. Without you these things would not be.

She throws the dress into the fire and they watch it burn.

MOTHER, all steely resolve, picks up the knife that has been lying by her feet. She looks at her daughters, they nod again and all three approach FATHER. He screams through his gag. He struggles in vain to free himself. They stand together at his back. He faces the fire.

MOTHER

Defiler. Abuser. Liar. I do not belong to you. I liberate myself from your endless cycle of pain.

She reaches over and stabs him in his chest. He screams and struggles. THE MOTHER hands the knife to DAUGHTER 1.

DAUGHTER 1

Defiler. Abuser. Liar. I do not belong to you. I liberate myself from your endless cycle of pain.

She, too, reaches over and stabs him in the chest. More screaming; more struggling. DAUGHTER 2 grabs the knife from DAUGHTER 1. She looks at her swollen belly.

DAUGHTER 2

Defiler! Abuser! Liar! I do not belong to you! I liberate myself from your endless cycle of pain! (Losing control) YOU FUCKING MONSTER!!! I HATE YOU! I FUCKING HATE YOU, DAD!!

She reaches over and stabs him furiously in the chest. He slumps. Silence. She screams then turns to MOTHER. There's accusation on DAUGHTER 1's face. You knew and did nothing. She walks towards MOTHER with the knife extended. She looks to DAUGHTER 1. She nods. MOTHER bows her head. She understands. DAUGHTER 1 continues to approach.

The ground begins to shake as we cut to the flaming silhouette of the asteroid crossing the moon. A flash.

END





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