

DO NOT GO GENTLE...

BY

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DRAFT 4

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For Impact50 (11)

EXT. WOODLAND- NIGHT.

We see through the trees a huge low-hanging full moon. Silhouetted onto the moon we see the dead body of someone hanging from the branch of an old oak. A dog barks furiously below the lifeless figure.

(O/S) We hear a gunshot followed by a scream, then another shot before silence. We hear a man roar in anguish and/or despair followed by a final gunshot. Silence. We hear voices.

CUT TO:

EXT. WOODLAND-NIGHT.

An older woman (THE MOTHER) and two younger women (THE DAUGHTERS (1) and (2)) 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 triple crescent moon. At the edge of the fire sits THE MAN, bound and gagged. He is unconscious, a large gash on the side of his head.

THE MOTHER is holding a wedding ring.

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.

THE DAUGHTER (2) 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.

THE MAN 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 (3) 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.

THE MOTHER, all steely resolve, picks up the knife that has been lying by her feet. She looks at her daughters, they nod and all three approach the man. 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 (1) grabs the knife from DAUGHTER (2).

DAUGHTER (2)

Defiler! Abuser! Liar! I do not belong to you! I liberate myself from your endless cycle of pain! YOU'RE A MONSTER!!! YOU'RE A FUCKING MONSTER! FUCK YOU, DAD!!

She reaches over and stabs him furiously in the chest. He slumps. Silence. She screams. They all scream. Then comes the weeping. They all weep now; the shackles are off. They fall into each others' arms, falling to their knees. IT'S OVER.

THE MOTHER strokes her daughters' faces. A rumbling noise. They look to the sky. THE MOTHER holds her daughters a little tighter. They close their eyes.

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

END





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