

Old Gods of Appalachia
Season 1: Barlo

Episode 11
Last Harbor

FADE IN:

EXT. LAST HARBOR KY, TOWN SQUARE- DAY

APRIL 1794

64 DAYS SINCE DAUGHTER DOOLEY ARRIVED

THE TOWN OF LAST HARBOR SITS FAR TO THE SOUTH OF THE KENTUCKY MOUNTAINS IN THE HIGH HILLS OF THE BORDER SEPARATING NORTH CAROLINA AND TENNESSEE. THE TOWN IS A CLOSE-KNIT COMMUNITY THAT TAKES CARE OF ITS OWN AND WAS WARY OF OUTSIDERS.

THE SQUARE IS FULL OF LOG BUILDINGS AND A LARGE COURTYARD. A FEW PEOPLE ARE WALKING TO AND FROM. **DAUGHTER DOOLEY** WALKS ACROSS THE SQUARE, TOWARD THE SMALL STOREFRONT BUILDING THAT IS THE TOWN'S DOCTOR'S OFFICE. SHE SMILES AND GREET'S ONE OR TWO OLDER PEOPLE AS SHE PASSES THEM. SHE IS NOT A STRANGER HERE. THE REDISDENTS OF LAST HARBOR KNOW HER AS **EDITH CAMPBELL**.

CUT TO:

INT. DOCTOR'S OFFICE- CONT.

DOOLEY ENTERS. SHE GOES TO A SMALL BACK COATROOM. SHE IS REMOVING HER CLOAK AND HAT AND PUTTING ON A LINEN PINAFORE.

HAROLD GILLESPIE (35) IS THE TOWN DOCTOR. HE IS EMERGING FROM HIS OFFICE.

DOC GILLESPIE

Mornin', Miss Campbell!

DOOLEY

Good mornin', Doc. How are ya?

DOC

Oh, fine! Just fine. Got a busy day today, so I hope you're ready for a long one! You're going well also, I hope?

DOOLEY

Aye, I am. Slept like a babe the whole night through, actually. Though the strangest thing happened this morning—when I went to put on my boots, I found them to be loose! Mind you, I've been wearin' these boots for ages—fit like a glove, they do. But I had to stuff yarn down into the toes to wear them!

DOC

How odd, indeed.

DOOLEY

But enough of me. What we got today?

DOC

Two of our expectant mothers comin' in for check-ups. I'm anxious to see Miss Elkins, especially. What with her complicated family history and all...

FADE OUT

CUT TO:

INT. BOARDING HOUSE BEDROOM, MORNING

88 DAYS SINCE DAUGHTER DOOLEY'S ARRIVAL

DAUGHTER DOOLEY WAKES UP AND SIGHS TIREDLY. IT IS FINALLY HER MONTHLY TIME WITH THE MOON. HER CYCLES RUN LIKE CLOCKWORK AND KNOWS THERE WILL BE BLOOD.

SHE THROWS THE COVERS BACK, ALREADY ANNOYED. SHE STARES, A BIT TROUBLED, AT HOW CLEAN HER SHIFT STILL WAS. NO BLOOD AT ALL. EVEN MORE ODD, SHE NOTICES THAT HER LEGS ARE COMPLETELY VOID OF BODY HAIR.

AS SHE DRESSES, **DOOLEY** STRUGGLES TO GET ANY OF HER CLOTHES TO FIT RIGHT; THEY'RE ALL ODDLY TOO BIG FOR HER.

FADE OUT

CUT TO:

INT. DOCTOR'S OFFICE, OPERATING THEATER- DAY

DAUGHTER DOOLEY HOLDS **CUTRIS CARTER (40)** BY THE SHOULDERS AS HE WRITHES AND SCREAMS IN PAIN.

DOOLEY

Just a bit more, mister Carter,
you're doing great...

DOC GILLESPIE IS GETTING READY TO BRACE HIS HANDS AGAINST **CURTIS CARTER'S** BADLY BROKEN AND BLOODY LEG.

DOC

...andddd, *one!*

DOC SHOVES THE BONES BACK INTO THEIR PROPER PLACES. **CURTIS** SCREAMS. **DOOLEY** HOLDS THE MAN DOWN WITHOUT LOOKING LIKE SHE IS EXPENDING MUCH EFFORT.

[TIME JUMP]

DOOLEY IS TENDING TO **CURTIS CARTER'S** SPLINT AND BANDAGES. **DOC** IS GONE. **CARTER** IS UNCONSCIOUS DUE TO THE OPIATES HE'S TAKEN.

AS SHE IS CLEANING HIM, HER BARE SKIN TOUCHING HIS, SHE FEELS SOMETHING OFF- SHE FEELS HIM DIE. SHE REACHES FOR HIS HAND, SEARCHING FOR A PULSE. SHE FEELS HIS LIFE SLIP RIGHT OUT OF HIM.

DOOLEY STARTS TO SWEAT AND SWAY. SHE FEELS LIKE SHE'S BEEN FILLED UP WITH A SLOW FIRE. HER SIGHT DIMS AND HER LEGS WOBBLE.

DOOLEY

Doc? Doc, can you-

DOOLEY TRIES TO STAND, BUT SHE SWAYS HARD. SHE CRASHES INTO A CUPOARD, SENDING SEVERAL MEDICAL TOOLS CLASHING TO THE FLOOR. SHE MANAGES TO STAY UPRIGHT.

DOC RUSHES IN.

DOC

Miss Campbell! Miss Campbell, are you-what-

DOC OFFERS TO HELP **DOOLEY** UP, BUT SHE SHAKES HIM OFF.

DOOLEY

Will- w-would you please excuse
me...

DOOLEY MOVES AS QUICKLY AS SHE CAN OUT OF THE ROOM.

CUT TO:

INT. DOCTOR'S OFFICE, PRIVY- CONT.

DOOLEY SLAMS THE PRIVY DOOR BEHIND HER AS SHE IS HITCHING HER DRESS. SHE SITS, FEARING THAT HER STOMACH IS ABOUT TO REVOLT ON HER, WHEN SHE NOTICES HER LEGS AGAIN. THEY WERE SMOOTH. THE TINY RUST-COLORED CURLS THAT HAD GROWN THERE SINCE SHE HAD TURNED THE CORNER OF WOMANHOOD WERE GONE. HER SKIN SOFT AS A CHILD'S.

CUT TO:

INT. DOCTOR'S OFFICE, OPERATING THEATER- CONT.

DOOLEY PEEKS BACK INTO THE OPERATING THEATER, WHERE **DOC** IS INSPECTING **CURTIS'S** BODY.

DOOLEY

I'm so sorry to do this to you,
doc, but I'm really not feeling so
well. I'm just gonna go ahead on
home and I'll see you tomorrow,
yeah?

WITHOUT WAITING FOR AN ANSWER, **DOOLEY** SPINS ON HER HEEL AND RUSHES OFF.

FADE OUT

FADE IN:

INT. BOARDING HOUSE ROOM, LATER THAT NIGHT

DOOLEY STANDS IN FRONT OF A FULL LENGTH MIRROR. IT REVEALS TO HER THAT HER ENTIRE BODY IS ENTIRELY HAIRLESS. AND STRANGER STILL, IT SEEMS LIKE SHE IS A LITTLE BIT SHORTER.

FADE TO:

EXT. LAST HARBOR TOWN SQUARE- THE NEXT MORNING

DOOLEY IS TRYING TO GO ABOUT HER DAY AS USUAL, BUT HER THOUGHTS ARE CLOUDED - SHE CAN'T SEEM TO CLEAR HER MIND. EVERYTHING SEEMS TO BE TOO MUCH, TOO BIG, TOO LOUD.

EVERYTHING ABOUT THIS TOWN SEEMS LIKE IT IS TRYING TO CRAWL INSIDE OF HER HEAD.

SHE STOPS JUST SHORT OF OPENING THE DOCTOR'S OFFICE FRONT DOOR BUT STOPS. INSTEAD, SHE TURNS RIGHT ON HER HEEL AND BEGINS WALKING IN THE OPPOSITE DIRECTION.

WITHOUT A WORD TO ANYONE, **DOOLEY** LEAVES TOWN AND TAKES THE ROAD NORTH.

CUT TO:

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD- AN HOUR LATER

DOOLEY WALKS, DETERMINED AND PERHAPS A LITTLE FRIGHTENED. SHE STEPS OFF THE PATH AND INTO THE WOOD.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE WOODS- CONT.

DOOLEY FINDS A SMALL STREAM AND FOLLOWS IT UNTIL SHE FINDS A CLEARING SURROUNDING A SPRING. SHE TAKES OFF HER BOOTS AND HER SOCKS.

SHE SITS NEXT TO THE POOL AND PUTS HER FEET IN THE CHILLY WATER. SHE SINKS HER TOES INTO THE STREAMBED AND CLUTCHES HANDFULS OF WEEDS AND GRASS AND TRIES HER BEST TO FIND HERSELF - AND EVENTUALLY, IT COMES.

THE NOISES QUIET. AND THE FOG LIFTS FROM HER MIND.

THERE SHE SITS IN THE HEART OF THE GREEN, SOAKING IN THE LIGHT OF THE AFTERNOON.

SHE CLOSES HER EYES AND REACHES OUT WITH HER MIND AND GIFT AND CALLS FOR **THE SIX MEN**.

DOOLEY (IN HER MIND)

Sixxy? Eugene? You boys come on up here. And make it quick! Come on foot. Travel by the roads carefully. Avoid interacting with any living soul, if at all possible. Y'all are not to touch or harm anyone or anything. You will meet me here in the wood by the stream. We shall convene in four days' time.

AFTER A FEW MINUTES SHE FEELS THEM HEAR HER AND FEELS THEIR
ACKNOWLEDGMENT.

FADE OUT

CUT TO:

INT. DOCTOR'S OFFICE, OPERATING THEATER- DAY

DOOLEY ENTERS, EYES ALERT AND WARY. **DOC GILLESPIE** IS EMERGING
FROM HIS OFFICE. HE PASSES MAYBE A BIT TOO CLOSE TO **DOOLEY**, AND
SHE JUMPS AWAY QUICKLY.

DOC

Miss Edith, are you alright? You
left in such a hurry the other
day. And you haven't been back
here in what, half a week? And
with no word?

DOOLEY

Thank you so much for your
concern, Doc, but I'm afraid I'll
be having to take a brief leave of
absence. You seem, I received a
letter in the post, and I have to
return to Southfork to settle
something regarding my late
husband's land. Today is a Monday,
so I'll be back on Thursday.

DOC

(Spluttering) Are you kiddin' me?
We got three pregnant girls in
this town about ready to pop and I
need you here!

DOOLEY

I'll be back as soon as I can.
They've held this long, haven't
they?

DOC

I need you back for the Elkins
girl. That one is gonna be a mess
- complicated family history, you
have to be here for that one, I'll
need all hands, you know.

DOOLEY

As you've said several times over
the past fortnight. I'll be back
in time, I promise you, doctor.

FADE TO:

EXT. THE WOODS, POOL CLEARING- AFTERNOON

THE NEXT DAY

DAUGHTER DOOLEY IS BACK ON THE STREAM-SIDE PATH FROM BEFORE,
THOUGH THIS TIME SHE HAS BROUGHT A LARGE PACK FULL OF SUPPLIES.
SHE COMES ACROSS A CLEARING THAT SURROUNDS A LITTLE POOL/SPRING
WHICH FEEDS THE STREAM.

DOOLEY DROPS HER PACK AND SETS UP A SMALL CAMP WITH HER BEDROLL
AND A FEW SUPPLIES SHE'S BROUGHT.

ONCE SET UP, **DOOLEY** SLIPS OUT OF THE BOOTS THAT ARE TOO BIG FOR HER, STRIPS HER STOCKINGS. SHE SITS BACK NEXT TO THE POND, HER FEET JUST BARELY IN THE WATER. HER HANDS GRIP THE EARTH.

FOR THE FIRST TIME IN MONTHS, SHE IS ALONE. SHE IS BACK IN THE BLESSED SILENCE AND SOLITUDE. SHE THOUGHT IT WOULD BE AWFUL AND LONELY AND TOO QUIET, BUT INSTEAD IT SETTLES BACK OVER HER LIKE A WELL-LOVED QUILT.

DOOLEY TAKES A DEEP BREATH AND SIGHS, EASY AND FREE. HER BODY SINGS TO HER IN CONCERT WITH THE EARTH. HER GIFT SWELLS WITHIN HER AS SHE FEELS THE EARTH AND THE WATER WHISPER HER NAME. SHE WEEPS WITH JOY AND SINGS. RIGHT NOW, SHE IS HOME HERE IN THE GREEN.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE WOODS, POOL CLEARING- LATER

DOOLEY DRAWS WATER FROM THE STREAM. SHE BUILDS A SMALL FIRE AND SETS THE WATER TO BOIL.

SHE PREPARES SALT AND A FEW OTHER THINGS AND SMOTHERS THE FIRE DOWN TO SMOKING EMBER.

SHE SHEDS HER CLOTHES AND BATHES HERSELF IN THE POOL. AS SHE DOES, SHE REACHES OUT INTO THE GREEN WITH THE POWER OF HER CLEANSING RITUAL, TRYING TO FIND A WAY TO FREE HERSELF OF WHAT WAS BEING DONE TO HER.

SHE WASHES AND PERFORMS RITES AND RITUALS OF CLEANSING.

DOOLEY

Oh, mothers, I call to you.
Mama Edie, I call your name!
Ma Katie, I beseech you!
Oh great and terrible Mountain, I
cry out!
Hear me, o ye who raised me and
watched me grow,
Reveal to me this burden I bear!
Show me he who has cast it upon
me!

AT FIRST, **DOOLEY** THINKS SHE MIGHT'VE DONE IT. THE GLOW OF YOUTH
SEEMS TO FADE FROM HER. HER BODY BEGINS TO ACHE AND TWINGE.

LOOKING DOWN INTO THE WATER, SHE SEES THAT HER BLOOD EVEN CAME
IN ALL ITS CRAMPING GLORY.

CUT TO:

EXT. POOL CLEARING- CONT.

DOOLEY LAY EXHAUSTED AND CLEAN BY THE POOL'S EDGE, FEELING EVERY
ONE OF HER 30 YEARS. HER BODY ACHES WITH WHAT FEEL SUSPICIOUSLY
LIKE GROWING PAINS. SHE THINKS AS SHE STARES OUT AT THE
DARKENING SKY.

AND THEN, SHE SEES THE PLAN. **DOOLEY** GASPS AND SITS UPRIGHT.

DOOLEY

He wants to *raise* me again...

CUT TO:

EXT. POOL CLEARING- LATE MORNING

DOOLEY LOOKS HAGGARD, BUT AT LEAST HER CLOTHES FIT AGAIN. SHE SITS, TENDING THE FIRE.

SIXY AND EUGENE APPEAR AT THE EDGE THE CLEARING.

DOOLEY

Oy. You two, over here. Now.

THEY MAKE THEIR WAY THROUGH THE TREES TO WHERE SHE NOW STANDS.

SIXY IS A SMALL, SCRAWNY MAN - MAYBE IN HIS 20'S. A SHORT PATCHY BEARD COVERS HIS THIN FACE. HE IS DRESSED THE WAY THEY ALL DRESS: WHITE DRESS SHIRT WITH THE SLEEVES ROLLED TO THE ELBOWS AND BROWN TWEED PANTS, BLACK WORK BOOTS. EMPTY EYES, SLACK JAWS. HE BREATHS SHALLOW, BARELY THERE.

EUGENE IS HIS OPPOSITE. A HULKING BRUTE WITH A LONG-MATTED BEARD, HE IS THE BATTERING RAM OF THE SIX. HIS ARMS ARE THICK SLABS OF MUSCLE AND AS BALD AS HE IS TALL.

DOOLEY

Gene - you keep watch on the hill there, Sixy - you come here and stand.

EUGENE LUMBERS UP THE HILL WITHOUT QUESTION AND TAKES UP A LOOK OUT SPOT ABOUT 50 YARDS AWAY.

DOOLEY LOOKS AT **SIXY** AND STEPS CLOSER TO HIM. SHE REACHES OUT AND GRABS HIS WRIST.

THE REACTION IS IMMEDIATE. **SIXY** SPASMS AND FLAILS FOR A MOMENT, THEN SINKS SLOWLY TO HIS KNEES, AND THEN TO THE GROUND. DEAD. HER TOUCH HAD DRAINED WHAT LITTLE LIFE WAS LEFT IN HIM.

DOOLEY TOUCHES HER FACE AND FINDS HER SKIN RENEWED AND SOFT. SHE FEELS THE FAMILIAR SURGE OF ENERGY... AND DESPAIRS.

ON THE GROUND, **SIXY** MAKES A RASPING, GURGLING SOUND, AND HIS BODY CONVULSES FOR A MOMENT. HE RISES AND WANDERS SEVERAL YARDS AWAY, STANDING WAITING FOR HER COMMAND.

[MONTAGE OF FLASHING SNIPPETS OF MEMORY]

DOOLEY BECOMES MORE AND MORE DISTRAUGHT AS SHE REMEMBERS ALL THE DEATHS SHE HAS WITNESSED IN LAST HARBOR. THE OLD FOLKS. THE INJURED. SHE WAS THE REASON THEY'D DIED. CRAIG CARTER SHOULDN'T HAVE DIED FROM THAT LEG, BUT THERE HE'D BEEN, AND SHE'D JUST DRUNK UP ALL HIS REMAINING LIFE FORCE.

HER SINKING DESPAIR SUDDENLY GROWS HOOKS AND SNAGS INTO THE MEAT OF HER HEART AS SHE REALIZES SHE WAS BROUGHT HERE TO BRING NEW BABIES INTO THE WORLD AND TO HANDLE AND CARE FOR THEM AND THEIR MAMAS AS THEY HUNG THERE IN THAT MOMENT OF BLOOD AND WATER AND LIGHT AND DARK, ON THE PRECIPICE OF CREATION AND OBLIVION.

SHE REMEMBERS THE WORDS OF DOC GILLESPIE:

DOC

We have three women, set to pop in the next month! I wanna warn you right now, I'm gonna need you to stay available around that last week! There's Bonnie Maggard, Tess Sizemore, and Missy Elkins all set to go, and nearly at the same time

(cont'd)

too! Missy Elkins will be a challenge, for sure. Complicated family history, see - you definitely need to be here, alright? I need you here.

HER MIND LEADS HER FURTHER DOWN THE PATH.

[MORE FLASHES OF MEMORIES]

WHO HAD THE LETTER GONE TO THAT SET HER UP IN THIS PLACE? WHO HAD LITERALLY BEEN IN COMMUNICATION WITH OLD HORNED-HEAD? WHO HAD PUT HER IN CONTACT WITH THE OLD FOLKS, THE WEAKEST OF THE SICK AND INJURED. WHO HAD BEEN FATTENING HER UP AND TURNING HER CLOCK BACK THIS WHOLE TIME? **DOC GILLESPIE** HAS SOME EXPLAINING TO DO.

CUT TO:

EXT. MAIN ROAD- NIGHT

EUGENE CARRIES **DAUGHTER DOOLEY** ON HIS BACK AND IS RUNNING FULL SPRINT.

CUT TO:

EXT. MAIN ROAD, LAST HARBOR TOWN LIMITS MARKER- LATER

DOC GILLESPIE AND **MISSY GILLESPIE'S BABY** GREET **DAUGHTER DOOLEY** AT THE TOWN LIMITS MARKER. A CART, FULLY LOADED, SITS BEHIND THEM. **DOOLEY** GETS DOWN FROM **EUGENE'S** BACK AND WALKS TOWARD THE DOCTOR, EYEING THE BABY.

DOOLEY

Doc, what are you doin'?

DOC

Miss Campbell, you need to come with me. Your sponsor has asked me to bring you home.

DOOLEY

Sponsor my arse! Have you seen him Doc? Do you know what he is? Do you really know?

DOC

Oh Miss *Dooley*, I-I know exactly what he is. He is the keeper of the black word. The minder of the door of death. He is great and he is horrible. He is the pitch-dark flame, the night seer, the lord of the day and the wood - oh, he is-

DOOLEY

He's a goddamn haint in a deerskin! He's liar and a cheat. He's a babystealin' ghoul. He's a backstabbing, horned headed cyarny ass jack ass and he's-

HORNED HEAD

He's right here...

DOOLEY'S FACE DRAINS OF COLOR AS SHE TURNS. SHE IS UNPREPARED FOR HIS SIZE.

HORNED HEAD IS AS TALL AND THICK AS A DRAFT HORSE. BROAD IN CHEST AND MAJESTIC IN THE RICH DARKNESS OF HIS HIDE. HIS HOOVES ARE SMEARED WITH GORE AND OFFAL. HIS EYES SMOLDER IN THE COLORS OF BLOOD CLOTS AND ABSCESS. UPON HIS MASSIVE HEAD IS HIS CROWN OF AMBER ANTLERS, BURNING AND SMOLDERING WITH AN UNHOLY INTERNAL LIGHT. HIS MERE PRESENCE SUCKS THE LIGHT FROM THE SKY.

ALL **DAUGHTER DOOLEY** CAN DO IS GAWP.

[ANIMALISTIC BREATHING AND SNORTS.]

HORNED HEAD MAY BE OLD, BUT HE IS NOT THE OLDEST. HOWEVER, HE MIGHT BE THE CRUELEST AND THE MOST PETTY. BEFORE **DOOLEY** CAN SPEAK, HE REARES. ONE MASSIVE HOOF SMASHES ACROSS HER FACE AND STRIKES HARD, KNOCKING HER OUT COLD.

FADE OUT

FADE IN:

EXT. DOOLEY VALLEY, FRONT YARD- NIGHT

DOOLEY WAKES COVERED IN A MIXTURE OF BLOOD, BURDOCK ROOT, CRAWLEY ROOT, AND SMOOTH PIGWEED - ALL THINGS USED TO HEAL AND SOOTHE. BUT MIXED WITH THIS TAINTED BLOOD, IT IS A CORRUPTION OF THE PLANTS, A CORRUPTION OF THE GREENS' HEALING... AND IT IS ALL OVER HER.

SHE LOOKS AROUND, TRYING TO GET HER BEARINGS AND REALIZES SHE IS HOME, LYING IN THE YARD OF HER OWN HOUSE IN THE VALLEY.

SIXY AND **EUGENE** STAND NEARBY, BOTH SPATTERED IN BLOOD, WHICH APPARENTLY CAME FROM **DOC GILLESPIE**, WHO LAY DEAD A LITTLE WAYS BEHIND THEM. **SIXY'S** HANDS ARE STICKY WITH THE PLANT MEDICINE. THEY STARE BLANKLY AT HER.

HORNED HEAD (O.S.)

I felt it was fitting that we came home to finish this.

DOOLEY

If you're gonna kill me, just kill me, you bloody cow.

HORNED HEAD STEPS FROM THE SHADOWS OF THE WOODS, STANDING AT THE EDGE OF THE BOUNDARY WHERE IT HAD MET HER YEARS AGO.

HORNED HEAD

Oh, sweet little witch - you are not dying today, quite the opposite. Had you minded your orders you would have stayed in that town until most of them were dead and you were nearly an infant. We'd have collected you and raised you properly. Your lines were so strong for one so young. Do you remember, little witch? You lowered your wards for me - let me right inside!

HORNED HEAD LAUGHS AND STEPS ACROSS THE ORIGINAL BOUNDARY, RAISING AN EYEBROW, UNTIL THEY ARE BREATHING THE SAME AIR.

SOMEWHERE CLOSE, **A BABY** BEGINS TO CRY.

EUGENE STEPS INTO VIEW, CARRYING THE **ELKINS BABY** AND A LARGE, SHARP KNIFE THAT LOOKS OLDER THAN THE CHRISTIAN GOD.

HORNED HEAD

You see, little witch - we wish to wipe clean your slate and start you over. The blood of the good doctor has opened you, the blood of this child will feed you. You will wake new, barely more than a babe and you will be-

DOOLEY

(head shaking) No.

HORNED HEAD

What?

DOOLEY

I-I said no. You are still the stupidest thing with hooves, aren't you? *(beat)* I've done your bidding. Not always willingly, but always well. Have I not?

HORNED HEAD PONDERES AND INCLINES HIS HEAD.

DOOLEY (CONT)

So you would agree that I wield
the powers you taught me well
enough that you'd want more of me?
You can sense how strong my gift
is, can't you beast? Hell, I bet
you can smell it.

HORNED HEAD

Witch... I-

DOOLEY

No, no - you arrogant, petty
little pony - you do not get to
tell me anything after you give me
my life back, then use that very
life to kill the people who have
been kind to me. You killed poor
Missy and her mum probably and now
you want to kill her baby too? So
I'll do more magic tricks for you,
so I'll hop to more quickly, so
I'll be a good little... thing... like
you are. Is that what you think?
You got me all covered in the
blood of a stupid man and you
think...

HER VOICE RISES, AND THE EARTH SEEMS TO ECHO IT LIKE A SECOND
HEARTBEAT.

DOOLEY (CONT)

You think I would let you harm
that child? That I'd lay here
bloody and helpless and watch Gene
over there kill that baby?

DOOLEY STEPS TO **HORNED HEAD'S** MUZZLE AND LOCKS EYES WITH HIM.

DOOLEY

If you think that any of that would happen - you're a fool beast. (*leans in close*) And if you think you've actually crossed my wards - you're a bigger fool still.

DOOLEY SMIRKS AS SHE SMEARS HER HAND ACROSS HER BLOODY CHEST AND PRESSES IT TO THE COLD EARTH OF HER YARD.

THE EARTH THRUMS, AND BARRIERS OF ENORMOUS POWER SHOOT UP AROUND **HORNED HEAD** AND **MISS DOOLEY**, TRAPPING THEM TOGETHER IN A SQUARE OF CRIMSON LIGHT BARELY 12 FEET ACROSS.

HORNED HEAD REARS AND SCREAMS. HIS EYES ROLL AS HE HEAVES FEARFUL, ANIMALISTIC BREATHS.

DOOLEY

"Blood wards, old boy. Your magic, not mine, but you were right when you said you could teach me things my Mas never could—oh, I learned plenty. I learned that you're a shadow of something much worse. I learned that you can be cut off from that something if you do it right.

HORNED HEAD'S EYES GO WIDE AS IT REACHES FOR POWER THAT IS NOT THERE.

DOOLEY

Aha! I think I did.

THEY BOTH TURN AND LOOKED AT **EUGENE AND SIXY**, WHO PLOP DOWN
CRISS CROSS APPLESAUCE -SITTING LIKE PUPPETS WITH THEIR STRINGS
CUT. THE ANCIENT KNIFE LIES IN THE GRASS, DROPPED AND FORGOTTEN.
THE ELKINS BABY LANDS SAFELY IN **EUGENE'S** LAP.

DOOLEY

Ha! So let's see what you can do
without your 'sponsors' backing
you up. Your powerversus mine,
beast. Winner takes home that
baby. What say you?

HORNED HEAD PAUSES A MOMENT, SCREAMING WITH POISONOUS HATE, AND
CHARGES.

DAUGHTER DOOLEY LAUGHS AND LEAPS TO MEET HIM, EYES FILLING WITH
GREEN LIGHT AND HER GRIN FIERCE AND FULL.

END