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The Wicker Man

By Neil LaBute

-Thanks, hon.

-You got it.

-Boo.

-Hey!

Sorry, my mind was wandering.

Totally understand. If I just ate one of them burgers, I'd be in a trance too.

So where's your friend?

Honey?

Your salad's up.

Give me your driver's license and registration.

-You know why I stopped you?

-Yeah.

Afternoon.

Afternoon, sir. Hello.

Sorry about the....

We're just in the middle of moving and I--

And I'm sorry.

-Did you get my doll?

-Sweetie, hush.

It's okay.

I've got it, honey. It's a little banged up.

Anyway, sorry again.

Ever since lunch, she's been acting out.

-I'm bored.

-Well, I know what that's like.

But we need to be careful with our things so everyone else can be safe too, right?

-We won't let it happen again, sir.

-Great. Thanks a lot.

Sweetie, stop that.

I'm so sorry. She's belted in, but--

Don't worry, it comes

with the territory. I'll get it.

Keep your head down!

Give me your hand! Give me your hand!

-Hey.

-Hey.

So.

That about sums it up.

I heard about your commendation.

That's great.

Thanks.

Guys down at the station are saying
you might resign or something. Is that true?
My dad would kill me.
Here. Pete made me bring them over.
"Get well soon" stuff.
I guess it just keeps coming in, so....
-You wanna sit down, or...?
-Yeah.
Stuff helping you?
Some.
You don't have to stay.
I don't really need visitors.
So you gonna shoot
for detective now, or what?
I just need a little time off.
So they still never found
the bodies from that car, right?
No.
The car wasn't even registered,
if you can believe that.
Well, who were they?
Don't know.
May never know.
Edward, I know that we haven't spoken
in a few years and things ended badly...
...or I ended them badly,
to be more fair...
...and I didn't wanna hurt you
any more than I did.
Now I must.
To the point. I have a daughter.
She is a perfect child,
and her name is Rowan.
She has been missing for two weeks now,
and I need your help.
I should explain.
I live on Summersisle,
a tiny place in Puget Sound.
I doubt you've heard of it.
It is where I grew up. Do you remember
how you always used to ask me?
Now you know.
Rowan couldn't have left the island
by herself. She's too young.

I have tried to find her on my own...
...but am receiving little help
from the community.
I fear she is in danger,
so now I turn to you.
I pray that you'll forgive me.
Yours fondly, Willow Woodward.
Hello?
Hello?
Eddie. How's it going?
Good, thank you.
-Hi.
-Hey.
-Hey.
-Hey.
-How you doing?
-Better.
-Are you back?
-Not for a couple weeks.
You didn't see this woman come in,
by any chance?
-No, why?
-Because, no stamp.
Read it.
The plot thickens.
Didn't even know you had a plot.
No kidding.
So is this, like,
some old girlfriend or something?
This Willow?
No, no, she was....
-We were engaged.
-What?
We were, you know, close,
and then she took off on me.
Yeah. Sounds like she got close
with someone else too.
And she's got the nerve
to contact you now? Shit.
I know. I know.
It's the fact that I'm a cop, I guess.
-We need to be in that briefing.
-Okay.
-Hey. It's good to see you.

-Yeah.
-You're gonna blow this off, right?
-I don't know.
Yeah, I'm pissed off at her.
Come on.
You haven't seen this girl in,
like, what? Forever?
Her kid's missing, Pete, okay?
I might be all she's got.
Tell her to contact the father.
-I'm just saying.
-Yeah, I get it. I'm just--
Why don't you do a little digging
on her first? I mean, come on.
Summersisle? Where the hell is that?
Yeah. This is all I could find.
It's privately owned
out in the Pacific Northwest.
It's some sort of farming commune
or whatever.
Yeah, like the Amish or something.
Give her a call.
I already tried, but guess what.
There's no phone service on Summersisle.
Summersisle.
Hey, Pete, it's me.
Hey, I'm glad I got your machine,
because you'll probably laugh at me, but--
Hello?
Hello?
Ahoy there.
What was that?
I don't know
what you're supposed to say.
Then I'd just go with hello.
Right. Hello.
You know about a place
called Summersisle?
Yes, I do. I make most
of the deliveries around there.
Deliveries, huh?
Yep. Just about every day.
That's what I'm doing now.
What would I have to do

to catch a ride?
Oh, no. I don't care to lose my contract
with these folks. They're very particular.
All right, then just drop me down
on the beach...
...or whatever they have,
and I'll walk into town.
The answer's still no.
It's just a few miles.
I could practically swim that.
You better start swimming, then.
Why? What's the big deal?
Because it's private.
It's off-limits, and we respect that.
We're all private people around here.
Yeah, but you're so warm and open,
it really makes up for it.
I'm just kidding.
Okay, look, how about
you take all of us there?
What do you mean, "all"?
Well, me...
...Mr. Grant here
and his twin brother Ulysses.
Lost your bearings?
Oh, hey. Sorry.
You snuck up on me there.
I don't think so.
-This is Summersisle, right?
-Yes.
-In the right place.
-Afraid not. This is private property.
You can't land here without permission.
Listen, I completely understand,
but I was invited here.
-I'm a cop.
-And what does that mean?
A police officer.
I do what I can for people. Help them out.
Now, a complaint has been made
by a resident of this island.
A complaint, you say?
Yes, ma'am. About a missing child.
Well, now, that's always trouble.

Yep. For everybody.
Perhaps you should take these matters up
with Sister Summersisle.
She's very particular
about anyone landing here.
How did you land here, by the way?
Was it the harbor pilot?
He just--
He'll need a good talking-to.
What's in the bag?
A shark or something?
Do you know her?
I don't recognize this child.
-Do you, Violet?
-No. Can't say I do.
Just a tip there. It often helps
to actually glance at the photo.
What are you telling me?
This girl isn't from the island?
Doesn't appear to be.
Her mother's name is Willow.
Sister Willow.
She quite slipped my mind.
Yes, we have a Willow here, all right.
-Just up the way at the meetinghouse.
-What a coincidence.
Bit of a free spirit.
Your bag is dripping.
Go on.
Take a peek.
That's not her daughter.
Must be ladies' night.
Hi. Are you the barmaid in here,
or whatever you call it?
I'm Sister Beech, yes.
And you're that officer from California?
That's right. Name is Malus.
Edward Malus.
I'd just like a room and a meal.
-Can you swing it?
-Swing what?
Is that some kind of city talk?
Manage. That's what he means.
Can we manage to put him up?

Well, since he didn't take the hint
and leave, I suppose we'll have to.
For one night, at least.

Welcome.

This is Mr. Malus,
an officer from the mainland.

-And this is--

-Willow.

Of course.

She'll show you upstairs.

There's an empty room on the top floor.

I think I'll have a drink first.

As long as I'm not intruding.

This here is mead.

It's one of the pleasures of our island.

A brew of honey, herbs...

...and whatnot.

Thanks.

Yeah.

I think you ought to know.

I think you all should know

that I'm here on business.

This is official police business and I wanna
speak to each one of you at some point.

Official California business, is it?

Because this is Washington.

I'm aware of that.

-Then fine.

-No.

Mrs. Beech, it is not fine.

It is anything but fine when a person is lost.

Especially a child.

Now, why would you go
and do a thing like that?

Sorry, I'm allergic.

I am being watched,

but we must try to speak later in private.

There's a place out beyond the point.

Meet me there in an hour.

Edward, be careful

and believe nothing that you see or hear.

My God, to see your face again....

You know, traditionally, the guy gets
his ring back when the fiancée runs away.

I still wear it, sort of.
I don't know what I would've done
if you hadn't come.
-How could I not?
-Easily.
You could've thought I was a madwoman
or something raving about my lost daughter.
They all do.
Look, I'm barely adjusted to the fact
that you have a daughter, okay?
So let's go slow here.
So....
No. No.
That's the only way to start this.
What in the hell happened to you?
I didn't....
Look, it was a long time ago.
We were young.
So what?
Well, why do we do anything in this life?
I need some kind of answer here.
Was it some other guy, or...?
I mean, obviously,
you met someone, but--
Look, I was scared and....
I don't know, I just--
I wasn't ready for this...
...so I ran back home.
It's quite a home, by the way.
This place.
We're different here. I know that.
If you've grown up around it,
it's one thing, but it's....
Yes, odd.
Anyway....
My daughter is what matters
to me now. Rowan.
Why do this?
Stir this all up again? It's so....
Why don't you just
get her dad to help you?
Because the only person I trust is you.
Even after all these years.
Edward.

People will try to mislead you, they will,
but you must trust me.

-I wanna help you, but--

-No, she has been taken.

By who, I don't know. I don't.

But my little girl is still here.

I promise you, if she's here, I'll find her.

-I know you will.

-I'm gonna need to ask you some questions.

Okay. I'll meet you again

as soon as it's safe. I have to go now.

Leave us.

Greetings, Sister Beech.

A lovely evening.

It is indeed. Welcome, all.

Will Sister Summersisle bless us
with her presence?

I'm afraid not.

Enjoy the night. Only, make sure
you're ready for the day of tomorrow.

The time of death and rebirth.

-Yes. Of the Wicker Man's return.

-Yes. Of the Wicker Man's return.

Excuse me.

Did someone unpack my bag?

Because I'm missing some tapes.

-I wouldn't know.

-They're called Everything's OK!

Good.

Edward, I know that we haven't spoken
in a few years and things ended badly...

...or I ended them badly, to be more fair.

I didn't wanna hurt you
any more than I did.

Now I must.

That's not her daughter.

Did you get my doll?

Yeah, I got it, honey.

It's a little banged up.

Rowan?

Rowan?

Rowan?

Hello?

Rowan?

Why do you have store-bought?
I thought you made this stuff here.
Look, I just serve what I'm handed.
If you don't like it, you'll have
to talk to Sister Beech, all right?
What's with this "sister" thing, anyway?
It's just our way.
We don't have any Royal Honey for you.
None at all?
No, not a drop.
Our crop was cursed last year.
I might find you
a little bit of sugar.
All right.
Okay.
Mr. Malus? Your sweetener.
Thanks. What are these?
Festivals of some kind?
That's right, our Harvest Festival.
We have one the end of each autumn.
And then the Festival of Fertility too,
of course.
But that's too sacred.
No pictures can be taken of that.
What happened to last year's?
Afraid it got ruined last night. Broke.
Hey. I meant to ask you in there,
do you recognize this girl?
No?
-Where's the other woman who works here?
-She's gone up to the village school.
Where is that?
Up the hill and through the woods.
All right. Perfect.
Look, I'm sorry.
What's happening here
the day of tomorrow?
You mean, the day after tomorrow?
It's kind of a strange way to put it.
Yeah, I suppose.
I thought the other was a local expression.
Let's see.
The day after tomorrow would be
May the 2nd. Nothing, as far as I know.

No, I mean tomorrow.

What's happening here then?

I told you.

You did?

When you leave,

will you take me with you?

Hi.

Good morning.

And, Daisy, will you tell us

what man represents in his purest form?

-Yes.

-Phallic symbol. Phallic symbol.

School's really changed

since I was a kid.

How dare you stand there

and frighten my children.

Sorry. I'm Edward Malus from California.

I'm a policeman. See my badge?

I was unaware

any of my girls needed arresting.

They don't, no.

I'm here to find a missing girl

whom people are pretending doesn't exist.

-How quixotic of you.

-Quixotic?

From Don Quixote, pursuer of lofty

but impractical ideals.

Usually a man.

Look, I just need to speak

to Willow Woodward. Is she here?

Already gone, I'm afraid. You're late.

And the law won't help you with that.

Let me have your attention

for a second.

As you might've heard, I'm here to verify

the whereabouts of a young girl.

-What's your name?

-Lily.

Lily, I'm Officer Ed. Hi.

Could you pass that around

for me, sweetheart?

That is her name, Rowan Woodward.

Do any of you recognize the name

or the photograph?

There's your answer.
If she existed, we would know of her.
Now, will you please go?
Whose desk is this?
What?!

We trapped the little bird inside
to see how long he can stand it.
Now, why in the hell would you let them
do a sick thing like that?
-Where's the attendance?
-You have Sister Summersisle's authority?
No, I do not have--
You forget that this is a legal matter.
Well, I'm afraid
you still need her permission.
Put that back. Put that back.
Sorry. You're gonna have
to bear with me.
You little liars.
Rowan Woodward is your classmate,
isn't she?
Isn't she? That is her desk.
You're the biggest liar.
I'm warning you, you tell me another
and I'll arrest you myself.
That is a promise, Miss...?
Rose. Sister Rose.
Of course. Another plant. Rose.
For the last time, where is this girl?
I'll speak to you outside.
Girls, continue with your compositions.
-Well?
-You don't understand.
That's exactly right. I do not understand.
But I'm going to.
Mr. Malus, no one is lying to you.
I told you that if Rowan Woodward existed,
we'd know of her.
If she existed? If?
-But you cannot come barging into our--
-I saw that she existed with my own eyes.
And I suppose her mother is lying
to me too, huh? She's lying?
Not lying, no.

Grieving.
We all are.
Wait, wait, wait.
When you say that she's grieving...
...you mean that Rowan is dead?
You would say so. Yes.
-She's dead or she isn't?
-We never use that word here.
No, that'd be too quixotic.
Yes.
You see, we believe that after
the human life is over, the soul lives on...
...in air, in the trees, in animals,
in fire, even.
All right, all right, just-- Come on.
Tell me what happened to her. Honestly.
-It was an accident.
-What kind of accident? How?
Mr. Malus, it was an accident.
Leave things alone, please.
Now, if that's true, where's her body?
Exactly where you would expect it to be.
In the earth.
In a churchyard?
Her mother insisted.
Now, if you will excuse me,
I have to get back to my class.
Wait, wait, Miss Ro-- Sister Rose.
Wait a minute.
How'd she die?
She'll burn to death.
What? What'd you just say?
Precisely what I meant to.
She burned to death.
Excuse me.
-Is there some church near here?
-Yeah.
Down the hill.
Hey, didn't I just speak with you?
Miss Rose-- Sister Rose.
No, you didn't.
-That's not Rowan's grave.
-All right.
It isn't. I know that this seems....

But they put it there. I didn't.
Who's "they"?
I don't know.
Whoever's doing this, trying to make--
It's not much now,
but it used to be lovely.
That's what they say, anyway.
It was built before
my ancestors came here.
That's the crypt, but it's all flooded.
It's a new lock.
Rowan is alive.
That's not what folks
have been telling me.
I've heard that she doesn't exist,
that she's buried in that graveyard...
...even that she's....
She burnt to death.
The liars!
They can't accept her, or won't.
They seem to blame her for all--
Edward, I think
they're gonna hurt her, or even--
Why would they?
I'm trying to understand. I am.
But why?
I ran off once, tried to get away.
They think I'm too proud, or that I--
Sister Summersisle has never been
very fond of my wild ways.
Yeah, that name keeps coming up.
This Summersisle.
-Who is she?
-She's everything.
Everything you see,
all of it, really, is her.
The rest of us, we just--
We live in her shadow.
Me, especially.
They're all saying I've lost it?
I haven't, Edward.
I promise, I haven't. She's--
I can't let them do this to me.
Do what?

What is it you're not telling me?
Forgive me?
Forgive you for...?
I'm lost.
I don't know.
Don't worry, it's....
You know?
No. I don't know. I do not know
that our daughter's gonna be okay.
Now you know
what I've been trying to tell you.
Why I need you to help me.
You're telling me I'm Rowan's father?
Yes.
That's not right.
You should have told me, Willow.
So this is where you last saw Rowan?
Yeah?
Can you give me the details?
It's important.
Yeah. The last time I saw her was....
She was sitting there at the desk.
Rowan loves to draw.
And swim. You know,
she can swim like some--
Swim. Okay.
So you go out, right? You went out.
Only down to the market.
For no more than a half-hour.
-And you get back, and what?
-And she was gone.
Vanished.
And all her things, her toys,
books, everything, it's like they--
What was she wearing?
A sweater I made her.
The one in the photo. She had that on.
She dresses like every other child
on this island.
-Do you have any other photographs of her?
-No.
We didn't have many.
I mean, with only Dr. Moss taking them.
Dr. Moss?

And you're sure it's no way
it could be someone from off the island?
No.
They're careful about
who they allow here.
Was Rowan depressed at all?
Have you seen what she's drawn
underneath her desk? It's disturbing.
Edward, I know that.
What are you doing?
The plane. I need its radio.
Wait for me.
Hello?
Hello?
Where is this guy?
Rowan?!
Rowan!
Goddamn it!
You're persistent. I'm on my way out,
but perhaps I can help in some way?
I need to ask a couple of questions.
It's quick.
Things are rarely quick.
Come inside, then.
Thank you.
You're T.H. Moss, the photographer.
I'm first a physician,
second a photographer. A distant second.
Did you want your picture taken?
So you take the Harvest Festival
photographs every year?
The ones I saw up at the tavern?
Yes, it's a rather humdrum affair,
I'm afraid.
My mother passed the skill on to me,
as her mother before her.
Your mother. Of course.
Do you have last year's photographs?
-Isn't it there with the others?
-No. No, apparently it got destroyed.
What a pity.
Do you have a copy?
I have the negative. I could have
one printed up for you, if you like.

That'd be great.

Thanks.

It's time, sister.

We must hurry.

"In societies as disparate as ancient Egypt and pre-Columbian Incan...

...fertility festivals were utilized in much the same way.

A younger woman was chosen to personify fertility...

...and then killed in a blood ritual by the presiding priesthood.

This gesture was thought to guarantee a successful harvest for the coming year.

In Europe and the Americas, on the other hand, the offering was often burnt. "

Burnt.

Oh, God.

"Rowan Woodward Goddess."

"Worst harvest on record."

Hey.

What the hell is this?

-It's a picture, that's all.

-No, that is not all!

Why didn't you tell me Rowan was a part of all this, huh? These rituals?

I don't know.

Try, because I'm bouncing around in circles and I can use some help!

-Edward, why are you yelling at me?

-How about this, for starters:

Our daughter is part of your worst harvest on record.

You said they blamed her.

Why didn't you tell me about this?

It's just-- It's a ceremony that we have.

I don't know anything else.

You live here! You must know something.

You mentioned this ceremony.

Define it!

What is the day of death and rebirth?

It's a story. That's all it is, a story.

I'm trying to trust you, but when I turn my head, something doesn't make sense.

Well, I'm frightened of this place too.
I was happy to leave here when I did.
Even though I came back...
...I wish I hadn't.
I wish that I stayed
and made a life with you...
...been with you all these years,
but I didn't.
I came back here and had our child,
and now she's--
Okay. All right. I'm sorry.
I didn't mean to....
Doesn't matter. Doesn't matter.
We'll keep looking.
I'm gonna see this Summersisle lady.
We have to check everything
if we're gonna find Rowan.
If?
If we find her?
No. When. When we find her.
Let me give you a hand.
Want some help?
You okay?
Can't you talk?
Keep your head down!
If she existed, we would know of her.
Now, will you please go?
Rowan Woodward is your classmate,
isn't she?
Isn't she?
Had a scare, didn't we?
You've been sleeping for several hours.
Where am I?
This is the home of Sister Summersisle.
Ivy?
Did you use my kit?
-The adrenaline shot, or--?
-Oh, no.
Nothing like that.
When they brought me to you,
you were near death, clearly.
So I treated the danger in the old way.
You are alive. That's what's important.
I'm here to see Sister Summersisle.

Yes. She's out front now.
And she's been expecting you.
They nearly had you.
Excuse me?
Our little friends, the bees.
They almost did you in.
Yeah.
Pity.
Pity, what? They nearly did or didn't?
Some of our keepers found you,
down near the stables.
Unconscious.
Yeah. Beekeepers.
They seem to be everywhere on the island.
Oh, yes. It takes quite a few of them
to keep order around here.
I'm sure.
I can tell what she sees in you.
A kind of rough potential.
Thanks, I guess.
So I hear you were expecting me.
Why's that?
Just a matter of time
before you came here.
I believe you're looking for a child?
-I might have found her.
-Excellent.
Not exactly.
In a grave.
And I'd like your permission
to exhume the body, if one exists...
...and have it removed for an autopsy.
You suspect foul play?
Yeah. Murder.
How perplexing for you.
In that case, you must carry on.
You don't seem very concerned.
No.
I suppose because I have...
...confidence that your suspicions
are wrong.
We don't murder here.
Yeah. Well, even if a victim complies,
it's still murder.

Well, perhaps where you come from.
But we have our own beliefs.
Right, right, right.
The festivals. All those offerings.
To whom, exactly?
To the great Mother Goddess
who rules this island...
...with me as her earthly representative.
You?
I'm the spiritual heart of this colony.
You honestly encourage
this sort of worship?
Come on. It's so nice. Let's wander.
My Celtic ancestors, all the way back...
...rebelled against the suppression
of the feminine.
So in the late 17th century,
they fled to the New World.
Unfortunately, they settled near Salem.
So when they saw that
the persecution continued, even here...
...well, that started a long
and painful migration westward.
In the 1850s, my great-great-grandmother
led a group of people here...
...and vowed never to enter
into that other world again.
How's that possible? You can't just--
Oh, those pioneers needed
little urging to isolate.
They were looking
for a simpler way of life.
Of course, some do leave,
like our Willow...
...you know, to test themselves or us.
Or to find a man.
But they always come home, eventually.
-Men are what, second-class citizens?
-No, not at all. We love our men.
We're just not subservient to them.
The men are a very important part
of our little colony.
Breeding, you know.
God.

Quite a little racket you've got going
for yourself here. Breeding?
Sounds like inbreeding to me.
Please don't criticize
what you know nothing about.
Don't any of you wanna just be
with someone? Fall in love?
We procreate because
that's the desire of the Goddess.
To assure ourselves of worthy offspring.
The strongest, the finest,
the most sturdy of our kind.
I see. Female, right?
And what if someone just happens
to have a boy? What do you do then?
That depends.
Let me ask you one other thing,
because, frankly, I just don't get you.
I do not get this place.
Oh, you will. In time, perhaps.
Perhaps it is time for you
to stop bullshitting me, okay?
Now, you be careful.
Especially when a little girl's life
is at stake. My little girl.
I'm sure you've guessed.
As a matter of fact, yes.
I'm only interested in the law, sister.
I need to remind you, you are still within
reach of the powers of a normal society.
So if you wackos practice kidnapping
and ritualized murder, it is my job--
I believe I've mentioned
our stand on murder.
Murder is murder.
Now, do I have permission to open
the grave of Rowan Woodward?
I was under the impression
I'd already given it to you.
Your transport.
Well, it's just been fascinating to converse
with someone from a normal society.
Till we meet again.
Rowan?

Rowan?

Rowan?

Rowan?

Rowan?

Rowan? Rowan!

Help!

Hey!

Help!

Help!

My daughter is what matters

to me now. Rowan.

I wish that I stayed and made a life
with you, but I didn't.

I came back here and had our child,
and now she's....

-Well, who were they?

-Don't know.

May never know.

Edward?

I'm down here.

Edward?

Yeah. Somebody shut the lid.

-I'm coming.

-Oh, God.

Willow. Look. Look at this.

She was here. She was down there.

Somebody's keeping her here.

I wanna show you something else.

Come on.

This hers? Tell me!

Yes, I think it-- Yeah, but--

How'd it get burned?

How'd it get burned?!

How'd it get burned?!

I don't know!

-Where are you going?

-To her place.

-I'm coming with you.

-No, Willow! I mean it.

But maybe if we--

Why are you--?

Why are you looking at me like that?

Something bad is about to happen.

I can feel it.

Go to the house and lock yourself in.
I'll come back for you.
Go! Now!
Summersisle!
Summersisle?
Summersisle!
Summersisle?
Summersisle!
Summersisle!
Summersisle?
Summersisle!
Summersisle!
He's gone now.
Excellent.
-What's with the feathers?
-We're all preparing.
-For what? A celebration?
-Oh, yes.
Of death and rebirth.
Sister Rose, she's only a child.
You're a teacher.
Think about what you're doing.
The time for sentiment is over.
The moment has come.
I won't let her die.
So gallant, Sir Knight.
Still tilting windmills, I see.
Right until the end.
Get off the bike.
Get off the bike.
Step away from the bike.
Take your stupid mask.
-It is he.
-It is he.
I need your help. All of you.
Can't you hear me?
I said I need your help.
Don't be afraid.
I'm looking for a missing girl.
Take that mask off your kid.
You wait a minute! Do you have
permission to charge in and disturb--?
No! I don't need anybody's
goddamn permission!

I'm gonna search every inch of this town
and anybody who interferes...

...will be brought up on murder charges,
got that?

You have my permission
to stay out of the fucking way!

Hey! Take those masks off.

-Hey! Stop it!

-Come here.

-Go away. Don't.

-Get out.

Rowan?

Rowan?

I trust you won't have to let
your costume out again this year, sister.

Very soon you'll be
an entire family of bears.

Oh, I'll manage, Sister Oak.

It does seem to shrink
a bit each year, however.

So, sister, did you see
to that business at the harbor?

Oh, yes. Just as you instructed.

Now I'll be off.

Well, well.

You look a bit worse for wear,
now, don't you?

O Goddess of the Fields...

...I bring this humble colony before you
on this day.

This most sacred of days.

Please accept our offering.

Hail, Goddess of the Fields.

Accept our offering.

That you will once again
in the year to come...

...bestow on us

the rich and diverse fruits of thy realm.

God!

I thought I told you to wait for me.

What do you mean? I had to come.

And now...

...we fulfill our deepest purpose...

...to balance the forces of dark and light.

Oh, good God.
What is it? What's wrong, sister?
Don't be frightened.
Go.
My name is Edward. I'm gonna save you.
Come on. This way.
Hurry.
Wait. Rowan. Rowan, wait. Wait.
Hello? Hello? Pete! Pete! Help us!
Help! Please! Please help!
Come on. Let's go.
Rowan. Honey. Slow down.
Rowan, slow down.
Rowan! Rowan, stop!
Did I do it right, Mommy? Did I?
Yes, my love.
Oh, my little Rowan.
You did it excellently.
Don't touch her! Do not touch her!
Rowan, come back here.
Welcome, Mr. Malus.
You have come of your own free will...
...to keep this appointment
with the Wicker Man.
Stay back!
And now the game is over.
The game of the hunter
leading the hunted.
You came to find our little Rowan.
But it is we who have found you,
just as we intended to do.
I don't understand. Rowan was missing.
I had to come. I had a letter.
Willow, tell them.
Willow, please tell them.
The letter was from all of us here.
Your invitation to visit...
...one might say.
You were just the man we needed.
And we were determined to get you here.
Notice how we led you to believe...
...that your daughter would be sacrificed
due to the failure of the crops last year.
But they did fail. I saw the photo.

Yes, they failed, all right.
Disastrously so.
One of the few times
since my ancestors moved here.
But we are always prepared
with a powerful sacrifice.
And that, my friend, is your destiny.
-It is your destiny.
-Back up!
What we require is a stranger,
yet one who is connected to us.
-He's connected to us.
-He's connected to us.
Connected by blood.
Willow.
Why have you done this to me?
We orchestrated all of this
with the greatest care...
...everything that's happened.
Be proud of yourself.
You have done so well.
Yes. My daughter speaks the truth.
Your fate was sealed many years ago
when she chose to be with you.
Your daughter?
Yes. My Willow.
This is a story whose chapters
were carefully written.
You have been chosen
to die a martyr's death.
You will sit beside the gods and goddesses
for all of eternity.
Back up! I swear to God, I will shoot you!
It is a great honor,
one that you cannot refuse.
It is ordained.
There is no way out.
Stay back!
You bitches!
You bitches!
This is murder! Murder!
You'll all be guilty!
And you're doing it for nothing!
Killing me won't bring back

your goddamn honey!
But I know it will.
Oh, God.
How can it?
I'm not one of you!
I don't believe in your gods!
I don't believe in sacrifice.
Oh, God.
No, don't-- Don't move me!
What is it? What is it?
What is that? What is that?
What is it?
Oh, no. No, not the bees!
Not the bees!
They're in my eyes! My eyes!
We'll do it your way this time.
I must keep you alive.
Oh, God.
Oh, my God. Oh, my God!
O gods and goddesses of nature.
Receive this sacrifice and be appeased.
Gods and goddesses of nature.
Receive this sacrifice and be appeased.
Rowan.
No. Rowan!
No, Rowan, don't! Put it down! No!
Put it down!
Rowan!
Put it down, honey. Put it down.
Rowan, no! No!
No!
The drone must die!
The drone must die!
The drone must die!
The drone must die!
The drone must die!