

THE MOON HAS LEFT THE HEAVENS

**OVER BLACK:**

The moon has left the heavens  
The Pleiades have set  
And at the hour of midnight  
In solitude I fret.

- Sappho

SUPER: "May 1646, Cambridgeshire, England"

**FADE IN:**

**INT. MAYOR'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - DAY**

BLOOD drips on a polished wood floor. A woman WHIMPERS. The blood she's losing SPLATS.

MARY (O.S.)  
Please stop... please stop...

**INT. DEMERS BARN - DAY**

SNIP! SNIP! SNIP! Shears cut wool from a sheep. A woman's hand drops the wool to the barn floor, adding to a pile.

BRIDGET DEMERS, 18, lean, no-nonsense, reserved. She wears a simple smock, which is currently speckled with bits of wool.

The sheep struggles to escape.

BRIDGET  
I've been wrestling sheep since I  
was wee, silly boy.

She deftly pins him to the barn floor. SNIP! SNIP! The wool falls to the feathery white pile.

MATCH CUT:

**EXT. HILLTOP PASTURE - DAY**

Feathery white clouds...

A ewe, fluffy white, munches on countryside spring grass.

Beside her, the bare feet of a reclining girl, SELENE DEMERS, 15. She wears a shepherdess smock, hair lying loose in the grass. She has few cares, if any. She cloud-watches.

A newborn lamb romps past, ignored by both Selene and the ewe.

A FLASH of lightning. The clouds DARKEN. A CLOUD SHADOW passes over Selene, accompanied by the LOW RUMBLE OF THUNDER.

Beside her, a shepherd squints across a large herd of sheep, at the sky. TITUS DEMERS, 60, competent and weathered.

TITUS

We'll be lucky to outrun this one.

He holds out his hand to his daughter. She takes it, lets him pull her to standing. She picks up her staff and WHISTLES to a collie, THOR. Thor's ears perk.

SELENE

Come-by, Thor! Bring 'em home!

Thor YIPS and circles the herd.

**INT. MAYOR'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - DAY**

The blood spreads, a glossy pool. DRIP. DRIP. Mary prays.

MARY (O.S.)

... born in our bodily flesh, may  
never be corrupted by the deceits  
of the devil...

**EXT. PASTURE - DAY**

Selene and Titus scramble down the hill, herding sheep in front of them.

Thor chases sheep, hurries them towards a SMALL DISTANT TOWN.

**EXT. DEMERS HOUSE - DAY**

Green hills stretch behind a small house that squats at the edge of town. Beside it, a barn and paddock, where a milk cow and a draft horse brace against the rain.

A sign on the front of the house reads: "DEMERS WOOLEN MILL. MAKERS OF WOOL AND FINE CLOTH. EST. 1636".

Hundreds of sheep appear on the hilltop, followed by Selene, Titus, and Thor.

PRELAP: CLACK! CLACK! CLACK!

**INT. DEMERS HOUSE - FRONT ROOM - CONTINUOUS**

A crowded, working-class home. Shelves are lined with books and stacks of neatly folded cloth. Spindles of yarn, two spinning wheels, and two looms dominate the room.

The rhythmic CLACK! CLACK! CLACK! continues as PHOEBE, 17, small and clever, works efficiently at a loom.

A beautiful tapestry of the three Greek Muses covers much of the back wall. On a table, a lantern glows beside a stack of well-read books: Plato, Sappho, Pythagoras, Descartes.

Bridget enters with a sack full of wool, empties it in a bin in the corner.

Their mother, OCTAVIA DEMERS, 58, has dementia, shuffles to a loom. She reaches for the shuttle, the look on her thin, wrinkled face non-emotive and childlike.

The door opens and Selene enters.

BRIDGET  
Done for the day?

SELENE  
It looked like it might storm, but  
I think it's passed over.

OCTAVIA  
Where is Titus?

SELENE  
Caring for the livestock.

Bridget pulls Octavia's hand away from the loom, leads her to the corner. She pushes Octavia gently to sit on a stool.

BRIDGET  
Here, Mum. Show Selene how to card  
the wool, will you?

Octavia looks around, abruptly confused and frightened. She clutches a ROSARY in her hand. Her body goes rigid, her face twists in anger.

OCTAVIA  
You have scorned me!

BRIDGET  
I haven't!

She takes the rosary, drops it in Octavia's pocket.

BRIDGET (CONT'D)  
Keep that hidden, Mum.

Octavia looks ready to argue --

BRIDGET (CONT'D)  
-- I'm going into town. I can bring  
Mary Turner her fabric, Selene.

SELENE  
I'll join you.

Selene goes to the shelves, picks up a folded piece of blue cloth.

Bridget grabs the DESCARTES BOOK from the table, slips on worn leather sandals.

**EXT. CAMBRIDGESHIRE STREET - PUBLIC NOTICE BOARD - DAY**

A small-town street littered with a few errant flyers. At the center of town, a PUBLIC NOTICE BOARD.

CHRISTOPHER WOOD, 22, well-heeled and charming, stands reading the news. With him, his stubborn little mother LUCY, 55, and PRIEST SHELDRAKE, 40, in Protestant priest robes.

LUCY  
The king fled Oxford, headed for  
Scotland. Maybe this will be the  
end of our civil war.

Christopher ignores her. The priest watches with amusement.

CHRISTOPHER  
*"Witchfinder General."* Who named  
him that? How was he allowed to  
kill over 100 so-called "witches"  
in East Anglia?

Lucy ignores him back.

LUCY  
I guess he thinks the Scots will  
welcome him. I don't think they  
want him any more than we do.

Christopher gestures to a flyer with a cross on it.

CHRISTOPHER

What are they doing with the Catholics they're arresting in London? Shipping them off to America to be --

The priest's face goes grim.

PRIEST SHELDRAKE

It's a crime. God is God. It's out of control, this hatred of Christians on Christians --

Behind him, Bridget and Selene come into view. Christopher's face brightens.

CHRISTOPHER

Bridget!

He waves to the two young women approaching. Bridget waves back, walks towards him.

Selene splits away from Bridget, walks up to a LARGE HOUSE across from the public notice board.

Bridget hurries up to Christopher, beaming. She holds out the book, Descartes's *Discourse on the Method*.

BRIDGET

This was excellent, though I'm not sure I understood it all given my inadequate French.

Christopher refuses to take it.

CHRISTOPHER

Father bought a second copy in London, so that one is yours.

Bridget hesitates.

CHRISTOPHER (CONT'D)

Descartes wrote in French so all people could read it, including women. To honor his genius, I insist that you keep it.

He gives her a little bow. Lucy rolls her eyes. Priest Sheldrake raises an amused eyebrow.

CHRISTOPHER (CONT'D)

(to Bridget)

Welcome to the age of the enlightenment, where logic will prevail above superstition and ignorance.

She laughs. Their eyes meet, linger. She looks away.

BRIDGET

That sounds amazing, but I think spending years surrounded by logic-minded people at medical school has given you an overly optimistic view of the world.

Christopher looks disappointed.

CHRISTOPHER

What do you mean? I have spent time with the brightest minds --

BRIDGET

That's what I mean.

Priest Sheldrake watches, face now unreadable.

LUCY

She's right, Christopher.

**INT. MAYOR'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - DAY**

BIRDSONG filters in through the window. SCHLIP! SCHLIP! A rag smears blood across floorboards. KAPLOOSH! It's dunked in a bucket of water.

From outside the bedroom a bell CHIME can be heard, then a door OPENS and SHUTS.

On the floor kneels MARY, 30, stringy hair, eyes hollow, face and personality astringent. She stops mopping up blood and looks towards the sounds. Her hair hangs in her ashen face.

SELENE (O.S.)

Mayor Turner! I have the cloth  
Madame Mary ordered.

**INT. MAYOR'S HOME - FRONT ROOM - CONTINUOUS**

The home is cold, utilitarian, in drab colors.

MAYOR TURNER, 32, is handsome in a weaselly, arrogant way and dressed in a gentleman's suit. He stands uncomfortably close to Selene.

Selene holds the blue cloth between herself and Mayor Turner, trying to create a barrier.

MAYOR TURNER  
 Good morning, Selene. I'm sure Mrs. Turner will appreciate it.

He moves a little closer. His leer intensifies.

**INT. MAYOR'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS**

Peeking from the bedroom door, Mary watches. Her bloody rag DRIPS.

**INT. MAYOR'S HOUSE - FRONT ROOM - CONTINUOUS**

Selene steps back, holds the bundle out to Mayor Turner.

SELENE  
 This is extra soft, for the baby. I wove it myself.

Mayor Turner grimaces, says nothing. He takes the cloth, deliberately brushing his hand against hers. She almost imperceptibly recoils, eyes downcast, takes a step backward.

MAYOR TURNER  
 Don't leave, Selene. Mrs. Turner is indisposed right now. I could use some company!

Selene turns towards the door.

SELENE  
 I have errands to run! Tell Mary I wish her well --

Selene startles as Mary bursts into the room. Mary grabs the bundle of fabric from her husband and flings it at Selene.

As Selene catches it her sleeve falls back on her arm, revealing a CRESCENT-SHAPED BROWN BIRTHMARK.

MARY  
 Get out of my home!  
 (to Mayor Turner)  
 How could you?  
 (MORE)



MARY (CONT'D)

Flirting with this button-smock  
whore after I just lost another  
child! This is why God punishes us!

BLOOD SPLATS on the wood floor between Mary's legs. Selene  
stares at it in horror, inches backwards.

Mayor Turner glares at Mary, outraged.

MAYOR TURNER

Go back to bed. You're still  
bleeding!

But something dawns on Mary. She swivels her scrawny neck  
back to Selene.

MARY

It was her! You heard her. She wove  
the cloth herself, the cloth I was  
wearing yesterday. She wants you,  
and she's cursing me with her work.  
You know the poor folk are most  
likely to be witches. This is what  
the Witchfinder General is warning  
us all about!

SELENE

(indignant)

We're neither poor nor wi --

Mary advances on Selene. Selene shrinks back against the wall  
and SCREAMS. Mary SNATCHES Selene's wrist, shoves back her  
sleeve, exposing the birthmark.

Mayor Turner watches, uncomprehending. Mary's voice drops to  
a hoary whisper.

MARY

You heathen witch. How dare you!

Selene pivots, tries to bolt, but Mary won't release her.  
Blood DRIPS under Mary, SPATTERS Selene's sandaled foot.  
Selene RIPS her arm away. Mary's fingernails draw blood.

Selene bolts for the door.

**EXT. CAMBRIDGESHIRE STREET - PUBLIC NOTICE BOARD - DAY**

Bridget watches Christopher with open admiration. Lucy and  
the priest share a knowing glance.

CHRISTOPHER

Descartes has given us the tools to  
understand the natural world  
through reason and skepticism --

-- A DOOR SLAMS!

The four of them look at the Mayor's house. Selene emerges,  
clutching her fabric, arm bloody. She runs towards home  
without looking at Bridget.

BRIDGET

Selene!

Spooked, Bridget nods at Christopher, runs after Selene.

Priest Sheldrake's face is troubled.

PRIEST SHELDRAKE

I will see what's happened.

He heads after the girls.

Christopher and Lucy look back at the Mayor's house.

**INT. MAYOR'S HOUSE - FRONT ROOM - DAY**

Mayor Turner grabs Mary by the hands.

MAYOR TURNER

You need to lie down again.

She rips her hands away.

MARY

You! You must do penance for  
entertaining a witch. Look at me!

Mayor Turner looks at the blood pooling under her.

MARY (CONT'D)

Does God even know you're a  
Protestant? How could he, when you  
commit adultery in front of your  
own wife?

(off his silence)

God is testing you.

He swallows... and then nods.

MAYOR TURNER

I'm sorry, Mary. I don't know  
what... I will do penance.

**INT. DEMERS HOUSE - FRONT ROOM - DAY**

Selene BLASTS open the door, crying, breathing heavily, quickly followed by Bridget. The door SLAMS shut. Phoebe, Titus, and Octavia look up in shock.

TITUS  
What's happened?

RAP! RAP! RAP!

Selene startles, whirls on the door.

PRIEST SHELDRAKE (O.S.)  
It's Priest Shel Drake.

**LATER**

Selene sits on a stool. Blood still stains her foot. Bridget puts ointment on Selene's arm. Titus watches, fuming, beside Priest Shel Drake.

Selene looks at her mole.

SELENE  
Mary said the mole proves I'm a  
witch. I wish I could scrape it  
off.

Octavia grabs Selene's arm, stares curiously at the mark.

OCTAVIA  
I've seen that before!

Selene's face falls.

BRIDGET  
Of course you have, Mum.  
(to Selene, comforting)  
Mary's always been an imbecile.

OCTAVIA  
She's an Ass-head.

PRIEST SHELDRAKE  
I'll speak with Mary and the Mayor.

Octavia's face is angry as she strokes Selene's hair.

Bridget finishes, wipes her hands on a rag.

BRIDGET

I'll come with you. She can't be making such accusations.

PRIEST SHELDRAKE

If they investigate her it could put our entire flock at risk of discovery.

Selene wipes her eyes while Octavia hugs her protectively.

Titus puts on his jacket and strides for the door.

TITUS

You both stay here. I'll put an end to this nonsense.

PRIEST SHELDRAKE

Titus! Stop!

Phoebe and Selene look terrified. Octavia, unable to follow what's happening, looks confused.

Bridget hurries after Titus.

BRIDGET

I'm coming with you!

PRIEST SHELDRAKE

God help us.

He sighs and follows them.

#### **EXT. CAMBRIDGESHIRE STREET - DAY**

As Titus passes the public notice board he rips the Witchfinder flyer off, crumples it.

Titus's reputation precedes him. An ELDERLY COUPLE watches his furious approach, get out of his way. A MOTHER clutches her TODDLER and scurries away.

Titus stomps to Mayor Turner's house as Bridget and the priest hurry to keep up.

PRIEST SHELDRAKE

I implore you to show temperance, Titus!

Titus ignores him.

**INT. MAYOR'S HOUSE - FRONT ROOM - DAY**

Mayor Turner looks out the window, sees Titus storming up to his house with the wadded up flyer. He SLAMS the shutter closed.

MAYOR TURNER

Shite.

**EXT. MAYOR'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS**

Titus POUNDS the door. It opens a crack, revealing Mayor Turner's beady eye. Bridget and the priest watch with apprehension.

Titus shakes the flyer at Mayor Turner.

TITUS

Has Mary lost her mind? How dare she accuse my daughter of witchcraft! How can a man in your position succumb to such idiocy?

Mayor Turner stays behind his door, his face indignant.

MAYOR TURNER

Idiocy? I think not! Go home or I'll call the deputy.

He snakes a look at the priest, then Bridget.

MAYOR TURNER (CONT'D)

Does Bridget also have the devil's mark? Ripping down the public notice won't help you, Titus.

BRIDGET

(furious)

You know how dangerous this accusation is. Retract it now!

MAYOR TURNER

I won't! I'm summoning the Witchfinder General. Now go.

Titus BOOTS the door open and lunges at the mayor's throat. The two topple to the floor with the mayor flailing and screaming.

PRIEST SHELDRAKE

Stop it, both of you!

BRIDGET

Father!

CHRISTOPHER (O.S.)  
What's this?

Priest Sheldrake and Bridget turn to see Christopher and Lucy. Christopher frowns at the violent scuffle on the floor. He gets between the arguing men and Bridget.

CHRISTOPHER (CONT'D)  
Titus! Mayor Turner! Whatever it is, handle it like gentlemen.

Titus lets go of the mayor's neck and stands up.

TITUS  
You don't have the wits to be mayor! You have half the brains of my sheep!

The mayor sits up, hand to his neck, addresses Christopher and Priest Sheldrake.

MAYOR TURNER  
Mary and I saw the devil's mark on Selene Demers!

Titus lunges at him again but Christopher grabs him by the coat, holds him back.

PRIEST SHELDRAKE  
Think before speaking, Mayor Turner! As Protestants, we must practice constraint!

CHRISTOPHER  
Titus, let's leave before anything worse happens.

Titus allows Christopher to pull him out of the house. Bridget and Lucy follow. Bridget shoots a scowl at the Mayor.

Mayor Turner KICKS the door shut.

**EXT. MAYOR'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS**

The group walks back towards the notice board.

PRIEST SHELDRAKE  
I'll talk to them tomorrow when they're not so angry. You, Titus...

Titus glares at him.

PRIEST SHELDRAKE (CONT'D)  
Go home and calm down, like I asked  
you to earlier. Your temper puts  
others at risk.

Titus stomps away towards home.

PRIEST SHELDRAKE (CONT'D)  
If you need to talk, come see me  
later, Bridget.

Bridget nods. She flashes a "sorry" look at Christopher, then runs to catch up with her father.

**INT. DEMERS HOUSE - FRONT ROOM - NIGHT**

A single lantern lights the room, held by Bridget. She goes to the tapestry of the Muses, pushes it aside. Behind the tapestry, she presses a wallboard. It pivots, exposing a hole in the wall behind it.

Bridget takes the lantern and climbs through the hole.

**INT. PRIEST HOLE - CONTINUOUS**

The cramped room holds a LEATHER CHEST and a CATHOLIC ALTAR. Bridget kneels, opens the chest, carefully removes THREE ROSARIES.

**EXT. DEMERS HOUSE - NIGHT**

Bridget, Phoebe, and Selene exit the house.

**EXT. CAMBRIDGESHIRE PUB - BACK ENTRANCE - NIGHT**

The girls approach the back of a three-story pub. Bridget raps lightly on a weathered wood door. It opens, revealing Priest Sheldrake. He ushers them in.

**INT. CAMBRIDGESHIRE PUB - BACK ROOM - CONTINUOUS**

The girls enter the dimly lit room.

THREE WOMEN and TWO MEN stand around a table, holding candles. On the table are red wine, several cups, bread, and incense. At the head of the table is the somber pub owner, AGNES, 30s.

AGNES

We're glad you could make it.  
Priest Sheldrake told us what Mary  
said to Selene.

Selene's lip trembles.

PRIEST SHELDRAKE

We will proceed with Mass.

He goes to a dark staircase, pushes aside a door that was unnoticeable. He enters a dark, secret chamber. The others pick up items from the table and follow.

**LATER**

Bridget kneels in front of an altar holding the rosary. She prays, her fingers on the first prayer bead.

BRIDGET

(whispers)

Heavenly Father, let these prayers  
be for the benefit of my dearest  
sister Selene...

**INT. RIVER BANK - DAY**

A small crowd of stands at the edge of the river. Ragged clothes, barefoot. Some look angry, others cry. They stare out at the river.

Tied to an enormous tree is a rope that disappears into the water. From the surrounding water bubbles emerge and POP. The bubbles become fewer, then stop entirely.

The WITCHFINER GENERAL, 23 and wildly mustachioed, stands back from the others and watches. He's slight of build but has an authoritarian air, as if born to power. The bubbles desist and the river goes still.

A woman on the river bank SCREAMS.

RIVERBANK WOMAN

Mama! Mama!

Two grim-faced women, THE SKIN PRICKERS, 40s, approach the rope. They wear austere dresses, hair pulled into tight buns. Together they pull on the rope. From the river, a chair emerges, holding the DRIPPING BODY OF A WOMAN.

The screaming hides the sound of a horse approaching.



MESSENGER (O.S.)

Mr. Hopkins?

The Witchfinder startles, turns towards the voice. A MOUNTED MESSENGER, 50s, examines him from his horse. The riverbank woman's screams turn to WHIMPERS.

A puddle of blood at the Witchfinder's feet becomes a trail that stretches to the river, where the skin prickers now heave at the corpse. On the ground, a leather bag, a bloody, RUSTED NEEDLE, and a pair of PLIERS.

WITCHFINDER GENERAL

Witchfinder General. Refer to me as the Witchfinder General.

Uncomfortable, the messenger hands him a sealed letter, turns and rides off.

The Witchfinder opens the letter, reads. Behind him at the river, the skin prickers untie the body from the chair, then dump in on the ground. The Witchfinder turns to them.

WITCHFINDER GENERAL (CONT'D)

Let's get this finished up. There's a witch in Cambridgeshire.

One of the skin prickers nods, waves to the riverbank woman to come get her mother.

**EXT. HILLTOP PASTURE - DAY**

A blistering hot day. Selene and Titus, on the hilltop with the sheep and Thor.

Selene watches clouds build to the west, her face troubled and dotted with sweat. She blots her face with her sleeve.

The wind WHISTLES, WHIPS a strand of hair across her face. She pushes it behind her ear.

**INT. DEMERS HOUSE - FRONT ROOM - DAY**

Phoebe and Bridget work at the looms, barefoot, in sleeveless dresses. Octavia cards wool in the corner.

Bridget wipes at her forehead, then rises and opens the door. Outside, insects WHIRR. Bridget frowns.

BRIDGET

It's so hot!

From her loom, Phoebe looks outside, past Bridget.

PHOEBE  
It's violent hot.

Leaving the door open, Bridget heads to the shelves.

BRIDGET  
Phoebe, where did you put the  
fabric for the Browns? They should  
be here any moment.

PHOEBE  
Just there, behind the black stuff  
Selene wove.

Bridget retrieves a tied bundle of grey cloth from the shelf.

Octavia adds carded wool to a pile, then sits, confused.

BRIDGET  
It's perfect, Phoebe. Mrs. Brown --

OCTAVIA  
(loud)  
I am the one!

Bridget looks at her mother, then gives Phoebe a meaningful glance.

PHOEBE  
You're doing a lovely job, Mum.

Octavia stands, agitated, wipes at wool bits on her smock.

OCTAVIA  
You mock me.

A GALE RIPS THROUGH THE HOUSE. The door SLAMS shut. Bridget goes to the window.

Her breath STEAMS on the glass. Outside, the sky broils black and green. She drops the fabric, hurries to the door.

BRIDGET  
Phoebe, help with the livestock!  
Mum, don't touch anything!

Octavia doesn't respond.

**EXT. HILLTOP PASTURE - DAY**

A FLASH of lightning catches Selene's attention. She watches the dark clouds roil and... ROTATE.

SELENE  
(terrified)  
Papa!

TITUS  
I see it. Let's get 'em moving!

Thor WHINES.

**EXT. DEMERS HOUSE - DAY**

The wind WAILS. Bridget and Phoebe enter the paddock as RAIN PELTS them.

**INT. DEMERS HOUSE - FRONT ROOM - DAY**

Alone, Octavia listens to the storm sounds with confusion. She looks out the window. Unable to understand what's happening, she turns around.

Her eyes go to Phoebe's loom.

**EXT. CAMBRIDGESHIRE STREET - DAY**

Under a black and green sky, a working-class couple, MR. and MRS. BROWN, 20s, hurry down the road, trying to outrun the storm.

A PLANK is ripped from a home, nearly striking them. Trees sway wildly. DEBRIS flies through the air.

**EXT. DEMERS BARN - DAY**

Bridget and Phoebe prod the cow and horse to enter the barn as GIANT HAIL begins to fall with a POUNDING ROAR.

On the ground, the hail bounces, shaped like FIST-SIZED RINGS.

BRIDGET  
Bloody hell and Mother Mary!

Phoebe YELPS as she's hit with a hail stone. Bridget pulls her into the barn.

**EXT. HILLTOP PASTURE - DAY**

Titus and Selene herd the sheep towards home. Wind and rain whip their clothes. Ahead, Thor yips at sheep.

To the west, a FUNNEL CLOUD forms. It drops to the ground, creates a debris cloud.

TWO MORE FUNNEL CLOUDS form...

Selene SCREAMS. Titus grabs her arm, yells into the wind.

TITUS

Run for the Cave of Saints!

Selene runs for her life. Titus picks up a lamb and chases after her. Thor follows.

**EXT. DEMERS HOUSE - DAY**

A tornado rips through the pasture, moving towards the house and barn.

**INT. DEMERS BARN - DAY**

Bridget's face is just visible in the dark. The THUNDER OF HAILSTONES is joined by the horrific DRONE of a tornado.

Phoebe and Bridget hug, terrified and wide-eyed.

**EXT. CAVE OF SAINTS - DAY**

Against a hillside, a cluster of large shrubs. Selene shoves aside branches, exposing a SMALL WOOD DOOR. She opens it and disappears inside. Thor scampers after her, tail tucked.

Titus follows, carrying his single lamb.

**INT. CAVE OF SAINTS - CONTINUOUS**

Inside, the MOAN of tornados is lessened. Selene SCRAPES a striker and lights a lantern. The circular chalk cavern glows to life.

On the walls are cryptic carvings: Saints Catherine, Lawrence, and Christopher, along with what looks like a king and several of his subjects.

A rough table serves as an altar. It holds a leather-bound prayer book, a rosary, and a candle. On the floor, stacks of more books.

Titus sets the lamb down. It walks around, sniffing.

SELENE

One lamb?

TITUS

(shrugs)

I was in a bit of a panic.

SELENE

Bridget will have our hides if it eats her books.

Titus sits on the floor. Thor cuddles up to him, anxious from the storm. The wind outside gets louder, becomes deafening. Titus hugs Thor against him.

Selene covers her ears, then kneels in front of the altar.

**INT. DEMERS' HOUSE - FRONT ROOM - DAY**

At the loom, Octavia struggles to slide the shuttle between the warp threads. She half-asses it and weaves, her face that of a mad banshee.

CLACK! CLACK! CLACK!

**EXT. CAMBRIDGESHIRE STREET - DAY**

HAIL and debris pelt the Brown couple. He pulls her along. In the distance, the Demers house.

**INT. DEMERS HOUSE - FRONT ROOM - DAY**

The window glass explodes! At the loom, Octavia clamps her hands over her ears, SCREAMS. She throws herself to the floor, stares at the glass shards.

What she has woven on Phoebe's loom is a disaster. Phoebe's fine weave ends abruptly with a chaotic, tousled mess.

Octavia rises, reseats herself at the loom. She picks up the shuttle and weaves while the storm rages outside.

**INT. CAVE OF SAINTS - MOMENTS LATER**

The storm is a DEAFENING ROAR. Selene huddles, arms wrapped around her head while Titus hugs her and Thor. The lamb lays next to them.

**EXT. DEMERS HOUSE - DAY**

The tornado bears down on the house and barn.

**INT. DEMERS BARN - DAY**

The wailing is deafening. The barn SHAKES. Planks are ripped from the barn, letting in light and debris.

Bridget and Phoebe SCREAM in terror.

**INT. DEMERS HOUSE - FRONT ROOM - DAY**

The door SLAMS open. The Browns fall inside, bloodied and bruised. Octavia SHRIEKS, nearly inaudible over the storm.

The couple stares at Octavia: her hands on the shuttle, eyes wild, mouth agape. They notice her weaving, her obvious insanity, and SCREAM into the void.

Octavia drops to the floor, crawls through the broken glass, leaves a blood trail. She hides behind a spinning wheel.

The couple stares at her, continues to SCREAM. Octavia WAILS. Her mouth is a gaping "O". Her bloody hands go to her head, like Munch's *Scream*.

**EXT. DEMERS HOUSE - DAY**

The tornado turns, veers away from the house and barn.

**INT. DEMERS HOUSE - FRONT ROOM - DAY**

Octavia and the couple lay away from each other, listening. The hail pounding turns to the PATTERN of rain.

Octavia stares out the window with childlike wonder. The roar of the tornadoes fades away.

Octavia points to the grey fabric on the floor. The couple gets up and runs out of the home, leaving the fabric.

Octavia stands, closes the door behind them with authority. She looks around the room, confused. The door opens again, startling her. Bridget and Phoebe rush in, wet and terrified.

Bridget hugs her mother while taking in the shattered window. She stands back, holds Octavia at arm's length.

BRIDGET

What happened to your hands?

OCTAVIA

The Asse-heads came in! I made them leave! They think they know what I did, but trust me, they don't!

Bridget and Phoebe exchange a baffled look, then Phoebe --

PHOEBE

Papa and Selene!

BRIDGET

(to Phoebe)

Stay with Mum. I'll find them!

Bridget rushes out. Phoebe's eyes fall on her loom. She GASPS.

PHOEBE

Mum, what have you done?

**EXT. HILLTOP PASTURE - DAY**

Rain PATTERS. Sun pokes through the clouds. The hillside is shredded, spotted with sheep. Some wander, others are bloody, still, partially buried in RING-SHAPED HAIL.

**EXT. CAVE OF SAINTS - DAY**

Selene and Titus emerge through the bushes, Titus clinging to his lamb. Light rain patters them.

Their world is devastated. They trudge through hail rings and hammered turf, back towards their flock.

Selene and Titus stare in disbelieving horror at the sheep herd. Thor whines. Selene SOBS. Titus holds back tears.

SELENE

Papa, what's happened?

TITUS

The likes of which I've never seen.

He picks up a ring of ice, stares at it in awe.

**EXT. HILLSIDE - DAY**

Bridget sloshes barefoot across the hammered hills, slipping on rings of hail, searching.

**EXT. HILLSIDE PASTURE - DAY**

Light floods the hillside. A single raven's CROAK pierces the eerie silence. Titus kneels over dead sheep while Selene and Thor herd the survivors together.

On the horizon, Bridget appears. Thor yelps and runs to her.

**EXT. CAMBRIDGESHIRE STREET - PUBLIC NOTICE BOARD - DAY**

The Browns walk through town, haggard and frightened. The town has largely been destroyed.

An OX lies on its side in a pool of blood, impaled by a branch. Homes and buildings are shredded or gone. The sounds of humans WAILING and dogs BARKING.

Christopher and his father, DR. ULRIC WOOD, 60, pull a woman from a carriage laying on its side. Ulric is pudgy, and walks with a cane. What's left of his long hair is held back in a ponytail.

Beside them, Lucy stands holding a horse in harness. Behind them, the Brown couple continue slowly down the street, still dazed.

**INT. DEMERS HOUSE - FRONT ROOM - DAY**

Bridget, Titus, and Selene enter with Thor, all of them soaking wet. Titus goes to Octavia and hugs her.

TITUS

Thank God you're safe.

Bridget puts on her sandals. Her feet are stained with blood, grass, and mud.

BRIDGET

I'm going to find Christopher.

Phoebe and Selene watch her hurry out the door.



**EXT. CAMBRIDGESHIRE STREET - PUBLIC NOTICE BOARD - DAY**

Villagers cry and console one another. Bodies of animals and humans lay strewn amidst the devastation.

From beneath a pile of rubble, a child WAILS. Christopher, Lucy, and Ulric struggle to unbury the child. A small head becomes visible. Lucy pulls a plank away. Christopher pulls the BLOODY GIRL, 6, from the rubble.

The Browns meander through the street.

**EXT. MAYOR'S HOUSE - DAY**

Mayor Turner's house is caved in on one side by a giant oak tree. The Browns stop in front of it, stare.

The front door CREAKS open. Mayor Turner stumbles out as if he has just awakened from a dream. His hands are bloody and he has a gash on his face.

**EXT. CAMBRIDGESHIRE STREET - PUBLIC NOTICE BOARD - DAY**

The bloody girl from the rubble COUGHS, starts to cry. Lucy consoles her while Ulric and Christopher check her injuries. Just behind them, Mayor Turner makes his way towards the Browns.

A CROWD of distraught townspeople gravitate towards the Browns and Mayor Turner, carrying shovels and pitchforks... whatever tools they chose to help dig out their fellow townspeople.

The mayor bends over at the waist, starts hyperventilating.

MAYOR TURNER  
(gasping)  
...can't get Mary up!

The crowd silences, strains to hear.

MR. BROWN  
It was Octavia Demers! We saw her!

MAYOR TURNER  
(still gasping)  
Octavia! I've heard her babbling! M-  
m-m-ary...

He watches Priest Sheldrake walk up, looking shattered.

MRS. BROWN

She was shrieking while she wove up  
the storm, then writhing on the  
floor like a serpent!

The priest squints at Mrs. Brown as if not hearing her  
correctly.

PRIEST SHELDRAKE

Mrs. Brown! Love thy neighbor!

MR. BROWN

It's true! I saw it!

ABE, 65 and frail, waves his scrawny arm in the air.

ABE

In all my years in Cambridgeshire,  
I've never seen a storm like this!  
This can't be natural!

MAYOR TURNER

The whole Demers family must be  
witches!

Christopher freezes, locks eyes with Lucy, then Ulric.

CHRISTOPHER

Watch your words, Mayor Turner! I  
know the Demers well. They aren't  
witches!

PRIEST SHELDRAKE

This is dangerous talk! Let not  
such accusations sully our  
community in our time of strife.

The angry CROWD continues to grow. Scared, lost, wanting  
somebody to blame. A TOWNSWOMAN, 30s, wails.

TOWNSWOMAN

My house is gone by the winds of  
the Devil! How do you explain that,  
Priest Shelldrake?

ANGRY MUMBLES as the crowd waits for an answer. Ulric stands,  
turns to the crowd.

ULRIC

Mayor Turner, where is Mary?

Mayor Turner points to his house.

CHRISTOPHER

My father will help with your wife.  
We could all use some time to get  
our wits together.

Christopher and Ulric lock eyes again. A message passes between them.

The crowd MURMURS. It's angry. Ulric leads the Mayor towards his house. Lucy stays holding the girl.

Christopher runs towards the Wood's house, adjacent to the mayor's.

**INT. MAYOR'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - DAY**

The tree has caved in the wall, smashing a motionless Mary into the bed. Blood soaks the bed underneath her.

Ulric sighs. He feels for a pulse at her throat, grunts, looks at Mayor Turner.

ULRIC

She's alive for now. We'll need  
help moving this tree.

**EXT. CAMBRIDGESHIRE STREET - DAY**

Unnoticed, Bridget walks with wide-eyed horror as she takes in the town's devastation. She scans the crowd for Christopher. Not finding him, she hurries up to the Wood's house.

**EXT. WOOD HOUSE - CONTINUOUS**

A sign on the door reads "ULRIC WOOD, PHYSICIAN. CHRISTOPHER WOOD, PHYSICIAN. PLEASE COME IN."

Bridget enters...

**INT. WOOD HOUSE - CONTINUOUS**

...to Christopher as he tries to exit, pulling on riding boots. Christopher sighs with relief when he sees Bridget. He pulls her inside, shuts the door behind her.

The front room is a physician's office, with an exam table.

Shelves are lined with various MACABRE SURGICAL TOOLS: an AMPUTATION KNIFE, ARROW REMOVER, BULLET EXTRACTOR, and AMPUTATION SAW.

On another shelf rest ANIMAL SKULLS and REFERENCE BOOKS.

CHRISTOPHER  
(hushed, urgent)  
I was just on my way to see you and  
your family!

She's frightened by his tone.

BRIDGET  
The storm was terrifying. My family  
is safe, but we lost many sheep.

CHRISTOPHER  
Bridget, the town is turning  
against your family as we speak!

Bridget is stunned silent. The sounds of a confused crowd, misery, and people CRYING can be heard from outside. Christopher glances at the door.

CHRISTOPHER (CONT'D)  
Come with me.

He pulls her towards the back of the house.

**EXT. WOOD HOUSE - STABLE - DAY**

Bridget and Christopher exit the house, to a stable.

CHRISTOPHER  
We need to hurry. You'll have to  
ride behind me.

Bridget is too shocked to argue.

**A FEW MOMENTS LATER**

Christopher pulls Bridget up on the horse behind him. He urges the horse into a canter.

CHRISTOPHER  
How is your mother?

Bridget is caught off guard by the question.

BRIDGET

The same. We manage. You keep quiet about her, don't you?

CHRISTOPHER

Of course. Nobody knows she's ill besides my family.

Bridget's face sets in a stubborn frown.

BRIDGET

Christopher, what's happening? Why did you say the town is turning on us? Why ask about my mother?

CHRISTOPHER

She's being accused of causing the storm. Many of the Witchfinder General's witches have been senile older women. They call it "conversing with demons."

Bridget is silent as terror sets in, then --

BRIDGET

What are we to do?

CHRISTOPHER

Your family has to leave. I fear they'll come for you all. The way people were talking back there was terrifying.

Her face unreadable, she glances behind them, sees nobody following.

BRIDGET

Where is your Descartes now? Is his logic prevailing?

They pass the scant remains of a house, nothing left save for splintered wood and shreds of clothing.

CHRISTOPHER

My parents are trying to keep folk calm so I can get you to safety.

BRIDGET

(fear in her voice now)  
To where, Christopher? We have nowhere --

CHRISTOPHER

I know somewhere you can stay.

A MOAN escapes the ruined house. Bridget looks at it, helpless.

They keep riding.

**INT. DEMERS HOUSE - FRONT ROOM - DAY**

Kneeling, Phoebe picks up shards of glass. Octavia paces, wringing her hands and grimacing. The sound of a RUNNING HORSE approaching...

Octavia looks toward the sound, face full of dread. Bridget and Christopher burst in the door.

Phoebe and Octavia freeze, then Octavia's hands go to her face, *The Scream* all over again, hands still blood-crusted.

Bridget quickly scans the room.

BRIDGET

Where are Papa and Selene?

PHOEBE

Back out with the sheep, seeing if any more can be saved.

Bridget ducks into a room, reappears almost instantly holding an armful of clothing.

Phoebe watches, still kneeling in glass.

PHOEBE (CONT'D)

(voice shaking)

Bridget, what's happening?

Bridget hands the bundle to Christopher.

BRIDGET

The town thinks we're witches and Mum caused the storm. Christopher says they're coming for us. We're going to stay at a pub his cousin runs outside London until it's safe to return.

Phoebe stares in disbelief. Octavia starts to keen. She waves her bloody hands, stares at them in awe.

OCTAVIA

I am the one who is disgraced!

CHRISTOPHER

You're not disgraced, dear.

Octavia pulls out her rosary, waves it at Christopher, her eyes deranged.

OCTAVIA

Do not be afraid of my power!

Phoebe and Bridget stare at her, horrified.

BRIDGET

Mother! Hide your rosary or I'll take it from you!

Furious, Octavia scuttles to the Muses tapestry, rips it down like a scolded toddler. She disappears into the priest hole, leaving the board askew.

Christopher watches, bewildered, as she vanishes.

Anxious, Bridget looks at Christopher, whose face dawns comprehension. He looks at Bridget with wonder.

CHRISTOPHER

I have so many questions, and yet there is no time for them. I'll go hitch the wagon. Take Phoebe and your Mum. I'll get your father and Selene and meet you at The Mitre.

Bridget nods. Christopher leaves. Bridget and Phoebe stare at each other with dread.

PHOEBE

Now he knows! Bridget, he knows!

BRIDGET

Get Mum. There's no time.

**INT. MAYOR'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - DAY**

The tree trunk has been moved off the bed. Sunlight pours in through a gaping hole in the roof.

Ulric's face is a mask. Mary lies still, her now-visible head partially caved in, just like Titus's sheep. Ulric waves a vial of liquid under her nose while Mayor Turner watches, hands clasped, white-knuckled.

MAYOR TURNER

She still lives?

Ulric feels for a pulse at Mary's wrist, then her neck. He sighs.

ULRIC  
I'm sorry, Mayor Turner. She's  
gone.

**EXT. DEMERS BARN - DAY**

The harness CLINKS. The horse NICKERS. Hitched behind her, a primitive wagon laden with a few chests.

Christopher picks up Octavia. She clutches his shirt in her small fists.

OCTAVIA  
Is Titus coming with me?

He nods, as if to a child, and sets her in the wagon.

CHRISTOPHER  
I'm going to get Titus and Selene.  
We'll follow you.

Octavia reluctantly releases his tunic. Phoebe climbs up behind her.

BRIDGET  
Thank you, Christopher.

She mounts, CLUCKS to the horse. The wagon lurches forward.

He watches them roll away, shoulders sagging, letting his grief at Bridget's leaving show. Then he mounts his horse, steers her behind the home, urges her into a gallop.

**INT. WOOD HOUSE - FRONT ROOM - DAY**

Lucy watches out the window. Outside, a mob led by Mayor Turner moves down the street, with Ulric being pushed along in the center.

Lucy rushes outside.

**EXT. CAMBRIDGESHIRE STREET - CONTINUOUS**

Lucy hurries to intercept the crowd.

LUCY  
Where are you going?

MAYOR TURNER  
My wife is dead, along with dozens  
of others!



He points at the pile of BODIES near the public notice board.

Lucy watches TWO WEEPING WOMEN add a small body to the heap, then turns back to Mayor Turner.

MAYOR TURNER (CONT'D)  
We know who caused this!

ULRIC  
For God's sake let me go!

Ulric shoves grimy villager hands off himself, goes to Lucy.

Mayor Turner addresses the mob. He waves at half of them.

MAYOR TURNER  
We'll go to the Demers house! Abe,  
take the others to their pastures!

LUCY  
Mayor Turner, wait!

TOO LATE. Wielding pitchforks, shovels, and sticks, the crowd ROARS. They divide into two groups. One group sets off, led by Mayor Turner. The other follows Abe.

Lucy and Ulric watch, helpless. Lucy puts her hand on Ulric's shoulder. Her voice is grave.

LUCY (CONT'D)  
I hope Christopher gets to Bridget  
before they do.

**EXT. HILLTOP PASTURE - DAY**

A pile of unmoving sheep, bloody and BUZZING with flies. Bodies of sheep and lambs still dot the hillside.

Selene carries a lamb with a bloody leg up to Titus, who works on bandaging a ewe's head.

SELENE  
We can wrap her leg and she'll be  
better in no time.

Titus nods, smiles at his daughter. She lays the lamb down beside him, then heads back to find more survivors. Titus watches her walk away, face now somber.

The faint clamor of a human mob causes Titus and Selene to look behind them. From over a rise, the half of the mob led by Abe appears. They BELLOW when they spot their prey.

Titus stands, furious, seeing death.

TITUS  
Run, Selene! And not to the cave!  
Run for your life!

Selene does run for her life.

Titus moves to intercept the mob, armed only with his shepherd's staff. Thor yelps in confusion as chaos ensues.

Some of the mob attack Titus while others chase after Selene.

THWACK! A BEARDED VILLAGER smacks Titus with his pitchfork. Titus falls, bloody.

Not far away, Selene looks back and SCREAMS as ABE CRACKS his shovel down on Titus's head.

**EXT. HILLS - DAY**

Christopher and his horse race across the pasture, towards the hillside dotted with sheep.

**EXT. TOWN OUTSKIRTS - DAY**

Selene runs towards town. A wooden watchtower is in the distance. She heads for it, the mob not far behind.

**EXT. HILLTOP PASTURE - DAY**

Christopher reaches the sheep, spies Titus's bloody body.

CHRISTOPHER  
No!  
(looks around)  
Selene!

He spins his horse, spies the trodden grass from the villagers, and races along the trampled pathway.

**EXT. WATCHTOWER - DAY**

Selene reaches the tower, enters.

**INT. WATCHTOWER - CONTINUOUS**

Selene uses a log to hold the door shut. She stands for just a moment, too terrified to move. Abruptly she looks around, realizes she is trapped.

She looks at stairs winding up around the inside of the tower, to a high window and platform.

**EXT. DEMERS HOUSE - DAY**

The empty house sits, door ajar. The cow MOOOOS in the paddock, wanting to be fed.

The other half of the mob descends on the house, led by Mayor Turner.

**INT. DEMERS HOUSE - CONTINUOUS**

The mob floods into the house, led by the mayor. He stops when he sees the Demers have left, defeat in his face.

MAYOR TURNER

Where are they?

He looks back outside, at the paddock holding a single cow. The mob grumbles in bored disappointment. A fat little man, DUNCAN, 25, complains on behalf of all of them.

DUNCAN

They obviously aren't here.

Nods and grunts of agreement. Duncan kicks at a wooden candlestick. It FLIES and CLONKS against a bookshelf.

MAYOR TURNER

Shut up! Just shut up so I can think! Where would they be?

Duncan looks outside.

DUNCAN

No horse outside, no wagon.

MAYOR TURNER

Somebody warned them. Go see if you can find wagon tracks.

Duncan disappears outside. The mayor looks around the room. HIS EYES SETTLE ON THE BARE BACK WALL, the fallen tapestry, and the board which is now obviously uneven.

Duncan returns, breathless.

DUNCAN  
Looks like they went south, towards  
London.

Mayor Turner nods, thinking. He moves towards the back wall.

**EXT. WATCHTOWER - DAY**

The mob reaches the tower. Some cackle, some hurl curses. The Browns and Abe circle like vultures, afraid to try the door.

EDNA, an elderly woman whose toothless state gives her a speech impediment, KICKS the barred door with her little stick legs. It doesn't budge.

EDNA  
The witch hath trapped herthelf!

ABE  
Good! We'll wait for Mayor Turner.

The crowd circles the tower.

**INT. WATCHTOWER - CONTINUOUS**

Selene stands petrified, listens to the villagers outside.

MRS. BROWN (O.S.)  
We should save her for the  
Witchfinder General! He knows what  
to do with witches!

ABE (O.S.)  
His skin pricklers will get her to  
confess!

Selene's eyes go to a length of rope coiled on the floor.

EDNA (O.S.)  
What the hell are thkin prickerth?

ABE (O.S.)  
The old hags he brings with him.  
They stab the witches and pick at  
their moles until they confess to  
being a witch!

Selene grabs the rope, then runs up the stairs. At the top, at the window, she looks at the town below.

More VILLAGERS run towards the tower, whipped into a frenzy. Selene's face is pale and wooden.

**EXT. TOWN OUTSKIRTS - DAY**

Christopher follows after the mob. His horse's hooves POUND across the grass, throwing up chunks of turf.

In the distance, the mob surrounds the tower. Some of them now have torches. A BURST OF FLAME erupts at the base of the tower.

CHRISTOPHER

Nooooo!

**INT. DEMERS HOUSE - FRONT ROOM - DAY**

Mayor Turner pushes on the board. It creaks, pivots, exposing a human sized opening. He scrunches up his weaselly face, tries to see what's in the dark space.

MAYOR TURNER

What is this little room?

He looks at the frightened villagers, who shake their heads. The mayor pretends to think, but his face says he's terrified.

MAYOR TURNER (CONT'D)

Well. We better wait for the Witchfinder General. He'll want to be the one to investigate. We don't want to destroy evidence.

Duncan notices the mayor's fear, and smirks.

**EXT. WATCHTOWER - DAY**

Flames lick the base of the tower, fed by straw and weeds. Christopher rides up, jumps from his horse. He shoves townspeople out of his way and stomps out the fire.

CHRISTOPHER

Get back! You should be ashamed of yourselves!

He KICKS the door repeatedly until he BASHES it open.

**INT. WATCHTOWER - CONTINUOUS**

Christopher rushes into the smoky tower. He looks around, covers his nose with his sleeve. He LOOKS UP to see --

-- Selene standing at the top of the stairs. The rope has been made into a noose and hangs from the rafters.

CHRISTOPHER  
Selene! Don't!

He heads for the stairs.

SELENE  
I will be persecuted, Christopher.  
There's no escape.

MAYOR TURNER (O.S.)  
Stop, Christopher!

Christopher turns, sees the mayor accompanied by the other half of the mob.

MAYOR TURNER (CONT'D)  
I'm beginning to question why  
you're so protective of a family of  
witches. Maybe you're also a witch?

The tool-wielding mob goes silent. Feral eyes judge Christopher.

Selene stands frozen.

Christopher slowly backs towards the door. The mayor nods approval, turns to Abe.

MAYOR TURNER (CONT'D)  
Get that rope away from her. We'll  
bring her to the gaol.

Abe nods, heads for the stairs. Christopher hurries out.

**INT. WOOD HOUSE - FRONT ROOM - DAY**

Lucy, Ulric, and Christopher stand at the window, watching villagers pass with tools-turned-weapons. Christopher's face is wracked with guilt and the horror of what he witnessed.

ULRIC  
Poor Titus. What will they do to  
Selene?

CHRISTOPHER

You can imagine as well as I. In Bury St. Edmunds the Witchfinder General drowned women after having his skin pricklers stab them and bind their hands.

Ulric and Lucy lock eyes, terror-stricken.

LUCY

Where is the rest of the family?

CHRISTOPHER

Bridget drove them to The Mitre.

LUCY

Christopher, how can we help?

CHRISTOPHER

The mayor's suspicious of me for trying to help the Demers. Will you get Titus's body from the hills before the mob does, and give him a decent burial?

ULRIC

We'll try. What will you do?

CHRISTOPHER

I'm going to Bridget. She needs to know what's befallen her family.

Christopher braces for an argument, gets none. He meets his father's eyes.

CHRISTOPHER (CONT'D)

Take care of their livestock, will you? I'll be back in a couple days.

Ulric nods.

**EXT. WOOD HOUSE - BARN - DAY**

Christopher mounts his horse, turns her away from town, kicks her into a gallop.

**EXT. STREAM CROSSING - DAY**

The road passes through thick trees. Bridget drives the wagon towards a shallow stream.

A MAN WITH PLAGUE BUBOES (swellings) on his neck hobbles out of the shadows towards Bridget. He's rheumy-eyed, black-nosed, and dressed in rags.

PLAGUE MAN

Where you going, Lassie? A New Model Army company just passed through. Are you ladies whores that follow the soldiers?

He grabs at her with a rag-draped hand. She shrinks away from him, SMACKS him with her whip.

BRIDGET

Don't touch me!

As they pass by he deliberately coughs on Octavia and makes a curse sign at her. Octavia SCREAMS, flings herself on the wagon floor, and flails.

OCTAVIA

Why do you curse me? Do not stare at me in the shit pile!

She thrashes as Phoebe kicks him with efficiency, sends him flying backwards. He lands in the dirt, and stays there.

Shaken, Bridget urges the horse forward.

#### **EXT. THE MITRE - EVENING**

The sun is low in the sky. A lonely building sits at a crossroads, surrounded by pastures. The sign on it reads: "THE MITRE."

Bridget drives the tired horse up to it and stops. She looks behind her, sees Octavia and Phoebe sleeping.

#### **INT. THE MITRE - DINING ROOM - EVENING**

Bridget enters alone. Inside it's mostly dark, lit by a fire burning in the fireplace and a lantern. A long oak bar holds neatly-stacked FLYERS and NEWS PAMPHLETS.

The few scattered tables sit empty, save for one attended by an intense-looking man who holds a London news pamphlet in front of him. On the floor at his feet rests a worn LEATHER CASE. This is HENRI COLBERT, 24.

Henri's piercing eyes settle on her and he frowns, as if struggling to remember who she is.



Bridget stares back, captivated by his bizarre poof of hair and mismatched clothes.

BRIAN, 40s, enters the room, wearing a white apron. Brian is a gruff, no-nonsense man.

BRIAN  
Hello, Ma'am. What do you need?

BRIDGET  
I'm looking for a gentleman named Brian.

BRIAN  
I'm Brian.

BRIDGET  
Your cousin, Christopher, said you could help me with lodging.

He eyes her with poorly-hidden male interest.

BRIAN  
Christopher is a good man.  
(she nods)  
You his girl?

She hesitates, looks sideways. At his table, Henri waits expectantly for her answer.

Brian grunts.

BRIAN (CONT'D)  
While you're figuring that out, let me explain the rules set forth by the city of London so we can get it over with. Well, some of these are my own rules.

She frowns but nods, catches Henri's eye. She gives him a quizzical look and he goes back to reading.

BRIAN (CONT'D)  
No Catholics.  
(she nods)  
I must inspect each lodger for signs of consumption or the Black Death before allowing you to stay.

BRIDGET  
My mother has rheumatism, but we are otherwise healthy.

He nods, satisfied. Henri also nods. His hair bobs.

BRIAN

No politics. There's a bloody war going on and I want no part of it, no arguments! Most people around here support the Parliament --  
 (holds up his hand before she can respond)  
 -- I don't give two shits which side you're on and I better not hear about it.

Behind him, Henri shakes his head in dire warning. Bridget glances from Henri to the pamphlets on the bar.

BRIDGET

It appears you do keep up on the news.

Brian follows her eyeline, waves his hand dismissively.

BRIAN

I'm on the direct route from Fleet Street. Shite gets dropped off. Read what you like, but keep opinions to yourself.

He pivots his eyes to Henri and gives him a warning look. Henri quickly looks back at his pamphlet.

**INT. GAOL CELL - NIGHT**

Selene lays awake, shivering, arms wrapped around herself. Her bare feet rest in dirty straw.

From down a stone, echoey hallway, a metal door CLANGS shut. Selene freezes.

Booted feet TAP TAP TAP, closer. Selene listens, eyes wide, until the sound stops right beside her cell.

MAYOR TURNER (O.S.)

(whispered with venom)  
 Selene! It's Mayor Turner.

She flinches. He LAUGHS.

MAYOR TURNER (CONT'D)

I thought you would react that way. You might like to know that Mary is dead, killed by the storm your mother called up. First she lost the baby because of you, and now I've lost her.

Selene shakes her head, but her eyes still stare forward.

MAYOR TURNER (CONT'D)  
 Tell it to the Witchfinder General,  
 Selene. I'm sure you've heard of  
 his... *creative* methods of  
 interrogating the accused.

Selene sits up, faces the hatred in his eyes. His face is so contorted with malice it's no longer handsome. Seeing what he has become, defiance fills her face.

SELENE  
 You know, in your Christian heart,  
 that I am innocent, that my mother  
 is innocent. My father was murdered  
 for nothing.

PRIEST SHELDRAKE (O.S.)  
 Mayor Turner! I would give Selene  
 the opportunity to pray with me.

The mayor turns, looks at the approaching priest.

MAYOR TURNER  
 The time for her salvation has  
 passed, Father, but do as you wish.

The mayor turns, walks past the priest. His boots TAP TAP TAP, echoing in the empty stone hall. They wait for the sound of his boots to fade.

PRIEST SHELDRAKE  
 (urgent whisper)  
 Selene! What has he asked you?

SELENE  
 (confused)  
 Nothing. Where is my family?

PRIEST SHELDRAKE  
 They've disappeared.  
 (off her distress)  
 Somebody warned them. The horse and  
 wagon are gone.

Selene's head drops. She wilts.

SELENE  
 (barely audible murmur)  
 Of course Christopher saved  
 Bridget. Is he gone as well?  
 (off his nod)  
 At least they are safe. Together.

He presses his face against the cell bars.

PRIEST SHELDRAKE  
He also saved you, at the tower.

Selene's eyes are far away, devastated.

SELENE  
(whispered)  
No. He didn't.

He reaches for her hand. She gives it, won't look at him.

PRIEST SHELDRAKE  
(barely audible whisper)  
You must not let them know you're Catholic.

SELENE  
(whisper)  
I've been warned my entire life to keep that a secret. It will go to the grave with me.

**EXT. ROAD TO CAMBRIDGESHIRE - DAY**

Long shadows as the sun sinks behind the hills. A wagon CREAKS along, driven by one of skin prickers.

On a white horse beside them rides the Witchfinder General, wearing a fine suit. His flinty eyes are locked on a small town in the distance.

**INT. THE MITRE - DINING ROOM - NIGHT**

Bridget, Phoebe, and Octavia sit at one of the pub tables, having a meal of soup, potatoes, and ale.

Octavia slouches, scowls at the FEW OTHER DINERS in the room.

OCTAVIA  
My body hurts.

BRIDGET  
I'll get you medicine in the morning, Mum.

HENRI (O.S.)  
What is it she needs?

The women look up to see Henri, smiling, next to their table.

He wears an expensive suit that hasn't fit him in twenty pounds. Currently, its strained buttons look like they're about to jump ship. Henri carries his leather case.

Phoebe eyes him with distrust. Octavia stares at her soup.

BRIDGET

Nothing I can't take care of  
tomorrow.

He bows. His hair does its thing.

HENRI

Apologies, I couldn't help but  
overhear.

Bridget and Phoebe share a glance. Henri clears his throat.

HENRI (CONT'D)

Let me introduce myself. My name is  
Henri Colbert. I'm a bit of a  
healer, a bit of a scientist, some  
even say I'm a metaphysician.

Bridget rolls her eyes. Phoebe giggles.

OCTAVIA

Asse-head.

Taken aback, Henri laughs it off.

HENRI

Ha ha. The locals will swear by me.  
(calls to Brian)  
Won't you, Brian?

Brian glances up from his pamphlet.

BRIAN

Quit pestering the other guests.

Henri clears his throat again, looks awkward. Phoebe erupts in giggles.

PHOEBE

Metaphysician.  
(giggle)  
Do you live here, Henri Colbert?

HENRI

(trying to recover)  
Ah, well. I'm a traveler, but for  
now this is home.

(MORE)

HENRI (CONT'D)  
I studied law, but I find that  
traveling is the best way to learn  
about the world.

Phoebe nods, encouraging him. Bridget rolls her eyes.

HENRI (CONT'D)  
Let me show you what I mean. I have  
several unique items with which I  
am desirous to make you acquainted.

He WINKS at Phoebe, pulls up a chair, opens the case. It's  
lined with bottles, pouches, and other mysterious items.

The door CREAKS, drawing their attention. TWO BLACK-CLAD  
PROTESTANT AUTHORITIES enter and approach Brian at the bar.

Bridget and Phoebe share an anxious glance. Henri coughs,  
shifts so his back faces the authorities. He looks at  
Bridget, the mood becoming one of fear.

Octavia opens her eyes wide, looks ready to blurt something  
out. Bridget quickly pats her arm.

OCTAVIA  
(to Henri)  
Pay attention to me!

Henri offers a confused, nervous laugh. He grabs a leather  
bag from his case, dumps several GEMSTONES into his hand.

HENRI  
This may interest you.

He holds a shining piece of AMBER up for Octavia.

HENRI (CONT'D)  
If you get consumption, this magic  
stone will heal you.

Octavia takes it. Bridget raises her eyebrows.

At the bar, the chubbier authority scans the room while Brian  
serves them ales. His eyes settle on Bridget, linger.

BRIDGET  
None of us have consumption. I am,  
however, starting to feel ill.

Henri puts the stones away, retrieves a vial of clear liquid.

HENRI  
Plague water!

Octavia grabs it from his hand.

OCTAVIA

(loud)

Holy water! I am the whore and the  
holy woman!

Chubby Authority's eyes narrow, settle on Octavia. He nudges his comrade.

HENRI

Ssshhhhh, my good lady. That would  
be illegal. We must not discuss  
certain... superstitious objects.

Bridget and Phoebe both stand abruptly. Bridget grabs her mother's hand, retrieves the plague water, the amber, and hands them back to Henri.

Phoebe steers Octavia toward the stairs as the authorities approach. Bridget puts herself between them and the authorities, tries to look calm.

HENRI (CONT'D)

Shite.

CHUBBY AUTHORITY

What's the hag going on about?

Henri whips a deck of cards from his sleeve, holds it up.

HENRI

I've just met these lovely ladies  
and I'm teaching them a game I call  
"Rebirth." Would you like to play?

The authorities eye Henri and Bridget with suspicion.

OCTAVIA

I am without shame!

HENRI

That's wonderful, love!  
(to authorities)  
She lost. She's a bit agitated.

Phoebe pulls Octavia to the stairs. Octavia can still be heard as she enters the stairwell.

OCTAVIA (O.S.)

Why do you loathe me?

HENRI

Ha ha! Sore loser.

CHUBBY AUTHORITY  
What's this about holy water?

HENRI  
That's the rebirth part. In the  
game, just as in real life,  
Catholics have to renounce their  
faith and be reborn into the Church  
of England! Would you like to play?

Skinny elbows Chubby.

SKINNY AUTHORITY  
Brian did say he was a loggerhead.

They laugh. Henri laughs. The authorities go back to the bar.  
Bridget and Henri both visibly sag with relief.

HENRI  
(to Bridget)  
Bastards. Ahem. Your mother's so  
entertaining. Is that lovely girl  
your sister? I must say --

The door CREAKS again. They watch the authorities exit.  
Bridget gives Henri a quick nod.

BRIDGET  
I must go. Thank you.

She tries to leave but Henri takes her by the arm. Bridget  
yanks her arm away.

HENRI  
Madame. If you would like to lessen  
your mother's outbursts, for safety  
reasons of course, I have something  
that can keep her sedated and less  
likely to cause trouble.

BRIDGET  
What do you mean?

Henri's manner becomes serious and his gaze intensifies.

HENRI  
I assume you have the desire to  
live in peace and to continue on  
the road on which you have started.  
You wish to remain unmolested.

Bridget's face stiffens.



BRIDGET

I was told by a... physician that drugging her would be dangerous.

HENRI

Being arrested would be far more dangerous, my dear. Come with me.

Bridget hesitates, then follows him.

**EXT. THE MITRE - NIGHT**

The two authorities approach their horses tied at the hitch.

CHUBBY AUTHORITY

Do you think he was trying to cover up for them?

SKINNY AUTHORITY

I think I smell a bounty coming.

**INT. THE MITRE - HENRI'S ROOM - NIGHT**

The lantern-lit room is strewn with books, papers covered with French scribbles, bottles, and news pamphlets. Henri has been here awhile.

A large book beside the lantern is titled "*Planta Aromatica*". He takes the book, opens it. Inside, instead of pages, there are several drawers and three small bottles.

The drawers each have the name of a poisonous plant written on them: *Monk's Blood*, *Water Hemlock*, *Devil's Snare*...

Henri removes one of the bottles, hands it to Bridget.

HENRI

This will reduce your mother's outbursts and ease her pains. Give her ten drops in ale, morning and evening. No more, or she'll go to sleep and never wake.

Bridget looks at the label: *Deadly Nightshade*.

HENRI (CONT'D)

We live in a chaos as disordered as the poets ever feigned, my dear. No need to tempt The Fates.

BRIDGET

It's poison.

HENRI

Not always.

(off her questioning look)

One must demolish their opinions,  
if there is the slightest reason  
for doubt, and start from the  
foundations. Once the foundations  
of a building have been undermined,  
the rest collapses of its own  
accord.

She stares at the bottle uneasily.

**INT. THE MITRE - DEMERS ROOM - NIGHT**

A plain room with three beds. Phoebe rifles through their chests. Bridget urges Octavia to drink from a mug.

BRIDGET

This will help your body pains.

Octavia's eyes soften. She holds Bridget's eyes.

OCTAVIA

I'm sorry I'm such a burden to you,  
Bridget.

Recognizing that her mother is having a moment of lucidity,  
Bridget's eyes tear up.

BRIDGET

Mum? Do you know where you are?

Octavia nods, takes Bridget's hand in hers. Bridget hugs her.

Phoebe, oblivious, turns to them.

PHOEBE

Mum, where is your rosary?

OCTAVIA

(scowling)

Bridget said to hide it so I threw  
it in the back of the hole.

Octavia drinks from the mug. Bridget and Phoebe's eyes meet,  
panicked.

BRIDGET

Back at the house?

OCTAVIA

Yes. The hole in the house.

**LATER**

Dark, lit only by moonlight. Soft SNORES emanate from Octavia and Phoebe.

Bridget pulls her rosary from a hidden compartment in the chest, then kneels in front of her bed.

She stares at the rosary, rubs the first bead between her fingers. She opens her mouth to pray, but no words come out. She closes her mouth, her face despondent.

She puts the rosary back in its hiding place.

**INT. THE MITRE - DINING ROOM - DAY**

Bridget enters from the stairwell, sees Henri reading pamphlets in the otherwise empty room. He looks up at her, smiles.

She sits, searches the room, looking like a lost child.

HENRI  
Searching for someone?

She doesn't answer.

HENRI (CONT'D)  
The quality are wont to leave in  
times of strife.

BRIDGET  
The medicine has calmed Mum.

HENRI  
Glad to help.

She strains to see the pamphlet he reads.

BRIDGET  
Anything interesting?

Henri grins. His tone mimics a newsboy's.

HENRI  
Massachusetts Bay Company. America!  
The promised land awaits. £5 per  
adult. Livestock extra. Fifty acres  
of prime farmland can be yours,  
Madame! Economic freedom! Religious  
freedom! Freedom, freedom, freedom!

BRIDGET

Is there freedom for *everybody*?

He flips the pamphlet over.

HENRI

It doesn't really say.

Bridget frowns, but she takes the flyer from him.

He flips through more pamphlets, holds one up.

HENRI (CONT'D)

Scotland holds King Charles for ransom! As if we want him back.

(off her eye roll)

Ah. Here we go: "Protestant Authorities discover twelve Catholics hidden in London!"

Anxiety flashes across her face. Henri glances at her white-knuckled fists. She hides them under the table. He flips through pamphlets.

HENRI (CONT'D)

"Witchfinder General executes more witches in East Anglia!"

Bridget's face falls, her expression bleak.

HENRI (CONT'D)

You know, he gave himself that title. He has no authority, yet --

BRIDGET

People do what he says.

Henri glances around, sees nobody, lowers his voice anyway.

HENRI

When we are unable to determine what is true, we ought to follow what is most probable. Witchcraft is not very probable.

Her face stills. She stares out the window.

BRIDGET

You sound like someone I know.

She turns back to Henri, who's watching her intently.

BRIDGET (CONT'D)  
 What did you mean, the Witchfinder  
 has no actual authority?

Henri rifles through his pamphlets, hands one to her.

HENRI  
 Here, read.

She takes it, reads, looks at him in shock.

BRIDGET  
 He literally has no authority!

HENRI  
 That's what I just said!

The DOOR OPENS. Bridget and Henri look up as Christopher enters, looking exhausted.

Bridget's face flashes joy, for a moment her feelings for him obvious. She rushes to him, throws her arms around him. Surprised, he hugs her back.

BRIDGET  
 Christopher! I was getting worried.  
 Where are Papa and Selene?

Christopher's face turns dark. He glances at Henri.

CHRISTOPHER  
 Let's go outside.

**EXT. THE MITRE - STABLE - DAY**

Seated together in the dirt against the stable, Christopher holds Bridget's hand. Her eyes are red from crying.

BRIDGET  
 My Papa! The world has gone mad.

She bows her head. Her body sags. Christopher smooths her hair as if she were a child.

BRIDGET (CONT'D)  
 What is the point? Why do we even  
 try? Why do we care?

With her head bowed, he lets his feelings for her show.

CHRISTOPHER  
 Love.

She looks up. His face goes neutral.

CHRISTOPHER (CONT'D)  
 You still have your mother and  
 Phoebe. As long as there are people  
 you love, you continue to try. Even  
 when it seems... impossible.

While she considers his words he sighs, looks away from her.

CHRISTOPHER (CONT'D)  
 What will you do?

BRIDGET  
 Try to save Selene.

CHRISTOPHER  
 Did you hear nothing I said? You  
 can't go back. They'll arrest you.

They lock eyes. She withdraws her hand.

BRIDGET  
 There's also something I must get  
 from our house.

CHRISTOPHER  
 Bridget, you can't! What could  
 possibly --

BRIDGET  
 If they find out Selene's Catholic  
 things will go even worse for her!

She stands, brushes dirt and hay from her clothes.

BRIDGET (CONT'D)  
 I should tell Phoebe what's  
 happened.

He watches her leave.

**INT. THE MITRE - DINING ROOM - DAY**

Bridget enters. Henri looks up from his pamphlets, sees her  
 tear-stained, distraught look.

BRIDGET  
 I need your help.

**INT. GAOL - MAIN ROOM - NIGHT**

A long shadow enters the room, sunset behind it. The scuff of boots on the wooden floor.

The Witchfinder General stops in the doorway, hands at his belt. The skin prickers stand just behind him, peer inside like starving vultures.

The guard, VINCENT, 30s and muscular, swallows. He throws an anxious glance towards Selene's cell.

WITCHFINDER GENERAL

My name is Matthew Hopkins. You may know me as The Witchfinder General. I have been summoned because of a witch infestation.

Vincent's eyes go from the Witchfinder to the skin prickers, whose eyes glint in anticipation.

**LATER**

Mayor Turner now stands beside a desk, watches the skin prickers bring in equipment from their wagon as the Witchfinder talks.

WITCHFINDER GENERAL

These are my associates, my skin prickers. They are experts at exposing witches.

(peers at the mayor, drops his voice)

No woman ever admits to being a witch, at least not at first.

Mayor Turner nods, uneasy.

**SELENE'S CELL**

Selene sits in her cell, eyes distant and bloodshot, listening.

**GAOL - MAIN ROOM**

One of the skin prickers sets down a heavy CHAIR. The other woman sets a leather bag on the desk with a METALLIC CLINK. She opens the bag and removes several LEATHER STRAPS, which she sets on the chair.

Vincent's eyes track the skin prickers.

WITCHFINDER GENERAL  
They are nothing if not efficient.

WITCHFINDER GENERAL (CONT'D)  
You keeping that witch girl from  
sleeping?

MAYOR TURNER  
Why would I?

WITCHFINDER GENERAL  
That's how you get them to confess!  
If they can't sleep, they can't get  
help from the devil!

The mayor watches the skin prickers pull PLIERS, a KNIFE, and a metal PICK from the bag, line them up on the desk. He emits a NERVOUS LAUGH.

**INT. THE MITRE - DEMERS'S ROOM - DAY**

The vial of deadly nightshade, clenched in a small hand.

Phoebe snuffles, wipes her eyes with the other hand. Bridget and Phoebe are alone in the room. Bridget hands Phoebe the Massachusetts Bay flyer. Phoebe reads it, wipes her eyes.

PHOEBE  
Is this your solution?

BRIDGET  
Do you have a better one?

Phoebe gives a small shrug.

PHOEBE  
I'll give Mum nightshade while  
you're gone. What if you don't come  
back?

Bridget sits beside Phoebe, holds up a small leather pouch.

BRIDGET  
Take Mum to America. This is all of  
our family's money. I'm leaving it  
here, with you.

Phoebe looks incredulous. She watches Bridget rise, stuff the pouch behind a loose baseboard.



BRIDGET (CONT'D)  
I'll save Selene, and get justice  
for what was done to Papa. Do you  
not seek justice?

Phoebe stands angrily.

PHOEBE  
Justice! How could there ever be  
justice? What do I tell Mum when  
she asks for you, or Father, or  
Selene?

BRIDGET  
Tell her we're on our way!

Phoebe sinks back on the bed.

BRIDGET (CONT'D)  
Keep her sedated so we don't have  
another episode like last night.

A KNOCK on the door.

CHRISTOPHER (O.S.)  
Can we come in? Octavia's asking  
for Titus and she's upset.

Bridget sighs.

**INT. GAOL CELL - DAY**

Selene looks down the hall, listens to APPROACHING FOOTSTEPS  
as the CELL GUARD, 40s, watches her. Priest Sheldrake comes  
into view.

He kneels in front of her cell.

PRIEST SHELDRAKE  
The Witchfinder General has  
arrived. He will want to see you.

She gives a scared little nod, looking much like a child.

SELENE  
He was here last night...  
preparing.

PRIEST SHELDRAKE  
(glances behind himself)  
Is this guard always in here?

SELENE

At night he leaves.

He nods, pulls something from under his robe.

PRIEST SHELDRAKE

Take this. Hide it in your straw.

He slips her something through the door. She glances at it.

PRIEST SHELDRAKE (CONT'D)

If you feel you need it.

She watches him rise and turn to leave.

**EXT. THE MITRE - STABLE - DAY**

Bridget ties saddlebags to her horse. Christopher, with his saddled horse, watches.

BRIDGET

I don't need you to come with me.

CHRISTOPHER

Why would I stay here?

BRIDGET

You said the mayor was questioning your allegiance to us.

He mounts his horse and doesn't answer. She sighs.

**EXT. DEMERS HOUSE - DAY**

Christopher and Bridget ride up to the Demers house. They dismount, lead the horses into the barn.

**INT. DEMERS BARN - CONTINUOUS**

Inside, daylight streams in. They tie their horses.

**INT. DEMERS HOUSE - FRONT ROOM - DAY**

Bridget and Christopher enter. Bridget heads straight for the priest hole, disappears inside.

**EXT. CAMBRIDGESHIRE ROAD TO DEMERS HOUSE - DAY**

A group of people approach the Demers home: Mayor Turner, the strutting Witchfinder, and the skin pricklers. Several villagers, armed with farm tools, bring up the rear.

**INT. DEMERS HOUSE - PRIEST HOLE - DAY**

Dark. Something GLINTS at the back of the tiny, empty chamber. Bridget's eyes make out Octavia's rosary.

Behind her, Christopher enters on hands and knees. The plank falls closed behind him. Light trickles in. He sits, lets his eyes adjust.

Bridget picks up the rosary.

The space suddenly DARKENS. They look at the priest hole entrance plank. Christopher shrinks back into the corner.

**FRONT ROOM - CONTINUOUS**

The Witchfinder stands on the threshold, blotting out the light. He takes a cautious step inside the house.

Mayor Turner and the skin pricklers follow. The villagers, armed with shovels and rakes, slink in behind them.

MAYOR TURNER

The witches knew we were coming.  
Three of them escaped.

The Witchfinder inspects the room.

WITCHFINDER GENERAL

They must have left some evidence  
of witchcraft.

The Witchfinder walks around the front room, pompous and self-important. He furrows his brow, twists his mustache around his index finger.

WITCHFINDER GENERAL (CONT'D)

The witches won't return.

Mayor Turner goes to the priest hole, pivots the board.

MAYOR TURNER

I found this unusual chamber.

The Witchfinder's face lights up. He crosses the room to the priest hole. The skin pricklers follow, eyes glinting.

WITCHFINDER GENERAL

(lying)

I know exactly what we're dealing with.

**PRIEST HOLE - CONTINUOUS**

The floorboards CREAK. Bridget points to a board at the back of the priest hole, which is slightly askew.

She crawls towards it, presses on it. It pivots easily backwards on a hinge, exposing a dark hole.

**FRONT ROOM - CONTINUOUS**

The Witchfinder presses the top of the board of the priest hole. It rocks backward, exposing the inner room. He peers in the dark chamber, holds a hand out behind him.

WITCHFINDER GENERAL

Someone hand me a lantern!

Mayor Turner looks at the townspeople behind him. They exchange glances, shrug, shake their heads. Mayor Turner scowls at them, turns back to the Witchfinder.

**PRIEST HOLE - CONTINUOUS**

Christopher silently crawls into the dark space.

**SECOND PRIEST HOLE - CONTINUOUS**

This room is situated against the back wall of the house. Light filters in from cracks in the boards. A sheep MUNCHES just next to them outside.

Bridget presses the entrance board closed. She and Christopher are smashed in the cramped space.

The voices from the main room are MUFFLED now, but distinguishable.

MAYOR TURNER (O.S.)

We don't have a lantern.

WITCHFINDER GENERAL (O.S.)

Ah, Abe found one in the bedroom.

Bridget and Christopher freeze. The SNAP! of a fire striker, just as a RAT'S EYES GLEAM from the back of the tiny room.

A brief stare down ends with the creature scuttling across the room, toenails SCRATCHING on the wood floor.

Christopher stares in dread as the RAT STOPS ON HIS HAND.

**FRONT ROOM - CONTINUOUS**

SNAP! SNAP! The Witchfinder fumbles with the striker.

WITCHFINDER GENERAL  
 Damned thing doesn't work. It's probably cursed anyway. Well, no matter, I've seen this in other witch houses!

The villagers stare in fear as the Witchfinder tries again to light the lantern.

SNAP! The lantern wick erupts in a small flame.

**SECOND PRIEST HOLE - CONTINUOUS**

Bridget and Christopher stare at the rat.

WITCHFINDER GENERAL (O.S.)  
 There we go. Now I can see inside.

Flashes of lantern light in the small room they're in.

WITCHFINDER GENERAL (CONT'D)  
 It's empty.

MAYOR TURNER (O.S.)  
 We'll ask Selene what this room is used for!

Bridget shudders.

WITCHFINDER GENERAL (O.S.)  
 Yes. I have... *methods* for making witches confess.

Bridget's face goes black. Christopher moves to calm her --

-- the rat JUMPS on Christopher's face. He flings it off. It scuttles under the wall, into the first priest hole and --

**FRONT ROOM - CONTINUOUS**

-- erupts from the priest hole.

The Witchfinder SCREAMS, throws the lantern at the rat. Oil splatters the floor, quickly traced by a ribbon of flames.

The rat bolts, runs over the foot of a SHRIEKING skin pricker. The rat runs out the open exterior door.

The panicked villagers SCREAM and run outside, followed by Mayor Turner, the Witchfinder, and the skin prickers.

**EXT. ROAD OUTSIDE DEMERS HOUSE - DAY**

The frightened group settles in the middle of the road, watches the house. Smoke puffs out the open door.

WITCHFINDER GENERAL  
You've got yourself a witch house  
there! It's for the best that it  
burns.

Mayor Turner stares indecisively at the burning Demers home. The Witchfinder searches the road up and down.

WITCHFINDER GENERAL (CONT'D)  
Where's the man's body?

**INT. DEMERS HOUSE - SECOND PRIEST HOLE - DAY**

SMOKE seeps into the room. Bridget and Christopher cover their noses. Through a crack in the wallboards, Bridget watches the Witchfinder's party walk up the hill behind the house.

BRIDGET  
Where are they going?

Christopher squints out the crack.

CHRISTOPHER  
Towards where they killed your  
father.

Bridget's face sets in anger.

CHRISTOPHER (CONT'D)  
Do you have what you need? We have  
to get out --

Bridget RAMS a small exterior door open, crawls outside.

**EXT. PASTURE - DAY**

The Witchfinder's group trudges across the grass. Sheep bodies still litter the ground, BLOATING in the hot sun and covered with flies.

WITCHFINDER GENERAL  
They must be powerful to have  
caused damage like this.

Mayor Turner looks concerned. He stops abruptly, spins in a circle.

MAYOR TURNER  
It was right here.

WITCHFINDER GENERAL  
The body?

MAYOR TURNER  
Yes. I saw it myself.

The mob is frightened. Some look ready to bolt.

WITCHFINDER GENERAL  
(whispers to Mayor Turner)  
We need to talk somewhere private.

**INT. CAMBRIDGESHIRE PUB - DINING ROOM - DAY**

A fire CRACKLES. The pub is cramped, candlelit, with a few tables and a bar lined with wooden kegs. Mayor Turner and the Witchfinder are seated, with ales on the table.

Agnes sets bowls and bread on the table. The Witchfinder GRUNTS at her.

MAYOR TURNER  
Thank you, Agnes.

Agnes goes behind the bar, starts wiping surfaces with a rag. The Witchfinder slurps his soup, doesn't wipe his face.

WITCHFINDER GENERAL  
Let's get down to business. My fee  
to rid this town of witches is  
twenty pounds.

The mayor is distracted by the droplets in the Witchfinder's mustache, but the sum is enough to grab his attention.

MAYOR TURNER

That's a mighty sum. The other  
witches have left town. Twenty  
pounds to torture a single witch --

WITCHFINDER GENERAL

*Question.* I will question the witch  
using my methods.

At the bar, Agnes raises her eyebrows.

The Witchfinder rips a hunk of bread from the loaf, takes a  
bite, and talks with his mouth full. Mayor Turner fails to  
hide his disgust at the Witchfinder's manners.

WITCHFINDER GENERAL (CONT'D)

The other witches headed south?

(Mayor Turner nods)

Hmmm. Dead people. Dead livestock.  
Half your buildings are gone. Even  
at Chelmsford, their *twenty-three*  
witches did almost nothing compared  
to what these here women did. I bet  
each one of those Demers witches  
has three or four extra paps. We  
know the one you did catch has at  
least the one on her arm.

He slurps his soup. The mayor stares, spooked, warring with  
his own rationale.

MAYOR TURNER

Are you going to hunt them down?

The Witchfinder nods, eyes furtive and glittering along with  
the soup in his mustache. He leans towards Mayor Turner.

WITCHFINDER GENERAL

But first, show me this witch,  
Selene.

Mayor Turner nods.

#### **INT. GAOL CELL - EVENING**

Selene's eyes shut. Her head drops to the side.

CELL GUARD

WAKE UP!

Her body is SHOVED, hits the straw. She lays face down,  
heaving, eyes open, barefoot. Her eyes are red-rimmed, hair  
greasy, dress filthy.



WITCHFINDER GENERAL

Look at me.

Selene looks at the Witchfinder. His cold blue eyes inspect her as if she were an insect, or a butcher's cut.

Flanking him, the skin prickers watch with soulless eyes. One of them holds the leather straps.

Selene rights herself, eyes wide with fear. The Witchfinder's eyes settle on her mole.

WITCHFINDER GENERAL (CONT'D)

Examine her.

The skin prickers descend on her like wasps to carrion.

**LATER**

Selene lies in the straw as if dead, her dress tattered. Blood streaks her arms, her bare back.

She sits up slowly, in pain. Her eyes go to the corner of her cell, to an inconspicuous lump in the straw. She checks the entry, sees the cell guard has left.

Her hand disappears in the pile of straw, comes back out holding a rope.

**EXT. CAVE OF SAINTS - NIGHT**

On horseback, Bridget and Christopher approach the bushes.

CHRISTOPHER

A cave in a clump of bushes?

Bridget dismounts. She pulls the Witchfinder General news pamphlet from her saddlebag.

BRIDGET

Give this to your parents. Let me know as soon as you have news of Selene.

He takes it, but, to her distress, he dismounts.

CHRISTOPHER

I want to make sure it's safe.

BRIDGET

I know it's safe. I spent my childhood reading in here.

He turns her towards him.

CHRISTOPHER

(whispers)

You can't possibly have anything more to hide from me! I don't care if you're Catholic.

She pulls her arm away.

BRIDGET

My family is Catholic, but I don't believe in... anything.

She studies him for a moment. He's unflinching.

BRIDGET (CONT'D)

You can come in, but don't touch anything.

**INT. CAVE OF SAINTS - NIGHT**

Dark. A SPARK, and a lantern glows to life. Light flashes and bobs on the walls, highlighting the bizarre drawings. Christopher goes to the drawing of Saint Catherine, in awe.

CHRISTOPHER

Did you carve this?

BRIDGET

Yes, when I was younger.

He moves to the book-lined shelves. He picks up a copy of THE ROSARIE OF OUR LADIE.

CHRISTOPHER

Popish books. You could get arrested just for this.

BRIDGET

I'm well aware of that. You said you wouldn't touch anything.

CHRISTOPHER

Why do you have so many copies?

She doesn't answer. She pulls bread, apples, and cheese from her bag and hands him an apple.

CHRISTOPHER (CONT'D)

You... distribute these?

He takes a bite of the apple, waiting for an answer that doesn't come.

CHRISTOPHER (CONT'D)  
 (gestures to books, cave,  
 altar)  
 Is this why you always say we're  
 from different worlds?

She sighs.

BRIDGET  
 I have things I must do, where you  
 can't go.

He turns to go, disappointed.

CHRISTOPHER  
 I'll come back here when I have  
 news of Selene and my parents.

She watches him leave, then heads for the bookshelf.

**INT. THE MITRE - NIGHT**

The room buzzes with activity as boarders have their evening meal. Henri seats himself at a table with Phoebe and Octavia. Octavia's eyes are glazed and vacant.

HENRI  
 Hope you don't mind if I join you.

Phoebe shakes her head with a shy smile. Henri smiles back.

HENRI (CONT'D)  
 (to Octavia)  
 You should drink ale to keep the  
 Black Death at bay.

He WINKS at Phoebe. Phoebe giggles.

CLUNK! Brian slams a platter of pastries on the table.

BRIAN  
 You ladies should try some of these  
 pastries from London.

He throws a glare at Henri. Henri deflates, stands to leave, bows to Phoebe.

HENRI  
 It was my pleasure.

Phoebe scowls at Brian.

                          PHOEBE  
We are talking.  
                          (to Henri)  
Sit!

Brian eyes Henri with disapproval. Henri sits.

                          BRIAN  
Instability from the war has made  
people greedy and disloyal. I  
wouldn't trust Henri with anything  
personal.

                          PHOEBE  
We can manage our own affairs.

Brian shrugs, leaves. Octavia stuffs a pastry in her mouth as he walks away.

**EXT. CAVE OF SAINTS - NIGHT**

Bridget exits, carrying bulging saddlebags. She hoists them on her horse.

**EXT. CAVE OF SAINTS - NIGHT**

Bridget trots her horse across the green hills. In the distance is a grove of oak trees.

Hidden from sight in the oak grove, Christopher watches Bridget ride past.

**EXT. CAMBRIDGESHIRE PUB - REAR ENTRANCE - NIGHT**

Bridget TAPS on the door. It opens to reveal Agnes. Bridget enters the home, carrying her saddlebags.

**INT. CAMBRIDGESHIRE PUB - BACK ROOM - NIGHT**

Bridget enters. She looks around the dark, empty room, suspicious. They speak in whispers.

                          BRIDGET  
Who else is here?

                          AGNES  
Just house guests. Everyone's  
afraid of being exposed.

BRIDGET  
Is the Witchfinder here?

AGNES  
No! He left earlier with those evil women.

BRIDGET  
Left for where?

AGNES  
To London, to find the rest of your family!

BRIDGET  
Damn him!

A beat, then Bridget yanks books from the bags.

BRIDGET (CONT'D)  
You have to deliver these. I can never be seen in town again.

Agnes takes the books, sets them on a table with impatience.

Priest Sheldrake enters from outside, wearing his priest's robes. His mouth gapes when he sees Bridget.

PRIEST SHELDRAKE  
Bridget! How did you get here?

BRIDGET  
Priest Sheldrake! We have to get Selene out tonight, while the Witchfinder's gone!

PRIEST SHELDRAKE  
The mayor still has her under guard. I'm sorry, Bridget.

She scowls at him in disbelief, then turns and hurries out of the pub. Priest Sheldrake watches her leave, face wracked with guilt.

**EXT. CAMBRIDGESHIRE PUB - REAR ENTRANCE - CONTINUOUS**

Bridget exits the pub, runs towards her horse. A dark shape steps in front of her. She slams to a halt, startled.

BRIDGET  
Christopher, you scared me! Are you following me?

(MORE)

BRIDGET (CONT'D)  
 You were supposed to figure out how  
 we could rescue Selene!

He looks sheepish, opens his mouth to answer but --

BRIDGET (CONT'D)  
 Did you give your parents the  
 pamphlet? The town needs to know  
 the Witchfinder's a fraud!

CHRISTOPHER  
 No! I was worried you were in  
 danger, so I followed you.

BRIDGET  
 (frustrated)  
 Oh, Christopher! We have to hurry!

She runs to her horse.

**EXT. THE MITRE - DINING ROOM - NIGHT**

The front room is lit by embers in the fireplace.

The door BLASTS open. Chubby Authority, Skinny Authority, the  
 CHIEF AUTHORITY, 40s, and another PROTESTANT AUTHORITY THUG,  
 20s funnel in, carrying batons.

**INT. THE MITRE - DEMERS ROOM - CONTINUOUS**

Dark. Phoebe sleeps.

THUMP THUMP THUMP THUMP THUMP

Phoebe's eyes open.

THUMP! THUMP! THUMP! THUMP! THUMP!

Her eyes widen as the footsteps on the stairs get louder and  
 louder and LOUDER until --

BANG! BANG! BANG! on the door.

Phoebe startles. Octavia SCREAMS.

**MOMENTS LATER**

Octavia beats on Skinny with her gnarled little fists as he  
 roughly picks her up.

Chubby rifles through their belongings, scattering them. The vial of nightshade SHATTERS on the floor.

OCTAVIA  
Auuugh! Hands off! Titus! Titus!

Phoebe, in her nightgown, stares in horror.

Chubby holds up a copy of THE ROSARIE OF OUR LADIE.

CHUBBY AUTHORITY  
Catholic outlaws!

CHIEF AUTHORITY  
Confiscate that as evidence.  
(to Octavia)  
You're under arrest for forbidden  
religious practices.

Skinny carries Octavia out the door. Her yells can be heard from the hallway.

OCTAVIA (O.S.)  
I am the one whom you have pursued,  
and I am the one whom you have  
seized! Leave my daughter alone!

Chubby holds the books up to Phoebe.

CHUBBY AUTHORITY  
Where's the other woman you were  
with?

Phoebe doesn't answer.

CHIEF AUTHORITY  
I'm sure Commissioner Mallet will  
want to hear all about her.

**INT. THE MITRE - HENRI'S ROOM - SAME**

In the dark, Henri lays listening, angry and frightened. Octavia's voice echoes from far down the stairwell.

OCTAVIA (O.S.)  
I am godless! I am the one that you  
have despised!

**EXT. ROAD TO LONDON - NIGHT**

Under the moonless sky, the Witchfinder rides his white horse beside the skin prickers' carriage.

**INT. WOOD HOUSE - ULRIC AND LUCY'S ROOM - NIGHT**

Christopher and Bridget enter the dark room.

CHRISTOPHER

Mother!

Lucy and Ulric sit up, startled.

LUCY

Christopher!

From a pillow in the corner, Thor YELPS.

BRIDGET

Thor!

**INT. WOOD HOUSE - FRONT ROOM - NIGHT**

Christopher, Lucy, and Bridget are on the chaise, with Thor snuggling against Bridget.

Ulric wears a nightgown and his hair is tousled. He holds the Witchfinder news flyer, reads aloud.

ULRIC

"The editor of The Moderate Intelligencer questions the efficacy of the Witchfinder General's trials, notably questioning why the devil would communicate almost exclusively with poor, uneducated women. He would seem to be driven by financial gain, and preys on those unable to defend themselves. Additionally, no authority has ever granted the title of Witchfinder General to him, or to any other."

A silence falls on the room.

BRIDGET

Now he's gone to London, searching for what's left of my family.

Lucy, face full of anger, gets up and leaves the room.

ULRIC

We will help you save Selene.

Lucy returns, holding out Ulric's clothes.



**EXT. GAOL - NIGHT**

Vincent leans against the door. Bridget, Christopher, Ulric, and Lucy huddle together behind a tree and whisper.

BRIDGET

Now what?

ULRIC

It's Vincent Baker. He's a patient of mine. I'll show him this  
(holds up Witchfinder flyer)  
and maybe he'll let her out.

The others shrink into the shadows while Ulric approaches Vincent. When he reaches Vincent --

ULRIC (CONT'D)

Vincent? It's me, Dr. Wood.

VINCENT

(surprised)  
Dr. Wood!

ULRIC

I need a favor.

He hands the flyer to Vincent. Vincent frowns.

VINCENT

I can't read.

ULRIC

Ah, forgive me. I hope you'll trust me to tell you what it says.

**LATER**

Vincent opens the gaol door while Ulric, Bridget, Lucy and Christopher stand behind him. The heavy door CREAKS open.

**INT. GAOL CELL - NIGHT**

Cold blue moonlight shadows. In her cell, Selene's blood-streaked body hangs from a noose, unmoving.

BRIDGET

No!

Bridget rushes to Selene's cell. Vincent unlocks it. Bridget enters, feels Selene for signs of life, finds none.

BRIDGET (CONT'D)  
 What did they do to her? Help me  
 get her down!

The others move to help. Vincent cuts the rope. Christopher catches Selene, lays her on the floor.

VINCENT  
 I swear, I don't know how she could  
 have gotten a hold of a rope.

Bridget leans over Selene, hugs her, and SOBS.

BRIDGET  
 Selene! Baby sister! Selene!

Christopher watches, helpless, speechless.

**EXT. TOWER OF LONDON - NIGHT**

SUPER: "TOWER OF LONDON"

The tower is lit by torches.

**INT. TOWER OF LONDON - PRISON CELL - NIGHT**

CLANG! The metal cell door slams shut. Phoebe stares at it, then her eyes travel to her mother. Octavia huddles in the corner, frightened and infantile.

OCTAVIA  
 Titus will save us. Where is Titus?

PHOEBE  
 On his way, Mum. He's on his way.

**INT. WOOD HOUSE - BACK BEDROOM - NIGHT**

By candlelight, Ulric, Lucy, and Christopher stare at the still form of Selene.

Bridget is seated, face furious, eyes red and puffy.

CHRISTOPHER  
 Bridget, what can I do to help?

BRIDGET  
 I don't think Selene would take her  
 own life.

LUCY  
Even after being tortured?

BRIDGET  
(unconvinced)  
Who gave her a rope?

LUCY  
Someone probably gave it to her so  
she could avoid torture.

CHRISTOPHER  
She tried to hang herself when she  
was trapped in the tower. I stopped  
her from doing it.

Bridget's face tightens. She looks away from him.

BRIDGET  
(whispers)  
I'm taking my mother and Phoebe to  
America.

Christopher's face falls. Ulric sighs, puts his hand out to  
Lucy. She takes it.

ULRIC  
It's been a long night. Goodnight,  
you two.

Bridget watches Ulric and Lucy exit the room, then turns to  
Christopher.

BRIDGET  
The people who did this to my  
family must be stopped.

CHRISTOPHER  
What are you suggesting?

A lethal calm radiates from her. Christopher flinches. He  
watches her pull on her cloak.

CHRISTOPHER (CONT'D)  
I'm coming with you.

BRIDGET  
You don't need to. You still have a  
reputation to protect.

Christopher puts on his jacket. She flashes him a look of  
frustration.

**EXT. CAMBRIDGESHIRE BACK ROADS - NIGHT**

Bridget and Christopher sneak across the road, clinging to shadows in the moonless night.

Abruptly Bridget stops and stares at the moonless sky. She crumples, stands weeping silently. Christopher hugs her.

**LATER**

Mayor Turner's house squats in darkness, still partially caved in.

**EXT. MAYOR'S HOUSE - NIGHT**

Bridget goes to the open window, springs up on her hands while Christopher supports her.

**INT. MAYOR'S HOUSE - FRONT ROOM - CONTINUOUS**

Dark. Dead silence, save for CRICKETS outside. Bridget and Christopher tiptoe towards the kitchen.

**INT. MAYOR'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS**

Bridget goes to the small cask of ale resting on the larder, removes the cork from the cask.

She pulls a large vial labeled "MONKSHOOD" from her jacket, pours the contents into the ale cask, recorks the cask.

BRIDGET

(whispers)

Enjoy your last breakfast, Mayor  
Turner. It's more than you deserve.

She meets Christopher's eyes. He nods.

**EXT. HILLTOP PASTURE - DAWN**

TAP TAP TAP!

Ulric pounds a wooden cross into a fresh mound of dirt while Christopher and Lucy stand with heads bowed.

Beside it, Bridget kneels with Thor at a second grave.

**INT. WOOD HOUSE - BARN - DAWN**

The four of them pull up in the carriage. Bridget hops down, followed by Thor. Christopher follows.

BRIDGET

You don't have to come with me,  
Christopher. When I get to London  
I'm just getting on a ship with Mum  
and Phoebe.

A sudden BANG! on the front door interrupts them.

LUCY (O.S.)

(calling)

I'm coming.

Lucy disappears inside.

CHRISTOPHER

I'll feel better if I see you board  
the ship. Something in my soul  
needs to watch you leave.

She frowns, bows her head. Lucy sticks her head back outside.

LUCY (O.S.)

Ulric, Christopher! There's  
something wrong with Mayor Turner!

Bridget and Christopher flash each other a look. Ulric catches it, hands Christopher the reins to the carriage.

ULRIC

(calling)

I'll be there shortly, dear.

(to Christopher)

Wait here.

Ulric disappears in the house, returns a moment later carrying a leather bag and an envelope. He puts the bag in the back of the wagon, hands the letter to Christopher.

ULRIC (CONT'D)

Take the carriage. No need to make  
that poor dog walk all the way to  
London. I put your physician's bag  
in there just in case you need it.

(off Christopher's nod)

Read this when you're finished  
helping Bridget.

He hugs Christopher, then goes inside. Christopher raises his eyebrows, stuffs the letter in his jacket pocket.

**EXT. ROAD TO LONDON - DAWN**

The sun peeks over the horizon.

Christopher drives the wagon with Bridget beside him, Thor lying between them, and Bridget's horse tied to the wagon.

BRIDGET

That didn't feel like... enough.

CHRISTOPHER

Hmm?

BRIDGET

Mayor Turner deserved worse... so much worse.

CHRISTOPHER

(eyebrows raised)

Ah. Perhaps so. Nothing to be done about it now.

**EXT. THE MITRE - DAWN**

The Witchfinder stops his carriage in front of the pub.

**INT. THE MITRE - DINING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER**

The door opens. The room suddenly darkens. Henri looks up from his pamphlets. Hope drains from his face when he sees --

-- the Witchfinder General, followed by his skin prickers.

WITCHFINDER GENERAL

I need to speak to the proprietor.

Brian enters, squinting, having just awakened. He takes one look at the Witchfinder, the skin prickers, and stops in his tracks.

WITCHFINDER GENERAL (CONT'D)

We are famished.

**LATER**

The Witchfinder and skin prickers eat. Brian wipes tables. The door opens. Brian looks up.

Chubby and Skinny enter, smirking, and sit at the bar. Chubby slaps a COIN on the bar.

CHUBBY AUTHORITY  
 (teasing)  
 Thanks for hosting outlaws. That  
 bounty will buy us ale for a month.

Brian pours them ales, scowling.

CHUBBY AUTHORITY (CONT'D)  
 Where's the third woman?

The Witchfinder snaps to attention. Henri freezes.

WITCHFINDER GENERAL  
 What's this about three women?

BRIAN  
 Nothing of interest.

HENRI  
 A misunderstanding about some  
 patrons last night.

The Witchfinder's eyes glitter. Skinny sees his interest,  
 swivels in his seat.

SKINNY AUTHORITY  
 They looked just like normal  
 women...

**EXT. TOWER OF LONDON - COMMISSIONER'S OFFICE - DAY**

The Witchfinder knocks on the wooden door. The skin pricklers  
 stand behind him. The door CREAKS open.

COMMISSIONER MALLET, 40s, lean and surly, raises his eyebrows  
 at the Witchfinder.

COMMISSIONER MALLET  
 Can I help you?

**INT. TOWER OF LONDON - COMMISSIONER'S OFFICE - LATER**

The Witchfinder sits in a chair across the messy desk from  
 the commissioner. His skin pricklers stand behind him.

WITCHFINDER GENERAL  
 ... the fine establishment across  
 the street is a wonder. Nicer than  
 any ole public house in East  
 Anglia. More services, if you know  
 what I mean.

The skin prickers look at the Witchfinder with disapproval. The commissioner chuckles.

COMMISSIONER MALLET  
I use it frequently myself. I commend you on your taste.

WITCHFINDER GENERAL  
... back to the Demers women. It is of utmost importance that these prisoners be turned over to me.

The commissioner eyes him shrewdly.

COMMISSIONER MALLET  
I would need paperwork, and proof of your station. You aren't military or a deputy --

WITCHFINDER GENERAL  
I don't need it, damnit! These women are witches. They leveled an entire town in Cambridgeshire! Do you want the weight of that responsibility --

The commissioner's chair SCREECHES on the floor as he stands. The skin prickers wince, cover their ears.

The commissioner towers over the desk, over the Witchfinder. The Witchfinder cowers a bit.

COMMISSIONER MALLET  
If you can prove you have authority over these women, present it to me now. As it stands, you have drawn the wrath of the London authorities, who discredit you at every chance.

The Witchfinder stands, furious. The skin prickers' eyes bug, indignant and hostile. The three storm from the room.

The commissioner watches, then straightens his jacket, pleased with himself. He follows them out the door.

**INT. TOWER OF LONDON - PRISON - MAIN ROOM - DAY**

Commissioner Mallet enters, greets a SCARRED GUARD, 30s, who GRUNTS at him.



COMMISSIONER MALLET  
I'd like to interview the prisoners  
from The Mitre.

**PRISON CELL**

Phoebe sits in filthy straw on the cell floor, studies the Massachusetts Bay flyer with longing.

Beside her, Octavia lies crumpled like an arthritic, discarded rag, twitching in her sleep. She wakes abruptly, looks around the cell, terrified.

Octavia sits up, face contorted in discomfort. Phoebe takes her by the arm, holds up the flyer.

PHOEBE  
Look, Mum. This is where Bridget  
wants to take us. See? It's  
America. The land of opportunity!

Octavia flops back in the straw and writhes. Phoebe winces.

OCTAVIA  
My body hurts! TITUS! TITUS!

**MAIN ROOM**

The commissioner perks at Octavia's cries.

COMMISSIONER MALLET  
What's that?

SCARRED GUARD  
The crazy old hag from The Mitre.

Intrigued, the commissioner heads towards the sound.

**PRISON CELL**

Phoebe rubs her mother's arm frantically.

PHOEBE  
Mum, hush! You must be quiet!

OCTAVIA  
Do not forsake me!

THUMPING STEPS approach. Phoebe grips Octavia's arm.

PHOEBE

Of course I won't! But shush!

The commissioner peers into the cell. Octavia sits up, glares at him through the iron bars with paranoid, lunatic eyes.

OCTAVIA

I am the one who has been hated everywhere!

COMMISSIONER MALLET

What? I'm Commissioner Mallet. I'd like to interview --

OCTAVIA

Hear me!

PHOEBE

Mother!

OCTAVIA

I am godless!

The commissioner recoils in horror.

COMMISSIONER MALLET

Shut up, you bird-witted hag!

Unnerved, he wheels and STOMPS away. A GUST OF WIND rips through the prison, stirring Octavia's wild hair and the straw she sits on.

OCTAVIA

(yells after him)

Do not ignore me! I am the whore!

The stomping ceases as the commissioner halts. Phoebe gasps, puts a hand over Octavia's mouth.

PHOEBE

Mum! STOP! Please stop!

Octavia scowls at her, shoves her hand away. The commissioner reappears at the door, murder in his eyes.

OCTAVIA

(to Phoebe)

Titus is coming to get me!

(to Commissioner Mallet)

You, you who deny me! You have called Death!

COMMISSIONER MALLET

What the hell is she talking about?

PHOEBE

I don't know!

COMMISSIONER MALLET

(afraid)

Entertaining, employing, and feeding spirits, that's what the Witchfinder called it. You better shut her up, girl! Last warning!

PHOEBE

(frantic whisper)

Mum, come sit beside me. Titus and Selene are on their way! They're on their way!

COMMISSIONER MALLET

Keep her silent!

Octavia screams at him, spittle flying.

OCTAVIA

I am sinless! I am shameless! I am the whore!

The commissioner flings the door open with a CRASH. He grabs Octavia, drags her from the cell while Phoebe SCREAMS.

BANG! The door slams in Phoebe's face. Octavia's voice fades away down the hall. Phoebe's face is tragic as she listens.

OCTAVIA (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Titus! Titus! I am sinless! Do not separate me --

CRACK! The sound of bone snapping from down the corridor.

Silence. A pregnant pause...

Phoebe SCREAMS, then bites her own hand to silence herself.

**EXT. CAMBRIDGESHIRE STREET - PUBLIC NOTICE BOARD - DAY**

Lucy tacks the Witchfinder General news pamphlet to the notice board while Priest Sheldrake and Agnes watch. In the street behind them, the town is in chaos once again. A crowd has gathered around Ulric.

ULRIC

Selene, an innocent girl who we all knew, hung herself to avoid the Witchfinder General!

KEENING and BOOS from the crowd. Lucy, Priest Sheldrake, and Agnes turn to watch Ulric.

ULRIC (CONT'D)  
 Now the mayor is deceased, and the  
 Witchfinder has left town in search  
 of Selene's family!

The crowd roars in anger.

AGNES  
 Now's your chance, Priest.

Priest Sheldrake nods, moves to stand with Ulric. He puts his hand on Ulric's shoulder and addresses the crowd.

PRIEST SHELDRAKE  
 I pray we have all learned a lesson  
 about judging thy neighbor...

**EXT. THE MITRE - DAY**

The wagon lurches to a stop. Bridget starts to dismount, but Christopher takes her hand.

CHRISTOPHER  
 Stay here while I talk to Brian, in  
 case there's trouble.

She ignores him, hops down, whistles for Thor to follow. Christopher sighs.

**INT. THE MITRE - DINING ROOM - CONTINUOUS**

Bridget and Christopher enter, trailing Thor. From the bar, Brian looks up, scowls at the dog.

At his table, Henri sees them, jumps up to greet them.

**LATER**

Bridget, Christopher, Henri, and Brian sit at a table, whispering. Bridget's face is pale from shock.

BRIAN  
 (to Bridget)  
 I have it on good authority they  
 were taken to the Tower of London.

BRIDGET  
(furious)  
How could you let this happen?

BRIAN  
What was I to do? Get myself  
arrested trying to save them?

Henri sits, face unreadable.

BRIAN (CONT'D)  
(to Christopher)  
You didn't tell me I was harboring  
Catholics. I could have been  
arrested. Then that Witchfinder  
fella stopped in with his ghastly  
women!

BRIDGET  
What did you say to him?

BRIAN  
Nothing! Because the arresting  
authorities were here, and they  
told him about them. For some  
reason the Witchfinder was  
interested!  
(leans towards Bridget,  
pokes his finger at her)  
They're looking for you!

BRIDGET  
So now what do I do?

BRIAN  
Catholics will either be banished  
or executed. There's a convict ship  
leaving in a couple days. Wouldn't  
surprise me if they throw 'em on  
that, if this Witchfinder doesn't  
interfere.

BRIDGET  
(whispers)  
I have to get them out.

BRIAN  
Do you have money?

Bridget and Christopher exchange a look.

BRIDGET  
I need to run upstairs.

**INT. THE MITRE - DEMERS ROOM - DAY**

Bridget pulls the bag of money from behind the baseboard.

**INT. THE MITRE - DINING ROOM - DAY**

Bridget and Christopher head for the door, about to leave.

HENRI

Bridget?

She turns, waits impatiently.

HENRI (CONT'D)

(awkward)

Let me help you. I...

BRIDGET

You what?

HENRI

I... developed quite a fondness for  
Phoebe. I'll help get her out of  
prison in any way I can.

Bridget looks at Christopher, who shrugs.

**INT. THE CHESHIRE - DAY**

SUPER: "The Cheshire Public House, London"

Bridget and Christopher enter. The female proprietor, CLARA,  
30s and cheerful, greets them.

CLARA

Good day.

CHRISTOPHER

Good day! I'd like a room for my  
wife and I. I also --

(GRUNTS when Bridget digs  
her heel into his foot)

-- Ow! require a room for a  
gentleman friend waiting with our  
carriage.

CLARA

Of course, good sir. Let me first  
go over the protocols set forth by  
the city of London...

**EXT. TOWER OF LONDON - COMMISSIONER'S OFFICE - DAY**

Bridget walks up to the office, knocks on the wooden door. She smooths her elegant black dress, pats her hair. The door CREAKS open.

**INT. TOWER OF LONDON - COMMISSIONER'S OFFICE - DAY**

The commissioner's uniform is wrinkled, with a food stain on the breast. His desk is littered with disordered papers and half-eaten food.

Bridget sits across from his desk.

BRIDGET

My husband was killed in the war.  
I'm starting my life over in  
America. My sister lives in Boston.

The commissioner nods, runs a self-conscious hand over his mop of hair. He straightens a few papers, surreptitiously brushes some crumbs on the floor.

Bridget watches with disapproval.

BRIDGET (CONT'D)

I need servants, you have  
prisoners. This way you rid  
yourself of convicts and I have  
help when I land in America.

She slow blinks like a cat.

COMMISSIONER MALLETT

Usually we just send them on  
convict ships. They'll become  
indentured servants --

BRIDGET

I would like someone to help me on  
the ship.

His eyes gleam with lust.

COMMISSIONER MALLETT

You willing to pay?

BRIDGET

Of course, but I'd like to  
interview prisoners first.

He shrugs. Bridget gives him her most flattering smile.

BRIDGET (CONT'D)  
I'm impressed that you're able to  
sell prisoners in this way. You  
must be a very powerful man.

He brushes it off, but his ego is duly stroked.

**INT. TOWER OF LONDON - PRISON CELL - DAY**

Gloom. Phoebe sits against the wall, dozing.

**INT. TOWER OF LONDON - PRISON - MAIN ROOM - DAY**

Scarred Guard gives Bridget and the commissioner entrance.

COMMISSIONER MALLETT  
Madame would like to interview  
prisoners.

The guard nods. Bridget looks around the main prison room. A hallway stretches away from them, lined with stone cells.

The commissioner indicates the hall.

COMMISSIONER MALLETT (CONT'D)  
You'll find the able-bodied  
prisoners in there.

Bridget nods.

**INT. TOWER OF LONDON - PRISON CELL - DAY**

A BANG on the door wakes Phoebe. Her eyes fill with fear.

BRIDGET (O.S.)  
(loud whisper)  
Mum! Phoebe!

Phoebe springs to her feet, eyes full of hope. Phoebe and Bridget clutch each other through the door bars.

BRIDGET (CONT'D)  
Phoebe, tell me how they've treated  
you! Are you and Mum well?

Phoebe weeps.



**INT. TOWER OF LONDON - COMMISSIONER'S OFFICE - DAY**

Bridget seats herself. The commissioner has straightened up, hoping to impress Bridget. His hair is combed, his desk is neat, the spot on his uniform mostly scrubbed away.

COMMISSIONER MALLET

Did you find any prisoners that would suit you?

BRIDGET

Yes. The girl Phoebe. I'd like to take her now so I can get her cleaned up before my ship leaves. What is your price?

The commissioner studies her for a moment, wheels turning. He sifts through a stack of papers, removes one and holds it up.

COMMISSIONER MALLET

For that one I paid quite a large bounty. She has generated much interest.

BRIDGET

Bounty?

COMMISSIONER MALLET

We reward handsomely for Catholics.

Bridget offers him a stiff smile.

COMMISSIONER MALLET (CONT'D)

If I remember right, her mother was quite vocal about being Catholic.

BRIDGET

Interesting.

COMMISSIONER MALLET

There's a pub across the street. Rooms upstairs.

He raises his eyebrows suggestively. A beat as she grasps his meaning.

BRIDGET

I have money.

COMMISSIONER MALLET

I don't need money.

Her eyes narrow, but the smile sticks.

BRIDGET

I'll meet you there at dusk. But I want the girl now.

COMMISSIONER MALLETT

How do I know you'll show up?

BRIDGET

How do I know I would receive my prisoner if I didn't demand that I had her first?

He jumps up, goes to the door, calls a PRISON GUARD over.

COMMISSIONER MALLETT

Bring the prisoner Phoebe.

The guard nods, marches away.

**EXT. THAMES DOCK - DAY**

The sun glistens on the Thames. Bridget and Phoebe walk towards a giant ship that bobs on the water.

BRIDGET

I'll meet you on board before she sails tonight.

PHOEBE

You'd better, else I'll jump into the river. Don't think I won't.

They reach the ship and stop. The name "AMERICAN FANTASY" is painted on her prow.

BRIDGET

Nothing will ever separate us again, I promise.

(looks at ship)

I was told they have excellent bathing facilities on board. And delicious food as well!

PHOEBE

That's a relief. Uh, what of Henri?

BRIDGET

Ah, Henri...

PHOEBE

We became... good friends. I hoped I would see him.

Bridget takes her sister's hand.

**INT. THE CHESHIRE - BRIDGET'S ROOM - DAY**

Bridget enters, her face in turmoil. Christopher takes one look at her and goes to her.

BRIDGET  
(voice shaking)  
I managed to save Phoebe, but they  
killed my mother.

Christopher hugs her. She buries her head in his chest.

CHRISTOPHER  
Where is Phoebe?

BRIDGET  
On the ship, waiting for me.

CHRISTOPHER  
(tries to hide his  
disappointment)  
Ah. Do you want to be alone?

She shakes her head. He squeezes her.

BRIDGET  
There's just one more thing I have  
to do tonight.

Christopher's face turns grim.

**LATER**

Bridget, still in the black dress. She sits in the chair, holding the Descartes book open, her face miserable.

From across the room, Christopher watches.

CHRISTOPHER  
Do you want to talk?

Bridget glances at him, sets down the book.

BRIDGET  
I questioned the doctrine I was  
brought up to believe, as Descartes  
suggests. It makes more sense to  
me, based on what I've experienced  
in life, that there is no god.  
(MORE)

BRIDGET (CONT'D)

If there is, there is no proof of it. In fact, quite the opposite.

CHRISTOPHER

A logical conclusion.

BRIDGET

Because I was Catholic, I've always had to hide what I was. I felt so much shame, so much fear at being discovered. Now, with my sister and parents dead... I still feel as if we somehow deserved it because of what we were. Because it was forbidden. Even Descartes' logic can't dislodge the shame.

Christopher takes her hand.

CHRISTOPHER

You must, without reservation, demolish your opinions.

BRIDGET

My previous opinions of myself were better than they are now. Look at me, Christopher.

CHRISTOPHER

I look at you whenever possible.

This is said in such earnest that Bridget smiles.

**INT. THE CHESHIRE - DINING ROOM - DAY**

Henri reads pamphlets at his table, ale in hand. Bridget sits beside him.

BRIDGET

I've booked passage to America for myself and Phoebe.

HENRI

Christopher told me.

He fiddles with his mug, looking like his life just ended. He waits dejectedly for her to continue.

BRIDGET

You said you were willing to help.  
(he nods)

(MORE)

BRIDGET (CONT'D)  
I need something from your book  
again. To make sure nobody can ever  
come after Phoebe.

HENRI  
I think I have exactly what you  
require. I will bring it to your  
room.

She stares at her hands, looking as dismal as he.

BRIDGET  
The world has become...

She falters, not knowing how to finish.

HENRI  
...a chaos as disordered as the  
poets ever feigned.

She gives an almost imperceptible nod.

HENRI (CONT'D)  
I'm sorry about your mother.

Another wooden nod.

HENRI (CONT'D)  
What about Christopher?

BRIDGET  
I'll miss him. He's a good friend.

Again, her reaction is almost mechanical. Henri stares at his  
mug, deep in thought.

HENRI  
How very liable we are to delusion  
in what relates to ourselves.

She frowns at him, looks away.

BRIDGET  
What do you mean, Henri?

HENRI  
You must move beyond such self-  
deception.

She squirms, evades his eyes.

BRIDGET  
Well, it's just that...

HENRI

He loves you.

She won't look at him. Tears threaten. Anger in her face.

BRIDGET

How could he love me?

HENRI

You know better than that.

She scowls at him, stands. She walks towards the stairs without looking back at him. Henri watches her walk away, stares into his mug again.

Bridget stops. Slowly turns around.

BRIDGET

Henri?

He looks up at her, surprised and apprehensive.

BRIDGET (CONT'D)

The ship sails at high tide. It would make Phoebe happy if you were on it.

Henri's eyes light up.

**INT. THE CHESHIRE - DINING ROOM - DAY**

Christopher enters from outside, heads for the stairs.

**INT. THE CHESHIRE - DEMERS'S ROOM - DAY**

Christopher sits in the chair, watches Bridget dig around in the chest. She wears the black dress. Thor lays on the rug.

CHRISTOPHER

I was unable to locate the Witchfinder General.

BRIDGET

He can't be far from the Tower. He can't escape! He, of all people.

She holds up a small green bottle to Christopher. The label reads: *"It is a fact that man must one day die."*

CHRISTOPHER

What a lovely sentiment. I take it that's from Henri?

She nods, tucks the bottle into a hidden pocket in her dress.

CHRISTOPHER (CONT'D)  
Your ship sails this evening. What  
if you can't find the Witchfinder?

BRIDGET  
I'm trying not to think about that.

CHRISTOPHER  
Do you really want to go to  
America?

BRIDGET  
Yes.

He sighs, hands her a small, sheathed scalpel.

CHRISTOPHER  
Put this in your pocket.

She opens her mouth to argue --

CHRISTOPHER (CONT'D)  
Just take it. Please. To make me  
feel better.

She stuffs it in her pocket.

CHRISTOPHER (CONT'D)  
You're just... going to America  
without me?

BRIDGET  
Why would you come with me?

CHRISTOPHER  
When have I ever *not* wanted to be  
with you?

BRIDGET  
This is different. It's a ship,  
going to another continent. Six  
weeks of --

CHRISTOPHER  
Bridget, what do you want? Every  
time I suggest that I want us to be  
together you say we're from  
different worlds, or you change the  
subject!

BRIDGET

Now you know why. I was Catholic.  
Now I'm a heathen, a murderer.

He grabs her hand, pulls her to him.

CHRISTOPHER

We're both murderers, remember? I  
helped you.

BRIDGET

Yes, you did, and I appreciate it.

CHRISTOPHER

If we leave England together, we'll  
both be from different worlds.  
(off her nod)  
Marry me, Bridget.

BRIDGET

Fine.

Christopher bursts out laughing.

BRIDGET (CONT'D)

Well, what more do you want me to  
say?

They kiss for a long time. He finally comes up for air.

CHRISTOPHER

Now that that's settled, I propose  
we get on the ship. We have Phoebe.  
Cancel your revenge plans --

BRIDGET

No.

CHRISTOPHER

Then let me help. As your fiancé, I  
must support you whenever possible.

BRIDGET

(smiling)  
You're such a gentleman.

**EXT. TOWER PUB - NIGHT**

Bridget walks up to the dark pub, enters.



**INT. TOWER PUB - DINING ROOM - CONTINUOUS**

Inside, it's dimly lit by lanterns and the fireplace, full of yeomen and merchants. Many of them are accompanied by scantily-clad prostitutes.

The commissioner waves at her from a table. She crosses the room to him, seats herself at his table, smiles.

**LATER**

Mostly-empty plates and mugs litter the table. The crowd has largely dispersed.

The commissioner leans back in his chair, sated, looks at her barely-touched plate.

COMMISSIONER MALLET

You hardly ate or drank anything.

BRIDGET

Well, you certainly did.

His smile doesn't reach his eyes.

Behind him, Christopher sits alone at a table, wearing a black suit and reading a news flyer.

COMMISSIONER MALLET

I saved room for my favorite  
course: payment for favors granted.

Bridget holds his stare, doesn't smile. His eyes flick to the staircase. Her eyes follow.

**INT. TOWER PUB - PRIVATE ROOM - NIGHT**

The room is decorated with gilded furniture and expertly crafted paintings.

Bridget watches anxiously as the commissioner LOCKS THE DOOR. He empties his pockets on the chest of drawers. He wobbles, catches himself.

She goes to the bed.

BRIDGET

You should lie down.

He turns, face now red and violent, stands between her and the door.

COMMISSIONER MALLET

Don't tell me what to do, Catholic  
whore!

BRIDGET

(stunned)

What?

COMMISSIONER MALLET

Your kind should all be dead. What  
I did to your mother was a mercy.  
What I'll do to you will be worse,  
but more enjoyable for me.

At that moment, by those words, what little remains of  
Bridget's propriety snaps.

He advances on her, but the poison has started to work. He  
stumbles on the lavish rug, lands halfway on the bed. Bridget  
jumps out of the way but he grabs her dress, yanks her down.

Bridget CRASHES to the rug. He rolls on top of her, RIPS at  
her clothes while she hits him. His movements are retarded,  
but his weight smashes her.

She wriggles and shoves at him with both arms.

BRIDGET

Get off me!

RAP! RAP! RAP! The doorknob rattles furiously.

CHRISTOPHER (O.S.)

Bridget!

The commissioner tries to grab her by the hair, but his hand  
won't work. His arm FLOPS on the floor. She struggles to free  
herself, pounds his face with her freed arm. Angered, he  
rolls to pin her arm.

**EXT. TOWER PUB - DINING ROOM - NIGHT**

The Witchfinder enters the pub, followed by his skin  
prickers. They walk through the main dining room.

Christopher's table is empty.

**INT. TOWER PUB - PRIVATE ROOM - NIGHT**

Terrified, Bridget uses every ounce of strength to heave the  
commissioner off. He rolls just enough that she squirms out  
from under him.

She grabs the scalpel from her pocket, unsheathes it, and gasps for breath while he lies still.

CHRISTOPHER (O.S.)

Bridget!

A THUD! Christopher body slams the door to no avail.

The commissioner's chest moves up and down as the drug starts to take him --

-- he rises, lurches at her, face enraged. In a heartbeat, she slices open his neck. He slumps, eyes wide, mouth gaping. Blood pours over the lovely rug, over his face.

Bridget falls on him, hacking with her scalpel. She stabs, and stabs, and stabs in unbridled fury.

CHRISTOPHER (O.S.) (CONT'D)

(muffled through the door)

Good evening, sir!

Bridget continues her attack on the commissioner.

WITCHFINDER GENERAL (O.S.)

(muffled through the door)

Best of evenings to you!

KNOCK! KNOCK!

Bridget startles, glances at the door, panting.

WITCHFINDER GENERAL (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Commissioner Mallet? This is the Witchfinder General. Open the door whenever you're finished.

Bridget's face stills. Her eyes narrow.

CHRISTOPHER (O.S.)

Ah, excuse me sir. I seem to have lost my wife. And here you seem to have, er, two of them.

**INT. TOWER PUB - CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS**

Christopher has wedged himself between the skin pricklers and The Witchfinder. His face is a smirk.

WITCHFINDER GENERAL

(disgusted)

These women aren't my -- can't you see I'm busy?

The door opens. They look inside, see nobody. The Witchfinder turns to Christopher.

WITCHFINDER GENERAL (CONT'D)  
Leave us be!

**INT. TOWER PUB - PRIVATE ROOM - CONTINUOUS**

The Witchfinder enters, followed by the skin prickers. He tries to close the door but Christopher shoves his way in behind them.

WITCHFINDER GENERAL  
(angry)  
What are you doing?

They see the bloody rug covering a large lump and --

-- from behind the door, Bridget quietly shuts the door. The Witchfinder turns and --

-- she stabs him in the throat. He flails, knocking the scalpel from her hand.

Christopher grabs both skin prickers from behind and BASHES their heads together. They drop to the floor, bleeding.

The Witchfinder gurgles, watches the skin prickers collapse with horror. Bridget kicks his legs out from under him, throws him to the floor. She wrestles with him as he thrashes and swats at her.

Bridget picks up her scalpel as Christopher pins the Witchfinder to the floor.

The Witchfinder COUGHS, GAGS. Blood covers his throat.

WITCHFINDER GENERAL (CONT'D)  
You have one last chance to save  
your soul!

Bridget holds the scalpel under his chin.

BRIDGET  
(hissing)  
You beg me for forgiveness. You are  
the one with a corrupt soul.

The Witchfinder's eyes fill with terror.

BRIDGET (CONT'D)  
Beg!

The Witchfinder opens his mouth, SCREAMS --

Bridget opens his throat.

**LATER**

Bridget wipes blood splatters from her arm. Christopher tenderly wipes a drop of blood off her face.

She pats her hair into place, looks down at her dress: the black hides any blood stains.

BRIDGET  
Always travel in black.

CHRISTOPHER  
Excellent advice.

She puts the sheathed scalpel back in her hidden pocket. They exit the room together.

**INT. TOWER PUB - CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS**

They walk slowly down the hall, arms locked.

CHRISTOPHER  
I looked around while you were eating. We can sneak out the rear entrance.

She smiles at him with open adoration.

BRIDGET  
You'll be the sweetest husband on Earth.

**EXT. SHIP DECK - NIGHT**

Phoebe waits, her face full of anxiety.

Bridget, Christopher, and Henri emerge at the top of the gangplank. Phoebe runs to them. Bridget smiles, extends her arms to her sister --

-- Phoebe runs past her. Henri catches her in his arms.

**EXT. THAMES RIVER PORT - NIGHT**

High tide. The massive ship drifts away from port.

**EXT. SHIP DECK - CONTINUOUS**

On the deck looking out over London, Bridget stands with her arm hooked through Christopher's, still wearing the black dress. Thor sits at her feet.

Beside them are Phoebe and Henri. Henri looks mischievous.

HENRI

Did I not warn you, Bridget, that the quality are wont to leave in times of strife?

Suddenly Christopher remembers the letter from Ulric. He pulls it from his jacket, shows it to Bridget.

CHRISTOPHER

I forgot! My father's letter.

The ship sways. Bridget bumps into him, knocking the letter from his hand.

Phoebe scoops it up. With an impish grin she reads.

PHOEBE

"Christopher, We're assuming you'll manage to convince Bridget that you're the man for her."

Bridget shoots an annoyed look at Christopher. He smiles. Phoebe giggles. She looks back at the letter, reads.

PHOEBE (CONT'D)

"The new world sounds like a challenging, fascinating place. I hope my physician's carriage comes in handy for your practice in Boston. Send us a letter once you're settled. You never know. Someday we may join you! Love, Your adoring parents."

Bridget can't help but smile. Christopher kisses her cheek.

**EXT. BOSTON PORT - DAY**

SUPER: "Boston, Massachusetts"

Gulls CALL. Sunlight sparkles on water. The bustle of excited passengers disembarking the American Fantasy.

Our four travelers stand at the harbor, before a public message board. Their belongings rest nearby.

Phoebe holds Henri's arm, reads an advertisement aloud.

PHOEBE  
 Immigrants welcome in our city!  
 Skilled artisans and physicians  
 needed. Salem awaits you!

Christopher and Bridget look at each other, shrug. Henri raises a skeptical brow. Thor wags his tail.

HENRI  
 Maybe we should stick with Boston.  
 Try it out for a bit, eh?

Behind them, a MALE DOCK WORKER, 60s, approaches with two horses.

Bridget and Phoebe both look up.

DOCK WORKER  
 I have your horses. Where do you  
 want the carriage?

PHOEBE  
 Excuse me, sir. How far is it from  
 here to Salem?

**EXT. HILLSIDE NEAR BOSTON - DAY**

The doctor's carriage lurches up the hill, carrying our four heroes and Thor.

Sheep speckle the hillside. Lambs frolic in the grass.

**INT./EXT. CARRIAGE - CONTINUOUS**

Bridget sits beside Christopher, with Thor between them.

BRIDGET  
 I think Henri is right. Boston  
 sounds lovely, and... civilized.

**EXT. HILLSIDE NEAR BOSTON - CONTINUOUS**

ZOOM OUT to the glorious hillside, covered with grazing sheep.

**FADE TO BLACK.**