

Warrior Witches from the Western Isles. – Treatment

## **Scene 1.**

A young lawyer, Andrew is having repetitive nightmares about witches.

He finds a promotional flyer in his letterbox for a free, intuitive counselling introductory session, the leaflet specifically mentions repetitive dreams, so he books a sitting.

## **Scene 2.**

He goes to the session and the young woman offers to lead him on a guided meditation towards the place of his repeating dreams.

She explains about the multiple inner worlds, starts a recording of relaxing music and begins the meditation ...

## **Scene 3.**

Andrew finds himself in a forest and sees a village in the distance, he starts towards it but is blocked by a wolf who threatens him every time that he tries to go towards it.

He is then captured by a group of villagers that tie him up with the intention of killing him before the night, 'while they still can'.

Suddenly, three cloaked figures appear they attack the men and a sword fight ensues.

They are women; one is a beautiful succubus, that kisses and kills one of the villagers.

Another is a hideous zombie. The third remains masked and cloaked.

They succeed to see off the men and rescue Andrew.

## **Scene 4.**

The music changes rhythm and fades away, Andrew is drawn back to awaken in the office of the therapist.

They discuss his experiences and she suggests that he returns in a few days, but he is too impatient to understand what is happening and pleads with her to send him straight back.

Then they are ready, and the music recommences...

## **Scene 5.**

Andrew returns to find himself arriving in the village.

There are only woman, which are split into 3 groups; the first, all incredibly beautiful and attractive, the 2<sup>nd</sup>, hideous zombies, and the 3<sup>rd</sup>, all cloaked, their heads and faces covered, even, on closer inspection, their hands are all gloved.

He follows the 3 into a simple wooden hut, once inside, the 3<sup>rd</sup> figure removes her cloak, mask and gloves. She is also beautiful, with fierce green eyes, jet black hair and red full lips. She is vampire

He also finds out that they are also, all witches.

He is rather scared, but they assure him that he is safe, that they have summoned him because they need him.

Despite her awful appearance, he is starting to find the zombie witch somehow attractive.

The vampire, explains that this place is part of the collective unconscious of humanity, and the witches succeeding to access it, to create a place that they could all meet, no matter where in the physical world they might live.

That through the centuries, the name of witches has been maligned and the global effect is that they, parts of the witches that are blocked here, is that they were transformed into vampires, succubus, and zombies.

“Okay, I so if I understand, you witches have created a sort of international clubhouse in the, what’s it called? Collective unconscious. And because mankind has begun to see you as different types of evil, you have been transformed into that?”

The wolf re-appears, it is in fact a man, the husband of the vampire, she temporarily returns him to his human form. He is concerned that she will lead Andrew into danger, by taking him back to the past.

She promises to tell him everything, including the danger.

## **Scene 6**

Andrew returns to the real world. We find out that there is court trail between two naturopath researchers that seem to have found a cancer cure against a major pharmaceutical company. The two women are complaining of a ‘witch hunt’.

## **Scene 7**

Andrew returns to the other world and agrees to join the 3 witches in an attempt to begin to reverse the spell.

## **Scene 8**

They appear by the Standing Stones of Stenness on Orkney, Scotland, it is the end of the stone age period and just before the mid-summer festival.

The witches and Andrew have to stop a priest from discrediting three females; a grandmother, daughter and granddaughter, who are the main priestesses.

He wishes to replace them.

They succeed to foil his plan and return to the village.

## **Scene 9.**

They return to the village, the women have all subtly changed, they appear slightly more human.

## **Scene 10**

Andrew is at work, the boss is handing out assignments to the lawyers. The case of the naturopaths is discussed, it seems an almost unwinnable case. One of the researchers has the same name as the vampire. He takes the case.

## **Scene 11**

They go back to the times of King Arthur, and his battle against Morgan le Fay, they succeed to help him defeat her and reinstate the image of witches being good.

## **Scene 12**

In their village, the witches are returning to human form. The Zombie witch, is in fact, the therapist that is treating Andrew.

## **Scene 13**

They are the witches of Salem, Andrew is John Proctor. The witch master general is profiting from finding and condemning witches, as he then confiscates all their belongings and keeps most of them for himself.

They succeed to unmask him, and stop the witch hunts.

## **Scene 14**

The witches are almost human again.

## **Scene 15**

They save Joan of Arc.

## **Scene 16**

Andrew goes to court, he meets the two naturopaths, they are, obviously, the other two witches ...

## **First extended versions of Scenes 3 - 5**

### **Scene 3.**

Andrew finds himself in a forest and sees a village in the distance, he starts towards it but is blocked by a wolf who threatens him every time that he tries to go towards it.

He then hears noises in the distance, and is quickly surrounded by men, threatening him with swords. The wolf runs off into the distance.

Because he is not known to any of them, they decide to kill him before the night, 'while they still can'. Andrew has no idea what they are talking about and is frightened. He tells to himself that this is only some type of dream and that he can wake up at any time.

But he can't, and when the men, roughly tie him up, he is well aware of the pain, and remembers hearing that if you die in a dream, that means that you also die in reality.

Suddenly, three cloaked figures appear they attack the men and a sword fight ensues.

Being outnumbered one of the three loses its sword. The man, ready to chop the person's head off, rips back the hood of the cloak to reveal a most beautiful woman.

He stops for a moment, mesmerised by her beauty. Taking advantage of his hesitation, she jumps at the opportunity to leap up, grab his head in her arms ....., and kiss him. The others stop and watch in horror as she sucks the life out of him.

One of the other cloaked figures is run through from the back, between the shoulder blades, but this does not seem to affect it.

The man, pulling out his sword, drags off her cloak, revealing the awful head of a zombie woman.

The men start to panic, and the three figures set them to rout.

"Come with us," the beautiful woman invites him, as the still hooded third member, slashes his bonds with a single swing of its sword.

### **Scene 4.**

The music changes rhythm and fades away, Andrew is drawn back to awaken in the office of the therapist.

They discuss his experiences and she suggests that he returns in a few days, but he is too impatient to understand what is happening and pleads with her to send him straight back.

She opens her agenda, out of his vision, and shrugs her shoulders, yes she could manage it, she just needs to send an SMS.

Then they are ready, and the music recommences...

## Scene 5.

Andrew returns to find himself arriving in the village.

There are only woman, which are split into 3 groups; the first, all incredibly beautiful and attractive, the 2<sup>nd</sup>, hideous zombies, and the 3<sup>rd</sup>, all cloaked, their heads and faces covered, even, on closer inspection, their hands are all gloved.

He follows the 3 into a simple wooden hut, once inside, the 3<sup>rd</sup> figure removes her cloak, mask and gloves. She is also beautiful, with fierce green eyes, jet black hair and red full lips.

She turns to Andrew.

"Welcome, I am sorry for your 'welcome', but the people of the villages round here are very wary of anyone that they don't already know."

"And with good reason," the zombie hag, smiles a hideous interpretation of that expression. The cracked lips, revealing, broken, yellowing, tombstones of rotten teeth.

"But they were going to kill me."

"Self-protection," replies the other beauty, "they feared that you would transform into a werewolf."

"And that happens often around here that people transform into werewolves?"

"Only the men, we women have been otherwise blessed," again she attempts to create the impression of a smile.

"This is not a real world, it is only a creation of my imagination."

"Come, sit, drink. Even in this world you will need to eat and drink." The green eyes twinkled, the full lips part, displaying beautiful, ivory, white teeth. Unfortunately they included a set of sharp, dangerous looking fangs.

"Don't worry," she has noticed his shock and instinctive reaction to recoil. "I **rarely** suck on my guests."

"You're, you're, you're a ..."

"Vampire," completed the zombie. "And I'm a zombie, and beautiful, over here, is a succubus."

"What's, what's a succubus?"

"Didn't you see her suck the life energy out of that miserable, misguided boy?"

"You killed him with a kiss?"

"I have been told that it is the most intense way to die, would you wish to try?" She advances towards him, her ultra, pale blue eyes growing wide with pleasure and excitement.

"Virginia, stop that now," saved, by a vampire from a succubus, this was becoming one insane experience. "Please, no-one is going to hurt you, we didn't call you here for our lunch."

"Call me here, what are you talking about? Thank you." He nervously takes the narrow wooden bowl, cup from her. "What is this?"

"Never drink anything offered to you by a witch. That's a very good advice." In spite of her awful appearance, he was coming to quite like this zombie woman.

"Who, who's a witch?"

"We all are; zombie, succubus or like me, vampire, we are, all of us witches. And yes, we did call you here. We first tried to call you in your dreams, but it wasn't strong enough, we could contact you, but you could not understand. So we organised for you to meet with that woman, someone who has the means to send your consciousness here, to us."

"But, why?"

"Because, we need you," she continues, "you are one of the few people that can help us."

"Help you?"

"Drink your poison while it's still hot," could she have been attractive, even once?

From outside, a loud, wooden gong is heard being beaten.

"It is night, come it will be warmer by the fire, Carmen?" The vampire smiles back.

"There is no rush, Rosy, and it is quieter inside. Go, go and hunt me some fresh meat, I hunger for sweet blood, and I have promised our dinner guest that we will eat with him, not of him."

"I'll go with you, I've not yet had enough exercise for today. Until later, my handsome boyfriend." And again she flashes her crumbled excuse for teeth.

I wild thought circles round his mind, he is fascinated, to notice, his ability to get used to things. He is starting to find that ugly hag of a zombie, attractive.

"What is your name?" She cuts into his reflections.

"What? Oh Andrew, Andrew Cunningham."

"Welcome, welcome Andrew to the Western Isles. I understand that everything must seem very, very strange to you, and you must be wondering if this is just some sort of very weird dream, or what-ever."

"That's for sure," he tastes the drink, "not bad, what is it?"

"Just herbs and tree bark, it's warming and good for nourishing the blood. Something that we vampires have constant need of."

"So there are more of you that are vampires?"

"About a third, that's how it fell. One third vampires, one third succubus, and one third zombies."

"How it fell, what do you mean, how it fell?"

"Drink, drink and listen. We were, no, we still are, a village of witches. We have come together through the centuries of existence, come together for mutual support and protection. But, as you well know, this is not of your world, not of our world. This is a world that exists in the collective unconscious of humanity.

Long ago, we found the keys to access this realm, it is a realm of great power, and we found how to enter into this world and meet with all of our kind, no matter where in the physical plane, where they might be living.

But we witches have been hunted and maligned since time immemorial, people have been threatened by our power and the influence that we command by our work. They have attacked us physically, exiled us, tortured us, even killed us. But that has not been the worst; they have, continually, over the ages, since the earliest of times, poisoned our name, our kind, our image. Finally, they have succeeded; what you see here now; vampires, succubus, and zombies, are the representations within the collective unconscious of who we are, and what we do.

By having created this community space, and having invested it, so much and for so long. We find ourselves incapable to release it, parts of ourselves are imprisoned here."

"Does that mean that you also exist in my world?"

"Yes, we of course, also exist in the physical plane. We are all humans, we are just, also partly existing here, in this space."

"Okay, I so if I understand, you witches have created a sort of international clubhouse in the, what's it called? Collective unconscious. And because mankind has begun to see you as different types of evil, you have been transformed into that?"

"Correct."

"And somewhere I fit into all this?"

"You have been contacted as we need you to help us."

"And exactly how am I ...?" He doesn't get the opportunity to finish his phrase as someone opens the door and hurries in.

"Sorry to disturb your tête-à-tête, with my boyfriend, but Li wants to talk to you?"

"I wonder what he could want. Come, let's see what my husband has to say for himself."

Andrew finishes his drink, sets the wooden vessel down on the floor and hurries out after the vampire and his new zombie, girlfriend.

The outside has become quite cold after the sunset. There are a number of fires burning round the village, most are simple cooking fires, some, around the perimeters seem to be for sentry duty, while there is a large central fire, around which, many of the witches are sitting, eating and drinking.

Carmen is heading towards several other witches, Andrew can't see anything that might resemble a man. It is only when she turns round, to lead the group back towards the community fire, that the large, hungry looking wolf, that particularly reminds him of another wolf, of this afternoon, comes into view.

A young witch, strangely attractive, hence likely to be a dangerous succubus, passes Carmen a large, leather pouch. She takes the object and plunges her hand into its dark inner side. She pulls out something, some type of black powder that she sprinkles in a circle around herself, on the hard light, brown earth.

All the time muttering, quietly to herself, it is an incantation.

Then she stands up straight and steps out of the circle, her place to be taken by the wolf, having some, slight difficulty, managing to get all its four legs within the round.

She screams a German sounding phrase, striking her arm towards the powder. There is a crack, as if of thunder, while a bolt of light shoots out, igniting the dark, dry dust.

The flame quickly travels round the animal, creating, as it does, a thick curtain of smoke. The smoke clears slightly, revealing a handsome, bearded man, of uncertain age.

"Good evening Li, an unexpected pleasure."

"Carmen," he makes the gesture of bowing, without moving much.

"Thank you for coming for us, he would have been executed if we had not arrived when we had."

"It was the least bad choice."

"Do you wish to explain that?"

"I had attempted to stop him coming here," so it was the same wolf, "as I was unsure of your motives for calling him to this realm, and at this time."

"You do not trust me anymore? Your wolf brain must be taking over from the man."

"You have not though to consult with me, I was concerned."

"Li, Andrew is here as our guest, we will see that no harm comes to him."

"But will he be in danger if he travels back with you?"

"I honestly, really don't know, but he is the one, so there is no other choice."

"No other choice?"

"Not unless you enjoy peeing against trees so much that you wish to continue for the rest of forever."

"We still do not have the right to risk another human's eternal life, without his full knowledge and consent. "



“Men, always so honest and moral. I promise you and to all the pack, and that I will not take him anywhere, until he is fully and totally aware of why we need him, and what the risks are.”

“Thank you. Until the next dark of the moon. Goodbye. Goodbye Andrew, courage.” And with that, he turns and the wolf jumps out of the smoky curtain, and lopes back into the night.